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German Sovereigns and kingdoms have, through the necessity of the case, submitted themselves for purposes of national policy and of general legislation to a common Imperial Government; and it would be a strange anomaly if Austria were to be dismembered immediately after the establishment of German unity. There is no reason to fear that the Council of the Empire will attempt a vexatious interference in the internal affairs of the several provinces, inasmuch as the great majority of members will be jealous of the customs and privileges of their respective constituents. With the exception of Hungary, which is no longer concerned in the discussion, no portion of the old Austrian Empire at any time enjoyed the self-government which is recognized to a certain extent under the Constitutional Monarchy. Within living memory the Ministers of an absolute Emperor encouraged the peasantry of Galicia in a murderous insurrection against the Polish gentry, who are represented by the present dissentients in the Council of the Empire. The Bohemian nobles enjoyed their share of military and civil dignities; but it never occurred to them to defend against the central despotism the ancient immunities of which they have since been so strongly encouraged. Hungary was and is a constitutional kingdom. The Western States gain in dignity as well as in opportunities of improvement by becoming portions of a great country governed on a Parliamentary system. It is only through the Council of the Empire that any of the contributory States can exercise a control over the foreign policy in which they have a deep and common interest. It now appears that, after the commencement of the war of 1870, the Government of Vienna held out to the French Emperor illusory promises of assistance. No freely elected Parliament would for a moment have countenanced a ruinous policy. At the same time Count Andrassy, as Prime Minister of Hungary, ascertained that the feeling of the Parliament and of the nation was opposed to intervention; and he has lately declared that it would have been impossible for the Crown to have opposed itself to the determination of the people. The Western half of the monarchy, including Bohemia and Galicia, is as fully entitled as Hungary to form and enforce an independent judgment on questions of national policy; and it is evident that the provincial Diets only deprive their constituents of legitimate influence when they unduly weaken the central Legislature.

THE MEMBERS FOR OXFORD.

MR. CARDWELL and Mr. HARCOURT are respectively excellent specimens of the Minister and of the member below the gangway; and when Mr. HARCOURT's turn comes for crossing the intermediate space he will have no difficulty in assuming a gracefully official demeanour. It may be inferred from the topics selected by both members for their principal speeches that the mind of the Oxford electors is at present more deeply concerned with the public-house controversy than with more abstruse matters of policy or legislation. Mr. CARDWELL defends the Licensing Bill, for which he is, in common with his colleagues, responsible, in the tone of an advocate who knows that he is not on the popular side. It is still uncertain whether the measure of last Session will be permanently successful, but there can be no doubt that it was a justifiable experiment. If the manners and customs of the bibulous classes are not too rudely disturbed by a restriction on the hours of drinking, the rest of the community will have reason to congratulate themselves on a curtailment of the time during which noise and disorder are likely to prevail in the streets. Mr. CARDWELL perhaps adopted too readily the commonplace assertion that crime and pauperism are chiefly caused by drunkenness. The frauds and thefts which mainly occupy criminal Courts have no connexion with the use of alcohol, excepting where the desire for it, as for any other form of indulgence, may constitute a temptation to dishonesty. Crimes of violence are often the result of drunkenness, though it may be doubted whether men of peaceable dispositions are in the habit, even when they have exceeded in liquor, of assaulting their neighbours or beating their wives. In wine, and by analogy in beer and gin, there is, according to the proverb, truth; or, in other words, intoxication produces not an opposite, but a caricature, of the ordinary disposition. Neapolitans and Sicilians, though they seldom drink to excess, rob and stab friends or strangers with a free which is unknown in England. The ably amiable men are and assembly has when they are, or equally [illegible] the *Times*. It for a [illegible]

[illegible] when they are excited. Both classes frequently waste or drink the incomes which they ought to employ in the maintenance of their families; and if a law which slightly restrains the mischief produces no intolerable annoyance to well-disposed persons, it seems, notwithstanding the liberal doctrines of Mr. MILL and Mr. HARCOURT, to fall within the province of allowable legislation. Mr. CARDWELL's statement that it was necessary to do something to satisfy general opinion belongs to a kind of apology which ought to be vigilantly watched and suspected; but Mr. HARCOURT's general propositions have still less practical value. If it were the fact that half the crime of the country could be prevented by shutting public-houses ten minutes earlier, Mr. HARCOURT would in consistency be compelled to protest against the restriction; but he would scarcely persuade Parliament or the country to prefer an infinitesimal right of drinking to a great public benefit.

In his more ambitious vindication of freedom in drinking Mr. HARCOURT directly traversed the doctrines which have lately been propounded in a powerful series of Essays on Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity. As Mr. HARCOURT neatly says, liberty does not consist in making others do what you think right; but liberty is a negative phrase, and public expediency is the primary object of legislation. Long experience indeed has shown that it is not desirable to interfere unnecessarily with *private* judgment, or even with private caprice; but minor limitations of absolute liberty are in many instances tolerated where restrictions tend to the comfort or advantage of the general community. The special criticisms on the unintelligible clauses of the Act which relate to the valuation of public houses have, although they are perfectly well founded, nothing to do with the principle of restriction. It is not in the nature of a modern Act of Parliament, and more especially of a Ministerial Bill, to be exempt from ambiguity. Mr. HARCOURT has reason to complain of the clamour and hurry which deprived his objections of their proper weight during the passage of the Bill through the House of Commons. His appeal to the Nonconformists against the absurd Permissive Bill was as unanswerable as it will be inoperative. A Permissive Bill in the days when, as Mr. HARCOURT said, schism was thought worse than beer, would have closed nearly all the Dissenting chapels in the country. Logic is unluckily the least effective of weapons in political controversy. The Nonconformists would content themselves with the reply that beer is a bad thing which ought to be suppressed, and that Dissent is a good thing which ought to be tolerated and encouraged; nor would they forget that, if they were once in a minority, they could now by their numbers, their organization, and their political alliances, apply permissive legislation to their own purposes in many parts of the country. Mr. HARCOURT's protest on behalf of private liberty, if it is not marked with sufficient qualifications, nevertheless deserves recognition as a defence of a partially unpopular principle. Contemporary cant is almost universally enlisted on the side of paternal and officious government; and it is well that the old English doctrine should be occasionally asserted.

On political questions Mr. CARDWELL was at the meeting in the Town Hall judiciously brief. Of the Ballot Bill, which he supported for three years, after opposing it for seventeen years, he safely remarked that it had tended to promote order and quiet at elections. The improvement which has lately occurred is due much less to the Ballot than to the abolition of the public nominations, which had become useless and mischievous through the excesses of the rabble. It is true that the process by which secret voting is conducted tends in itself to diminish disorder, though the same result might have been produced under the former system by a few simple changes in the machinery of elections. Mr. CARDWELL is well aware that the maintenance of order has but a slight and accidental connexion with the real objects of a representative system. As long as the House of Commons exercises sovereign power, the best mode of election is that which results in the choice of the most competent members. The Ballot destroys or diminishes both legitimate and illegitimate influence; and experience will show whether the balance of results is advantageous or pernicious. A revolutionary majority would be a [illegible] greater evil than a score of riotous elections. It is yet more, wherefore [illegible] Mr. CARDWELL is [illegible] or defenders of society against [illegible] nor into his [illegible] But the want of [illegible]

CARDWELL has never been hasty to adopt the new or to abandon the old. As an administrator he has displayed remarkable boldness; but as a politician he has always, since he joined the Liberal party, kept himself exactly abreast of its leaders for the time. There is no reason to suppose that Lord PALMERSTON was too stationary to command his confidence; and he has not yet found it impracticable to keep pace with Mr. GLADSTONE. Even if he had not been restrained by official reserve, he would probably not have been inclined to indulge in the generalities which render Mr. HARCOURT's speech at the Town Hall more exciting than his own. At the Druids' dinner Mr. CARDWELL must have listened with mixed feelings of envy and alarm to his comparatively irresponsible colleague.

In an eloquent contrast of the character and history of the Conservative and Liberal parties Mr. HARCOURT plainly indicated his own disinclination to tamper rashly with existing institutions. The great merit which, with considerable though one-sided truth, he attributes to Liberal policy is that, according to his views, it has resulted in the present condition of affairs. It has, in Mr. HARCOURT's opinion, saved the Throne, preserved the aristocracy from the possible consequences of their own mistakes, and greatly strengthened the Church. If these achievements are laudable and beneficial, it follows that it is not desirable to overthrow the Church, the House of Lords, or the Throne, but to preserve the admirable results of Liberal legislation. Mr. HARCOURT seems to have no sympathy with "gentlemen who go up and down the country "prescribing all sorts of nostrums of a some-"what desperate character for the recovery of the Liberal party." He also feels a great dislike for the un-English term "programme," and for the meddling policy which it commonly indicates. Of course Mr. HARCOURT holds that the Liberal party has still much to do; but probably he is disposed to let the great institutions of the country alone for the present. The evil which he seems chiefly to apprehend is democratic despotism, of which he perhaps thinks that some symptoms have appeared in Permissive Bills and Licensing Bills. It may be true that the Liberal party, or rather the moderate section of its members, will hereafter offer the most effective resistance to the tyranny of numbers; but the first precaution which it must take is to withhold any further addition to the power of the democracy. Mr. GLADSTONE has lately relegated the extension of the county franchise to the distant day at which the public mind will be prepared to adopt it. Before that date arrives, the nominal distinctions of parties will perhaps have been readjusted. If any of Mr. HARCOURT's constituents thought him too cautious at the Town Hall, they will have been reassured by his speech to the Druids. Not content with adopting the popular commonplaces of the day about Land laws and Game-laws, Mr. HARCOURT proposed the abolition of the Income-tax; and he announced, in the presence of a principal member of the Cabinet, his conviction that the House of Commons would reject the measure on Irish Education which Mr. GLADSTONE is expected to propose. The Oxford tradesmen who really desire the abolition of Schedule D, and the positive or relative increase of the tax upon property, probably failed to observe that Mr. HARCOURT is with good reason impressed rather by the hardships suffered by the owners of small fixed incomes than by the injustice of a contribution to the revenue from trade profits. If Mr. HARCOURT's conjectures as to the feeling of the House of Commons are well founded, Mr. CARDWELL will probably be able at the next Druidical anniversary to speak in freedom from the restraints of office.

GERMANY.

THERE was a time when the controversy as to the conduct of Austria during the French war might have caused a serious coolness between the Courts of Vienna and Berlin. As it is, the leaders of Germany can afford to be perfectly calm and even magnanimous towards Austria. What does it matter, they say, whether Austria did or did not wish to go to war with us in order to help France? If Austrian interests imperatively demanded such a policy to be followed, we cannot blame Austria for having been willing to do what seemed best for her[illegible] her true interests require an [illegible]ures herself our very [illegible]r own terms as [illegible]line[illegible]

Austria are perfectly different from those which used to obtain between the rival and equal powers of Austria and Prussia. These disclosures have no more than an historical interest, and that of a very slight kind. The Duke of GRAMONT was examined before the Parliamentary Commission, and he then said that he could not in honour reveal what had passed between the French and foreign Cabinets, as it would make it impossible for foreign statesmen to deal frankly with the French Foreign Office if despatches intended to be confidential were published by French Ministers after they had left office. The Commission acquiesced in this, and the Duke was left perfectly free to keep his secrets. But M. THIERS, in giving his evidence, blamed the Imperial Government for going to war without allies; and suddenly the Duke of GRAMONT discovered that this statement absolved him from all his solemn obligations to secrecy, and he felt himself at liberty to give to the world the most confidential despatches of the Cabinet of Vienna. So far as history goes, the course taken by the Duke is chiefly significant as adding one more illustration of the unfitness of the higher officials employed by the Empire towards its close for their places. What his disclosures come to is that, after war had been declared, Count BEUST informed him that Austria regarded the cause of France as her own, and would contribute to the success of the French arms as much as possible. This does not at all show that France went to war with Austria as an ally, which, on the score of prudence, would have been some sort of justification of the French Ministry; it only showed that Austria would have liked to see France win, and if she had won, would have joined her in the hope of sharing the spoils. As it happened, it was not possible that Austria should help France, for a variety of reasons; because France was so quickly and so utterly crushed that Austria had no time or motive to help her, because the Hungarians and Austrian Germans declined to fight for France, because Russia forbade the intervention of Austria, and because Austria had neither men nor money for a war. Any one of these reasons was enough by itself, and every one of them has been known perfectly well for a long time. The most that can be said is that Count BEUST used language that seemed as if Austria was more ready to act in favour of France than she really was. But what M. THIERS said remains uncontested—that France went to war without allies. The Duke of GRAMONT virtually admits this, but he thinks that he avoids the reproach which this admission involves when he shows that there was one Power which, if France had been successful, would have subsequently joined her. And yet a man who can argue in this way, and violate the honour of diplomacy in order to be able to use the argument, was the Foreign Minister of France at one of the most momentous crises in the history of the nation.

Austria gives Germany no uneasiness; but Germany has an enemy who makes her very uneasy, and that is the POPE. So detestable to the POPE are the goings on of Germany, that he has almost given up execrating the Sovereign of the Subalpine Kingdom, as he calls VICTOR EMMANUEL, and keeps all his stronger phrases and his vials of fiercest wrath for the Germans. The other day the POPE had to make an Allocution, and spoke as he thought right on the occasion. The German Government has set itself in notorious and avowed opposition to him, and he naturally, and properly from his point of view, cursed it for so acting. The particular expressions of rigmarole Latin in which he flourished forth his indignation are of no importance, and Englishmen cannot pretend to sympathize with the passion and indignation which the Papal Allocution has called forth in Germany. It was quite proper to order the German representative at the Vatican to quit Rome, as it was not becoming that Herr STUMM should go in state to hear his master cursed. But the German Government has forbidden the circulation of the Allocution in many parts of Germany, and Prussian papers contravening the order not to print it have been threatened with seizure. The loyal German press is beside itself with rage, and can find no terms too hard to describe its feelings towards the POPE who has dared to be impolite towards their beloved EMPEROR and his Ministers. This seems to us in England somewhat childish. We have had our day been cursed, and excommunicated, and interdicted by the reigning Pope of the time in every form of execration known to employers of ecclesiastical Latin. But we found from practical experience that these curses did us no sort of harm. We went on our own way, did exactly as we [illegible] the Pope and his views of things human a[illegible] power of the State as we considered [illegible] we now go on quite [illegible] cursing E[illegible]

Englishmen would not in the slightest degree mind if he did. The Italians, it must be said to their credit, have acted exactly in the same way. They have been steadily cuffed for twelve or thirteen years, and have got so used to it that the POPE now directs his choicest language against those who will feel it more. The POPE must have been very much gratified by the reception which his eloquence has met with in Germany. It must have been a delight to him of quite a novel kind to find that he has enemies whom he can sting. Prince BISMARCK lately announced that the Prussian Government would not accept the doctrine of Papal Infallibility, and if his Government had got so far as that, it might have been expected to show itself indifferent to a few Latin phrases. There is no middle course open to those who find themselves cursed by the POPE. Either, when cursing, he speaks with divine authority, and then his rebukes ought to be accepted with humble contrition, or he does but utter the sentiments of an amiable but irritable Italian gentleman, and then his curses are not more worth regarding than if they came from the lips of a Roman Marquis. Unless the latter is the view of the German Government, it is wickedly misleading the multitude in not at once seeking reconciliation with the POPE by repentance. If it is the view of the German Government, it might surely let this excellent person curse Germany to his heart's content.

But Germans will of course say that it is easy for Englishmen to talk in this way, as in England power, and numbers, and wealth, and historical tradition are all on the side of Protestantism, whereas German statesmen have to deal with a nation which is divided almost equally between Protestants and Catholics. What German Liberals fear is, not that the POPE's curses can in themselves do harm, but that a very large, important, wealthy, and fanatical portion of the people of Germany will think they can do harm, and that this will cause intestine discord in Germany. Why should any one blame the POPE for exciting intestine discord in Germany? There are a certain number of Germans who look to him for spiritual guidance, and he gives it them. He, who to their minds is possessed of divine knowledge, and speaks with superhuman certainty, tells them what they ought to do and what they ought to avoid. Those who have destroyed the temporal power always say that they have left the spiritual power of the POPE untouched, and the spiritual power of the POPE means really the power of blessing the good and cursing the wicked. The POPE is using none but strictly spiritual weapons when he issues these long Latin manifestoes, and it is his business to issue them. The extinction of the temporal power is sure to make the exercise of the spiritual power more unfettered and more forcible. While the POPE was Sovereign of a petty principality, he had to be thinking how what he might say would suit Austria, which guarded him, or France, which alternately menaced and protected him. But now he has nothing to lose which sovereigns and armies can take away. The Germans who quarrel with the POPE must look their situation in the face. The POPE does not in the least care whether Herr STUMM attends his receptions or not, while to forbid the attendance of that illustrious German at the Vatican is positively all that the German Government can do to retaliate on the POPE. The Germans have to make up their minds that the POPE will go on cursing them, will curse them with increasing intensity, and will delight in finding that they are, after all, thin-skinned and wince under his chastisement. The quarrel they have taken up is not a light one, and they will have to [illegible] hard to win it. That they, and especially that Prince BISMARCK, will not flinch is tolerably certain; and the KING, [illegible]ared perhaps somewhat by the Papal Allocution, has taken [illegible]ion to intimate publicly that the removal of the Prince from the Presidency of the Cabinet does not imply any severance of policy or opinion between the Sovereign and his great [illegible]ister. It is difficult not to suspect that a somewhat [illegible]ficial importance has been given to the POPE's language in [illegible] to sustain the ardour and harden the temper of the [illegible]rial majorities in the Parliaments both of Prussia [illegible]ermany.

POLITICAL CHARACTERISTICS OF THE FRENCH RIGHT.

[illegible]ve party in the French Assembly has an [illegible] and occasionally an equally able critic in [illegible]ident of the *Times*. This [illegible] has [illegible] a text for a [illegible] changes which he has had to record during the last twelve months. His conclusion is that, while the habit of politics, the faculty of organization, and obedience to discipline were superior with the Left, the Right has throughout shown a more disinterested patriotism and greater purity of motive. The Left never gets much praise from the *Times*' Correspondent. Until lately it was the fashion to attribute the misfortunes of France to the want on the part of the Left of those very qualities which, now that they are forthcoming, are put aside as matters of secondary value. Parliamentary government, it was said, could never be respected so long as Radical deputies stormed and foamed at their opponents whenever anything was said which they disliked. During the Session of 1872 the Left showed an increasing disposition to take this lesson to heart. M. GAMBETTA rarely spoke, even when provoked to do so by all the taunts the Right could invent; and the silence of the leader was diligently, and, on the whole, successfully, copied by the party. If this self-control had been displayed by the Right, it would probably have been quoted as an instance of true devotion to the interests of France. It is only when it is found among the Left that it sinks to the level of a party manœuvre. Even the divisions of the Right are only virtues in the wrong place. They have their source in "the mistaken notion that "the highest interests of the country are bound up in those of "rival dynasties." Politically a blunder of this sort is scarcely to be distinguished from a crime. The Right may think they are doing France a service by making, so far as they have the power, every Government impossible save one in which the Count of CHAMBORD or the Count of PARIS holds the chief place. They may be acting in perfect good faith, but good faith unaccompanied by good sense is worthless for any practical purpose. In itself it matters nothing whether the advocates of Divine Right embody their fetish in a Monarchy or a Republic. At present, however, the monarchical doctrinaire is the more mischievous of the two, because it is his turn to give way. If France were as well disposed towards a Restoration as it is towards a Republic, the Republicans would deserve equal blame if they clung to a mistaken notion that the highest interests of the country are bound up in those of a particular form of government. It is not possible, however, to withhold merited censure from one party because another would probably be equally unreasonable if it had the chance. Republicanism is in the ascendant in France, and those who allow political superstition to blind their eyes to this fact are at best virtuous nuisances. Historians may hereafter do justice to their good intentions; contemporary critics can only quote them as the latest example of what good intentions are worth.

The *Times*' Correspondent sees a brighter future opening out before the Right. He admits that they have certain "exclusive "prejudices" which they will have to get rid of. But he holds that it is "with them that the influences lie which are "calculated to bring about the moral regeneration of France." If by this is meant that the French Conservatives are good husbands and fathers, that they respect family ties, and hold unimpeachably sound opinions as to the rights of property, the testimony may gladly be accepted. Unfortunately, however, the recent experience of the country shows that these admirable qualities, so long as they stand alone, are a benefit only to their possessors. The work of a political party requires political capacity. In their own neighbourhoods the deputies of the Right may be so many centres of moral regeneration. But at Versailles political regeneration is wanted as well, and for this end wisdom is as essential as virtue. What evidence of wisdom, even of inchoate wisdom, have the Right given? The *Times*' Correspondent has nothing to say for their behaviour down to the beginning of the autumn recess. He particularly singles out their interview with M. THIERS on the 20th of June as an amazing exhibition of human folly. Even during the recess they showed no signs of improvement; on the contrary, they frightened the moderate Liberal public by their theological extravagances. But they had the wit to see that M. GAMBETTA's speech at Grenoble had alarmed the moderate Liberal public yet more, and thereupon to assume the character of defenders of society against a universal and implacable foe. If they really believed their own story, they were justified no doubt in taking this course. But the want of discrimination which can see no difference between a Radical of M. GAMBETTA's type and a Paris Communist is fatal to their pretensions as enlightened politicians. If they did not believe their own story, if they merely grouped Radicals and Communists together for the sake of involving them in a

common shame, their action was shortsighted as well as immoral. They ought to have known that the Republican party in France is too strong to be put down by transparent misrepresentations, and that an appeal to a cosmopolitan conservatism could only throw suspicion on their own patriotism. Nor is there any more trace of political acumen in the conduct of the Right towards the PRESIDENT. They may have sincerely believed that M. THIERS was only a Communist in Conservative clothing, in which case they were honest and foolish: or they may have hoped to bring him to their side by threats of withdrawing their confidence, in which case they were dishonest and foolish. But on neither hypothesis were they anything but foolish. The real needs of France remain what they were, and foremost among them comes the need that the Government should secure the support of the largest attainable number of Frenchmen. If M. THIERS were to become simply President of the Right—which is what the demand that he should break with the Radicals really amounts to—the main reason for conferring the office upon him would no longer operate. His object is to find up a Government in which Republican forms shall embody Conservative realities. If the Right had sufficient sense to take in this object, it is probable that they would, as a body, be willing to co-operate in bringing it to pass. The number of deputies who have either a Legitimist or an Orleanist Restoration much at heart is probably exceedingly small. But they are not enlightened enough to understand, that to saddle Conservatism with the maintenance of a throne in addition to the other burdens which it has to sustain is to run a terrible risk of overtaxing its strength. They have not yet shaken off the notion that a throne is an institution which would, under all circumstances, defend its adherents, instead of being an institution which its adherents might have to defend. Or, if they have shaken off this idea, their conduct only becomes more unintelligible. What can the French Conservatives expect to gain by postponing the definitive constitution of the Republic until some unnamed day, when they will no longer be able to superintend the process? If, as the *Times* Correspondent tells us, the essential scope of M. THIERS's programme is "very "similar to what which the Conservatives desire," why have they put so many obstacles in the way of its execution? Men who do not know their own friends, and quarrel with a Parliament which is doing their work for them far more effectually than they could possibly do it themselves, because he bestows a few civilities on the opposite party, may have excellent hearts, but they cannot have strong heads.

It may be that the silence and secrecy of the Thirty and their Sub-Committees indicate that some sense of this truth is at last dawning upon them. But it is by no means certain that there is still time for their eyes to be opened to any purpose. Supposing that they now make up their minds to work heartily with M. THIERS, their sudden conversion may alarm the Left, and lead it to offer a vigorous opposition to changes in which a little while back it would, to say the least, have acquiesced. The object of the Left is to get the Republic well under weigh, and to secure this they would admit into it a stronger element of Conservatism than they would be disposed to introduce if they were framing a Constitution for themselves. But if the Right, after rejecting M. THIERS's proposals in the first instance, are by and by seen to be impressed with a sudden conviction of their merit, it will not be an unnatural inference that M. THIERS has made some secret promise inconsistent with his public declarations. The Left will then subject every proposal he may make to the strictest scrutiny, and it will be strange if under this ordeal some defects are not perceived which will justify the Left, at all events in their own opinion, in refusing to accept a Republic from the making of which Republicans have been carefully excluded. To have been obstinate when reason counselled pliability, and to be pliable when events have already stereotyped the results of previous obstinacy, may be the crowning title of the Right to the possession of political foresight.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITIONS.

DR. FORBES WATSON appears to be very much exercised in mind by the declining popularity of International Exhibitions, and he has endeavoured in a couple of letters to the *Times* to explain the reasons why, in his opinion, these Exhibitions have fallen in public estimation, and the means by which they may be restored to their former glorious position. Dr. WATSON's letters are very long, and it is only by quotation that we can hope to give any idea of their profoundly philosophical character, and the sesquipedalian dignity of the language in which they are written. Dr. WATSON fears that there is no use in shutting our eyes to the fact "that the "enthusiastic expectations of 1851 have given place to a grow- "ing feeling of indifference, mingled with impatience, on the "part of the bulk of practical men, and to a feeling of scepti- "cism and disappointment on the part of a great number of "thinking men." The usefulness of Exhibitions as public institutions is questioned, and even their "efficiency in "furthering private interests is strongly doubted, some- "times denied." Dr. WATSON assures us that, in the latter respect at least, great injustice is done to the South Kensington Exhibitions. These Exhibitions, he says, "certainly promote a good number of individual interests." This is, no doubt, very satisfactory, especially to the individuals whose interests are promoted; but at the same time there is also perhaps a certain amount of truth in Dr. WATSON'S deep reflection that "a public institution can "live only in virtue of a manifest, incontrovertable, and "tangible public utility." Dr. WATSON pathetically contrasts the brilliant prospects of the Exhibition of 1851, which "was "to be instrumental in bringing about a political and social "millennium," with the degradation of more recent Exhibitions, at which even small retail tradesmen turn up their noses. Dr. WATSON has heard it said that the Exhibitions of the present day are good only as "a means of advertise- "ment," and not good for much even from that low point of view. He asks himself how this decline and fall of International Exhibitions has come to pass, and after deep cogitation he arrives at the conclusion that the success of the first Exhibitions was due "to the operation of "causes which are becoming less and less operative." When causes cease to operate they usually become less operative; but why did the causes in this case become inoperative? Dr. WATSON appears to be of opinion that International Exhibitions have gone down in the world because their success in the first instance was too complete. This is perhaps only another way of saying that their usefulness is exhausted, and, if so, we are disposed to take the same view. "Many objects," says the Doctor, "which in 1851 were considered as being capable of "realization only by the means of great periodic public effort, "occurring at considerable intervals of time, are now perma- "nently supplied by private trade, and have passed into the "daily practice of international commerce"; in other words, shopkeepers can now manage their own affairs very well without the assistance of the Royal Family, Cabinet Ministers, and all sorts of distinguished people, to say nothing of COLE C.B.

We gather from Dr. WATSON'S letters that "the doubts "which are now beginning to be entertained by the public "have long weighed down the minds of the organizers of "Exhibitions," and especially of the "French Commissioners "of the Paris Exhibition of 1867." We can hardly say that we are surprised at this. The Exhibition of 1867 was intended, we believe, to be a great festival of fraternity. The Prussians, to show their love for the French, sent them the great Krupp gun to look at, and King WILLIAM and Count MOLTKE, with their staff, being on a visit to the EMPEROR, took the opportunity of inspecting the fortifications of Paris and the adjoining country. Three years later the EMPEROR and Count MOLTKE paid another visit to the French capital, and the Parisians then learned that the big Krupp gun had not been melted down into reaping hooks and ploughshares. Dr. WATSON professes to believe that "Exhibitions have power "fully contributed to knit closer the bonds of internation- "relations"; and when he wrote this he was perhaps thinking of the bonds of the war indemnity in which France is bound to Germany. The Great Exhibition of 1851 was quickly followed by the Russian and Italian wars; and although the United States have always been amply represented in our Exhibitions, it has not the less been necessary to pay three millions to that country in order, accord- ing to the theory of the English Government, to avoid hostilities. It would be as absurd to deny the useful results of the Exhibition of 1851 as to argue that it has been the instrument of regenerating humanity and establishing a millennium of love and peace. In their own way International Exhibitions are no doubt sufficiently amusing and instructive. They afford an innocent and agreeable lounge for people who have nothing to do but only to indulge their curiosity, and to pass away an hour or two; while those who go for the purpose of studying the productions of a particular craft or country can [illegible] carry away a considerable amount of valuable information. An International Exhibition is only a grand [illegible] bazaar. Call it by its right name and the

tion to it. What has disgusted people with these undertakings is the absurd pretensions advanced on their behalf, and the monstrous puffery and charlatanism with which they are associated. Every grocer's or silkmercer's shop is practically an International Exhibition—that is to say, wares from all parts of the world are collected there for exhibition and sale. Ever since 1851 the shopkeeping element in the International Exhibitions has been acquiring greater prominence; and the sort of Exhibition which is now held year after year at South Kensington is simply a congeries of shops. No attempt is made to limit the show to productions of genuine artistic merit. The shopkeepers who think it worth while to become exhibitors simply empty the contents of their windows into the stalls allotted to them. To the Exhibition of 1871 the Indian Government contributed a considerable quantity of articles of native manufacture. These articles when first displayed were labelled with the prices at which they were sold in India, but soon afterwards some private dealers began to sell wares of a similar kind, and the prices on the exhibited articles had to be removed in order that the dealers might be under no restraint in charging what they pleased. This is only one illustration out of many which might be given of the spirit in which these Exhibitions have come to be managed. It may be suggested that, if the great object is to provide a profitable market for certain classes of shopkeepers, the shopkeepers may be trusted to understand their own interests, and to push their trade without the intervention of distinguished Royal Commissioners, who might be much more usefully and honourably employed in other ways. On the other hand, the establishment of a popular show might advantageously be left to professional showmen. The annual Exhibitions at South Kensington have declined in two ways; the public and exhibitors have both turned away from them. Manufacturers of a high class resent the company in which they find themselves at these promiscuous gatherings, and prefer to appeal to the public in their own way. The system of awards has collapsed from natural causes, and there is now nothing to tempt exhibitors but the chance of selling their goods.

Dr. WATSON is of opinion that the future success of International Exhibitions depends on "the reconstruction in the "public mind of a clear and high idea of the magnitude and "importance of the functions which Exhibitions may be made "to fulfil." It would be more reasonable, perhaps, to say that the success of these Exhibitions depends on the managers forming a clear and high idea of the principles by which they should be guided. It is not the business of Royal Commissioners to identify themselves with shopkeeping interests, or to enter into competition with tea-gardens and Crystal Palaces. The manufacturers of the ordinary articles of commerce are by no means such a morbidly shy and retiring class that they need to be coaxed out of their modest seclusion by public functionaries, and entreated to allow their goods to be exhibited and their names to be advertised. If they have wares to sell, they will probably find some means of letting the public know it. The Commissioners have undoubtedly committed a great mistake in allowing the shopkeeping element to acquire such a predominance in their shows, and, on the other hand, they have stooped too low for the sake of gratifying the tastes of vulgar holiday-makers. The only way in which these displays can be raised to a proper position is by rigidly eschewing shopkeeping and claptrap, and confining the Exhibitions to articles of real artistic excellence, which should be shown for their own sake, and not with a view to sale. It is true that an Exhibition of this kind might prove to be neither very popular nor very remunerative, but it would be attended with more solid advantages; it would encourage art and educate the public taste. There is no reason, as far as we can see, why distinguished noblemen and gentlemen should be appointed by the QUEEN to perform functions which are already adequately provided for in the ordinary course of trade. The shopkeeping and showman parts of the scheme, if worth doing at all, may be safely left to private enterprise. The mission of the Royal Commissioners, if they have a mission, surely lies in a more elevated region. Mr. FORBES WATSON hints at a grand scheme of Trade and Technical Museums — a museum devoted to cotton machinery and products in Manchester; another to wool in Leeds or Bradford; another to metal work at Birmingham, and so on; and permanent systematic collections of [illegible] would undoubtedly be more useful than temporary shows got up chiefly with an eye to popular effect. There is room for art and of special ingenuity constitute, however, merely by the objects of such Exhibitions as those at South [illegible] apart from the general popularity of International Exhibitions, that which is to be held this year at Vienna seems to have every prospect of being successful. Vienna is a pleasant city, out of the track of the ordinary tourist, and not yet hackneyed; and there is much to excite interest both in the social and political circumstances of Austria. Among ourselves, however, Exhibitions of this kind have evidently had their day.

SPAIN.

THE Spanish factions take up the part of rebellion one after the other like glee-singers, except when occasionally they all join in one discordant chorus. If rumour may be trusted, it is now the turn of the supporters of Don ALFONSO to relieve the Carlists who still utter insurrectionary murmurs in the North, and the irreconcilable Republicans who have recently been silenced. The report is probably calumnious, for the Alfonsists belong to a class which has something to lose, and to them civil war would be a more serious undertaking than to the mountaineers of Galicia, or to the bloodthirsty rabble of the great towns. If it is true that the KING regards their designs with uneasiness, it may be conjectured that he fears their perseverance and their organization rather than any immediate attempt at violence. If indeed the chiefs of the army incline to the cause of the banished dynasty, the present system may become untenable; but for the moment the PRIME MINISTER appears to be in a stronger position than any of his predecessors since the death of PRIM. It is true that the life of any political man who has rendered service to Spain is in the highest degree precarious. The assassins who haunt some parts of Madrid lately fired on ZORRILLA's carriage and murdered one of his servants. If the criminals had been arrested and punished, they would probably have been accompanied by the same sympathy which attends Manchester martyrs; but in Madrid patriots of their order incur little risk of martyrdom. The murderers of PRIM and the would-be murderers of the KING are still unpunished and undiscovered: and the practice of assassination naturally flourishes. If ZORRILLA escapes the danger which is a condition of power in Spain, he may perhaps abate the political anarchy which has long prevailed. He has already rendered good service to the KING and country by retaining office longer than any other Minister during the present reign. It appears that he still commands a large majority in the Cortes; and he has at last introduced a remarkable innovation by proposing a measure of undoubted expediency and justice. Since the last revolution, and during the greater part of the reign of Queen ISABELLA, the military and civil adventurers who have at different times succeeded to power have been almost exclusively occupied with efforts to maintain their own supremacy; and O'DONNELL, who tried to divert popular attention to foreign policy, only succeeded in involving the country in two or three unnecessary and unprofitable wars. PRIM, after he had risen to the head of affairs, displayed both energy and patriotism; but he was during his tenure of office unavoidably engrossed in the difficult task of founding a constitution and a dynasty. ZORRILLA has now determined to concentrate his exertions on the correction of a great and acknowledged abuse.

The Progressist party, which possesses a large majority in the Cortes, has cordially approved ZORRILLA's proposal for the abolition of slavery in Porto Rico, and of course it may be expected that all sections of the Opposition will unite in condemning emancipation. The principle, indeed, has long since been formally approved, but no machinery has been provided for the accomplishment of the scheme. It is evident that ZORRILLA is thought, both by friends and enemies, to display extraordinary boldness in giving practical effect to former legislation. The Bill which he has introduced provides for the complete abolition of slavery within a year, and for compensation to the owners. From the rhetorical preamble it might be supposed that the emancipation of slaves was a Spanish discovery of the present day, which had never been anticipated by less civilized and less generous nations; but if fine words render sound measures more acceptable to the Cortes and the people, it would be hypercritical to object to sonorous recitals. In the exercise of national magnanimity the slaves are to be made free, and the objects of legislative beneficence will not inquire too curiously into the originality of the measure. To foreigners it seems that the conditions of emancipation in Porto Rico are unusually favourable. The white or coloured free population numbers half a million, and there are only 25,000 slaves, occupied for the most part in domestic service. There

is consequently no risk of disturbing the cultivation of the land; and it may be presumed that the dense population of the island affords sufficient security against the mischievous practice of squatting. Employers will hereafter be compelled to pay wages for the services which have hitherto been rendered by slaves; but the expense will be wholly or partly covered by the compensation provided in the Bill. When the slaves were emancipated in the English colonies forty years ago, the large sum which was voted by Parliament proved insufficient to compensate the planters for the impossibility of obtaining labour to cultivate their estates. If the liberated slaves would have worked for wages as well as they had worked under compulsion, justice and philanthropy would have been combined with economical advantage. The inconvenience of emancipating in Porto Rico one negro among twenty free men can scarcely be intolerable. It may be inferred from the smallness of the slave population that few importations have taken place in recent times. The slave trade seems for some unknown reason to have been exclusively directed to Cuba, where the negroes are consequently less generally civilized than in Porto Rico, especially as a larger proportion in Cuba is employed in field labour.

ZORRILLA thinks it prudent to consult the national susceptibility by confining the project of abolition to the colony in which there is no civil disturbance. It might be difficult to invent plausible arguments against the emancipation of slaves in Porto Rico; but it is evident to all parties that the present measure must hereafter be extended to the more important colony. The owners of slaves and of other property in Cuba accordingly offer the most active resistance to the Ministerial measure; and the political factions which support them endeavour to excite popular prejudice by attributing ZORRILLA'S proposal to foreign dictation. The PRESIDENT of the United States in his recent Message gave colour to the suggestion that emancipation is promoted in deference to American opinion; nor is it enough to answer that the PRESIDENT spoke only of Cuba, while the Ministerial Bill applies only to Porto Rico. Judicious statesmen might perhaps hold that there is nothing wrong in consulting foreign opinion when it is well founded; and the expediency of looking abroad becomes more undeniable when there is an ulterior risk of alien interference. It would be much less offensive to Spanish pride to tolerate indirect American dictation than to submit to the loss of the West Indian colonies. It is in the meantime more convenient to appeal to Spanish generosity than to avow the motives which may possibly have affected the Minister's determination. ZORRILLA accordingly announces with ostentatious frequency the impossibility of introducing reforms into Cuba during the continuance of the insurrection, which was represented in the PRESIDENT'S Message as an additional reason for abolishing slavery. The strength of the resistance which he must be prepared to encounter is indicated by the resignation of two of his principal colleagues. There is no reason to suppose that the dissentients are the only members of the Progressist party who disapprove of emancipation; and therefore it seems probable that the small minority against the first reading of the Bill inadequately represents the force of the future opposition. The Republicans will perhaps remain neutral, or even support the Bill, unless they see a prospect of overthrowing the Ministry. No Spanish faction can be expected to prefer a principle to a party triumph.

Although it might perhaps have been impracticable to carry a Bill for the emancipation of slaves in Cuba, untoward results may follow the determination of the Government and the Cortes to maintain the existing institution as long as the insurrection continues. If indeed slavery were regarded by the people of Cuba as an evil, there would be plausible reasons for declaring that the penalty should be enforced as long as the crime of rebellion was not abandoned; but unfortunately the only point in which the insurgents agree with the professed loyalists is in the maintenance of slavery. The American citizens whom the PRESIDENT lately denounced as large owners of slaves in Cuba probably profess ardent sympathy with the insurrection. The rebels have never emancipated their own slaves, though they sometimes confiscate the human chattels of their enemies; and it therefore seems but an ineffective menace to warn them that if they persist in their treasonable conduct they will be allowed or compelled to maintain their favourite institution. It has sometimes been suspected that even the loyalists of Cuba are not inveterately opposed to the continuance of an insurrection which brings them a supply of Spanish troops and Spanish money. It is certain that they have often thwarted the measures of the Home authorities; nor, indeed, is it easy to understand how the rebels can have maintained themselves so long, unless they receive countenance from some of their fellow-colonists. To both parties, equally devoted as they are to the maintenance of slavery, the Minister announces that complete pacification will be followed by compulsory abolition. The only sufficient excuse for his anomalous policy is conscious inability to abolish slavery in both islands at once, and the necessity of not arousing Spanish jealousy by seeming to countenance American interference. The Government of the United States, as it probably entertains no purpose of attempting the annexation of Cuba at present, may perhaps be disposed to assist ZORRILLA in his partial and tentative project of emancipation. It is certain that Cuba will, after no long interval, be forced to imitate the example of its neighbour, as it will, from the date of the emancipation of the negroes in Porto Rico, remain alone in its maintenance of the obnoxious institution. The Spanish Ministry may be congratulated on having associated their predominance with the assertion of a sound policy which, although it may disturb established prejudices, is at the same time calculated to attract much popular support.

CHARITABLE APPEALS.

THE column in the morning papers at this season headed "Charitable Appeals" is not pleasant reading. If it only brought the existence of poverty before us, it might be made pleasanter by a strenuous effort to extend and multiply the many agencies which aim at relieving poverty. But unhappily it also brings before us the want of wisdom or system which characterizes too many of these efforts, and the lax way in which benevolent persons try to get rid of their money and their responsibilities at the same time. The mischiefs of indiscriminate charity are more than ordinarily visible this winter because the general condition of the labouring population is unusually good. Even in London the number of paupers is less by some forty thousand than it was three years ago. The open winter has been favourable to work, and the system of sending surplus hands to other parts of the country has enabled many who really want work to profit by the exceptional weather. But after full allowance has been made for all this improvement, there remains a huge mass of distress in which no sign of amendment is visible. Those who compose it have in many cases lost the wish as well as the power to do better. They have learned to prefer the indolent excitement of mendicancy to the rough, dull business of maintaining themselves by the work of their hands. For the most part they are miserably off, but their lives are at all events chequered by intervals of luck, and so have a charm which is lacking to the dull monotony of a hard, and probably ill paid, employment. There are thousands in London who, if the choice were given them, would prefer to beg 3*s.* 6*d.* a week for three weeks out of four, with the chance of getting 30*s.* in the fourth, rather than to earn 10*s.* a week the whole month through. Probably the industrious classes have no adequate idea of the repugnance which an habitual idler feels towards labour. Even if these people were willing to work, it does not follow that work would at once be forthcoming. The great system of charities which girdles the city round has for so long a time attracted to London the least provident part of the population, that the labour market is overstocked. Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN tells us that "an extraordinary number of widows and deserted wives with their children have "so overstocked the market for washing, charing, common "sewing, and other inferior kinds of labour in London, that "it is impossible for them to maintain themselves by honest "industry, even if they desired to do so." The only efficient way of dealing with such a crowd as this is to transplant them by degrees from London, until in the end they shall be absorbed by the various districts in which a demand for service labour still exists. It would be a process requiring time, as is [illegible] judgment, but if those on whom it had to be exercised would co-operate with such charitable persons as were willing to undertake the management of it, it would not be impracticable. It is this co-operation, however, that is wanting. How are you to transport a population who look on removal to a district where they would have no craft but between work and the Workhouse as equivalent to a sentence of penal servitude? If they found that starvation in London really meant the starvation which it does, even a sentence to work would have its attractions. But the most undeserving classes of this pauper army starve. "The widows," Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN says, "put on the cap" (which, like the gown of the King's bedesmen, is regarded as a license to

"the 'widow's half-crown' from the out-door relief, and go "the round of the charities, getting a soup or a dinner ticket "here, a bread or a grocery ticket there, and doles from district "visitors of different religious persuasions, with all of whom "they pretend to agree." What is true of widows especially is true in its degree of other classes. Even these charities may not be enough to support those dependent on them; but they form, so to speak, a fund a share in which is gained partly on the principle of a lottery, partly by superior proficiency in the arts of mendicancy. In this way they demoralize a larger circle than that which they actually feed, and whenever the disproportion between the numbers to be relieved and the means of relieving them becomes more than commonly great, there is the general public outside which can be squeezed by means of special appeals.

These are not new statements. For several years past they have been dinned into the ears of Londoners, but as yet with scarcely any visible success. There is nearly the same want of system, nearly the same overlapping of charitable areas, nearly the same regard for the immediate necessity without thought of the ultimate consequences, that there ever was. "Increased destitution," to quote Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN "again provokes more abundant relief, and more abundant relief "encourages those habits which lead to a further aggravation "of the destitution." The lesson which benevolent persons have yet to learn is, that when matters have come to such a pass as they have now, ultimate improvement must be purchased at the cost of present hardship, even to some whom we would willingly see exempted from it. Here and there, no doubt, in this crowd of vice and pauperism there are cases which deserve care and tenderness. It may be doubted indeed whether these are often found among those who profit by indiscriminate doles. But conceding, for the sake of argument, that they are, and that there would be no means of singling them out for relief if the indiscriminate doles were done away with, it would still be true that an army of mendicants ought not to be maintained in vice and idleness because a few honest workers have accidentally got mixed up with them. In the letters from Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN from which we have already made extracts two forms of relief are singled out for special condemnation. Soup-kitchens, though a rough and ready mode of preserving life in a time of general calamity, degenerate afterwards from the wholesale character of the operations into a "vast machinery for the en- "couragement of low idleness, hypocrisy and vice." Night Refuges, since the passing of the Houseless Poor Acts, have become mischievous, as tending to promote vagrancy by paralysing the efforts made by the Poor Law authorities to repress it. They are simply so many "annexes," in which the vagrant knows that he will not be exposed to official inspection. A third form of mendicancy instanced by Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN is crossing-sweeping, by which women, children, and able-bodied men are alike "tempted to adopt a lazy, shifty life, "dependent upon precarious alms." It is important to bear in mind that such evils as the last two cannot be met by simple denunciations. As regards Night Refuges, charitable persons must be assured that the casual wards of the London Workhouses really do their work—that no one is rejected who ought to be admitted, that no one is turned out without inquiry whom a little timely help might set on his legs again, that no one is prevented from seeking shelter in them by reason of moral annoyances which are worse than the physical sufferings of the streets. As long as any doubt prevails on these points, Night Refuges will continue to be supported. As regards crossing-sweepers, there is, as Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN himself points out, an actual service performed, and, so long as this continues to be rendered by persons not paid for their work, payment will continue to be made in the form of alms. As regards soup-kitchens there is not so much difficulty. They are almost always supported from sheer want of thought; those who keep them on foot have yet to learn that charity which is merely and obviously temporary in its aim, which feeds the hungry to-day without considering whether to do so may not lead to their being hungry to-morrow, must do harm, unless the relief is exceptional as well as tempo- rary. In the Lancashire cotton famine soup-kitchens were the most useful instrument for meeting a sudden need. But if the factory workers had been encouraged to expect them every winter, the whole district might by this time have been pauperized. Upon this point, therefore, preaching may do some good; upon the other two it has been shown that something more is wanted. The difficulty about Night Refuges may be met partly by the adoption of the separate system in the casual wards, which has been found to have great advantages in some country Unions, and partly by the establishment of a branch office of the Charity Organization Society in the neighbourhood of every casual ward. By this means, any case which needed to be looked into might be sure of meeting attention, and the claim put forward by some Night Refuges of possessing facilities for rendering permanent help which are denied to the casual wards, would no longer hold water. Crossing-sweepers can only be got rid of in one of two ways; either the local authorities must undertake to clean the crossings, as they do the roads, or some private society should take as many of them as its funds will allow, and have them kept in order by its own servants. In this way contributors would be sure that their money went to support regularly paid labour, not to encourage begging under cover of the sweeper's broom.

THE *TIMES* ON SPIRITUALISM.

THE *Times* was apparently in great straits last week for matter to fill its columns. It therefore had recourse to publishing a long and, if we may speak plainly, a silly discourse upon Spiritualism. The writer was one of those persons who apparently waver between scientific contempt and morbid curiosity. They affect to pooh-pooh the whole business of mediums and *séances*, and at the same time they flutter about them, and, if not themselves deceived, do their best to stimulate the curiosity of people sillier than themselves. The article referred to that wonderful Report of the Committee of the "Dialectical Society" upon which we commented some months back, but the main impulse to talking about Spiritualism just now appears to be a mysterious volume, which had been handed to the author under a "solemn promise" not to divulge the names of the people concerned. We are, however, informed with due reverence that amongst them are a dowager duchess, a nobleman, a captain in the Guards, a baronet, a member of Parliament, and others of less exalted position. The volume itself was printed by an earl, now dead, or, as the writer puts it, "who has lately passed beyond the House of Lords, beyond also, we trust, the spirit-peopled chairs and tables which in his lifetime he loved not wisely, but too well." That dowager duchesses and captains in the Guards should be victims to a degrading superstition is not quite an unprecedented phenomenon. Cagliostro succeeded in imposing even upon personages of royal blood. No rank, alas! is a sufficient protection against the extremes of human folly; and the most attractive game for an impostor are people who are at once rich, credulous, and idle. That class unluckily includes members of the peerage and the baronetage. The writer, however, further thought it necessary to witness some phenomena for himself. He was a good deal puzzled because, when sitting in a dark room with a couple of distinguished mediums, a chair was thrown upon the table. He saw some phenomena in the presence of Mr. Home and Miss Fox which were still more singular, such as a table rising from the ground in a room lighted by two "spirit lamps," whatever they may be; and an accordion playing a tune in Mr. Home's hands without visible interference, though the observer could not see the keys, nor tell whether they moved "There was nothing," he says, "during the whole evening except the phenomena themselves to suggest imposture." However, he very properly remembered Mr. Lewes's maxim, "Distinguish between facts and inferences from facts," and accordingly he did not infer that a dead man was playing on an accordion because certain sounds were produced by unknown means. That was a very wise reserve, and we could wish that it were more generally imitated. It appears, however, from the correspondence which has of course followed the article, that various people, including some men of science, are unable to refrain from inventing causes for the phenomena; and assume, because some odd things happen which are rather queerer than ordinary conjuring tricks, that invisible beings must be walking about and doing them. That such a jump from facts to fancies should be made quite unconsciously is a singular illustration of the ordinary condition of the human mind, even amongst persons who can observe some classes of facts with great accuracy.

It is, however, a pity that the *Times* should fill three or four columns with records of these stale and wearisome "manifestations." If anybody wishes to examine into the subject, he can do so with great ease and at very little expense. But why gratuitously advertise a sect which has turned many feeble brains and done no little social mischief? To a healthy-minded observer there is something inexpressibly disgusting about the whole system. To trade upon people's best affections for their departed friends, to profess to make a peepshow of dead fathers and husbands, and to carry out this purpose by simulating the morbid tendencies of diseased minds, is a trade so unutterably vile that one can scarcely speak with patience of those who practise it. If any mediums are impostors (and even mediums admit that there are such impostors), they deserve a term of penal servitude more thoroughly than any of the wretched old gipsy-women who tell fortunes to servant-girls. The imposition is grosser and far more pernicious to the persons deceived. To obtain money under false pretences is bad enough in all cases; but when the pretences are of a kind which may hopelessly upset the moral and intellectual equilibrium of those who are taken in, no words can be strong

enough to describe the baseness of the deceivers. For this reason alone, one would think that a respectable journal should be very scrupulous in giving fresh publicity to what, as it admits, and indeed is strongly inclined to think, may very likely be gross imposture.

But, it is said, there may very possibly be something in Spiritualism. Some mediums are eminently respectable people; and at any rate the matter demands scientific investigation. Very well; let it be scientifically investigated. Medical men have to investigate madness and all varieties of loathsome disease; but it does not follow that crowds of thoughtless and ignorant people should take up a pursuit for which they are totally unqualified, and which leads them into very serious danger of infection. People who don't know how to observe unconsciously spread the most monstrous fictions, and truth is obscured, not cleared, by their mixing themselves up in the inquiry. And meanwhile they run no little risk, if not of absolute insanity, at least of becoming addicted to observances not more reasonable than those of a mediæval wizard, or even a negro fetish-worshipper. If Spiritualism is a cheat and a humbug, this danger is manifest; but even if there is something in it—if, for example, as Mr. Cox maintains, the alleged phenomena are produced by some abnormal action of the nervous system—it is not less manifest that a most serious risk is incurred. Articles which encourage dowager duchesses and captains of the Guards to deliver themselves over tied and bound to obey the bidding of mediums by speaking seriously of the results obtained, are encouraging a bad practice which may be propagated to more useful members of society.

As, however, a good deal of curiosity upon the subject prevails, and is likely to be stimulated by such articles as those in the *Times*, we will suggest one or two reasons which should make people pause before encouraging séances and spiritual manifestations. In the first place, if there is anything in Spiritualism, nothing could be easier than to demonstrate its truth. Why do we believe, it is asked, in the revelations of the electric telegraph? Because we submit them to crucial experiments every day and every hour of the day. Why don't we believe in the revelations of mediums? Because they always evade a crucial experiment. Take a simple case. President Lincoln's assassination was known throughout America within an hour or two after it had happened. Such great evidence of course confirmed the truth of the report. If a Spiritualist had announced the event in England before it had come to us by any ordinary means (the submarine telegraph was not then laid down), we should have been convinced instantaneously that Spiritualists possessed supernatural power. If, in fact, they possess the mean of knowing what is happening at distant times and places, they can place the reality of their claims beyond all conceivable cavil. They can prove their power fifty times a day. But any one proof would be sufficient. If a single revelation were made such as that of Lincoln's assassination, it would be enough. Why has no such proof ever been given? For the simple reason that the power does not exist. All the alleged wonders of this kind depend upon what A. said to B., and what B. repeated to C., and so on. If a single witness has lied or made a mistake, they are valueless. A man claims a power of communicating with disembodied spirits; if he has it, opportunities for demonstrating it in the most public manner are open to him every day and all day long; and yet it is never done. And for this reason we recommend ordinary inquirers to wait. If the alleged power exists, it will prove itself. If it does not, they had better not waste time in examining into it.

Mr. Home, indeed, suggests a reply; and a wonderful reply it is. The spirits, it seems, are capricious. It may be so; but a philosopher is bound to accept the simplest explanation consistent with the facts. Perhaps, when a watch is missing from my pocket and is transferred to that of a notorious thief by no visible agency, a spirit may have done the trick; but it is safer to assume that the thief managed to do it without my seeing it. The same argument applies to Mr. Home's spirits. So long as their caprice leads them always to shrink from a crucial test, it is simpler to assume that they don't exist. Give us a phenomenon otherwise inexplicable, and we will accept your explanation; but so long as you give nothing which may not be explained by assuming a certain quantity of roguery, imbecility, or, it may be, morbid action of the brain, we shall not go out of our way to assume the existence of spirits. The Spiritualists prove a great deal too much; if a tenth part of what they say is true, they have the means of publicly demonstrating their supernatural powers. They never do. What is the obvious inference? If it were declared that the heir to an estate who had been lost really existed; if he might recover his property by simply showing himself in Westminster Hall; if he obstinately refused to come, but offered to produce a number of affidavits from people who had met him in dark rooms, or talked to him for a minute in his attorney's office, what should we think of him?

For this reason we may be pretty sure that the truth will not suffer by the abstinence of dowager duchesses and others from attendance upon *séances*. But there is a positive reason, of much more weight, for their staying away. Whatever may be the meaning of Spiritualism, one thing is undeniable. It is a belief of which rogues and charlatans of every variety may take advantage for the basest purposes. When a mere conjuring trick is regarded as proof that the performer possesses supernatural authority, what is likely to be the condition of the person who takes the conjuror for a spiritual adviser? We heard nothing more about spiritual assistance being vouchsafed to the Davenport Brothers after the rope-tying trick had been found out. But many respectable, and even generally intelligent, persons were for a time as fully convinced that the rope was untied by supernatural agency as they now are that Mr. Home is lifted into the air by spirits. Their conviction was confessedly a delusion; as indeed the trick is now exposed at every street corner. It is needless to dilate upon the mischiefs which would result, and which in fact do result, to a person who takes a notorious juggler and liar—such a man, for example, as Mr. Browning's inimitable "Sludge"—to be a director of his conscience. A sincere Spiritualist must of course agree with us in this, as in fact Mr. Home appears to do. The medium through whom a widow receives communications from her dead husband should be above all suspicion of sordid motives. Otherwise the impostors who mix with the honest men will have the fullest opportunity of carrying out the worst designs, and, instead of receiving a message from the dead, their unfortunate victims will be only receiving a message from Mr. Sludge. No one should more carefully guard against the sham than those who believe in the existence of the genuine article. And therefore it is an obvious consideration that a medium should never receive money. The evidence for genuine miracles depends to no small degree on the character of the witnesses. If the early teachers of Christianity had made a comfortable income out of their disciples for showing wonders, instead of expressing themselves to martyrdom, we should have a very different opinion of their honesty. To creep into the houses of silly widows was a practice which required very vehement denunciation. An honest man may conceivably take money for introducing us to the spirit world, but it is quite certain that a knave will take money for pretending to do so. And therefore, unless we would give a direct encouragement to rogues, and help to overlay the reality—if there be a reality—by a mass of falsehood, the less ordinary people have to do with professional traders in Spiritualism the better.

Mr. Home, as we have said, seems to agree with us; at least he declares that he has never taken money for showing off his spirits. Let us give him all the honour due to such admirable independence. So long as he makes no money by his performances, directly or indirectly, the value of his testimony will be greatly increased. And therefore we consider it to be a cause for sincere congratulation that the Court of Chancery ordered him to restore Mrs Lyon's thirty thousand pounds. Indeed we cannot doubt that he would have returned it of his own accord as soon as it had occurred to him that the great cause of Spiritualism would suffer injury from the precedent. The manifestations which took place in a certain cab were doubtless owing to "unconscious cerebration," if not to spirits. But then people of less lofty character might cerebrate consciously, and we should have no means of detecting the difference. The story shows how easily a man actuated by the purest motives may be led into practices susceptible of an unpleasant interpretation, and we hope that Mr. Home will throw the weight of his authority into enforcing the excellent rule that no mediums should ever receive money on any pretence from those who consult them, in which case we strongly suspect that the true nature of the system would speedily appear.

THE PROPOSED HISTORY SCHOOL AT CAMBRIDGE.

WE were glad some time back to see that so wise a choice had been made as that which named Mr. A. W. Ward to be an Examiner in the Law and History Tripos at Cambridge. The distinguished Professor of History at Manchester presently gave the results of his temporary return to work in the elder seat of learning in the form of a pamphlet containing suggestions which needed only to be followed to work a very great work indeed. Mr. Ward's proposal was simply this—to establish a real School of History at Cambridge, from which all the narrow restrictions with which ignorance and prejudice have surrounded the subject should be swept away. Mr. Ward is a real student of history; he is one of those who have grasped the great but simple truth of the Unity of History. He has learned that man is the same, whatever the land he lives in or the tongue he speaks; he has learned that to study the history of one time and place needs the same method and the same faculties which are needed to study the history of another. He is therefore for wiping away all the senseless and artificial barriers which the tradition of a time that has passed away has set up to hinder the intelligent study of the history of man. As one who has himself studied history as a whole, who has shown himself equally at home among the Claudian and among the Austrian Cæsars, Mr. Ward stood up to ask that his University should cast away shallow and unworthy prejudice, that it should break down the silly barriers of "ancient" and "modern," and should set up a School of History, and not any such mockery of it as a School of "Modern" History. The wonderful thing is that Mr. Ward seems to have got the University of Cambridge to listen to him at once. A Syndicate was appointed, last May to consider what alterations should be made in the Law and History Tripos, and we have now before us the Report of that Syndicate, which recommends, not only that the Schools of Law and History shall be separated, as they have just been at Oxford, but that the School of History shall really be a School of History. The opening words of that part of their Report with which we are concerned put the whole matter in its true light:—

The Syndicate consider that History, as the subject of an independent

Tripos, requires to be placed on a wider basis than its subordinate position in other Triposes has hitherto allowed; and believe that in this manner its efficacy in education may best be secured. They propose therefore that Ancient and Mediæval History should have their due place in the Tripos, as well as Modern History, so that History may be placed before the Student as a whole.

They go on to recommend

That in this Examination one paper at least shall be allotted to each of the following subjects:—

1. English History.
2. A special subject belonging to Ancient History.
3. A special subject belonging to Mediæval History.
4. A special subject belonging to Modern History.

(Either (3) or (4) to be always taken from English History. In subjects (2), (3), and (4) some knowledge of the chief original sources will be expected).

All this is just as it should be. So is the proposal that while professional Law is rightly sent away to its own place in a School of its own, the historical aspect of Law, Constitutional Law, and the Principles of General Jurisprudence are to find their place in the Historical Tripos. There are a number of technical details which we need not examine, and which of course may be considered and modified before the scheme becomes a statute of the University. But all the main principles for which real historical students have so long striven are here fully acknowledged. The success is something wonderful. The doctrine which Mr. Ward has preached at Cambridge, and which the Syndicate has now adopted, is the same doctrine which has for more than twenty years been preached at Oxford with much the same success as the doctrine which the charmer of the Psalmist preached to the deaf adder. Cambridge, in short, if the report of the Syndicate be adopted, will show that she looks upon the history of Oxford in this matter, not as the pattern to follow, but as the horrid example to avoid. Perhaps, however, the whole thing is only an instance of the law that nobody is so foolish as he who is wise before the time. Some day or other the reform which seems likely to be made at Cambridge will be made at Oxford also, and then those who make it will pride themselves on their new and brilliant discovery, and will forget that the discovery was made, but only to be mocked at, a generation before.

The doctrine of the Unity of History, the doctrine which, as far as we know, Arnold was the first to put forth, and of which Mr. Ward and the Cambridge Syndicate have now appeared as the latest champions, is one which has to fight a very hard battle, because it runs counter to so many different kinds of prejudices on so many different sides. Take, for instance, the fate of the solitary and forlorn attempts which have been ever and anon made at Oxford to do what it is now proposed to do at Cambridge—to establish a real School of History, to break down unnatural barriers, and to take up Thucydides and Tacitus, Procopius and Cassiodorus, Lambert of Hersfeld and Matthew Paris, as parts of one study, to be mastered by the use of one method, and to be taken up in one School of examination. Proposals of this kind have for the last twenty years or more been met with equal scorn from enemies of very different kinds. The scorn was equal because the ignorance was equal, and yet both scorn and ignorance took widely different forms. There were the comfortable, easy-going Heads and other dignitaries of the old school. By the help of a little schoolboy learning they had raised themselves, in the reported words of one of the most famous of their number, to "places of very considerable emolument" from which they could "look down with contempt on their inferiors." Who were the pestilent youngsters who were troubling the world with schemes for making men learn things which they had themselves got on so well without learning? Then there were men who were real scholars within a certain narrow field, so far as men who wilfully confine themselves to a narrow field can be called real scholars. There were men who really knew something of the languages and the history of one or two arbitrarily chosen nations during a few arbitrarily chosen centuries, but who had never thought of the relations which those nations and their languages bear to other kindred nations and languages in the general history of man. Men who thus shut up learning and scholarship within so narrow a range might really be honestly shocked at the notion of setting up the study of other ages, nations, and languages—of ages, nations, and languages which they had learned to look upon as barbarous—side by side with the sacred pair which alone could claim admission within the magic circle. And their horror might well be deeper still when they were called on, not only to set up other studies alongside of their own on equal terms, but to accept those studies as absolutely the same with their own, as being alike parts of one greater whole, either part of which was lame and imperfect without its fellow. Then, besides the two types of conservatism, there was the class of eager and shallow reformers, the men who wanted some new thing, but did not know exactly what new thing they wanted—the men who thought it would be less trouble to keep the old studies as they were, and to set up the new as a separate thing beside them, than to go through the painful exercise of thought which was needed to put the new and the old in their true and harmonious relation to one another. In the days of the Crusades there were those who taught that the Holy War was a new and happy invention whereby men might win the promises of the Gospel without the painful practice of its virtues; so now there were those who taught that a School of Modern History was a new and happy invention whereby the rich and idle might find their way to the honours of the Class List without the painful discipline of thought and study which were needed in the elder Schools. These were the men who would fain bring in Modern History as an "easy" study, a study which needed no searching into original authorities, no mastery of obsolete or foreign tongues, but which might be got up by a few months' pleasant turning over the pages of three or four modern text-books. When men like these were told of a school in which Thucydides and Lambert should stand side by side, they turned away with the scorn of men who had never heard of Lambert, but who knew enough of Thucydides to know that in an easy School he could have no place. These were the men who decreed that from their easy School the first six centuries of English history should be shut out, and who, when pressed for their reason, gave the reason of men who had never heard of the English Chronicles—that for those centuries no text-books could be found. The School which was called into being on such theories as these has flourished far better than could have been looked for, because successive Examiners have done their best to soften the vices which are inherent in its origin. But those vices can never wholly be got rid of until, instead of a School of Modern History, we have a School of History, until what Arnold spoke of as "what is falsely called ancient history, the really modern history of Greece and Rome," is brought back to its natural companionship with the history of other ages, and set free from its unnatural union with the Objective and the Unconditioned.

Against all these various classes of enemies the doctrine which is set forth in Mr. Ward's pamphlet and in the Report of the Syndicate has had to fight at Oxford. At Cambridge it seems to have better luck; for it is a great step for it to have got into the Report of a Syndicate; no Oxford Delegacy has ever reported in favour of the kind. But both Mr. Ward's scheme and the scheme of the Syndicate are as yet merely schemes. Of the particular proposals put forth in both some are naturally of a purely technical kind, and do not present much interest, except to those who are familiar with the working in detail of the Cambridge system of examinations. But the main proposals of both do indeed go to the root of the matter. From the History School as sketched either by Mr. Ward or by the Syndicate all unnatural barriers and divisions are swept away. "Ancient," "mediæval," "modern," are dealt with as divisions which have no existence, further than as it may be needful to take care that no one part of history should be so exclusively studied as to shut out the others. By Mr. Ward indeed the names are used under a sort of implied protest, something like the way in which the names of the three British kingdoms have been used in public documents since the Union. As we talk in Acts of Parliament of "that part of the United Kingdom called England," "Scotland," or "Ireland," so Mr. Ward speaks of "history of the period called ancient," "mediæval," or "modern." Neither he nor the Syndicate will have anything to say to it, except to secure that papers shall be set in all three. Mr. Ward's scheme and that of the Syndicate do not seem to be exactly the same with regard to subjects and periods, but this is matter of detail which those who have finally to settle the matter may be left to consider. In Mr. Ward's scheme at any rate the highest branch of the examination would be of the most thorough kind. Mr. Ward proposes that each candidate for honours should take up both a subject and a period, each to be chosen by himself from a list to be put out by the Board of Studies. These subjects and periods are to be thoroughly mastered in the original authorities in their own tongues. Mr. Ward here cuts right in the teeth of one very common form of ignorant prejudice on the subject. Nothing frightened both the conservative party and the shallow party at Oxford so much as the first admission of original authorities in their own tongues. It was such a monstrous thing to expect anybody to know anything of French, Italian, or German. It was such a monstrous thing to expect the rich and idle men for whom an easy school had been invented, to know anything of Latin or Greek. Mr. Ward points out the difference, one which people of either of those kinds did not understand, between an examination in a language and an examination in a book written in that language. The candidate should be able to show that he has really read his book in the original and not in a crib. He should show that he understands such technical uses of words and names as concern his subject; but the grammatical niceties which might arise in an examination in the same book in a School of Language would be quite out of place in an examination in a School of History. The knowledge which is needful to enable a man to make good use of a history written in a particular language is a very different thing from such a knowledge of the same language as would be needed in an examination for an Ireland scholarship or a Classical Tripos. A School of History will rightly demand the former; with the latter it has nothing to do. The direct and minute knowledge of language must be tested, not in the School of History, but in the School of Language. We say in the School of Language, because when we have got rid of the antiquated narrowness which is implied in the distinction between "ancient" and "modern" History, we must get rid also of such a kindred piece of antiquated narrowness as a school of "classical" languages only. On this matter we will let Mr. Ward speak for himself:—

It seems to follow as a matter of course, that while in the preliminary part of the Examination no question should be asked implying a reference to original authorities, or knowledge of other languages besides the English, whether "ancient" or "modern," in the case of the substantial portion a careful reference to original authorities should be regarded as an indispensable element in the preparation of the Candidate. According to the

period and subject selected by him, it will therefore be necessary for him to have acquired such a knowledge of "ancient" or "modern" languages as will suffice for his purposes as a Historical student. But these acquirements will only be *incidentally* tested; not made the *subject* of any part of the Examination; and questions of an *essentially* philological or linguistic character will be as a matter of principle avoided by the Examiners.

It is, we believe, argued against the proposed scheme that something more is wanted for a degree than only to pass the Cambridge Previous Examination and such an examination as is now proposed. With this question we have nothing to do. We speak of the proposed History Tripos simply as a School of History, and we hold that, if well worked in its details, it will be a thoroughly good School of History. Its relations to other Cambridge Examinations are not to the purpose. It might or might not be a good thing to strengthen the Previous Examination, or to bring in something like the Oxford Moderations. Such questions are not now to the point. We speak of the proposed History School simply as a History School, and in that character it has our best wishes.

THE WEATHER AND ITS FRIENDS.

WE should think the Archbishop of Canterbury must have been rather taken aback by the reception which his letter about the weather has met with in various quarters. For the stale witticisms of the scoffers he was probably prepared; but it could hardly have occurred to him that the bad weather about which everybody has been grumbling and groaning should command such ardent and enthusiastic championship. The incident suggests an obvious moral, and shapes itself almost naturally into the form of an apologue. Once upon a time—it is difficult to persuade ourselves that somewhere or other we have not read something like this before—once upon a time there was a good Archbishop who, hearing everybody complaining of the weather and abusing it, proposed that pious men should pray for a change; which he had no sooner done than instantly a great many people began to cry out that there never was nicer or more wholesome weather since the world began, and that it was a pity it should not last for ever. It has already been discovered that it is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and it may now be said that it must be very bad weather indeed which does not please somebody. For the last month and more we have had almost incessant rain, great tracts of country have been covered with water, and in some parts the inhabitants have had to confine themselves to the upper stories of their dwellings, with every prospect, if the floods continue, of having to seek refuge on the roofs. A vast amount of property has been destroyed by inundations, communications have been interrupted, and all kinds of agricultural work have been greatly impeded, if not absolutely suspended. The last harvest was a bad one, and there is reason to fear that the next may be worse. In town, life has been passed literally in a Slough of Despond. The resources of civilization in the richest city in the world are apparently unequal to the superhuman task of keeping the streets decently clean in wet weather, and for days and weeks the inhabitants have had to struggle piteously through a sea of filthy mud. Ordinary people, accustomed to think more of their own immediate comfort than of next year's crops, have certainly found the ceaseless rain sufficiently unpleasant and depressing; and the Archbishop may be excused for imagining that a little fine weather would probably be welcomed as an agreeable change. This is one side of the picture; but it is as well that we should see the other side too. Mr. Bailey Denton, for example, instead of feeling aggrieved at the excessive rainfall, glories in it, and is only sorry that it is not a great deal more abundant. He calculates that in a single month of this last autumn sufficient rain fell on the surface of England and Wales to furnish the whole population with water at the rate of thirty gallons a head for eighteen years. Mr. Denton is known to be an enthusiast for water, but the people whose land has for the present been drowned out of sight, all but the tops of the trees, and who have been nearly washed away themselves, might possibly prefer, as a matter of choice, to receive their allowance of water in more moderate instalments. Mr. Denton is not satisfied even yet. With him a gallon in the well is worth two in the clouds, and he seems to think it necessary to provide for the contingency of our never having any rain again. We have had a drought already; and now we are having compensation in a copious rainfall, and there is no reason to suppose that alternations of dry and wet seasons will not continue to the end of time. It may be well to be thankful for rain without wishing that it should rain for ever. Mr. Denton adopts a more popular line of argument when he points to the statistics of public health as showing the sanitary advantages of the kind of weather we have lately been experiencing. As a matter of fact, the health of the population has certainly been better than usual. The Registrar-General's returns for the past week fully confirm all that has been said on this part of the subject. During the last thirteen weeks there has been a reduction of twenty-two per cent. in the mortality of London; in other words, some five thousand lives have been saved which, according to ordinary experience, would have been sacrificed if the weather had not been so unusually mild. To people of middle age the cold makes little difference; but a sharp frost mows down children and old persons like a volley of musketry. The rain has been beneficial in two ways. It has brought with it a mild temperature, very favourable to the young, the aged, and the sickly, and it has also washed the air and diluted the noxious impurities of the water we drink. For the present the old saying that a green Yule makes a fat churchyard would certainly seem to be contradicted; but it may possibly be found that the famine or relapsing fever which has just broken out in London may not be altogether unconnected with the close, damp, and depressing weather of the last month or two. And besides we may find that the ice and snow have only been postponed, not averted.

One of the correspondents of the *Times* who have attacked the Archbishop of Canterbury for his letter to the clergy observes contemptuously that the prayer which His Grace recommends was written when men were so ignorant as to suppose that rain was a mere watering-pot contrivance adapted to local wants, and that there could be rain in one parish without reference to the state of the atmosphere in the next. It may be observed that the Liturgy does not profess to be a manual of scientific information compiled by man for the guidance of his Maker; and all that the Prayer for Fair Weather asks is that God will send "such weather as that we may receive the fruits of the earth in due season," without prescribing the manner in which this result is to be produced. Prayers which are based on an assumption of the perfect wisdom as well as omnipotence of the Deity naturally imply trustful acquiescence in whatever physical laws He may have appointed. It would appear, however, that people are unfortunately apt to forget that there are others besides themselves in the world, and that everything cannot be arranged exactly to suit their personal convenience at each particular moment. The sort of weather which is one man's misery may be another man's happiness; and a *plébiscite* with a view to ascertain the most popular degrees of temperature would certainly yield some curious results. It may be doubted whether an absolute majority would be obtained for any one kind of climate. Everybody has his own private taste on this subject, and thinks that what happens to suit him must necessarily be best for other people. The gentleman who wrote to the *Times* to glorify the strawberry bed which had supplied him with ripe fruit for his Christmas dinner, from his own garden, no doubt regarded this remarkable achievement as an ample justification for any departure from the usual climatic conditions of the season. Another correspondent expressed his amazement that the Archbishop of Canterbury should be so perverse and unfeeling as to suggest prayers directed against the nice mild weather which has been so favourable to his invalid son, and has rendered a voyage to Madeira unnecessary. Against the dish of winter strawberries may be set the possible loss of the wheat crop, and our taste of the climate of Madeira, however acceptable to consumptive patients, has not been without its drawbacks to other people. If five thousand lives have been saved in England, a great many have been lost in Italy, and it is impossible not to connect the inundations in Southern Europe with the warm humid atmosphere of our own country during the last few weeks. A man would perhaps hesitate to pray for the drowning of Italian peasants, but a prayer that England might for one winter enjoy a foreign climate is perhaps only the same thing looked at from the other side. It may be assumed that meteorology is as yet only in its infancy, and there is no reason to suppose that our knowledge of the variations of the winds and clouds may not some day be reduced to the same scientific precision as our knowledge of the course of the tides or the process of the planets. In the meantime enough is known to show the connexion of meteorological phenomena throughout the world, and to remove the rain-clouds from the sphere of parish politics. Perhaps the most satisfactory frame of mind to cultivate in regard to the weather is to take it as it comes, and try to make the best of it. It is said of Mary Garth in *Middlemarch* that, having early observed that life was not shaped to suit her convenience, she had accordingly made up her mind not to expect it, and wasted no time in astonishment or annoyance at the fact. It is comforting to know that there is so much to be said in favour of the late bad weather, and that if it has made many persons miserable, it has also made others happy. We would merely observe that the people who like it need not lose their temper with people who do not. They have had a very fair innings, and for our own part we should certainly not be disposed to object to a little dry weather if only for the sake of a change.

Archbishop Tait may possibly now have recovered from his surprise that the clergy should hesitate about meddling with the weather. Congregations which are all of one mind about the weather may of course do as they please, but a clergyman who desires to have a quiet life will perhaps do well to sound his parishioners as to their private feelings on the subject before he commits himself to a definite line of policy in regard to the elements. Nor should he neglect to take counsel with the clergymen of adjoining parishes. It is not desirable that the weather should be made an additional cause of strife between High Church and Low Church, Ritualists and Evangelicals. As for the Nonconformists it is to be feared that, in their present temper, they would be sure to side on this, as on every other question, against the Church, and to protest against fine weather being thrust down their throats, whether they liked it or not, at the dictation of an Archbishop. If the Church went in for fair weather, the Dissenters would have no alternative but to pray for rain. Indeed we rather wonder that the Liberation Society has not already sounded a note of alarm. It is quite conceivable that, armed with the Registrar-General's figures, the Dissenters might be able to make a strong appeal to the prejudices of town populations. The rain, it would be urged,

was handsomely washing out the towns without adding to the rates, and it would be monstrous that the health of the people in the great centres of industry should be sacrificed in order to add to the gains of grasping landowners and farmers. Asthmatic and consumptive people would probably be won over to this side without much difficulty; and the prayers for dry weather would be represented as a conspiracy between the Church and the agricultural classes against the public health. On the eve of a general election a good deal of capital might be got out of this cry by judicious agitation; and Mr. Miall and his friends might be trusted to make the most of a new grievance. The clergy would perhaps find themselves on safer ground if, without espousing the cause of any particular kind of weather, they contented themselves with persuading their parishioners to accommodate themselves as cheerfully as possible to all variations of climate, and to study how to make the best of them, rather than to desire that the weather should be altered at every turn to suit their own fancies as to what would be best for their private interests. Mr. Bailey Denton has no sympathy for farmers who yield to the delusion that it is possible for them to have too much water. If fields are inundated, that is only, he holds, because they have not been properly drained. By under-drainage and proper surface cultivation, with ordinary discretion in the selection of time for tillage operations, much of the wheat now in jeopardy might, we are assured, have been safely planted. Mr. Denton is an enthusiast about drainage and the storage of water, and he probably does not do justice to the difficulties with which the farmers have to contend. But his remark is a practical one, and as wet seasons are not unknown in this country, and may be expected to recur, it would perhaps be worth while for the farmers to consider whether an excessive rainfall cannot be turned to good account, instead of trusting too much to having the weather adjusted to local convenience or caprice.

POLITICAL CANDIDATES.

NO general election is likely to bear any comparison in the number of contests to which it has given rise with the one which, in spite of any statements to the contrary, constituencies insist upon believing is to take place in the autumn of next year. In counties and in boroughs one or two candidates, if not more, are already visible against the horizon. Every moment their forms are becoming more and more distinct, suggesting disagreeable doubts to the minds of the sitting members with regard to their security of tenure. In the midst of all these preparations one feature is remarkable. The country gentleman has to a great extent withdrawn himself from active participation in politics, which may be accounted for by several circumstances. Constituencies demand far more attention than in former times; political duties leave so little leisure for country pursuits and sports, the amount of labour is so great which is required to make a man popular who does not provide amusements for his fellow-creatures, or to enable him to retain a seat when won, that he is apt to hesitate before he enters upon a course which will entirely alter his mode of life. If his income is only a moderate one, the expenses will appear formidable; it is no pleasant matter to spend fifteen hundred or two thousand pounds out of his income when he has five or six children to educate, and a good many sets of farm-buildings out of repair. The expenditure of such a sum as this is hardly felt by the successful trader or coal proprietor whose enormous profits have just enabled him to give forty-five years' purchase for a landed estate in the county. Men of this stamp raise the standard, and make the way very difficult for those of moderate incomes to follow. The constituency, too, becomes demoralized, and looks upon the size of a subscription as the best measure of Parliamentary ability. These causes operate equally in the case of both Conservatives and Liberals, and explain the curious state of the representation of certain small towns. If the country gentleman is a Liberal, another influence is at work in preventing him from taking a keen personal interest in what is going on. He has got to the end of his Whiggism. The old hereditary antagonism to the Conservatives may still exist, and induce him to vote with his party; but enthusiasm is out of the question when he does not know what may be the fruit of another year's legislation, what additional burdens may be placed upon his property, what new relations may exist between his tenants and himself, and what the position of his brother, the parson of the parish, will be when the Church has been disestablished. His creed is virtually dead, and there is no candidate representing his views to contest either his county or his borough. His support, therefore, is but a very lukewarm one to the man who has come from the clouds, from whom he is repelled by his social instincts, and whose professions he is inclined to distrust. Even the local ironmaster, whose position is satisfactorily evinced by groups of active chimneys, and who has just left the red-brick house with green railings in the centre of the town for a more ambitious residence, does not appear to him unexceptionable as a future legislator.

When the successful trader allows himself to be put in nomination we should like to know what are his real springs of action, and what it is that enables him at the mature age of fifty to go through even the preliminary stages of a contest. Is he aware of the extent of his labours? To arrive at the desired goal involves incessant toil in these days. Canvassing, instead of being limited to one or two months before an election, becomes for years just as much a part of the routine of daily life as eating and sleeping. The candidate's normal occupation is that of subscribing to the borough charities. Is there a widow who has lost a cow or pig, and, in defiance of all the rules of political economy, insists upon investing the proceeds of her begging in another perishable animal? Does a Bethesda require new stoves, or the parish church a fresh peal of bells? Is the local breed of horses to be encouraged by the donation of a candidate's cup? Is there some orphan in need of a mother, or shall a teapot be presented to the postmaster's wife or the outgoing curate? In all these cases the candidate is the person to apply to, and is generally not sought after in vain. He must take the chair on all occasions, and his time must be at the disposal of the constituency; he has no excuse for absence, and the borough thus secures the services of a representative in town and a representative in the country. Gradually, as the Parliament increases in age, and the hopes of his supporters and retainers become stronger, the allusions to his candidateship are clearer and clearer, until the auspicious moment has arrived when, in obedience to the highest motives and the dictates of his conscience, which forbids him to hide his light any longer under a bushel, he emerges into the glare of public life, and announces his intention of coming forward to contest the borough on the first vacancy that may occur. He has already spent as much money as would have bought a seat under the old *régime*, and still he is only a candidate. Let him consider what he will have to endure, and, warned in time, seek the shelter of his green railings again. If he is a Liberal, he has the agreeable task before him of endeavouring to unite the sections of heterogeneous opinions which exist in the borough. Politics produce as many quarrels as the relations of father to son. There is always a large body of gentlemen who have voted at the previous election solely from a vague idea that something was to be done for them, and who vent their dissatisfaction by changing their colour on the next opportunity. One mainstay of the party has quarrelled about the registration, the expenses of which have of course been borne by the candidate; one gentleman was promised a seat on the Commission of the Peace, another a clerkship, but the Lord-Lieutenant was obdurate, and the clerkship has been given to some one else. The candidate must pacify them all, sympathize, implore, promise, and cajole. Every expression of opinion must be treated with deference in Lagado. One Liberal is extracting sunbeams from cucumbers, another is milking a ram, while a third is holding the pail (to borrow a metaphor from Addison), and the candidate must show his interest, if not join personally in the work. He must "be brave and vow reformation; must promise that there shall be in England seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny; and that the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops." He must reconcile impossibilities, conciliate the licensing interest and the teetotallers, obtain the support of the Church, and yet not offend the Nonconformists. One Conservative is quite enough to represent all shades of Conservative opinion, and may count upon the undivided support of the whole party; the Liberal, on the other hand, can never be sure that competitor after competitor will not start upon the scene.

Just as he imagines that his difficulties are over, the workingmen's candidate comes down to show the constituency how easy it is to have the most advanced opinions when the thinker has nothing to lose. He has hardly disappeared when the representative of what the writer in the *Quarterly* calls "the venomous clique of Academical Radicals," makes his appearance to complicate matters still further. The exponent of venom speaks of politics as a science, of government as a study, of the faint analogy which exists between the smelting of iron and the fashioning of the minds of men—an observation which, after the contest is over, and Lagado perhaps disfranchised, the ironmaster will perceive to be personal. The Ballot ought to have made house to house canvassing impossible (for there can be no more ludicrous anomaly than to ask a man in private how he is going to vote, and yet punish him for declaring it in public); but ten days before the nomination he will find that his opponent has visited every elector; so, bullied by his agents, will endeavour to do the same. Up and down the narrow alleys and courts he will hurry; now stopping under the lamp to make out the blurred figures in his canvass-book, and wondering how a human being can be so difficult to find. Hodge is a quadruple entry, in each case distinguished by a different Christian name, and for a long time baffles the researches of agent and of principal. When this free and independent elector is discovered he is in bed, and cannot be expected when awakened from his first sleep to take a lively interest in the problem of local taxation. So the canvass is postponed, and as there is only one hour in the day when Hodge is at home, the probability of ascertaining his political convictions becomes very problematical. The candidate passes up another dark passage in despair; it is true that he has a carriage, but he might just as well have taken it out when shooting over turnip fields. He has spent thousands of pounds in indirect bribery, but when he is taken into the coal-hole by the wife of the cottager and asked in the simplest manner what he is prepared to give her, he beats a nervous retreat, half believing that he has brought himself under the provisions of the Act. He next looks into an influential beer-house, where a gentleman on the settle by the fire, in an advanced stage of political fervour and intoxication, is enunciating his opinion that he the candidate "will not go." This position he defends in spite of the entrance of the can-

didate, who, though he stimulates the consumption of beer, loses half an hour in the discussion of the last municipal struggle. If these private appearances entail discomfort, his public attempts will ensure misery. We recommend to his attention Mr. Brooke's address to the electors of Middlemarch. Each successive speech will only recall the miseries of the first, with the same interpellations, inconsequent questions, and personal allusions. He will not have the same moral support that his antagonist secures. The Conservative squires look upon an election as a saturnalia, during which their natural exclusiveness is in abeyance. Like flies in amber, the dirtiest of voters, not to return until the following day to the Sabine farm, are seen grinning from the huge family coaches which have been dragged into the service. Horace throws his arms round drunken Davus, and leads him to the national school.

The question naturally suggests itself, With what object has all this inconvenience been undergone? It is not ambition, or the desire of participating in the government of the country, though our candidate's ignorance of the English language would no more unfit him for that duty than for the head-mastership of a public school. It is certainly not the desire of benefitting his fellow-creatures; nor, again, is it the hope of a higher self-culture that actuates him. Even if art and literature have been more than mere names to him, he will have far less time than before to employ in the cultivation of literary or æsthetic tastes; and though he may be a shrewd man of business—the difficulty in the manufacture of which is very much overrated—he will find himself an unimportant item in the machinery of State. Before the first Reform Bill, a member of Parliament had perhaps the opportunities of belonging to a different class of society from his own, as the natural result of his Parliamentary honours; but this can be no longer predicated with regard to him. The only social pre-eminence that he can expect is among his own friends, and unless he possesses some special qualifications to fit him for more refined or educated society, he will not attain to it. In London his position is little changed, and whether he be a Liberal or Conservative, he will only have the entry of three, or possibly four, large houses, into which he will walk arm-in-arm with his wife during political receptions. Parliamentary custom once required that every city and borough should elect none but members of their own community, and though we do not regret that this custom should have fallen into disuse, the supply of modern political vagrants or carpet-baggers is far above the demand. Of no honour in his own county, the vagrant with two thousand pounds in his pocket starts on a tour to see what constituency he can relieve "from the thraldom to which it has been subjected," and implores them to shake off their yoke. Great havoc was made of this class in 1868, for the farmers did not understand what "yoke" meant, and stared in bucolic astonishment at their liberators. The agricultural mind looks upon its representative as first bound to represent it in the county, to give away the prizes at shows, and attend the infirmary balls. The House of Commons is all very well in its way, but the primary duty of a member is to have something pleasant to say, and to answer promptly letters upon local business. This was a state of things the vagrant could not understand; no previous knowledge enabled him to deal with it, and he left the constituency when defeated almost inclined to believe that the British farmer has no settled views upon abstract subjects, and will often seem to prefer his own interest to that of any one else. Sometimes he is successful, and a happy accident will put him into possession of a seat. His path is not, however, strewn with roses; of a sanguine and childlike disposition, he believes that the question of representation merely involves the announcement of political opinions, and that the faithful discharge of a delegate's duties is sufficient to ensure unanimity and prevent opposition. Why, indeed, should not everybody rest contented? He can say with truth that he has never thought for himself; on all points he has consulted his agents and constituents, and has gone down in the middle of the Session to explain his conduct. The pressure of a few violent men will induce him to pledge his vacillating mind to the support of any line of policy, until at last his Communism only stops short of Tom Paine's recommendations in not suggesting a donation of 20s. each for 50,000 births, and the same sum for 20,000 marriages. The country gentleman looks upon him as the Blatant Beast in the *Fairy Queen*, or would do so if he were familiar with that poem:—

> Through all estates he found that he had past
> In which he many massacres had left,
> And to the clergy now was come at last.

But no Calidore is required to subdue him; the strings which have been pulled so often to open his eyes or to shut them, as the case may be, have disordered the whole of his constitution. At last the pull is on some occasion too violent, and is followed by the collapse, not the resistance, of the patient. The bran has run out, and political life is a retrospect, to be contemplated with regret by himself alone, for nothing can be conceived more lowering to a high standard of political morality than that it should be necessary after the formation of every independent opinion to deprecate the antagonism of individuals or of sections.

CHRONIC ALCOHOLISM.

THIS is supposed to be an age of progress, and any one who ventures to hint that the progress is not altogether in the most desirable direction must expect, we suppose, to be ridiculed and denounced as old-fashioned and reactionary. If there is one kind of progress more than another on which we pride ourselves, it is our social progress. No opportunity is lost of comparing ourselves with our benighted grandfathers or great-grandfathers, and congratulating ourselves on our delicacy and refinement of manners as compared, or rather contrasted, with the manners of the Regency or of George III.'s time. Drunkenness, for example—how often do we hear this said!—has descended quite to the lowest classes. No gentleman gets drunk now, and even in the lowest class drunkenness is beginning to be considered discreditable. We should rather question the second of these assertions, but the first is no doubt true enough. Gentlemen certainly do not get drunk nowadays—that is, drunk in the old sense of the term. They do not sit long after dinner, and they are always fit to join the ladies. Four-bottle men have gone the way of the dodo and the pterodactyl; and even two-bottle men—that is, men accustomed to drain their two bottles of wine at a sitting—are hardly to be met with. It is not considered necessary at a card party after dinner to pass a hat round, as in other days the cocked-hat went round, to assist the confused eyesight of the company in discovering the last dealer; and even in old Scotch houses a boy "to lowse the neck-cloths" has ceased to be retained on the establishment. Drinking bouts are out of fashion. The consumption of wine at bachelors' parties does not, as a rule, much exceed that at a dinner party at which ladies are present. Even in crack regiments which used to pride themselves on what they could go through in the way of hard drinking, the amount of wine now taken at dinner would, in the eyes of a toper of the Regency, be regarded as the portion of an ascetic, barely enough to moisten the throat. And then, after dinner, there are no wild "finishes." There can be no question, we should say, that gentlemen are nowadays more sober in their bearing than they used to be; at least they do not drink so as to lose their heads or their legs. Admitting, however, that the scandal of open and unmistakable drunkenness has passed away from the upper and middle classes, we venture to doubt whether the drinking habits of the present time are in reality so much more sober or wholesome than those of the last or of the penultimate generation. It must not be forgotten that a man may be intoxicated without being drunk. Intoxication simply means poisoning, and the amount of slow poisoning which is constantly going on in this way is really very terrible to any one who knows the symptoms and who observes what is passing around him. Seventy or eighty years ago men habitually drank heavily after dinner, and it was certainly not an unusual thing to be carried drunk to bed. The carouse followed a substantial meal, and the topers slept off their debauch. They spent a good deal of their time each day in the open air, and their work, whatever it was, did not involve close, sustained, exhausting application. It will be at once seen what an advantage they enjoyed in this respect over the men of our own day, who have comparatively little out-of-door exercise, and who have to bear the strain of intense, anxious work, and who, when they drink, drink in a way that gives the stomach no rest, and that keeps the nerves in a constantly excited state. Formerly the very grossness of the bacchanalian habits of the men revolted the women, and kept them to a great extent beyond the reach of temptation. But now ladies and gentlemen all live much more together, and the men drink so decorously and discreetly that the ladies fear no harm in following their example. But in this respect the capacity of the sexes is certainly not on an equality, as the prevalence of what are by courtesy called nervous disorders among women too painfully testifies.

We are quite ready to admit that decorum is in itself a good thing. The familiar spectacle of gentlemen speechless and staggering from the effects of heavy potations could not fail to have a degrading and brutalizing effect upon the society to which they belonged. It is morally an advance that men should be ashamed of being seen in this odious and filthy condition. But decorum may be in itself a snare, and it is well that the truth, however coarse, vulgar, and unpleasant it may be, should be faced. It must be remembered that the three-bottle and four-bottle men of other days were after all exceptional men, and a mere handful in the community, and that, although most men then thought little of getting drunk, this was with a great many an indulgence which they allowed themselves not habitually, but only on special occasions, and with intervals between. The main difference between the drinking habits of the last generation and of the present would seem to be, that formerly men, when they sat down to drink, drank more at a time, while now men drink moderately at a sitting, but in sips or "nips" drink a good deal during each day. Whether the modern habit is better than the old habit is a question which possesses only a speculative interest. The important thing is, that the modern habit should be recognized as vicious and unwholesome. We are aware that this is quite an old story now, and perhaps people may be tired of its repetition. Unfortunately the necessity for speaking of it does not appear to have diminished. About a year ago the doctors published a declaration respecting alcohol, insisting that, as a medicine, it ought to be prescribed with the same care and precision as any other powerful drug, and

pointing out that its value as an article of diet was immensely overrated. The document also recommended legislation with a view to confine the use of alcohol within proper limits, and to promote habits of temperance. For our own part, we should be disposed to rely much more confidently on the personal influence of the doctors themselves than on any kind of legislation. Something may be done by legislation to enforce order and decorum in the streets and in places of common resort, and to curtail the facilities for public drinking, but after all this is only making clean the outside of the platter. Most reasonable persons will admit that the Licensing Act goes about as far in this direction as is practicable, if indeed it does not rather overshoot the mark. It is just because we are convinced of the powerlessness of legislation, because we distrust all violent coercive measures, and have no faith in any reform which does not spring from voluntary restraints and an improved state of public opinion, that we feel bound once more, at the risk of wearisome iteration, to call attention to the subject. The Excise returns, the statistics of criminal offences, the warnings of the doctors, the feverishness and excitement of social life, the prevalence of nervous disorders, the crowded drinking bars, and the marked increase of the number of reeling drunkards in the streets, all point to the same conclusion. It is impossible to doubt the growing intemperance of the working classes. Personal observation on such a point may sometimes be misleading, but the same story comes from all parts of the country. As a rule, high wages seem to mean only more drinking; and drinking means wife-beating at home and fighting in the streets. Mr. Vernon Harcourt, who objects to the stringency of the Licensing Act, appears to think it necessary to argue that the country is really very temperate and sober. We have as little liking for restrictive legislation as Mr. Harcourt, but we see no use in shutting our eyes to unpleasant facts. It is necessary to distinguish between the bigotry and fanaticism of the Teetotalers and the basis of truth which underlies their agitation. The evil which they denounce unhappily exists, and even their violent and distempered imaginations can hardly exaggerate its magnitude. It may be reasonable to resist the tyrannical measures which the total abstainers are anxious to impose upon the country, but it is idle to pretend that the country is in this respect in a satisfactory condition. It is scarcely a consolation to be told that the vast increase in the expenditure on intoxicating liquors is a proof of the prosperity of the nation. It is doubtful whether the present high rates of wages will be maintained; but, if they fall, the passion for stimulants which has already been developed will unfortunately remain. Anybody who reads the police reports will see the steady increase of cases of brutal assaults, especially on women, which may be traced to drinking. The present "genial" season has been appropriately celebrated—a woman raping with her husband and a friend suddenly flung out of window; a man stabbed by his wife, a wife by her husband, a girl by her sweetheart. "Thank God Christmas is over!" we heard a poor woman say the other day as she straddled her staggering husband up the steps of a railway station.

We are quite of one mind with the Bishop of Peterborough that, if it is necessary to choose, freedom is better than sobriety; but it is not impossible for people to be free and sober too. The criminal statistics compiled by the police show an increase of more than forty per cent. in the convictions for drunkenness before the magistrates in England and Wales in 1871 as compared with the average of the previous ten years. The Excise and Customs returns show a vast increase in the consumption of all kinds of drink, and especially of spirits. The country has been thriving, wages have been high, and the surplus earnings have been spent chiefly in liquor. These are not pleasant facts, and they hardly confirm those pretty theories of social progress of which we hear so much. But progress has been said to be like a wave which sometimes seems to retire even in the course of advancing, and this may perhaps be only one of the backward movements of social improvement. As far as we can see, there is nothing to be done in the matter except to direct attention to the facts, and leave them to make their impression on the public mind. It is reserved nowadays for the working-man to get drunk in the old way, "like a lord," but the other classes, though they bear themselves more discreetly, suffer for their potations in other ways. Brandy and soda, bitter ale, odd glasses of sherry, nips, and pegs, and drams, keep up a perpetual irritation and excitement which, added to the cares and worries of business and the fatigues of social life, wear out the nerves, and are apt to end in hysteria or paralysis. The doctors, who are aware of the spreading evil, might do much to check it, and their duty in the matter was certainly not exhausted by the signing of the declaration of a year ago. The lesson needs to be constantly and emphatically enforced. The evil should be probed to its root in neglect of sanitary and dietetic rules, and the forced pace of social and especially of business life. The attempt to get through ten hours' work in five or six explains in a great measure the craving for stimulants. People, though they have more holidays than they used to have, get less rest, and rest is what they want.

BALZAC'S EUGÉNIE GRANDET.

THE lives of women, and especially of young women, are often strangely separated from the life of the principal personage of the house they live in. There are houses, especially in small country towns, where there is a remarkable difference of scale in the interests of the lives that are passed in them; where the father is occupied with vast pecuniary transactions, and the daughters are economizing shillings; where the father takes a share in considerable public concerns, and the daughters have the field of their activities limited to the garden and the Sunday school; where the father gets richer or poorer every day, and yet no one in the household knows anything of the fluctuations in his fortune, so regularly goes the round of the little household matters, so unfailing are the fixed supplies. This separation of interests—this exclusion of the women from the man's thoughts and anxieties, arising partly from true paternal kindness which desires to bear the burden of life as much as possible alone, partly from a well-grounded fear of the talkative indiscretion of young people, partly from an apprehension that, if they knew the full gains of a successful year, they might count too readily upon their permanence—is not rare in our own country, but it is still less rare in France. The French girl is educated on the principle that it is well, in her case, to prolong the ignorance and inexperience of her childhood to the very eve of marriage. She believes that "Papa is rich," or she is told that "Papa is not rich"; or, more frequently, she has no distinct idea on the subject, either one way or the other, but simply sees the smooth working of the house-machine, as ladies see steam-engines going steadily in some mysterious way without inquiring how much coal they burn, or whether the supplies are likely to be ample or insufficient. The wife knows these things in most cases pretty accurately, but the daughter hardly ever knows them till she is a married woman; perhaps even then her knowledge will be limited to the extent of her own dowry, until the old man dies, and his last will and testament reveals the secret of his affairs. In some exceptional cases the mother is treated with the same reserve, and is purposely kept in ignorance of the progress of an increasing fortune, lest her expenditure should hinder accumulation. The most perfect type of the money-maker deeply enjoys secrecy for itself; he feels as if his beloved treasure would be less securely his own if another knew the full extent of it. He likes the vague reputation for wealth, but he is intensely, even morbidly, anxious that the reputation should remain vague, and he dreads an approach to any accurate publicity.

Monsieur Grandet, father of Eugénie Grandet, was an *amare* of this perfect type. Living in the quiet town of Saumur on the Loire, he had passed successively through the trades of cooper, little wine-merchant, large wine-merchant, proprietor of vineyards, money-lender, speculator in estates, till finally in his old age he was a great financial power in his own neighbourhood, and still preserved the frugal habits of earlier years, living in a dismal old house—and old houses can be fearfully dismal in those ancient towns—with his wife and daughter and a single maid-servant, a tall, strong, ugly, devotedly faithful and simple-hearted creature, who worked all day long at man's work and woman's work, not being ornamental in the least, but useful to the utmost of a domestic's possible utility. Old Grandet was in little danger of seeing his riches diminish through the extravagance of women, for he himself gave out the daily supplies for the little household, knowing exactly how many lumps of sugar were used, and what they were used for, how much butter (and it was not much) went for the cookery, and whether to-day's dish might be eked out for to-morrow's necessities. Old Grandet had imposed tribute upon his tenants—not an uncommon custom in France even at the present day, and a relic of feudal usage—so that besides their rent they brought him regular supplies of provisions. They brought him fowls, and eggs, and vegetables, and fruit; he never went to the butcher, and to the grocer as little as might be. His fuel came from his own woods, his wine from his own vineyards, and he kept the key of the cellar. He knew the number of his pears, and gave out the rotten ones to be eaten, two or three at a time. All communications concerning household matters passed directly between old Grandet and the strong servant, *la grande Nanon*, whilst Madame Grandet and her daughter sat in the gloomy salon, by their accustomed window. Hardly any money passed through their hands. M. Grandet gave a few gold pieces occasionally, but always asked for them back again, one by one, under pretext that he had no change. Since his wife was so entirely excluded from the government of her own house, it is unnecessary to add that she was permitted to take no part in the administration of old Grandet's estates. He managed everything for himself, and he managed everything so well that his riches increased prodigiously.

At the ripe age of twenty-three Eugénie Grandet knew as much of the world as a young nun, and as much of money matters as a baby. The old man's reserved ways and frequent harshness had driven the two women to seek consolation in each other's affection, and that affection had come to be their whole life. Madame Grandet could not enlarge her daughter's mind beyond the narrow circle of her limited and sad experience, but the warmth of her tender maternal love did good to Eugénie's heart, and strengthened it with gentle nurture. A girl so educated was likely, if ever she loved a man, to love him with the greatest singleness and persistence. Having had no experience of variety in affection, she would probably concentrate all her strength of feeling in a single devoted attachment of which the good or evil effects would colour her whole life.

The monotony of the daily life in that gloomy old house at Saumur was broken in upon one evening by the arrival of a young gentleman from Paris, Monsieur Charles Grandet, aged twenty-

two, and a perfect dandy. Though nearly related to Eugénie, being her first cousin, this specimen of Parisian elegance had not yet shone upon the darkness of that provincial existence. The two brothers, his father and old Grandet, had not seen each other for many years. Each had pursued wealth in his own way, the provincial in provincial simplicity, the Parisian with the usual Parisian accompaniments of expenditure and risk. The young dandy, as the bearer of a certain missive for his uncle, had hoped, in the lightness of his heart, to live for a while in the country the true *vieux château*, to shoot in his uncle's forests, and pass the time in pleasantness, one of a hundred guests. Young Charles Grandet was completely ignorant of middle-class provincial life, and fell into it, as it were, from the clouds. He came resolved to conquer by the superiority of his metropolitan civilization:—

His idea was to make his appearance with the superiority of a young man of fashion, to throw all the neighbourhood into despair by his luxury, to make an epoch, to import the inventions of Parisian existence. He intended to pass more time at Saumur in brushing his fingers and studying his toilet than in Paris itself, where a dandy will sometimes affect a not ungraceful negligence. He had brought with him the prettiest hunting-costume, the prettiest gun, the prettiest hunting-knife, with the prettiest sheath in Paris. He had brought his collection of ingenious waistcoats; there were white ones and black ones, there were waistcoats coloured like beetles with golden reflections, others double-breasted, some with collars standing up, and others with collars turned down, some of them buttoning up to the neck with gold buttons. He had brought all the varieties of collars and cravats which were in fashion at that time. He had two dress-coats by Busson, and the finest of linen. He had a pretty gold dressing-case, and a complete cargo of Parisian trifles.

This young gentleman arrived at his uncle's house in the perfect freshness of the most careful toilet, for, though just at the end of a long journey by diligence, he had taken care to avail himself of a rest at Tours by changing his costume and submitting his beautiful locks to the elaborate art of the coiffeur. A being so graceful as this Adonis had never entered that dingy old salon at Saumur. Eugénie Grandet looked upon him in wonder and admiration. Her mind became penetrated with the feeling that no care for him could be too attentive or too delicate. She made old Nanon commit unheard-of extravagances: she made her light a fire in the young gentleman's bedroom: she made her go to the grocer's to buy a candle for the guest superior to their tallow dips. She bought him sugar also, that he might drink *eau-sucrée* during the night, and thus be spared the possible inconveniences of thirst.

From that moment poor Eugénie Grandet's imagination was possessed and occupied by this Parisian charmer. But the next day gave her a more grave and serious interest in his destiny. That letter which he had brought to old Grandet from his father contained the announcement of a commercial disaster and of a fatal resolve. Being unable to meet his engagements, owing four millions of francs and being able to pay no more than one million, Grandet of Paris had resolved to escape from his shame by suicide. By the time his son reached Saumur this resolution had been carried into effect, and it remained only to the uncle to make the announcement to his nephew. In his view, the really serious misfortune was the bankruptcy and the consequent poverty which it entailed upon the youth. Charles Grandet, however, took his two misfortunes differently; he lamented his father with passionate tears, and bore the ruin with the lightness of youth and hope. What woman could have refused sympathy to a young man suddenly plunged into misfortunes so overwhelming, so terrible, and by him so unforeseen? Old Grandet's manner in making the announcement had not been tender, or even kind, but the two good ladies atoned for its hardness by the most affectionate and sincere sympathy. In the case of the younger one this sentiment rapidly gave place to one still more tender, and before old Grandet could in decency put his nephew out of the house, his only daughter and heiress had privately engaged herself to marry him.

The old man's idea was to pay his nephew's passage as far as Nantes, and embark him on some vessel bound for India, to perish or make his fortune as fate might decide. Balzac's picture of the brief space during which Charles and Eugénie remained together under the same roof is one of the most delicate and original in his writings. The mixture of womanly self-reliance in Eugénie's character with the hesitation of the most absolute inexperience in love affairs, the completeness with which at last she invested her happiness in the hope of her cousin's enduring affection and fortunate return, are painted with great care and the most finished detail. A girl in Eugénie's position, totally ignorant of men and men's ways, easily puts her trust and confidence in the first male creature that she loves. The gravity of character which a superior young woman acquires after twenty, when her life is dull and solitary and occupied in the discharge of monotonous duties, gives to her first love affair a seriousness beyond the evanescent attachments of children in their teens. In this case the seriousness of the attachment was on the female side considerably enhanced by the melancholy circumstances of the case. Charles had really loved his father, who, as is not uncommon with Frenchmen, had carefully cultivated a tender friendship with his boy. The sudden loss had been a cruel trial. Eugénie had heard the unfortunate young man moaning and lamenting throughout the sleepless night. With the simplicity of a character like hers, she had gone to his room alone and tried to comfort and console him. The hardness of her father's manner made this feminine kindness appear more natural and more necessary, whilst her father's rigid closeness in money matters had induced her to offer her hoard of savings for the payment of the sea passage to India. Charles, on his part, had confided to his cousin's keeping some precious things that came to him from his mother, and which he desired to save from the double risks of travel and of poverty. In this way their love was associated with the most serious and sacred feelings, and it became to her like a part of her religion.

For several years after her cousin's departure Eugénie Grandet remained in sad fidelity, not receiving a single letter, but trying to account to herself for this silence by the reasons which faithful women invent for their own consolation. Her treasure consisted of the things which had belonged to Charles's mother, and which he had confided to her care. She watched over the precious deposit as if it were an abiding evidence of his continual love and trust. The secret that she had lent him money became known to old Grandet through a habit which he had of asking on his fête-day to look at his girl's money, which indeed was almost a numismatic collection, for it consisted of large and rare gold pieces of many countries and reigns. This is a way of hoarding not very uncommon in provincial France at the present day, when a man will sometimes make the resolution to put aside all the gold pieces above the value of twenty francs that happen to get into his purse. Grandet had given many pieces of this kind to Eugénie—twenty Portuguese coins each of which was worth 180 francs, five Genoese worth a hundred francs, and many other curious coins of different nations, worth in the aggregate about 250*l*. All these she had given to her cousin, and when the fête-day came round, and old Grandet according to his custom asked to see them, the young lady's position became trying in the extreme. For had not there been a clear understanding that this money, like the guinea which the Vicar of Wakefield gave to his daughters, was never to go out of her hands, either by way of spending or of donation? The scene on the fête-day, when the money was not forthcoming, is one of the most dramatic in Balzac. It ends by a discovery of the girl's secret, and, to punish her, the old man imprisons her in her own room on a diet of bread and water, happily varied in practice by the devotion of the servant-woman, who at great risk conveys to her more substantial aliments.

The old man's temper after this produces complete domestic misery. His wife, whose health has been declining for years, is unable to bear the wretched moral atmosphere she has to live in, the constant unkindness, the separation from her daughter, so she loses her remnant of strength and quickly passes away. Eugénie is now dreadfully isolated, having nobody to love her but old Nanon. Finally Grandet himself dies, and then Eugénie finds herself the possessor of an enormous fortune. Her real treasures, however, were the relics confided to her by Charles, which she kept religiously, looking at them every day. A woman in Eugénie's position, with her singleness and simplicity of character, easily comes to have a remarkable permanence of sentiment and of thought. She becomes almost like a pensive heroine fixed on canvas by some painter, who year after year seems to be thinking the same thing, and feeling the same tender yet subdued emotion. After seven years of patience, constantly filled with thoughts of Charles, and vague wonderings as to his return, Eugénie said one evening to the old servant Nanon, "What, Nanon, will he not write to me once in seven years?"

After his departure from Saumur, the young gentleman had been successful in his first speculation, and, having inherited the commercial skill which existed in his family, continued to increase his little capital till he was able to undertake operations on a larger scale. Extremely active in business, he devoted himself to it body and soul, being possessed with the idea of reappearing one day at Paris in all the opulence of his luxurious youth. At first he had really treasured the remembrance of Eugénie, but a life of unrestrained immorality speedily obliterated it. Finally he returned with a considerable fortune, and in the same ship had for fellow-passengers the family of a nobleman who had a position at the Court of Charles X. This nobleman's wife thought him worth fishing for as a son-in-law, and caught him by the prospect of a brilliant social position, since, by an arrangement which would certainly receive the royal sanction, he might take the name and arms of D'Aubrion, and ultimately succeed to the marquisate. A month after his arrival in Paris, being still in ignorance of Eugénie's wealth, he wrote to her a cousinly, but not at all lover-like letter, enclosing a check for 8,000 francs in payment for the sum she had lent him, capital and interest, and announcing his marriage with Madlle. d'Aubrion, adding a few observations on the folly of love-marriages, and the necessity for considering the social position of his children.

So ended poor Eugénie's dream of seven years. Charles is punished by learning, too late, the extent of her enormous fortune. She adds a little to his punishment by paying what remains due to his father's creditors. Afterwards, persuaded by her religious adviser, she marries a magistrate capable of attending to her affairs, but her life is a broken life:—

Elle fut veuve à trente-six ans, riche de huit cent mille livres de rente, encore belle, mais comme une femme est belle à près de quarante ans. Son visage est blanc, reposé, calme. Sa voix est douce et recueillie, ses manières sont simples. Elle a toutes les noblesses de la douleur, la sainteté d'une personne qui n'a pas souillé son âme au contact du monde, mais aussi la raideur de la vieille fille et les habitudes mesquines que donne l'existence étroite de la province. Malgré ses huit cent mille livres de rente, elle vit comme avait vécu la pauvre Eugénie Grandet, n'allume le feu de sa chambre qu'aux jours où jadis son père lui permettait d'allumer le foyer de

la salle, et l'éteint conformément au programme en vigueur dans ses jeunes années. Elle est toujours vêtue comme l'était sa mère. La maison de Saumur, maison sans soleil, sans chaleur, sans cesse ombragée, mélancolique, est l'image de sa vie.

CRIME IN AMERICA AND ENGLAND.

A LENGTHY communication from Chicago which appeared in last Saturday's *Times* gives a gloomy picture of the insecurity of life in the Union. We are informed that five is believed to be the daily average of murders, while retributive justice follows on crime as slowly and almost as uncertainly as in Italy; that, judging from the difficulty of obtaining convictions, the sympathies of the juries seem often to be with the criminals; and that each State Governor possesses the prerogative of pardon, and is by no means chary in exercising it. We have no doubt that the American writer does not exaggerate in the indictment he draws against his countrymen. It is notorious that acts of violence and murder are of habitual occurrence in some of the States; that the force of the guardians of order told off to do duty in the Union is necessarily out of all proportion to the vast extent of the territory with its widely scattered population; that the laxity of moral tone prevalent in the newly settled districts at the back of civilization exists more or less throughout the length and breadth of the country, and that, whether from fear or favour, the Executive often shows itself unduly lenient. Perhaps the writer makes a mistake when he goes on to enforce his remarks by attempting to schedule categorically a long series of crimes committed in November. It was almost inevitable, indeed, that any attempt at illustration in detail should rather weaken his case, because the most carefully compiled list of the kind must necessarily fall very far short of the reality. For example, it is no doubt an ugly fact that at the time of his writing twenty-two men should be lying in the prisons of New York awaiting their trial for murder. But we remember that New York, with its suburbs, is believed to have the largest floating population of roughs of any city in the world; that the bulk of the emigrating rascality of Europe disembarks there; that arrests are often made somewhat promiscuously after confused scuffles in which blood has been shed, and that after all some of the twenty-two may be altogether innocent or merely guilty of manslaughter; while the variety of instances culled from police reports all over the country, although they may prove that things are very bad, yet scarcely prove them so bad as we should have fancied, or as they probably are in reality. It is plain that the writer has done his utmost to make his list exhaustive, for he eks it out with such cases as that of a lunatic who had killed an idiot—a deplorable accident which we need hardly say would excite neither surprise nor scandal in the most law-abiding community in the world. His idea of having recourse to detailed illustration may be a mistake, but we repeat that there is no reason for rejecting his conclusions or denying the general truthfulness of his picture. As he points out himself, there is no arriving even approximately at the actual number of murders. The most purposeless and horrible of them are those committed in districts of the West remote even from townlets which have already established the inevitable newspaper, or else in places where the editor writes in hourly fear of the revolvers of his rough and ready subscribers. It is plain from what he tells us that a general impression prevails in the States that recklessness and deeds of lawless violence are decidedly on the increase. It is proved as matter of fact that crime may be perpetrated with comparative impunity; that in a rude state of society, where dread of consequences is the surest restraint upon outrage, that dread of consequences is enfeebled by circumstances; and so it has come about that "some of the most respectable and cautious journals in the country are boldly advocating a return to Lynch law." Nor is it in the new Territories alone, or even in the Border States, that men who desire to live honestly and peaceably begin to talk of Judge Lynch and Vigilance Committees. The *New York Evening Post* suggests "a few doses of lamp-post justice" by way of cure for this crying evil, and it is significant enough that a high-class journal in the great commercial capital of the country should venture to offer such advice.

No doubt such a state of things is as discreditable as it is unfortunate, and the American press is probably right in averring that the authorities have shown undue remissness in dealing with it. Yet to a certain extent such a state of things is inevitable under the peculiar conditions of the country. Population has moved gradually westwards, carrying a rough legal machinery with it, but always leaving a broad belt of debatable land between the settler and cultivation on the one hand, and the desert and the savages on the other. The education and breeding of a pioneer of progress does not tend to develop the virtues that make a good citizen. Either he is a backwoodsman by descent, born and bred beyond reach of the influences of religion and civilization; he has been taught to lisp in oaths like his father before him, and has tumbled up from his childhood as rude in manners and loose in principles as he is coarse in speech. Or, worse still, he has known better things and cast them behind him; he has fled from the society with which he has gone to war, and is the more reckless that he has sacrificed character and self-respect. Such men have to hold their own with the savages or each other, for it is only recently that the Indians have been nearly exterminated, and the habits of Indian wars have left their traces. No man can trust his neighbour, or at least there are always many of his nearest neighbours whom he cannot trust. Of course every one goes armed in self-defence; nor can the law deny people the means of protecting themselves when it has no protection to offer them. Fatal accidents are frequent, for men become as free with their rifles and knives as they are with their speech, and local opinion is lenient to the homicide, and a death rarely takes place without something that may pass for provocation. But, wild as life always is on that border line which has hitherto been continually shifting, life there is decent and peaceable compared with what it is in some of the new cities among the mountains. Some of these, after having passed rapidly through various phases of existence, have settled down into something that is relatively respectable. But each of them in its infamous infancy was, by all accounts, simply a pandemonium. A gathering of reckless scoundrels, many of whom were suddenly enriched, assembled to corrupt each other. Every vice paraded itself in its naked monstrosity, and every vile passion broke out in full swing. Gambling dens and drinking saloons, with a sprinkling of brothels, offered their rival attractions to the man who had money, while those who were penniless and desperate indulged their envy, hatred, and malice in plotting crimes that might correct their evil fortune. Lust and covetousness were everywhere in the ascendant, and, warmed by drunkenness, of course they bred murder. When fierce men, flushed with fiery spirits, sat gambling all through the night, ruining and being ruined, blood and brawls were of ceaseless occurrence. The bowie-knife and revolver were always ready to hand, and stabs and shots were bandied as freely as looks or words elsewhere. Although many of these sinks of crime and corruption have been somewhat purified, yet new ones have been opened and are as foul as any of the others. It would be unreasonable to suppose that any country, however extensive, can escape the contamination of such foul plague spots. Boston and Philadelphia may indignantly repudiate the notion of their having anything in common with places so abandoned. But even Boston and Philadelphia cannot altogether escape their influence. The Colorado miner who has made his fortune is a citizen of the Great Republic, and wherever he chooses to go and to settle he carries with him his old recklessness. It may be chastened by his new surroundings; he may become a deacon and pillar of the Church, and purge and live cleanly as befits his new responsibilities. But the old leaven is there, and even in law-abiding New England the latent recklessness will break out upon provocation. And for one Western man who retires to New England, there are scores who settle in those Border States where rough old traditions still survive, and where the tone of feeling and opinion is not altogether uncongenial to wild Western manners.

These are the places which as yet are only aping the propriety which has become a matter of habit and principle elsewhere. So long as all goes smoothly, their demeanour is irreproachable. The judge, although he may smoke, expectorate, and whittle, administers justice with creditable judicial gravity. The barristers discharge their duties with tolerable decorum. On a sudden there is a hitch in the harmony of the proceedings. The opposite counsel give each other the lie, and each produces a pocket pistol from his brief-bag. The judge draws his own and interposes, and there is a free fight in Court. Next day the local journals duly report the course of the suit with the freest comments, and, should the judge have escaped scathless, he has probably to settle a difficulty with an editor by ordeal of battle in the street. Judicial episodes of this sort are constantly being reported in the American journals. Indeed some of the stories quoted in this very communication from Chicago are most telling, as indicating incidentally the existence of manners and customs that are the bane of social security in the Union. At Chicago a maidservant was accidentally killed in a boarding-house. It seems that there had been a scuffle between some of the boarders, and a pistol which one of them carried in his pocket had gone off by chance. Think of the inmates of a boarding establishment in Liverpool going armed in that fashion! In Indiana a judge shot an editor for a slanderous article. The editor had fully expected the attack, and it was plain that he was not assassinated without warning, for a couple of revolvers were found upon his person, and moreover he wore a coat of mail. Out of the Tower armoury an Englishman would find it hard to provide himself with a coat of mail at a moment's notice. In Tennessee an innkeeper shot a customer who criticized the breakfast that was served for him. In moral Massachusetts a gentleman fired seven shots at a couple of ladies, being moved thereto by jealousy. The truth is, that so long as certain districts are utterly lawless, the law will be commonly disregarded in others. So long as it is the fashion to carry fire-arms over a large portion of the area of the Great Republic, passionate men will use them on little or no provocation. We do not say that there is not ample room for a more stringent application of the law, and that the reform which is so loudly called for might not be accelerated by the more decided action of the authorities. But until those tides of population and civilization which are advancing respectively from the East and West shall have met in the middle of the continent, until new generations shall have grown up under healthier influences, we fear we shall still hear of those particular crimes which have always been the curse of the country.

We may join with the Americans in deploring evils which may be attributed in some measure to the vices natural to a young country that is growing fast. But while we are grateful that we are not altogether as they are, we cannot forget that we have

scandals of our own at home which we are far less able to excuse or extenuate. No district of England lies altogether beyond the reach of the ministers of justice and religion; we boast an instinctive reverence for the law, which has been steadily growing up in the course of centuries, while our dangerous classes are spared the temptation of murderous weapons always ready to their hands. Yet we fancy we might have produced a register of November crime that might have almost rivalled that of the Chicago writer, although its items might have been more monotonous and commonplace. For sheer brutality nothing from America can surpass the murder in the Durham coal country, where four men deliberately "took running kicks" at an unlucky wretch with whom they had no personal quarrel. Even in London, if every one had his due, we suspect there would be at least as many murderers waiting their trial as in New York. It is strange how little attention is paid to the number of bodies that are found under circumstances strongly presumptive of foul play. Corpses are continually being picked out of the Regent's Canal under circumstances that suggest murder rather than suicide. Infanticide would seem to be going on briskly again, if we are to judge from the frequency of inquests on the corpses of children that have been cast out into the streets. But juries find open verdicts, and isolated instances pass almost unnoticed. And while murder goes often undetected and unpunished, it would appear that disorder is decidedly on the increase. If we are to believe a deputation which had an interview the other day with the Chief Commissioner of Police, the state of the Strand has become worse than even that of the notorious Haymarket. Of an evening, when the many theatres empty, gangs of roughs and hawkers take possession of the pavements, shamming various illusory pursuits by way of blinds to their real objects. The thieves and prostitutes ply a thriving trade; the eyes and ears of decent people are alike shocked by obscenity. In fact, the rascality and immorality of London make a practice of assembling every evening to prey upon the well-to-do classes, while, to make things as pleasant for them as possible, we learn that eleven public-houses are open within a compass that gives an average of two to each seven householders. Well might the deputation of Strand ratepayers, in which we may presume the public-house keepers were not represented, implore the interposition of the police; and indeed the Chief Commissioner as good as confessed that their grievous complaints were well founded. We can conceive the detectives of Scotland Yard being baffled by some mysterious and exceptional crime, but we are driven to ask how such disorders as are described have been suffered to come to a head under the eyes of the police? No doubt there are criminals and sinners in abundance in America, but certainly an Englishman and a Londoner has little reason to play the part of the Pharisee.

THE OLD MASTERS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

I.

THIS "fourth year" gives no indication that the art treasures of the country are near exhaustion; indeed in some directions the present collection surpasses its predecessors. For example, the finest Holbein yet seen in Burlington House is undoubtedly "The Two Ambassadors" (114); and the most important picture of the Pre-Raffaellite period we have met with for many a day is "The Assumption of Our Lady" (191), by Sandro Botticelli. The present exhibition too is fortified by several new contributors: the Duke of Hamilton, for instance, comes into the field for the first time; in fact, the eleven pictures which he lends have scarcely been seen before. The Earl of Radnor is also a great acquisition; he sends nineteen works, several of which are of the highest value. Further novelty is gained by the admission of one hundred and twenty-five water-colour drawings, and by an effective assemblage of statues in the Octagon Gallery, among which is conspicuous a coloured "Hebe" (260), by the late John Gibson. Deceased painters of the English school, among whom stand prominent Reynolds and Turner, again take their place with infinite credit among the great masters assembled from all times and countries. One serious drawback to all these exhibitions continues to be the number of spurious works which are allowed a place as tares among the wheat. In one room alone we counted six pictures wrongly named. Thus, "The Virgin and Child" (163), is certainly not by Ghirlandaio; neither is there sufficient reason to assign "The Last Supper" (164) to Masaccio; nor can we deem the "Portrait of the Artist's Wife" (161) worthy of Del Sarto; nor is "An Angel" (182) by Masaccio; at all events the treatment of drapery identifies the work with Northern Italy—the painter must be Mantegna, or one of his school; lastly, it is simply ridiculous to assign to Albert Dürer "A Triptych; Christ bearing His Cross—the Crucifixion—the Resurrection" (160). As the contributor of this spurious Durer sends no other picture, there can be no ground for the ordinary excuse that the bad works in a collection have to be taken in a lump with the good. Such a plea was valid when the whole of the Dudley Gallery was accepted, the condition then being that there should be neither selection nor rejection. Are we to suppose that trash gets smuggled in through favouritism? Once again, therefore, we must protest against the doctrine and practice proclaimed by the Academy, that it "can accept no responsibility" as to the authenticity of the works exhibited. Law Courts have decided that Railway Companies cannot, by printed notices, evade the responsibility of doing their duty; and surely there is a moral Court of Appeal from the Academy which will sustain an implied contract that spurious wares shall not be exposed on the assumption that the error will not be found out. We know that the question is not free from difficulty, but all the perplexities involved would diminish, if not absolutely vanish, in the presence of knowledge, firmness, and independence. If these qualities were brought to bear on the works tendered for exhibition, the printer of the Catalogue would not need to keep perpetually in type the words "The Academy can accept no responsibility." The Academy is under a responsibility which it cannot so easily throw off; it is the chartered representative of art throughout the country; it is the established teacher of the people; it cannot exhibit a spurious work or publish a false name without doing public wrong. Strange to say, the British Institution, though a body of dilettanti, and not professional, showed more critical knowledge than these Royal Academicians. At all events, the present collection, though in the bulk amazingly fine, wants weeding and pruning.

Let us draw special attention to "The Assumption of Our Lady" (191), a *cupi opera* by Sandro Botticelli, which Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle in their exhaustive volumes acknowledge never to have seen. This marvellous composition, measuring no less than twelve feet by nearly eight, now in the collection of the Duke of Hamilton, is described in detail by Vasari. It was painted for one Matteo Palmieri, who, as the donor, became entitled to kneel with his wife in the foreground. The patron was so "learned and able a man" that he furnished the painter with ideas; but somehow the work, though it now appears eminently devout, was pronounced guilty of "grievous heresy," and consequently it was covered from view, and the altar at which it stood became interdicted. The heresy would seem to be that the Madonna kneels below the level on which the Saviour sits. But the times are now fortunately so altered that the theologian can look upon this elaborate composition of creeds and of colours with about as much edification as the artist. In the foreground is the tomb of the Madonna, empty save of white lilies, and around stand the twelve apostles, moved with grand yet grotesque amazement, after the uncouth yet inspired manner of Botticelli. The Blessed Virgin has already reached heaven; in other words, she has thrown herself on her knees before Christ, who reigns in the highest of the pictorial spheres. This portion of the work is possibly a little out of the prescribed rule; indeed the arrangement of the figures fits neither an Assumption nor a Coronation. However, the eye will speedily turn from lowest earth and highest heaven to the three intermediate cycles or zones, which, like three inverted rainbows of resplendent colour, span the whole of the upper space. Herein, according to the words of Vasari, abide "the Patriarchs, the Prophets, the Apostles, the Evangelists, the Martyrs, the Confessors, the Doctors, the Virgins, and the Hierarchies." It must be added that a countless multitude of seraphs, cherubs, and winged angels float in the air as birds of heaven, and make the fields of paradise bright as if strewn with many-coloured flowers. Gold is used freely in the decoration of wings and draperies, and is otherwise scattered about so as to give a glistening glory to realms of space. The spiritual ideas here thrown out with lavish exuberance and wild impetuosity were cherished in a more serene aspect by Fra Angelico. The subject, indeed, in its general arrangement is traditional, and comes down from much earlier times. Yet altogether novel is the suggestion of a structural dome, in the vault whereof the heavenly host find room enough and to spare. Botticelli was born in Florence in 1447 (not, as stated in the Catalogue, 1437), and, like Ghirlandaio and some other artists of the day, commenced life as a goldsmith. Botticelli died in comparative poverty in 1515. His works are unequal, as may be judged from the comparison of the "Adoration of the Magi" (193), lent by the Duke of Hamilton, with "The Holy Family" (166), contributed by Mr. Fuller Maitland. The student should not neglect the present opportunity of making more intimate acquaintance with this eccentric, original, and powerful painter. "Calumny," and "Venus Floating on the Sea," both in Florence, lie out of the beaten path of the period. Other Pre-Raffaellite artists appeal to the mind through a beauty which is the highest and purest manifestation of truth. Sandro Botticelli, on the contrary, exerts a spell by exalting ugliness into sublimity.

The early masters of Italy this year make but a scanty show. We may quote as an interesting curiosity the "Virgin and Child, with Angels" (165), bearing as a monogram a fly, corresponding with the supposed name of the artist, Mosca. We fail to find any such painter in Vasari or other books; though there is mention of Simone Mosca, a sculptor and architect, who worked in Orvieto and Pisa. The first half of the sixteenth century, however, to which this artist belongs, is too late for the style of the little work now exhibited. The manner is severe and detailed; the technique thin and dry as a tempera picture on panel. It is a pity that more is not known of this early product. In the absence of pedigree, internal evidence might give the picture a German paternity; the draperies, the circumstantial realism, and the details determine its birthplace, if not in Transalpine territory, at least within sight of the Alps. No mention is made by Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle of "The Brethren of His Order Examining the Wounds of St. Francis of Assisi" (190), a work here ascribed to Beato Angelico. This composition, though possibly authentic, has certainly been greatly renovated and marred by some bold restorer. Another picture, in all probability only of a school, is "Peter and John at the Beautiful Gate of the Temple" (180),

set down in the Catalogue to Filippo Lippi. Indeed Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle mention this work, with others equally dubious, in terms of apology. In fact, so little critical are our English collectors and dealers that pictures are often christened by conjecture, and names handed down by hearsay. Equally apocryphal as to master, though assuredly not in merit, is "An Angel" (182), falsely ascribed to Masaccio. Here, as before indicated, the broken up and angular draperies are not Tuscan, but Lombardic; the style is not that of the Carmine Chapel in Florence, but of the Church of the Eremitani in Padua. We recognize, too, the presence of a Northern school in the keen-cut outlines and in the stern handling of forms as in Lombard sculpture; bold and grand is the eager look and the onward movement of the figure as it floats through space towards the object of its worship. Such a work, notwithstanding obvious defects, awakens imagination, and fills the mind with fantasies which lie beyond the world of sense.

Luca Signorelli, the pupil of that great Umbro-Florentine, Piero della Francesca, and the forerunner, when in his maturity as seen at Orvieto, of Michael Angelo, is represented by one of his noblest compositions, "The Circumcision" (162). This picture, which comes like the great Botticelli on the opposite wall from Hamilton House, is signed "Lucas Cartonensis pinxit." The work seems identified with the picture said by Vasari to have been executed at Volterra, by means of the repainting of the Christ. Vasari relates that Bazzi spoiled the infant figure, and that this act of vandalism was strongly condemned. Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle remark that the repainting seems to belong to a very distant period and is out of keeping with the rest of the altarpiece; the truth of the observation is patent to any well-trained eye. These critics continue as follows:—"The composition is one of Signorelli's best, well arranged and full of energy. The life-size figures are bold in action, yet unrestrained; the colour strong and of an olive tinge, with brown shadows. Firmness and truth of drawing are combined with a judicious distribution of light and shade." The composition, which is eminently symmetric, after the manner of artists accustomed to mural decoration and monumental work, is arranged within an architectural niche; two prophets in medallions, grand in manner, indicate that Signorelli, like Michael Angelo, brought his pictorial style into harmonious relation with the plastic arts. In statuesque firmness and solidity the figures are balanced. In the centre the Madonna holds on her lap the infant Christ; the High Priest raises his eyes and stretches his hands to heaven. Among numerous bystanders is not forgotten St. Joseph, "a grand apparition in full drapery, who contemplates the ceremony, and supports himself with a short staff." The female heads have a sweetness and a spirituality which comport more with Umbria than with the muscular school which Signorelli consolidated. The painter was born in 1441—that is, thirty-four years before Michael Angelo, and forty-two before Raffaelle. Thus he may be accounted, particularly in remembrance of his anatomical demonstrations in the Cathedral at Orvieto, a pioneer and an innovator. How much he owed to that creative genius Piero della Francesca, of whom there is here a small specimen (195), no one can tell who has not visited Arezzo. The National Gallery has no work by Signorelli.

The Academy again adduces evidence that our English collections are specially rich in masterworks from Venice. And no other school tells with such brilliant effect in an exhibition. A Venetian picture, whatever it may be besides, seldom fails in point of decoration; no other paintings throw upon a wall an equal amount of light and colour; no other compositions strike the eye at so great a distance. All this is emphatically true of that brilliant and broadly painted scene by Titian, "The Cornaro Family" on their knees before an altar (146). The work, which is lent by the present Duke of Northumberland, was purchased in 1656 by Algernon Percy, tenth Earl of Northumberland, at the sale of the effects of Vandyck. This picture holds a place of honour in the large room of the Academy, and is specially signalized by a canopy of drapery; the only other work thus distinguished is Holbein's picture of "The Two Ambassadors," which occupies the central place on the opposite wall. The hangers have thus pointed to these two compositions as the crowning efforts of the collected schools, and no two creations could possibly stand in stronger contrast, and yet in more distinct and individual supremacy; it is hard indeed to tell which has the advantage—the realism of Holbein, or the generalization and suggestiveness of the great Venetian. But we must defer the consideration of these and other works to a future occasion.

The Academy shows itself widely catholic in the diversity of schools which it not only tolerates, but holds up to admiration. Thus space is wisely given to the now somewhat neglected masters of Bologna. In the presence of two fairly good examples of Ludovico Carracci, a rare master, save in Bologna, "The Holy Family" (150), and "Charity" (156), both from the gallery of the Earl of Radnor, it may be instructive, as it is curious, to refer to the Discourses of Reynolds. Students of the Academy a hundred and three years ago are therein recommended to form their style on the model of Ludovico. The simplicity, or rather, "what the ancients called the corruption of the colours," gained by breaking and mixing the pigments, together with a breadth of light and a depth of shadow approaching the solemnity of twilight, are pointed to as specially in keeping with the gravity and solemnity of sacred and historic art. Since the days of Reynolds the mode of teaching, whether for better or for worse, has changed, and accordingly these pictures by Ludovico, as well as by his two contemporaries, Domenichino and Guercino, are now deemed wanting in closeness of study, in realistic truth, in the moderation and modesty of nature. Certainly it would be the ruin of any young painter to commence where the Bolognese left off, and indeed we can scarcely conceive of an art more corrupt than that which is flauntingly displayed large as life in "St. Sebastian" (213), by Domenichino, and in "San Luigi di Gonzaga received into the Society of Jesus" (225), by Guercino. Wide as the poles asunder from these blatant works is the early little picture to which we shall hereafter revert. "The Agony in the Garden" (176), by Raffaelle. The period is probably a little later than that of "The Vision of the Knight" in the National Gallery; the style still retains the distinguishing traits of the painter's master, Perugino, and is consequently true, simple, and devout.

THE THEATRES.

AT this season adult persons visit the theatres chiefly as a duty to their children and young friends, and if that duty be more than usually burdensome this year, there is the more credit in performing it. We therefore notice the dulness of the Drury Lane pantomime as a matter of interest rather to dramatic and literary critics than to the public, who would be bound to go and see it if it were ten times duller than it is. We think that in the introductory part the author has fallen behind his former efforts in the same line, and in the harlequinade there is not, so far as we remember, even one tolerably good joke. Happy are they who have never seen a pantomime before, and are therefore unable to draw comparisons between this and earlier productions at the same house. But if the manager really desires to be funny, he had better produce a serious drama without loss of time. The combat between Fitzjames and Roderick Dhu in the *Lady of the Lake* was much more diverting than any of the numerous encounters which may now be witnessed between the clown and the policeman. The company engaged for this pantomime includes Mr. Brittain Wright, who has been a great favourite of pit and gallery at Drury Lane Theatre from the time when he helped to lighten that dreary piece *Formosa*. But even he can do almost nothing to push this pantomime along; and the great and varied talent of the Vokes family is exercised to equally small advantage. The verdict of the public must, we fear, be that there is a strong company and a weak piece at Drury Lane. We mean, however, no more than this—that the piece is not equal to earlier efforts of the same author, who has to fear comparison rather with himself than with anybody else. After all perhaps the quality of the work does not greatly matter, as Drury Lane now stands in pantomime proper without a rival. A critic, or a person who usurps the name, has ventured to assert that it is possible to endure *Babil and Bijou* a second time. This, however, we take leave to doubt, and, as it is not a pantomime, we are not in duty called upon to try.

People who are oppressed with the gaieties of the season may be assured that if they can be dismal nowhere else an opportunity offers itself at the Globe Theatre. Feeling much admiration for the talent of Mr. Montague, and warmly approving his principle of management, it is unpleasant to remark that *Tears, Idle Tears*, are out of place at Christmas, and not particularly desirable at any time. The title has no special connexion with the subject of the piece, except that it has a doleful sound. Indeed, the tears which occur in the piece, far from being idle, are, as the doctor informs us, a sign of recovery from disease. It must be owned that Mr. Montague acts his strange part very well, and thus saves himself and the piece from the ridicule that always threatens to overtake it. He has been deranged four years, and when he begins to recover he is brought home, where he falls asleep on a sofa, and when he wakes an innocent plot of his wife and friends is used to persuade him that he has only been ill a week. Considering the time that this plot had been forming, the execution of it might be less slovenly. All newspapers and periodicals of recent date have been removed from the room in which he is expected to arrive. The *Quarterly Review* of a date before his illness, and with a page turned down by himself, is placed where he may see it. We should feel things to be more real and pleasant if we were told the title of the article he was reading. But when all this has been cunningly arranged, a maid-servant spoils it by bringing in a letter that has come by post. His suspicion is aroused by the post-mark, and he seeks for confirmatory evidence on the chimney-piece. It seems inevitable that he will find last week's milk bill, but the same result is more elegantly attained by the discovery of the wedding-card of a gentleman whom he remembers as only seventeen years old. Any way the pious fraud is exposed, and he satisfies himself that he has, as he supposed, been ill and away from home for four years. However, although the contrivance fails, the patient gets well without it. He had accidentally shot his son, a boy of four years old, and his mind gave way under this terrible affliction. After his removal from home another son was born, who is now about the age that his brother was when he was shot. At first he is persuaded that this is the son whom he used to love so much, and that the supposed accident was a dream. Then, beginning to suspect the plot, he calls for the boy, who luckily happens to be asleep. Thus the inevitable discovery is staved off for a few minutes, but it comes nevertheless, and proves less disastrous than had been expected. We accept the statement in the playbill that this piece, on its production in Paris, "created an interest universal and profound." The idea of the piece is

eminently French, and probably if such an idea had first occurred to an English dramatist, he would have dismissed it as unsuitable to our stage. In order that we may understand what we are about to see, a nurse is introduced, like Chorus in *King Henry V.*, to tell the dismal tale from the beginning. This proceeding, in itself slightly absurd, is made more so by the fact that the part of nurse is undertaken by Miss Hughes, a lady of well-known comic power. Thus we get a sensation approaching that which is experienced when Mr. Toole enters, as he is fond of doing, upon the domestic pathetic line of business. When Miss Hughes is overcome by pity for her unhappy master, we remember involuntarily that she used to be "the strongest woman in the world." The absurdity is something like that of putting a low comedian into the part of Oliver Cromwell. It is only fair to say that Miss Hughes looks adequately doleful and harrows our feelings as much as possible by her narrative. But still there is an incongruity about the whole thing which would be fatal to the piece if it were not fortunately short. We think that if it be performed at all, it ought to occur earlier in the evening, so as to allow time for something both good and lively to follow it. The entertainment begins with a particularly seasonable piece, also taken from the French, called *Weather Permitting*. Almost the only consolation we can suggest under the prevailing miserable weather is that a little fun is got out of it at this theatre, where, let us observe, real business begins at seven o'clock. This arrangement has perhaps been adopted in consideration of the early closing of public-houses, and certainly, when an evening begins with rain and goes on to tears, it may be desirable to fortify oneself against the influence of damp by a drop of gin or brandy before going to bed. The "new and original play" called *False Shame* is as good as several other recent plays which have enjoyed considerable popularity. The proposed duel is an anachronism, particularly as it is to be fought with swords, and the sentiment appropriated to Mr. Montague, "that if he must break the law of his country, he will do so in his country," is rather too extravagant for a cultivated audience. There is, however, a touch of nature in the father of the intending duellist, who insists that the honour of the family must be maintained, but is rather taken back on hearing that the event is to be brought off, as *Bell's Life* would say, in his own park.

The ingenuity which at one house founds a "comedietta" on the weather is equalled at another where the scene is laid at Geneva, and the characters are awaiting the result of the international arbitration. This piece is, we suppose, intended as an improvement upon the ordinary burlesque; but, although it begins well, there is hardly any progress afterwards. The transition from Geneva to Robinson Crusoe's island, under the guidance of "Imagination," produces only results of the most ordinary and prosaic kind. If we remember rightly, the only distinct object of the piece appears to be to provide Robinson Crusoe with a wife in the person of a strong-minded lady who travels alone and agitates for female suffrage. We are speaking of the Olympic Theatre, which has been lately opened by Miss Ada Cavendish, who, like Mr. Montague, appears to have fixed a standard of management which is difficult to maintain. The demand for new and original comedies, and for short light pieces which shall not be exactly burlesques, promises to exceed the supply. The opening of the Olympic Theatre has not been encouraging; but equal difficulty was experienced at the Vaudeville, which soon afterwards became one of the most popular theatres in London. The undertaking of Miss Cavendish will be little helped by the sympathy to which it is undoubtedly entitled. Hardly any piece can go well unless there is an audience to applaud it, and just now those entertainments which make least demand upon the intellect are most in favour. It is unfortunate, too, that Miss Cavendish has lately fallen, either by necessity or choice, upon unattractive plays. She does all that can be done with her own part in her own theatre, and yet we feel little satisfaction at the result. The play may be truly said to end with a catastrophe, for the principal actor in it gives himself a spin round and falls upon the floor dead. Several modern plays owe their chief effect to consumption; and this play depends upon heart disease. We may perhaps venture to hope that the medical profession will lend further aid to dramatic literature, which is admittedly in delicate health, and thus a variety of plays may be produced in which the hero or heroine may be made the victim of all the different diseases under which it is possible to look interesting. There is a certain ingenuity about this play which deserves notice. The hero is a Mexican adventurer who has made his fortune on the Paris Bourse. He knows that he is liable to die suddenly, and he knows also that his wife has listened to words of love whispered by an Austrian baron at a masked ball. He contrives to bully the Baron into marrying his wife's sister, to whom he leaves all his fortune. Thus he is reconciled to his own impending death by the punishment to be inflicted on his wife, who will be deprived at once of his money and of the Baron's love. It is obvious, however, that a young and handsome widow is not likely to find either of these losses irretrievable. We are bound to say that much is done for this piece by the acting, but the story, although it would doubtless excite interest in Paris, will hardly be popular in London. Then comes the attempt, of which we have already spoken, to make fun out of the Geneva arbitration, and this also is better intended than performed.

REVIEWS.

BOKHARA THE HOLY.*

TRANSOXANIA, or, within more restricted limits, the Khanate of Bokhara, is perhaps that part of Asia of which, in proportion to the kind and amount of its claims on their attention, European readers know least. It has been for long ages the highway of a more or less extensive commerce between the West and the far East; but remoteness, unpleasant nomadic methods of "interviewing" strangers, and the treatment received by later travellers in jealous, cruel, and bigoted "holy" Bokhara itself, had succeeded in preserving it almost unsullied by the foot of an infidel. But Russia has changed all that, and, for better or for worse, the destinies of Bokhara are henceforth bound up with the course of Western politics. A European may now travel securely in places where, less than ten years ago, a flaw in his disguise would have meant death; and the day may not be very distant when even the British excursionist, with his opera-glass and return ticket, may be comforting his weary and dust-soiled person with the far-famed wines and melons of Bokhara and Samarcand. Under these circumstances, readers will welcome the publication, for the first time in Europe, of a continuous—*i.e.* intelligible—history of the Khanate, in which an attentive student may trace the process whereby successive governments or misgovernments of Arabs, Samanides, Seljukides, Timurides, Uzbegs, &c. have fashioned the Bokhariot of to-day.

Naturally, the details of the pre-Islamitic period are very meagre. But as one of the earliest recorded exploits of the Bokhariots was to tie their prince in a sack of thorns and roll him about until death relieved him of his troubles, it must be granted that they seem to have distinguished themselves from the very first in a manner worthy of all that we know of them from the time of Alexander of Macedon to that of his Russian namesake. This period is interesting chiefly from an ethnographic view-point. References in the Vendidad to Herat, Balkh, Sogd, Merve, &c., as being produced by the first creative efforts of Ormuzd; Arab traditions, more or less defined, of a Zend dialect; the early and general prevalence of fire-worship; and the mention of Balkh as the place chosen by Zoroaster to preach his new doctrines after he had fled from his native province of Azerbidjan—are put forth by Mr. Vambéry as proofs that the early settlers of Central Asia were Iranians, by whom the fire-worship was spread, northwards and westwards, over the lands between the Oxus and Jaxartes. In the first century Buddhism also existed there, being professed by the Toorki and other Turanian elements of the population; and the word "Bokhara" itself means a Buddhist convent. Lastly, the Nestorians, having made the West too hot for themselves, settled near the Zerefshan, where they enjoyed their metaphysical hair-splitting in peace, and, before A.D. 520, founded a bishopric of Samarcand. St. Thomas has been credited with the introduction of Christianity beyond the Oxus, but then St. Thomas has been called upon to do duty in almost every clime from Malabar to Anahuac. Those fire-worshipping Iranians who formed the more numerous, or at all events more important, part of the Transoxan population, were lovers of peace, and settled only in the fertile districts and in the large towns, where they manufactured their famous sword-blades, cottons, carpet stuffs, and were the go-betweens in the silk trade between China and the Mediterranean. That the Central Asian fire-worshippers were enviably prosperous and wealthy is proved by the frequent and successful visits, beginning A.D. 666, of those fervid soldiers of the Prophet who combined plunder with proselytism. Boikend blades, costly carpets, heaps of gold and silver, wondrous pearls extracted from the eye-sockets of Buddhist idols abhorred of every good Moslem, and even the jewelled slippers of the brave Queen Khatun herself, only served to convince the invaders more firmly of the pressing necessity of converting the infidel. But the infidel defended his faith and his goods with all his soul and with all his strength; till Kuteibe, about 710, dealt its death-blow to fire-worship, and firmly planted in Bokhara that Islamism which in later days, and as Mr. Vambéry has endeavoured to show in his earlier works, became, for cruelty and bigotry, almost unparalleled among the religions of the world. Kuteibe seems to have been the ideal of a Mahommedan warrior. He was equally at home in the pulpit and in the saddle; and he inspired his troops to deeds of desperate courage, no less by appeals to their lowest passions than to their pride as servants of God and the Prophet. For himself, his grand ambition was the conversion of Central Asia—a task to which he devoted himself with genuine enthusiasm. Arab troopers were lodged in every house to act as the religious instructors and spies of their hosts; by gifts in money infidels were encouraged to frequent the mosques; apostacy was punished with extreme severity, and, though "survivals" from the old worship were found even in the twelfth century, the history of Bokhara seems to confute the ordinary notion that a new religion cannot be imposed by force. The reader will discover that, at this as at other periods, popular energies

* *Geschichte Bochara's, oder Transoxaniens, von den frühesten Zeiten bis auf die Gegenwart.* Nach orientalischen benützen und unbenützen hand schriftlichen Geschichtsquellen. Zum erstenmal bearbeitet von Hermann Vambéry. Stuttgart. 1872.

History of Bokhara; from the Earliest Period down to the Present. By Arminius Vambéry. London: King & Co. 1873.

were, by pressure of strong despotism, excluded from State questions to find vent in religious excitement. But of course, for some time, religious differences meant differences of race; hence the astonishing influence wielded by Mokanna, "the veiled prophet of Khorasan," to whom, no doubt, the reader has already been introduced in Moore's pages. He appeared on the scene in 767, and from his impregnable eyrie, near Kesh, for fifteen years defied the Caliph's best armies and generals. The story is one of the most interesting in the book; but we can only glance at it. The fire-worshippers were Mokanna's chief adherents, and he proclaimed himself a God incarnate who had already appeared in the persons of Moses, Mahomet, and Christ. Looking-glasses arranged so as to catch the sun's rays were the device whereby he once satisfied his worshippers praying to behold the glory of his countenance, and brought them to their knees in terror. It is narrated that an envoy, being asked by him who and what he was, bluntly replied that the question was unworthy of an omniscient deity; but Mr. Vambéry considers that the retort argues more courage than, under the circumstances, the envoy ought to be credited with. When all was over, Mokanna beheaded his page, poisoned his numerous wives, except one, and then leaped into a blazing furnace from which it appears he had promised to emerge with aid from heaven. The escaped lady told the Arabs that she had long watched the furnace, but that Mokanna never came back. The comparative mythologists perhaps might like to make short work of the story, or at least of part of it, by showing that, even if a real Mokanna did exist, the Mokanna of the shining face was a native of Cloudland, and meant the Sun, with its "golden mask," and "green veil," or clouds that hid its splendour.

At this time, and for about a hundred years more, "Middle Asia" formed part of the government of Khorasan, whose "statt-holder" sent a representative of the Caliph to reside at Bokhara, the descendants of the old dynasty retaining only the bare title. But the rule of the Arabs really ended with the ninth century, when Ismail, the most illustrious of the Samanides, received his diploma as governor of Khorasan. He possessed the right of coinage, and of the *Khuthe*—repetition of his prayers in his name; and, like the princes of mediæval Europe in their relation to the Pope, Ismail owed only a nominal—*i.e.* religious—allegiance to the Caliph, "the Shadow of God upon earth," who was rapidly becoming nothing but a shadow. Under this prince, Bokhara rose to be the capital of a great empire, and was renowned over Asia for its commercial prosperity, its colleges, to which students flocked from all parts, and its learned men and saints, whose names are revered even in the present day. The Samanide dynasty lasted for about a century and a half, after which the unhappy country continued to be an apple of discord for successive lines of Charesmian, Seljuk, and other Tartar rulers, till, in 1218, Ghenghiz Khan emerged from "the Gobi-Waste" with his half-million of Mongols. Mr. Vambéry describes in his best style how the brutal Mongols used the leaves of the Koran for horse-litter, and the book-chests for horse-troughs, and turned the priests into servants of all work; while Ghenghiz in one day reduced Bokhara to ashes, destroyed all traces of its old civilization, and sent its famous gardeners and skilled mechanics to ply their trade in Mongolia. The Mongols described by Gibbon, as well as by Mr. Vambéry, seem to be distinguished above all races for a certain kind of cold, gloomy ferocity. Ghenghiz Khan appears to have been pretty much like the rest of them; yet our author administers a whitewashing to the flint-hearted old savage, and quotes his Military Constitutions—"the Mongol Koran"—and his toleration of different religions as proofs that he had a turn for statesmanship as well as for booty and murder. A few details of these Constitutions are given in the excellent sketch of the career of Timur, who, we are told, was a great admirer of the Khan's system. But perhaps it would be difficult to prove that certain portions of this "Koran" actually belong to Ghenghiz, and not to Timur. Regulations for the outfit—in swords, axes, saws, needles, thread, &c.—of every trooper, were of course much after the great Khan's special tastes. But the rule that the cry for quarter should be respected seems inconsistent with the conduct of a man who would murder in cold blood recruits and prisoners disabled by sickness. Still a conqueror of the time practically summed up his ethics in the words, Whatever I do is right; and Ghenghiz could, without the least scruple, and with the most pious severity, lecture the Bokhariots on their sins, and then proceed to demonstrate God's wrath in the way most agreeable to himself. In this invasion Timur Melik, the Toorki governor of Khojend, distinguished himself in a manner worthy of record. He launched twelve boats, or monitors, as we might call them, on the Jaxartes, covered them with armour-plates of damp felt, to prevent their being set on fire, and fitted them with a sort of portholes, through which he treated his friend the enemy to a brisk fire of arrows.

With the rise of "Timur the Tartar"—1363 to 1405—Central Asia regained its old prosperity, and Samarcand, not Bokhara, became alike the capital of Asia and the seat of perhaps the most splendid and refined Court in the world. His Spanish Majesty was represented there by "the good knight" Don Ruy Gonzales de Clavijo, a fact to which Timur proudly directed his courtiers' attention when he spoke of "my son, the King of Spain, who dwells at the end of the world, and is chief among the Frankish kings." We think of some story of the *Arabian Nights* when we read the description by Clavijo of one of those festive days when, on a plain near Samarcand, an ordered city of many-coloured tents would spring up as if by magic—looking, in the distance, "like a bed of tulips swaying with the breeze"—in which Timur, his Court, and thousands of the citizens would for days luxuriate in wine-drinking, poetry, music, and the dance. Persons acquainted with Baber's Memoirs will perhaps regret that Mr. Vambéry has written so scantily on the Timurides, whose dynasty, though the most short-lived (lasting only till 1500), comprised the ablest and most accomplished princes that ever ruled beyond the Oxus. This reserve of energy is perhaps the chief fault to be found with Mr. Vambéry, and implies a compliment to which not every historian is entitled. The era of the Timurides is especially rich in materials from which a skilful composer might produce a tolerably complete and vivid picture of the society of the time, thus breaking the somewhat monotonous record of names, court intrigues, and bloodshed. But of the poets, philosophers, and theologians Mr. Vambéry has given us only brief notes, which, however, we hope will be amplified in a future edition of his book. Baber himself, whose Memoirs are here called "the Commentaries of the Cæsar of the East," and who is perhaps the finest character that Central Asia ever produced, offers a fitting subject for a sketch of a "representative man."

As in the case of Paraguay during recent times, so also in that of Central Asia, Nature had forgotten to provide for a constant supply of powerful and wise despots. It was only occasionally that a hero arose who, in Carlylean phrase, succeeded in making the country "habitable." But the good impetus always died with the dynasty itself, and then came the opportunity of tribes whose great enemy was peace; so that history had to be begun *de novo*. Sheibani, who with his Uzbegs—Turko-Mongols between the Arab and Caspian—expelled Baber in 1499, was a mere fighter, from whom the old civilization of Bokhara received a blow from which it never recovered. Under Abdullah Khan, the best of the Sheibanides, Bokhara recovered in a measure its old commercial and intellectual greatness; but it all disappeared with the ruler himself, and for more than two hundred and fifty years, during the reigns of princes whose very names are now made known to European readers for the first time, the history of Bokhara is one of steady decadence, and too often of unimaginable misery. Even the Mollas, who stood between the people and their tyrants, and whose sacred influence is illustrated in many a bright and impressive anecdote, appear in 1826-60 as contemptible panders to that "Shadow of God," Emir Nasrullah, whose character is perhaps the foulest and blackest in Central Asian records.

The concluding seventy pages are the most interesting in the book, and contain an excellent summary of the course of the Russian conquests till within the last few months. Bokhara presented a spectacle pleasant neither to gods nor men; and the reader cannot feel deeply touched by its fate when General Kaufmann, in May 1868, made his triumphal entry into the old capital of Timur, and wrote *finis* to its long and chequered history. Mr. Vambéry writes as an historian, not as a politician; but no reader can close these volumes without perceiving that, so far as the Central Asiatics are concerned, the Russian conquest must be regarded as a blessing; any rule is better than endless anarchy. We conclude with a cordial recommendation of this valuable book. In former years Mr. Vambéry gave ample proofs of his powers as an observant, easy, and vivid writer. In the present work his moderation, scholarship, insight, and occasionally very impressive style, have raised him to the dignity of an historian. Throughout it is written in the clearest and most flowing German; but we may refer readers unacquainted with that language to the very excellent English translation which has just been published, and with which no fault can be found except a few trifling instances of tame rendering and too close adherence to the form of the original.

MEMORIALS OF A QUIET LIFE.*

THE epithet "quiet," as characterizing the manner or subject-matter of a book, has lately come into vogue, its tone of self-complacent apology evidently recommending it to the author in search of a title. There is the flattery of selection in it; it is a hit at sensationalism. The quiet neighbourhood, the quiet heart, the quiet eye, the quiet memorial, all seem to demand a discerning reader, who can detect the vivid workings of thought and feeling under an outside tranquillity, and can distinguish between quietness and dulness, which are all one to thoughtless ignorance. But there is risk in it too. Two very thick volumes expended on the quiet life of a clergyman's widow unknown to fame might test even a steady reader's powers to the utmost. In fact, Mrs. Augustus Hare's life was not exceptionally quiet, whatever her habits may have been. She was married to a distinguished, and not at all quiet, husband; she knew a great many people, and she travelled a good deal. Not that these circumstances would account for the two thick volumes; but one thing about her was never at rest—her pen was endowed with a ceaseless activity. Its effusions are indeed enough to repel the glancing, skipping reader who believes he has trained his eye to the work of rapid abridgment. Impatient turning of the leaves produces only discouragement; but begin at the beginning, and the well-principled effort is rewarded by forming acquaintance with a really high-minded, unworldly, and intellectual group of people presenting a

* *Memorials of a Quiet Life.* 2 vols. By Augustus J. C. Hare. London: Strahan & Co. 1872.

picture of aims, pursuits, and habits which raise them sufficiently above ordinary folks and their doings to make them well worth knowing. We advise this course not only for its intrinsic merit, but on the rule which guided Mrs. Linnet in reading good books of biography. She, we are told, after one peep at the end to satisfy a somewhat morbid curiosity, would turn to the earlier facts in her subject's history, her eye passing quickly where serious phrases predominated, but being arrested by what are termed "promising nouns." It is in the first volume of most biographies that such "promising nouns" occur, and the book before us is no exception. The facts, incidents, adventures, stimulating names, and love-making come early in the story. Here we read of Miss Leycester's travels in Scotland with her brother in his gig; of her stay at Blair Athol; of the gig-box furnishing a dress which did no discredit to the Duchess's drawing-room, where Prince Leopold was guest; of her visit to Walter Scott; her report of his "insignificant little wife" and his "fine, sensible, clever daughters." In the first volume also the masculine element predominates. The reader already knows something of Augustus and Julius Hare, authors of *Guesses at Truth*, but here he sees them closer in their domestic relations, and it is their share in the work which gives it an especial value. At a time when the complaint is so general of young men's reluctance to choose the Church as their profession, and of the difficulty of parents knowing what to do with thoughtful, well-conducted sons who seem cut out for excellent curates and conspicuously not cut out for any other calling, has reached a point beyond all past experience, the picture of Augustus Hare as parish priest of Alton Barnes is really opportune. Here was a man just like what these respectable objectors fancy themselves, bright, clever, a good talker, with all the doubts and hesitations reaching at one point to positive "repugnance"—which go with the assumption of original thoughts and views; till fortunately the shock of his friend Martin Stow's death startled him with the question, "If I should die without being of any use!" under which all his doubts vanished. When once the step was taken, he plunged into the work with a fervour, unction, and success which really stir the reader's sympathies, keeping all his distinctive characteristics as clearly defined as ever; remaining as clever, as odd, as attractive to his friends as when a lay Fellow and tutor of New College, the centre of a distinguished circle.

An easy gift of expression is a characteristic of every prominent person in the book. The ladies' pens all run with a flow, a power of telling their inmost thoughts and imparting their tenderest feelings, of finding something fresh and ardent to say on what to their readers seem exhausted topics, which separates them from ordinary experience. But the Hare brothers were exuberant in another fashion. Augustus may be said to have expressed himself at every pore. Every feeling in his mind found instant vent in action of a violent kind:—

> "He was *very* eccentric" is the remark of almost all who knew him at this time. If excited in conversation, he would spring up in the midst of his talk, twist himself rapidly round three times, and sit down again without pausing in what he was saying, as if some external action was necessary to let off the force of his excitement. After dinner at the houses of his intimate friends he would walk up and down the drawing-room in the vehemence of his spirits, and then cast himself upon a sofa and throw up his legs in the air. . . .
>
> When Augustus Hare heard of any kind of noble action performed by another person, I have seen him suddenly start up from his chair with a strong exclamation of delight uttered in his shrill tone, and hurriedly pace the room, rubbing his hands with glee. He really felt a luxury in doing good. . . I remember being present at a supper which he gave to some old men in the barn already mentioned, where he assisted in waiting on the poor people, evidently enjoying the repast more than those who partook of it; and when the entertainment was over, and he returned to his own fireside, his first act was to run up to Mrs. Hare, and kiss her with an ecstacy of benevolence too big to be expressed.

These manners might have stood in his way in other professions, but nowhere does a vein of eccentricity fit in so well as in a country parsonage. The ideal rector, of liberal hand and easy means, is not complete without a few amiable oddities. They keep up freshness in his relations with his equals, and furnish his poorer parishioners with anecdotes. All people like their penetration to be kept in exercise, and credit for wit or learning or genius is more cheerfully bestowed where criticism is not wholly held in abeyance. Even a wife may feel this; his "twisting and twirling" are effervescences of genius pleasantly referred to in her correspondence. In spite of them the five years of married life at Alton Barnes are described by Mrs. Hare as years of unalloyed felicity. And here again—for we are bent on setting off the clerical calling at its brightest—the country rectory in good hands suggests an image of Paradise nowhere else to be conceived with the same fitness of analogy in all its parts. It is pleasant to read in these pages of unbroken happiness (acknowledged in its course as such) enjoyed in a life of ideal usefulness, even while we know that it cannot last, for it is only homes susceptible of a thousand improvements that hold their ground. Five years, however, of unalloyed felicity is a good spell.

Another model rectory after rather a different type is described earlier in the same volume. As a girl, Maria Leycester—Mrs. Augustus Hare—formed an intimate friendship with the Hebers, Hodnet being two miles from her father's living of Stoke-upon-Terne. Reginald Heber was a man who could at once enjoy and stand loose from the refined pleasures of life. His whole nature needed play. "While," Mr. Blunt wrote, "as an active parish priest he was daily among his parishioners, advising them in difficulties, comforting them in distress, kneeling often at the hazard of his life by their sick beds," we find Miss Leycester riding, one of his merry party, in the glades of Hawkstone, listening to his readings of Walter Scott's "newly published" novels, or to his recital of the *Ancient Mariner*, or singing his songs which he wrote "faster than we can sing them," and at Christmas time joining in the evening amusements of dancing, singing, acting:—

> Reginald Heber [she writes] and Mr. Stow are both excellent actors, and we acted a French *proverbe* one night, and the "Children in the Wood" another; forcing in ourselves both the performers and the audience, and very amusing it was. It was all extempore, and our dresses we got up in a few minutes at the time, so there was no trouble attending it, no spectators to alarm us, and perfect unanimity and good-humour to make it enjoyable.

The Mr. Stow here mentioned was the admirer first in Miss Leycester's good graces, and Augustus Hare, as his friend, did all he could to remove impediments out of the way. But her father's consent could not be won. Stow then went to India with Bishop Heber, and shortly after died of fever at Dacca. It was in mourning his death together that the deeper attachment was formed of which this work tells us the course and end. We cannot here enter into the history of the Hare family, or speak in detail of all the four members of the united brotherhood—Francis, the father of the biographer: Augustus, educated by his aunt Lady Jones; Julius, who passed much of his boyhood in Germany, where as a child he heard Goethe and Schiller talk, and, as he said, "learnt to throw inkstands at the Devil"; and Marcus, the youngest. They derived their genius and talents apparently from their mother Georgiana, daughter of Dr. Shipley, Bishop of St. Asaph. She was beautiful enough to rival her cousin, the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire; deeply learned, and an accomplished artist, receiving hints from Sir Joshua Reynolds, who visited at her father's house, and patronizing Flaxman. All the boys were born in Italy and had a different start in life and thought from the ordinary English boy, a difference which told upon them throughout. It was their mother's principle to give them unlimited range of books and authors. Julius, the "Hare with many friends," raved of German authors at Cambridge with family enthusiasm; and Augustus, before he left Winchester, constituted himself a reformer of its code. It must be noted, however, that he stood up for the system of prefects. He had entered the school a commoner, but was elected scholar in 1806, high enough in school to go into college as a prefect—an office which he could fairly would never abuse, and which, from the point of view of administrator, was congenial to his temper.

Hurstmonceaux, being a family living and a very good one, was to devolve upon Augustus; but he strenuously urged so warmly to his simple rustic parishioners that he [illegible] elder brother to promise it to Julius, who in fact accepted it when shortly afterwards it fell vacant. The story of Lady Jones's will shows disinterestedness in money matters, a family characteristic, while the reader moralizes on the wisdom of sitting loose from [illegible] cares when he notes how short a time was granted for the enjoyment of this world's best gifts. In 1833 Augustus Hare's health failed, and it was thought necessary for him to give up duty for a while, and resort for cure to his native air of Rome. His brother Marcus had just married Miss Lucy Stanley, Maria Hare's most intimate friend and correspondent, and they travelled together. As this elect and devout party enter Italy, Augustus reports their being announced by a postilion to a friend at the inn-door as "God-damns *della prematura qualità*." They reached Rome, but no cure followed, and he died there in February 1834 at the age of forty-one. The one drawback to her married life had been the want of children, and in the desolation of her widowhood Mrs. Hare—or Mia, as her friends called her—offered to adopt her godson Augustus, the infant child of the eldest brother Francis; stipulating that the child should be absolutely her own, and "should be brought up to consider all her family as its relations, as near or nearer than those who were related to it by blood." No opposition was made to her wishes, and, when fifteen months old, the child was formally made over to her.

It was this lady's fortune to be successively the supreme object of regard with many men. To Martin Stow succeeded Augustus Hare. At his death she made Hurstmonceaux Rectory her home, subsequently settling near it, where her brother-in-law, Julius Hare, devoted himself to her with an enthusiastic reverence, which lasted till his marriage, in 1844, with Miss Esther Maurice, sister of Frederic Maurice, who had been his pupil at Cambridge. At this time her adopted son was getting of age to return her affection, and from this date to her death in 1870 he was more than a son to her, a tender romance adding force to the maternal relation. The qualities which awoke a course of such lasting affection must have been of no common order; a certain dignity of self-respect no doubt tempered love with some awe of esteem. This is transparent in the style of her correspondents; an elevation of tone is maintained on all sides, with which it must be owned that the close of her life strangely harmonized. Six months before her death (in 1870, aged 72) she fell into a succession of trances, one lasting a hundred and twelve hours, during which she took "no nourishment whatever," lying in a state of seemingly ecstatic repose.

We have touched rather on the facts and prominent characters of the book; but its bulk is due to the letters and journals and meditations of Mrs. Hare and her friends, beginning with excellent letters of advice from her elder sister, who married, in 1810, the Rev. Edward Stanley, Rector of Alderley and subsequently Bishop of Norwich, and followed by a close, lifelong correspondence with

Lucy Stanley, sister, we gather, of the Bishop, and at length wife of Marcus Hare. All the letters are of a strictly religious character; these ladies profiting by the piety, and not disturbing themselves much about the views, of the liberal thinkers with whom they were connected. They were all observers of days, anniversaries, and seasons, as motives for the exercise of ever-fluent pens upon feelings awake to every influence from without. Each second of June as it comes round has its notices and reflections on the wedding of Augustus with his Mia; each eighteenth of February, year after year, brings its tribute of condolence; and as the wives all survived their husbands, and the system was mutual, this of itself constitutes a volume. So that we can scarcely echo Mr. Augustus J. C. Hare's regrets over the first step of Mrs. Julius Hare in her widowhood, of burning the daily minute correspondence which had taken place between "his mother" and Julius whenever she was away from Hurstmonceaux. We feel that nothing of her is left unsaid. Friends may regret, but the reader sees things under another light, and, while finding much to interest and something to learn in these volumes, certainly does not wish them to be longer.

RÉCLUS ON THE OCEAN, ATMOSPHERE, AND LIFE.*

UNFLAGGING in industry to the last, the late librarian to the Queen at Windsor left all but ready for press, besides other works of great literary value, a translation of the second portion of M. Reclus's comprehensive survey of the Life of the Globe, supplementary to the volume upon the *Earth* which we noticed a year and a half ago. We are glad to see this new and not less interesting contribution to the scientific history of our planet, *The Ocean, Atmosphere, and Life*, carried through the press with the same editorial care and completeness as the former book. The original work has from the first taken its place in its own country as a recognized manual in the study of physical geography. In our own educational literature we have nothing at all corresponding with it. It may in consequence be expected to fill a void in the course of physical teaching. M. Reclus not only shares with his countrymen in general the faculty of keen perception and symmetrical arrangement of facts, but displays to the full that art of vivid and picturesque exposition which gives to French science its crowning and most characteristic charm. The translator has throughout combined fidelity to the original text with freedom and flexibility of style. The accompanying maps, of which there are twenty-seven printed in colours, as well as the woodcuts inserted in the text, over two hundred in number, are, without claiming high artistic finish, clear and correctly drawn. They are borrowed, we presume, from the original publication, English names having been substituted, the process betraying itself by sundry casual slips, such as "Ocean Pacific," "Sea Baltic," "Gulfe Taranto," and so forth.

M. Reclus casts a broad glance over the general distribution of land and water over the globe. The depths now shrouded from sight by a veil of water once deemed unfathomable have, he urges, no less importance to the mind of the geologist than the exposed surface of the continents or islands. In the long range of geological time well nigh every portion we now see has had its turn beneath the waves, and will in all probability sink anew below their surface. So, it may be, have the now submerged abysses had their day of light and air, or may hereafter rise above the waste of waters which now hides them. Meanwhile the ocean never for a moment ceases to modify the configuration of the globe, not only by its wasting violence, but by the agency of its clouds, its rains, and meteoric influences at large. Manifold as are the atmospheric agencies by which the mountain summits are riven and worn down, the rocks dissolved and hollowed into caverns, bringing mineral substances to the surface, and causing at times great subterranean subsidences, it is the sea which sends them forth, and it is in the course of their return to the great basins where they had their rise, that the marine vapours penetrate and filter through, and disintegrate the land. What are the glaciers which polish the rocks, and carry down into the valleys those piled-up boulders, but moisture from the ocean, which the clouds deposit in the form of snow? What, too, are the numerous rivers which spread life over the globe, and without which the continents would be uninhabitable deserts, but a system of veins and veinlets which carry back to the reservoir of the ocean the waters distributed over the soil by the great arterial system of clouds and rain? As for climate, upon the varieties of which all that lives upon the earth depends, does it not follow from movements of the ocean, at least as much as from the distribution or elevation of the masses of land? The polar cold would be more rigorous, and the heat of the tropics more intense, to the destruction of most of the beings now inhabiting them, did not the currents of the ocean convey water from the Poles to the Equator, and from the Equator to the Poles, thus constantly tending to an equalization of temperature. It is thus no paradox that in the cosmogonies of many a primitive race, Earth is called the daughter of Ocean.

Were the bed of the deep sea suddenly upheaved before our eyes, what aspect would it present to us? M. Reclus is inclined to imagine that the submarine surface still preserves all its primitive rudeness—that its rocks, cliffs, and fells uniformly present sharp and uneven edges, the marks of fracture just as on the day when the solid rock was first cleft. "There are in the depths of the sea no frosts to break off projecting peaks, no lightnings to split, no glaciers to carry them or crumble them away, no meteoric influences to corrode and round them." He hardly dwells sufficiently, we may be sure, upon the solvent power inherent in water itself, apart from all consideration of its density and pressure, or upon the vast and ceaseless sedimentary deposits which clothe the primitive nakedness of the depths with their soft covering. Tracts there may be where, from the action of a submarine current, the rocky bed is not covered by any organic alluvium. Our author quotes the case of a fragment of quartz and several pieces of basalt having been drawn up by Wallich from a depth of more than six hundred fathoms in the deepest part of the great arm of the sea which separates the Faroe Islands from Great Britain. But it is quite possible, he allows, for these fragments to have been dropped by an iceberg. At the same time we may refer to the surprise which was felt, on the recovery of the Transatlantic cable, at the slight amount of coating which it had received in two years from the Atlantic ooze. The aspect of tracts which have emerged from under water at a comparatively recent epoch, such as the Landes of France, the lowlands which have replaced the Gulf of Poitou, a great part of the Sahara, or the Pampas of La Plata, gives indications of regular level or smooth undulating slope. With our utmost command of sounding apparatus it has hitherto been impossible to arrive at abrupt or extreme transitions of level at great depths, or to lay down with any precision a profile of submarine mountain heights. Tremendous fissures or depressions, together with steep elevations and ascents, have indeed been ascertained to exist, of which M. Reclus brings together notable examples from the charts of the Mediterranean, the Cape De Verde group, and the Malay Archipelago. If we can trust the soundings of Captain Ringgold, the ocean depth in the last-named instance is no less than eight miles and three-quarters. The abruptness of rise, however, in these sub-oceanic inclines does not in all probability vary very much from that of known terrestrial ranges.

The chemical composition and specific gravity of the various sea-basins have been subjected to very careful analysis. The mean weight of sea water is set down at 1,028, or 2·8 per cent. above that of distilled water. The intense evaporation of the Mediterranean raises the specific gravity of its waters to more than 1,029, while the copious fresh water discharges into the Black Sea lower its weight to 1,016. The latest observations of Forchhammer have fixed the average of all the salts in ocean water at 34·40 parts in 1,000, out of which the total quantity of common salt (chloride of sodium) held in solution amounts to more than three-quarters (75·786). M. Reclus gives a table of a dozen different seas, varying from 43 parts in 1,000 in the Red Sea, to five parts in the Baltic, and even as low as two parts off Kronstadt. The formation of "limans," or salt marshes and basins, is explained. Other substances besides common salt which are in many instances found in inland waters and hot springs enter also into the composition of sea water. Either by direct analysis of the liquid, or by study of the plants which draw their nourishment from the ocean, twenty-eight such simple elements have been discovered. After oxygen and hydrogen, which constitute the fluid mass itself, there come among these chlorine, nitrogen, carbon, bromine, iodine, fluorine, sulphur, phosphorus, silicon, sodium, potassium, boron (?), aluminium, magnesium, calcium, strontium, and barium. The ashes of *Fucus resiculosus* have yielded copper, lead, and zinc, and those of *Zostera marina* cobalt, nickel, and manganese. Iron is to be obtained directly by analysis of sea water, and arsenic is freely deposited in the boilers of ocean steamers. Silver is found in a zoophyte, the *Pocillopora*, as well as in the precipitate formed upon ships' copper sheathing under magnetic agency, to such an extent that the total mass of silver contained in the ocean has been estimated at two millions of tons. The proper colour of sea water, its various local or casual tints, with their causes, and its transparency at great depths, open a wide, and as yet indefinite, subject of inquiry; as does also the phosphorescence of its surface, and its connexion with the presence of living organisms, to which the author reverts in a later section on "The Earth and its Fauna," illustrating it by microscopic delineations of *foraminifera* dredged up from great ocean depths. The law of the distribution of temperature, scarcely more determinate as yet than that of the colour of the sea, is one which specially awaits the result of the scientific expedition just despatched from our shores. This portion of M. Reclus's speculations is in consequence one which must admits of being left in abeyance. On the formation of ice-floes and bergs, recent observations have brought us a large accession of definite knowledge. The actual launch of ponderous masses from the mighty glaciers of the Polar shores has been witnessed, and the tracks laid down (in charts such as those of either hemisphere sketched in figs. 13 and 17), by which these floating masses are borne along, to drop, as they finally must, their freight of rocky *débris*, the material, it may be, of banks like that of Newfoundland, over 55,000 square miles in extent, if not of whole continents yet to be.

The primary causes of oceanic currents are beyond doubt the sun's heat and the rotation of the earth on its axis. But so many secondary or local causes come in to affect the resulting phenomena, that, like the tides, they have been found as yet only partially reducible to definite laws. Not only the configuration of the land, but the great periodical wind currents, are elements to be taken into account in working out the general theory of ocean circulation. In this department of science much has to be

* *The Ocean, Atmosphere, and Life; being the Second Series of a Descriptive History of the Phenomena of the Life of the Globe.* By Elisée Reclus. Translated by the late B. B. Woodward, M.A., and Edited by Henry Woodward, F.R.S., of the British Museum. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1873.

expected from the mission of the *Challenger*. In the meanwhile M. Reclus gives in his second book a succinct and clear account of what has been done both by practical observation and philosophical research towards laying at least the foundation of the problem.

The great equatorial basin heated by the solar rays gives off a quantity of watery vapour estimated by Maury at about fourteen feet annually, the amount raised from the Atlantic being nearly one hundred and twenty trillions of cubic yards, representing a cubic mass of water nearly thirty miles in extent. A great proportion of this water being carried away by the trade-winds and other aerial currents, notwithstanding that much of it falls back into the sea in the shape of rain, an immense void is made, into which rushes the superabundant mass of water from the polar basin, where the contributions of snow, rain, and ice, exceed the loss in vapour. Thus are formed the two great primary currents which meet one another from the opposite Poles in the Atlantic and Pacific, incessantly describing a regular orbit, like the celestial bodies. The steady flow of the great currents is moreover accelerated by the trade-winds, themselves set in motion by the equatorial heat, and driving before them the oceanic waves. Were the mass of water continually flowing from the Poles to the Equator exactly equal to that which is evaporated by the sun's heat, the Arctic currents would be arrested under the Tropics, and no return movement would be effected towards the Poles. But this equilibrium is overcome by the trade-winds: and in addition there is the rotary movement of the earth which bears the whole ocean mass from west to east. On their way to the Equator these waters have to cross latitudes whose speed of rotation is greater than their own, being thus constantly drawn obliquely towards the west, or in retardation of their proper motion, acquiring hence an apparent motion westwards in relation to the surface of the sea. Upon their meeting in the Tropics, the two Polar currents, being both affected by a side movement, strike each other obliquely, then reunite in the same oceanic flood, and flow directly towards the west in the direction opposed to the movement of the solid earth. The form of the continental masses determines the distribution of the great equatorial current into branches or ocean rivers, of which there are in the main five. The Atlantic and the Pacific have alike their double circulatory system, formed of two immense eddies, united in the torrid zone by a common equatorial current. The Indian Ocean, the fifth great oceanic river, being bounded on the north by the continent of Asia, has but one simple current, turning incessantly in its vast basin between Australia and Africa. Of all these ocean rivers the best known to us, and that which is of most importance to us, from its influence on our climate and on the development of our commerce, is that part of the North Atlantic current which has long been known as the Gulf Stream. The Gulf of Mexico plays, indeed, but a minor part in the action of this gigantic eddy, the history of which is almost identical with that of the entire North Atlantic Ocean; and in that sense exception may justly be taken to the name. The larger views of geographers embodied in M. Reclus's summary trace the relations of this stream to the main mass of the ocean, to the configuration of the continents and islands which determine its channel, and the atmospheric agencies which unite in giving it its beneficent influences; together with which will be found ample information upon the volume, the set, the temperature, and other particulars belonging to the waters of each branch of the Gulf Stream.

In his second part, on The Atmosphere and Meteorology, M. Reclus treats of the air as the agent of the vital circulation of the globe, passing on to the general phenomena of pressure, its diurnal and annual oscillation as represented by isobarometric lines, and the irregular variations which constitute the debateable or as yet scarcely invaded land of meteorology. The trade-winds and monsoons are shown to obey laws of circulation and equilibrium analogous to those of the denser oceanic currents. Of the two theories of Dove and Mühry accounting for the counter aerial current which sets in against the north-east trade-wind and glides below it in the direction of the Pole, the preference is given rightly to Mühry's view of the parallelism of the two currents, their similar curvature being due to the attraction exercised in the polar regions by the wind which descends towards the Equator, modified as it is by the effects of the earth's rotation. Fig. 106 gives a fair idea of the variation of the winter and summer trades over the continents of Africa and Europe, and fig. 107 extends the view to the trades and monsoons of the Atlantic. The law of storms, or aerial eddies or cyclones, set forth in a series of four chapters, forms one of the clearest and most valuable portions of M. Reclus's work. At the basis of this great discovery, the most vital safeguard that science has yet put into the hands of seamen, lies the primary fact of terrestrial rotation. The same cause determines the spiral movement of the great aerial tourbillon in the direction with watch hands in the south, and against watch hands in the northern hemisphere. The principle of continuity and harmony which science tends everywhere to establish in nature rules, indeed, throughout M. Reclus's whole treatment of natural phenomena. We have left ourselves no space for noticing the admirable chain of research and reasoning by which he draws out the plan of life upon the earth, with its successive stages of flora and fauna, culminating in man, his evolution and progress, and the influence with which he in turn reacts upon the earth. M. Reclus has, it is well known, what are called advanced ideas. His survey of the great mother earth inspires him with hopefulness for the time "when her sons shall have all embraced as brothers, and have succeeded in establishing the grand confederation of free nations." His untoward zeal in this direction was lately, to the distress of all friends of science, the means of bringing him into trouble. The beneficent weapons with which reason aims at securing freedom and happiness for all seem to have been inauspiciously allied with the violence of the barricade and torch of the Communist. We sincerely rejoiced when the French Government felt itself justified in showing leniency to so able and eminent a man, and we trust that, eschewing the angry strife or the tortuous ways of politics, he may devote himself to making the world the happier and the richer for those treasures of science which he is so well able to unfold.

MARCHMONT OF REDLANDS.*

MISS MAINE has made a decided advance in her present story. The first volume is in our opinion really impressive, and though the second and final volume is not equally satisfactory, the novel is one which engages our attention to the end. The cause of the inequality of the execution is obvious enough. In the opening scenes Miss Maine states a very interesting problem; but she is too amiable, or has not sufficient courage, to work out the natural solution. After placing her characters in a very striking situation, she does not, in our opinion at least, make the best of it. Many authors fail from a certain tender-heartedness to pursue their plot to a legitimate development; and we fear that Miss Maine is not an exception to the rule. She becomes so fond of her characters that she forgets that the most amiable and the most vigorous of imaginary heroes ought to be sacrificed without remorse to the exigencies of a novel. When a writer has created a lovely heroine, he often falls in love with her himself, and forgets that the only excuse for creating her at all is to crush her under the overwhelming force of circumstances, so as to exhibit the beauty of suffering. It would be wrong to torture a real person to death in order that we might be edified by the admirable sentiments which are evolved in the process; but the objection does not apply to the fictitious beings the final cause of whose imaginary existence is to contribute to our enjoyment. A novelist should be as pitiless to the creations of his fancy as fate is pitiless to real human creatures; and a little untimely compassion has spoilt the interest of a good many otherwise excellent novels. To illustrate this principle we will state very shortly the main facts related in *Marchmont of Redlands*.

Isabel Home is a beautiful and engaging young lady. She is full of sentiment and imagination, and, in short, is a thoroughly feminine person, with whom any intelligent young man would do well to fall head over ears in love. Isabel lives with her father, a shrewd and rather proud Scotch squire. She has been engaged almost since her childhood to Harry Graham, a rather lazy young gentleman, the son of Mr. Home's oldest friend and neighbour. The young couple are not very passionately in love, but are content to accept their engagement as a convenient and in every way respectable arrangement. Whilst the family are staying on the Lake of Como, on their return from an Italian tour, they accidentally fall in with Charley Marchmont, the young man who gives his name to the novel. Now Mr. Marchmont is in many respects a very attractive youth. He is not much more energetic than Harry Graham, Isabel's affianced lover. But, on the other hand, he is very handsome; he has a beautiful voice and a strong natural taste for music; and he has wonderful dreamy eyes which are apt to impress themselves upon the feminine imagination. It is not strange that Isabel finds herself attracted to this romantic youth, in spite of her previous engagement. In fact, she very rapidly begins to discover that she is really falling in love for the first time in her life. Nothing can be more natural for a sentimental young lady staying on the Lake of Como in the society of a romantic young gentleman. But Mr. Marchmont has a mystery hanging about him. Those dreamy eyes of his utter unspeakable and not altogether agreeable things. In fact, for we must reveal the secret, they are illuminated by hereditary madness. The poor lad has already been once distinctly out of his mind; and, although he is for the moment perfectly sane, he is aware that the ancestral curse is hanging over him, and may descend at any moment. His doctors have told him that it is essential to his sanity that he should lead a quiet life and keep as free from excitement as possible. Of course under these circumstances he seizes the first opportunity of falling in love with a young lady already engaged to somebody else. But what is he to do? He is attended by a kind of external conscience, a certain excellent Major Vaughan, the very soul of honour, who always addresses poor Marchmont as "dear boy," and is in return always addressed by him as "old man." Major Vaughan speedily detects the symptoms of an approaching attack of violent falling in love. Moreover, being the soul of honour, he gives the only possible advice to his young friend, and recommends him to follow the excellent precedent set by Colonel Newcome in his only campaign story, and to run away. Circumstances, however, as they are bound to do, frustrate this excellent counsel, and Mr. Marchmont finds himself making a declaration to Isabel, though, with praiseworthy honesty, he informs her at the same time of his tendency to insanity. Here, then, is a very pretty complication. What is Miss Isabel to do? We must not blame her too severely if,

* *Marchmont of Redlands*. By E. S. Maine. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1872.

partly out of compassion, and by way of sparing Mr. Marchmont any unnecessary excitement, she accepts the new love before she is off with the old. Many gushing young ladies have thought the bad character of a lover a reason for marrying him, with a view to post-nuptial reform; and surely it is a legitimate proceeding to marry a gentleman to prevent his going mad. Indeed Mr. Marchmont ingeniously insinuates the argument that the excitement of a refusal would go far to upset his sanity, and the lady shrinks from exposing him to such a shock. She goes yet a step further. She feels that her father would forbid the connexion; and she therefore agrees to a clandestine marriage. She even suffers her first lover to continue under the delusion that she means to marry him, and looks on, though with some disapproval, whilst her second lover treacherously takes advantage of his friendship with the first to arrange interviews and to prepare for an elopement. Finally, without having given the slightest intimation of her purpose to her father, mother, or the gentleman to whom she is engaged, Isabel calmly walks into Kensington Church one morning, marries her half-sane lover, and goes off with him to his country house; for Mr. Marchmont is a rich country gentleman and, in every respect but his tendency to madness, a highly desirable match.

This, then, is the statement of the problem; and so far we are very much interested, and have little to say that is not in praise of the story. But how should the consequences be worked out? That the novel must have something of a tragic termination is obvious. After our feelings have been worked upon by descriptions of the curse which is to fall upon poor Marchmont, it is plain that he cannot be let off. Moreover, he has been guilty of distinctly dishonourable conduct in inducing Isabel to marry him; he perhaps deserves some negative credit for not concealing from her his hereditary tendency, although the confession was requisite in order to explain the necessity for a clandestine match. But he clearly had no business to marry at all, and he had no business to behave with duplicity towards his rival. Mr. Marchmont therefore deserves capital punishment, by all the laws which regulate the world of fiction. Isabel, though less guilty, must share his fate. Having with her eyes open linked herself to the fortunes of a man who is in so tragic a situation, she must suffer equally. We do not say that she deserves a capital sentence, but at least she should be sentenced to penal servitude for life; or, in the accustomed phraseology of novelists, she should be dismissed on the last page to live very unhappily ever afterwards. These are, in our opinion, essential conditions of the story. To bring it to a happy ending would be as absurd as to tack to *Hamlet* a catastrophe like that of *Measure for Measure*, and let the curtain fall upon general forgiveness and a collection of happy couples, instead of horror and a row of dead bodies. We can easily imagine how the situation would have been treated by a writer of the school of Miss Brontë. The awful shadow of madness which darkens the earlier pages of the story would gradually have grown blacker and deeper, and the poor lady in her lonely house, with a husband becoming daily more dangerous and excitable, would have drunk her cup of horror to the dregs. We can dimly imagine the scenes which would have thrilled our senses —how a dark suspicion would creep forth at intervals, to be forcibly suppressed for a time; how it would steadily grow darker and more tangible in spite of every temporary success in beating it back; and how at last it would flash into terrible certainty, and some grim catastrophe wind up the book, and the life of at least Mr. Marchmont. The lady would have been doomed to expiate her errors by becoming the guardian of a lunatic all the more dangerous because the secret of his madness would require careful concealment. If her own sanity had not given way under the strain, at least her nerves must have permanently broken down, and nothing but a maimed existence have been henceforth possible. The horrors of her situation would have been increased by the alienation of her father, who was naturally disgusted with the man who had stolen his daughter from him; and something would have been made of the devoted friend of the husband, who did his best to prevent the match at first, and afterwards was distracted between his old regard for the poor half-lunatic and his extreme disapproval of the marriage.

Now Miss Maine is aware of these sources of interest, and, to some extent, turns them to account. The father grumbles at the match, and refuses to see his son-in-law; but somehow he fails very much to impress us. He is intended to be a reserved but deeply affectionate Scotchman, whose external manners are cold, but who is capable of strong passions when aroused. He therefore takes the affair rather quietly at first, and we look out for the subsequent outbreak. Unluckily it never comes, and Mr. Home is left to act the part of sulky father in a very wooden manner until the end of the story. Major Vaughan too, the soul of honour of whom we have spoken, rather disappoints us in the same way. He melts too speedily and with too few pangs of self-reproach. That he should forgive his young friend is right enough, but he takes matters rather too easily, and assumes at once the ordinary position of a sensible friend of the family. The half-mad Mr. Marchmont is supposed to feel a certain jealousy of his Mentor's relations to his wife. Nothing can be more natural and more characteristic of an intellect wavering on the verge of sanity. But Miss Maine becomes too fond of her madman to allow the passion to run its natural course. From sheer excess of amiable feeling, she makes Mr. Marchmont, after showing the dispositions to jealousy and to deceitful cunning which are characteristic of a lunatic, behave in all practical matters with the utmost delicacy and kindness. He is pathetic rather after the fashion of an ordinary mortal who is conscious that heart disease or consumption will shorten his life than of a man of partially disordered intellect. He tries, it is true, to drown himself on one occasion; but he makes the attempt out of pure kindness to his wife and friend, and we are inclined to agree with Major Vaughan's conclusion that the poor young man was never more sane in his life. Isabel again suffers, as she could hardly help suffering, from her doubts of her husband's sanity; but she has no very great agony to go through. The husband indulges in no overt acts of a very questionable kind; and everybody behaves with so much kindness and consideration that the awful prospect before her seems rather to be an inconvenience than a cause for harrowing anxiety. When the catastrophe finally occurs, it results rather from an interposition of Providence than from the natural development of the elements of danger provided. Mr. Marchmont has not yet become dangerous, or even distinctly disagreeable, when he breaks his neck in riding over an awkward fence; and the knot is immediately cut. Of course it is unpleasant for his wife, but we feel that she has been let off rather easily, and we take leave of her at the end of the novel very contentedly acting the part of an amiable aunt, and not without some indirect intimations leading us to suppose that she may ultimately marry again, and forget, so far as it is desirable that she should forget, the anxieties of her married life. We must confess that all this rather disappoints us, and seems to provide a somewhat lame and impotent conclusion to the most serious interest of the opening part of the story. The trial for which we have been so carefully prepared turns out to be much more endurable than we had supposed; and folly, deceit, and ill-regulated passion lead to nothing very terrible. But for the accident in the hunting-field the lady and her husband might apparently have ended by enjoying themselves very heartily. If we could regard the story as still unpublished, we should recommend Miss Maine to rewrite the second volume, and bring the conclusion a little more into harmony with the opening. As it is, we can only say that it is lively and well written, and that the merits of the first half incline us to hope that Miss Maine may improve still further in her next attempt.

WICKS'S BRITISH CONSTITUTION AND GOVERNMENT.*

WE watch with some curiosity the large class of books which seem to be called into being by the new Education Act. The present is one of the number. It describes itself in its title-page as "A Reading and Lesson Book for Senior Classes," and as "suitable for the Fourth and higher Standards of the Code." If so, the Fourth and higher Standards of the Code rank decidedly higher than the wonderful class of people, whoever they are, for whom Competitive Geographies and all other Competitive cram-books are written. We do not mean that Mr. Wicks's book is at all the sort of thing that we should really wish to see; but he is by no means so silly and blundering as the Competitive people. Of course no real good will be done till either thorough scholars condescend, as in some subjects they are beginning to do, to write elementary books on their own subjects, or at least till the compilers learn to keep up with the last lights of scholars, instead of lagging, as they commonly do, two or three generations behind. Thus Mr. Wicks gives us as his fifteenth chapter, "A Brief Sketch of the Growth of the Constitution," and adds:—

> Upon all controverted points dealt with in this chapter the conclusions of Hallam are adopted; and the student who desires to pursue the subject is referred to the eighth and ninth chapters of his "View of the State of Europe in the Middle Ages," and to his "Constitutional History of England."

Now, had Mr. Wicks written forty, or even thirty years ago, nothing could have been better; indeed, for a large part of the subject, nothing could be better now. No one guide is so thoroughly trustworthy as Hallam during the time, say, from Edward the First onwards, which Hallam thoroughly understood. Hallam, within this range, is one of the few writers to whom it is safe to turn if we want to find out a thing in a trice, when there is no time to hunt it up in the original authorities. Whatever we find—and we shall sometimes find an incapacity to grasp some views of the subject—we shall find no unfairness and no blunders. We say, of course, within his own range, for there are parts of Hallam which seem not to represent any original work at all, and which are of very little value. We should not speak thus of Hallam's treatment of the early English history, for it represents the very best work that was to be had at the time, though that is a time which the researches of modern scholarship, German and English, have left altogether behind. But Mr. Wicks will have Hallam, and nothing but Hallam: to him the discoveries of modern scholars would most likely seem "controverted points," on which it saves trouble to adopt Hallam's "conclusions," though Hallam can hardly be said to have formed conclusions on points which were never really discussed till after his time. It follows therefore that all the early part of Mr. Wicks's Constitutional History, whether suitable or not to the Fourth and higher Standards of the Code, is quite behind the standard of modern scholarship. It might

* *The British Constitution and Government: a Description of the Way in which the Laws of England are made and administered, together with an Account of the Functions of the Chief Officers in every Department of the State, and a Brief Sketch of the Growth of the Constitution.* By Frederick Wicks. London: Collings & Appleton. 1872.

easily have been much worse; we have seen many things of the kind that are much worse: because Mr. Wicks has at least taken Hallam for his guide, while many other compilers have taken much worse guides, or no guides at all. What we most complain of is that Mr. Wicks is, after all, not satisfied with his Hallam. If Hallam was not—as how should he be?—up to the lights of the generations which have come up since his time, he had at least too much sense to write a heap of stuff about Phœnicians, Britons, and Romans, as any part of the history of the English Constitution. Hallam begins with what he—pardonably, in his day—calls "The Saxon Heptarchy;" nothing before. This is not far enough back for Mr. Wicks; he must needs go back to Herodotus and the Cassiterides; and anybody would think, from his account, that Herodotus talked about England, if not about Britain. And so we go on with the regular sort of thing; every care being taken to confound Britons and Englishmen, which Hallam certainly never taught any one to do.

The later part of the historical sketch, where Mr. Wicks does for the most part follow Hallam, and perhaps for that reason cuts things mighty short after 1688, is fairly enough done, and it has the great merit of being quite clear from nonsense and fine writing. We may say the same of by far the greater part of the first fourteen chapters, which give a straightforward and sensible and commonly accurate account of the Constitution, the different branches of government and their working, of the theory and the practice of each. The chapters on the Crown, the Cabinet, the Houses of Parliament, and all matters of that kind, are fairly done, and several matters are explained about which there are popular misconceptions. It is, for instance, quite necessary to explain that the principal Secretaries of State are all alike the principal Secretaries of State, and that the division of particular branches among them—Home Office, Foreign Office, and so forth—is simply matter of convenience. This distinction of course was a very practical one as long as a seat in Parliament was vacated by change in office as well as by acceptance of office. That is to say, if the Home Secretary was made Chancellor of the Exchequer, he vacated his seat, because he had been appointed to a new office; but if he became Foreign Secretary, he did not vacate his seat, because in the eye of the law he still held the same office which he did before. So, if there are people who fancy that anybody is called Right Honourable because he is a member of the "Government" or the "Ministry," it is well for Mr. Wicks to explain that it is being a Privy Councillor which makes a man Right Honourable, and to set forth what cannot be too clearly set forth, that the "Government" or the "Ministry" is a body of which the law knows nothing. We do not say that Mr. Wicks has brought this out with all the fulness and clearness with which it would be well to bring it out; for it is really the conventional nature of that system of unwritten understandings which we call the Constitution as distinguished from the Law, that is really at the root of the matter. The peculiar and very delicate relations which exist between the "Government," the two Houses of Parliament, and the country at large, derive all their virtue from being unwritten understandings which have been worked into a particular shape, and may be worked into some other shape, just as circumstances may make it needful. The whole beauty and flexibility of the thing would be gone if the Cabinet should ever become a body defined by law. Mr. Wicks has a good enough chapter on the responsibility of Ministers, though some of these points might perhaps be more forcibly set forth. But he should hardly say, when describing the process and effects of a vote of want of confidence in a Ministry passed by the House of Commons, "This is called a Ministerial crisis and the motion a motion of want of confidence." Any one might think from this that "Ministerial crisis" was a real name. A motion of want of confidence is all right enough, because those words, or words to that effect, may very likely be the real terms of the motion, but "Ministerial crisis" is mere slang, just like "question," "tragedy," or "catastrophe." With all this part relating to Ministerial and Parliamentary matters as at present understood, Mr. Wicks has evidently taken great pains, and if the senior classes for whom his book is meant as a reading and lesson book get it thoroughly up, it will be all the better for them.

But, while Mr. Wicks is thus far successful as regards the present state of the general administration of the country, he treads on much less firm ground when he gets into the past, by no means a distant past, or when he gets away from the general into the local administration of the country. Here, for instance, is a piece of history which has puzzled us a good deal:—

> Some think it very singular that such officials as these—the Master of the Horse and the Mistress of the Robes, for instance—should go out of office with the Prime Minister; but it is held by very high authorities that these officers, who hold in some cases almost daily intercourse with the Sovereign, might exercise such influence over the King or Queen, or both, as materially to interfere with the advice given by the more responsible minister, and thus prevent good government. The Duke of Wellington felt this so strongly that when, in 1828, he was required by the King to form an administration, he declined the responsibility, unless he was allowed to appoint the Mistress of the Robes to the Queen. The point was conceded, but as the Duke had no objection to the lady who formerly held the office returning to it, he advised his Majesty to reappoint her. The Duke of Wellington foresaw that, although there was little probability of the lady who then held the office of Mistress of the Robes interfering with the counsels of the King, it might not be so at some time in the future, when it would perhaps be more difficult to correct the evil.

Now, as we are writing in 1873, we naturally know less about the year 1828 than about either earlier or later times. But we cannot understand how there could have been any question in that year about the office of Mistress of the Robes to the Queen. Whether the wardrobe of the First Gentleman in Europe anyhow needed a Mistress of the Robes to look after it, we are not courtiers enough even to guess. But surely, wonderful as the confusion seems to be, Mr. Wicks must have somehow mixed up the formation of the Duke of Wellington's Ministry in 1828 with Sir Robert Peel's attempt to form a Ministry in 1839, which, as all the world knows, failed because of what was called the Bedchamber Question. So again, to go further back, read in the account of the Treasury:—

> Formerly the chief of the department was styled the Lord High Treasurer, but in 1612 it was thought advisable to place the office in commission, that is, to distribute the duties and responsibilities of the office among several persons, who are styled Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury.

And again, speaking of the Admiralty:—

> But the office of Lord High Admiral also, like the office of Lord High Treasurer, was in 1688 put into commission, that is to say, the duties of the office were distributed among several persons, who are called Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty. They are five in number, including the First Lord.

Does Mr. Wicks really think that there has been no Lord High Admiral since 1688; and, more wonderful still, no Lord High Treasurer since 1612? After this it is perhaps hardly needful to say that Mr. Wicks, when talking about the law of succession to the Crown, would have done better not to run the risk of cutting his fingers with the law of the Salian Franks. And, to come back a bit to our own times, considering that Sir John Coleridge is not Lord Chancellor, there is something funny about the following statement:—

> The office of Attorney-General, though of great dignity and importance of itself, is of still greater importance when regarded as a stepping stone to higher office. Whenever the Lord Chancellorship becomes vacant by any occurrence other than a change of Government, the appointment is usually offered to the Attorney-General, who by custom also expects the first offer of any position among the judges that may become vacant during his term of office.

When we come to local matters, Mr. Wicks gets a little queer. Perhaps his ideas are "metropolitan," and he may despise "the provinces." The English Justice of the Peace, "worthy gentleman," as he doubtless is, will hardly know himself in Mr. Wicks's picture:—

> County Justices are now appointed by Commission, from among the most worthy gentlemen resident in the county in which they have jurisdiction. Their powers, which are various and include the levying of rates for the maintenance of the highway, are all set forth in Acts of Parliament constituting them authorities in the matters they administer, but their most important duty is still the preservation of good order in their respective neighbourhoods and the dispensing of justice. For the latter purpose they sit at stated times to hear and decide complaints, to consider charges against persons brought up in the custody of the police, to commit them to prison in certain cases of small degree, or to await trial by a superior Court in graver cases.

We never heard of the worthy gentlemen in question levying rates for the repair of the highway. But Mr. Wicks tells us so again in another place:—

> In the counties, the Justices of the Peace appoint and control the county police, maintain the prisons, prosecute suppose offenders, and in most cases keep the highways in repair. The custom by which the Justices, who are appointed by the Crown, levy rates and expend the revenue so raised, forms the single exception to the Constitutional rule that taxation should go hand in hand with representation.

Mr. Wicks gives no clear account of Petty Sessions, Quarter Sessions, Boards of Guardians, Highway Boards, or any other matters of the kind, anywhere except in "the metropolis." "Provincial Corporations" he does condescend to. A Grand Jury, we are told, "is usually composed of men occupying a somewhat higher position in life than common jurors." Sessions and Assizes seem to be much the same to Mr. Wicks, and it would perhaps be dangerous to tell him that, according to a great authority, Grand Jurors ought to be taken from among "gentlemen of the best figure in the county." Such a description might haply have suggested to an unsophisticated mind the notion that Grand Jurors are chosen καλλιστινδην, like King Saul.

As we have often to say, we are thankful for small mercies and we do not despise the day of small things. So we do honour to Mr. Wicks, because his book might easily have been worse. But surely, if such beings as compilers must be, they might take some little pains to keep up with the march of knowledge in their own times.

THE GALLICAN CHURCH.*

FRANCE has long prided herself, and not without reason, on her title of "the eldest daughter of the Church." For some five centuries, from the beginning of the Avignon "captivity" to the Revolution, the Gallican Church was the chief factor in the religious history of Western Christendom. And even in the deep decline of her later days, since her "liberties" were trampled in the dust by the joint action of Pope and Emperor in the Concordat of 1801, and a mere shadow of her former self survived, it is still to the French clergy and the French episcopate that we must look for such scattered sparks of independent intellectual life as had not been wholly crushed out under the dead weight of Ultramontane despotism. It is true indeed that the Ultramon-

* *A History of the Church of France, from the Concordat of Bologna, A.D. 1516, to the Revolution.* By Rev. W. H. Jervis, M.A. 2 vols. London: John Murray. 1872.

tane reaction of the present century owes its first impulse and its position in the world of thought to French writers like De Maistre and Lamennais, but that reaction was itself originally a protest against a civil tyranny in Church matters which had ceased to be either religious or respectable. And we see in the final rebellion of Lamennais, and the indignant recoil of Montalembert from the once cherished "idol of the Vatican," how little its early leaders had foreseen the tendency of their brilliant but paradoxical speculations. There are then abundant reasons why students of ecclesiastical history should turn with peculiar interest to the history of the Church of France, and the fact referred to by Mr. Jervis, that no connected work on the subject was to be found in our language, would be certainly remarkable were it not also true that until of late years we had no Church historian at all to refer to except Gibbon, and even now are too often constrained to supplement the picturesque narrative of Milman by translations of Neander, or Döllinger, or Gieseler. And, accordingly, vague notions and detached scraps of information about the Gallican Liberties, or the Port-Royalists, or the Huguenots, make up the sum of what the majority even of well-educated Englishmen know about the Church of Pascal and Fénelon and Bossuet. It is this deficiency in our literature which Mr. Jervis has set himself to supply, and, we may say at the outset, with very considerable success. He combines the separable, and not unfrequently separate, qualifications of an historian and a divine, and is thus able to trace the doctrinal as well as the chronological sequence of the phenomena under review: and this is no unimportant point in dealing with a period which includes, to go no further, the vexed questions of Gallicanism, Jansenism, and Quietism. And he writes with that keen interest in his subject which we agree with him in thinking is consistent with impartiality, but not with indifference, and which is unquestionably essential to any effective treatment. It is certainly not necessary for an impartial writer "to have no fixed principles, or to seek to conceal them," so long only as he does not allow his predilections to warp his critical judgment. Any one, for instance, who has compared Thirlwall's History of Greece with Grote's will readily appreciate the difference between a learned, able, and impartial work, which is nevertheless too colourless to leave any vivid impression on the memory, and a work at least equally learned, and in the main quite as trustworthy, but which derives from the pronounced political principles of the writer a dramatic unity and force, so to speak, which arrest the reader's attention, and secure for the leading facts a permanent lodgment in his mind. We do not say that Mr. Jervis is another Grote, but we do say that he has for the first time presented the history of the later French Church as a connected whole in an English dress, and with a mastery of detail and power of grouping and of graphic narration which completely carry the reader along with him throughout, and cannot fail to be most serviceable to the student. He has had not only the copious treasures of French literature in ecclesiastical history, biography, and antiquities to draw from, but also two vast collections bearing the stamp of official authority—the *Recueil des actes, titres, et mémoires concernant les affaires du clergé de France*, comprised under six heads, and extending from 1645 to 1771, and the *Collection des procès-verbaux des assemblées générales du clergé de France*, extending from 1560 to 1786. Of the principle on which he conceives Church history should be written—and which indeed applies in the main to all history—we will let him speak for himself, the more so as the passage is also a fair specimen of his ordinary style:—

> Yet the eclectic mode of dealing with Church history, in sections capriciously detached from their context, is always attended with more or less disadvantage. It is questionable whether the events of any given passage of the Church's life can be rightly interpreted except in connexion with the lessons and experience both of antecedent and of subsequent times. All Christian ages are intensely cognate. The history of any one of them demands, as its full complement and ultimate elucidation, the history of all. If the law of continuity—the mysterious concatenation of cause and effect—be a recognized principle in the world of nature, much more does it reign supreme over the Spiritual Economy. Inmundane concerns its precise operation must often be matter of uncertain speculation. Human institutions vary with the "spirit of the age"; and it is not always easy to account for the fluctuations of that extremely volatile and fugitive element in the history of nations. Political dynasties rise and fall; one race succeeds another on the proud pinnacle of earthly domination; art and science, philosophy and literature, social refinement, industrial enterprise, military prestige, migrate from clime to clime, sink and decay, revive and flourish—by steps which in all cases are difficult to analyse, and in some are so obscure as to elude investigation. But the organization of the Church is Divine and changeless. Its external polity, its doctrine, its laws, its ordinances, as they were received in the days *e.g.* of Augustine or Gregory the Great, are no mere matters of curiosity for the antiquary or of criticism for the scholar, but matters of universal interest, facts of ever-enduring moment, decisions for all time. The threefold cord of continuity—continuity (1) of government, (2) of doctrinal faith, (3) of Sacramental Grace—may be said to constitute the "philosophy" of Christian history. To this normal law of its being, to this vital interpretative principle, all the multiform details of the Church's action may be referred. This is the secret of its marvellous strength; the sufficient explanation of its mightiest triumphs.

It will of course be remembered that Mr. Jervis is not writing a History of France, but of the French Church, and this sufficiently accounts for his passing almost *sicco pede* over many points which would otherwise have demanded complete and careful treatment. Thus, for instance, very little is said of the general principles of Richelieu's or Mazarin's policy, or of the League, or of the attitude of Sixtus V. towards it and towards Henry IV.—this last point, we think, might with advantage have been further dwelt upon—while the wars of the Fronde, and the part De Retz played in them, are dismissed in a few lines. There is nothing to find fault with here. Even those who insist with Dean Stanley that ecclesiastical and secular history simply mean the same subject looked at from different sides, must admit that, for any adequate understanding, the two aspects require separate treatment. It would be as much out of place to discuss wars and political intrigues at length in a work like the present as to enter into an elaborate investigation of the theological merits of Jansenism and Quietism in an ordinary History of France. The period selected by Mr. Jervis extends virtually from the beginning of the Reformation to the Revolution, but he has prefixed an important introductory chapter, which must by no means be skipped in reading, on the previous history of the Gallican Church. And it is here that the origin and true significance of what is called "Gallicanism" is most directly expounded. Like many other terms ending in "ism," it is susceptible of more senses, than one. It may be interpreted merely as denoting the principle of national and episcopal independence in the Church, within the limits of canon law and visible intercommunion, as contrasted with the Roman system of centralized despotism; and in this sense it is true to say that Gallicanism is an appeal to the discipline of the ancient Church. But the word at least connotes something more than this, and the author is not going too far when he speaks of it as "the Christianity of the French people." In its later and more distinctive phase it was something not only essentially French, but inseparably bound up with the existing political *régime* of France, and for that reason, if for no other, it fell once for all with the Bourbon monarchy. The divine right which was claimed by our own Caroline divines for the Stuarts was not less expressly vindicated by the contemporary school of French theologians, or less imperiously exercised by their sovereigns. "Whatever was wrested from the Pope," says Mr. Jervis—truly enough if that period be referred to—"was appropriated to the Crown," and thus the favourite Ultramontane taunt about Gallican liberties being really "Gallican servitudes" has a side of truth. "The Pope had enslaved the Councils of the Church; the Crown suppressed them." We may notice some examples of this by and by, but meanwhile it is necessary to insist on the distinction, because the word Gallican is not unfrequently applied with ignorant or studied inaccuracy to parties and principles which have little in common with it. There is an obvious convenience from the Ultramontane point of view in attempting to saddle the Liberal Catholics of the present day with a nickname which suggests at once the insinuation of Erastianism and of failure, and which is wholly inadequate, even where it is not an anachronism. In a broad sense, no doubt, "the Gallican Church was always Gallican," and may some day become Gallican again; but in the special and complex sense of the Pragmatic Sanction and the Declaration of 1682, and the ecclesiastical policy of Louis XIV., Gallicanism was the result of a combination of social and political conditions peculiar to the age and country, which can never be expected to return. How that state of things grew up may be learnt from Mr. Jervis's introduction. One passage, referring immediately to the Council of Pisa, we quote, as putting clearly and succinctly the fundamental position common to Gallicanism, in the widest sense of the word, with ancient Christianity and the so-called Liberal Catholic school of to-day:—

> The remedy proposed was that of appeal to a General Council, *as* the supreme tribunal of Christendom—competent, should the necessity arise, to pass judgment even on the Pope himself. This is commonly quoted as one of the peculiar principles of Gallicanism; but in point of fact it is an original constitutional law of the Church Catholic. It was not contended, even by the strictest Gallicans, that the Church ought to be governed, under ordinary circumstances, by a succession of General Councils; but that such a legitimate method of final decision existed, and that the schism was an emergency which justified and necessitated its application. The Church possessed, by the charter of her Divine foundation, powers which had been granted for the express purpose of preserving her organic unity; and if she had hitherto forborne to exercise those powers under the existing calamity, it was all the more important that they should not be suffered to fall into further disuse and oblivion, while every day was adding to the inveteracy of the evils which they were designed to counteract.

We cannot, of course, undertake here to follow our author through three centuries of Church history, embracing, besides much else, such multifarious topics as the Council of Trent, the character and treatment of French Protestantism, the contest about the Crown ending in the conversion and accession of Henry IV., the ecclesiastical policy of Richelieu, the entire Jansenist episode, and the leading incidents of the Revolution in their bearing on the Church. Without agreeing with him in every particular, we think he has throughout shown a real mastery of his subject; and occasional inaccuracies of detail—as where the Feast of Corpus Christi is spoken of as "recently instituted" in 1562, just three centuries after its first institution, and when for fully two centuries and a half it had been universally observed—are to be looked for in every writer. It is to his handling of the great Jansenist controversy, which in its successive stages occupies a very considerable portion of the work, that a critic would most naturally turn as the crucial test of Mr. Jervis's competence for the task he has undertaken. On the whole it is admirable, but we think that his evident bias, not only against Jansenist theology—in which he will find many to sympathize with him, both Catholics and Protestants—but against the Jansenist party, has now and then led him into an unfair estimate (never, so far as we have observed, a mis-statement) of facts, though he holds Fénelon's attitude towards the Jansenists to be the true one, who disliked their doctrines but always treated them personally with such marked kindness that, when persecuted elsewhere, they flocked into his diocese. We do not think it fair, for instance, to twit

them with accepting the patronage of De Retz, who was at the same time held in universal honour among the clergy notwithstanding his pretty notorious irregularities, and of whom his old tutor, Vincent of Paul, a strenuous opponent of Jansenism, spoke as "not far from the Kingdom of God." And it must be remembered that their chief enemies, the Jesuits, never shrank from availing themselves of the most morally questionable alliances; indeed throughout Louis XIV.'s reign they ruled the French Church through the King's mistresses. It is worth bearing in mind, too, when so much is said about the shuffling tactics of the Jansenists, that the Jesuits were always quite as ready to play off the King against the Pope as the Pope against the King for the purpose of crushing them. Nay, more; they took a decidedly Gallican line through the reign of the *Grand Monarque*, as is here incidentally admitted, and even had a hand in drawing up the Declaration of Gallican Liberties, and in 1762 they offered to teach the Four Propositions if allowed to remain in France. One Jesuit writer went so far as to advocate the appointment of a French patriarch without the sanction of Rome. Throughout the whole struggle, while the Jansenists were not always in the right, the Jesuits were almost invariably in the wrong, and their persecuting policy only culminated in the dark plots and horrible atrocities sanctioned by the odious Le Tellier, who, as we are here told, "died despised and hated even by his own fraternity," to whose aggrandizement he had sacrificed every consideration of honour and justice. Neither again can we think it quite fair to designate the Jansenists a "factious sect," and to speak of their breaking the Peace of Clement IX., because they continued to insist on "the distinction between the *droit* and the *fait*," on which their whole position depended. This question about infallibility in "dogmatic facts" was the very one which the Peace of Clement was supposed to leave open, nor could it be called a "pacification" at all if it did not. We do not make these comments with any intention of discrediting the History generally, but simply in order to suggest what appears to us a necessary caution to the reader. No such complete and comprehensive treatment of the controversy, whether theologically or historically, from its commencement in the Roman Congregations *De Auxiliis* and the publication of the *Augustinus* to its close, exists in our language; nor do M. St.-Beuve's brilliant memoirs of Port Royal, which have all the charm of a romance, profess to satisfy the wants of either the historical inquirer or the divine, both of whom must confess their obligations to the present writer. The general moral superiority of the Jansenists to their assailants, which was the real secret of their prolonged and extensive influence, comes out the more conspicuously from the questionable character of their peculiar tenets, and their occasional shiftiness in defending them.

One other point, only incidentally connected with the controversy, is so important in itself that a word may be said upon it here. It is curious to find how a "royal supremacy," in fact if not in name, differing little from that claimed by our Tudors and Stuarts, is again and again brought into play. It was more by the action of the Crown than of the Pope that the obnoxious party, who were looked on as dangerously independent by statesmen like Richelieu and sovereigns like Louis XIV., were put down, and more than once the Pope's hand was forced by the King of France. Thus the meetings of the Assembly of the Clergy, the duration of their sessions, and the nomination of a president rested with the Crown; sometimes an extraordinary assembly of bishops selected by the Crown was held instead; it was to the King that the nine protesting prelates addressed their difficulties and scruples about the Bull *Unigenitus*. Clement XI. himself complained to the French envoy that the Bull had been extorted from him against his will by the letters of the King and Le Tellier, his Jesuit confessor. When the Pope declined to sanction a national Council, Louis resolved to summon one by his own authority, and to exclude the protesting bishops from it by virtue of his prerogative; and when a later Pope, on refusing bulls of institution to twelve bishops nominated by the Regent, was informed that his intervention would be dispensed with, "the bulls were despatched with such precipitate haste that the courier who brought them expired from fatigue on reaching Paris." These are but a few examples gathered almost at random from Mr. Jervis's pages. There are many other points of great interest on which we should have liked to dwell if our space admitted it. And we had purposed to notice the excellent chapter on the Quietists, which, by the by, might have been rendered more complete by reference to the two principal schools of mysticism at an earlier date, in Germany in the fourteenth century and in Spain in the sixteenth, both of which help to illustrate the system of Fénelon and Madame Guyon, the latter chiefly by its contrasts. But it is time to bring these remarks to a close, and in doing so it is only due to the author to say that he has supplied a real and important desideratum in English literature, and supplied it in a way which deserves grateful acknowledgment.

THE FOUNDERS OF THE CANTERBURY SETTLEMENT.*

A MODERATE-SIZED volume published by subscription at the other end of the world, and stitched by reason of the insufficiency of the proceeds to pay for the binding, comes to remind us of one of the most animated chapters of our modern annals—of the days when the Colonial Office, now so blest in the enjoyment of *otium cum dignitate*, was the worst beset and best abused department of the State, stirring up bad blood and hot water in every corner of the empire, and attracting every assailant intent on smiting the Government of the day in a vulnerable place. Indications are not wanting that colonial affairs may again form a subject of eager public interest; for the present the discussion of them seems to be resigned to a crotchety class of theorists, infinitely inferior to the Wakefields, Bullers, and Molesworths of the past generation. No subject would better repay the investigation of the highest intellects; and we can suggest nothing more adapted to fascinate the attention and fire the enthusiasm of kindred spirits than this modest collection of a portion of the correspondence of the late E. G. Wakefield—a collection thrilling from one end to the other with human interest as the embodiment of the strongest emotions of one of the most ardent, vigorous, and versatile of minds. It also possesses especial importance from its relation to the history of the Church of England colony of Canterbury, New Zealand, the last and most perfect development of that great battle-ground of colonial legislators and economists, the Wakefield system. Were we to endeavour to sum up the principle of this famous project in a sentence, we should term it a substitution of the ancient system of colonization for the modern no-system—"the ordinary scramble of what is termed colonization," as Mr. Wakefield here disdainfully styles it. Mr. Wakefield, who, though educated at Westminster, ingenuously confesses his shyness of Latin and awe of Greek, had probably little knowledge of the methods of the Greeks and Romans; but his powerful and sagacious intelligence, concentrated upon the problem during a period of enforced seclusion, guided him to principles practically identical with theirs. He wished to methodize and regulate colonization—to make it, as the ancients made it, an affair of administration; and for this purpose he devised the scheme of the sale of land at "a sufficient price," which detail of the plan, affecting pockets rather than principles, has been taken for the essence of it, instead of being regarded as a mere means to an end. The real object was to make the colonies miniature Englands, transplanting all classes of society in their due proportion by the exercise of systematic selection, instead of trusting to the operation of the natural causes which practically transplant only one. A colony founded on the Wakefield system would accordingly be aristocratic in its constitution in proportion as the governing principle of the system had been observed. Like all productions of the speculative intellect, the theory proved in many respects too refined for practical working. Australian gold discoveries and their consequences would have swept away the most ingenious restrictions on freedom of occupation. But if the Wakefield system has not moulded the conditions of colonial society, it has tempered and refined them in proportion as it has been applied. The closer approximation of South Australia and New Zealand to the English model can only be explained by the principle of selection which regulated the original immigration, and the more orderly political system which has been among its results.

The leading idea of the Canterbury Settlement, as it presented itself to Mr. Wakefield's mind, was no doubt the enlistment of the Church of England interest in the furtherance of his plans of colonization, as a counterpoise to the Exeter Hall influence by which they had been so pertinaciously opposed. His coadjutor, the late lamented John Robert Godley, probably approached the subject from a different side, and to the breadth of view arising from this harmonious contrast of character and aim the success of the undertaking is mainly to be ascribed. Mr. Wakefield, in a memoir setting forth the claims of his colleague, generously assigns to him the sole credit of the conception; it had in fact, however, been already put in operation at the founding of the Free Church colony of Otago, and the germ of it may probably be detected in a note to Wakefield's *England and America*, published in 1833 (vol. ii. p. 255). Whatever may be the abstract propriety of colonization on Denominational principles, the scheme fell in admirably with the Wakefield system, insuring the zealous support of influential persons, and a high standard of respectability in the majority of the colonists despatched under their auspices. The plan was elaborated between Mr. Wakefield and Mr. Godley in the autumn of 1847, at Malvern, where the former was recruiting his health after a severe illness. Upon his partial convalescence he had had the mortification of finding himself a cipher in the counsels of the New Zealand Company, founded and long controlled by him. To him colonization was an art, his system was dear to him as the child of his brain, and it may be surmised without much breach of charity that the pecuniary interests of the shareholders weighed little with him in comparison. The other directors, taking a more strictly commercial view of their obligations, were ready for any concession to a hostile Government that might afford a chance of rectifying their unequal balance-sheet. When, therefore, it became apparent that the Canterbury project, whose Church character rendered it generally unpalatable to the Whigs, stood no chance of being taken up by the Company, the centre of gravity was shifted from Mr. Wakefield's circle to Mr. Godley's, and an entirely new band of colonial reformers, for the most part actuated by strong ecclesiastical predilections, appeared upon the scene. Prominent among these were Lord Lyttelton and the late Sir John Simeon. Mr. Wakefield himself, resigning his directorship in the New Zealand Company on a transparent pretext,

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* *The Founders of Canterbury: being Letters from the late Edward Gibbon Wakefield to the late John Robert Godley, and other well-known Helpers in the Foundation of Canterbury in New Zealand.* Vol. I. Christchurch (N. Z.): Stevens & Co. London: Trübner & Co

became the principal organizer of the Canterbury Association in England, while Mr. Godley, going to New Zealand as superintendent of the new settlement, earned in that capacity such respect, gratitude, and affection as rarely falls to the lot of a leader of men. His friend, a man of great inequality of character, as Lord Lyttelton delicately expresses it, was not likely to conciliate an equal unanimity of suffrages, and in truth this correspondence is to a large extent the record of the writer's doubts, distrusts, dislikes, jealousies, and animosities. This it is that imparts to them their intensely human and vital character. We are conscious of listening to a man passionately concerned in the effect of what he is saying, and the energy of whose expression corresponds to the energy of his emotion. It is also mere justice to state that, to whatever extent prospects of advantage to himself or his relatives may have formed an element in Mr. Wakefield's support of the Canterbury colony, the primary motive is manifestly zeal for the interest of the colony itself. It is dear to him as the incarnation of his principle. The New Zealand directors are, in his eyes, apostates from the orthodox faith in colonial matters, and dire is his wrath, and relentless the holy war he wages against them. As, however, a man's worst foes are those of his own household, his sufferings on this head are light compared with those which he is called upon to undergo from what he deems the treachery or imbecility of his own associates. The Canterbury Settlement is in perpetual peril of an untimely end, and it is as much as Mr. Wakefield can do to save it by taking the fools and rascals into his most sacred confidence all round. These mysterious revelations of A.'s bungling to B., and of B.'s malpractices to A., are inexpressibly amusing to us, who find ourselves in the position of C., who was favoured with them both, minus C.'s own danger from D. in the background. But the writer's loyalty to Godley never falters; he speaks of him invariably with an affectionate chivalry of sentiment honourable to both. Of Lord Lyttelton, too, and Mr. Sewell, he always expresses the highest opinion. The most important letters are those addressed to Mr. Godley in New Zealand, both as being the longest and most unreserved, and as entering into details more fully than would have been needful in the case of a correspondent at home. Other letters, illustrative of the inner working of the Association, are most interesting, and afford valuable hints for all concerned in co-operation for public objects. Next to these we should place the letters addressed to Sir William Molesworth, Mr. Adderley, and other persons of Parliamentary influence, with the view of disposing them favourably towards the Association. These are in general distinguished by diplomatic tact, and are frequently models of the writer's great art of studied frankness. Casual remarks of the utmost sagacity are strewn up and down; in one place (p. 67) the history of English political party for the next four years is foreshadowed in half-a-dozen pregnant lines; one letter, addressed to an emigrant on the subject of marriage, is especially admirable. Lastly, there are frequent glimpses of genuine human feeling, cordial, tender, and profound. The style—impetuous, guarded, and playful by turns—has all the distinctive merits of that style whose main merit is manliness.

To constitute the founding of Canterbury a perfect epitome of human affairs an infusion of the comic element was essential, and it was abundantly supplied by the episcopal department of the business. A Church colony implies a bishop, and Mr. Wakefield soon found the necessity of directing his versatile intellect to the consideration of this novel subject. Indeed he would appear to have made a sort of experiment in episcopal functions himself on the *corpus vile* of "my nephew Torlesse, *whom I have drilled at clerical work*." It was easier to drill young Torlesse than to find a bishop acceptable to one half of the Church who should not be obnoxious to the other; and the great colony-maker, wise as a serpent in the affairs of this world, seems to have proved himself innocent as a dove in spiritual matters. He perceived, indeed, "the evil tendency of a decided party colour," but was colour-blind as regarded the perception of the colour itself. "Surely the Church comprises many earnest Churchmen who are not members of the Puseyite or Tractarian party. I would name, for example, Gladstone and the Bishop of Oxford." The idea of conciliating Evangelicals by putting Mr. Gladstone and Dr. Wilberforce on the Committee does not argue much nicety of discrimination in ecclesiastical concerns, and we are not surprised to find Mr. Wakefield soon afterwards acknowledging, with a diffidence very unusual with him, "I do not understand this part of the subject well myself." The truth of this confession is more than sufficiently illustrated by the amusing details of his successive experiments in bishop-making.

It will be seen that this volume abounds with piquant personal matter, and perhaps some persons will congratulate themselves upon its having hardly been as yet published in any proper sense of the term. Mr. E. J. Wakefield, the editor, is evidently superior to the weakness of considerateness for other people's feelings. No book could stand more in need of editorial illustration, many of the allusions being unintelligible except to the persons immediately concerned. Under the circumstances, however, penury of comment may be excused, for Mr. E. J. Wakefield's *ex parte* annotations could have carried no authority. The work itself is, of course, entirely *ex parte*, and each letter must be perused with caution, as the exposition of a most skilful advocate with a strong personal interest in the effect of every sentence he writes, and unsurpassed in the art of representing things as he wishes them to appear. With all these allowances, it is a book such as Australasia has not hitherto given to the world. The value of Mr. Wakefield's papers can hardly be overestimated, whether they are regarded as contributions to history, to political economy, or to the science of practical administration, as galleries of vivid portraits, or as repertories of terse and sagacious maxims. Deeper still is the autobiographical interest arising from their connexion with the extraordinary man from whom they proceed, the statesman who never held office, and whose career is a chapter of romance. We have referred sufficiently to the drawbacks to the public usefulness of Edward Gibbon Wakefield to make it plain that we are not unaware of them, and do not lightly esteem them. But the time has arrived when these things may well be forgotten in consideration of the splendid services of (we quote Lord Lyttelton) "the man beyond comparison of the greatest genius and widest influence whom we have had in the great science of colonization, whose name is like a spell to all interested in the subject."

DUNCAN'S HISTORY OF THE ROYAL ARTILLERY.*

THIS book shows the mischievous influence of the taste for what is called fine writing. The author has exclusive possession of a vast store of interesting information, and yet he cannot be content to tell his story without trivial and futile attempts at literary embellishment. In the volume which he has yet to publish of this History he will do well to apply the old rule which teaches that, when you have written anything that you like particularly well, you should strike it out. We shall endeavour to profit by the facts contained in the first volume, while as far as possible disregarding its style.

Ordinary historians expend eloquence on the victories, and pass almost in silence over the defeats, of their countrymen, and whether they speak or hold their tongues they almost equally obscure the true character of military operations. The historian of the Royal Artillery is able to narrate with equal truth and satisfaction the services of his corps alike at Yorktown and Gibraltar, at Fontenoy and Minden: for, whatever the result, they did their duty well. We are now so easily frightened from our propriety that we hardly realize the dangers amid which our ancestors lived perhaps as happily as we live now. The year 1779 saw England engaged in war on both sides of the Atlantic. Her struggle with the revolted colonies offered a tempting opportunity to France to avenge her losses during the Seven Years' War, and to Spain to wipe out the disgrace which she felt in the possession of Gibraltar by the English. The Royal Artillery in this year consisted of thirty-two service companies, of which number sixteen were in America, five in Gibraltar, and seven at other stations abroad. Nor was this foreign service weary and uneventful as it sometimes is now. At that time England was fighting almost for existence, and every company had to share the danger. The garrison of Gibraltar consisted of six or seven thousand men, of whom nearly five hundred were artillery. The blockade commenced in July 1779, but it was April 1781 before the bombardment from the Spanish lines can be said to have regularly begun. It continued without twenty-four hours' intermission for thirteen months. The grand attack was made in September 1782, and the firing ceased altogether in February 1783. The blockade was varied by occasional reliefs, and thus two regiments of the line, which were not part of the original garrison, shared the honour of the defence. It is interesting to observe that, when the attack was made, the battering ships "with their supposed impregnable shields" were the mainstay of the enemy's hopes. But the use of red-hot shot by the garrison destroyed almost all their ships. When the grand attack did commence the artillery of the garrison had attained by length of practice admirable proficiency in resisting it. The privations of the siege were severe. At one time scurvy had so reduced the effective strength of the garrison that a shipload of lemons which had arrived was a more valuable contingent than several regiments would have been. A cow was purchased by a Jew for sixty guineas, but in so feeble a state that she dropped down dead before she had been removed many hundred yards. The haggard crowd which witnessed this occurrence had still vitality left in them to laugh at it. The usual stories are told of the discovery of provisions hoarded to await the highest possible price. The peace of 1783 was painful to England, both in a military and political point of view. The salvation of Gibraltar and the loss of our American colonies were celebrated at the same moment. A strong arm saved the one, a foolish statesmanship lost the other. "But," says the author, with more force than he usually shows in his original remarks, "be statesmen wise or foolish, armies have to march where they order, and the history of a foolish war has to be written as well as that of a wise one." It is not the least of the merits of the British soldier that he obeys—not without murmuring, for he always murmurs—but he obeys implicitly the orders even of the most incapable of War Ministers. The companies of Artillery which served at Gibraltar have a reputation to maintain which no altered nomenclature can justify them in allowing to become tarnished. "Their story should be handed down among the officers and men belonging to them." There is no fear of courage being wanting; but the standard from which

* *History of the Royal Regiment of Artillery.* Compiled from the Original Records, by Captain Francis Duncan, M.A., D.C.L., Royal Artillery, Superintendent of the Royal Artillery Regimental Records; Fellow of the Geological Society of London, and the Royal Geographical Society. Vol. I. To the Peace of 1783. London: John Murray. 1872

there should be no falling away is that of the old proficiency maintained under such adverse circumstances, and of the old conduct which displayed itself in cheerful submission to the greatest hardships.

Another equally gallant but unavailing service was rendered by the Artillery in the defence of St. Philip's Castle, in Minorca. Here, also, scurvy was the most formidable enemy of the garrison. An officer and six men daily were told off to gather potherbs on the glacis. The siege lasted from August 19, 1781, to February 5, 1782. When the capitulation was resolved upon there were only six hundred men able to carry arms, and they were entrenched in a mere heap of rubbish.

The American War was at once unpopular and unsuccessful. When it was over the nation seemed to be inspired by a longing to forget it. It was associated in their minds with everything that was unpleasant, and hence the many gallant services performed in it have hardly been appreciated as they deserved. Yet Washington urged his own artillery to emulate that of his enemy. The silence of historians on one side is not compensated by loquacity and grandiloquence on the other. The student is baffled by the one and bewildered by the other. The siege of Quebec by the Americans was unsuccessful, and little more was done by them in Canada. The loyalty of this country, says the author, is one of the marvels of English history. "It seems undeniable, as it certainly is unselfish." The American War began in 1775, and a little more energy in the British commanders might have finished it next year. Some of the New York militia refused to do duty. They were offered, they said, peace, liberty, and safety, and what more could they ask? "It is healthy reading," says our author, "in the midst of flabby orations as to the uprising of a united people, to examine passages like that just quoted." We begin to think that we have been unjust, and that this is not so bad a writer as we had supposed. But he really is very exasperating sometimes. In 1777 the expedition of Burgoyne from Canada, in which all the army and particularly the Artillery did their duty well, ended in surrender. This was the signal in Europe for action among England's enemies. In the previous winter the officer commanding the Artillery in New York demanded from the Home Government a supply of greatcoats. This appeal was made in 1777, and was granted in 1780. New York was occupied by the British army in 1776, and was held until the termination of the war. For many reasons it was more loyal than any other part of the revolted colonies. In 1777 General Pattison of the Artillery was appointed Governor of New York. The newspapers of the time, which have been consulted by the author, give a curious picture of the business, amusements, and daily routine of the city during the British occupation. The Garrison Dramatic Club, whose profits went to assist the soldiers' wives, was composed of officers of the garrison, assisted in their performance by young ladies, daughters of New York merchants, whose parts were played, according to the critics of the time, "with great propriety, spirit, and accuracy." One of the chief actors in the club was Major Williams of the Artillery, who was also Brigade-Major of the garrison. In the Library of the Historical Society in New York there is yet to be found frequent and favourable mention of this officer's rendering of Macbeth and Richard III. There was a newspaper in the city which uttered such loyal sentiments that the publisher, who was also a bookbinder, was permitted to send books to the Jerseys and elsewhere for sale. In the binding of the books were concealed despatches for Washington, who was thus supplied with the latest news from New York and England. The price of tea was 18s. per lb. The price of corn varied with the punctuality of convoys from Ireland. Claret was cheap and plentiful. General Pattison lived at No. 1 Broadway, on the Bowling Green. At his door stood a sentry in the uniform of the Artillery, with gold-laced, cocked-hat, and black feather, hair clubbed and powdered, white stock, white breeches, and white stockings, and armed with carbine and bayonet. General Pattison was very courteous in manners and correspondence, and particularly careful of the welfare of his subalterns. One of these young men, being detached in Florida, had got married, and, having nothing to keep a wife upon, wrote to the General to propose that he should be appointed quarter-master, in order to supply him with an income. The General, in answer, mildly explains that the good of the service does not appear to him to require that every detached company should have a staff annexed to it. In another letter of the same date he acknowledges the arrival of a draft of recruits at New York, four having deserted, and one died on the passage. "I should not," he says, "have been very much afflicted if many of those who landed here had saved me, either by death or desertion, the pain of looking at them." He conjectures that the reason why so few stands of arms accompanied the draft was that these "whippers-in and postilions" were thought to be unable to bear them. He wishes his recruits were lost in the bogs from which they sprang. Another and less lively letter was addressed to the Board of Ordnance, who were very wooden-headed, obstinate, and addicted to circumlocution. Their officials delighted to snub and carp and disallow. The great lesson of patience under official arrogance cannot be better studied than in the letters of General Pattison to the Board of Ordnance.

The command of General Pattison over his own corps was co-extensive with the American continent; and he had a troublesome subordinate in Virginia who habitually demanded stores in the wildest manner. "The first thing he always did on arriving at a new station was to send in requisitions as if he were going to fortify Gibraltar." The winter of 1779 was one of the hardest ever recorded in New York. The water was frozen between New York and Staten Island, and guns were carried over on sleighs. It was an anxious time. The insular advantages of New York disappeared on the formation of this unexpected high road of ice. The Jerseys were swarming with Washington's troops, and as nearly the whole of the regular force had gone from New York to Charleston on special service, the General dreaded an attack which he might be unable to resist. Notwithstanding the croaking of many advisers, he called out and resolved to arm the inhabitants to test the sincerity of their professions of loyalty, and to ascertain whether his rule in the city had been successful. To those who assured him that it was a rash measure, he answered that he felt confident that the number of doubtful characters was trifling, and as these few would be blended in the ranks with the many who could be relied on, they would be less capable of doing mischief under arms than if left to hide in their dwellings. The event proved that he was right, and it is an honour to the Artillery to count an officer of such sagacity among its members. While conscientiously and laboriously fulfilling his duties, he acutely observed the faults of the Government which he served, and the difficulties of the task in which he was engaged. It is a pity that our author should append to his interesting account of this able officer a page and half of description of his death in Dill Street, Berkeley Square, "on a wild March morning," which is a bad copy of that bad model, the Special Correspondent of a modern newspaper. We are reminded of a story of a Cambridge tutor who advised an aspirant to classical honours not to read the New Testament in the original, "as it might creep into his Greek prose." We can hardly advise this author not to read the public journals, although his second volume is almost certain to be vitiated by their style.

UNA.*

WE know that we are all full of faults; worms for the one part, and miserable sinners for the other. But some of us do contrive to keep a little intellect and common sense in the midst of our wrongdoings, and most of us endeavour to hold one chamber of our soul, if not more than one, swept and garnished, and untenanted by undesirable visitors. Also some of us have the capacity to learn. We may be slow to receive benefit from our stripes, and experience may find us but dull scholars; still we generally manage to get a few lessons by heart, and to avoid this year the patent mistakes we had made and suffered for last year. The authoress of *Una*, however, thinks differently of the world. In her gallery of illustration men and women are but a shade removed from moral idiocy, and prove themselves incapable of learning, however strenuously they may be taught, and however bitterly they may suffer for previous failures. They all pursue for a second, third, and fourth time exactly the same path as that by which they had come to grief before; and none of them can be taught the difference between feeling and seeming. So long as they honestly feel rage, jealousy, revenge, whatever the dominant passion of the moment may be, they neither ask themselves if they have cause nor reflect on the effect which their show of temper will produce. Though they find that their displeasure is met by surprise and ignorance of the cause, they do not doubt their justification or question their own wisdom. All they think of is the reality of their feelings, not the reality of the grounds thereof. "I felt, therefore I showed; I was angry, therefore I wept or I stormed." It is easy to see that life conducted on such a plan as this means a life of turmoil and dissatisfaction to all concerned; and that what folly sows sorrow will reap, and garner a pretty large harvest into the bargain.

Una is one of these absurd people, who feel without justification, and express what they feel without foreseeing the results. If she takes an unreasonable fit of jealousy into her foolish head, if she allows herself to be hurt and huffed without cause, if she chooses to resent as insolent interference every well-meant word of advice she receives from her elders, she shows her temper without restraint; and then pities herself passionately as a martyr when the inevitable consequences ensue. We have rarely met with a less interesting character than hers; and we scarcely know whether Miss Bowra meant her to be interesting or not. She seems to lay claim to something that might pass for a heart, but that may also be a mere mixture of physical sensitiveness and intense self-consciousness; much that passes by the name of fine feelings, and keen affections easily wounded, being literally nothing more than an uneasy temper combined with egotism. All throughout her history she is shallow and selfish. She loves the Honourable Herbert Elmore because he is tall, has blue eyes, "intermediate-coloured hair"—whatever that may mean—a soft voice, and variable behaviour, by which he has first piqued, then won her; and she marries him for no better reasons. He, on his side, loving another, marries her for her money, for she is "the rich Miss Randolph," and inherits twelve thousand a-year, with other contingencies. Being a gentleman, however, in breeding, if as selfish in his own way as she is in hers, he means to make her a tolerably good, if not very demonstrative, husband. He dislikes scenes, and despises jealousy; also

* *Una; or, the Early Marriage.* A Domestic Tale. By Harriette Bowra, Authoress of "Redlands." London: Hodder & Stoughton.

he has the man's not very unusual abhorrence of public love-making, and he is sensitive on the score of manners. A more reasonable woman than Una, seeing where her own mistake had led her, might have set herself to win the deeper affection of her husband by attention to his not unreasonable requirements; and she would have succeeded in time. But our heroine, all the while protesting her passionate love for Herbert, cannot control her temper on any occasion to do him pleasure; and finally alienates him to the last degree by an action so outrageous as to excuse the harsh measures with which he meets it. No one can have any sympathy for a woman who leaves her child and her home because her husband has invited his cousin to stay a day or so with them; this same cousin being a sweet and lovely character, of whom the wife has allowed herself to become madly jealous without a shadow of reason or excuse. If we could read Miss Bowra's intention more clearly, we should know better what to say. If she means to show the wrongfulness and folly of giving way to temper in the present novel as she did in her former, *Redlands*, she certainly has, in a sense, proved her point; if not the artistic sense; but if she means to claim our sympathy for a warm heart and a good nature unfavourably dealt with by circumstances, she has utterly failed. A wife whose sole idea of conjugal happiness is centred in caresses, and deep looks of love, and moonlight rambles on the terrace, and the tightest possible strain of the apron-strings, and who, failing these manifestations, gives way to tears, to rebukes, to pettish sarcasms, to outrageous retaliation, is of all women the one most likely to make an unhappy home, and to create the estrangement which she begins by deploring. It is a character with which few men have patience, and such a man as Herbert Elmore would naturally have less than many others. The consequence of all which is, that the reader has no sympathy with either wife or husband, and that, while he condemns the mercenary motives of the one, he cannot sympathize with the betrayed affections of the other.

Una mars her life by her unappeasable jealousy of everything in which her husband takes an interest—his mother, his friends, his yacht, his cousin, and, finally, their own child; and as her jealousy is always mean in object and silly in expression, it awaken neither sympathy nor respect. On the other hand, Herbert mars his life by his hardness and want of heart—save when he is dying—and his extravagance. That extravagance, however, is one of the odd things of the story. It is of the underground kind which has nothing to show. He keeps a yacht, and it costs him five hundred a year; but his wife has an income of twelve thousand pounds of her own; and five hundred for a yacht seems scarcely a criminal proportion of expenditure. Una and Una's biographer evidently think it is; and look with horror on an item so excessive for a mere matter of pleasure. We hear of nothing else; though we are told that he is always crippled with debt, both before and after his marriage; and, finally, as the Earl of Granchester, he contrives to become bankrupt in a manner as mysterious as the rest. Yet whether he had lost money on the Turf, through subsidizing an embassy, starting a newspaper, or leasing a theatre, we are not told. Perhaps guinea points at whist with five pounds on the rubber had something to do with his embarrassments. This is quite as likely as that his yacht at five hundred a year should have made so much havoc in his income as to have reduced him, first to debt and then to bankruptcy. To be sure there was the house in Upper Grosvenor Place, and the servants' food and wages. These outlets, however, are stopped when Una runs away; and, as after that Una lives at her sister's, and Herbert passes most of his time on his yacht, we should have imagined he might have saved money rapidly. He was spared the expense of button-hole bouquets and white gloves; also of cabs and club dinners; did not these count for something in the Earl of Granchester's bankruptcy? We fear that Miss Bowra gets a few inches out of her depth when dealing with the aristocracy. It is not given to every one to be able to map out the righteous outgoings from an earl's estate, and a wife's dower of twelve thousand a year; and to set down how much might go in housekeeping and *les menus plaisirs* before touching that fatal door in Basinghall Street; and we are compelled to believe that the authoress of *Una* is not one of those gifted. If she is, she ought, in justice to her hero, to have told us how he ran through his money with such fatal rapidity; and why his lawyers could not get better terms for him than bankruptcy because a storm had unroofed a few cottages and blown down a lot of trees in the park. Could not the fallen timber have been sold at so much per foot to have met those heavy "unlooked-for expenses" of re-roofing the cottages, and to have backed up the "rigid economy" which is to be the order of the day at Granchester, the first item of which is "no longer lavender kid gloves *ad libitum* for careless people to sow by the wayside"? If Miss Bowra will allow us, we will give her a word of counsel to leave the nobility and the plutocracy alone in her next book, and to write of social circumstances only as she understands them.

There are certain things in *Una* which are not so much mysterious as truncated—things which are not even faintly shadowed, but are left wholly unfinished. What, for instance, is the secret sorrow that makes Julie Kenyon's life a burden to herself, and, we should imagine, a nuisance to her friends? What had she done to Mr. Randolph or to Mrs. Randolph in the past? Had she been in love with him, and for love of him had she poisoned his wife? Nothing less serious can explain away the very madness of remorse that oppresses her. She is certainly what our friends in the North would call a gruesome woman, with her dark eye that never flashed, her mouth that rarely smiled, and, when it did, that had "no hilarity in the smile," with her silver white hair and marble stillness of demeanour, coupled with her fierce pietism. Devoured by something, we can give no better guess at what that something is than the secret poisoning of Una's mother for love of Una's father; and her conduct about the legacy seems to bear out our explanation. When Una goes to see her, to tell her that she is engaged to Herbert and ask her congratulations, she finds her in a terrible state, following on an interview with Mr. Randolph. Her head is "buried in the cushions of the sofa on which she sat, and sobs, loud and deep, shook her frame." After she has flown out at the girl for being "a spy on her privacy," and candidly exclaimed, "Henceforth I shall hate you!" she gives as her fierce commentary on the engagement this remarkable outburst:—

> "Una, Una," she said, laying a heavy hand upon my wrist, and tightening her clasp as sentence succeeded sentence; "beware of the beginning of evil—beware how you admit the first thought of anger, passion, pride, or jealousy to your bosom. If you suspect its existence, search for it—pluck it out, cast it down, tread upon it; were it small as the mote that dances in the sunbeam, insignificant as the tiniest grain of sand—crush it at once and for ever, lest it grow beyond your control. If voluntarily indulged, you will be left to yourself, and the fatal evil will wither your life with its deadly upas blast!"

It is cruel of Miss Bowra thus to play the Sphinx and to provide no Œdipus.

The book is dull, the plot drags, and the method of narration is forced and heavy. Miss Bowra does not carry her reader along with her, and her heroine does not interest. The autobiographical form, so easy for short sketches, is the most difficult kind of writing for a larger work. It requires the power of distinct impersonation with careful analysis; but the one must be delicate and suggestive, the other tender and not self-conscious. In any case *Una* has not hit the mark; and, whether as a work of art or as a story with a purpose, it is weary reading and hazy painting.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

READERS who like accuracy and painstaking ought to enjoy M. Jal's works. They are of a special character no doubt, and nautical matters address themselves to a comparatively small class of students; but it is seldom that we find books prepared with more thoroughness, and we may be sure that any subject on which M. Jal undertakes to concentrate his attention will be examined by him from every point of view. It is more than forty years ago since the author of the volumes before us * was appointed by Admiral de Rigny, then Minister of Marine, to form part of the Royal Commission organized for the publication of documents relating to the history of France. He then drew out for himself a plan of work which included—1. A history of naval architecture from the earliest time to our own day; 2. a nautical glossary; and, 3. a biography of the principal French sailors. In course of time the first two instalments of the scheme were satisfactorily disposed of, and the life of Abraham du Quesne is a contribution to the third. M. Jal soon found that a complete gallery of the notabilities of the French navy would be beyond his strength, if the work was to be treated with anything like detail; he therefore limited his researches to the reign of Louis XIV., and now gives us the earliest result of his investigations in that quarter. The two volumes before us must not be considered exactly as a literary production, although they are far from being ill written; they are a simple statement of facts supported by an immense number of *pièces justificatives*, and illustrated with portraits and facsimiles. The life of Du Quesne must necessarily be a history of the French navy, for the growth of that branch of the service corresponded to his own physical and intellectual progress. M. Jal's work accordingly is more important than a simple biography; it places before us a complete description of Colbert's political management so far as the navy was concerned, and it introduces us to some of the most distinguished characters of the seventeenth century.

M. Glais-Bizoin † comes rather late to give his view of the revolution which for the space of five months placed him and his friends at the head of affairs in France. He wished first of all to read the various works published on all sides with reference to that event, and he saw, as he tells us, that both Republicans and Royalists were equally determined to misstate facts, and to find fault with the little band of patriots who had risen to political influence by the force of circumstances. The ultra-Republicans, anxious to continue the traditions of 1793, wanted to terrorize the country, and called for a Danton; the Royalists, on the other hand, accused M. Glais-Bizoin and his colleagues of having obeyed the dictates of a vulgar ambition, and of assuming an authority which they had neither the ability nor the right to wield. Thoroughly persuaded that the Republic is now the only possible form of government in France, but that even in a democracy there ought to be no room allowed for rogues and fools, M. Glais-Bizoin estimates with much impartiality the various personages whom he had occasion to meet during his tenure of office, and he tells some amusing anecdotes about certain great men belonging to the Commune.

The suppression of the monopoly which the University of

* *Abraham du Quesne et la marine de son temps.* Par A. Jal. Paris: Plon.

† *Dictature de cinq mois.* Par A. Glais-Bizoin. Paris: Dentu.

France enjoyed until lately, and by virtue of which no independent teaching of any kind was allowed, has proved in the highest degree beneficial to the cause of education. Schools, colleges, and associations for the delivery of lectures on various subjects of literature and science, have been everywhere opened, and the University, now obliged to compete with men of untiring energy and great ability, is already feeling the beneficial effects of this rivalry. The foundation of the *Ecoles libres des sciences politiques* is amongst the latest results of this movement, and the pamphlet which we have now to notice may be considered as an excellent specimen of the kind of teaching given by the members of that association. M. Albert Sorel takes for the subject of his addresses* the treaties of 1815, and his three lectures on that important epoch in modern history are very interesting. The events of the Hundred Days, the plans for the dismemberment of France, and the formation of the Holy Alliance, are treated successively, forming, so to say, three monographs in which the facts are briefly stated and their consequences explained. M. Sorel has made ample use of the many works written on the last campaigns of Napoleon, and on the revival of constitutional government in France; he quotes repeatedly from them, and thus corroborates his narrative by the authority of such men as M. Duvergier de Hauranne, M. de Vielcastel, &c.

The second volume of M. Guizot's new History of France† has just been published; it takes the reader down to the end of the reign of Louis XII., and is certainly one of the most valuable books of the present season. The author's merits as an historian have hitherto been considered to lie chiefly, if not exclusively, in his talent for generalization, in his philosophical views, and in his masterly exposition of abstract principles. The *Histoire de la civilisation en France* did not show that descriptive power which must ever be the secret of M. Augustin Thierry's fame, and even the *Mémoires pour servir à l'histoire de mon temps* seemed to many readers somewhat heavy, too little room having been allowed for the picturesque element. The work now before us, however, places M. Guizot in an entirely new light; whilst he still shows those powers of reasoning and generalization which made his early reputation, he has superadded a graphic vigour of which few thought him capable; he remembers that he writes for the young, and in this second volume especially he has managed to throw great dramatic vigour into his narrative. It is true that the events he had to relate are of a sufficiently exciting character almost to compel the historian to be interesting; the reigns of Charles V. and Charles VI., the Hundred Years' War between the English and the French, Charles VII. and *La Pucelle*, Louis XI. and Charles the Bold—such are the leading actors in the book. M. de Neufville's woodcuts are very good, and in the case of portraits they have been copied from authentic originals.

During the last twenty or thirty years pictorial embellishment has played a considerable part in scientific works. It is impossible to popularize science without the help of engravings, and therefore astronomy, natural history, and chemistry court the aid of artistic talent. One of the most successful attempts we have lately seen in this direction is M. Poiré's work, *La France industrielle*.‡ Composed with much care, being neither overburdened with technical details, nor, on the other hand, too discursive and elementary, this volume supplies a long existing desideratum. It is certain that, even on this side of the Channel, many people who are generally considered well informed know very little about manufactures and industrial products; they would be rather puzzled if they were asked how needles are made, or by what process the glass out of which they drink is coloured and adorned with elegant patterns. M. Paul Poiré has endeavoured to clear away this ignorance by giving details as to the various branches of industry which can be understood easily without the necessity of special training. In order to do this profitably, great lucidity of exposition was required, together with the assistance of numerous woodcuts; the former our author possesses in a remarkable degree, and the latter has not been grudged by the publishers.

Dr. F. Hofer has enriched Messrs. Hachette's collection of works on universal history with an interesting summary of the progress made by botany, mineralogy, and geology from the earliest time to our own day.§ Not only does he give biographical details respecting the chief scientific observers, but he explains their systems, and shows how far these systems are borne out or contradicted by the results of later investigations.

Microscopic observation is indispensable for botanists; some of the organs of plants cannot indeed be studied otherwise, and in all cases the facts revealed by that delicate instrument are worth attentive consideration. M. Girard has therefore done good service in devoting a separate volume of Messrs. Hachette's *Bibliothèque des merveilles*‖ to this subject. After a few preliminary remarks, he describes in the first part of his work the different organs of plants, their structure and their use. He then takes up separately those forms of vegetable life which absolutely require the use of the microscope if they are to be examined accurately, such as the fungi, yeast, oïdium, lichens, mosses, &c.; and he ends by an interesting chapter on the microphytes and the microzoa which constitute so large an element in what we call dust. Upwards of two hundred woodcuts taken from photographs illustrate the volume.

If Jean-Jacques Rousseau were still alive, and still an enthusiastic admirer of the virtues of uncivilized man, we would ask him to glance for a moment at M. de Lanoye's *L'homme sauvage*.* What a commentary on the Golden Age and on primitive innocence! We must acknowledge, however, that in describing the condition of man, first as a hunter and then as a tiller of the ground, the learned historian has drawn a very interesting picture, and his account of the migrations of the Semitic races, the Celts, the Scythians, and the Chinese deserves to be attentively studied. It is a subject for regret that *L'homme sauvage* should be a posthumous work; M. de Lanoye had purposed to write a history of civilization, grouping his description of each form of progress around some distinct personage intended to embody it. Thus his book entitled *Rhamsis le grand* was devoted to Egyptian culture, and the whole work, when completed, would have formed a series of monographs. The present volume, published by the writer's son, and illustrated with numerous engravings, is a fragment originally intended to appear in M. de Lanoye's *Opus Magnum*.

The architectural revolution introduced by Napoleon III. in Paris caused the disappearance of many public and private buildings which were historically, if not artistically, curious; the vandalism of the Commune carried the work of destruction still further, and it is not the fault of Messrs. Vermersch and Grousset if the Sainte Chapelle is still in existence. By way of preserving at least a record of what Paris was, the Imperial Government had begun the publication of a sumptuous work, several volumes of which have been issued. M. Charles Demaze now wishes to add his share to the undertaking†, and he gives us a concise account of the Sainte Chapelle. The building certainly deserved a careful record, for its architectural importance has often been acknowledged by competent judges, and its history is closely connected with that of the Paris magistracy. M. Demaze not only describes the foundation of the church and its various vicissitudes, but he gives us lists of the dignitaries belonging to its clergy, transcripts of charters, catalogues of documents, &c. &c.

M. Lemerre's elegant series of French classics now contains the second volume of Molière's plays‡ and the first of Montaigne's works.§ If a new edition of the great comic dramatist was necessary, certainly the same may be said of the Gascon *gentilhomme's* Essays. M. Burgaud des Marets informs us that he has corrected more than thirty thousand errors in the best of former reprints; let us hope that M. Courbet and M. Ch. Royer, who are responsible for the present beautifully got-up octavo, have been more careful than their predecessors. There are three sets of various readings an acquaintance with which is required towards determining the text of Montaigne's works; the first is contained in the edition of 1588, published by the author himself four years before his death; the second is furnished by the edition of 1595, which Madlle. de Gournay undertook; the third may be found in a copy of the 1588 text, preserved at Bordeaux, and the margins of which are covered with notes in Montaigne's own handwriting. The recent editors have preferred the second on account of the difficulties which the deciphering of the marginal annotations present in the copy belonging to the Bordeaux Library. They announce in their preface a life of Montaigne, a glossary, and other appendices, which will no doubt form part of the second volume.

M. Victor Cherbuliez reprints together two series of essays‖ which have nothing in common; the former includes biographical sketches of Lessing and of Dr. Strauss; in the latter we find critiques on the Paris *salon*. Many readers will be of opinion that M. Cherbuliez is very one-sided in his endeavours to estimate the German writers we have just named. At any rate it seems to us that the analytical tendency which aims at reducing everything to a kind of intellectual dust so minute that it cannot be weighed scarcely deserves unqualified eulogy.

No French writer has lived more intimately in the company of Goethe than M. Henri Blaze; he knows German literature thoroughly, and more especially the history of the author of *Faust* has no secrets for him. Nearly forty years ago a translation of that wonderful poem, accompanied by a kind of philosophical (and somewhat obscure) preface, introduced the name of M. Blaze to the reading public; then came a gallery of modern German writers, and a volume of poems composed under the inspiration of the German muse. The group of sketches which he now gives us under the heading *Les maîtresses de Goethe*¶

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* *Le traité de Paris du 20 novembre 1815.* Par A. Sorel. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

† *Histoire de France racontée à mes petits-enfants.* Par M. Guizot. Vol. 2. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

‡ *La France industrielle: description des industries françaises.* Par M. Paul Poiré. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

§ *Histoire de la botanique, de la minéralogie et de la géologie.* Par F. Hofer. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

‖ *Les plantes étudiées au microscope.* Par Jules Girard. Paris and London. Hachette & Co.

* *L'homme sauvage.* Par M. de Lanoye. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

† *La Sainte Chapelle du Palais de Justice de Paris.* Par Ch. Demaze. Paris: Dentu.

‡ *Œuvres de Molière, avec notes et variantes.* Par A. Pauley. Vol. 2. Paris: Lemerre.

§ *Les essais de Montaigne, avec variantes, glossaire, etc.* Par E. Courbet et Ch. Royer. Vol. 1. Paris: Lemerre.

‖ *Études de littérature et d'art.* Par Victor Cherbuliez. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

¶ *Les maîtresses de Goethe.* Par Henri Blaze. Paris: Lévy.

is both a contribution to the biography of the Weimar Jupiter and a commentary on his works; for every one knows what a share the petticoat element had in Goethe's life, and no account of Werther, for instance, would be satisfactory which left unnoticed the character of Charlotte Kestner.

If M. Blaze may be accused of Teutonic sympathies, the same complaint certainly cannot be uttered with reference to M. About. The *impressions de voyage* which he has recently published under the title *Alsace* *, after having issued them day by day in a Paris newspaper, are all dictated by a spirit of intense hatred which too often warps the author's judgment. The *avant-propos*, however, is remarkable from the soundness of M. About's views on the causes of the catastrophe which ended in the siege of Paris. He justly observes that universal suffrage can only lead to despotism when the nation to which it is applied has essentially monarchical tendencies and is profoundly ignorant. His reflections on the folly with which the war was first declared, and the shameful incapacity with which it was prosecuted, are unanswerable, nor is he less admirable when he talks of the madness of those who believed that they could either found an Empire by caricaturing 1806 in 1852, or create a Republic by giving in 1871 a parody of 1793.

It is not generally as a scientific writer that Voltaire is known †; he studied astronomy indeed, and carried on a somewhat acrimonious discussion with Buffon about geological problems; but his mind was far too superficial and too prejudiced for the prosecution of researches which require an unbounded love of truth; and it is absurd to attempt, as Voltaire did, to get rid of difficulties by the help of a few jokes. Still there is no doubt that science held a place in Voltaire's studies, especially during his residence in London, and throughout the period of his acquaintance with Madame du Châtelet; it is repeatedly the subject of his correspondence, and forms by no means an inconsiderable portion of his works. We feel indebted, therefore, to M. Saigny for the monograph he has devoted to this side of Voltaire's character. His volume is an excellent contribution to the history of scientific culture in France during the last century, and he has made it still more complete and more interesting by detailing in a second part of his work the labours of the Académie des Sciences at the same epoch.

M. Charles Lévêque has developed, in a new instalment of the *Bibliothèque des merveilles* ‡, an idea so often explained and illustrated that it would seem almost hackneyed if truths could lose their force by constant repetition. It is always interesting to trace the real harmony which underlies the apparent disorder we see around us, and to show how order springs from confusion and good from evil. Harmonies in astronomy, chemistry, and natural history; harmonies in the moral as well as the physical world—such is the theme chosen by M. Lévêque for his consideration.

Messrs. Hachette's *Bibliothèque rose illustrée*, compiled for the use principally of children, has been made to include not only tales and poetry, but works on history, travels, memoirs, abridged translations of the Latin classics, &c. Narratives of travel published first in the *Tour du monde*, or in separate volumes, very often find their way after a while, condensed, popularized, and shorn of scientific terms, into the collection of neat little duodecimos reserved for juvenile libraries. We have now to notice M. Belin de Launay's abridgment of Lieutenant Mage's most valuable travels to Western Africa.§ We reviewed the original work some time ago, and all the praise which we felt bound to give it is applicable to M. de Launay's abstract. The volume is preceded by a biographical sketch of Lieutenant Mage, who perished with all the crew of his frigate, the *Gorgona*, shipwrecked on the 19th of December, 1869, in sight of the harbour of Brest.

The works of fiction which we have to announce are, we are glad to say, less open to objection than is too often the case. M. Auguste de Barthélemy describes in his *Pierre le Peillarot* ‖ the adventures of a pedlar who, whilst hawking his wares throughout the south and west of France, finds himself mixed up with some of the episodes of the first French Revolution, and upholds the principles of order, religion, and true liberty against the *sans-culotte* friends of Marat and Robespierre. M. de Barthélemy's novel is a work of the same class as M. d'Héricault's *Thermidor*, which we noticed some months ago.

Under the title *L'Augusta* ¶ M. Maurice Sand has published a kind of historical novel which takes us back to ancient times. We must fancy ourselves living in the fifth century, when the Roman world was sinking under a mass of corruption too loathsome to be described, and when the barbarian hordes of Attila were driving the Imperial eagles before them on all sides. Valentinian, Honoria, Aetius, Theodoric, and many other personages with whom M. Amédée Thierry has made us familiar fill the stage, and the incidents are crowded together in great variety. M. Sand selects the epistolary form in the composition of his novel; he distorts history a little in representing the Bagaudæ as philosophical rebels, and he makes the character of Honoria a pretext for introducing love scenes which might well be spared; but, notwithstanding these reservations, *L'Augusta* is an interesting book.

Before concluding, we must take a hasty glance at one or two serials. The last *livraison* of M. Littré's great Dictionary has just appeared, and the illustrious "Forty" must now blush at seeing that one man has been able to accomplish what the whole Académie Française thought impossible. It is quite a case of "Pends-toi, brave Crillon; on a vaincu sans toi!" The *Journal des demoiselles*, with its attractive series of patterns, engravings, and fashions, the *Tour du monde*, with its sketches of scenery and of adventures in foreign climes, are still fulfilling their prosperous destinies; and now another journal specially intended for the young, *Le journal de la jeunesse*, stands forth as a new competitor for popularity. All these publications are issued by Messrs. Hachette and Co., who have also deserved the warmest thanks of enlightened *gourmets* by bringing out the *Livre de la pâtisserie* *, that succulent treatise on cakes, tarts, and puddings which would suffice to immortalize M. Gouffé.

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* *Alsace.* Par Edmond About. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

† *Les sciences au 18e siècle. La physique de Voltaire.* Par Émile Saigny. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

‡ *Les harmonies providentielles.* Par Ch. Lévêque. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

§ *E. Mage; voyage dans le Soudan occidental.* Abrégé par T. Belin de Launay. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

‖ *Pierre le Paillarot.* Par Aug. de Barthélemy. Paris: Didier.

¶ *L'Augusta.* Par Maurice Sand. Paris: Lévy.

* *Le livre de la pâtisserie.* Par M. Jules Gouffé. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

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THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.

BY the peaceful death of the Third NAPOLEON in exile and on the verge of old age one of the strangest careers known to the memory of man has been brought to a close. Every variety of good and bad fortune has been tasted by the late EMPEROR. Born and brought up as the heir to the First Empire in its height of splendour, he spent his youth and prime in conspiracy, his maturity in reigning, and his closing years in obscurity. And his character had almost as much of inconsistency and inequality as his fortunes. He was the most determined, the most obstinate, and yet the most vacillating and undecided of men. He showed himself now a dreamy enthusiast, now unscrupulous and energetic in action. He believed in himself and in his star as if he had a divine mission, and yet spent many of his years of power in taking minute precautions against minute dangers. He could think and do great things, but he never thought or acted them out. He won greatness by excessive temerity, and lost it by excessive caution. Bitterly as he disappointed many whose causes he adopted only to relinquish them, he probably disappointed no one so bitterly as himself; for he must have been conscious that he was constantly aiming at more than he accomplished, and that the infirmities of his intellect and character were the real secret of his failure. That he should have succeeded so much and so little must have been an enigma to himself as well as to the world. In early life he dared not only to conspire, which is not much, but he dared to be supremely ridiculous; and ridicule is fatal to most men, and to almost every Frenchman. In 1848 he found that five millions and a half of his countrymen had ceased to laugh at him, and saw in him the best guardian of their dearest interests. When the time came for the final struggle he was fully equal to the emergency. He arranged his plot with secrecy and success, and he executed it with a perfect disregard of honour, justice, and mercy. He forced the Crimean war on France for his own political ends, and he invented the Italian war under the impulse, not only of a calculating ambition, but of his own personal and generous sympathy with Italians. But prudence stayed his hand at Villafranca, and he never afterwards showed more than half a heart in any of his undertakings. He threw away the blood and treasure of France in the absurd Mexican expedition, and then meekly succumbed to the arrogance of the United States, and left MAXIMILIAN to die. He threw away the golden opportunity of mastering Germany offered by the invasion of Denmark, and then had to look on powerless while Sadowa was being fought. He who had astonished and overawed Europe, and on whose mysterious phrases men and nations hung for their fate, dwindled down to intrigues and small schemes and barterings for little gains, and came to see himself jockeyed and bullied by BISMARCK. He could less and less, as time went on, make up his mind how to rule at home. Society got first tired of its saviour, then irritated at him, and lastly impertinent to him. He was one day for nothing but the sword and the police, another day he took to crowning the edifice, and offered what he called liberty to his people. He tried Minister after Minister, and none of them would suit him, for none could please a master who never pleased himself. He staked his fortunes on a great final plebiscite to condone and approve of all he had done; he succeeded, and was frightened at the nature of his success. At last he had no resource but a war which he did not wish, and as to the issue of which he had no confidence. He saw his whole administrative system melt down like a palace of ice in the sun of spring; and then came Sedan, captivity, and exile. But defeat and ruin were not his bitterest humiliations. Death would have been sincerely welcomed by him at Sedan; and he was of far too high a type of mind not to bear captivity with fortitude, and exile with simple calmness. The real culmination of his adversity was reached during the three or four weeks before Sedan, when he flitted about like a sad spectre with this or that body of what had once been his troops, with all government passed away from him, with no authority over his generals, and yet possessed of the keenest sense of the irretrievable mistakes he had made, and of the blunders being committed under his eyes. A man who has gone through such a time has known pangs far keener than the pangs of death.

The incidents of the EMPEROR'S life were so striking, and the indications of his character so unmistakable, that it is easy to seize on the general outlines of his career; but it is impossible at present to do justice to him and to his opponents, to balance the bad and good in his life, or to attempt to fix his place in history. There is one test, however, that may fairly be applied to the memory of a man just dead which is of great value. When his death brings all we know of him rapidly and vividly before our minds, is it on the good or on the bad we know of him that we instinctively dwell? There can be no hesitation in saying decisively that it is the good side of the EMPEROR'S life and actions that first occurs to us; and that we have to think and remember in order to balance the good with the bad. His devotedness in friendship, his sublime indifference to defeat, his patient preparation for greatness, seize on us as we think over his early history, before we allow ourselves to smile at the recollections of his silly imitations of his uncle and the absurd eagle of Boulogne. That for twenty years he kept France quiet, gave her a fair share of glory, made her rich, contented, and powerful, and transformed Paris, naturally strikes us as the main thing; while the terrors of the *Coup d'Etat*, the disasters of Mexico, the audacious jobbery of his satellites, and the ruinous exhaustion of the finances of Paris, seem subsidiary and comparatively unimportant. His generous enthusiasm for Italy, and what he did for her, outweigh what he left undone, or what he did to disappoint her; and Magenta and Solferino cover the siege of Rome and his coquetting with the POPE and Mentana. Above all, this exile dying in England appeals strongly to the memories and gratitude of Englishmen. He was probably at one time the only man in France who was in heart the friend of England. He made the English alliance the basis of his policy. He repressed the bitterness against England which at a critical moment threatened to overflow. He treated Englishmen with friendly favour and magnificent hospitality. He abolished passports in favour of Englishmen, and while his own subjects had to wait and be examined as if they were convicts, cockneys proudly stepped by uncontrolled, as if they had been beings of a superior race. He borrowed Free-trade from England, and, against the wishes of his people and their representatives, concluded the Treaty of Commerce, not only as a measure financially beneficial to France, but as a means of binding together the two nations by the ties of kindly intercourse. When acknowledging all this, we can afford to ignore that the English alliance gave him respectability and position in Europe, and was as much dictated by prudence as by anything else. Nor need we care to remember that he or his agents entered into a secret scheme for striking a treacherous blow at English interests by the seizure of Belgium. He was our friend, not a perfect or a faultless friend, but still a friend, hearty and constant; and England has shown its appreciation of his friendship, not only by an admiration and flattery of him while he was successful which sometimes degenerated into obsequiousness, but by an undemonstrative respect to him since he lost his crown, and by sincere regret at his death.

If the interest awakened by the news of the EMPEROR'S death is great in England, what must it be in France? However high party spirit may run there, few persons in France,

and still fewer in Paris, can hear without many mingled feelings of the close of a life in which the life of the country, and still more of the capital, seemed at one time to be centred. Politically, the EMPEROR'S death will probably not have any great immediate effect; and perhaps there may even be a sense of relief at the thought that there is one source of danger extinguished. Whatever virtues or recommendations Imperialism may have had, they are not transmissible by mere descent, and among pretenders to a Crown the son of the EMPEROR has nothing to make him prominent. The Second Empire came into existence because the EMPEROR was a very remarkable man, having very special personal qualities that fitted him to aspire to power and to use it. Parties linger on long after the reasons of their existence have ceased, and the few faithful Bonapartists will scarcely endure the dulness of a life destitute of the excitement of plotting in behalf of the dynasty to which they are attached. But an amiable boy would be either the tool of a military dictator or the plaything of a constitutional Ministry; and, in either case, his rule would be entirely unlike that of NAPOLEON III. So completely must Imperialism, in the phase in which France has recently been used to it, perish with its author, that the interest felt in the career of the Empire will rapidly become historical and not political. To Frenchmen capable of reflection and of an impartial survey of France this historical interest will increase rather than diminish as time goes on. There is no question that can have so deep an importance to them as the question how it was that the Second Empire was so long and so brilliantly successful. In England there is too much readiness to supply the answer, and to say that the reason is that the French were fit for nothing better. In fact the excessive admiration felt for the EMPEROR at one time in England sprang largely from an insular contempt for foreigners; and men who would have thought the free use of the bayonet and wholesale exportations to Cayenne, and government by policemen and priests and préfets, abominable and intolerable if applied to Englishmen, calmly pronounced them exactly suited to the French, just as Scripture used to be quoted complacently in the United States to prove that GOD intended all black people to be slaves. Frenchmen will naturally hold a different language; and, distracted as France is, the best sign of the times is the general desire to show that France is fit for something much better than the Second Empire. But, to show this, something more than abuse of the Second Empire is needed; and if the judgment of posterity pronounces that the Second Empire was a brilliant but unfortunate episode in the history of France, we may be sure that it will also pronounce that many of the faults and vices of the government of the EMPEROR were to be attributed quite as much to the ruled as to the ruler.

PRIMOGENITURE AND COMPULSORY SUBDIVISION.

MR. MILL and Mr. BRIGHT have probably the same object in the letters which they have published on two different parts of the controversy on land. Mr. COBDEN'S essay on compulsory subdivision may be supposed to express Mr. BRIGHT'S opinion on the expediency of reversing the law and practice of England. Two or three weeks ago Mr. LOWE in his speech at Swindon ridiculed LORD SALISBURY'S suspicion that the Government meditated a general and minute subdivision of land. For the present intentions of the Cabinet Mr. LOWE is able to answer; but Mr. GLADSTONE'S future policy has often been indicated a year or two in advance by the late PRESIDENT of the Board of Trade. It is almost an allowable figure of speech to assert, with Lord SALISBURY, that the Government is about to do whatever Mr. BRIGHT wishes to be done. Nine years ago Mr. COBDEN, even when he composed an elaborate argument in favour of the French system, oddly remarked that no one, as far as he knew, proposed to introduce the same law into England. Since that time revolutionary projects of all kinds have become familiar; and Mr. BRIGHT perhaps intends to re-enter public life as the advocate of a scheme for the abolition of the landed gentry and of the class of tenant-farmers. Mr. MILL contents himself for the present by answering the recondite arguments of certain theorists who are inclined to discountenance any modification of the existing law on the ground that the strength of landowners would increase with their numbers. There is no doubt that, as Mr. MILL and his friendly antagonists concur in believing, the subdivision of property in France offers an insurmountable impediment to the adoption in that country of the wild projects which are from time to time advanced at Lausanne or Geneva. It is utterly useless to argue with four or five millions of French peasants in the hope of convincing them that the world would be better and happier if their little properties were administered for the general good by a benevolent Government. Discussion is not in their line, but a disputant who expressed their unconscious conviction would only reply that they care nothing about the improvement of the world, and that they will speedily dispose of any philanthropic intruder who meddles with their land. Three years ago they voted almost unanimously in favour of an absolute Sovereign who had earned their confidence by sending Socialists to Cayenne, or by shooting them down in the streets; and when M. GAMBETTA, who may perhaps sometimes talk Socialism to artisans, addresses a rural population, he is above all things careful to assure them that the Republic will preserve their property. Mr. MILL meets the objections of his Communist friends by stating his opinion that the so-called Nationalization of the land is too remote a probability to be considered in deciding on a course of political action. He would himself greatly prefer the introduction of small freeholds to the present practice, and he regards primogeniture both as unjust to younger children, who are partially disinherited, and as the basis of hereditary aristocracy. As Mr. MILL considers that the abolition or restriction of entails would not tend largely to increase the number of small proprietors, there can be no doubt that he supports the measures which are likely to be introduced by the Government, almost exclusively as steps to an entire change in the distribution of landed property.

It is surprising that an able and accomplished reasoner should attach any importance to the argument of supposed injustice inflicted on younger children. In a country where descent into a lower social rank is felt as one of the most intolerable of hardships, the custom of primogeniture is the only possible security for the continuance of families in the position which their founders have attained. Experience shows that the owner of a considerable fortune for the most part exerts himself to provide for his younger sons in professions not inconsistent with their habits and pretensions, and probably in a majority of cases all his descendants during two or three generations contrive to maintain their rank as gentlemen. It would be much more plausible to contend that primogeniture is injurious to the elder or younger sons of others than to cultivate an entirely gratuitous compassion for its immediate victims. The class of idlers living on petty incomes is less numerous in England than in France, notwithstanding the smallness of the patrimony which is commonly inherited by cadets. If all the members of families which are practically affected by primogeniture were consulted, there can be little doubt that, with few exceptions, they would approve of the maintenance of the custom. The strong feeling of the injustice of unequal division which prevails in France is founded on the experience of previous subdivision. It might be unjust, as it is apparently inconvenient, to leave to the eldest son the whole of a petty freehold, unless the younger brothers had found means to support themselves in some suitable occupation; yet the old freeholders of England habitually kept their estates undivided; and they are now gradually disappearing, not because they have been converted to the French theory, but in consequence of the increasing sacrifice of income to which all landowners are compelled to submit. Even in those parts of Kent where gavelkind has been established in case of intestacy from time immemorial, many small freeholds still exist which can only have been preserved by a deliberate adoption of the practice of primogeniture.

Mr. MILL himself probably attaches more importance to the undeniable tendency of primogeniture to create and maintain an aristocratic class than to the imaginary grievance supposed to be inflicted on younger children. Mr. COBDEN and Mr. BRIGHT never concealed their antipathy to the social superiority and political influence of the English landowners. As an ardent admirer of the Imperial system, Mr. COBDEN naturally expatiated on the attachment of the small French freeholders to order; and he perhaps willingly tolerated their notorious and entire indifference to liberty. According to Mr. COBDEN the peasants were, through their Imperial representative, saviours of that society which has, since Mr. COBDEN'S death, found it necessary to save itself with the aid of the army of Versailles. M. RENAN, who knows the French peasantry better than Mr. COBDEN, has lately published his impressions of the political blessings which follow from the subdivision of the land, and from the practical extinction of the rural aristocracy. During the war the typical Frenchman of the country districts was indifferent to the misfortunes

of the country, except when they directly affected himself and his neighbours; and in ordinary times his only preference is for the candidate who can persuade him that he will either reduce taxation or promote local improvements at the expense of the State. M. RENAN, who can scarcely be regarded as a bigoted Conservative, has only one theoretical remedy to propose for the decadence which in his opinion has already commenced; and he candidly confesses that the treatment which he hypothetically recommends is absolutely impracticable. In M. RENAN's opinion, patriotism, public spirit, and general cultivation might perhaps be revived and promoted if only it were possible to renounce equality, and by the partial consolidation of small properties to establish in all parts of the country a middle and an upper class; or, in other words, to copy the institutions which Mr. MILL and Mr. BRIGHT are impatient to demolish in England. It is not necessary to insist on an acceptance of the doctrines of M. RENAN or of any other theorist; but a writer who defies popular prejudice furnishes some evidence of the sincerity of his convictions; and it is well to remember that there is another side to the question of peasant ownership. It is not a cause for regret that Mr. MILL and Mr. BRIGHT should direct attention to the ulterior consequences which alone would make an alteration in the present law of primogeniture valuable to one party or dangerous to the other. It is now scarcely disputed that the existing law of intestacy corresponds to the intentions which would, in the majority of cases, have been formed by the deceased owner of land. Any change in the law will be inoperative, except as far as it forms a precedent or a pretext for much more sweeping legislation. If Mr. COBDEN had believed in his own curious assertion that no one meditated an alteration in the law, he would scarcely have troubled himself to collect evidence in favour of compulsory subdivision. His statement that the net produce of land is greatest in small farms is not even true of Flanders; and it is, as the Duke of SOMERSET lately stated, notoriously untrue in France. England with its primogeniture, its entails, and all the other pretended impediments to cultivation, produces larger returns in proportion to the outlay than any other country.

The revolution which would be effected by the adoption of Mr. COBDEN's theories would be startling in its magnitude. After the lapse of fifty years both country gentlemen and large tenant farmers would, with few exceptions, have ceased to exist. Whether it would be for the interest of manufacturers and other capitalists to become the sole objects of popular envy and cupidity may be advantageously considered by less passionate partisans than Mr. COBDEN and Mr. BRIGHT. It is not found that in France the law of compulsory subdivision has tended to promote harmony and good will between the rich and the poor. Perhaps the cotton-spinners may enjoy the privilege of being the last to be devoured; and the farmer will undoubtedly perish before them. It is scarcely prudent in democratic missionaries to avow their ulterior objects at the moment when, like Mr. TREVELYAN, they are exerting themselves to sow discord between landlords and tenants. It must be perfectly obvious to any intelligent farmer that the French law of succession would cut up all England, after the pattern of France, into little patches of land to be cultivated by the freeholder without hired assistance. There would be no question of compensation for unexhausted improvements or of fixity of tenure, for there would no longer be, as a general practice, either landlord or tenant. The farmers have already been warned that, in Mr. GLADSTONE's opinion, the county representation which, since the establishment of secret voting, is no longer controlled by the landlords, ought as soon as possible to be transferred exclusively to the agricultural labourers, who would form the majority of the new constituencies. The farmers are now told by Mr. BRIGHT, who is indirectly confirmed by Mr. MILL, that the democratic party think it expedient to substitute spade labour in petty freeholds for the more elaborate methods of cultivation which are peculiar to England. Perhaps it may be some consolation to cynical landowners that they are not destined to fall alone.

M. THIERS ON THE LAST DAYS OF THE EMPIRE.

THERE is no part of the evidence collected by the Parliamentary Commission appointed to inquire into the history of the late war more interesting in itself, or calculated to throw more light on the character of French parties, than that which relates to the time of feverish excitement which prevailed between the receipt of the news of Sedan and the Revolution of the 4th of September. M. THIERS more especially gives a sketch of what happened within his own knowledge, which for liveliness and pregnancy is not surpassed in the best parts of his historical writings. He had been appointed one of the Deputies who, with a certain number of Senators, Ministers, and Generals, were to form the Council of the Defence of Paris; and he took the greatest trouble to see that the most was being made of the fortifications of which he was the author, although he all along strongly insisted that, unless the army of MACMAHON was recalled to take part in the defence, instead of being sent to relieve BAZAINE, the design of the fortifications could not be carried out, and the defence must necessarily prove unsuccessful. On Thursday, September 1, the day when the battle of Sedan was fought, the Council of Defence held, as usual, an evening sitting, and M. THIERS was expressing his views with much energy, when M. JEROME DAVID gave him a mysterious hint to desist, as he had a private communication to make to him. M. THIERS obeyed the hint, left off speaking, and soon afterwards the Council broke up at one o'clock in the morning. When M. THIERS was in the street outside, M. JEROME DAVID joined him, and informed him that the EMPEROR was a prisoner, and MACMAHON mortally wounded. Overcome with the news, M. THIERS prolonged his walk, and for a long part of the night the pair paced up and down the Bridge of Solferino. M. JEROME DAVID was not there, however, solely to impart bad news; he came to prepare the way for overtures from the EMPRESS to M. THIERS, and at three in the morning a note was sent by M. MÉRIMÉE, a devoted friend of the EMPRESS, stating that he would call on M. THIERS the next day. At five M. THIERS started to inspect the fortifications, and on his return he was visited by M. MÉRIMÉE, who announced that he was authorised by the EMPRESS to ask for the advice of M. THIERS. The veteran statesman was too prudent to commit himself, and pointed out that he could not say what was to be done without becoming the Minister of the EMPRESS, which was out of the question. On Saturday Prince METTERNICH renewed the application, and met with the same answer. But at the same time that he received these flattering solicitations from the Imperial family, he received solicitations equally flattering from the leaders of the Left, to which he responded cautiously, but much more warmly. The Revolution was, they urged, inevitable, if not already accomplished, and patriotism bade M. THIERS to place himself at its head. He absolutely declined to accept the position assigned to him, but he indicated what was the course that, in his opinion, should be taken. His scheme was to make use of what he terms the repenting Corps Législatif, get it at once to declare the throne vacant, procure an armistice, enact an electoral law, and dissolve itself so as to make way for an Assembly specially called to decide on the destinies of France. The leaders of the Left did not openly assent, but neither did they dissent. They simply waited. M. THIERS is quite positive that they did not conspire, or in any way force on the Revolution. The Imperialists were equally inactive. There seems to have been a half-formed project among some of them to organize a new *coup d'état*, and arrest possibly M. THIERS himself, and, at least, all the deputies who were thought specially dangerous. But the evidence distinctly shows that the Council of Ministers never entertained or discussed the proposition. It was only a vague scheme of persons who had neither the means nor the resolution necessary to carry it out. Friday and Saturday thus passed away; the EMPRESS thinking of France more than of her family, and turning in despair to the man whom she thought capable of saving the country; the Left not provoking revolution, but thinking it inevitable; the Imperialists utterly dismayed and cowed, without resolution or capacity, or schemes bad or good; and M. THIERS courted and looked up to by every one, and with the incontestable superiority of having a definite aim before him.

Although the EMPRESS must have known the general result of the battle of Sedan on the evening of the 1st, and although many persons in Paris knew on the 2nd what had happened, it was not until the afternoon of the 3rd that the Ministers were called together by the EMPRESS to receive official information of the disaster. Every one agrees that the EMPRESS exhorted her advisers to think only of France, and not of the dynasty; and a proposal that she should leave Paris and fix the seat of her Government in some provincial town was rejected on the ground that it might lead to a civil war. The resolution to which the Ministry came was that a proposal should be made to the Assembly by which the Count of PALIKAO should be made Lieutenant-General of the Empire, the Assembly should appoint an Executive Commission, and the EMPRESS should have no other

power left her than that of approving the choice of the Assembly. The early hours of the sitting of the Assembly on the Sunday morning were consumed in debating this proposal and comparing it with that of M. THIERS, which was ultimately adopted. It was the delay caused by the discussion of this inopportune proposal that, according to M. THIERS, was the real cause of the success of the Revolution. M. JEROME DAVID, an ardent Imperialist, declared before the Commission that, even after he had two years to think over the matter, he could not see any difference between the proposal of the Ministry and that of M. THIERS. But the difference was vital; and although honest Bonapartists might have thought their proposal the only possible one, as they could not abandon the dynasty, yet it is obvious that the proposal of the Ministry was meant to maintain the Empire, while that of M. THIERS treated it as at an end. If the proposition of M. THIERS had been carried at an early hour, and immediately made public, the Assembly would have anticipated the Revolution by declaring the Empire at an end, would have assumed a legal authority that would probably have been recognized, and might perhaps have made way for a new Assembly that would have terminated the war. But while the details of the proposal were being considered in the Bureau to which they were referred, and M. THIERS was just putting the finishing strokes to his draft, the crowd burst in, and the Assembly broke up. The leaders of the Left went to the Hôtel de Ville, and there accepted or seized on the functions of a new Government. M. THIERS throughout speaks in a tone of the greatest friendliness towards the leaders of the Left. In his eyes, after the folly of the Bonapartists had made impossible the only true plan for the safety and good of the country—that of concentrating all power for the moment in the Assembly—it was the course taken by the leaders of the Left, and that alone, that preserved Paris from then and there falling under the dominion of the Commune. It is true that by a concurrence of unfortunate circumstances the Chamber was left unprotected by soldiers, and this led to the total absence of all resistance which the mob experienced. Whether this was the result of an unlucky mistake, as M. THIERS suggests, or was the fault of General TROCHU, as the Bonapartist witnesses plainly declare, is not now of very great importance. The essential point is that the opportunity of anticipating the Revolution was lost, because the Bonapartists, from natural and honourable motives, could not bear to seem to be giving up the Empire altogether, while the EMPRESS, though sincerely anxious to consider nothing but the interests of France, could not be expected to insist herself on abdicating without the step being suggested to her as necessary in the interests of the country.

M. THIERS, after the Government of September was formed, retired to his beloved studies, as he tells us, and fondly hoped that he might be left undisturbed. But this was not to be, and that appeal was made to his patriotism which led to his going the round of Europe in search of support for France. In the short time—it was only two days and a half—that elapsed between his receiving the news of Sedan and his finding a Revolution of which he disapproved successful, he showed quite enough of the real bent of his mind and character to make it clear what would be his course in any moment of emergency. It is this that connects these historical memorials with current politics. What M. THIERS tried to do and to avoid doing then, he has tried to do and to avoid doing ever since. He then found himself lifted into eminence because Bonapartists and Republicans both needed him, and both were willing to purchase his support on almost any terms. He kept aloof from both, striving to establish something in the way of a Government that would do for the moment, engage the attention of the nation, and preserve the general respect for legal authority. He was inclined to spare the vanquished Imperialists as much as possible, and he always spoke of the EMPRESS with the utmost respect. On the other hand, he was on the most friendly terms with the leaders of the Left, and now speaks of them as of persons who rendered France a great service. But he meant, if he could, to get the Imperial dynasty quietly out of the way, and to keep the reins of government in the hands of men accustomed to administration, but whose political principles were far aloof from those of the supporters of the Left. He acted then, in short, very much as he is acting now. He made use of a repentant Corps Législatif just as he does now. He is willing to be on fairly good terms with the Right so long as he can keep them from being outrageous and fanatical. At the same time he let it be clearly understood that the leaders of the Left were so far from being Communists that they were the saviours of Paris from the Communists. Thus, useful to all parties, and polite and conciliatory even to those who opposed him, he nevertheless, partly by adroitness, partly by superior insight into affairs, kept himself clear of the blunders into which others were falling, and placed before himself a definite and practicable aim, although the aim was but the temporary one of getting France to adopt a policy that would enable it to surmount a special crisis. It is scarcely too much to say that, whatever might have been said of M. THIERS then may be said of him now, although the parties with which he has to deal, and the crisis which he is endeavouring to help France to surmount, are obviously of a very different character.

THE WELSH COLLIERS' STRIKE.

THE strike of the ironmasters' colliers in South Wales has happily up to the present time not been accompanied either by disturbance of order or by violation of contract. It is not disputed that the men had a right to leave the pits in preference to accepting the proposed reduction of wages by ten per cent. It seems to be assumed that their determination is approved by the thirty thousand or forty thousand iron-workers who are thrown out of work by the discontinuance of the supply of coal; and the colliers are entitled to act exclusively with reference to their own interests, even if their refusal to work indirectly affects the interests of their neighbours. Even if it were clear that the strike was unjust to the employers or to any other class, it would be useless to treat a conflict of forces as a subject for moral reflections. It is much more certain that the strike is a misfortune than that it involves any culpability on either side. The Welsh ironmasters will lose profits corresponding to a payment of wages which cannot have been less than 100,000*l.* per week; and the consumers, who must draw their supplies from other districts, will find that diminished production is represented by increase of price. It seems that the majority of the colliers will for the present receive from their Union a sufficient allowance to secure them against extreme want; but the iron-workers, having for the most part no reserve funds, must depend in great measure on the voluntary liberality of Trade Unions. The whole social economy of the district will be deranged, or rather paralysed, by the stoppage of the payments on which the miscellaneous population depended for subsistence. It is not surprising that the shopkeepers who supply the wants of the workmen should be alarmed at the strike, although their offer to mediate between the contending parties was unauthorised and useless. The promoters of the strike hold out to the men hopes of finding ready employment in other parts of the country, and large numbers have already gone either to the steam-coal pits or into England in search of work. It remains to be seen whether the Council of the Miners' Association, which has through its Chairman actively encouraged the strike, represents the feeling of the general mining population. The colliers in all parts of the country have for more than a year exerted themselves to restrict as far as possible the output of coal, by refusing to work for more than three or four days in the week. It will be not a little surprising if they welcome the arrival in their respective districts of hundreds or thousands of skilled competitors who had up to this time worked for the South Wales ironmasters. Perhaps it may be cheaper to admit new workmen into the pits than to maintain them in idleness by levies on their own wages. It is not known whether the masters will offer any impediment to arrangements which tend to the success of the struggle against other employers.

There is nothing more remarkable than the docile unanimity with which large bodies of workmen invariably submit to the dictation of their leaders. In Trade Unions, as in political communities, large democratic bodies seem to be incapable of independence or originality, although they exert the vigour in action which results from discipline or passive obedience. A deliberative body not reduced to impotence by equality and universal suffrage would certainly have paused before it resolved on the dangerous experiment of closing the South Wales iron works. The statements which had been made by the masters were, greatly to the credit of the men, accepted with little hesitation as probably true, but a few words from the recognized leaders were sufficient to confirm a resolution which had been originally formed on the opposite assumption. It had appeared from published returns that the condition of the trade was highly prosperous, and that the proposal to reduce wages was consequently inequitable; but the masters assured a deputation of miners that the published figures were incorrect; and they offered to allow an inspec-

tion of their books in proof of their assertion. The delegates admitted that, if the statements of the masters were true, the reduction would be justifiable; but they alleged, with some plausibility, that miners would not be able to understand commercial accounts, and they ultimately insisted that the questions in dispute should be submitted to arbitration. The masters rejoined by a refusal to adopt a practice which, according to their statement, had failed in the Northern districts; and, on the report of the delegates, a general meeting, at the instigation of the leaders, at once determined to persevere in the strike which had been projected before a doubt was thrown on the accuracy of the published returns. No serious attempt was made to effect a reasonable compromise by inducing the masters to allow an inspection of their books by skilled accountants, whose inquiries might have been confined to the single point in dispute. It appears that the miners themselves entertained no serious doubt of the accuracy of the masters' statement, although the Chairman of the Miners' Association, who seems to have been the principal promoter of the strike, advised the men not to accept the assertion, which he described as the masters' *ipse dixit*. If the proceedings are accurately reported, the momentous decision to precipitate a rupture appears to have been adopted on the assumption of the falsehood of a statement which the bulk of the meeting believed to be true. In all such disputes there are elements familiarly known to both parties to which it is deemed inexpedient or unnecessary to refer in public discussion. A rumour that the workmen desire to ascertain the state of the masters' accounts during the last seven years suggests an explanation of the refusal of the men to accept the offer of inspection, and of the unwillingness of the masters to submit their books to professional examination. Mr. HALLIDAY, while he repudiates any desire to open up the accounts for seven years, admits that the miners proposed to investigate the whole of the books for one year. Their object was probably to prove that, although prices may now have been reduced, the profits of the early part of the year ought to be set off against the results of the present state of the market. An entirely different issue had been raised by the men when they resisted the ten per cent. reduction, on the authority of the published returns. Mr. HALLIDAY's demand is consistent with the accuracy of the statement made by the masters, and it involves the principle that after a season of prosperity employers ought in certain cases to continue their undertakings at a loss. It sometimes happens that preliminary negotiations are conducted, not for the purpose of effecting a settlement, but as manœuvres by which both parties endeavour to place their adversaries in the wrong. When employers on the eve of a struggle find that their workmen are directed by professional agitators, they have good reason for suspecting that overtures for compromise are not likely to lead to any useful result. The summary decision of the public meeting had evidently been arranged beforehand by the leaders; and possibly the masters may have previously ascertained that the strike was inevitable in default of their withdrawal of the notice of reduction.

At their interview with the delegates some of the iron-masters remarked that, in consequence of the falling off of workmanship, a larger quantity of pig-iron than formerly was now used in making a ton of rails. It seems also to have been hinted that high wages had led to idle habits and to increased intemperance. A Baptist preacher, who afterwards addressed the meeting of miners, indignantly protested against an imputation on a body of men whom he so deeply loved and respected. Sectarian eloquence is naturally regardless of facts; and the colliers themselves are more candid than their over-zealous advocate. If the Welsh colliers have not idled longer and drunk more during their season of prosperity, either they must have been more industrious and more temperate than the members of the same class in England and Scotland, or employers and disinterested observers must have been engaged in a wanton and general conspiracy to calumniate the whole mining population. It is true that colliers, like other men, are free to work at their choice, and to spend their earnings as they please; nor would it have been judicious on the part of the masters to make censorious remarks on the private conduct of the workmen; but, if it is true that the quality of the work has declined, the deterioration bears directly on the amount of profits, and therefore on the proposed reduction of wages, although the charge is brought, not against the colliers, but against the iron-workers. Any deficiency or irregularity in the supply of coal to the works would also be material to the controversy. Unless there are peculiar conditions which affect mining labour in South Wales, the colliers might, if they thought fit, increase their incomes by working for a longer time in the week; but in this respect, as in other matters, they have a power, and therefore a right, to exercise their own discretion. It is certain that they would refuse to refer to arbitration the question whether they should work every day in the week. The masters in their turn have probably good reasons for declining an indefinite jurisdiction which is vague without being exhaustive. There are perhaps cases in which arbitration may be suitable for the determination of some simple issue between employers and workmen; but until a fixed proportion of wages to capital and profits has been established by common consent, it will be impossible to conduct industrial operations under quasi-judicial control.

The South Wales strike, if it proceeds, will probably throw some light on the vexed question of the advantage or disadvantage to workmen of such proceedings. Many economists have shown plausible reasons for believing that more is lost by interruption of labour than is on the average gained by the additions to wages which sometimes result from strikes. If the South Wales miners and iron-workers with their families depended wholly on trade contributions for their support, the funds of the Union, even with the aid of the voluntary contributions which may be expected, would not be sufficient to maintain them for many weeks; and the funds which will necessarily be expended have been accumulated by payment of a percentage on their former earnings. As a large number of the men will probably find employment either in the Welsh steam collieries or in the English iron districts, the burden on the funds of the Union will be proportionally diminished, and the men who find work will subscribe towards the maintenance of their less fortunate companions; but it may be confidently asserted that the cost to the men and to the Union of the strike will enormously exceed the amount of ten per cent. on three months' wages. The consumer, who will be the ultimate sufferer, is naturally treated with equal contempt by masters and workmen. In trade conflicts, as in war between nations, the principle at stake may sometimes be worth a heavy sacrifice; and perhaps the knowledge that strikes are possible may on the whole have the effect of raising or sustaining the general rate of wages. If the more direct results could be accurately compared with the expense incurred, the balance would almost certainly be against the Unions; and there can be little doubt that the South Wales miners and iron-workers will suffer by their decision, though they will have the satisfaction of causing heavy loss to their masters, and of raising still further the price of iron and of coal, at the expense of the general community.

THE ASSEMBLY AND THE THIRTY.

THE National Assembly met again on Monday. The perfect quiet which France has enjoyed during the recess may convey a useful lesson to the Conservative leaders. They are exceedingly fond of representing themselves as the only safeguard of public tranquillity. Were they to leave the country in the grasp of the PRESIDENT, his desire to conciliate the Radicals would lead to the overthrow of law and order, of family purity and religious belief. It is essential, therefore, that his hands should be securely tied, and that his Ministers should be men whom the Right can absolutely trust. The Christmas holidays interrupted them in the search for a set of fetters which should answer this indispensable purpose. For three weeks M. THIERS has had everything his own way. He has held official receptions in Paris, and betrayed his revolutionary sympathies by talking to M. GAMBETTA at an evening party. The nature of the case would seem to require that throughout this interval the country should have been extremely uneasy. Its natural protectors were keeping Christmas in their own homes, while the PRESIDENT was exchanging civilities with men who do not believe in a Conservative Ruler of the Universe, and would like to dine off roast priest. Here was an occasion for conspiracies of every kind. It is doubtful whether, on their own showing, the majority ought to have consented to an adjournment: whether they ought not to have outwatched the stars even at Christmas, in order to save France from the Radicals. Their omission to do this ought at all events to have condemned their constituents to a fortnight of irrepressible anxiety. Instead of this, the French people seem decidedly more at their ease when the Assembly is not sitting. It is when the Assembly meets again that they grow uncomfortable. The chiefs of the majority will be loth to draw the inference which they ought to draw from this curious contradiction. They would like to go on making disturbances in the interests

of public tranquillity, and unsettling even the little that can be called established in France in the interests of social order. They believe themselves, as we learn from M. DE LARCY, to be the objects of a special divine protection, and their idea of making the most of this advantage is to use it to weaken the authority and influence of the powers that be. It is probable, however, that Providence will be better to them than they deserve, and will once more temper their valour with the discretion that is born of irresolution. The leaders of the Right would like to believe that the good sense of the Chamber is altogether identified with their policy; that whatever they decree to be necessary for the maintenance of law and religion will be accepted without question by all who profess and call themselves Conservatives. But they can hardly avoid seeing that there is very little of this uncalculating submission in the ranks of the majority. Though they can command an occasional triumph, they cannot trust their own supporters. An alternative theory of Conservative duty challenges their allegiance at every turn; and if their first thoughts are with the Right, their second thoughts are sure to gravitate towards the Centre. They see a Government which has proved its strength by putting down a formidable insurrection, and its moderation by acting in harmony with the Assembly so long as the Assembly was acting in harmony with the country. They see that this Government has attracted to itself an amount of support which gives it a better chance of maintaining its ground than any rival can at present hope to command. They see Republicans drawn to it by the frankness with which it has christened itself Republican. They see men who have hitherto been at heart Monarchists drawn to it by the fact that it gives them the essentials which are all that they have really valued in Monarchy. They see that the desire of the Right is to prevent this Government from consolidating itself any further, to allow a time of exceptional quiet to pass away unused rather than allow its fruits to be gathered in for the benefit of the Republic. They know that among their nominal guides are some who have an obvious motive for counselling delay. They can understand that the partisans of fallen dynasties are not likely to look with composure upon a settlement which commits the work of restoring tranquillity to France to other hands than theirs. It is hardly possible that, when these ideas have once rooted themselves in their minds, they should not breed distrust and apprehension. If they allow the leaders of the Right to wield the whole strength of the Conservative party in the Assembly, have they any security that they will wield it for Conservative as distinguished from dynastic ends? The two are not necessarily identical; on the contrary, they are in some respects plainly opposed to one another. Nothing could be more discouraging to a Restoration, whether Legitimist or Orleanist, than the discovery that all the material and social advantages which had been expected from it had already been obtained under a Republic. Consequently the nearer a Republican Government comes to securing these advantages, the more eager will conscientious Monarchists be to prevent its definitive establishment. Men who believe that the only hope for France is in a Restoration will naturally be anxious to save their countrymen from being deceived by appearances. The more successful the Republic is in disguising itself as an angel of light, the more incumbent it is upon them to make it appear in its real character. There must be many men amongst the nominal majority arrayed against M. THIERS who have been, or will be, led by these considerations to question their own wisdom in strengthening the hands of the Right. Whether they do or do not succeed in influencing the action of the Committee of Thirty, they can hardly fail to influence, or rather to determine, the action of the Assembly to which the Report of this Committee will be addressed. If a consciousness of this fact can be infused into the Committee, some trouble and some scandal may be saved; and for this reason M. THIERS will probably go on preaching compromise and conciliation whenever he can gain a hearing. But he can hardly feel much anxiety as to the ultimate event, even if his counsels are altogether disregarded. The Thirty may recommend the Assembly to keep the government of the country in its present provisional and unsettled state, rather than allow it to be consolidated under the guidance of Conservative Republicans. But the Assembly will probably consider that the bird in the hand which M. THIERS holds out to them is worth any two which can be offered by the partisans of the rival pretenders.

It would not be surprising if, under these circumstances, the majority of the Committee should try to borrow M. THIERS's strategy, and to keep the present state of things in being, not by refusing to recommend a substitute, but simply by delaying to produce one. Two draft Constitutions have already been laid before the Second Sub-Committee, and if the details of these projects are to be properly considered, there is no reason why the deliberations of the Thirty should not be extended over the rest of the Session. There would be a certain ingenuity about this policy which might make it attractive in the eyes of politicians who felt assured that a bolder line would fail of its object. So long as the Committee is sitting M. THIERS will desire to make his conduct of affairs as palatable as possible to the party which it represents. It is not until it has finally reported against him that he will care to throw away a chance of bringing it to report in his favour. For the rest of the Session, therefore, the good will of the Executive is assured, and, with the prospects of Monarchy so desperate as they now appear, a six months' reprieve is worth playing for. The chapter of accidents may have little in store, but when there is nothing else to trust to, it is well not to close it a moment earlier than can be helped. From these calculations, however, one important element is omitted. M. THIERS has largely used delay as an instrument in the prosecution of his own designs, but he may not be equally patient of it when it is employed by hostile hands. It is his interest at present to keep the Committee and the Right in good humour. But supposing it to become clear that the Committee are only playing with him, the motive for his forbearance will be gone, and the forbearance will probably be found to have gone with it. M. THIERS can at any moment make a proposal to the Committee, and request an immediate report upon it. If that request is refused or played with, he can at once paralyse the Thirty by introducing his project in the Assembly itself. An open breach between the PRESIDENT and the Thirty, founded on the unwillingness of the latter to do the work they were appointed to do, would bring to a head all the doubts and apprehensions on the part of the majority which have been already set forth, and would tend almost to a certainty in all probability to unite all the moderate sections of it in their old attitude of puzzled submission to M. THIERS.

LOCAL TAXATION.

A SCHEME of local taxation propounded on the same authority which has lately sanctioned the abandonment of Canada, the abolition of the Church, and the commencement from the 1st of January of a new and original political era, may be regarded as the reduction to utter absurdity of the changes which have been threatened by Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. GOSCHEN. Landlords and tenants have often jointly preferred a plausible complaint of the injustice which they suppose themselves to suffer through the exemption of personal property from liability to rates; but neither party objected to the division of the burden between themselves, or to the machinery by which it was effected. Ordinary statesmen would have either denied or acknowledged the existence of the alleged grievance; and, if it was well founded, they might have endeavoured to devise some mode of redress. Unluckily landowners and farmers have too frequently concurred not only in grumbling about rates, but in electing members to oppose Mr. GLADSTONE; and consequently it was deemed expedient not only to deal with the fiscal question, but to sow, if possible, dissension in the hostile ranks. Accordingly Mr. GOSCHEN's Bill of 1870 provided for a partial transfer of the payment of rates from the occupier to the owner; and it was only on second thoughts that Mr. GOSCHEN condescended to recognize the force of existing contracts. Probably no precedent can be found of a project of unjust legislation so apparently contrived for party purposes; but it is highly probable that a general election under the Ballot will justify the official calculation. The agitation against the present system of rating was injudicious as far as it related to the incidence of local taxation, although a question might fairly be raised as to the proper distinction between local and Imperial purposes. The Poor-rate, which has served as a precedent for all other local taxes, was at first indiscriminately imposed on the substance of the parishioners. In practice it was found convenient to levy the rate only on lands and houses; and long continuance has, as in all similar cases, practically removed the inequality of the impost. All existing tenants and nearly all existing proprietors have acquired their land by contracts in which the exclusive liability of realty to rates was one of the express or implied conditions. On the other hand, fund-holders and shareholders have given larger prices for investments which were by law or practice exempt from

local taxation. Strong reasons ought to be given for a readjustment which amounts to an increase or decrease of the relative value of different kinds of property; nor indeed would the controversy probably have arisen but for the expensive improvements in administration which have been of late years effected at the cost of the ratepayers. The expense of the administration of justice, and some other charges of the same character, are not incurred for the exclusive benefit of the inhabitants of the district where they have been incurred. In some instances the claim of the ratepayers to relief has been recognized by law; and the majority of the House of Commons which carried Sir MASSEY LOPES'S resolution apparently thought that the Imperial revenue ought to make further contributions. For sanitary expenditure, more especially in towns, the ratepayers may be considered to have received full consideration.

The Ministers are perhaps scarcely to be congratulated on the advocacy of an enthusiastic partisan who in his eagerness generally overruns the scent. When Mr. GOSCHEN lately made an offhand suggestion that corporate lands should be compulsorily sold, his loquacious followers immediately expatiated on the expediency of depriving country incumbents of their modest glebes. In the same spirit the project of transferring half the rates from the occupier to the owner is travestied by a thoughtless journalist into a scheme for making the average rates of the last seven years a rent charge upon all rural land. The tax has, it seems, become public property, to be held henceforth in perpetual mortmain. That liability to rates depends exclusively on the public wants for which it is necessary to make provision, is a consideration which has apparently not occurred to the ingenious projector. It is at least conceivable that the Poor-rates, which still form the heaviest part of local charges, might be largely reduced, at the expense perhaps of the ratepayer, who, through an increased demand or diminished supply of labour, might have been compelled largely to increase wages. If the average rate is public property in 1873, it was equally public property in 1833, immediately before the enactment of the present Poor-law, when the rates in some parishes were equal to the rental. On precisely the same grounds it might be contended that the Income-tax of 4*d.* or 6*d.* or 7*d.* in the pound might at any given time have been equitably converted into a permanent charge on land, on dividends, or on trade profits. There is no reason why Parliament should not exercise full discretion in the selection of the classes which are to be liable to rates imposed for any new purpose of public utility. The older rates are quite as likely to be diminished as to be increased; and it would be monstrous to deprive those who pay them of the benefits which may result from their own good fortune or skilful administration. Perhaps it may scarcely be worth while to expose the absurdity and injustice of a scheme which probably results, like other recent suggestions of equal value, from the audacity of inexperience; but it is barely possible that the projector may be only a too zealous exponent of official doctrines.

In all recent schemes for the re-arrangement of local taxation it is proposed to deal with houses and land on different principles. There may perhaps be some pretext for a distinction which nevertheless ought to be jealously watched. It has often been asserted that, through the rate on houses, the balance between the liabilities of real and personal property is in some degree redressed. Rich men who have not an acre of land live in large houses which are rated in proportion to the rent; and it has often been said that a house-tax, or a house-rate, is a rough approximation to an income-tax; yet it is also true that the burden is partially shared by the landlord. If all rates on houses were payable by the ground landlord, or by the intermediate lessor, the occupier could afford to pay a higher rent; but the majority of economists maintain that the burden is not in the case of houses, as in the case of land, exclusively imposed on the freeholder or on the immediate landlord. As houses are generally let by the owner of the soil for long terms of years, it is evident that he contributes nothing to any unforeseen increase of rates during the continuance of the lease; but a prospective possibility must, like any other element of value, be assumed to have been taken into consideration by the parties to a contract. Where the rates have increased in the large proportion described, with some exaggeration, by Mr. RATHBONE in his paper on local taxation in Liverpool, a plausible case may perhaps be made for the transfer to the owner of any part of the charge which tends, through the purposes to which it is applied, to increase the value of his property. Mr. RATHBONE'S statistical tables would probably explain the causes of the increase of rates, some of which, such as the cost of public parks, are perhaps in the nature of interest on the purchase money of valuable property. If the transaction has added to the selling price of the reversion, it will be for the freeholder to show cause against his liability to a portion of the rate. No Ministerial Bill will do injustice to householders in boroughs, or to 12*l.* householders in counties, because both classes have votes to give to Ministerial members. Rural landlords, on the other hand, have a fatal propensity to distrust Mr. GLADSTONE, and the number of large town proprietors, or of capitalists who have invested their money in ground rents, is too small to entitle them to any extraordinary share of justice.

There can be no doubt that, notwithstanding the natural process by which the incidence of taxation tends to adjust itself, the interference of the Legislature may sometimes be necessary or desirable. When the administration as well as the contribution of taxes is local, it is important that those who manage the expenditure should be identified in interest with the taxpayers. The contrary result would be produced in naked absurdity if the preposterous plan of charging the existing rates in perpetuity on the land could by any possibility be adopted. The distribution and application of the proceeds of taxation would necessarily remain in the hands of the occupiers, who would have no motive for reducing the rates below the fixed amount of revenue at their disposal. They would also be comparatively indifferent to an increase of parochial burdens which would, in accordance with the established precedent, be after a short interval added to the rent charge. Even if the gross injustice of the plan were left out of consideration, the carelessness of administration which must necessarily ensue would afford dangerous encouragement to pauperism. It may be inferred from the provisions of Mr. GOSCHEN'S abortive Bill that some illusory pretence of representation will be offered to landowners in consideration of the burden to which they are to be wantonly subjected; but where two classes combined in a single body have opposite or even separate interests, the right of voting in a standing minority is absolutely worthless. It is well known that *ex-officio* Guardians are powerless in their Boards whenever a question arises on which justices and elected Guardians are influenced by different feelings and motives. The strictness and frequent unfairness with which the clergy are assessed to the rates affords a familiar illustration of the spirit in which Boards of Guardians or Vestries would levy rates from landowners. If any readjustment and division of burdens can be shown to be equitable, it would be much better to apportion some special rates exclusively to owners than to charge them with a moiety of the whole amount. The highways would probably be better kept than at present if they were maintained and managed by the resident representatives of the landowners of a district; nor would it perhaps be unreasonable to charge the freeholder with the cost of new and permanent sanitary improvements, although in this instance the administration would necessarily belong to the Board of Guardians. The assessment of rates imposed exclusively on owners should not be subject to the caprice or wilful unfairness of occupiers and their nominees.

THE DISSENTERS AND THE GOVERNMENT.

THERE can no longer be any doubt as to the manner in which the Nonconformists would receive the alteration in the 25th clause of the Education Act which was foreshadowed by Mr. HIBBERT the other day. In a letter to a contemporary the Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Education League has declared that he will have none of it, and upon this point he may be supposed to speak the mind of Dissenters generally. He can hardly bring himself to believe that a proposal that the fees for the schooling of the children of indigent parents shall be paid by the Guardians will be seriously entertained, but he is quite certain that its adoption by the Government "would be such a proof of incapacity to com-" prehend, or unwillingness to meet, the scruples of Dissenters " as would finally discharge them from all the obligations of " party loyalty." One is almost tempted to wish that the Nonconformist Liberals would take their discharge and provide themselves with a new sovereign. Nothing else will convince them how greatly they have overrated their strength in the country. They seem resolved that, unless they can have things their own way, nothing shall be done for elementary education. They justify this determination on the ground that a great principle is involved in the opposition to the 25th clause. But to maintain this position successfully the principle in question must be one of which the public can

be made to see the importance. There are persons who hold that a great principle is involved in the opposition to compulsory vaccination, but they are fined for their obstinacy all the same. If the Dissenters were to carry out their threat of secession, they would in the end be the chief sufferers.

Unfortunately it is not only the prospects of a particular party, or of a particular section of a party, that are affected by this controversy. The Dissenters might turn the Liberal Government out of office, if they have the will and the power to do so, without any worse result than to bring back to the party many who have been driven away from it by the violence of these very malcontents. But the cause of elementary education suffers whenever political or ecclesiastical passions are imported into a subject which ought by rights to be entirely free from them. It is this reflection that leads reasonable politicians to go on searching for compromises in spite of so many declarations on the part of the Nonconformists that no compromise is possible. It is remarkable that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN should not have taken the trouble to understand the proposal which he sets himself to denounce. It is not true that if the change were effected the money "would be applied to the same object in the same way." It would no doubt be applied to the same object—the object, that is, of providing secular instruction for children whose parents are too poor to provide it themselves. But it would not be applied in the same way. As the 25th clause stands, the school fee in the case of such children attending Denominational schools is paid by the School Board. The consequence is that the Board has full notice of the use to which the money is applied. If the inability to pay school fees were put on the same footing as the inability to provide for a child's physical wants, the Board of Guardians to whom the matter would then be handed over would have no such notice. They would give the parent money to pay the school fee just as they give him money to buy groceries. Or, more accurately, they would not give him money for either purpose as such, but generally for the supply of his necessary wants. There would be nothing in this to "carry sectarian conflict and strife into the election of another "group of public bodies," or to "place the magistrates, the "Guardians, and the School Boards in a position of constant "antagonism." No doubt, if the Guardians were ordered to pay the fees for the children of outdoor paupers attending voluntary schools, an effort might be made on the part of the Dissenters to elect Guardians who would pledge themselves to disobey the law. But if the Guardians were simply ordered to include inability to buy a child's schooling among the wants which confer a title to relief from the rates, it would be no more their business to inquire where the parent buys it than it is to inquire where he buys the bread which he is at present bound to provide for his child. The School Board would take care that the child attended some efficient school; the relieving officer would take care that no parent was helped to send his child to an efficient school unless he could not do it without help; the Guardians would deal with cases in which such inability was proved to exist, just as they now deal with other forms of inability to provide necessaries. At what stage of this process does Mr. CHAMBERLAIN see any loophole for the introduction of sectarian conflict?

Nor is there anything more substantial in the notion that such a plan would "secure the education of the child only at "the price of the degradation of the parent, forced to accept "a relief which is humiliating to him, in the discharge of a "new obligation which the law imposes, but which his re-"sources are insufficient to provide." Mr. CHAMBERLAIN argues as though the new obligation were some work of supererogation imposed upon the parent by the law. Once admit that the enactment of compulsory school attendance is only the formal recognition of a moral obligation which has always existed, but has not hitherto been enforced, and there is no ground for distinguishing between this and the obligations with which the parent is already saddled. Why, for example, does not Mr. CHAMBERLAIN extend his objection to the Poor-law as a whole? Why does he not speak of it as securing the life of a child only at the price of the degradation of the parent, forced to accept a relief which is humiliating to him in the discharge of an obligation to give his children food, which the law imposes but which his resources are insufficient to provide? The cases are parallel if it is conceded that moral and physical want stand on the same footing, and that it is as much the duty of the parent to give his child a certain minimum of education as it is to give him a certain minimum of food. If Mr. CHAMBERLAIN denies this, he cannot be a consistent supporter of compulsory education. If he admits it, why should relief be given under one name where food is concerned, and under another name where schooling is concerned? Whatever degradation there is in a man's accepting relief from the rates consists in the inability to make a livelihood by his own labour, and this will not be lessened by calling the relief remission of school fees instead of parish allowance. It is strange, again, that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN does not see that, so far as this objection is concerned, it makes no difference whether the 25th clause be retained, or repealed, or modified. It is not the mere necessity of paying the school fee that will ordinarily drive a man to seek relief from the rates. The necessity of doing without his child's earnings, and of providing him with clothes which he need not have had if he could have been kept at home, will constitute a far heavier burden, and one that will be imposed on him without any reference to the 25th clause. If School Boards do not save him the humiliation of accepting relief on these grounds, it will be a matter of small moment that they remit a school fee amounting to a penny or twopence a week.

It must be confessed, however, that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S letter makes it doubtful whether anything will be gained by continuing the search for a *modus vivendi* with the Dissenters in the direction indicated by Mr. HIBBERT. It is not a sufficient recommendation of a compromise that nothing can be urged against it. The object of putting it forward is to conciliate opponents, and if it is clear beforehand that it will not conciliate them, it is only so much trouble taken in vain. While regretting on all grounds that the Dissenters should be as impracticable as Mr. CHAMBERLAIN makes them out to be, we agree with him that it would be wiser for the Government to refuse to deal with the question at all than to propose a change which would leave them as discontented as ever.

IRONCLADS AT SEA.

AT the end of last week two uncomfortable bits of naval news were published about the same time. From Portsmouth it was reported that the men of the frigate *Aurora* had mutinied, while from Gibraltar came the news that the ironclads *Northumberland* and *Hercules* had put in there very much damaged by a collision off Madeira. There seems to be no reason to suppose that the disorder on board the *Aurora* was anything more than a passing fit of ill-temper on the part of the men. The officer in command thought that some of the work of the ship had been neglected, and stopped all leave. This, it was said, was punishing the innocent as well as the guilty, and the crew showed their resentment by making a great noise, pitching the guns about, and even threatening to fling one into the engine-room. Nothing tries the temper of sailors so much as stopping leave suddenly, especially during holiday time, and this is certainly not the first occasion on which such an order has led to disturbances. What irritates the men is, we suspect, not merely that they are cut off from a pleasure to which they have been looking forward, but that they feel they are humiliated in the eyes of their friends on shore. In the present instance we have no means of knowing whether the punishment was really called for; but in any case there can be no doubt that the men afterwards behaved very badly, and that anything in the nature of a mutiny requires to be sharply dealt with on board a man-of-war. If the ringleaders could be discovered, especially the man who suggested the pretty sport of throwing a heavy gun into the engine-room, it would be necessary to make an example of them; but it seems to be very doubtful whether they will be discovered. The lights were put out when the row took place, and none of the mutineers can be identified. Happily there is no evidence of preconcerted action in the affair, and indeed the crew had only just been brought together, and had hardly had time to get acquainted with each other. The other piece of news to which we have referred is of a much more serious character. On Christmas Day the ironclad squadron at Madeira had just returned from riding out a gale at the back of the island, and the weather was still rough. The *Northumberland* parted her cable in a heavy squall, and, although another anchor was promptly let go, she drifted with rapidly increasing speed and momentum towards the *Hercules*, which was lying some five hundred yards off. Before she could be brought up, she was, as one of the officers described it, "on "the top of the *Hercules*." Some injury was done to the latter, but at first it was supposed that the *Northumberland* had escaped from the encounter with nothing worse than a few scratches. Next morning a "good list of the ship to "port" was observed, and it was then discovered that two of the compartments on the port side were full of water. The

Northumberland had in fact rammed herself on the *Hercules's* prow. The prow had penetrated her water-plating, and made a hole four or five feet deep and eighteen inches broad—a hole certainly "not so deep as a well nor so wide as a church-door, yet enough." It was enough at any rate to make the Admiral feel uncomfortable, and the injured ships at once made all speed for Gibraltar. The danger to the *Northumberland* was of course lessened by the fact that she is built in compartments, so that, even if one or two compartments should be pierced and fill, the other compartments are sufficient to float the ship. At present it is impossible to ascertain the full amount of damage which has been done. Besides the fracture in the outside skin, two leaks had been observed where the inner skin joins the iron beams, and it was naturally suspected that the beams had been injured.

If this accident stood alone, it would not perhaps so much matter. Accidents, it is said, will occur in the best regulated families; but when accidents are constantly occurring in a family, it may be reasonably doubted whether it is regulated in the most perfect manner. It cannot fail to be observed that the collision between the *Northumberland* and the *Hercules* is only one of a series of disasters. Out of a squadron of six vessels, two are ordered home for repairs, and two others are said to be "shaky about the bottom." The *Northumberland* impales herself on the *Hercules*, the *Bellerophon* jostles the *Minotaur*, and the *Sultan* scrapes the ground and is found to be "shaky" too. And not long before all this we have the *Agincourt*, the sister ship to the *Northumberland*, run on the Pearl Rock, and the *Lord Clyde* aground in the Mediterranean; and only a little further back the *Captain* capsized. Of course we are quite prepared to find that it is possible to take a cheery and hopeful view of these disasters. Indeed, nothing would surprise us more than not to be assured on the highest authority that accidents of this kind are rather proofs than otherwise of wise administration, perfect seamanship, and a peculiarly scientific way of building ships. Everything that has occurred no doubt admits of the simplest explanation; but ordinary people may be pardoned for feeling uneasy when so many unpleasant things of the same sort keep on happening one after the other. Of course there will be an inquiry into the bumping of the *Northumberland*, with another big Blue-book, and a solemn official minute by "My Lords." Last year we had the *Megæra* inquiry, and nothing could be more instructive. It was shown in the clearest way that it is morally as well as physically impossible for anybody connected with the navy above the rank of a deputy-assistant understrapper of one kind or another to do anything wrong.

We shall certainly not presume to anticipate the result of the inquiry into the collision between the *Northumberland* and the *Hercules*, but there are one or two tolerably obvious considerations which must strike every one. One of the officers of the *Northumberland*, in a letter which has been published, blames the Admiralty for sending the ironclads to such an anchorage as Funchal, "no better than "the middle of the Atlantic," with the additional peril of being driven on shore if a cable breaks or the anchor does not hold. Last year, he says, the fleet was put in jeopardy at Teneriffe, and two years before at the Azores. Ironclads are costly articles, and we certainly cannot afford to have ships which are worth from half to three-quarters of a million knocked about off dangerous coasts, as if they were cheap wooden vessels of the old school. It can hardly be said that ironclads require seasoning in this way, and seamanship might perhaps be learned under less risky circumstances. On the other hand, assuming that Funchal is such a bad anchorage that the *Northumberland* should never have been sent there, it is rather odd to find a great vessel of some six thousand tons weight riding with a single anchor off a dangerous coast in a notoriously bad anchorage, and with "wild weather" about. There had been a tempestuous gale, and everything seemed to show that the tempest had only lulled, not subsided. The wind was still squally and blowing with great force, and there was a heavy sea on. Yet there was only a single anchor to hold this huge monster of iron. This scarcely looks like ordinary prudence. There is another circumstance which must not be overlooked. Lord Clarence Paget some months since asserted that the orders which the Admiralty had issued to commanders of vessels to economize in the use of coal had produced dangerous results; that officers, afraid of being rebuked for extravagance in coal, dispensed with steam as much as possible, even to the peril of their ships; and that many so-called accidents might be traced to this cause. In the present instance we find that the fleet, in boisterous weather and in a dangerous situation, had their fires banked up in obedience to orders from the flag-ship. When a fire is banked up, it takes on an average nearly an hour to get up steam; but by a great effort the engineer of the *Northumberland* was able to get up steam in twenty minutes. Even this, however, was too late to avert the accident. The *Northumberland* had five hundred yards to drift before she struck the *Hercules*, and if she had at once had the command of steam, she would probably have been able to control her motions, and keep clear of her consort's stem. It is evident that this accident is destined to land us in another fierce controversy as to the proper model of ships of war. We shall have the battle of the ships fought over again, and the moderate-sized, swift, easily-handled vessel pitted once more against the unwieldly but, when once engaged, overwhelmingly powerful leviathan. It can hardly be doubted that for the present we have gone at least far enough in the latter direction, and we may now reasonably pause to take stock of our position. It would also seem that our commanders do not find themselves at home in the handling of these huge ships. Seamanship is in a transition state between old and new, and old habits and traditions have as yet been only partially adapted to new exigencies and responsibilities.

NEWSPAPER DECENCY.

PUBLIC decency has, it seems to us, rather a serious quarrel with the conductors of more than one of the morning journals for the manner in which they have treated the Emperor's death as a matter of news. The Emperor died of an acute and painful malady which there can be no harm in naming in plain English, but which it was surely enough to name without seeking to gratify the prurient curiosity of a section of the public by going into minute medical details of the most disgusting and sickening character. All that the public required to know was the general course of the malady; how the Emperor bore the successive operations, the nature of which everybody understood perfectly well without specific description; whether he kept up his strength; whether the doctors were hopeful, and everything going on well; or whether the patient's condition had taken an unfavourable turn. All this might have been told without any violation of decency or decorum. The medical bulletins which were issued by the physicians told really all that it was necessary or proper to publish for the information of the world at large. The physicians perfectly understood the line to be drawn between professional confidences and public news, and it is a pity the newspapers did not content themselves with this authentic and discreet intelligence. The immediate cause of death, whether apoplectic seizure or stoppage of circulation, has yet to be made known, but only a morbid and nasty curiosity would seek to intrude into more minute and private details.

Unfortunately several of the morning journals have thought differently. These are days of close newspaper competition and eager enterprise, and all is fish that comes to their nets. An Emperor's disease, no matter what it is, is an article of commerce like anything else, and must be made the most of. And so the dead man's miseries, and all the dark and horrible secrets of human suffering, are hawked about the streets like costermongers' wares. "Special Report—His Latest "Moments!" bawls the *Standard*; "Special Medical Details!" pipes the *Daily News*. The *Standard*, to do it justice, lets alone the medical part of the story. But it draws aside the curtain from a family sorrow which the commonest instincts of humanity should have taught it to respect. And the same may be said of the *Daily Telegraph*, which thrusts us into the chamber of death, and makes a show of the stricken widow and her boy. The *Times* reproduces in a modified form, and with judicious excisions, the detailed medical record which is published by the *Lancet*. The *Daily News* and *Post* reprint the medical report without even the softening of a word; they shrink from nothing. It is of course natural and necessary in the interests of science that professional journals should publish information of this kind. They do not appeal to the general public, and the professional men who read them are not gratifying a morbid and impertinent curiosity in studying the minutest particulars of disease. Whether the medical journals should be in such violent haste to print their secrets is another question. Science would hardly suffer even if the disclosures were postponed until the subject of them had been committed to the tomb. For the publication of such articles in a journal intended for general, and especially for family, circulation no excuse can be alleged. It cannot be pretended that it is done in the interests of science, for the multitude is

not scientific. It is impossible to doubt that prominence and publicity are given to these painful and disgusting details purely for the sake of pandering to a prurient and vicious curiosity. Unfortunately there are people who like to pry into horrible things, and to gloat over the awful secrets of disease and death. For our own part, we do not believe that journals which deliberately set themselves to foster and gratify these vile and morbid appetites are really serving their own personal interests. They disgust and sicken more people than they please. Good feeling as well as good taste is outraged by this loud and shameless traffic in the sad mysteries of the sick-room, the agonies of the dying, and the fresh overwhelming sorrow of the bereaved family, the widow's sorrow, and the orphan's tears. There is something inexpressibly revolting in this prying and peeping into a sacred scene, this twitching of the ghouls at the coverlet of the sick-bed, and this hasty public autopsy in the streets the instant the dead man has ceased to breathe.

The subject is a very painful one, and it cannot be necessary to enlarge on the offence which has been committed by several journals more eager to sell their sheets than to show respect to public decency or to their own character. We have heard only one opinion on the subject, and it has been very strongly expressed. The publication of these too curious and private details is a violation, not only of social decorum, but of the sacredness of domestic privacy. Of late there have been too many indications of a disposition on the part of certain newspapers to pass beyond the limits of legitimate and decent news, and this tendency has now apparently reached its climax. We can only hope that the general disgust and indignation which must have been produced by the contents of some of yesterday's papers will help to work a cure.

OVERWORK.

EVERY one who has had much to do with schoolboys or undergraduates is aware of a pleasant fiction which is current amongst them, but which receives still more credit from their mothers and sisters. A young gentleman whose face is rather pale, whose hand shakes more than is fitting at his time of life, and who has a generally dilapidated appearance at the end of term, is apt to ascribe those symptoms to the superhuman efforts which he has made in passing the Littlego. He throws out dark hints about the necessity of fastening a wet towel round his head, and supporting his nervous system by copious draughts of green tea. His female relatives naturally sympathize, and regard examiners as stony-hearted inflicters of tortures upon the young. The more experienced and impartial observer is apt to be sceptical. It is indeed true that some young men have injured their constitutions, and probably more are likely to suffer the same injury, under the influence of competitive examinations. But it is also true that in a majority of cases the fiction is tolerably transparent to the young gentleman's college acquaintance. Overwork is sometimes a simple appeal for compassion; its supposed victim is merely acting the part of pallid student to impress the audience at home. More frequently it is a delicate periphrasis for other evils of a less presentable nature. Its sufferer may be imparting to intellectual exertion what is really due to a misguided passion for supper-parties and to nights spent in devotion to loo. In short, overwork is a highly convenient veil to throw over the innumerable methods in which a youth may injure his constitution. If the physical mischiefs produced by excessive study could be fairly compared with the mischiefs produced by other causes, we have a shrewd suspicion that their sum total would be infinitely less than is generally supposed. We may say pretty confidently, from a tolerably wide experience, that the number of victims to overwork is utterly insignificant compared with the number of victims from other causes, and with the number of cases in which the excuse is imposed upon soft-hearted relations.

What is true of undergraduates is at least equally true in later life. Most men, as they grow older, grow lazier, and at the same time become more accomplished hypocrites. For both reasons they acquire greater skill in imposing upon themselves and others. A young man brought up in happy ignorance of physiological laws, and placed under the stimulus of a competition whose importance he grossly exaggerates, does occasionally take liberties with his constitution. When he becomes conscious of his digestive apparatus, he grows more cautious, and is less accessible to excitement. He cannot be ridiculed by his companions, and he becomes an adept in the art of self-flattery. Everybody likes to think that he is making superhuman exertions, and his wife and family accept his theories much more readily than his tutors and competitors. And thus, when some eminent man breaks down under the strain of his labours, there is immediately a chorus of hard-working people who are ready to exclaim Yes, we are all breaking down. The cry is taken up by the newspapers, and we are treated to eloquent sermons upon the terrible excitement and the incessant wear and tear of modern life. We are living too fast, burning the candle at both ends, and exhausting our nervous systems under the incessant pressure of our struggle for existence. How much of all this is genuine? and how much is merely the repetition in later life, and with greater affectation of solemnity, of the old undergraduate pretence that we are being over worked, when in reality we are only wanting to excite a little domestic pity?

That a great deal of this lamentation is mere pretence will probably be acknowledged by any one who fairly examines the cases of his acquaintance. A gentleman has a comfortable breakfast; he goes to his chambers or his office, and returns to a late dinner. He does no work afterwards, and has plenty of time for a good sleep. His whole time for active work is comprised, say, between 10 A.M. and 6 P.M. From that must be deducted the time spent in luncheon, in gossiping, in the intervals between different pieces of business, and in all other interruptions. If he has been actually employed upon any serious intellectual labour for six or seven hours in the day, he has probably done as much as most men; and of this again a very large part is in most cases of a purely routine character. If a man who keeps himself up to this standard does not get from six weeks' to two months' holiday in the year, he considers himself to be cruelly injured, and immediately complains that he is being worked to death. One hears such complaints from many men who, if surprised in the hours of what they call business, are as often as not reading the newspaper, or perhaps making believe to read it. An energetic man will frequently contrive to cram into the hours which are allowed to run to waste by his friends work enough to win literary or scientific reputation as a voluntary addition to his other labours. As very few men have the necessary taste for such supererogatory performances, we may fairly assume that their burden is not heavier than human nature may fairly be expected to bear. It is of course true that there are many exceptions to this rule. There are barristers in large practice who have to begin the study of their briefs at five in the morning; physicians who cannot call any hour of the day or night their own; and Ministers whose labours, sufficiently severe in themselves, are only suspended whilst they breathe the unhealthy air of the House of Commons. But such cases, though positively numerous, are relatively a very small minority. Few members of Parliament are unable to spare time for society, for sport, for travelling, or for a thousand other modes of time-killing. The vast majority of professional men are far more apt to complain of the absence of work than of its excessive supply. For one barrister whose table is groaning under an accumulation of briefs, there are a hundred whose absence from chambers, though a subject of regret to their friends, would be accepted with surpassing equanimity by attorneys and by the public at large. The overwork of which we complain, so far as it really exists, is the result of a social system which accumulates duties upon a few, to leave the mass at complete leisure. Of the few, again, it must be added that a majority have no heavier burdens than they can fairly carry. The longevity of successful lawyers is notorious. We need not give instances of the many successful men who have been hard at work from early manhood to old age; of whom the chief complaint is that their appetite for work survives their capacity for doing it satisfactorily. With such men it must be supposed that hard work has been rather healthy than otherwise; and thus the actual sufferers are reduced to the minority of a minority. They are the few men whose intellectual force is disproportioned to their physical strength, and who have not self-restraint enough to decline duties for which they are fitted in every respect but constitutional power. Some such men doubtless break down every now and then, and the sympathy which their cases excite provokes others to exhibit themselves in the same amiable character. We all like to be martyrs, especially when the fire exists only in imagination.

The complaint of overwork, when it has some genuine foundation, is generally founded upon a misconception. There is undoubtedly a very real and not uncommon evil which is described under the name. Two men of equal strength may be doing the same amount of actual work, and yet one may be killing himself, whilst the other finds his duties mere child's play. The reason is, of course, that one man's work is productive of anxiety, whilst the other's may be merely soothing. A speculator may spend a very few hours in anything that can be called business, but the difficulty is that he cannot leave his business behind him. Anxiety about money is the most deadly of all troubles. When a man commits suicide, it is far less reasonable, according to the old proverb, to ask, Who is she? than to ask, How much is it? Business which keeps a man in a state of constant oscillation between ruin and a fortune, which follows him home and prevents him from sleeping, is incomparably more trying than almost any quantity of downright steady work. The Stock Exchange at New York must fill lunatic asylums more quickly than all the most laborious Universities in Germany, England, and America. A professor may labour at the collation of manuscripts, or even at the search for the Absolute, for fifteen hours a day, and be all the better for it; a third of the time spent in studying the ups and downs of Erie Railroad shares, and staking money on the result, would qualify him for a strait-waistcoat or a halter in a year. As, however, speculation has a comparatively discreditable sound, the evils which it produces are very frequently placed to the account of its more respectable rival, straightforward industry. We choose, in one form or another, to spend a great part of our time at the gaming-tables which exist in an infinite variety of forms in every capital in the world, and then complacently com-

plain that we have injured ourselves by over application to our duties.

As a rule, therefore, we should say that the complaints of overwork are amongst the most flimsy of all the excuses set up by men for the evils which they bring upon themselves. Very few people really work hard; and when they do, it generally agrees with them. Directly or indirectly, idleness does fifty times as much mischief, for the best cure for the love of excitement is steady application. A vast amount of good pity is thrown away in the world; and, instead of solemnly warning our friends not to do too much, we should find it simpler to refuse the indirect compliment for which they are manœuvring, and advise them to relax their minds by a little strenuous activity. When the danger really exists it may generally be remedied rather by redistributing the burden than by diminishing it. A very slight physical exertion may injure a man for life, if only he undertakes it in the wrong way. Try to lift a thousand pounds weight by a sudden jerk, and you may probably break a bloodvessel. Divide the weight into ten portions, and lift each calmly by itself, and the exercise may do you good. Run a mile after a hearty meal, and you may be injured for life; walk ten miles a day, and you may materially improve your health. The same principle is applicable to intellectual labour. To lay down any general rules is impossible, because constitutions vary infinitely. One man requires twice as much sleep as another; one man can do work before breakfast when another finds it answer better to sit up at night, and so on. A few practical rules will be learnt by practice. The *Lancet*, for example, in a sensible paper on the subject, remarks upon the importance for men who work at night of having a white, powerful, and steady light concentrated upon their papers; flickering and diffused light being one of the most serious causes of brain irritation. Good food, with a moderate supply of stimulants, and a final pipe before turning into bed, is a comfortable recommendation of the same authority; whilst, of course, excess in tobacco and alcohol is a constant cause of the incapacity for sleep which is often complacently attributed to overwork. The rule is, in short, that a man should take care that he gets good sleep and keeps his digestion in order. A little unprejudiced observation of his own symptoms will teach a man of ordinary sense how to keep himself in health; and, by a judicious arrangement of his time and habits, he will find that he can do as much work with perfect impunity as will serve him, if he so pleases, with an admirable excuse for committing suicide and becoming a text for leading articles. It is not overwork that should be denounced, but the bad habits for which work is made to serve as an excuse. Eat too much, drink too much, smoke too much, and do everything in a hurry and at the wrong time, and five hours a day may send you to an early grave. Show a little common sense, and without injuring your health you may be as voluminous an author as Voltaire, or do as much legal or official work as the most industrious Minister or barrister of the day, and see your children's children, and laugh at the degeneracy of the rising generation in the twentieth century.

DEAN STANLEY AT THE WORKING-MEN'S COLLEGE.

ON Monday evening last Dean Stanley delivered the inaugural lecture of the present session of the Working-Men's College in Great Ormond Street. In common with the Chairman he naturally referred to the loss which the College had sustained in the death of its founder and late Principal, Professor Maurice, since the last annual meeting; but on that subject we need not add anything here to the remarks we made at the time of Mr. Maurice's death. On Mr. Maurice's merits as a theologian and philosopher opinions do and must differ widely; but it would be difficult to point to any writer who has been constantly before the public through a long life, taking an active part in all the religious controversies of an exceptionally controversial period, who has left so few enemies behind him, and so large a band of warm admirers, if not exactly of disciples. At the Working-Men's College especially his name will ever be cherished with gratitude and respect. Our immediate concern, however, is with Dean Stanley, whose address, if it has been correctly reported, is a curious, not to say amusing, illustration at once of his characteristic versatility and his characteristic defects. A good deal has been said of late about the Dean's indefiniteness of religious belief. But this vagueness is a peculiarity not of his creed simply, but of his intellectual constitution altogether. He has an instinctive aversion to definite statements on abstract subjects, not because they are false, but because they are definite; and this abundantly accounts for his dislike of all dogma. It would probably be very unfair to credit Dean Stanley with any greater predilection for the heresies anathematized by the Athanasian Creed than for the orthodoxy which it is intended to enshrine. But a sharp dogmatic assertion, whether Arian or Trinitarian, he cannot away with. What he would have done in the age of the early Councils, or how he would have fared in the "ages of faith," is an idle, if not a painful, speculation. It is almost as difficult to conceive his being burnt for a specific heresy as his composing a creed. But there is a story, which may perhaps be considered unpleasantly suggestive, of a man being executed by the Turks at Constantinople, not for his misbelief—for that would have been tolerated—but because he could not make up his mind, or at least could not manage to explain with the requisite distinctness, whether he was a Christian or a Mahometan. The Dean of Westminster might have reduced the Inquisitors to a similar dilemma, let us hope with a less tragical result. But we are not going to usurp the functions of the approaching Session of Convocation by discussing the Dean's theology, which only concerns us here so far as it illustrates the general tendency of his mind. The subject which he selected for the edification of the working-men was one to which we have before now ourselves called attention, and which is unquestionably of great interest both in a speculative and a practical sense. When he began with observing that there was a general complaint at the present day that the age of individual influence had passed away, and that henceforth the world would be guided exclusively by general movements, or laws, or forces, or masses, or parties, he was in fact taking up the warning note uttered half a century ago by Coleridge, about what he called "plebified opinion," and more emphatically repeated in our own day by Mr. Mill in his essay on Liberty. We are quite disposed to believe that the danger is a real one, though it may have been exaggerated, and that there is much in the existing conditions of social and political life to force it prominently on the notice of thinkers as well as of statesmen. It is also true, no doubt, that there are considerations, more or less weighty, to be urged on the other side. But it is not equally clear that the Dean has been successful in suggesting them. In many ways it is sure to be the case that "the individual withers" as "the world is more and more." There is less room for originality of thought and independence of action in a highly civilized stage of society. Agamemnon indeed is no longer without his sacred bard, but there are so many Agamemnons, and so many bards, that the praise becomes cheap, and the heroism ceases to be remarkable. Even had Mr. Gladstone been able, as he tells us he is not, to snatch half an hour every morning before breakfast for the study of Homer, we may safely assume that the great charm of the study would have lain in the contrast, not the analogy, of the heroic age of Greece to the prosaic age of England. To all this, and much more that occurs to one on the same side of the question, some reply, we repeat, may be made. But what is the Dean's reply?

In the first place, he referred, naturally and gracefully enough under the circumstances, to Mr. Maurice's foundation of the Working-Men's College in Great Ormond Street—a very excellent work, no doubt, but one which, beyond the limits of Great Ormond Street, might hardly be accepted as an adequate proof of "the great importance of the influence which individuals might still exercise over the fortunes of the world." And then, dashing back with the rapid intuition of genius from the nineteenth century to the second, he pointed to the bust of Marcus Aurelius before him, "one of the best and greatest of Roman Emperors," who had learnt from his grandmother to control his temper, from his father modesty and manliness, from his mother to abstain from evil thoughts, from Apollonius freedom and strength of will, and from Alexander the Grammarian to form a charitable judgment of his neighbours. Now, even if the influence of Marcus Aurelius had been all that is here implied, we do not quite understand what it would prove about the scope for individual influence in the present age, unless the speaker meant, what he does not appear to have said, and what is only true with considerable qualifications, that the civilization of our own day had reproduced the social conditions of the later Empire. But even waiving this preliminary difficulty, it is not easy to catch the point of the argument. The Emperor may have been a model in his private life of all the virtues he had learnt from his various relations and tutors; but as far as his influence on the world is concerned, his virtues counted for less than nothing. He was wholly powerless to raise or purify the tone of that Pagan society of which he was the head, and his name is chiefly remembered in history as the author of one of the fiercest and most systematic persecutions of the Christians, who were again exposed under his government to all the denunciations of common informers, bribed to delate them by the promise of a share in their confiscated property. As Milman puts it, "The most distinguished Christians of the East were sacrificed to the base passions of the meanest of mankind by the Emperor, who, with every moral qualification to appreciate the new religion, closed his ears, either in the stern apathy of Stoic philosophy, or the more engrossing terrors of Heathen bigotry." And the power which he did in this way exercise—not altogether perhaps to the benefit of mankind—was due solely to his official position. As the author of the *Meditations*, he influenced his contemporaries not at all; but he was able to persecute the Christians as Emperor of Rome. In the former capacity he may have been "truly great," in the latter his influence was unquestionably "transitory and fugitive." If this is what Dean Stanley meant by bidding the "students to learn to distinguish between those men who are truly great and those who are transitory and fugitive," we can but say that so elementary a lesson might have been conveyed in a less circuitous manner. We may pass over a rather obscure passage about a single man being able to save a city now as well as in Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome*, with the obvious remark that such abnormal emergencies as the siege and the Commune of Paris must always give exceptional scope to individual energy and resource, and prove nothing as to the part played by individuals in the general economy of the world. But the next passage is so eminently characteristic of the speaker in more ways than one, that we may be pardoned for making a somewhat longer extract. In attempting to estimate the relative importance of individuals and laws or masses in the general development of the world, one

of the last things that would have occurred to an ordinary lecturer as a discussion of the Darwinian theory of the origin of man. But the Dean of Westminster is not an ordinary lecturer, and he proceeds as follows:—

> It was often said on all sides that the whole system of our belief, duty, and hope of immortality, was being undermined by certain speculations and investigations that had been set on foot with regard to our ancestors in the most remote myriads of ages. It was said that our faith and duty towards each other and God were undermined, supposing it should be proved that the first beginning of man was something lower than we had been in the habit of supposing. He would not pronounce an opinion either way; but he wished to urge that a great deal too much importance had been attached to these speculations. The only thing really important for us practically was what we were as individuals at the present time. It was nothing to us whether our remote ancestors were in those dark ages formed out of the mere inanimate dust of the earth, or whether we translated "the dust of the earth" into modern scientific language. The fact we had to remember was, that we were living individuals with enormous faculties bestowed upon us, and that on our use of them our destiny in this world and the next would be shaped for good or evil.

In criticizing a passage of this sort one is sorely puzzled to know at which end to begin. In the first place, it has of course absolutely nothing whatever to do with the professed subject of the lecture. No one—Darwinian or anti-Darwinian—ever dreamed that the relative action of personal and corporate or other influences in the world in a particular age depended, one way or the other, on our alleged genesis from a mollusc or a baboon. That many religious people have been seriously perplexed, reasonably or unreasonably, by these "investigations and speculations" is true enough; but we are afraid the Dean's exhortations will not do much to console them. They will readily admit that our sense of our own individuality and our immediate capacities of action are not directly affected by such theories; but they will argue that their most cherished religious convictions about, say, the inspiration of the Old Testament or the doctrine of original sin, are very materially affected, and that with these convictions their energies and motives of action—or, to adopt the stereotyped formula, "their happiness here and hereafter"—are intimately bound up. The Dean may consider such perplexities exceedingly childish; but they are at least equally justified in considering his solution of their perplexities irrelevant. Even Mr. Froude, who makes very merry with "the ablest living natural philosophers looking gravely to the courtship of moths and butterflies to solve the problem of the origin of man," and professes entire indifference as to the descent of our mortal bodies from "some glutinous organism on the rocks of the primæval ocean," insists passionately on regarding his "intellectual spirit" as "engendered from another source," which it is by no means clear that a consistent Darwinian would allow. And Mr. Froude is probably less sensitive than most people about theological difficulties. Dean Stanley simply ignores them. He is, we doubt not, honestly incapable of conceiving how it can matter to any rational being whether man was originally "formed from the dust of the earth," according to the old belief, or gradually attained to the full proportions of humanity through a long ascending scale of jelly-fish and baboons. Yet psychology as well as theology is a good deal interested in the problem which he dismisses so airily as a mere question between two different forms of language. Here, however, as in the famous "dispute about an iota," the forms of speech for which "graceless zealots" are contending will appear to many minds identical with "forms of faith," and we fear the Darwinian controversy will be as little set at rest as the Arian by the bland assurance that, after all, it makes no difference. We will not attempt to follow the Dean through the second portion of his lecture, in which he argued that "institutions," like individuals, have still a commanding influence to exert in the world; the more so as, in this case, so far as the reporter has enlightened us, the Working-Man's College in Great Ormond Street was not only the first, but the solitary, illustration of his argument. We sincerely hope it may be true that our ancient institutions in Church and State "still retain their vitality"; but the success of a very modern institution, on a considerably smaller scale, does not supply all the evidence to that effect which we could have desired.

THE GREAT-CORAM-STREET MURDER.

WE cannot help thinking that the passion for notoriety which is one of the prevalent disorders of modern society is exercising an extremely unfavourable influence on some at least of the processes of criminal justice. Whenever a crime is committed, the great object of everybody concerned in the investigation which follows would seem to be to turn it to account as a sort of platform on which they can strut up and down, and exhibit themselves to the admiring gaze of their fellow-creatures. One day they are only common people like the rest of us. They go to and fro, and nobody notices them. But in the night an unknown person happens to murder somebody, and all at once a host of obscure and insignificant people suddenly find themselves famous, not through anything they have done, but only through the accident of being mixed up with a criminal investigation. The police, the witnesses, the coroner, the coroner's jury, and the coroner's man instantly become objects of interest. They feel that the eyes of the world are upon them. Their names are in all the newspapers, and they have even a chance of being photographed. The public-house in which the inquest is held is no longer as other public-houses; a halo of reflected interest is shed upon its frowsy bar and dingy taproom, and its "drawings" are quadrupled. It is well known that in a democratic community there is nothing so much detested as equality, and men are disposed to be thankful for anything that marks them off from the common ruck of undistinguishable humanity. To be known as the man who was fast asleep all night while a murder was being accomplished in the next room, or as the policeman on duty outside the house who did not catch the murderer, is, after all, better than not being known at all. To be mentioned in a descriptive article in the *Daily Telegraph* is with some people an object of ambition. We once knew a country fellow who carried his head very high because his second cousin had been eaten by dogs. The police who are concerned in these inquiries have more substantial reasons for keeping themselves as much as possible before the public. Advertising pays in their profession as in others; and the heroes who are glorified by penny-a-liners as "active and intelligent" find ample scope at any rate for their activity—we should be sorry to say too much of their intelligence—in protracted inquiries which are sure to be fully reported in the morning papers, and which will perhaps be made the subject of some gay descriptive writing. If a murder is committed, and the murderer cannot be discovered, it is all the more necessary for the credit of the force that the police should seem to be particularly busy and energetic. It would almost appear as if the investigation of a murder before the coroner or police magistrate was now regarded as a sort of popular amusement—something akin to the sports of ancient Rome—which should be made as lively and attractive as possible. It is difficult to account in any other way for the manner in which these inquiries are spun out, with adjournment after adjournment, and fresh batches of witnesses, and all kinds of irrelevant and superfluous evidence. A few months ago a couple of semi-idiotic German lads wound up a drinking bout in a brothel by shooting each other, and one of them died. From the first there was not the slightest doubt that they had fired at each other by agreement, and that nobody else was in any way concerned in the affair. But the police thought it necessary to extend the inquiry so as to embrace not only the personal history of the wretched women connected with the house, but generally the manners and customs of fast life in London in its lowest aspects. Just now there is another inquiry going on with reference to the murder of a woman on Christmas eve. She, too, was of the class called unfortunate, and again we are treated to a minute inquiry into the manners and customs of her class, and all sorts of unsavoury matters having nothing on earth to do with the case are eagerly opened up. It is only fair, however, to say that for this the Coroner seems to be more to blame than the police.

We need not repeat the details of the Great-Coram-Street murder, which must be familiar to all who take an interest in such things. A poor woman was found in bed on Christmas morning with her throat cut. She had been killed apparently in her sleep. It was clearly a case, not of suicide, but of murder, and the only question is, who was the murderer? Suspicion has fallen on a man who is said to have come home with the woman late at night, but who had disappeared before morning. This is the story of the landlady and of some of the lodgers. The landlady did not see him, indeed nobody saw him, but she says she heard him come in, and she thinks she heard him go out in the middle of the night. The woman, she says, told her he was in the house, and also made a similar statement to one of the lodgers. It was necessary for the police to trace the woman's movements on the night before the murder, and also to ascertain what sort of people lived in the house. Everybody who in a moment of idle curiosity has lifted up a flat stone that has been lying in a field knows what a scamper there is of odd and rather nasty insects, running hither and thither, in a dazed, bewildered way. The lifting off of the roof of the house in Great Coram Street produces a somewhat similar impression. It may be doubted whether even the dignity of being witnesses in a murder case has altogether repaid the inmates for the unpleasant shock of the sudden illumination to which they have been subjected. It was necessary, as we have said, for the police to make themselves acquainted with all that passed in the house on the night of the murder, and to inquire into the character and antecedents of the lodgers; but it was obviously unnecessary to call any of the inmates as witnesses unless they could throw some light on the circumstances of the crime. The murder was committed on Christmas Eve, and the inquest was opened two days later. The Coroner has had three sittings, and has again adjourned the inquiry, and there is no saying when it will be ended. He remarked at the last sitting that as "this was the only court open to receive evidence and investigate testimony, it would be better in the interest of justice that it should be kept open than that the inquiry should be closed." We should have thought that it was the duty of the police to receive evidence and investigate testimony with a view to the discovery of a murderer; and if the Coroner means that testimony cannot be efficiently investigated for such a purpose except in a Coroner's court, we venture to differ with him entirely. Whatever may be the effect on the interests of justice, the dignity of justice will certainly not be promoted by the sort of proceedings which have taken place before the Coroner in this case. He seems to have started with a conviction that the great object of the inquiry was to clear up some doubts which had been raised as to the respectability of the house in

Great Coram Street. The landlady says the deceased woman told her that she had brought home a male companion, and paid over nine shillings out of ten which he had given her. Anybody but Dr. Lankester would have been satisfied with this admission, which indicated plainly enough the character of the landlady and her relations with the deceased. But Dr. Lankester thought it necessary to press the landlady very much on this point. Would she have taken the money if she had reflected on the manner in which it had been obtained? "That is the point," he said, "and it is about that that the public are indignant." If, he added sagaciously, she had refused to take the money, and had turned the man out of the house, the murder would not have been committed. "Crowner's law" would perhaps make this constructive murder, and it is difficult to see what other bearing this examination had on the inquiry. The jury at first seem to have agreed with the Coroner that all doubts as to Mrs. Wright's moral character and the character of her lodgers must be fully cleared up, and went with great zest into the question whether, with regard to another pair of lodgers, the lady lived with the gentleman or the gentleman with the lady. It was admitted that they were not married, but "they were going to be." The important fact was ascertained that the landlady had seven children, four out at nurse. The inquiry had now got into such a condition that the solicitor who attended to watch the case for the landlady thought it would be a good opportunity to cross-examine a Spanish gentleman who had lodged in the house, but who had left on account of the murder, whether he would not be disposed to come back to Mrs. Wright if she took another house. The jury seem to have felt that this was rather an impertinence, and tried to stop the examination. The Spanish gentleman admitted that Mrs. Wright's knowledge of Spanish cookery weighed greatly in her favour, but he had had "quite enough," and declined to go back. This witness was recalled at a subsequent sitting, and was asked some more questions about the character of the house and its inmates. He pleaded that, "being a foreigner, he was not likely to see suspicious things for himself," and urged that one of the jurymen, whom he recognized as living over the way, should have known from his own observation what sort of an establishment it was. The Coroner also sent for Mr. Wright, the landlady's husband, and read to him some anonymous letters which had been received reflecting on the character of the household. Mr. Wright could only say that, as a rule, he never took notice of what went on in the house, but he was sure none of the lodgers murdered the woman; "they were too respectable for that." Mr. Wright perhaps forgot about Mr. Thurtell and his gig.

It is an old question whether a Coroner should be a doctor or a lawyer. There is no doubt a good deal to be said in favour of a coroner having some medical knowledge; but it is perhaps even more desirable that he should have at least enough law to enable him to understand the elementary rules of evidence, and to keep the inquiry over which he presides strictly to the questions at issue. In this case the police have not discovered the murderer, or any trace of him; but they have discovered, what it was very easy to find out, how a woman of the character of the deceased, who regularly frequented certain notorious places, spent her evenings. The Coroner was amazed that a French waiter, who had seen a stranger in the company of the woman, but had not heard him speak a single word, should not be able to say what was his nationality. "A Frenchman," he observed, "generally seemed to scent out a German." The Coroner perhaps shares the impression of some of his countrymen, that foreigners all belong to very much the same family, and speak the same language, with slight variations. When one of the barmaids at the Alhambra was called, the Coroner, who had already pressed the French waiter as to whether he expected sixpence for helping on an overcoat, seized the opportunity of inquiring whether they gave good "four-pennorth's" of whisky at the Alhambra; but it appears that sixpenny glasses only are supplied. It is difficult to imagine anything more calculated to bring judicial proceedings into contempt than an inquiry conducted in this loose, wandering, and utterly undignified fashion. One half of the world, it has been said, does not know how the other half lives, and there are perhaps some people who find these peeps into the shy corners of life very interesting and amusing. If the Coroner were presiding over a popular entertainment, his little jokes and droll digressions might perhaps be suitable. A stranger might certainly have been present during a considerable part of this inquiry without discovering that it was a solemn judicial investigation into the circumstances of a peculiarly horrible murder. It is of course necessary for the police to collect all the information they can get bearing on the case, but we should have thought that it was their business to sift and test it privately, and to bring into court only such witnesses as were likely to be able to assist the jury by their evidence. The foreman of the jury has stated that they have not the least doubt, and of course nobody can have any doubt, that a brutal murder has been committed; and to all appearance this is all that will ever be known. Unreasonable expectations are often entertained as to what the police can do for us in the detection of crime. They have not the same facilities for following up their inquiries as the police of some foreign countries, and in the present instance the chances are all against their picking up a clue which has been missed at the outset. It would not necessarily be discreditable to the police if they failed to discover the criminal in this case; but it may be doubted whether they would not be more likely to be successful if they were content to work silently and quietly, instead of wasting their strength in getting up a show of useless evidence and trying to make a figure in court. It is not creditable to the intelligence or carefulness of the police that their French advertisement should, by a misunderstanding of French measurements, describe the supposed murderer as 6 feet 3½ inches in height, while the English advertisement makes him 5 feet 9 inches.

THE *PALL MALL GAZETTE* ON HISTORICAL CRITICISM.

THE justice of the *Pall Mall Gazette* may be sure, but it is certainly slow. It follows the offence at much the same pace as the prosecution of Eugene Aram. We sinned on February 5, 1870; we are called up for judgment on January 7, 1873. We are charged with having represented Mr. Froude as having made a mistake which in truth he has not made. To this indictment, in the literal and grammatical sense of the words, we may as well say at once that we plead guilty. But we think that we may at least plead extenuating circumstances. We think that any one who goes through the whole story will find that there is, on the whole, more to be said on our side than there is even on the side of Mr. Froude, still more than there is on the side of the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

When three years ago we were reviewing the last two volumes of Mr. Froude's History in a series of articles *, we spoke of the constant inaccuracy of Mr. Froude's way of using his authorities; of his custom, for instance, of putting words within inverted commas which are not the actual words of the passages referred to. We said that the way in which Mr. Froude treats the ordinary books which we have at hand made us feel very doubtful as to the many cases in which Mr. Froude's statements rest on the authority of manuscripts at Simancas or elsewhere, which we have no means of referring to. This, in the language of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, is "one of the coarsest" of our "charges against Mr. Froude," and our "customary insinuation that the evidence on which Mr. Froude founds his conclusions is garbled and falsified." This is of course the *Pall Mall Gazette's* way of putting it. Every one who will take the trouble to look back to our articles will see that we have never charged—we are not in the habit of insinuating—Mr. Froude with garbling or falsifying anything. Garbling and falsifying are words which imply wilful perversion of the truth, and of this we have never suspected Mr. Froude; indeed we do not even now suspect the writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. We believe that garbling and falsification are processes which are pretty well unknown among writers of anything like Mr. Froude's position. We believe that Mr. Froude is, in a certain sense, careless about truth—that is, that he does not take the same pains which a writer like Bishop Thirlwall, for instance, would take to find out the truth. We believe that his mind is inherently inaccurate, but of wilful perversion of truth we never accused him, never suspected him. We believe that a great many people, and seemingly the *Pall Mall* writer among them, cannot make this distinction: they cannot see the difference between a charge of culpable carelessness and a charge of wilful falsehood. Hence, it may be, comes what, if we used the language of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, we might call its "coarse insinuation" against ourselves.

In reading Mr. Froude's twelfth volume more than three years ago, we were struck by the singular name of the ship in which the English Admiral sailed at the time of the engagement with the Armada. Mr. Froude called it the *Ark Raleigh*. The name sounded odd; Mr. Froude quoted no authority; he gave us no kind of hint where the name was to be found. But when we looked in Camden's *Annales* we found that the same ship was there called *Arcka Regia*. The inference was that, strange as the mistake might be, Mr. Froude had made a mistake. Now, if the *Pall Mall Gazette* will let us draw the distinction, there are many writers with whom we should not have made any such inference. If we had found anything of the kind in Bishop Thirlwall, or Dr. Merivale, or Sir Francis Palgrave, we should never for a moment have thought that they were blundering. In the case of Bishop Thirlwall or Dr. Merivale indeed the case could not have happened, because most certainly either of them would have quoted their authorities. With Sir Francis Palgrave it might have happened; he, as all his readers know, does not deign to give any references; but his readers also know that, however queer any statement of his may seem, the authority for it is sure sooner or later to turn up somewhere or other. But this is because Bishop Thirlwall and Dr. Merivale are thoroughly accurate writers; because Sir Francis Palgrave also was accurate after a fashion—that is, because he never stated anything without something which he looked on as authority for it, however much others might doubt as to its really proving his point. In Mr. Froude we put no such confidence: for he is not, like the three great writers we have spoken of, habitually accurate, but habitually inaccurate. Mr. Froude has shown that he cannot make out the difference between the Bishoprics of Gloucester and of Worcester, that he does not know what is meant by a Prince of the Empire, that he does not understand such common terms of English law as impeachment, attainder, and *peine forte et dure*.

* See *Saturday Review*, January 22, January 29, February 5, February 12, 1870.

When therefore we found him calling a ship by one name and Camden calling it by another, our natural inference was that Camden was right and that Mr. Froude was wrong. Oddly enough, it turns out that Mr. Froude was right; therefore we suppose that Camden was wrong. But Mr. Froude's champion was certainly very long in finding this out. From February 1870 to November 1872 neither Mr. Froude nor the *Pall Mall Gazette*, nor, as far as we know, any one else, stood forward to point out our mistake. In November 1872 came that wonderful confession in which Mr. Froude describes himself as writing history for the same reason for which the stars above, in the song, are said to shine—namely, because they have nothing else to do. In speaking of that confession we incidentally referred to the old story of *Ark Raleigh* and *Arcka Regia*. Still there was no sign, none at least from the *Pall Mall Gazette*. But in December 1872 there came out a volume of *Calendars of State Papers* which we could hardly have made use of in February 1870, or even in November 1872, but from which it certainly appears that the Admiral's flagship was called the *Ark Raleigh*. Now therefore in January 1873 we are brought to trial for our offence which was now three years old. The writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* had lighted on the passage in the new volume, and, having done this, he looked a little further into other documents, and fully established the fact that the flagship was called the *Ark Raleigh*, because, as it would seem, it had once belonged to Sir Walter. Mr. Froude therefore is right. Camden may be wrong, or he may be right also; for, as the writer of the *Pall Mall Gazette* suggests, the ship may have borne two names. For all this the *Pall Mall Gazette* calls us some very hard names, clothed in that grand, high-sounding Latin style which reminds us of nothing so much as a good scolding allocution of the Pope.

Mr. Froude then in this case was right; but does it follow that we were wrong? The *Pall Mall* writer says, in his grand way, "Mr. Froude, when he wanted specific information about the names and numbers of the English fleet at the time referred to, did not 'turn to his Camden.' He had other authorities much more trustworthy than the respectable author of the *Britannia*." And again, "Mr. Froude, not content with 'turning to Camden' in the easy-going fashion suggested by the *Saturday Review*, consulted original documents." This is graver still, one might almost think that the process of consulting original documents was one which Mr. Froude and the *Pall Mall Gazette* had wholly to themselves. The *Pall Mall* writer seems to want to make out two points—first, that our notions of research in a writer of history would be satisfied by the process of turning to Camden: secondly, that it was our duty, as periodical critics, to hunt into every corner for original documents before we ventured to open our mouths. In this, it strikes us, the *Pall Mall* writer confounds the duties of the historian and those of the periodical critic. We know not what the *Pall Mall* writer's experience may be, but those who know something about both businesses know that the two are widely different. When a man undertakes to write a history on the scale of Mr. Froude's, he ought to spare no time and no pains, not only in finding out the truth, but in making his readers independent of himself. He should not only give them his own views, but he should give them the means of forming different views if they choose. He should set before them the whole evidence. When his matter has to be found in manuscripts, or out-of-the-way printed books which few readers are likely to have at hand, he should give, not only the references, but the very words of his authorities. If his matter can only be got at by going to Simancas, to Simancas he must go. And when he comes back from Simancas he must, as far as possible, put his readers in the same position as if they had gone to Simancas themselves. No amount of labour, whether in the way of turning over books or of going to distant spots, will be thought too great if it can throw any light on the smallest fact of history. But the periodical critic can do nothing of this kind. He is bound by the laws of time and space; he must get his work done within a fixed time, often a very short time; and he must do it with such materials as he has at hand, or not at all. The easy-going fashion of turning to Camden is assuredly not enough for an historian of the reign of Elizabeth; it may easily be enough for the critic of Mr. Froude's twelfth volume. We feel sure that, if Lord Macaulay had written the history of the Spanish Armada, he would have told us all about the *Ark Raleigh*, why it was so called, and where the name was to be found. Mr. Froude takes his *Ark Raleigh* for granted without any reference or any kind of explanation. His critic does what he can at the moment—he looks to a respectable contemporary writer. He there finds a different statement from Mr. Froude's; he infers that Mr. Froude is wrong. It turns out afterwards that Mr. Froude is right; but we maintain that his critic is not to be blamed. If Mr. Froude had only given his reference, as an historian ought to do, no one could have mistaken him. If the general character of his history were such as to lead scholars to put that confidence in him which they do put in Thirlwall or Palgrave, no one would have suspected him. Mr. Froude hid his light under a bushel, and his critic had to judge by such light as he could get. Mr. Froude had cried wolf so often that he was not believed when the wolf was really there.

The *Pall Mall* writer begins his charge against us with a reference to the practice of the Court of Chancery; he tells us how the suitor must come into court with clean hands, and how he who charges another with inaccuracy must be scrupulously accurate himself. He adds that "very few are likely to turn to their Camden for verification." Mr. Froude, who frequently quotes Camden, is doubtless one of the few, but the *Pall Mall* writer himself clearly is not. We refer to the Latin text of the *Annales*. The *Pall Mall* writer goes to the English translation of the *Britannia*. The *Pall Mall* writer tells us, "As a matter of fact Camden does cite in his Latin text the name of the ship *Archa Regalis*." We must confess, to our shame, that this matter of fact is no matter of fact at all. In our article of February 1870 we gave the name of the ship correctly as *Archa Regia*. In returning incidentally to the matter in November 1872, by a slip either of the pen or of the press, we made it *Arca Regalis*; and this slip of ours, and not the genuine text of Camden, the *Pall Mall Gazette* is content to follow. As we are referred to the practice of the Court of Chancery, we may refer back again to the practice of some other branches of the administration of the law. It is quite possible that a magistrate may do his clear duty in committing a prisoner for trial, that the grand jury may do their clear duty in finding a true bill against him, and yet that the petty jury may no less do their clear duty in finding him not guilty. This analogy, we think, very well fits the present case. By the help of evidence which has been since brought to light, Mr. Froude has been shown to be fully entitled to an acquittal. But we hold that when at an earlier stage we had to speak of Mr. Froude by the light of such evidence as Mr. Froude himself chose to give us, we were fully justified in the true bill which we found against him.

A HORRID HOAX.

THAT remarkable journal the *New York Herald* has surpassed itself in the account which it gives in a late number of a series of practical jokes in which the well-known actor Mr. Sothern played a conspicuous part. We do not feel quite sure that the whole story is not a hoax upon the readers of the *Herald*, but we can at any rate enjoy the style in which it is told, without troubling ourselves to inquire too curiously into its truth. In order to begin at the beginning, the reporter tells us that Mr. Sothern is, in private life, a polished gentleman, of slight frame, with grey hair, and weighs about 105 lbs. He is 48 years of age. He has a powerful muscular development, and a merry laugh. Mr. Florence, who also plays a prominent part in the ensuing drama, is a smooth-faced gentleman of about 40 years of age, weighs 190 lbs., and generally wears lavender kid gloves. A young English gentleman, Mr. Philip Lee, the husband of one of the most distinguished and favourite English actresses that have yet visited America, was to be the victim of a "huge practical joke" concocted by Messrs. Sothern and Florence. He is a blonde Englishman with light hair, light yellow side whiskers, measures about 5 ft. 8 in. in height, and weighs 143 lbs. To do honour to Mr. Lee a dinner was given by Mr. Sothern at his rooms in the Gramercy Park Hotel, in New York. The dinner was sumptuous and well served. We will spare ourselves and our readers the enumeration of the dishes and wines. The rooms were gorgeously furnished with pictures, statues, and objects of *virtù*. The guests were all attired in evening dress and wore spotless white ties. All these particulars, and others which we omit, are given by the reporter as if they would be naturally expected by his readers in a narrative either of fact or fiction. Presently Mr. Jim Collier took from under his coat a paper battle-axe, such as is used to destroy tyrants on the stage. Mr. Niel Bryant drew a dirk knife, the blade of which, more than a foot long, he unclasped and placed solemnly by the side of his plate. Mr. Chris Connor produced a six-shooter. Mr. Nelse Seymour drew from under the table a scythe and a policeman's club. After a few minutes devoted to the consumption of soup and fish, Mr. Niel Bryant jumped up and announced that if anybody said that his friend Jobson's History of the French Revolution was not as good a book as Carlyle's, that person was a liar and no gentleman. The intelligent reader will doubtless have by this time perceived that these extraordinary proceedings were or are intended by the *Herald* to be supposed to have been directed towards the mystification of Mr. Philip Lee. All the guests rose suddenly at Mr. Bryant's challenge, and those who had weapons seized them. Mr. Sothern, by way of tranquillizing his guest Mr. Lee, assured him that Mr. Jobson, whose History had been compared with that of Carlyle, was "quite an eminent scholar, and a very estimable gentleman." Somebody told Mr. Bryant that he was another, and then shots were fired, and the room was filled with smoke and uproar. One of the guests thrust his "huge foot" through the soup tureen, and could not extricate it. The hotel became alarmed, and efforts were made to burst open the door, which had been fastened. Ultimately it became clear to Mr. Lee that all this was a huge practical joke, of which he was supposed to be the victim. The dinner of himself and everybody at table was spoiled, and, as Mr. Willet remarked, after the rioters had sacked the "Maypole," "there was a trifle of broken glass." It is hardly possible to suppose that there was not some foundation in fact for the *Herald's* story; but it may have been embellished in the telling. One of the party being knocked or falling down in the scrimmage, blackened his eye with burnt cork; and this trick, being observed by Mr. Lee, opened his eyes to the simulated character of the quarrel. We omitted to notice that Mr. Lee, who weighs 143 lbs., is described, and we should think with accuracy, as a good-natured gentleman. If the row had occurred

after dinner, the story would have been comparatively credible, but even the most reckless practical jokers of former times in England seldom disturbed themselves or others during the usual hours of dinner. After the incident of the burnt cork Mr. Lee politely thanked the company for the entertainment they had afforded, and withdrew.

But this comedy, or the recital of it, did not end here. Messrs. Sothern and Florence now took into their confidence Judge Dowling, who is described "as a most terrible practical joker," and who appears to have justified that character. The plan was that Mr. Sothern should pretend to believe that a duel was imminent between Mr. Florence and Mr. Lee, and that Judge Dowling, on Mr. Sothern's information, should have Mr. Lee, as the challenger, arrested and bound over to keep the peace. Our faith in the accuracy of the *Herald* is rather strained when we arrive at the point where Judge Dowling appears upon the scene. He did not, according to the story, arrest Mr. Lee; but he caused subpœnas to be served upon Messrs. Sothern and Florence, commanding them to appear and give evidence at the Tombs Police Court at half-past seven on the morning of December 20. These missives were placed in the hands of a sergeant of police for service. He served Mr. Florence while actually taking his morning tub, and he served Mr. Sothern while engaged in rehearsing *Brother Sam* at Wallack's Theatre. The subpœnas were served between eleven and twelve o'clock on the 19th December. In the afternoon of that day Mr. Florence met Judge Dowling in the street, and rushing up to him, implored him to tell what these alarming proceedings meant. The Judge answered that it was his duty to preserve the public peace, and he should do his duty, and would not permit the shedding of human blood. The next incident was, as might be expected, a visit to Messrs. Sothern and Florence by a reporter of the *Herald*, who called for the purpose of interviewing them on the subject of a duel supposed to be in contemplation. "Both were thrown into consternation on learning that the omniscient *Herald* had become possessed of the facts in relation to the affair." We should say that the *Herald* was possessed not only of the facts, but of considerable power of imagination. It proceeds to state that Mr. Sothern was seen during that day at pistol practice, and that in his performance of Lord Dundreary in the evening he showed unusual nervousness. He may possibly have been nervous at the thought of having to get up early on a winter morning and pay a visit to the Tombs. But he, at any rate, knew that he was not going to fight a duel, and therefore pistol practice was unnecessary. It is the prerogative of novelists to know what a man does everywhere, but we were not aware that the omniscience of the *Herald* was equally extensive. However, we are told by it that Mr. Sothern and Mr. Florence "slept together" that night at the Gramercy Park Hotel, and endeavoured to console each other. Their conversation overnight is recorded, and at six o'clock in the morning they arose and "vainly groped for a match to illumine the thick darkness." Deprived of the gas, they dressed with difficulty and emerged into the snow to seek a cab. "It was a dreadful morning, resembling that on which the great Napoleon opened the bloody battle of Borodino." It is, at any rate, a fact that there was a battle of Borodino. But as regards the residue of the story we really do not know what to think. The two comedians, without breakfast and thoroughly disgusted, reached the Tombs a little after seven o'clock. They ascended the stone steps, "cursing their luck and each other." We may take it that this is what the *Herald* thinks they ought, as men of wit and spirit, to have done under the circumstances. They were in a very bad humour, and the court-room was as cold as an icebox. A sergeant of police had dogged them all the way from the hotel, fearing that they would take an early train and leave the city. After awaiting Judge Dowling for some time, they told the sergeant that they had had no breakfast. They were notified that they must not make a noise in court, and finally they were conducted to a little cold room, where they were locked in. Ten o'clock came, and still no Judge Dowling. "He had stayed away on purpose to carry out the joke to its utmost limits." They now applied to the sergeant on the subject of breakfast, and were told that it could be supplied to them at five dollars a head; and if they desired to write to their friends the charge for two sheets of note-paper and two envelopes would be two dollars. At half-past ten o'clock they were released, "and thus," says the *Herald*, "ends the joke of the biters bit."

We have heard many wonderful things of the law and its administration in America, but this is as nearly incredible as anything that was ever stated on the authority of a newspaper. It is easy to put aside the manifest ornaments of the story. But we seem to be under the necessity of believing the substance of it, which is that a judge caused a subpœna to be served by a sergeant of police in what purported to be a criminal inquiry, and that he did this as a practical joke. If such an incident had been introduced into one of Lever's novels as having happened in Ireland fifty years ago, it might not have been thought extravagant. But it appears, to say the least, out of place in New York at the present time. It would be easy to understand that a sham subpœna might have been served by a mock policeman, and that the persons to whom it was addressed might have been deceived by it. But if Messrs. Sothern and Florence lost a dinner by one practical joke, and a breakfast by another, they may possibly consider that the game is not worth the candle.

CRUELTIES IN LIVE CATTLE TRAFFIC.

IT is now half a century since an effort was first made to obtain by law more humane treatment for the creatures commonly designated "lower animals." The Act of Parliament (3 Geo. IV., c. 71) entitled "an Act to prevent the cruel and improper treatment of cattle" was familiarly called after its humane author, *Saint* Martin's Act. This law was amended in 1835, and a new and improved Act was passed in 1849. Knackers' yards were placed under supervision by a law passed in 1845, and in 1854 the use of dogs as beasts of burden was made illegal. Last year and the year preceding witnessed the passing of laws for the protection of both sea and land birds during their breeding season; whilst by the 32 and 33 Victoria, c. 70, Railway Companies were required to provide during transit food and water for the cattle conveyed by them. This continued and progressive legislation gives abundant evidence of a desire felt by Parliament to interfere for the protection of dumb animals against cruelties inflicted on them. Nor has public opinion been behind Parliamentary action. Many of us can remember the jeers and the jests with which the earlier prosecutions under "St." Martin's Act were witnessed, and we can compare such proceedings with the satisfaction almost universally expressed at the late Parliamentary legislation for the protection of birds. It is impossible not to recognize with pleasure this marked and growing interest in the protection of animals. Time was when it was called sport to indulge in bull-baiting, cock-fighting, duck-hunting, badger-drawing, and a number of other pastimes in which the torture of animals was always an exciting and attractive feature. Such painful exhibitions have altogether passed away, or only linger in the form of "battues" and "pigeon matches." This happy change has been accomplished, partly no doubt by the pressure of the laws to which we have just referred, but still more, we hope, by better teaching. We know more of the nature and endowments of animals. The acuteness of the special senses of many of these creatures has long been a subject of familiar observation. It is not difficult to trace amongst animals endowments of the nervous system of an order as high as those of special sense just referred to. We might mention numberless instances of the acuteness of their mental perceptions, of their docility, of their powers of memory, of their hates and their loves, of their fidelity, of their gratitude, and so on. These familiar facts teach us that creatures thus endowed cannot suffer injury without feeling pain even as man himself does; and that it is often their patient endurance, not less than their incapability of expression or of resenting injury, that prevents our knowing the extent of pain which they are made to suffer. Recognizing this progressive improvement in the past, we look for still further improvement in the future. Much has been done; there still remains much to do. We are more especially led to make these observations in consequence of some recent disclosures as to the cruelties to which cattle travelling by rail are liable. For example, it was recorded a few weeks ago that a number of cows in calf were sent from Scotland to the West of England by railway without food or water, and that when they arrived at their destination they were in such a state of suffering that several of them were immediately slaughtered as the only possible means of relief for their agony. A correspondent of the *Times* recently described as follows what he saw whilst waiting at one of the Eastern Counties' railway stations:—

> My attention was attracted to the up-passenger platform, alongside of which was a cattle train, by a succession of oaths, exclamations, and sounds as of blows of sticks rapidly delivered. On crossing the line to see what all this meant, I found an unfortunate ox stretched on its belly across the lowered door or gangway of one of the trucks. The poor brute lay panting, utterly exhausted, with his forelegs resting on the floor of the truck, his hind legs stretched out touching the platform. Half-a-dozen drovers surrounded the animal intent on overcoming his exhaustion, and on compelling him to get on his legs. The method which they adopted was this: two of the fellows dragged him by the horns, another twisted his tail, whilst one at each side belaboured his back and sides with rapidly falling blows of cudgels, only intermitted for the moment whilst the cudgels were used as goads. There lay the helpless brute, every now and then making a vain effort to rise, until after quite fifteen minutes' torture he was got upon his legs and pushed in among the other animals in the truck, where it was presumed that close packing would prevent his falling on the floor of the van and being trampled to death. On inquiry I learnt that these cattle came from Ireland. They generally arrive in Dublin from various parts of the country, and are immediately shipped for Liverpool, where they are trucked for various English markets—in this instance for Norwich. Fatigued by the journey in Ireland, knocked about and sickened in crossing the Channel, tired by travelling for many hours on English lines, often without food or water, one or more of the creatures frequently sink in the truck exhausted, and are trampled to death by the other animals. To meet this difficulty was the object of the proceedings I witnessed. The exhausted prostrate beast was dragged halt out of the truck and tortured until he was made to stand up again and resume his place among his fellow-travellers.

Another correspondent says that "it is well known that animals are frequently left in the trucks without food or water from Thursday to the Monday following." We have reason to fear that instances of like cruelty are familiar to most travellers by railway who have taken the trouble to look into the matter. It seems to us that a system so abounding in horrors requires but exposure in order to its being put an end to. The remedies for these evils, partial or complete as they may be, are quite accessible. It is strange that they have not already been adopted; for not only do the unfortunate brutes of whom we write suffer physical torture, but their money value to the owners is greatly lessened.

The first step towards a partial relief for these poor creatures is that taken by Parliament, to which we have already referred. By

the 32 and 33 Vic. c. 70, § 64, Railway Companies are required to provide food and water for cattle at certain stations, but, according to the usual muddling system, they are not required to supply either one or the other to the brutes, except on demand of the consignor. The consignor makes no demand, and the animals cannot help themselves. Hunger, thirst, suffering, and exhaustion are the results. The simple remedy would be a bylaw of the Railway Company, or an order in Council prohibiting the reception of cattle for conveyance by railway unless the consignor agreed to pay for, and the Company undertook to supply, the food and water necessary whilst the animals were in their possession.

In the second place, it seems that cattle are conveyed in trucks sufficiently well adapted, it may be, for the conveyance of wood or coal, but unfit for the conveyance of living animals. The trucks are in many instances unprovided with means of shelter from the weather, or of breaking the shocks which occur in shunting, these shocks being all the more severe in consequence of the looseness of the couplings in luggage trains. Cattle trucks are mixed up with these luggage trucks, and they are of course liable to be frequently shunted and delayed, whilst the unhappy beasts are knocked about, frightened, hurt, and fevered, with the result of rendering their flesh more and more unwholesome for human food. If live cattle should continue to be sent by rail, a better system of railway organization for the purpose becomes an absolute necessity. These, however, are at best but partial remedies. The complete remedy is one which we believe will sooner or later be adopted. It is the substitution of the carriage of the flesh of the animal prepared for sale for the carriage of the living beast itself. The advantages of such a system are great and manifest; the difficulties of adopting it, fictitious and factitious as they are, are surmountable. It is an established fact that the flesh of animals killed near their fattening ground is much sweeter and more wholesome than that of the tortured, fevered beasts killed in close and filthy slaughter-houses. There is also an absolute loss to the owner of the cattle that have travelled long distances by railway. A fat ox loses in a journey from Scotland to London from one to two hundredweight or more. Again, from another point of view, if five or six thousand oxen are weekly slaughtered in London, it may be calculated that a shipload of manure is weekly brought to our doors polluting our atmosphere, whilst, if this material were left in the country, the land would have profited by its presence. Difficulties no doubt exist, and objections have been made to the adoption of this dead meat traffic. The first objection is a singular one, and it is this—that the carriage of a live animal costs considerably less than does that of a part of his body when dead. Trouble for trouble, weight for weight, and bulk for bulk, no one can doubt that the charge for a portion of the dead animal should be less than the charge for the whole of the living one. It is, however, not so. No doubt this anomaly is due to the terms made by agriculturists with the railway constructors in the infancy of these undertakings. The cattle-breeders secured the conveyance of their live stock at a cheap rate, whilst meat is carried at the rate of ordinary merchandize. We do not say that cattle are carried too cheaply, or meat at too high a charge, but it is time that these anomalous charges should be revised.

It is said that butchers could not adapt their supplies to their wants if they had not the animals within their immediate reach for slaughter. But this objection cannot be maintained when we know what the telegraph under an improved system can accomplish. Lastly, it is said that, practicable as the system may be in cold weather, it would break down in summer. We doubt this; the carcass of an animal killed in the country in the afternoon could be sent with perfect safety in properly constructed vans during the night to London or other large towns. The like objection was made to the supply of milk; but now London and other cities receive a large supply of milk during the entire year from the country. What has been done in the case of milk can and ought to be done in the case of meat, as it is indeed done now to a great extent, and was done almost exclusively during the year of the cattle plague; for then, as will be remembered, the movement of live cattle was prohibited. For London, the chief of cities, a dead meat supply, and no other, must ere long be established, inasmuch as slaughter-houses must happily very soon cease to be found amongst us. The period of grace for their removal—a long one, no less than thirty years—given by Act of Parliament (7 and 8 Vic. chap. 34, § 65), will expire in 1874, and we earnestly hope that by that time, if not sooner, the traffic in live fat cattle will have been brought to an end, and with it a series of cruelties which are discreditable to our age and country.

THE SCULPTURES FROM EPHESUS.

NOW that the excavations on the site of the Temple of the Ephesian Artemis have yielded some fruit, it may be useful and interesting to test its quality, and to inquire into its nature and value. Sufficient materials are already before us upon which to form some estimate; though further success in the work upon which Mr. Wood is again engaged at Ephesus will, it is to be hoped, furnish further and richer data for a conclusion. At the present moment we shall confine our remarks to the sculptural fragments which have reached this country; and we propose to make some attempt towards fixing their true place in our national collection, and in the history of Hellenic art generally.

It is of immense importance that the period of these remains can be assigned within about a quarter of a century, for their technical peculiarities sufficiently stamp an epoch, and light is much needed as to the characteristics of the schools of sculpture of the Alexandrine and immediately following period. With the exception of coins, we have few remains which can with certainty be referred to that era, for the test afforded by works existing in Museums, and reputed to be copies of originals by Scopas, Praxiteles, Lysippus, and others, is after all based upon circumstantial evidence. Even could the attribution of the supposed originals be satisfactorily proved in any case, we should still not be free from doubt as to the faithful adherence of the copyist to the finer traits of the master's chisel, and our doubts would be justified by the number of *repliche* in some instances, severally differing in absolute merit, and the best perhaps differing, we cannot tell how much, from the prototype. It is therefore of the first necessity in such questions that the period and *provenienza* of a given work should be beyond dispute.

The sculptures from the Artemision bear internal evidence of the approaching decline of the great schools of Hellenic art, and are so far in agreement with what we know from independent sources. The fatal influence of the Peloponnesian war, which had drained Athens of its treasure and its manhood, and had shaken the whole of Hellas, left no room for the undertaking of such public works as had distinguished the Periclean age. The sublime and spiritual school of Phidias could have found no echo in that internecine clangour, and as little welcome amongst the new generation, with its political and social corruptions. But the point of perfection to which it and the rival school of Sikyon had carried the means of art could not easily be forgotten or extinguished. Athenian artists sought refuge and employment elsewhere, chiefly in Asiatic Greece. The seed sown ripened to a fresh harvest, differing indeed from the former with the difference of the social soil from which it sprang, but still retaining traces of its noble origin. Scopas, Praxiteles, Leochares, and Bryaxis, revived or continued the Attic traditions. Euphranor and Lysippus sustained the fame of the school of Sikyon. We know that the rebuilding (it was no mere restoration) of the Temple of the Ephesian Artemis was contemporaneous with the labours of some or all of these masters. Nay, more, we have reason to believe that both Scopas and Praxiteles contributed to its sculptural decorations. Bearing these things in mind, we may proceed to examine the fragments before us in detail. They include, as will be known to such of the public as have looked for them—1. A portion of the lower and sculptured drum of a column. 2. A smaller portion of a second. 3. A piece, the architectural place of which it is difficult to allot, but which certain marks would lead us to suppose may have belonged to a sculptured podium. A more shattered piece, pretty surely pertaining to the same object, or having a similar use, has since turned up in the excavations, but has not yet reached us. The two drums are from every point of view the most interesting among the objects enumerated. Apart from their artistic worth, they possess an exceptional value for the student of art history and for the scholar. For their discovery, as has been already sufficiently made known, satisfactorily clears up and justifies a passage in Pliny which hitherto could only be reconciled with our knowledge and beliefs about the practice of the Greeks in art by assuming its corruptness and suggesting at best lame emendations; not indeed that the clever guess of Winckelmann, adopted by Brunn, quite deserves that title.

Strictly speaking, the sculptures in question must be considered as subordinate to the architecture. They may be classed under the head of zophori, though that term is generally confined to friezes bearing the figures of living beings. Applied as these groups are to columns, the limitations in treatment were narrower than in the case of a continuous frieze, where rhythmical order and proportion, alternate repetition and contrast of masses and lines, and symmetry and variety aiding and balancing each other, offered full scope to the inventive skill of the artist. But here the opportunities were diminished and the difficulties increased. There is evidence to show that the sculpture was confined to the lower drum of the columns, embracing about six feet of the shaft, above which the usual Ionic fluting was continued to the necking or the capital. To enrich the pillar without breaking its continuity, to harmonize the lines of the composition with the vertical lines above, to preserve the individuality of the parts without sacrificing the integrity of the whole, were the problems which the sculptor had to solve. In the mere arrangement of figures on rounded and cylindrical surfaces the ancient artists had long been practised. Puteals, round altars, and, above all, vases had given free play to their invention in this direction. And the adornment in this wise of the columns of a temple which was meant to surpass all others in splendour as in extent was but a new application of the same species of ornament. The idea scarcely sprang all-armed from the brain even of a Dinocrates. Here the adjustment of the figures to their cylindrical ground with reference to the column is worthy of study. A system of relief was chosen which may be said to hang between alto and basso, though it approaches more to the latter, and never fully attains the former, which would have necessitated either inconvenient projections, or the sinking of the ground within the general diameter of the column. So masterly has been the use of this semi-alto in the figure of Hermes, where the management of the nude made it most of all difficult, that even in oblique views the eye is not afflicted by a sense of incompleteness or distortion.

Beginning with the half figure to the extreme right on the less

injured drum, we may pass it by with the remark that it indicates a male personage seated, clothed at all events as to the limbs, and sandalled with the ornamental footgear which is familiar to us through the Belvedere Apollo and hundreds of other examples, and which invariably distinguishes rank amongst gods and men. The headless female before him and facing us is clad in the long chiton girt as diploidion. Behind her—whether fastened on the shoulders or depending from the head is uncertain—hangs a mantle, reaching to the calf of the leg. The dress is not unusual; but its disposition, and the pose of the figure itself, recall in some respects the noble statue at Munich known as "Lenkothea." The left hand, raised towards the opposite breast, holds an object which once extended to the now lost right, and as to the nature of which we can form no plausible guess. It most nearly resembles a *sphendone* or diadem of some sort. Proceeding leftwards, we are greeted by the unmistakable figure of the athletic, youthful Hermes, resting on the right foot in momentary pause, holding the lowered kerykeion in the right hand, and looking upwards with parted lips, as if awaiting a command from above. The left arm rests by its hand behind the hip, and is furled in the drooping chlamys. Beyond Hermes is a second female figure, fronting us like the first, but clothed in more matronly fashion. She wears over the fine half-sleeved chiton the peplos, a corner of which she raises across and above the waist with the right hand, while the now effaced left evidently once sustained a second corner, as if she were about to unite both upon the shoulder, or possibly only to adjust the left portion upon it. The cast of the peplos is of extreme beauty, and its execution leaves little to be desired. The same may be said of the inner garment where it covers the bosom, and where it again appears descending in fine folds to the feet and furling over them. The last shape which meets our eye is one of rare attractiveness. A youth faces us with long drooping wings; his head, with heavy parted hair, inclines to his left with a pathetic expression, and his left hand is raised, as if beckoning. A weighty sheathed sword hangs by his left haunch. The right arm, together with a large portion of that side of the body, has been struck off. On the shattered surface beyond him we may still trace the remains of a seated male form, partially draped. The nude winged youth is the figure which would alone stamp the era of the entire work. The pathetic character points to the new Attic school, no less than the almost feminine softness of the forms, though the marked androgynous type of a later period does not declare itself. Here we still see in the square shoulder, and the pronounced roll of the muscle above the knee, the distinctly masculine character. The workmanship of this figure is not careful. It is a magnificent sketch by a practised and fearless hand; the object being the expression of the whole rather than any careful individualizing of parts. Perhaps greater pains have been bestowed upon the figure of Hermes. The more complicated curves and markings incidental to a maturer form necessitated greater care. The body is shorter in relation to the length of the limbs than in works of the older Attic school, and the mass of the head rather exceeds the usual proportions; though this effect is chiefly due to the flattening of the thighs in semi-alto relief, whereby their apparent volume is decreased. This is no doubt a blemish, but we have not to criticize an independent piece of statuary, and the figure as it stands can fail to strike no one as an image of athletic grace and vitality. As a study of comparative art it has points of interest which should neither be overlooked nor emphasized too strongly. The treatment of the hair, for instance, and the somewhat high position occupied by the calf upon the leg, may point towards the Lysippian school. Neither can be regarded as accidental peculiarities here, though we may so designate the largeness of the head. The right and only visible hand of Hermes is carved with truth and delicacy, differing remarkably in these respects from the hands of the female figures, which in both instances are almost clumsily wrought, and in the action common and plebeian. These disparities, as well between the separate figures as within each in itself, would give rise to the conjecture that even upon this limited group two or more chisels had been at work. Perhaps the nude and the draped figures were respectively given to different hands. Or may we here, and within this small compass, trace the contending or coalescing influences of separate schools? But, whatever the technical faults of this fragment, the composition which it presents sways us with an undefinable charm, and this in spite of the loss of the two female heads, the presence of which would add immeasurably to the effect upon the imagination.

We may conclude that each *columna cælata* contained a substantive and closed composition. The theme of ours it may be premature to guess at, but it easily suggests some subject connected with the katacthonian deities. The presence of Hermes, *κήρυξ μέγιστος τῶν ἄνω τε καὶ κάτω*, gives colour to this hypothesis. The sitting figure may perhaps be Pluto; the female before him, Persephone; the other female, Demeter. The last mysterious figure, which, from its wings and its bodily type, has been thought to represent Erôs, we should venture to call Thanatos. What attribute, if any, occupied the now destroyed right hand, it is impossible to say. It may have been an inverted torch; and the hand was certainly directed downwards. But it is the head which most strongly [illegible] to the character of the genius of Death, as conceived by the Greek imagination. A dreamy *Sehnsucht* pervades [illegible] most sexless face; a sadness as if Death himself felt that [illegible] was but the victim of an inexorable Fate whose behests he must execute; and the lax unwavy hair is drawn back behind the ears as if carelessly confined there. The ambrosial locks of Erôs are, on the contrary, curly and rippled, and hang in tresses on the shoulders, or are knotted in clusters behind the head. We think, however, that the presence of the sword decides the question, and we recall the passage in the *Alkestis* of Euripides where Thanatos appears armed with a sword ready as "Priest of the Dying" to sever the lock from the victim sacred to Persephone:—

> ἡ δ' οὖν γυνὴ κάτεισιν εἰς Ἄιδου δόμους.
> στείχω δ' ἐπ' αὐτὴν, ὡς κατάρξωμαι ξίφει·
> ἱρὸς γὰρ οὗτος τῶν κατὰ χθονὸς θεῶν
> ὅστις τόδ' ἔγχος κρατὸς ἀγνίσῃ τρίχα.

This unique illustration of a unique passage adds in no small degree to the interest and value of the long-buried fragment. From an archæological point of view it is worthy of remark that the baldric (telamon) by which the sword is slung is a double parallel cord, seemingly covered with leather, and unknown to us in any other instance save, strangely enough, on an archaic metope of one of the temples at Selinus, where the scabbard of the warrior in strife with a goddess (perhaps Athena and Enkelados) is sustained by a cord exactly similar.

The female, probably divine, assemblage on the second drum presents us with some remarkable points of beauty. The foot, for instance, of the sitting figure on our left is finely formed and wrought. The drapery throughout is beautifully disposed, and though broadly and sketchily handled, shows command of the material and implements, and a thorough knowledge of the plicature of woven stuffs. The clothing here, as in all true Greek art, was not an object of primary care to the artist, but was used as an adjunct to express the character and action of the figure. Two of these figures are seated upon frusta of columns, a motive not infrequent in ancient reliefs and paintings. Possibly we may trace in this group, and even in the other, the progress of a pictorial mode of viewing sculpture in relief. The art of painting, at the era when these works were produced, was attaining, or had attained, its culminating point. Ephesus itself gave birth to Parrhasius, and became the adopted home of Zeuxis when the Peloponnesian War had banished art from Athens. Apelles was developing his genius there while the new temple was in progress. A mutual reaction of the two great branches of formative art might be reasonably looked for.

Whatever may have been the effect of these adorned columns upon the eye used to the severe grace of the Ionic order; whether the general aspect of the building was improved by them, and whether they may be recommended for imitation after the one splendid and colossal experiment, the impression made by them upon one first entering the fane must have been overpowering. We may try to imagine what it was, beneath the brilliant sky of the "Asian Meadow," to wander in this grove of peopled columns,

> . . . . . with brede
> Of marble men and maidens overwrought,

lighted by wondrous reflections cast from one upon the other, and from the walls of the cella and the marble pavement below; but we shall but poorly realize the effect which it required the spectator's movement and ever-changing place in this still and magic world to complete. Of this at least we may be sure, that what the Greeks imagined and attempted they were unlikely to fail in accomplishing. Unfettered by precedents and rules as the artist of that time as yet was, and certain of appreciation from an impressible and imaginative race, he had but to give form to the conceptions of his rich thought.

The third fragment, a corner-piece, whether of a podium, frieze, large altar, or what not, and which was once crowned by a rich cornice, presents on both faces remains of three human figures, of which one only—that of a draped female—is in tolerable preservation. We have not space to do more than touch upon this figure from the technical side. The action is energetic and true, and the form is filled with that vitality which is never absent from genuine Grecian art, even when far from its highest. The agitated drapery is roughly but expressively carved, but in manner of conception and treatment differs widely from that of the greater Attic school. Here, on the contrary, we are rather reminded of the drapery of the Niobids of the Museo Chiaramonti in the Vatican. There is the same sharpness and squareness, the same multiplicity of folds. It will be instructive to compare it in our examples with that of the "Iris" from the eastern pediment of the Parthenon. The block more recently found, and structurally corresponding with that just mentioned, is also a corner-piece, and shows on the one face a mutilated but grandiose male torso, in heroic action; on the other, traces of the head, neck, and antlers of a deer. Did the entire composition portray the Labours of Herakles?

On the whole, we have reason to congratulate ourselves upon the sculptural products, scanty though they as yet be, of the excavations on the site of the renowned Artemision. Besides their æsthetic worth, which is not unimportant, they will form a valuable contribution to our knowledge of a period of art about which we have much to learn. We are glad to know that the authorities of the Royal Museum at Berlin, with that enlightened zeal for art which distinguishes them, have applied for casts from these works, which will be placed in the superb collection of casts from the antique forming part of that institution.

THE THEATRES.

THE popularity of Mr. Gilbert's fairy comedy has been sufficiently manifest at the Haymarket Theatre during the past week. His success is one of the most surprising, and at the same time gratifying, incidents in the history of the modern stage. The playbill mentions the composers of the incidental music and of the dresses, as if they were of equally great or small importance, as probably they are. Indeed no play could easily owe less of its effect to accessories than this does. It is very well written and tolerably well acted, and that is all. The ludicrous appearance of two tall gentlemen in gowns, who represent male fairies, is happily terminated by their despatch from fairyland—where one cannot help feeling that they must be very much in the way—to earth. The idea of the play is that every fairy has "a perfect counterpart in outward form" among mankind. The personal resemblance is supposed to be complete, but the circumstances and character are different, or rather, in fairy land circumstances are unchanging and its inhabitants have no character at all. The popular idea of fairies seems to be that they are all female, unless they happen to be malevolent, and this idea is practically convenient. But the idea of Mr. Gilbert is to distinguish the sexes among fairies while exempting them from the influence of love, and it is difficult to develop this idea without verging on absurdity. It was perhaps on this account that the practice became common of representing cherubs on monuments with nothing to sit down upon. It is true that Shakspeare, who has largely influenced English thought on all subjects which he touches, introduces a fairy king as well as queen, and, having got as far as that, he makes them liable to human passions. Titania, as we all remember, reproaches Oberon for his gallantries, and he answers by what is called in the Divorce Court a counter charge. This quarrel has disturbed their subjects' sport, and even caused disorder among the elements, and confused the seasons:—

> The winds, piping to us in vain,
> As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
> Contagious fogs, which, falling in the land,
> Have every pelting river made so proud,
> That they have overborne their continents.

If Mr. Gilbert's view of the fairy world be correct, the abnormal weather which now prevails cannot be ascribed to matrimonial bickering between Oberon and Titania. If there is no love there can be no jealousy, and the fairies lead a life free from emotion and excitement, in which the ladies do fancywork and the gentlemen do nothing in calm content. It is the habit of men to think that this kind of thing might do for women, but would be intolerable to themselves; and this is perhaps the reason why fairies are usually represented of the feminine gender, or of no distinct gender at all. But Mr. Gilbert's story requires that two knights should be brought from earth to perturb the blissful abode of the fairies; and thus he is compelled to produce the fairy counterparts of these knights, who look as much at home as a modern husband in his own house immediately after his wife's confinement. As long as the knights' visit lasts, fairyland is a tolerably lively place; but when they return to earth, it seems likely to become as dull as a country town after the races. Indeed this is not an adequate comparison, for a provincial beauty can always look forward to the next ball; but there can be no possibility of any event which can bring any nice young men to fairyland any more. This reflection throws a shade of melancholy over the last scene. We do not like to contemplate the condition of all these young and pretty creatures, singing all day long "Nobody coming to marry me; nobody coming to woo." We are reminded of the profane American who said that, doubting his own fitness for heaven, and also heaven's fitness for him, he was willing to accept plantation life "down" in full of all prospects of celestial felicity. It may be true of a human maiden that

> 'Tis better to have loved and lost
> Than never to have loved at all;

because she is at least able to sympathize with the sorrows of her friends. But in fairyland there would be no sorrow except that of the immediate victims of the fascinations of the two knights. There is something almost tragic in the prospect of unbroken tranquillity on which the curtain falls. The knights return to earth, where other mistresses await them; but the fairies will find their home henceforward like what, let us say, Doncaster would have been if a respected inhabitant could have persuaded his fellow-townsmen to abolish the races. Imagination exhausts itself in seeking a parallel for the misery of unalloyed happiness. Perhaps a passage to Australia in fine weather, with comfortable berths, a well-served table, and no flirtation might come near it while the passage lasted; but that can only be for a few weeks. For the dwellers in fairyland, an eternal existence is appointed without change, or fear, or hope. It is impossible not to sympathize with the longing which they express for a share of the pleasures and pains of the wicked world upon which from their cloud-mansion they look down:—

> With all their misery, with all their sin,
> With all the elements of wretchedness,
> That teem in that unholy world of theirs,
> They have one great and ever-glorious gift,
> That compensates for all they have to bear,
> The gift of Love!

The speech from which these lines are taken is a good example of Mr. Gilbert's power of intermingling pleasant satire of the existing world with the discourse of ideal characters. The greatest miracle that love works is that it blinds the maiden to her lover's faults. In her eyes he becomes

> Wise in his folly, blameless in his sin.

When love is introduced into fairyland it works even more potently than on earth. The Gothic knight to whom the Fairy Queen innocently avows her passion is as selfish as a middle-aged bachelor of modern time; yet she loves him all the more for his cruel confession of indifference. When the time comes for the return of the knights to earth, they expend little emotion on parting from their fairy loves. It must be owned that Mr. Gilbert has not drawn a flattering picture of his own sex. The maxim of Sir Ethais seems to be that one woman is as good as another and better, and he not only thinks this, which is bad, but in effect says it, which is worse. After such unsatisfactory experience of mortal love, the ladies of fairyland resolve that they will have no more of it, and if the piece could end here it would be well. But unfortunately, when the knights return to earth, the fairy counterparts of the knights return to cloudland, and one cannot help feeling that upon this question of excluding love the gentlemen have a right to be consulted. It would appear, however, that the female fairies have not only obtained the suffrage for themselves, but have disfranchised the males. The case is harder because the knights' counterparts have been on earth and tasted its pleasures, and may possibly have been more fortunate in their lovemaking than the fairies who have rashly bestowed affection on heartless knights. It is quite possible that these he-fairies have enjoyed their visit to the wicked world, and would like to introduce some of its manners and customs into fairyland. If the actors who play these parts looked ridiculous before they changed from long-clothes to coats of mail, they look much more so now that they have changed back again to long-clothes. They suggest the idea of two big boys who were sent to a girl's school when they were little, and whose parents have forgotten to take them away. But we cannot laugh at them for pity. They perhaps may have found love on earth agreeable, and would like a little more of it. But the she-fairies apply a sort of permissive prohibitory law, and vote that there shall be no more love. If we are sorry for the ladies, we are ten times more sorry for the gentlemen, who not only look, in their petticoats, as if they could not help it, but really cannot. We almost feel inclined to ask Mr. Gilbert to alter his play, as some playwright altered *Lear*, and mitigate the mournfulness of the conclusion. There might be at least on three nights of the week a partition of fairyland by treaty. Let the ladies do as they like in one half, and the gentlemen do as they like in the other. The ladies can, and of course will, adhere to their resolve of non-intercourse with the wicked world, and the gentlemen can please themselves. An old lady is said to have told a young lady that she had seen the folly of pleasure. The young lady answered that she wished to see the folly of it likewise. The gentlemen fairies might perhaps answer the lady fairies in the same way. It is finely said early in the play that the love of mortals bears like relation to that of fairies

> That the fierce beauty of the noonday sun
> Bears to the calm of a soft summer eve.

The he-fairies might perhaps desire to bask in the summer sun a little longer. They would be content with evening when it comes, but need not desire to push on the clock. At any rate they ought to be allowed to vote upon the question of their own disfranchisement.

The satisfaction arising from the success of the *Wicked World* will be heightened by observing that the sensational drama has for the time become almost extinct in London. At the Holborn Theatre may be seen an "original domestic drama," in which occurs a fire and also a supposed drowning in real water, which is made to splash in an impressive manner. But these effects are introduced with a modesty which is at once new and agreeable. The author has taken some pains to write his play, and the manager has endeavoured to collect a tolerable company to act it. We fear, indeed, that he may fall between two stools. His play is good, but not good enough to attract without more startling effects. The incidents and characters are thoroughly well worn, and when we get to the comic Irishman we are tempted to ask where is the originality of the piece unless it be in making an audacious experiment on our patience. However, the piece is a very mild example of the sensational class of drama, and it is, we believe, the only one in London. Two theatres are playing the *School for Scandal* and one is playing the *Rivals* nightly. At another house a more modern comedy, *Money*, holds firm possession. Historical drama is strongly represented by *Charles I.* and *Cromwell*. It is possible that all or some of these pieces may run for months, and indeed it has come to this, that any good new play or well-selected revival will keep a theatre going for a year. This is of course pleasant for managers, but the public may ask with some anxiety how young actors are to learn their business. However, if they must play the same part for a year, it is some consolation that the part belongs to a good play.

REVIEWS.

WOOD'S JOURNEY TO THE SOURCE OF THE OXUS.*

JUST thirty-six years ago an officer of the Indian navy, Lieutenant John Wood, was appointed assistant on the Commercial Mission to Afghanistan which was entrusted to Sir Alexander Burnes. While the chief of the expedition remained at Cabul, Lieutenant Wood and Dr. Perceval Lord penetrated the regions beyond the Hindu Kosh, and the former, leaving his companion at Kunduz, with some native attendants explored the Valley of the Oxus right up to its source. The fate of the three adventurous officers is remarkable. Dr. Lord was killed by a shot from a native fort at the battle of Purwandarrah on the 2nd of November, 1840, just one year before the fatal outbreak at Cabul. The historian of that dark and disastrous period relates how, at Purwandarrah, the "native troopers fled like sheep," and the English officers, unsupported, charged whole squadrons of Dooranee cavalry. The assassination of *Secunder* Burnes, as he was termed by the Afghans, forms one of the most striking passages in the volumes of the same accomplished writer. This event happened in the subsequent year, 1841, on the same day of the same month. Lieutenant Wood, having had grave misgivings as to the result of our military occupation of Cabul, long ago quitted the Indian service, emigrated to New Zealand under a mistaken notion of the prospects of that colony, left the South Seas, failed in again obtaining employment in India, then tried Australia, returned to England in 1857, for some years superintended the steam flotilla formed for the navigation of the Indus, and died very recently, after outliving his adventurous companions for more than thirty years. This book is a reprint, or rather a new edition, of the "Journey" by the son of the author; and it is prefaced by a critical disquisition on the geography of that unknown tract from the pen of Colonel Yule, who is well known to have possessed, while in India, the entire confidence of Lord Canning, and to have since given to the world an excellent version of the *Travels of Marco Polo*.

Our business must be first with the explorer himself. Lieutenant or Captain Wood, to judge him from his own writings, appears to have been a man of a straightforward, honest, and fearless disposition, occasionally given to strew his pages with moral reflections and truisms; capable of enduring fatigue and hunger, and animated generally by that delight in exploration and adventure which is characteristic of members of the naval profession. In truth, the services of officers of that extinct service, the Indian Navy, were not always appreciated in their day, and are almost forgotten in our own. By a few they are only remembered as commanding the steamers which conveyed the Indian mails from Suez or Aden to Bombay at the modest rate of six miles an hour. Yet it is to them that we in a great measure owe our knowledge of the soundings of Aden harbour, of the depths of the Red Sea, of the island of Socotra, of the currents of the Indian Ocean, and of the shores of the Persian Gulf. By their labours, pursued under a burning sun, or a fiery blast from the sands of Arabia, or a tropical deluge in the monsoon, have been accumulated ample stores of observation on nautical phenomena and facts; and in the two Burmese wars, as well as in the Indian mutiny, they were seen working guns and attacking palisades in honourable rivalry with officers and sailors of the Royal Navy. About eleven years ago, in one of those cold fits of doubtful economy from which few statesmen can escape, the Indian navy was abolished as an encumbrance. The loss was speedily felt; and it was one of the several politic acts of Lord Mayo that he at length obtained from the Admiralty a squadron of vessels suitably manned and equipped for continuous service, in the pay and under the orders of the Indian Government, in the Persian and Arabian waters. Attempts to coerce slavers and to entice reluctant chieftains into treaties which must be kept, require, it need hardly be said, something more than mere diplomatic skill.

To return to Lieutenant Wood and his book. That affairs in Central Asia require all the light of past experience no one will deny. One part of this volume is instructive as dealing with a region which only one Englishman has trod. Another is interesting because it mentions places where the palaces, courts, and chases of native rulers have, in the last twenty or thirty years, been succeeded by the British Cantonment and the Cutcherry, the race-course and the gaol. In one chapter we have a picture of a bleak steppe or a Kirghiz encampment such as we read of in Vambéry. In a second we find Dost Mahommed playing chess at Cabul, as he has been seen by men still living to play that game at Calcutta with one of the sisters of the late Lord Auckland. The reprint of the work, though creditable to the editor's filial affection and judgment of its geographical and political importance, might very well have been revised and improved. In the first place, the spelling of Oriental names is based on no one regular principle, and varies from the rigid pedantry of the accurate school to wild aberrations of individual fancy. At the commencement of the work we have the system of transliteration employed after a fashion which would have delighted the late Horace Hayman Wilson. As we get further into Afghanistan, towns, places, proverbs, and phrases are written with the amount of phonetic precision which we might expect from some honest captain of a merchantman who, landing at an Indian Presidency in the middle of the last century, amazed his friends at the East India Docks on his return with wonderful stories about Moormen and Gentoos. It was, too, hardly necessary to tell us that a painter is "the rope by which a boat is secured." It was surely incumbent on the editor to have explained or translated such a sentence as "the women were walking among the Zird Alu trees, now partially in blossom." These words are not symbols for any remarkable botanical novelties. They are simply the Persian for "apricots," from *zard*, yellow, and *alu*, a potato. In short, as so often happens in similar cases, we have some information which we did not want, to compensate for the absence of the note which would have made things plain to the general reader. In the same way we are told of "handkerchiefs made from the silk called lab-i-ab, the produce of worms reared on the banks of the Oxus." The last words of this sentence are in reality a translation of the Persian *lab*, bank, and *ab*, water. But we are not told so, and there is no indication that the writer understood the force of the expression. The word "gup," though current amongst Anglo-Indians to express popular rumours and the small talk of society, is derived from a Sanskrit word, and is not Persian at all. Consequently we very much doubt its entering into the conversation of a domestic circle of Mahommedans in the villages of Badakshan. Lieutenant Wood in this instance probably thought and spoke in familiar Hindustani, while he intended to speak Persian. *Chopper kallu* is certainly not Indian for chess; at least, it is not the term by which this ancient game is usually known to those who speak a derivative either of the Indo-Germanic or the Semitic languages. Chess is *chaturanga*, or "four members," corrupted into the Persian *shatranj*. *Chaupar*, or *chopper*, is a common word for dice. If chess is known at Shikarpore in Scinde as *chopper kallu*, it can only be by some local or provincial usage. *Soorsat* is an obvious mistake for *russud*—*i.e.* provisions for the army—and is familiar to every subaltern or captain who, at the head of a company of sepoys, has had to "requisition" the civil authorities for supplies for his men. It is incumbent on us to point out these tiresome errors, because, with the increased interest shown in India and Central Asia, and with the number of officers and civilians always at home on leave, rectification was a very easy task. An editor who undertakes to give to the world some memoir, life, or narrative in which the employment of Eastern phraseology is unavoidable, should submit his proofs to an expert. He is no more justified in making guesses at truth on such topics, or in avoiding necessary explanations, than an ordinary father of a family would be in drawing up a marriage settlement for one of his daughters without referring the deed to a lawyer.

The editor, however, is fully justified in the step which he has taken; and the narrative is full of incidents experienced by the traveller himself, as well as of glimpses and revelations of Oriental life. The line taken by Lieutenant Wood and his companions, concisely stated, was as follows:—Entering one of the mouths of the Indus, they sailed or tracked up that river to Attock; thence by Peshawur, the Khyber, the fort of Ali Musjid, and Jellalabad, they reached Kabul, where they were introduced by Akbar Khan, then quite a young man, to his father, the Dost. Leaving Burnes at the capital, Lieutenant Wood and his companion, Dr. Lord, started in the month of October 1837, and after a vain attempt to enter Turkestan by the Eastern passes, returned, crossed the river Helmund, passed through the Hazara country, and reached Bamian by the Pinauri defile and the valley of Zohák. Having thus got over the range of Hindu Kosh, their course, after a time, lay nearly due east, through Kunduz and Jerm. Dr. Lord remained at the former place, and Wood, with a native factotum named Ghulam Hassain, with Abdul Ghani, an officer of the household of Murad Beg, who then ruled in Badakshan, and with a few native followers, made his way through the Wakhan country to the plateau of Pamir and to the source of the Oxus. Our space allows us to do little more than touch on particular points in the narrative, but we must impress on our readers that Wood was the first Englishman, and the only European, who had visited the source of this famous river since the days of the adventurous Venetian, Marco Polo. Other men will doubtless hereafter track his footsteps, benefit by his leadership, and possibly supply his deficiencies; but we have the testimony of Colonel Yule for believing that, in all essentials, his account is accurate, honest, and trustworthy; and no reader of the book will fail to appreciate its manly tone, or refuse to acknowledge that its author had a good deal in him of that pluck and determination to which we owe the solution of the far more difficult problem of the sources of the Nile.

The following will give some idea of the country, people, and manners which came under Wood's observation. The Afghans and Badakshanis appear to have been generally hospitable, fond of talking round a fireside, and grave and humorous by turns; but we hardly think that Wood's estimate of their veracity would be borne out by the opinions of Indian officials who have served on the frontier of late years. And, so far from considering them inferior to the Sikhs, as the author evidently did, we should prefer a bearded Sikh proprietor from the Manjha to an Afghan from the Khoord Kabul. Abdul Ghani, Wood's guide and companion, seems to have been a compound of Roger Wildrake and Andrew Fairservice, rollicking as the one, sententious as the other. According to this philosopher, a man had three good friends in this world—the Koran, a horse, and a sword. There was no book like

* *A Journey to the Source of the River Oxus.* By Captain John Wood, Indian Navy. New Edition. Edited by his Son. London: John Murray. 1872.

the first. To a good horse a man was indebted for his livelihood and his wives, as, apparently, with it he could steal for the one, and run off with the other. And the sword was his title-deed. This worthy personage, on returning to his home, found that a favourite slave, whom he had some thoughts of taking to wife, had been sold by his brother, without, and indeed against, authority, for the sum of 17*l.*, and she was actually being carried off to the Bokhara slave market on horseback behind a burly stranger. We are left in some doubt whether the bereaved owner was more exasperated by the loss of his favourite, or by the reflection that the purchaser would be likely to sell her in Khurm for one-half more than he gave. In the neighbourhood of Jerm the author became acquainted with a specimen of the black-coated Kaffirs. These men possess great intelligence, lay no claim to a divine revelation, call themselves the brothers of Englishmen, and have been hunted down by the Mussulmans for the purposes of the slave market. In the Wakhan country a Kirghiz encampment was found: one hundred families lived in tents, made of coarse felt on a frame of willow-work, in the shape of a dome, and warmed inside by a Russian cauldron placed on an iron tripod. The tent was shared by the family with the young lambs of the flock, and outside were some 2,000 yaks, 4,000 sheep, 1,000 Bactrian camels, and a number of dogs as fierce as those we read of in the Odyssey. The young women of the tribe were good-looking; the males small in stature, ugly, and weather-beaten, and much given to swallowing pinches and even handfuls of snuff. These men buried their relations under tombstones decked with the horns of the wild sheep, possibly as a means of recognition when the snow drifted over the graves. They profess a preference for daughters to sons, obtain as much as 40*l.* for the marriage of the former, deck their wives with beads and ornaments of brass and oyster-shells, and pass them on, at the death of the husband, to the brothers and the next of kin. The food of the different families and tribes with whom the adventurers put up, varied in quality and character. The Hazaras supped on barley-bread and half-frozen water; at Kunduz all ranks had two good meals a day, of wheaten bread, pillaos of mutton, and soup, alternating with horseflesh which was expensive, and with pheasants which were delicacies. Tea was largely consumed, made in large iron pots, and enriched with clotted cream, with fat, and with salt instead of sugar. Game was abundant, especially during the winter, when birds were driven down into the valleys by the excessive cold. On the banks of the Koksha five hundred partridges were captured in a day's sport without firing a shot. Men and dogs lined the river and beat up the birds, which were pursued by mounted horsemen and literally run down. Pheasants were captured near Kunduz much on the same system, for at the second flight the birds appear to have surrendered, and to have been caught either by the dogs or the horsemen. Splendid specimens of the wild sheep were seen, and on one occasion eaten; but the real Russ, or 'Ovis Poli'—so named by Mr. Blyth after the Venetian traveller—was not seen alive. We do not find, as we might have expected, any speculations as to the dispersion of the lost tribes of Israel, which are often thought to have reached Turkestan and its vicinity; but, on the other hand, several chiefs stoutly affirmed their direct descent from Alexander the Great; and one vague tradition—scarcely appreciated by Wood—connects Solomon, or Suliman, with his usual Takht, or throne, on the top of a mountain overlooking a valley once thriving and populous, but now nearly deserted. But for details of these and other interesting topics, the mines of ruby and of lapis-lazuli, the table land of Pamir, and the lake from which the Oxus issues, sublime in its snowy desolation at a height above the sea level about equal to Mont Blanc, we must refer readers to the book itself.

Colonel Yule's careful and learned essay deals with subjects to which only the Royal Geographical Society can do justice; but we may just mention that he shows reasons for holding the main contributaries of the Oxus to be four, and not five in number, as stated by the Arab geographers; that the whole length of the Oxus is about 1,400 miles; that the extent of the Pamir plateau is about 180 miles; and that the principal lake, amongst a number half known and scarcely identified, ought to be called, for the present at least, Wood's Sir-i-kol, or Lake Victoria.

The republication of this work is a suggestive commentary on the vast changes which have passed over our Indian Empire since the mission of Burnes and his companions. At the time of Wood's exploration Runjit Sing was ruling at Lahore, and uttering clear-sighted and thoughtful prophecies about the inevitable spread of British power. Avitabile was striking terror into the Sikhs and Afghans by sanguinary punishments at which even Orientals were appalled. Dost Mahommed had not yet given up all hopes of securing the support and countenance of the East India Company or their Governor-General. Lord Lawrence was actively employed as a "rising official" on revenue and magisterial duties in the districts round Delhi. Lord Dalhousie had but lately left Christchurch. Lord Macaulay had just gained a notable triumph in the educational controversy over the infatuated adherents and supporters of Oriental classics, and was laying in philosophy and jurisprudence the broad foundations of his excellent Penal Code for India. Hindoos and Mahommedans had not yet begun to discourse glibly about national pledges and political rights; and the mind of the Sepoy, accustomed to a dazzling series of triumphs, had not deemed it possible that his comrades could ever be annihilated by the matchlocks of mountaineers in fair fighting, or that he himself could compete on his own soil for empire with the weapons of his own masters. After the lapse of more than a generation, after a series of events which might well fill a century, we are again brought face to face with Central Asian politics. And not the least suggestive portions of the book before us are those which, perhaps unintentionally, show the absurdity of expecting large commercial results from Central Asian traffic, which depict the difficulties of the country and the climate, and which disclose the willingness of the inhabitants to treat as friends and allies those who do not conceal aggression under the veil of a civilizing mission or a reciprocal trade.

GRANT'S HISTORY OF THE NEWSPAPER PRESS.—VOL. III.*

MR. GRANT at first imagined that he could put his *History of the Newspaper Press* into a couple of volumes. He has just published what he calls a "third and concluding volume"; but this, whatever it may conclude, is apparently very far from being the conclusion of the work. There are to be more last words, and a series of concluding volumes, one of which is, it seems, to be devoted entirely to ourselves. We are deeply sensible of the honour which Mr. Grant intends for us; but unfortunately we cannot show our gratitude by speaking well of the volume before us, or qualifying in any way the opinion we felt bound to express as to the first part of the work. Mr. Grant thinks it necessary in his preface to offer a few words of explanation as to the plan on which he has written his History. He has acted, he tells us, on the principle of devoting the greatest amount of space to journals "whose history has been marked by interesting incidents." Mr. Grant, however, has very peculiar notions as to the sort of incidents which fairly come within the scope of history. Everybody but Mr. Grant understands that, although we may make free with the private life of people who lived a long while ago, we are not exactly entitled to take similar liberties with the private affairs of our contemporaries. We may discuss Shakspeare's relations with Anne Hathaway, or speculate as to whether he made a good thing of his theatre, as much as we please; but the conjugal circumstances and professional gains of the managers or dramatists of our own day are not supposed to be legitimate subjects for public discussion. There is obviously the widest difference between writing the personal history of the old *Spectator* of Addison and Steele and the personal history of the *Spectator* of the present day; but nice distinctions of this kind are thrown away upon Mr. Grant. He is perfectly free and unrestrained in his inquiries into the most private circumstances of contemporary journalism. He tells us that one journal contrives to get a good many contributions without paying for them; that another is assisted by charitable contributions; that the proprietor of a third paper, a well-known politician who is mentioned by name, is not making so much out of the property as he once did. Mr. Grant is not, "he feels assured"—and the reader can have no difficulty in estimating the quality of the assurance—saying anything which the proprietors of another journal would have any objection to have made known when he says that they are "by no means pecuniary gainers" by the journal in question. He goes into a long story about a certain Protestant and Evangelical print, the owner of which "felt it due alike to himself and his readers to dispense with the services of his editor," and has since been fortunate enough to secure the services of another editor, of whom, for reasons best known to himself, Mr. Grant has an extremely high opinion. Some journals are doing very well, others are doing very badly; some are happy in the harmony of their family circle, others are less fortunate. Mr. Grant professes to know all about them. The contents of a newspaper are of course public property. Anybody who chooses can criticize them or comment on them. Every journal of mark has a distinct individuality about it, an individuality quite as distinct and pronounced as that of any public man, and there is no reason why this should not be analysed and described if any one thinks it worth while to do so. It is obvious, however, that the domestic arrangements of a newspaper concern only those persons who happen to be connected with it; and that other people have no more right to pry into these arrangements or to discuss them than they have to inquire what a neighbour has for dinner, or how he stands with his wine merchant, or whether he has been fortunate in his recent investments. Mr. Grant chose a subject on which an interesting and useful book might have been written. Other writers indeed had been before him, but the field was far from being exhausted. Unfortunately he has not the qualities necessary for the task, and he has also set to work in a false direction. His book, where it goes over ground already worked, furnishes nothing new except his own blunders and bad grammar; in other respects it is an impertinence. The three bulky volumes are made up for the most part of slovenly and inaccurate compilation, ungrammatical twaddle, and unmannerly and ridiculous gossip. It is deplorable that Mr. Grant should not only persist in his offence, but should apparently be incapable of even comprehending why it should be considered an offence at all.

Mr. Grant in the preface to the present volume makes "a passing reference to the fact that, in reviewing the previous two volumes,

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* *The Metropolitan, Weekly, and Provincial Press.* By James Grant, Author of "Random Recollections," "The Great Metropolis," &c. Third and Concluding Volume of the "History of the Newspaper Press." London: Routledge & Sons.

certain critics professed to have discovered some inaccuracies in them." He observes that it is impossible to write a work of this description, "in which a number of facts"—what he calls "facts"—"are dealt with in every page without occasionally falling into error"; and we are quite ready to admit the force of the remark. It scarcely requires to be pointed out that there are difficulties in the way of writing the personal history of anonymous journalism. It may be assumed that journalists who do not of their own accord publish their names do not seek publicity; and as the information which Mr. Grant thinks it necessary to print cannot be obtained from any authentic or authoritative source, he is necessarily reduced to make the most of whatever vague rumours or loose gossip may happen to reach him. Mr. Grant is not ashamed to retail as "history" the tattle of printers' devils and the confidences of newsvendors' boys. Our historian is very fond of talking about "my certain knowledge," "my personal knowledge," my "individual knowledge." "I speak," he says, "from certain knowledge when I say that chiefly, though not solely, from this source"—that is, money extorted under threat of slander—"Mr. Westmacott of the *Age*, and Mr. Bernard Gregory of the *Satirist*, were making an income of from five to six thousand a year." Again, he says, "It consists with my personal knowledge that in the great majority of cases, especially in those of ladies, scandals damaging in some cases, and in others destructive to character, even where the imputations were wholly without foundation, were furnished anonymously by the professed friends of the persons whom it was sought publicly to slander." Unless Mr. Grant was himself on the staff of either of the infamous prints of which he speaks, or was in the habit of sending anonymous libels to them for publication, it is difficult to see how he could have any "certain knowledge" or "personal knowledge" on the subject. In the earlier part of this work Mr. Grant told a story, of course on the best authority, of the Duke of Newcastle, grandfather of the present Duke, calling on Dr. Giffard, and leaving a sealed packet for him, which, on being opened, was found to contain 1,200*l.* in bank-notes, with a letter of thanks for an article upholding Protestant principles which had just appeared in the *Standard*. It was added that Dr. Giffard applied the money, not to his own purposes, but to the support of the Protestant cause. Mr. Grant has since been informed by the Doctor's son, who was entirely in his father's confidence, that the story is pure fable, and that no such packet was ever delivered. Another of the ridiculous stories which Mr. Grant published referred to a dramatic criticism which the late Lord Campbell was said to have written when a reporter on the *Morning Chronicle*, and in which *Romeo and Juliet* was treated as a new play. Mr. Hardcastle, Lord Campbell's son-in-law, having examined the file of the *Morning Chronicle*, was able to state that no such criticism ever appeared in that journal during the time when Lord Campbell was connected with it. Mr. Grant, instead of simply apologizing for having published an idle and impertinent story without having made any attempt to verify it, wrote a long letter, in which he criticized, "first, the matter, and then the manner," of Mr. Hardcastle's brief and succinct statement, and wound up by saying that "the mistake must have been committed by some one else on the *Chronicle*, and erroneously attributed to Lord Campbell;" the fact being apparently that no such notice ever appeared, and Mr. Grant having certainly no evidence of the "fact" to offer. Nor is Mr. Grant satisfied with Mr. Disraeli's assurance that he never edited, or was paid for contributing to, any newspaper. Mr. Grant attempts to justify his original assertion by citing other statements in regard to Mr. Disraeli which do not in the least affect the question between himself and that gentleman, and he urges that "it is due to the right honourable gentleman himself, in order to his being set right with the public, that he should furnish the world with some further information on this point." It is difficult to say whether Mr. Grant's credulity or incredulity is more remarkable. It is surprising that an historian on the look-out for "interesting incidents" should have omitted to notice the curious Greek legend bearing on an interesting passage in ancient Jewish history, which a morning journal published, with learned comments, a few years ago. The omission is the more remarkable since Mr. Grant, as we learn from his History, was about that time editor of the journal in question.

We cannot of course pretend to check Mr. Grant's statements as to the private affairs of our contemporaries, but when we meet him on other ground his blundering is seen to be glaring and persistent. He speaks of the *Anti-Jacobin* without mentioning Frere. He says Gifford's "Baviad" was published in 1794 and the "Mæviad" in the following year; whereas the "Baviad" was published in 1791 and the "Mæviad" in 1794. He quotes Canning's lines on the death of his son, and in almost every line there are blunders which reveal his utter ignorance of rhythm and punctuation, and his inability even to copy out a few sentences from a book correctly. "Mr. Bagshawe, the late Mr. Wilson's son-in-law," is, he says, the proprietor of a well-known financial journal. Whoever may be the proprietor of the journal in question is no business of ours, but it is known at least that the name of Mr. Wilson's son-in-law is Bagehot, not Bagshawe. Mr. Grant informs us that Mr. J. R. M'Culloch's "talents have secured for him a highly remunerative Government situation," but Mr. M'Culloch's friends are still under the impression that he died some years ago. One of the weekly papers which rank highest in Mr. Grant's estimation appears to be *Reynolds's Newspaper*. It is interesting to hear that Mr. Reynolds is "a man of family, was educated at one of our great Universities, and is in his manners a perfect gentleman." Mr. Grant does indeed wish that Mr. Reynolds's "theological and political opinions were the very opposite of what they are"; but "it is due to his newspaper to state that, though it would, if it could, overthrow the Throne to-morrow, it is otherwise an excellent journal." It contains, we are assured, many "attractive features." We do not know whether Mr. Grant is disposed to reckon among the attractive features the carefully collected garbage of the week, the full reports of dirty cases, including occasionally special reports of loathsome evidence which the most shameless of the morning journals shrink from printing, and the filthy advertisements of quack doctors, abortionists, and dealers in indecent pictures, with which this "most readable of the penny weeklies" adorns its columns. The only improvement which Mr. Grant is able to suggest in this nice print is that, "if Mr. Reynolds could only give his many myriads of readers a somewhat brighter looking paper, it would materially add to the pleasure with which they would peruse its varied contents."

The chapters relating to the provincial press appear to be little more than an embroidered version of Mr. Mitchell's unpretending and useful record. Of one journal Mr. Grant says, "It is published on Thursday. The price is 4*d.* I have not heard who is to be the new editor." And we could have wished that the whole work had been written in a similar style. In another case Mr. Grant works out an important arithmetical problem for the reader's benefit. "The price," he tells us, "of this paper is 2*d.*, being"—and now we come to his discovery—"a medium between 3*d.* and 1*d.*" Little touches of popular science in this style help to enliven "historical composition." Mr. Grant does some injustice to the interest of his book by not giving more typographical distinction to those passages which constitute its chief claim to be of historical value. "Next proceeding westwards, at a distance of thirty miles from Huntly, we come to the town of Elgin." This simple sentence, printed in ordinary type, nearly at the end of the volume, hardly prepares us for what is to follow. There are many people who know nothing more about Elgin than that it is a picturesque little town, with an old cathedral which used to be boastfully called the "Lanthorn of the North." But the modern fame of Elgin is now identified with a lanthorn of another kind. Mr. James Grant was born in Elgin. "It may be doubted," he says, "whether there is one journal in the United Kingdom which can boast of a more interesting history than the *Elgin Courant*, under its original name of the *Elgin Courier*." What makes this history so tremendously interesting is that the *Elgin Courier* was started, not only "in my native town," but by Mr. Grant and a relative. "When I mention this," he says, "the well-known remark of the highest of all authorities, that 'a prophet has no honour in his own country,' will no doubt occur to the reader." "The remark of the great Teacher," however, was not "intended as of universal application." It was meant to be "only true as a rule," and Mr. Grant appears to hint that though this rule may have held good in Nazareth and elsewhere, there was a remarkable exception to it in Elgin. In point of fact, however, Mr. Grant had at the outset "to bear up under the literally universal conviction, freely expressed by all classes of the community, that the enterprise was sure to be a signal and speedy failure." Perhaps the greatest difficulty arose from the fact that the paper was started "without anything deserving the name of monetary capital"; in short, Mr. Grant had "nothing on which to trade but character." After he left Elgin the paper drooped and died, and then the *Courant* was established in the place of the *Courier*. Mr. Grant also started a literary magazine in Elgin, and he feels sure he will be "acquitted of egotism" if he mentions an incident which brought him into connexion with Sir W. Scott. The *Edinburgh Weekly Journal* had spoken good-naturedly of the Elgin bantling, and Mr. Grant chose to assume that the notice must have been written by Scott himself; so he wrote to the latter on the subject, and received a polite assurance that the article was from another pen. Sir Walter added what, Mr. Grant assures us, was to him "more gratifying far than anything in the review," but he will not more particularly refer to the contents of the letter, lest he should be charged with vanity. We are sorry that Mr. Grant's modesty should do him an injustice, and we venture to hazard the conjecture that the addition which so delighted him was an assurance from the great Sir Walter that he was his most obedient humble servant. One genius could hardly recognize another in more eloquent or more expressive terms.

BUXTON'S NOTES OF THOUGHT.*

"THINK of the men and women you know," says Mr. Charles Buxton in this posthumous publication, "who could have dreamed *à priori* that Jenkins had all that acuteness of thought and power of delineating which comes out in his novel? Who would have guessed that Brown had it in him to be an impassioned orator?" And after another example or two to the same effect, he concludes, "We think we know others, because the unknown part of their nature is so absolutely out of our ken that we do not even think of its being there. But the more I study men, the more I see that we do but skim their surface." A captious critic might possibly allege that we are not so often startled by the discovery of brilliant qualities in unpretending persons as this passage seems to imply; but substantially it contains a very true observation, and one which has a certain significance in regard to

* *Notes of Thought.* By the late Charles Buxton. London: John Murray.

its author. Those who merely looked upon Mr. Buxton from the outside, who had only met him in the hunting-field or in the House of Commons, might easily have failed to understand how much genuine wisdom and intellectual power was concealed beneath a gentle and unobtrusive manner. He was one of the rare cases, as Mr. W. E. Forster observes, in which the gap left by a man's departure seems to be greater than the space which he filled when alive. The explanation is, in Mr. Forster's language, that he was "one of those the full measure of whose faculties was hardly available for himself, but was, as it were, a force in reserve to be used for others under the pressure of their wants, their sorrows, and their wrongs, and even their intellectual needs; for instance, his conversation was curiously helpful in its suggestiveness." In fact, Mr. Buxton, though full of keen interest in all the political and social questions of the day, and doing his best to play his part thoroughly in every relation of life, was not one of those people who succeed by treading on other men's toes, or by blowing their own trumpet. He was content with a comparatively subordinate position, and was a sympathizing and encouraging spectator rather than an active combatant in the struggles of the day. Such men hardly receive full justice during their lifetime, and it is only when we are regretting their loss that we perceive how serviceable they have really been in their own quiet fashion.

The book which now appears, and which was left nearly ready for publication, is introduced by a brief biographical sketch by Mr. Llewelyn Davies. Mr. Davies has done his duty, as it seems to us, with admirable delicacy and skill. He has brought into full relief the estimable qualities of Mr. Buxton's character, without putting forward any untenable pretensions. Born in 1822, Mr. Buxton became a partner, on leaving College, in the great brewery of Truman, Hanbury, Buxton, and Co. He wrote his father's life; he married the eldest daughter of Sir Henry Holland, and he was a member of the House of Commons from 1857 till his death in 1871. These are the main facts of a not very eventful, though a thoroughly honourable, life. He was a prosperous English gentleman, who met with as few trials as are generally encountered by a member of the favoured classes. He illustrates, therefore, as Mr. Davies remarks, the ripening of a generous character in continued sunshine, which is in its way a pleasant spectacle, though not so impressive as the development of fine qualities under the pressure of adversity. A representative of the strictest sect of the Evangelicals, he took a great pride in his descent from the men whose efforts abolished slavery and did much to raise the religious spirit of the country from the lethargy of the past century. Many men in a similar position have been provoked into reaction against the Puritanical strictness of their early education. But Mr. Buxton retained the substance of the Protestant teaching, though, as he grew up, he abandoned the dogmatic creed, of his infancy. The strong moral convictions remained with him, whilst the rigid framework of doctrine was dissolved by his sympathy with the principles of the Broad Church party. The hatred of every kind of cruelty or oppression which had animated his father in the assault upon West Indian slavery was regarded by him as a sacred legacy; and a touch of the old Quaker tendencies appears in his rather undiscriminating hatred for war. One of the last questions in which he took a prominent part was the Jamaica revolt. Naturally enough he did not satisfy either party. Though vigorously condemning the atrocities which he held to have been perpetrated, he quitted the Jamaica Committee on their resolution to prosecute Governor Eyre for murder. Whatever view may be taken of his wisdom in this respect, his conduct was thoroughly characteristic. He had neither the merits nor the defects of a good partisan. His intellectual tendencies are well illustrated by his *Ideas of the Day on Policy*, published in 1865. The strong point of the book was its extreme candour, and the obvious desire to look at every side of every question. Its weak point was the apparent absence of a power of detecting the leading principles by which questions should be decided. A candid man draws up a list of the pros and cons on any debated point, and decides that he will take that view which is supported by ten arguments as against nine on the other side. Such a process does not lead to very definite convictions; and a more truly comprehensive mind is required to reach the higher level from which the true relations of the various arguments can be efficiently grasped. When one party proposes to go due north, and another to go due west, it does not really follow that the true course is precisely north-west; but that is the conclusion which is apt to commend itself to a man more anxious to be candid than to be decided. A compromise, in short, is sometimes worse than either extreme; and Mr. Buxton's views seem frequently to move in "a strange diagonal" which is not definitely satisfactory to anybody. Candour and toleration, however, are qualities far too rare and too estimable to be underrated; and, when combined with a generous hatred for all that is distinctly vile, their value is not easily over-estimated. They fit a man to exercise a softening and ennobling influence upon politics, though not to be a leader in the struggle. And it is to be hoped that we may always have a supply of public men animated by the spirit of Mr. Buxton. We are far more likely to run short of them than of zealous partisans, who could often be more easily missed.

To these more public virtues Mr. Buxton added many qualities calculated to endear him to his dependents and to his private friends. Mr. Davies speaks from personal knowledge of his well-judged efforts to improve the condition of the poor in London. He made it a special hobby to encourage the spread of free libraries, and offered to add to any subscription raised for that purpose as much more to be expended in the purchase of books. In one year, Mr. Davies tells us, in which a memorandum of his expenditure has been preserved, more than a third had been given away. His kindness to friends in his own rank was delicate and persevering; and love of animals, including horses, dogs, cockatoos, and snakes, is pleasantly significant of an affectionate disposition. His efforts to naturalize cockatoos at Fox Warren were unfortunately neutralized by the deeply rooted conviction of the British public that the final cause of the existence of all strange birds is that they may be shot. In a pleasant little anecdote we are told that Mr. Buxton was one day riding past a farm where a sheep-dog was tied up and howling piteously. He instantly begged his companion to stop and got off his horse to speak "a few sentences of pity and encouragement to the poor captive." His sympathy with snakes was equally creditable to his kindliness, but perhaps rather less agreeable to his friends. As an enthusiastic sportsman, he of course did not allow his love of wild animals to interfere with the pleasures of horses and hounds. To these amiable qualities we may add that Mr. Buxton had a keen love of architecture, and won the sixth prize in the competition of designs for public offices in 1856. Indeed his love of art and of poetry is shown by many symptoms in this volume to have been far more developed than we should have anticipated. Some of his descriptions of nature are very striking, and a very spirited hunting song, the only composition, as it seems, in verse which he ever produced, is the more remarkable as it was written in a dark room whilst he was suffering from concussion of the brain. We quote a stanza by way of specimen:—

> How soft lies the valley asleep below,
> In the golden sunshine, as on we go,
> Down the long sweep of the hillside bare,
> Drinking sweet draughts of the vernal air!
> The lark is raining his music down,
> The partridge whirs up from the grasstuft brown.

We have lingered so long with the author that we have not much space in which to speak of his book. The book, however, derives much of its interest from the unconscious indications of its author's character. It consists of a series of reflections, written down apparently as they presented themselves, on a variety of subjects, religious, social, or political. In all such books there are of course a good many comparative failures. Nobody could put together nearly seven hundred reflections on all manner of subjects without frequently sinking into platitude or becoming occasionally trifling. To describe so miscellaneous a collection is far from easy. From its nature, there is not much unity except that which is derived from the family likeness of the various thoughts. They all, as may be supposed, indicate a generous, observant, and contemplative mind, with occasionally an agreeable dash of humour. The speculation, though it frequently turns upon such awful subjects as the origin of evil, does not show any great metaphysical acuteness, and the humour might perhaps be better described by the milder name of playfulness. Here, however, is a pretty good specimen, which need not have been disowned by Sydney Smith. "Would it not be happy for all parties," says Mr. Buxton, "if idiots and old people when grown imbecile could be comfortably shot? I would have it done with the utmost decorum; perhaps by the bishop of the diocese. But what an unspeakable relief!" Here are a couple of specimens, which in a brief space illustrate the quaint turn of thought that sometimes gives freshness to an old remark:—"Proverbs are potted wisdom." The other is better and more original:—"The years of life seem like the hops of a 'duck and drake' on a pond—the first much the longest." As a general rule, the remarks upon life are of an optimist, perhaps too optimist, tendency. We are willing to believe the writer when he says that "every year more varied and intimate intercourse with my countrymen and countrywomen makes me more deeply sensible of the prodigious amount of goodness of head and heart amongst them"; for the impression depends as much upon the recipient as upon the object. But we have a little difficulty in sympathizing with the remark—"'Tis amazing to find out what hosts there are of delightful people"—unless delightful be taken ironically. However, the optimism is never offensive, for it is accompanied by true tenderness and thoughtfulness, and occasionally counterbalanced by a shrewd hit at the foibles of various classes. We will conclude by quoting one reflection of moderate length, which is a favourable specimen of style and sentiment, though there are many equally good:—

> It sometimes strikes me as the strangest thing in the world to hear this man or that spoken of with absolute contempt when, after all, *what* is this being who is thus set down at two minutes' notice? What a boundless ocean of thoughts and images has flowed through his mind since the day he was born! What millions of feelings have swayed his heart! What a vast variety of incidents have made up his career! What countless good traits there are in his nature! What a future lies before him! What a sphere of action around him! Is this infinite, complex, unutterable, inconceivable being to be sneered down because he is ill dressed or has clumsy manners?

With so much that is kindly, wise, and tolerant, and so much sympathy with the vast masses of suffering around us, as is indicated in many pages of the book, it would be ungracious, even if we had space or inclination, to find fault with some of the theories suggested. Where there is any shortcoming, it is generally on the side of over-tenderness to human nature or to popular beliefs, and we may therefore admit the faults without any diminution in our regard for the author. The book well deserves to be popular, if only as showing how excellent a life may be led in spite of the disadvantage of almost unmixed prosperity and domestic comfort.

If Mr. Buxton was not a great man, he was one whose memory should be warmly cherished by all who were in any way connected with him.

HAZARD'S SANTO DOMINGO AND HAYTI.*

THAT St. Domingo, with its superior advantages of position, climate, and natural resources, should for so long have yielded to Cuba the crown as titular Queen of the Antilles, has at all times been more or less a problem. When Columbus, in his first voyage, in December 1492, traversing the narrow strait which separates the two islands, came in sight of her shores, he declared his new discovery to be even more beautiful in his eyes than Cuba, on which he had already almost exhausted the language of panegyric. In token of its superiority in every natural endowment he founded on the northern shore the first settlement of the New World, and the nucleus of the whole civilization of the Western Continent, giving to the island the name of Hispaniola, or Little Spain, imagining it to resemble the most favoured province of Andalusia. Beautiful, naturally favoured, and fertile as ever, the island has remained with but little intermission unto this day poor, undeveloped, a prey to foreign violence or internecine strife. The question having arisen within the last few years in the United States as to the incorporation of St. Domingo into the Union, a Commission was sent over by the American Government to investigate and report upon the resources and prospects of the island. Mr. Samuel Hazard, who had already undertaken a somewhat similar inquiry on account of an influential American journal, and who had previously won for himself credit by his Report upon Cuba, took the opportunity of associating himself with this official mission. After almost entirely circumnavigating the island, and traversing its length and breadth, he was amazed to find so magnificent a part of the New World so generally uncultivated, and even uncivilized. His curiosity was stirred to know what causes besides the reputed one of climate could be alleged for the backwardness and beggary of a settlement intrinsically so valuable and attractive. Coming with this view to London, he set himself to hunt up the materials for a solution of the problem amongst the treasures of the British Museum; with what assiduity may be judged from the list of some two hundred writers of more or less note which he has prefixed to his lately published volume. Believing correctly that little of the past history of the island, especially of the Spanish part, is known to the public at large, he brings his ample reading to elucidate the causes of the existing condition of St. Domingo and Hayti; arising as it does from the fact of the island having been successively the battle-ground of Spaniards and Indians, the buccaneers, the English, French, and Spaniards, and, finally, from the internecine strife and revolutionary frenzy of Haytians and Dominicans themselves.

The whole island was at the time of its discovery known to the natives as Haiti, or "the high ground," the eastern portion having the name of Quisqueya, or "mother of the earth," and the western that of Babeque, or Bohio, "land of many villages or habitations." It was divided into five main provinces, each under a cacique, the government being, as among the aborigines of the West in general, mildly despotic and hereditary: with the provision that if a cacique died childless, his estates and rights passed to his sisters rather than to his brothers, greater purity of blood it was thought being thus secured. One race and one language, with minor variations, seem to have prevailed throughout. It was at the north-west angle that Columbus first touched land, calling it by the name of St. Nicholas, whose day it was. His earliest fort or settlement, La Navidad, in the Bay of Aicul, was found by him destroyed, with the settlers he had left behind, when on his second voyage he landed in Samana Bay, November 22, 1493. He had in the meantime returned home with the news of the discovery of the gold regions of Cibao. His new settlement, Isabella, further to the east, now became the corner-stone of enterprise and conquest, and the model of all Spanish establishments in the New World. Here from the year 1636 was his own resting-place, until in 1795 his remains were transferred from the ruins of the long-deserted city to the Havana. It was at New Isabella, afterwards known as the city of Santo Domingo, that he ultimately set up the seat of government, laying the first stone on the 4th of August, 1496. Mr. Hazard in one of his woodcuts shows us the citadel in a cell of which the great Admiral with his brother Bartholomew was shut up by the infamous Bobadilla in the year 1500; the rest of the town having been two years later destroyed by the famous storm in vain foretold by Columbus, and rebuilt by the new Governor, Ovando. Columbus, on his third visit in the autumn of 1498, embarrassed by the successful mutiny of Roldan, found himself compelled to give in to the system of *repartimientos*, or allotments of land with native labourers to work them, which was destined to be the fruitful source of quarrels amongst the Spaniards and of misery to the aborigines. Under the ruthless Ovando, whose uncompromising rule was all in all to the Spanish settlers, at the expense of the down-trodden and miserable natives for whom Queen Isabella vainly interfered with enactments of protection and humanity, the island was forced to a temporary pitch of prosperity. The death of the Queen in 1504 hastened a crisis. Ferdinand's orders for bettering the condition of the Indians, in memory of their protectress, provoked measures of severer treatment and oppression. Weak and indolent by nature, the natives sank under the strain of labour. What De Bry describes as a saturnalia of suicide, figured in a graphic woodcut from Benzoni's History, set in to accelerate the natural decay of population, and the million of aborigines estimated by Columbus to have held the island at the date of its discovery had in fifteen years dwindled to no more than 60,000. To supply the deficiency of labour, Ovando, with the consent of Ferdinand, introduced natives from the Luycayos Islands, or Bahamas, to the number, it is said, of 40,000. Under his successor, Diego Columbus, the *repartimiento* system, opposed as it was by the Dominican priesthood, especially by Las Casas, was pushed to a degree which amounted to unmitigated slavery, favoured by the famous edict won from Ferdinand by the Franciscans, declaring it a divine and humane duty to hold the Indians in servitude, as thus they might become Christians. The return made by Albuquerque, who was charged with portioning out the natives, shows a falling off in 1514 to 14,000 souls. The blame of introducing African slaves has been often unjustly thrown upon Las Casas; but negroes had been as early as 1511 brought into the island under regulations approved by the Spanish King, which were further defined by Cardinal Ximenes during the minority of Charles V., under the influence of the Dominican friars, who thought thereby to lighten the lot of the aboriginal Indians. The introduction of the sugar-cane from the Canaries in 1506 had been the main cause of the stress of labour, as it now became the spring of wealth to the Spanish colonists. The patent of Charles V. to a Flemish favourite for the importation of 4,000 Africans yearly being sold to some Genoese for 25,000 ducats, an organized slave-trade was now set up, and in 1522 the blacks felt themselves strong enough for a temporary rising. A last attempt of the aborigines under Enrique so far prevailed as to secure in 1533 for the slender remnant of their body, 600 in number, an independent village settlement at Boya, where the last of the pure Haytian race ere long became extinct.

From the zenith of its short-lived prosperity the island was soon brought low by the ill government of the Spanish *audiencia*, the depredations of Drake and the buccaneers, and the intrusion of the French upon the west coast, which, after many a doubtful struggle and unsparing slaughter on either side, was confirmed by the peace of Ryswick. With the rise of French culture and trade the Spanish settlement sank, till in 1730 the entire population was no more than 6,000, St. Domingo city having but 500 inhabitants. Tobacco had been introduced some time before this with great success by the French, followed by indigo and by a revival of the growth of sugar. The cocoa-tree, introduced by D'Ogeron in 1665, yielded a considerable revenue, as did also the coffee plant, brought in from Martinique. The boundary line between the French and Spanish districts was at length strictly defined in 1779, by which time the Spanish population had shared somewhat in the prosperity of their rivals, their milder slave laws attracting many fugitives from the French side, who, purchasing their freedom, added to the well-to-do classes. Shortly before the French Revolution, though we get no corresponding statistics of the population or wealth of the Spanish portion, there were in the French colony, as we learn from Mr. Hazard's figures, 14,000 white inhabitants, 4,000 free mulattoes, and 172,000 negroes. The products exported from the island were of the value of 6,250,000 dollars, and the imports 8,887,500 dollars. The French, who yet at no time professed to give much attention to cattle or stock raising, had 63,000 horses and mules, and 93,000 head of horned cattle.

The popular idea of the terrible revolution of St. Domingo as a mere wild uprising of the blacks against the cruel tyranny of their masters is set right by Mr. Hazard. The whole transaction divides itself into three epochs. First came the revolution of the whites. The ferment of the great Revolution at home, rapidly extending to the colony, raised among the creoles, or white citizens of native birth, the ambition of independence. The Assembly of St. Mark, growing out of the three provincial Assemblies, declared itself in 1790 the supreme governing body, denying to the mulattoes the rights of liberty and equality decreed to them by the mother-country. The second phase of the revolution was a temporary rising of the mulattoes, aided by a party among the "small whites," which was quelled by the Assembly. Roused once more by the arrival of the decree from France conferring freedom upon all people of colour, the mulatto population now went mad with delight, the whites of the Assembly being openly confirmed in their rebellion against the home Government. Amidst the confusion ensued the third and most fearful revolt, that of the blacks under François. Checked for awhile by the whites, who wreaked indiscriminate cruelty upon blacks and mulattoes, the negro rebellion swept through the land in a torrent of flame, lust, and blood, the blacks parading as "King's people" under the banner of St. Louis, and instigated, Mr. Hazard gives authority for believing, by Spanish influence. The patriotic party, on the other hand sought, and to some extent secured, assistance from Lord Effingham, Governor of Jamaica. The outbreak of war between England and France in 1793 led to strenuous efforts on our part to occupy the whole island jointly with the Spaniards, until the withdrawal of General Maitland in 1798, the Spanish force having three years before evacuated the island under treaty with the French. By this time the growing influence of Toussaint, who, from serving in the first instance on the Spanish side, had been induced to go over to the French, judging the interests of the negroes to be safer under a Republic,

* *Santo Domingo, Past and Present; with a Glance at Hayti.* By Samuel Hazard, Author of "Cuba with Pen and Pencil." With Maps and Illustrations. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1873.

led to all power passing into his hands, the independence of Hayti being proclaimed in 1801, and a Constitution promulgated for the whole island under Toussaint as supreme Governor.

With no less firm a hand does Mr. Hazard hold the clue through the later labyrinth of anarchy and change out of which the island at length emerges into the light of current history. So shifting is the course of intermediate event—the fortunes of the French and Spanish portions, like uprooted trees whirling in a flood, now interlocking with each other, now again starting asunder for another eddy of change—that we are glad to get here and there some definite points, like the proclamation of the Republic of Boyer at the beginning of 1822 over the entire island, and that of the separate Republic of St. Domingo, February 27, 1844, where we can stop and take breath for a further plunge into the maelstrom of Haytian politics. In a special chapter we get a clear outline of what has been since going on in the independent Dominican Republic, of the reversion under Santana to Spanish rule in May 1861, after abortive efforts at annexation, first to the United States and next to France, the struggles under Cabral and Cabrera, and the final declaration of freedom by act of the Cortes, March 3, 1865. From that date much has been done under the now ruling President Baez towards effacing the signs of ruin and desolation which still bespeak the "time of the Spaniards." The result of Mr. Hazard's systematic and agreeably told survey of the whole region under Dominican rule is to satisfy him of the unbounded capabilities of the soil, and of the progress which would certainly be made by its people were good order, peace, and enlightenment but secured them. This happy consummation, he is confident, awaits the island from the project of annexation, ardently desired as he declares it to be by the respectable citizens of all classes, and strongly as it is urged in the formal Report of the United States Commission. The narrative of his tour is graphic and often picturesque. He has at once a quick eye for the beauties of nature, which are nowhere displayed with more richness or variety than in this fair tropical island, and an appreciation of native character which brings amusingly into light the moral traits and social condition of the people. Of the sister or rival Republic of Hayti he has no such brilliant or hopeful picture to give, though he admits that the justice of his portraiture may be challenged by loyal Haytians. Though scarcely, if at all, less favoured by nature, the French quarter of the island has had far less breathing-time from anarchy, strife, and wretched government. Since the burlesque episode of the so-called Empire under Soulouque, Hayti has had to endure the gross and vulgar tyranny of titular Presidents like Geffrard and Salnave. Although the existing state of things under Saget is in every way more respectable, it is still no other than a military despotism tempered by occasional *émeutes*—passes being required by country people coming to town, and soldiers forming the only police. Yet for this unsettled region, ruined and depressed as it is, our author sees hope in prospect from the absorption of the entire island under the rule of the Northern Republic. His book, compiled with praiseworthy care, and showing throughout more than common powers of observation and judgment, may probably enlist converts in both countries to the policy of union.

FOR LIBERTY'S SAKE.*

NO one would guess the nature of this book from its title. It is another of the great class of "rehabilitations." Mr. Marsh, who it seems from his title-page has written several other books, "*The Story of Harecourt, Venice and the Venetians*, &c., &c., &c.," has here undertaken to whitewash the well-known Robert Ferguson, whose name is familiar to every reader of Macaulay. We think it is quite possible that Ferguson might be "rehabilitated," but Mr. Marsh has hardly set about the work in the most promising way. An historical discussion is one thing; a story is another. We are very far from condemning the historical novel in the abstract, but the best historical novel cannot prove anything. It can at most only give a truer impression of things by means of a clear and powerful picture; it can never of itself supply arguments or answer objections. The way to prove Robert Ferguson to have been a good man, or a less bad man than he is commonly thought to have been, would have been to deal with Ferguson as Mr. Christie has dealt with Ferguson's more dignified ally, Shaftesbury. Mr. Christie calls on us to think better of Shaftesbury than we have been wont to do, and he gives us in proper form all the materials for either accepting or rejecting his view. And it should be noticed that Mr. Christie has himself incidentally done something towards asking for a more favourable opinion of Ferguson. Lord Macaulay, as every one knows, draws Ferguson in the darkest colours, but we instinctively take off something from any of Lord Macaulay's elaborate portraits. Mr. Christie brings Ferguson in as "a Scotch clergyman and friend of Shaftesbury whom Dryden has scurrilously maligned." He says in a note that "Dryden's abuse of a rebel is no authority," and adds, "I have seen intercepted letters of Ferguson in the State Paper Office which give a favourable idea of his character." Mr. Marsh seems to have lighted on the same letters, which he did "while searching in the State Paper Office for documents relating to another person." These letters, which were written by Ferguson to his wife, but most of which never reached her, do certainly, as Mr. Christie says, speak well in behalf of the writer; but it does not need any very deep research, either historical or philosophical, to understand that a man may be a good husband and father and so forth, and yet may be in public matters a scoundrel, though perhaps hardly so great a scoundrel as Lord Macaulay makes him out. Lord Macaulay's own pages set before us the picture of Lord Treasurer Rochester taking a chief part in one of the basest of intrigues, and then withdrawing to his closet to pour out his soul in one of the most devout of meditations. So far both Mr. Christie and Mr. Marsh, though they make us begin to doubt—what, however, we should to some extent have doubted in any case—the perfect truthfulness of Lord Macaulay's picture, do not make us altogether throw it aside. But now comes the strange way in which Mr. Marsh sets about the task which he has taken in hand. "The letters," he tells us, "appeared to me to furnish such an interesting insight into the domestic relations of one of the most celebrated men of the age that I determined to use them as the groundwork of this story." From any point of view it seems odd to call Ferguson one of the most celebrated men of the age; but the letters are quite worth preserving, though it is an odd way of treating them to write a story of which some at least of the lesser actors and incidents are plainly fictitious, and to work in the letters in their places. But it is much more amazing when we go on to read:—

> There is also in the same Office a closely written MS., relating to the Rye House Plot, sufficient to fill five columns of the *Times*, in the handwriting of Ferguson, which supplies facts relating to that conspiracy that have never been brought before the world. Taking that MS., and the letters, a complete account was furnished of events by an active partisan, in the most interesting period of English history, from 1682 to 1688. The explanation they give of the part taken by Ferguson in the Rye House Plot is quite natural; and one that better consorts with his character than that attributed to him by every writer up to the present time.

The last words are hardly fair after the notice of Mr. Christie, short as it is; but why on earth did not Mr. Marsh print the narrative about the Rye House Plot at length, instead of grounding a story upon it and giving a single short extract in an appendix? We take Mr. Ferguson's word for it that the letters which he prints in the name of Ferguson, and two short letters which he prints in the name of Jeffreys, are all of them genuine. That Jeffreys's letters are genuine we argue from a small point. The first, in 1683, is signed "Geo. Jeffreys"; the second, in 1685, is signed "Jeffreys." He had really been made a peer in the meanwhile; but we feel sure that, if the letters were Mr. Marsh's own invention, he would not have attended to accuracy on this point. For he throughout—everywhere, we think, except in one place—uses the vulgarism of "Lord William Russell" when he means the eldest son of the Earl of Bedford. Yet it would have been much better soberly to print the letters as materials for history than to work them in this way into a story which, as a story, is not particularly interesting. But, when it comes to a man's own narrative of an historical event in which he was concerned, it is really too bad to treat it in this way. As the matter stands, we have no means of judging how much of the story really comes from Ferguson's own manuscript and how much is due to Mr. Marsh's own imagination. We decline to give any judgment or opinion one way or the other till we have seen real materials for forming a judgment.

As a tale, there is really not much to say about the book. We have read it through with a slight effort. There is so far more to be said for it than for those stories in which one breaks down in the first chapter. But it is not in any sense a novel or romance. It has no particular plot. It is simply a life of Ferguson, or rather a narrative of the greater part of the life of Ferguson, touched up with imaginary details. Power of narrative or of painting there is none. But the imaginary parts are all likely enough; though, for private reasons of our own, we wish to know whether Sir Robert Rich of Navestock is an historical personage, and, if so, why he should be called Sir Robert in one place and Sir Peter in another. Moreover it seems that Ferguson, when a bookseller, had a handmaiden named Moll who was not discreet; at least Ferguson counsels his wife to get one who was "discreeter." He had also "two men in the shop," both of whom were "young, and therefore not likely to be very discreet," and one of whom was "represented under no encouraging character." Moll and the idle apprentice go through a number of adventures, public and private, but none of them to their credit. One of them is a very odd ceremony of being married over the carcase of a horse, for which we dare say Mr. Marsh has contemporary authority, though we should like to know what it is. But the idle apprentice turns out to be no other than a natural son of Jeffreys, on the strength of which he and Moll were only transported to New England, when he might have been embowelled and she burned for the treasonable act of coining. We may add that the idle apprentice bears throughout the story the name of Saturday Jack. For Man Friday, all the world knows, there is a precedent in the writings of Ferguson's age; but as Saturday Jack stands quite alone, at least in our knowledge, we look on the choice of this particular day of the week as really getting personal.

Of history proper, Mr. Marsh certainly makes rather short work. Ferguson, as every one knows, accompanied first Monmouth and then William in their several landings. On the second occasion he appears at Exeter. While Burnet was preaching in the cathedral before the Prince, Ferguson, as the readers of Lord Macaulay know, preached elsewhere. In Lord Macaulay's narrative the story runs thus:—

> At the same time a singular event happened in a humbler place of worship.

For Liberty's Sake. By John B. Marsh. London: Strahan & Co. 1873.

Ferguson resolved to preach at the Presbyterian meeting-house. The ministers and elders would not consent; but the turbulent and half-witted knave, fancying that the times of Fleetwood and Harrison were come again, forced the door, went through the congregation sword in hand, mounted the pulpit, and there poured forth a fiery invective against the King. The time for such follies had gone by; and this exhibition excited nothing but derision and disgust.

Surely, in a story founded on the life of Ferguson, such a scene as this should be made the most of. Fancy what Scott would have made of it. But in Mr. Marsh's hands it is tamed down as follows:—

Ferguson was one of those on board the convoy. The same day that Bishop Burnet celebrated Divine service in the Cathedral at Exeter, he took forcible possession of the largest dissenting building in the town, and preached to a crowded congregation.

Then comes a wonderfully short account of all that took place in the later months of 1688 and the earlier months of 1689. We had always thought that there had been something like a campaign, though certainly not a very bloody one—that at least there had been some marching to and fro of soldiers, and still more in the way of gatherings and debates (though we suppose the lawyers will not let us call them Parliamentary), before anybody ventured to speak of the Prince of Orange as King. But, according to Mr. Marsh, everything was settled very quickly and quietly:—

Onwards marched the army, the line of route partaking more of the characteristics of a triumphal procession than the progress of a conquering host. As the people looked upon the face of the Prince of Orange, they shouted "Long live the good King William!" and the salutation was everywhere repeated. The Coronation, which afterwards took place in Westminster Abbey, was only necessary as a matter of form; he had been crowned King by universal acclamation months before.

The last few pages are the queerest, for here Mr. Marsh has to grapple with the great difficulty that Ferguson, after accompanying William and receiving a rich sinecure office from William, plotted with those who strove to restore James. The fact is undoubted, and it is, to say the least, awkward for any one who wishes to make a hero or a martyr out of Ferguson. Lord Macaulay goes into the philosophy of the matter. According to him, "sedition, from being Ferguson's business, had become his pleasure. It was as impossible for him to live without doing mischief as for an old dram-drinker, or an old opium-eater, to live without the daily dose of poison." And again, after half a page of graphic portraiture, "his hostility was not to Popery or to Protestantism, to monarchical or to republican government, to the House of Stuart or to the House of Nassau, but to whatever was at the time established." As usual, we allow a little for colouring, but Mr. Marsh's explanation seems to us the harder to believe of the two:—

But his mind was weakened by the sufferings he had endured; and his judgment, taking alarm at what he fancied was the inletting of Popery, betrayed him into a participation with the Jacobites against the King . . . . There is some ground for believing that direct overtures were made to him by James, and a pledge given of such a nature as would secure the maintenance of the rights and privileges of the English people and the security of the Protestant religion. He was led by these promises—and by a fear, shared in by many good men, that the excessive liberty granted by William to all classes of religionists would promote the growth of Popery—to ally himself with those who secretly sought to restore James to the throne.

Of all ways for stopping the growth of Popery, to turn out William and let in James would seem to be the strangest. If a man like Ferguson, who had sinned so deeply against James and had suffered so much from James, really came to put trust in James's promises, he must certainly have gone a long way towards losing his wits. There is however the fact that the same strange inconsistency has to be accounted for in men of much higher place than Ferguson. There is the case of Shrewsbury, to say nothing of that of Marlborough. It is not our business to make a moral dissection of all of them, and it has been pretty well done by Lord Macaulay; but the fact is at least an ugly one for the admirers of any of the party, and an intrigue with James would be hard to deal with at length in a tale which has Ferguson for its hero. Mr. Marsh therefore perhaps judges wisely in cutting the matter short.

Lastly, why the book should be called *For Liberty's Sake* we cannot make even the faintest guess.

IN THE DAYS OF MY YOUTH.*

MISS EDWARDS is certainly not wanting in courage. She writes the life not only of a man, but of a young man, a student of the Quartier Latin, and she writes it in the form of an autobiography. The hero, who tells his own story, is a young Englishman who has been sent over to Paris to study medicine under an eminent French doctor. His life is doubtless far more respectable than that of most students of that quarter, but he occasionally gets drunk, becomes acquainted with "the fair and frail grisette"—that "necessary sequence" of the student, to use Miss Edwards's words—is fleeced by an *intriguante*, is taken into a private gambling-house, or rather "hell," helps in arresting an escaped *forçat*, and is second in a duel where a man is shot, besides joining in all the lively and reckless amusements of the Parisian students. Now it is difficult to conceive that Miss Edwards can have had any personal experience of these scenes and of these characters, which go so far to fill up her book. Clever though her story undoubtedly is, it must be the cleverness of one who copies a copy, not of one who draws straight from nature. Happily, though her hero is a medical student, she does not give him the least taste for medicine, and therefore we are spared medical details which, whether original or not, would have been highly disagreeable. She represents him as devoted to art. Now an author who can speak so authoritatively as Miss Edwards does of art must be aware that even in pictures a copy is no great thing, while in books it is as needless as it is worthless. Those who wish to study the Quartier Latin would surely do better to study it in the books of men who alone can know anything of it, or, at least, who alone can write of it with knowledge, till the day shall come when some "fair and frail grisette" shall arise who shall be as like Miss Austen in her power of accurately sketching life as she is unlike her in her life itself. Miss Edwards has doubtless read up her authorities carefully. She is familiar with Béranger, Balzac, and De Musset, and for all we know may have studied with equal care Paul de Kock. From them she may have formed some idea of a party given in the fifth story of a dingy house in the Quartier Latin, where the guests "were all students and grisettes." From them she must have got so enraptured with the grisette as to make her hero thus burst out into a "modest pæan in her praise":—

Vive la grisette! Shall I not follow many an illustrious example and sing my modest pæan in her praise? Frown not, august Britannia! Look not so severely askance upon my poor little heroine of the Quartier Latin! Thinkest thou because thou art so eminently virtuous that she who has many a serviceable virtue of her own, shall be debarred from her share in this world's cakes and ale?

Vive la grisette! Let us think and speak no evil of her. "Elle ne tient au vice que par un rayon, et s'en éloigne par les mille autres points de la circonférence sociale."

We do not ourselves profess to be able to follow Miss Edwards in her description of this form of Paris life, as our education unhappily stopped short of the Quartier Latin, and as "the grisette *pur sang* is to be found nowhere except in Paris, and—still a step further—nowhere in Paris save between the Pont Neuf and the Barrière d'Enfer." One thing, however, we know well. Whenever authors set about describing scenes which they can never themselves have seen—and when we assume that Miss Edwards has not seen what she describes we hope we do her no injustice—we may be sure of one thing. Whatever other merits the description has, it cannot be true to nature. It does not indeed follow that "who drives fat oxen must himself be fat," but it does follow that who describes the life of a harlot—and grisette, "a necessary sequence" of the student, is, we take it, the French for one kind of harlot—ought to have mixed with harlots. Miss Edwards, we are thankful to admit, injures the dramatic power of her story by omissions which would certainly not have occurred in Balzac. But though her story is thereby rendered more moral, yet it loses to the same degree in truthfulness. We could have wished, however, that she had omitted the following passage from her "modest pæan" in the praise of the grisette:—

Supposing even that she may now and then indulge (among friends) in a very modified cancan at the Chaumiere—what does that prove, except that her heels are as light as her heart, and that her early education has been somewhat neglected?

Supposing that for *cancan* we substitute its proper equivalent, "indecent dance"; must we not conclude that Miss Edwards is utterly ignorant of what she is writing about, or that her early education, like the grisette's, has been somewhat neglected? It is bad enough to have this shameless dance brought on to the English stage. It is bad enough for English gentlemen and ladies to sit gazing at women dancing for hire in such a way as no one could dance but those who danced either for hire or in hopes of hire. It is still worse, however, when an English authoress of fair repute, speaking in the person of her hero, upholds public indecent dancing, however "modified," and however much "among friends." "The Chaumière," we are told, "is no more; the grisette is fast dying out." We wish that Miss Edwards could have let her die out in silence, and could have spared us her "modest pæan."

Had this book been the work of a man, we should have had but little fault to find with it as regards its morality. If indeed Miss Edwards had left out the "modest pæan," while we should have equally in an artistic point of view blamed her for describing a life of which she could of herself know nothing, yet we should not have had to censure her with any severity. Let no one therefore on reading what we have said at once send for this novel from the circulating library, in the hope of finding a book which had much better be left unread. We must do Miss Edwards the justice to admit that what is worst in her book we have already quoted, and that, foolish and bad as is her praise of the grisette and her apology for the cancan, she is entirely free from those seductive scenes which are too often found in the pages of female writers. We hope that she will for the future make a better use of that cleverness which she undoubtedly has, and will not, in Horace Walpole's words, spend her time in making "true copies of original pictures that never existed." And yet as we have already implied, the copy is clever enough. With a few exceptions, the book is lively throughout till close upon the end, where the story is wound up in a scene that is so overdone in its melodramatic action that it deserves at once to be brought out on the London stage. It is curious, however, that a writer who has so keen a sense of the ridiculous as Miss Edwards evidently has should have been able, in revising her proofs, to leave in passages here and there which are as foolish as they are fine. We do not

* *In the Days of My Youth.* By Amelia B. Edwards, Author of "Barbara's History," &c. &c. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1873.

so much complain of her describing a gentleman as "infringing the Company's mandate by lighting a cigar"; but what shall we say of such a passage as the following:—

> Then our souls rise up within us, and chant a hymn of praise; and the great vault of heaven is as the roof of a mighty cathedral studded with mosaics of golden stars; and the night winds join in with the bass of their mighty organ-pipes; and the poplars rustle, like the leaves of the hymn-books in the hands of the congregation.

We should like to know how such fine writing as this would have been welcomed in the Quartier Latin, if the student had read it aloud to his necessary sequence, the fair and frail grisette. Down to the "mighty organ-pipes" it might possibly have passed for sense, but who could have stood the hymn-book-like poplars? A few pages further on we come to another comparison which no more than this last will go on all fours:—

> Alas! We cannot undo that foolish past. We may only hope to blot it out with after-records of high, and wise, and tender things. Thus it is that the young man's heart is like the precious palimpsest of old. He first of all defiles it with idle anacreontics in praise of love and wine; but, erasing these by-and-by with his own pious hand, he writes it over afresh with chronicles of a pure and holy passion, and dedicates it to the fair saint of all his orisons.

Now, if a palimpsest is precious, it is only precious as a palimpsest when the writing that is blotted out is more valuable than the after-records. No doubt in many a palimpsest, as in the young man's heart, the later writing alone has any worth, but then we do not call it a precious palimpsest.

These two passages occur at the very end of the last volume, when Miss Edwards thinks perhaps that she may be justified in bidding farewell to her ordinary good sense, and in giving the reins to her suppressed love of fine writing. We ought surely to allow a little freedom to an author who for nearly three volumes has kept sensible, and who, like a school-boy on the last day of the school term, a few hours before the right time, snatches at that license which will so soon be his. The inaccuracy of her metaphors is nothing, however, compared with the inaccuracy of her dates. We could greatly desire that all writers of stories, both men and women, should be required to pass an entrance examination in comparative chronology. We might, as they do in the History School at Oxford, make a division of periods, and allow each student to pass in whichever he chose. No one, however, should be allowed to write a story that was laid outside the period for which he had got his certificate. No doubt it is by a printer's slip that Miss Edwards is made to write of "the unfortunate son of Louis XIV. and Marie Antoinette." But it is by no slip that, shortly after "the Bourbons reigned again," she introduces "the route by Newhaven and Dieppe," the railways, the gentleman who "infringed the Company's mandate by lighting a cigar," and the use of photography "in every penal establishment throughout France." It is another blunder in history that leads her to lay her story in the days of the Restoration. Part of her plot is concerned with some estates in France which had belonged to a nobleman who had perished in the Revolution. His son had escaped, and, according to Miss Edwards, had only to produce certain deeds to recover the ancestral estates. At the end of the story, indeed, we are told that the grandchild—for the son had died in the meantime—learns that "the lawyers are confident of success." Miss Edwards evidently thinks that at the close of the Revolution, after the lapse of more than twenty years, the estates remained much as before, and ready for their former owners to claim as soon as they turned up and established their claims. Familiar though she clearly is with French books, she has not, it would seem, heard of the divisions and subdivisions of landed property in France.

The plot of this work would be somewhat difficult to describe unless we were to omit the two minor plots, which, though taking up not a little room, yet scarcely at all bear on the story. In one of these episodes we have the arrest and death of an escaped *forçat*, who is brought in, we should guess, by way of relief to the talks on art; and in the other we have the death of a gambling count, who in some mysterious way which we cannot make out, plays the part of a tyrant over his cousin. As she is secretly married to an English major, but cannot venture to live with him owing to the malignancy of her cousin, there is nothing left for the major to do but to follow the count into a private gambling-house, get into a quarrel with him over cards, shoot him through the heart in a duel, and then to retire with his wife to a quiet life in Italy. Why they could not have retired before the duel we are not told. Miss Edwards doubtless knew her powers, and wished to show that she could describe a Parisian "hell" and a duel with some degree of cleverness, and so we must not raise objections. With these minor plots cleared away, the rest of the story is simple enough. A professor of legerdemain gives an entertainment in a village in England. The hero of the story, the son of a doctor, attends. The professor, who by his breeding had shown that he had once been something very different from a conjuror, is taken suddenly ill at the entertainment, and dies. He had talked about his little daughter, and in his delirium about his châteaux. But "no papers or letters were found about his person," and no one knew his name. As soon, however, as we heard of the little daughter, our interest was at once aroused. As when in a conjuror's show an empty box is shown on one side of the table, and a thimble on the other, we know that before long the thimble will be inside the box, so in a novel, when we have the hero a boy in an English village, and a young girl left an orphan somewhere out of England, we know that the third volume will not have come to its end before they shall have died, or else are to live, in each other's arms. The son, at the age of twenty, went to Paris to study medicine. He lodged in the third story in a house in the Quartier Latin, and, as might have been expected, on the same floor lodged a young lady, who turned out to be the old conjuror's daughter, the last descendant of an old line of French nobles. Though the Fates had thus got over the chief part of the difficulty by bringing the two young people—one from a village in England, and the other from anywhere out of England—to the same floor of the same house, yet they had hard work left to get them introduced. Happily the hero was studying surgery, and so the heroine in due time drags down a bookcase on to her arm. She screams in her pain, and the hero climbs round by the balcony into her room, and does all that surgery can do. If they had been sensible young people they would soon have been married, more especially as the hero's father, with unusual considerateness on his part, goes off in a fit of apoplexy. But the heroine was very far from being sensible, and, sacrificing her love to her duty, goes off in her quest of her father. Why she could not have travelled after him and the family estates just as well with a husband we are not told. Nothing is heard of her for eight years, by the end of which time her lover's hair has "streaks of premature silver," and his first book of poems is published. Happily, before any more streaks "gleam," or any more poems are published, a chance discovery leads her to the scene of her father's death. There she meets her lover, and after the melodramatic scene we have already mentioned, owns her love.

In spite of its absurdities and its want of originality, the story is clever enough. The interest rarely lags, and where it does, a very little skipping will suffice. How far it would be enjoyed by people who know well the life and the society that is described, we cannot pretend to decide. We have known stories about the life of the students at our Universities which were thought very clever and lifelike by all except those who had been at one of the Univer-ities. There is some chance that the case might be the same with Miss Edwards's story.

BORLASE'S NÆNIA CORNUBLE.*

MR. W. C. BORLASE has undertaken in workmanlike fashion the examination and interpretation of the cromlechs, menhirs, and stone monuments of early Cornwall, which the simple folk of that region associate with "giants' graves" and similar fables. In performing his task he has aimed rather at setting forth illustratively the details of each discovery than at making such discoveries evidence in favour of a foregone conclusion. He has his own views on the subject, but he is less concerned to justify them than to furnish an accurate and candid statement of the facts. The subject is one which has grown in interest of late years, and Mr. Borlase is to be congratulated on approaching it at a point of time when some obstructions are already removed, and when, whatever may be said as to his doubt as to the strict demarcation between "Stone, Bronze, and Iron periods" in Cornish relics, no one is likely to do battle with him on behalf of the Druid theory, which was an article of faith with his ancestor and namesake. In common with those most versed in Cornish antiquities and traditions, Mr. Borlase holds that there is no ground for connecting Druidism with the megalithic series so grandly represented in Cornwall, except, indeed, in so far as it is highly probable that the pseudo-Druid and magician of the sixth century selected for his soothsaying and impostures such sites and stones as an exploded theory attributed to the genuine Druid of the first.

With his path cleared of such stumbling-blocks, Mr. Borlase approaches the consideration of the primitive sepulchres of his native county, and refers every mode of interment hitherto discovered in Cornwall to "the dolmen covered by a tumulus and surrounded by a stone circle," the dolmen without the tumulus, the tumulus without the dolmen, or the circle without either, or,—as he supplements Sir John Lubbock's description—to the two adjacent menhirs, and the simple standing stone. Dividing European cromlechs into the dolmen or cromlech proper, the Kist-Vaen, and the monument or cenotaph raised over an interment, he notices the first as of rarest occurrence, owing perhaps to its height and difficulty of construction, though it is represented in Cornwall by the remarkable cromlechs at Lanyon and Caerwynen, and as being a memorial superstructure over a plain interment by inhumation rather than a subterranean chamber. It is perhaps needless to say that of the three modes of interment in ancient British sarcophagi—namely, cremation, inhumation in an extended posture, and inhumation in a contracted fashion—the first is probably Roman and post-Roman, and the last most usual in pre-Roman England. The evidence for extended innumation in Cornwall is scanty and dubious; the evidence for contracted interments is more dubious still, though in the Kist-Vaens this mode of sepulture is more probable. In the genuine example at Trevelgue (on Lord Churston's property), the only question seems to be whether these "finds" of contracted skeletons do not represent the interments of some invading Normans, as the site of the

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* *Nænia Cornubiæ: a Descriptive Essay, illustrative of the Sepulchres and Funereal Customs of Early Cornwall.* By William Copeland Borlase, B.A., F.S.A. London: Longmans & Co. Truro: Netherton. 1872.

barrow at the edge of a cliff over the sea, like Beowulf's grave, and the commonness of such interments in the north of Great Britain and in Scandinavia might seem to indicate. The Kist-Vaen, or cromlech of the second class, is, however, the more common type of Cornish sepulchre, and is a contracted representation of the dwelling of the deceased. As a rule, it would seem that the larger Kist-Vaens in Cornwall were meant for unburnt corpses; and, generally speaking, such instances as Pawton Kist-Vaen, and others like it in Cornwall, wherein extended interments are found, are not so much of the nature of Kist-Vaens proper as of quadrated stone graves, about which Mr. Borlase has an interesting digression. The occupants of such proper Kist-Vaens (wide and lofty in proportion to the length) as Chywoone and Bosporthennis, were deposited there for the most part singly and in a contracted position, nose to knees. That at Chywoone is said to be the most perfect and compact cromlech now existing in Cornwall, and the particulars of it may be summarized from Mr. Borlase's account. This building seems to have rested on the solid ground, and not on the surrounding tumulus. Two upright stones seem to have been first reared at the east and west ends, six feet apart, the breadth of the latter four feet, of the former three feet ten inches, and the height of each six feet four. A flat block, in length eight feet four inches, is set aslant against their northern edges, serving both as a part of the fabric and a stay to the sides against which it rests. Up this slanting stone, by aid of an embankment and rollers, the convex granite capstone, twelve feet in length and breadth, and from fourteen inches to two feet in thickness, has been raised to its present place. The height of the interior is seven feet, and in its centre, beneath the level of the natural soil, the body was interred. The chamber has been completed by a fifth stone, not reaching up to the capstone on the south side. The barrow or cairn is thirty-two feet in diameter, hedged round with upright stones. Stones of smaller size in the interstices have protected the interior of the kist from inroads of rubbish, and it appears as if the whole structure had once been totally buried in the mound or tumulus. Only a fractured flint (not an instrument or implement) was found in it when it was explored in 1871. Around the other Kist-Vaen above-mentioned at Bosporthennis are ruins of hut circles—one of them the best specimen of the beehive type of hut in England—which represent the ground-plan of a large town. It was once covered, beyond a doubt, by the stones and earth around it. Its speciality is its circular capstone lying in the area, and no longer *in situ*. This was pronounced to be unique, and the author has a good story of a genuine Cornu-Briton's explanation of this rude circular form as the work of Uncle Jan of Polmêor, the miller's, graving tool. His own inspection, however, leads him to think that it was originally oblong. The examples of chambered tumuli, or galleried graves, are extremely rare in Cornwall, and, occurring as they do near the sea, are suggestive of foreign construction, referable to a race of early pirates. The tumulus at Castle Enny curiously combines, however, the features of the stone grave, the ring barrow, the cromlech, and the passage chamber, and links them all in the chain of the megalithic series. The dimensions of the passage chamber in this instance seem to indicate extended rather than contracted interment, for it is six feet in length by three or three feet six in breadth; but there is no evidence in the matter, nor is it easy, according to Mr. Borlase, to find a genuine example of the more certain contracted interments in Cornwall, until we come to the examples at Trevelgue.

It is plainer sailing when we come to the second part of the Essay, which treats of interments by cremation—a practice seemingly not posterior to inhumation at least in Cornwall, where the exceptional contracted interments point rather to Christian date and usage, and where the instances of cremation are so rude as to mark a very primitive people and epoch. Perhaps here, as in Britain generally, the two modes coexisted side by side, the latter finally getting the ascendant. In Guernsey and even in Cornwall, at Lower Lanyon, an entire carcass has been found in company with an urn. Mr. Borlase's excavation of the ground around some half-dozen of the menhirs or "long stones" of Cornwall, which are accounted "sometimes monuments and sometimes memorials of important events," resulted in every instance in the discovery of charred wood, a deposit of splintered bones, ashes, and, in some cases, a small flint chip. The most important discovery was under the Treavenneck granite obelisk in the parish of Paul. Close to this pillar, where the plough could not reach, a farmer struck his tool against a flat block of stone eighteen inches square. Under it was a pit of solid clay walls, in the centre of which was a very perfect sepulchral urn, nearly twenty inches high and fourteen broad at the mouth, containing calcined bones and a molar tooth, while splintered bones and wood ashes strewed the rest of the pit. The vessel, hand-made, is of yellowish clay, scarcely baked externally, but inwardly black and hard, from the ashes having been placed in it hot. It is large, curious, and has two handles. This is very much the character of all the urns found in such positions in Cornwall, and here, as not seldom elsewhere, a smaller urn is in close proximity. The larger cinerary urns are either vase-shaped or barrel-shaped; they are found set upright, or, as is often the case, mouth downwards; whilst the smaller urns, sometimes surmised to have been drinking vessels, food vessels, or receptacles of incense, can scarcely have been used for such purposes in Cornwall, as they are always found in company with ashes. Amongst the examples of larger cinerary urns given by Mr. Borlase we do not recollect to have come upon one like that at Broughton in Lincolnshire, where one inverted urn had been made to fit the mouth of another standing upright. The author's researches abundantly prove the sepulchral nature of at least a large number of the Western menhirs, though some, like the Pipers and another pillar in Buryan parish, bear witness to a traditionary battle, or are parts of a commemorative monument.

It seems to us that the interest of this portion of Mr. Borlase's essay would have been more sustained if he had thrown into appendices several digressions which are of great intrinsic value, but which, as they are presented, distract the reader from the matter directly on hand. Thus we find the account of the burials by cremation in the neighbourhood of menhirs interrupted by an enumeration of the shapes and forms of Cornish mounds and barrows. Within this digression comes another on "Stone-Circles," one class of which, consisting of contiguous stones set on edge to enclose a rock, a few small mounds, or some uneven ground, is proved in many examples to be sepulchral. This ring of earth or stones was indeed an essential feature in the cairn-buildings of the West, whilst the upright stones on level ground apart from each other point rather to a civil than to a religious origin, and probably enclosed an area for popular assemblies. Another digression relates to the question whether the articles interred with the deceased were put there with a view to their utility in the next world. Mr. Borlase suggests that the few daggers, charms, drinking-vessels, gold cups, or ornaments which are found in Cornish barrows were deposited simply as votive offerings in token of affection. This too is the opinion of Canon Greenwell. Another question, whether "slave-killing" or "the suttee" was customary in Cornish barrows, he also answers in the negative. Only in the barrow near the Rosemoddress circle, near which tradition places the site of a battle-field, do the calcined ashes represent many bodies. Elsewhere, if there are tokens of a secondary deposit of ashes in a tumulus, it can be accounted for, in Mr. Borlase's opinion, either by secondary interments, or by separate collections of the ashes of the pyre. On the other hand, Mr. Jewitt, in his *Grave Mounds*, accounts confidently for the phenomena of double interments in the same barrow by the sacrifice of slaves and kindred round the departed head of the family.

One of the most fruitful explorations of which Mr. Borlase preserves the record in the latter part of his volume was that of Veryan Beacon or Mound, the legendary burial-place of an old Cornish Saint and King. Here, by sinking narrow shafts, at the bottom of each of which were ashes and half-calcined bones and light-coloured clay, it became evident that secondary interments had been made several times over, each time seemingly as near as possible to some sacred remains beneath the cairn. Right in the centre, over which oblong stones had been placed erect one above another from the base to the apex of the pile, was found, in due course, the Kist-Vaen containing the resting-place of the old King. In Jewitt's *Grave Mounds* we also read of barrows in which there were no less than six successive sepulchral interments, some by cremation, and some by inhumation. Here, it would seem, all were burnt. Another very important exploration was at Morvah Hill, or Trovean, where a brass Roman coin of a later Emperor, found in a cinerary urn, marks a date anterior to which the deposit cannot have taken place, though it does not necessarily fix it within the period of Roman occupation of Britain. Mr. Borlase adduces cogent evidence to show that the hut-dwellings so frequent in Cornwall, and in so many features closely resembling the tumuli in structure, deposits, and relics, are referable also to the period of Romano-British occupation. The sepulchral pottery, he holds, must be handed over to post-Roman times, and connected with the inhabitants of the beehive huts. And he is inclined, by a careful comparison of Cornish interments, such for instance as those in Trevelgue Barrow, to abridge greatly the supposed lines of demarcation between the periods of inhumation and of burnt bone-chips. In one mound is a Kist with a contracted body: and in a stratum, so to speak, next above it a secondary interment of the incinerated type; and this mound—where the two interments were apparently nearly contemporaneous—is confessedly a most ancient Cornish sepulchre. From this and other observations the author infers that there is in Cornwall no great distance of time between the two modes of sepulture, and he sees in the consideration of the stupendous cromlechs additional proofs of a later and metallic age. Whilst there is much in this essay to invite discussion and debate, its research and information are beyond all question.

BRADDON'S LIFE IN INDIA.*

THE reproach which Mr. Braddon brings against the British public, of extraordinary ignorance in all matters relating not only to India but to the manner of life of their relatives and fellow-countrymen in India, although undoubtedly a just one, yet admits of some faint degree of apology in the generally uninviting and technical character of what may be termed Anglo-Indian literature. The number of books descriptive of the country by persons competent to write about it is surprisingly small, if we consider how many Englishmen are resident there. Indian travels, the few that have been published, have been written for the most part by tourists passing rapidly through the country, who have never gone below the merest surface, and whose impressions

* *Life in India.* By Edward Braddon. London: Longmans & Co. 1872.

are therefore usually both worthless and uninteresting. At the same time it should in fairness be mentioned that the most accurate and complete account of the appearance of those parts of India which they saw—always excepting Heber's journals, which to this day form the best guide-book to the country—have been given to us by two travellers whose stay there was in each case but brief, Dr. Hooker and Mr. Markham. Sir John Kaye has done a good deal by his various writings to popularize the work of our Indian statesmen and administrators, but, generally speaking, Indian residents have too near a view of their subject to enable them to make it clear or interesting to those who come to it with no previous knowledge. But any person who wishes to obtain a clear conception of the ordinary aspects of life in India as presented to the European resident will now find an effective aid in Mr. Braddon's pleasant and amusing sketches, which bear the impress of accurate observation and graphic description, and really leave no room for excuse for ignorance of the more superficial aspects of Indian life.

Mr. Braddon sets out by exposing the popular delusion that a hot English summer day bears anything more than a general resemblance to the climate of India:—

> Major Porker, who is stout, and has a slight tendency in the direction of such uncomfortable ailments as apoplexy, walks from the Rag to his chambers in Jermyn Street on a July afternoon, and getting warm, propounds the dictum that it is as hot in London as it is in Calcutta. If Porker were to attempt to walk 400 yards on a July afternoon in Calcutta, dressed as he is, and in the hat he wears in London, the only matter of doubt as to the conclusion of this pedestrian feat would be whether *coup de soleil* or heat apoplexy carried him off first. Strange to say, many retired Anglo-Indians who have spent years in India appear wholly to forget what the Indian climate was, and fondly imagine that they are enjoying the summer warmth of Hindostan in the regions of Bayswater. . . . But nowhere in Europe can heat like that of India be discovered, unless we betake ourselves to the oven, furnace, or hot-house to find it.

And certainly, judging from the strong impression which it appears to have usually left on the residents in India, the extraordinary heat must be the predominant and almost ever-present characteristic of the country. Not always present, however, for the differences in climate are almost as great in different parts of India as in different parts of Europe, and while the Southern part suffers from the perpetual heat of the tropics, the more Northerly regions, and especially the Punjab—the principal station of the European garrison of the country—have a cold season almost approaching to a South Italian winter. Another variation is produced by the differences of elevation. The Himalayas of course present almost every climate, from the tropical hot moisture of the spurs which run down into the plains of Bengal, to the almost arctic rigour of the eternal snow. But a quite temperate climate is found all the year round in the sanataria on the lofty Neilgherry hills, in the South of the peninsula, and at twice the elevation of Ben Nevis; while the tablelands of the West, when cooled down by the moisture brought in from the Indian Ocean during the periodic trade winds, furnish a climate vastly superior to what is met with in the same latitude towards the East, on the sultry low-lying plains of Bengal.

Very graphic is Mr. Braddon's account of the social life of our countrymen in the East, scattered about as they are in small groups at what are called "Civil stations"—the headquarters, namely, of the administratation of each of the counties or districts which make up an Indian proconsulate or province. Although it would appear that there is a good deal of sociability in these little communities, still even here the line of demarcation between what is within and what is without the pale of society seems to be as strictly defined as in an English country town. All is not ease and reciprocity even in the limited circle of one of these oases of white faces:—

> Mr. Paikast, the deputy-collector, is in the unenviable position of hanging suspended, like a social Mahomet's coffin, somewhere between that aristocracy of which the judge is the head and a commonalty that has no head at all. No one of the upper ten (upper four or five more correctly) would, on the occasion of a station ball, use Mr. Paikast's house, if it were large enough (which it is not), or borrow his *epergne*, supposing the improbability of his having one. If fortune favour him, he may obtain a position in some or all of the station clubs. He may divide a sheep with the judge, the collector, and joint-magistrate; he may pore over those pages of the cheap magazines that have been skimmed by his official superiors, and he may enjoy other corporate privileges. He may be invited to station dances or unexclusive dinner parties as a matter of form; but though joining in these festivities, he is but a passive actor in them. He goes to the ball to find that every lady's programme is a sealed book to him. At the dinner he is driven by the rules of precedence to enter the dining-room last, and probably alone, and the banquet is for him about as lively as the entertainment of cake and wine provided for mourners at a funeral. . . . . His is indubitably an uncomfortable position. He may not become one of the "better class," and he cannot very well associate with the Jew shopkeeper or Eurasian clerks.

We do not understand whether Mr. Braddon would express approval of this rigorous ostracism, rendered necessary perhaps by the very isolation of these out-stations, but it strikes us that life in such places must, under any circumstances, be of a monotonous, not to say dreary kind, judging more particularly from the fact that private theatricals and balls appear to be the great resource against ennui. A condition under which a ball of a couple of dozen persons is regarded as an amusement, and where the performers at private theatricals are as numerous as the audience, must be one to which Sir Cornewall Lewis's famous apophthegm, that life would be very tolerable but for its pleasures, is peculiarly applicable. Whether intentionally or not, Mr. Braddon paints Indian station life in gloomy colours. On the other hand, camp life in the cold weather, when the climate of Northern India is little short of perfection, must have its pleasurable side, where tents are employed of a solidity and completeness unknown to other countries, and the European official, carrying all his comforts and household gods with him, goes forth with his army of retainers and flocks and herds of patriarchal dimensions, wandering at will over his district—of a size equal perhaps to a couple of Yorkshires—pitching his tent wherever the village trees offer a favourable shade, his occupations diversified between the dispensation of justice and the pursuit of game, abundant without the aid of game laws. A life of this sort, undisturbed by wind or rain or interruption of any kind, with its combined freedom and retirement, is certainly in striking contrast to the bustling, fragmentary, spasmodic existence, made up of keeping engagements and catching trains, to which most of us here are doomed; and the attractions which it appears to possess for most Anglo-Indians are readily understood.

In a useful chapter on the natives of the country, Mr. Braddon endeavours to dispel the extraordinary ignorance of English people regarding that generic personage, the native. For it is in truth extraordinary—indeed it is quite one of the phenomena connected with our rule in India—that we should know so little about them as we do. People talk glibly about "the natives," and the "teeming millions" of Hindostan (by the way, it is not the millions which teem, as is the fashion to say, but the land which teems with them), who have not the faintest idea that the civilization of India is as complex as that which exists here, and that the diversity of race and language is even greater there than is to be found in Europe. Notwithstanding our intimate connexion with India, social as well as commercial—and there is hardly an English middle-class family which has not a relative there—we literally know no more about it than we do about the obscure parts of South America, or the South Sea Islands. One reason is, we believe, the discovery of this unhappy appellation "the natives" to express the people of India, which operates as a balm for our indolence, discouraging further inquiry. A more potent one is, of course, that there is really so little information available about India in a readable form. Not that India is not made very free use of for certain literary purposes. When a young couple in a novel, without any apparent means of subsistence, have to be provided for, the difficulty is generally surmounted by shipping the hero off to India to a valuable diplomatic appointment; or if a competence has to be earned by any member of the family in a ridiculously short space of time, the person in question goes out to India to procure it, such arrangements being absolutely impossible under the Act of Parliament regulating admission to the Indian Civil Service, the entrance to official life in India being, in fact, fenced round with inexorable conditions. Even so well-informed a writer as Miss Sewell makes the father of Amy Herbert disappear on a mysterious mission to some Indian Court, where no trace of him can be found for a few years, every Indian Court, as a matter of fact, being in daily postal communication with the British Government; so that the episode was about as absurd as if one were to describe a hero as disappearing beyond the ken of the detective police because taking up an appointment under the London and North-Western Railway Company. But this instance is a trifle compared with the tricks which ordinary novelists play with India. One notable instance, a book written by a namesake of our present author, was lately reviewed in these columns, where one Robert Ainsleigh underwent a series of perfectly impossible and inexpressibly dreary adventures in that country. But these blunders are probably due in some measure, as we have said, to the dearth of readable descriptions of Indian life and manners, by which of course we do not mean the life and manners of the Anglo-Indians, who lead the life of self-inflicted ostracism sometimes affected by the officers of British regiments stationed there, but of the complex and interesting portion of humanity comprised in the two hundred millions of our Indian fellow-subjects. As a contribution to this useful purpose we may heartily recommend Mr. Braddon's lively volume, the work of a shrewd observer with a keen sense of humour.

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GENERAL SCHOUVALOFF'S MISSION.

ALTHOUGH the mission of General SCHOUVALOFF deserves all the interest which it has excited, the exact purport of his instructions is still open to conjecture. The secrecy which sometimes excites the indignation of impatient patriots is still an indispensable condition of diplomacy; and Lord GRANVILLE is perfectly right in not taking the newspapers into his confidence. The statement that the English Government had addressed a remonstrance or a warning to the Court of St. Petersburg was at first received with incredulous surprise; and it is not yet known whether it was literally true; but it is probable that the negotiations which have since taken place began with some communication from the English Ambassador. The immediate occasion of the discussion seems to have been the project of a renewed attack upon Khiva. A Russian expedition was a few months ago compelled to return without accomplishing its object; and consequently the Russian Government has determined to repeat the attempt with forces which can scarcely fail to ensure success. Three armies from as many different directions are to converge on Khiva; and probably they will overrun the territory and occupy the capital without encountering serious resistance. The ulterior intentions of the Russian Government are still uncertain. According to one probable statement, a large majority of a Council specially summoned to consider the question preferred the proposal of a permanent conquest to the alternative plan of a temporary invasion such as the march of POLLOCK on Cabul, or the more recent Abyssinian campaign. Although great questions of policy are probably not determined in Russia by majorities, the vote of a Council would indicate the policy of the EMPEROR and his Ministers. The reasons which may be urged in favour of the annexation by a civilized Power of the territory of a predatory border State are familiar to students of Indian history. It is sometimes safer and cheaper to govern neighbouring tribes than to repel their incursions. The rulers of Khiva can scarcely be trusted to observe the treaties which they may be compelled to conclude; and it is possible that under the stern rule of Russian officers the inhabitants might gradually acquire peaceable and orderly habits. There is a Russian flotilla in the Sea of Aral; and the occupation of the country would be facilitated by the water communication on the Oxus, especially if by drainage of swamps or by other methods the Russians could deal with the singular plague of insects which renders parts of the shores of the river uninhabitable. The natural capabilities of the oasis of Khiva are said to be considerable; but a long interval must elapse before the profits of Khivan commerce or industry would pay the expense of conquest. The Russians have hitherto sought in Central Asia, not terminal stations, but rights of way to more distant regions, and Khiva lies between the territory of the Empire and the newly acquired dependency of Bokhara.

While analogy and probability point to a policy of conquest, several English and foreign papers positively state that both Count SCHOUVALOFF and Count BRUNNOW have assured the English Government that the expedition to Khiva will return as soon as its object has been attained by a display of irresistible force, and by the release of the Russian prisoners in Khiva. It is added that no proposal for a line of demarcation between the two Empires can have been made by the English Ambassador at St. Petersburg; and this part of the statement may be confidently accepted as accurate. It is in the highest degree improbable that the English Government should have offered to recognize a frontier beyond the actual limits of the Russian dominions in Asia; but it is not equally certain that some boundaries may not have been indicated which could not be transgressed without risk of collision. It is well known that the complacent approval of Russian aggression which has often been gratuitously expressed in England meets with no kind of sympathy in India. It is not improbable that, after repelling the agent of the Khan of KHIVA who lately asked for his mediation or good offices, the VICEROY may have called the attention of the Home Government to the risk which might arise from the further progress of Russian arms in Central Asia. That Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues should have so far taken alarm as to enter into diplomatic communications with Russia on the subject is a sufficient proof that the danger is not altogether imaginary. The report that satisfactory assurances have been offered by Russia cannot be hastily accepted. If it were understood that the impending expedition to Khiva is to be merely a demonstration of superior force, there would be no sufficient reason for the negotiations which are notoriously in progress. The moderate and unambitious language which is attributed to the Russian Government offers a singular contrast to the hostile tone which is habitually adopted by the journals of St. Petersburg and Moscow. That all newspapers in Russia are positively or negatively subject to official control or inspiration is sufficiently proved by the absolute silence which they have maintained on the subject of General SCHOUVALOFF'S mission. It is evident that a Government which exercises the power of prohibiting unreasonable comments must at least tolerate the opinions which are allowed to find utterance. Since the introduction of a limited freedom of discussion in Russia, the newspapers have been employed as irregular auxiliaries of the diplomacy of the Government; and for a long time they have been in the habit of using unfriendly and menacing language to England. Even Lord NORTHBROOK'S refusal to interfere on behalf of Khiva was described by some Russian journals as an act of undue presumption. It is easy to understand that it may suit the Imperial Government to contrast the moderation of its official demeanour with the arrogance of writers who are ostensibly unauthorised; but it is scarcely probable that the entire scheme of Russian policy in Central Asia can have been systematically misrepresented by the journals.

If it is true that General SCHOUVALOFF has been instructed to repudiate the purpose of annexing Khiva, there can be no doubt that he has also stipulated for some equivalent concession on the part of England. It would be a great advantage to Russia to conclude a treaty of demarcation which would practically involve an alliance with England against the independent Mahometan States which might be included within the area of permissible conquest. On the other hand, the inconvenience to the English Government of any similar arrangement is universally acknowledged, while a formal notification of the line beyond which no advance could be tolerated would effect the purpose of the treaty without involving any reciprocal obligations. The only result of a boundary convention would be that Russia would not pass the agreed limits except as an act of war, and precisely the same penalty would attach to disregard of a formal intimation on the part of England. Only a few years have passed since Russia covenanted, not only with England, but with all the Great Powers of Europe, to abstain from the maintenance of a naval force in the Black Sea. As soon as it was thought safe to incur the possible consequences the treaty was deliberately renounced; and the English Government thought fit to surrender its rights rather than to assert them by force, or to reserve them with a view to future contingencies. It might in ten or twenty years be found not less inconsistent with the dignity of the Imperial Government to recognize any limit to its annexations in Asia than to abide by the restriction on its operations in the Black Sea.

Another reason against the supposed project of treaty may be found in the uncertainty of the circumstances which might attend any future annexation. A conquest or expedition which involved the co-operation of Persia, or the friendship or enmity of Afghanistan, could not be indifferent to Indian interests, although the immediate enterprise might not extend beyond the stipulated limits. It is not prudent to assent beforehand to any engagement of which the application and the consequences cannot be distinctly foreseen. There is no reason to believe that General SCHOUVALOFF's proposals are at the same time so simple and so unacceptable as the project of a boundary treaty.

The danger from the Russian conquests in Central Asia which has been apprehended in England is the same which has been constantly held out as a menace by Russian writers. No reasonable fear can be entertained of a Russian invasion of India; because it could only be undertaken with comparatively scanty resources against an enormous superiority both in numbers and in the quality of armaments. As long as the Suez Canal was open it would be much easier to send reinforcements to India from England than from any part of European Russia; and on the whole it may be confidently asserted that no enterprise of the kind will be attempted for many years to come. Nevertheless the possession of India would be made more expensive and more troublesome by the vicinity of a powerful rival; and Russian politicians have long flattered themselves that, by encouraging or threatening disturbances in India, their Government would have the means of putting a pressure upon English policy in other parts of the world. It is highly probable that General SCHOUVALOFF is at present engaged in trying in the most conciliatory form some experiment of the kind. It would be a brilliant stroke of diplomacy to obtain, in consideration for a postponement of the annexation of Khiva, concessions which the acquisition of the Khanate might perhaps serve as an alternative method of extorting. On the other hand, it is not improbable that the English Cabinet may require some security against encroachments in other quarters. There are indications of a disposition on the part of the Russian Government to tighten its hold on Persia, which might become a more formidable neighbour to India than any barbarous State in Central Asia. It is from the West rather than from the North that an invasion of India, if it were in any way practicable, might be attempted with the most reasonable prospect of success; and in the meantime the Persians, who have often given trouble on their own account by encroachments on Affghan territory, would become formidable if their enterprises were supported and backed by Russia. The increased influence of Russian diplomacy at Constantinople which has naturally resulted from the rupture of the Treaty of Paris may perhaps suggest other reasons for precaution. If Russia is really desirous of a friendly understanding, there ought to be no insurmountable difficulty in settling the terms of an arrangement; but for the present no sanguine expectation can be founded on General SCHOUVALOFF's visit.

THE EMPEROR AND THE IMPERIALISTS.

THE ceremonies preceding and attending the funeral of the EMPEROR were in accordance with the traditions of Royalty, and were redeemed from being a mere show by the sincerity of the respectful feelings by which they were accompanied. But there is something ghastly in the pageantry of death, and there is a relief in thinking that it is at an end. Although the grief for the EMPEROR may not have been very profound in Paris, and although occasion was taken by some of the enemies of the Empire to show an indifference or exultation beyond the bounds of good taste, yet there was a decent appearance of mourning on the day of the funeral, and a large body of Frenchmen of all ranks were in attendance at Chislehurst. That the friends of the Empire who have thrown in their political fortunes with those of Imperialism should be there was a matter of course, but there appears to have been a numerous gathering of those who valued or regretted the EMPEROR sufficiently to make a long journey without any political motive, merely to testify their respect to his memory. Ample evidence was also given of the favourable sentiments of Englishmen to a sovereign who was at least a friend of this country, and who appealed to the sympathies of the public by the greatness of his misfortunes and the fortitude with which he bore them. The Royal Family took part in the general manifestation so as to satisfy all the claims of a dynasty the head of which has been long on excellent terms with the family of the QUEEN, but not so as to mark any prepossession that could be twisted into having a political meaning. The friends of the BONAPARTES are perfectly aware that the civilities which the different members of foreign Royal families receive here are not intended to show any preference as between one Government of a foreign country and another. The ORLEANS Princes have only lately left England, where they were received with as much cordiality and respect as the family of their chief adversary can possibly hope to receive. One country alone has justly discharged a special debt of gratitude by paying exceptional honours to the memory of the EMPEROR. Italy has not been so mean as to forget or to refuse to acknowledge its recollection of the services rendered to her by NAPOLEON III. The French irritated the Italians on many occasions. The EMPEROR himself often thwarted them, and he left it to Prussia to complete the work of liberation he had begun; but still the indisputable fact remains, that united Italy owes its existence to the late exile of Chislehurst; and the Italians have warmly recognized what they owed him, and have marked their sense of their obligations by the readiness with which they have made his death an occasion of paying the last tribute of respect they could bestow.

The Imperialist journalists in France have got very buoyant and excited under the influence of events which have attracted so much notice to their chief, and have stated plainly how hopeful they are of the future, and how fondly they are attached to NAPOLEON IV. Their Radical adversaries have naturally complained of the license accorded to the Imperialists, and no demonstrations against the existing order of things could have been more bitter or more unguarded. But the Government has taken a very sensible view of the matter. It has replied that the interval between the death and the funeral of the EMPEROR might properly be regarded as an exceptional time during which utterances of party affection or party spirit in favour of the EMPEROR might be overlooked; but that when things returned to their ordinary state proceedings would not be tolerated which would then be not testimonies of respect to a deceased chief, but attempts to subvert the existing Government. Much the same may be said of most that has been written in the last few days both in England and abroad as to the EMPEROR and his career. What has been expressed has been not the deliberate judgment of calm critics, but the passing opinion of men whom good feeling prompted not to be behindhand in saying all the good that could be fairly said of a remarkable man just dead. While the EMPEROR was reigning in his glory, and still more when he was conducting, or had just conducted, France to her ruin, the consideration of the salient points of his personal character naturally occupied very little of the attention of the public. It was quite irrelevant to a discussion of the Mexican expedition, or of the means by which plébiscites were obtained, or of the early days of the German war, that the EMPEROR was steady in his friendships, kind-hearted, ready to listen to newcomers, free from sordidness and parsimony. On the other hand, when the EMPEROR died in exile and under a cloud, it seemed harsh to dwell on the faults of his political career, and his personal qualities came into sudden prominence. This was quite right. Justice cannot be done to any one all at once, and there is a time for blaming and a time for praising. But now that the excitement of his death and funeral is over, criticism must gradually resume its usual course. Nothing new has been found out to the credit of the EMPEROR which was not previously known, and a man who took upon himself to govern a great country for twenty years must be judged mainly as a governor and not as a private man. There is no means of casting off from the memory of the EMPEROR the burden of responsibility which attached to him while he was alive and had France in his power. However kind, and patient, and resolute he may have been, and whatever may have been his good intentions, he began his Empire with the *Coup d'état* and ended it with Sedan, and he, like other men, must be judged by his deeds, and his works must be measured by their fruits.

The Imperialists affect to be in no way disheartened by the death of the EMPEROR. To them one Emperor is dead and another has begun his reign. The new Emperor will be, they point out, of age next year; that is, he will be a boy eighteen years old. No necessity, therefore, occurs for the creation of a Regency. That France would not much like a woman as a Regent, and that Prince NAPOLEON could not be trusted to replace the EMPRESS, is therefore a matter of indifference to them. They will have their Emperor ready quite as soon as they can get an Empire ready for him to reign over; and they pretend to be

perfectly confident that the time must come when the Imperial Government will be restored. Nor is it to be supposed that they are merely trusting to the chapter of chances, and, on the principle that nothing happens in France except what is unexpected, believe in the restoration of the Empire simply because it is improbable. They mean something when they talk of the Empire as an abiding institution, and see vitality in nothing but Imperialism. To most men the late EMPEROR appeared inseparable from the Second Empire, and the Empire endured because the EMPEROR was there to make it endure. This is not at all the genuine Imperialist theory. Its partisans look on Imperialism as simply the true way of governing France. It is, as they sometimes term it, the modern form of monarchy, and they offer France at once the strength of monarchy and an accordance with modern ideas. The EMPEROR did not manage the Empire by himself; he had a band of resolute men, capable of daring anything, and understanding the machinery of government, ready at hand to assist him; and the disasters of his later years were, in the opinion of ardent Imperialists, mainly owing to the fact that he never replaced these associates as he lost them with men of anything like equal resolution and ability. If a new DE MORNY, a new PERSIGNY, and a new ST. ARNAUD managed somehow to get hold of the reins of power, they could carry on affairs according to the true pattern of Imperialism in the name of a weak lad as well as under any other shelter. Once placed in power, they could bribe and pamper the army, make use of the priests, drill voters through préfets and maires, get plébiscites made in any quantity to order, use artillery in the streets, and deport wholesale to Cayenne. In return for the country permitting this, or looking on helplessly while it was done, they could find work for artisans, help the country to grow rich, use the finest phrases about nationalities, and do everything they did in the name of the people. There are a great many Frenchmen who sincerely believe that, apart from the prizes which this mode of governing would bring to those who got hold of the top places, it is the only way of governing France that really suits France. There are still more who are not quite sure whether it is a good way of governing France or not, who regret the Empire for various personal reasons, and who, if the Republic came to be discredited, might be persuaded that Imperialism was again worth trying, and that it would at least save them the trouble of further thought. This whole view of politics seems to us founded on a mistake, and the real truth appears to be that Imperialism, detestable in itself, was only saved for a time from the obloquy it merited by the late EMPEROR being in many respects better than his Empire. The disasters that attended his downfall, the decay of the Napoleonic legend, the growing sense and sad experience of the people will, it may be hoped, make a new triumph of Imperialism impossible. But in estimating the prospects of France and the chances and aims of French parties, it would be a great mistake to overlook the fact that Imperialism means something distinct from any particular Emperor, and that the Imperialists have a system which they wish to revive, and not merely a boy whom they choose to honour, when they proclaim their adhesion to the cause of NAPOLEON IV.

MR. LOWE AND THE MALT-TAX DEPUTATION.

THE dissatisfaction which must have been felt with Mr. LOWE'S answer to the Malt-tax deputation will extend beyond the Chambers of Agriculture. It had indeed not been expected that even a part of the tax would be removed in the present year; but the announcement that there is no large surplus will produce general disappointment; and it could scarcely have been expected that Mr. LOWE would seize so irrelevant an occasion of indicating the wish of the Government to sow dissension between landlords and tenants. The non-existence of a surplus can only be explained by some financial arrangement which will not be universally approved; nor is it difficult to guess the nature of the contrivance by which demands for the reduction of taxation are to be evaded. In popular language, the excess of the revenue over the expenditure of the current year is sometimes confounded with the surplus which may be disclosed in the forthcoming Budget. When a Chancellor of the Exchequer officially speaks of a surplus, he refers exclusively to the estimates of future receipt and expenditure; and the actual state of the public finances is only so far material as it may supply a basis for calculation. It has always been known that the payment of the American damages under the Geneva Award would absorb the whole or the greater part of the surplus either of this year or of the next. It may be inferred from Mr. LOWE'S announcement that he has applied the current surplus in the ordinary course to the reduction of the Debt, and that the whole amount of damages will appear in the Budget as a part of the estimated expenditure for 1873-1874. The Government will probably decline any responsibility for a course of action which is prescribed by law. The Commissioners of the National Debt are bound on the certificate of the Treasury to apply surplus funds as they accrue to the redemption of debt; but, on the other hand, the Chancellor of the Exchequer must have a certain discretion as to the amount of the disposable balance. It would certainly have been in the power of the Government to apply, with or without the express sanction of Parliament, the excess of the current revenue to the discharge of an obligation which is as much a debt as if it had formed a part of the Consolidated Annuities. It has been known since the middle of September that the payment of the damages would be due in July; and when so considerable a charge was imposed on the national capital, the reduction of the ordinary debt might perhaps have been suspended. It is impossible to suppose that when Mr. LOWE declares that there will be no considerable surplus he can mean that a surplus which would otherwise exist has been appropriated by the Cabinet either to the relief of local taxation or to any other voluntary purpose. There can now be no doubt that the American damages will be included in the estimated expenditure of next year. If it had happened that the payment had become due a few months sooner, there would have been a surplus of three millions.

Mr. LOWE thoroughly understands the great principles of political economy, but he sometimes overlooks the limitations which are involved in the very nature of the science. An economist, like a mathematician, reasons on assumptions which are never exactly true in practice. If a scientific mechanician were informed by a carpenter whom he had employed to make a model that his calculations would not work, he would immediately conclude that he had not made a sufficient allowance either for friction or for some peculiarity in the nature of the materials. When all the farmers of England have made up their minds that the Malt-tax injuriously affects their operations, a cautious financier might perhaps doubt the certainty of his own conclusions to the contrary; but it is not in Mr. LOWE'S character to prefer empirical results to the supposed consequences of logical demonstration. The members of the deputation had laid much stress on the burden imposed by the Malt-tax on the consumer; and some of them asserted, with a perhaps excessive pretence of accuracy, that the duty was equivalent to an Income-tax of 5*d.* in the pound on a labourer's income. Other speakers added that beer was an indispensable element in the production of corn, because the labourer would not work without it; but perhaps they failed to discern the obvious inference that, if they were right, the burden fell rather on the employer than on the workman. Their general doctrine, that taxes on commodities chiefly affect the consumer, was both sound in itself and consistent with Mr. LOWE'S economic orthodoxy. He declared with evident sincerity that he would willingly relieve the working classes and other consumers of beer if only he had been able to spare their contributions to the revenue; and he took occasion to add that he was not disposed to inquire too minutely into the quantity of beer which the labourer might, in the exercise of his discretion, think fit to drink. It is possible that, as Mr. LOWE said, cheap beer might promote temperance, by partially displacing more deleterious liquors, and, at the worst, a man who has drunk too much beer is less offensive than a man who has drunk too much gin. Although the bulk of indirect taxation is paid by the consumer, it is evident that any consequent diminution of demand must also affect the profits of the producers. The landowners and farmers who waited on Mr. LOWE can scarcely have needed to be told that barley would not be grown unless it returned an average profit to the cultivator; but they also knew that if more beer were drunk their production might be advantageously extended; and they had stated in detail the injurious effect of the Malt duty on the provision of food for cattle. One Suffolk farmer asserted that on one hundred acres of barley the tax amounted to 540*l.*; and it can scarcely be assumed that the whole of the charge is recovered from the purchaser. It has not generally been thought in England that the French tax on raw materials tends to encourage manufacturing industry; nor would any Chancellor of the Exchequer succeed in convincing a Lancashire Chamber of Commerce that a duty upon cotton would fall exclusively on the wearers of calico. There is nothing special in malt which can justify

a tax on a partially manufactured article, except that the vast consumption secures an enormous return to the Exchequer. The Malt-tax sustains itself by its own bulk and weight.

The most objectionable part of Mr. LOWE's reply was his gratuitous attempt to distinguish between the incidence of the tax on landlords and on tenants. When two classes, assuming that their interests are identical, complain of a common grievance, it is at least an invidious task to prove to them on scientific grounds that they are labouring under a misapprehension. One of Mr. LOWE's colleagues has proposed to meet the joint complaint of owners and occupiers in the matter of local rates by redistributing the burden between them; and in pursuance of the same policy Mr. LOWE informs the tenant farmers that the Malt-tax, as far as it is not paid by the consumers, is a burden not on their profits but on the rent. It follows from Mr. LOWE's doctrine that it would be impossible by the imposition of the most perverse and extravagant burdens on agriculture to do the farmer any harm. A tax of twenty per cent. on grain, on cattle, on turnips and mangold, would not justify a deputation of farmers in making a complaint to the Chancellor of the Exchequer; and it might with equal plausibility be contended that the absurdest system of taxation would be innocuous to any other branch of industry. The commutation of tithes which had been supposed to remove a heavy burden on agriculture proves, if Mr. LOWE is in the right, to have been only a boon to landlords.

It was perhaps scarcely courteous to inform a body of intelligent farmers, representing large numbers engaged in the same business, that they were mere dupes, unconsciously put forward to fight the landlords' battles. Mr. LOWE is not in the habit of suppressing unpalatable truths: and "he does not "scruple to say that, whatever benefit would be derived from "taking off the tax beyond that derived by the consumer, "would necessarily fall into the rent. It would be assumed "that your holdings were more profitable because the tax was "taken off, and then, if you are content, and if people like you "are content to hold your land at its present rate, others would "come in and bid against you in the hope of realizing the profit "you did, and you would either have to pay that portion of "profit to the landlord, or be replaced by others who would "be willing to do so." When a Minister finds it his duty to enounce disagreeable propositions, he ought at least first to ascertain that they are true. Mr. LOWE might advantageously have remembered that the members of the deputation might possibly understand their own business sufficiently well to discern unsuspected flaws in his sublime demonstration. If all tenants in England held at extreme rack rents determined from year to year by every turn of the market, and if custom and feeling gave them no goodwill in their holdings and no preference over new comers, Mr. LOWE's arguments would be applicable to their condition. As an entirely opposite relation actually prevails between landlords and tenants, it is certainly not true that they would, as a general rule, be deprived by the competition of strangers of any benefit which might result from the repeal of the Malt-tax. Mr. LOWE may be right in his assertion that, if the repeal of the Corn-laws had largely diminished the profits of farming, the loss would have mainly fallen on the landlords. An increase or decrease of twenty per cent. in the value of the land would immediately affect the rent; an increase of two or three per cent. would be retained by the tenant. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER will find that he has failed to satisfy the farmers that the Malt-tax is not a grievance inflicted on themselves, as it is undoubtedly a fiscal anomaly. The sum produced is too large to be sacrificed in any single year, but it might be judicious at the earliest opportunity to reduce it by one half, as a step towards a total repeal. As the brewers took no part in the deputation, the effect of the tax on a valuable branch of export trade was not mentioned in the course of the discussion.

THE UNITED STATES AND CUBA.

MR. FISH published at Washington on the 10th of January the abstract of a remarkable letter which he had addressed to General SICKLES, as American Minister at Madrid, on the 29th of October. The Spanish Government has since formally declared that no such communication had been received at Madrid. It appears, therefore, that the document was originally intended in the first instance for home use; and probably General SICKLES may have been instructed to delay the communication to the present time. It is evidently impossible that the Spanish Opposition should both have forged an apparently official document and procured its insertion in the New York papers; yet no argument which could have been devised would have been so embarrassing to the promoters of emancipation as the American despatch. The remarkable coincidence between the publication of the despatch and the pro-slavery agitation at Madrid indicates American rather than Spanish ingenuity. If the abstract of Mr. Fish's letter to General SICKLES is genuine, it follows that the moderate language of the PRESIDENT's Message on the subject of Cuba conveyed a false impression. The rumour which was circulated on the eve of the Presidential election, for the purpose probably of influencing popular feeling, appears to have been strictly accurate. The journals which supported the candidature of General GRANT frequently contained statements to the effect that his second term of office would be distinguished by a more active and aggressive system of foreign policy; and now it appears that the American squadron in the Pacific is ordered to the Sandwich Islands, while designs upon Cuba are almost openly avowed. It was perhaps in preparation for the disturbance of friendly relations that the PRESIDENT and the SECRETARY of STATE had previously insisted on retaining a Minister at Madrid who was personally and officially obnoxious to the Spanish Government. General SICKLES is "instructed to remonstrate in "decisive but respectful terms against the apparent failure "of Spain to carry into effect emancipation and other reforms "promised in her West Indian Colonies." If it is asked what the United States have to do with any kind of reform in the Spanish dominions, the answer is obvious, if not wholly satisfactory. America is strong and Spain is weak, and America covets the possession of territory which can scarcely be appropriated without some preliminary pretext of quarrel. "The United States Government has," it seems, "a warm interest "in the orderly condition of Cuba, and its watchfulness is "severely strained to preserve neutrality." A few years ago the watchfulness of another Government was severely strained to preserve neutrality, not in a sporadic insurrection of rebels without standing army, head-quarters, or visible government, but between two powerful belligerents disposing of vast armaments and conducting regular hostilities with varied fortunes. It was not then thought by the Government of the United States that the difficulty of preserving strict neutrality could serve as an excuse for threatening interference in favour of insurgents. On the contrary, Mr. FISH, in the name of General GRANT, demanded damages to the amount of three or four hundred millions, because the vigilance of the English Government had not been sufficient to prevent the evasion of three or four unarmed cruisers destined for the service of the Confederates. Mr. FISH now informs the Spanish Government with insulting coolness that "the trial of its impartiality by "the want of success on the part of Spain is so severe that, "unless she soon becomes more successful, it will force upon "the United States Government the consideration of the "question whether a duty to itself and the commercial interests of its citizens may not demand a change in the line "of action hitherto pursued." If the American agents at Geneva could have referred to a similar despatch as proceeding from the English Government, their libellous acrimony might have had some shadow of excuse.

There is some reason to fear that the publication of the document after an interval of two months indicates a purpose of active interference; but the immediate motive for offering a public affront to Spain may perhaps be found in Señor ZORRILLA's recent declaration of policy. The KING and both Houses of the Cortes have, in conformity with the proposal of the Minister, formally recorded their intention to abolish slavery during the present year in Porto Rico; yet it is known that emancipation is to be strongly resisted, and the most plausible excuse for opposition is the suggestion that the Government is acting in obedience to the dictation of the United States. It is obvious that the maintenance of slavery in Cuba would become impossible after the emancipation of the slaves in Porto Rico, and it would not be agreeable to the advocates of American aggression to be deprived of a pretext for the prevention of their designs. Mr. FISH has, probably of set purpose, furnished all the malcontent Spanish factions with an argument against emancipation which will be, of all other reasons, the most popular and effective; and if the Bill is consequently lost, and the Ministry driven from office, it will become the painful duty of General SICKLES to remonstrate in still stronger language against the obstinate maintenance of slavery in the Spanish colonies. As there happens to be no insurrection in Porto Rico, complaints of the difficulty and hardship of preserving neutrality will only apply to Cuba; but "delay of emancipation and other reforms" can be alleged

as a reason for seizing any Spanish island which may attract American cupidity. ZORRILLA perhaps thought that his Porto Rico Bill would to a certain extent satisfy American exigency; but he is by this time aware that his project of emancipation has only precipitated the diplomatic conflict. When the Empress CATHERINE had resolved on the partition of Poland, she vigorously opposed the efforts of Polish patriots to reform the obsolete institutions which furnished an excuse for her interference. The American PRESIDENT cannot openly avow his objection to the emancipation of slaves in Porto Rico; but his SECRETARY of STATE, with a watchfulness severely strained, interposes every possible difficulty in the way of abolition.

American projects for the acquisition of Cuba have the questionable merit of consistency. Seventeen or eighteen years have passed since the American representatives at the Western Courts of Europe met at Ostend with the sanction of their Government for the purpose of concocting a strange declaration that the possession of Cuba was indispensable to the security of the United States. One of their number, Mr. BUCHANAN, having been soon afterwards elected President, formally recommended to Congress in his first Message the acquisition of Cuba. The professed object of the American Government was not at that time to promote emancipation, but to insure the continuance of slavery, and to strengthen the institution in the South. The supplementary reasons for taking the property of others vary with changing circumstances; while the transfer of possession from the weaker to the stronger claimant is a common element in the process of spoliation. If the Spanish Government had possessed sufficient wisdom and vigour to abolish slavery in Cuba immediately after the adoption of the principle by the Cortes, Mr. FISH would have been compelled to devise some less plausible argument for his menace of interference; but it is idle to suppose that ambitious designs can be thwarted by the withdrawal of colourable pretexts for aggression. Two or three years ago the PRESIDENT, in spite of domestic opposition, long and obstinately prosecuted a scheme for the annexation of the independent territory of San Domingo; and the announcement that an American Company has obtained a lease of the harbour of Samana seems to imply that the project is revived. There was no slavery in San Domingo; and if there were civil or foreign wars, it was not alleged that the watchfulness of the American Government was severely strained to preserve neutrality; but San Domingo contained rich lands and useful harbours; and Cuba is larger, richer, and better adapted to maritime intercourse than San Domingo. When Cuba has become a part of the United States, no long period will elapse before it is discovered that the English West Indies ought in turn to be annexed to Cuba. It cannot indeed well be alleged that emancipation, in which England preceded America by thirty years, has been unduly delayed; but some successor of Mr. FISH will perhaps demand other reforms in Jamaica; and if England should unhappily become as powerless as Spain, it will become a question whether "the "duty of the United States Government to itself and to the "commercial interests of its citizens may not demand a "change in the line of action hitherto pursued."

The Republican majority in the American Senate will probably not be inclined to oppose the PRESIDENT'S aggressive policy. Mr. SUMNER, who took a principal part in resisting the annexation of San Domingo, has, by his own fault, lost the considerable influence which he once possessed; and perhaps, even if he were still Chairman of Foreign Affairs, he might not oppose a scheme by which emancipation would be accelerated. The most judicious American politicians disapprove on sufficient grounds of the extension of the Republic into regions inhabited by inferior or alien races. The Spaniards, the creoles, and the negroes of Cuba would not furnish a desirable addition to the roll of American citizens. It is sufficiently embarrassing to be troubled with WARMOTH and PINCHBECK elections in Louisiana, and with contests between negroes and Northern adventurers in Alabama or South Carolina. The nomination at Havannah of United States Senators would probably not be an edifying proceeding. It is already known from the speeches of Señor ZORRILLA that the Spanish Government cannot have complied with the express or implied demands of the United States; nor is it easy to foresee the next stage in the controversy. The PRESIDENT and Senate can scarcely issue a declaration of war in the absence of all provocation, and if they wish to recognize the insurgent Government, they will first have to create it; but when the wolf and the lamb come together, grounds of quarrel may always be found. A refusal to allow the seizure by Spanish cruisers of American vessels conveying cargoes for the use of the insurgents would speedily provoke a collision, and if hostilities once begin the conquest of Cuba is inevitable. The marvellous invention of arbitration which still excites the admiration of some English philanthropists will scarcely be applicable to a war undertaken for the sole purpose of annexing foreign territory. Even a Geneva Tribunal could scarcely award the possession of Cuba to the United States on any of the pretexts which are alleged by Mr. FISH; nor would the Spanish Government agree to be bound by retrospective rules to the effect that islands belonged to the rulers of the neighbouring continent. Mr. FISH may find numerous precedents, not in international law, but in the diplomacy of superior force. The despatches of NAPOLEON when he intended to seize Naples, or Tuscany, or Hamburg, are framed on the same principles which are reproduced in General SICKLES'S demands.

RECENT POLITICAL SPEECHES.

THE reassembling of Parliament will soon put to silence most members of Parliament. It is natural, therefore, that many members should be making what little hay they can while the sun of the vacation is still shining, and that the columns of the daily papers should be full of the utterances of members to their constituents. Through almost all of them there runs the same complete absence of matter. The speakers have to make their bricks, but no one will give them any straw. There are two reasons for this; the first being the want of any strictly party question; and the other, the fear felt by the speakers lest they should commit themselves by expressing an opinion on subjects too big for them. Irish Education and Local Taxation are expected to be the two principal themes of debate next Session; but there is no speaker addressing any constituency, or of any party, who ventures to tread on such dangerous ground. Accordingly the tendency is strong to talk mere platitudes, and to debate for ever such vague and useless questions as whether reform means revolution or progress. The truth is that at the present moment there is no difference whatever between the political position of the mass of Liberal members and that of the mass of Conservative members. Mr. CHILDERS spoke at Pontefract last Monday, and cited the Conservative member for King's Lynn to show that when a nation is said to want rest, all that may be meant is that it should quietly persevere in the good course on which it has entered. This is all very proper, but how is a Liberal to be distinguished from a Conservative by the use of such phrases? Party men cannot separate themselves from each other except by having points of difference, yet now party men talk the same language. The Conservative wishes to uphold that which exists, including the disestablished Irish Church, the sacrificed Irish landlord, and vote by Ballot. So does the Liberal. Each year the Conservative point of view changes, for it approves of or accepts all the measures the Liberals have carried. Thus at the end of a Session the parties are on the same platform. But the Conservative says that the measures which the Liberal is likely to propose in the next Session are sure to be dangerous, while the Liberal says they are sure to be excellent. This might create a real divergence of opinion if it were but known what the forthcoming measures were to be. But no one knows, or pretends to know, or even pretends to care to know. They will be measures relating to those two dangerous and mysterious subjects, Local Taxation and Irish Education; and to most members of Parliament these subjects are as strange and as distasteful as the politics of Central Asia. Both parties keep aloof from them; and the same may be said of what is called the Land Question. There really is no such thing as a definite Land Question; but it seems to speakers who follow one another like a flock of sheep that somehow there ought to be. When they come to think what they have to say about land, they can remember nothing but that the transfer of land ought to be facilitated, and perhaps that the law of intestate succession with regard to land should be altered. This is the whole of the Land Question as it appears to the ordinary member, although it does not seem half so big to him as he feels it ought to do. Directly persons who talk of the Land Question go further, they either proceed to discuss matters which do not affect land more than any other kind of property, such as what is called the Law of Entail, or they wander into dreams of Socialism. But within the tiny range of the facilitation of the transfer of land, and of an alteration in the law of intestate succession, there is no room for party feeling or for any great party differences. The people whom the proposed reforms would principally affect are the

solicitors, and solicitors when threatened forget and make up party differences. All that the ordinary member feels on the subject is that if a new system of land transfer is instituted, he should like the credit of it, if it is a success, to be laid to his party, and the discredit of it, if it is a failure, to be laid to the other party; but as he is utterly unable to judge whether it is likely to be a success or not, he prudently holds his tongue as to details, and wisely pronounces that he is for a good sound measure on this most important point.

There is not the slightest blame to be attached to members because in such a state of things they make speeches which are necessarily dull and tame. Mr. CHILDERS is a man of ability, and if he talked a series of platitudes for a couple of hours, lesser men need not be ashamed of doing no better. But to say nothing is distasteful to men of some activity of mind, and some of the more adventurous members have tried to find a field in discussing the principle of applying arbitration to the settlement of international differences. Liberal members are especially given to this, and they are fond of proclaiming that this reference to arbitration is a grand Anglo-Saxon discovery, and of boasting that the two divisions of the race have given an example to the world. Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE has devoted a whole speech to the subject, and he evidently did not speak without having bestowed some thought on it. He has gone so far as to discover that arbitration could not have prevented any of the wars which have taken place in this generation. It could not, he owned, have prevented the Crimean war, or the Italian war of 1859, or the German and French war. This seems a very sober and rational view of the matter, but it is a sad limitation to the efficacy of the new discovery. It appears that before it was revealed as the gift of Anglo-Saxons to the world, the wars that might have happened, but did not happen, were prevented without it; and that it could have done nothing to prevent those wars which actually took place. The only case in which it is even supposed by those who most admire it to be applicable is to prevent a war between nations who do not wish to fight. There are only two nations in constant danger, really or apparently, of a collision, and yet who are both averse to a war with each other—England and the United States; and the Anglo-Saxon discovery is therefore, so far as can be seen at present, exclusively beneficial to those who are called Anglo-Saxons. It is a means of avoiding war with America. The question is whether it is a good way, and the answer seems to be that it is a good way within the limits in which arbitration has always been recognized as useful, and no further. Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE set out by saying that he was always of opinion that England was wrong with regard to the *Alabama*, and was bound to make compensation for her misdeeds. This view, if the right one, would have made things very simple. We should only have had to acknowledge that we had been wrong, and settle the amount to be paid. If we could not have agreed as to the amount, this would have been exactly a point which we might have referred to some outside Power or person to decide for us. As it was, we attained a simple end by the most roundabout process possible, and had to submit ourselves to endless humiliation to arrive at it. Every one is glad to have avoided a war with America on a point of very minor importance; no one minds paying the money which the Arbitrators have decided we should pay. But the Conservative leaders have an opportunity which, if they are fit to govern the country, they should not lose, of reviewing the history of the *Alabama* negotiations, treaty, and award, in order not to attack the Ministry or to quarrel with the general result, but to guide the future policy of the country whenever difficulties of a similar kind arise.

As the bulk of Ministerialist and Opposition speakers have nothing to say, it is natural to turn to more extreme men to learn what is going on in circles where greater excitement prevails. Chelsea is the chosen home of Radicalism, and the members for Chelsea have been this week addressing their constituents. But those will be disappointed who expect to learn much from the speeches of the Chelsea members. The reporter described Sir HENRY HOARE'S speech by saying that he touched lightly on several topics, and no description could have been more exact. He is the butterfly of Radicalism, and no sooner has he settled on a flower than he is off again. "You could not answer argument by a joke," he informed his admirers, "but the Income-tax was the only tax of which a "man wished he paid a larger proportion; yet it was inquisi- "torial and vexatious." The butterfly was soon off again, and flew to the Game-laws, which he wished to see largely modified, but he did not want to see birds exterminated. Conservatives who are alarmed at Radicalism of this type must be very easily frightened. Sir CHARLES DILKE was of course more serious, but he evidently spoke without having taken the pains to exhaust any of the subjects of his Radical manifesto. He was opposed both to direct and to indirect taxation. He wished all indirect taxes of every kind to be removed, and at the same time he was dead against the Income-tax. On the other hand, he was for reducing the public expenditure, principally by giving up Gibraltar, which he declared would save the country a million a year. Radicals of this stamp will not, we may be sure, do much harm to any one. If any Conservatives are inclined to shudder at the proposals of such speakers, they should call to mind the very different way in which Mr. BRIGHT went to work when he led an Opposition which was really formidable. He knew his own mind; he selected a special point, worked out thoroughly what he had to say on it, and drove his points home with the full powers of rhetoric and exaggeration at his command. So long as Radicals set about their business in exactly the opposite way, make very large proposals for changes with regard to law, or property, or finance, while they avoid details and show no mastery of the elements of their subjects, the country is sure to rate them at their proper value; and the tiny pebbles they throw into the calm waters of current politics soon sink to the bottom, leaving the surface as unruffled as before.

M. THIERS AND THE THIRTY.

THE Committee of Thirty have marked out the limits within which the constitutional controversy is for the present to be confined. The Bill prepared by the Second Sub-Committee, and another prepared by M. TALLON, are to form the text of discussion, and at the meeting of the Committee on Tuesday M. THIERS contributed a preparatory criticism of the principal provisions of the two drafts. These relate to the creation of a Second Chamber, and the relations between the President and the Assembly. The Bill prepared by the Sub-Committee places the creation of a Second Chamber last in order; M. TALLON'S Bill places it first. M. THIERS holds that in point of importance it ought to take precedence, but declares himself willing to debate it either first or last. In both drafts the Second Chamber is treated rather as an element in a future Constitution than as an addition to the existing one. The third article proposed by the Sub-Committee provides that after the separation of the National Assembly the legislative power shall be exercised by two Chambers. M. TALLON'S Bill enacts that in the month which shall precede the date finally fixed for the separation, the Assembly shall provide for the nomination of an Upper Chamber and determine the mode of nomination, the duration and character of its powers, and its relations both to the Executive and to the new Assembly. As regards the relations between the Assembly and the President, the Sub-Committee propose that he shall ordinarily communicate with the Chamber by message. But the purport of his message may be to announce that he thinks it necessary to take part in a debate, in which case the discussion to which the message refers shall be suspended till the next day. As soon as the President has spoken, the discussion is to be again suspended, and he is on no account to be present when the Chamber goes to a division. Laws for which urgency has been voted must be promulgated by the President within three days of their adoption by the Assembly, unless he, during this interval, sends a message demanding a fresh debate on them. In the case of ordinary laws he may demand after the second reading that the third reading shall be put off for a month. M. TALLON'S scheme allows the President to take part in debates without the formality of a previous message, but provides that a vote shall not be taken at the same sitting, and that the President shall not be present at the division. No special provision is made in this draft for laws for which urgency has been voted. The President is to have a general suspensive veto upon all resolutions adopted by the Assembly. When this is exercised the Chamber will proceed to a fresh discussion in the ordinary course.

M. THIERS has shown himself wonderfully pliable in the presence of these two proposals. He is quite contented to postpone the creation of a Second Chamber until the close of the Assembly's term, but he pleads for two months of preparation instead of one, and for the substitution of the word "election" for the word "nomination." As regards the relations of the President to the Assembly, he decidedly prefers

M. TALLON'S plan, though he expressly says that he can, if necessary, accept the Sub-Committee's plan. Thereupon, however, with an irony not perhaps quite unintentional, he devotes the rest of his speech to an exposition of the inconveniences which will certainly follow from the adoption of either. The result of obliging the President to retire from the Assembly immediately he has spoken will be to cause many delays. Some of the most important debates arise out of amendments proposed perhaps after the President will have left. He will thus be forced to send a second or a third message announcing his intention to speak, and each time the Assembly will have to put off coming to a decision. Where questions of importance are concerned no Minister can take the place of the President, so that if even a single statement is made in debate which the President wishes to contradict, the whole machinery of a message and an adjournment must be called into play. Besides this there are some subjects upon which it is not enough for the President to make a set speech. What is wanted is such constant explanation as can be given in the course of a debate and in no other way. It is of little use for the President to speak if he must leave the Chamber without hearing and answering the criticism of which he will be the object as soon as his back is turned. If the Committee insist that the Assembly shall do nothing when the President is present, except listen to a formal argument, they will make discussion impossible. It will be for them to consider whether in making discussion impossible they will not make Parliamentary government impossible. Still, even if they push matters to this length, M. THIERS will not utterly break with them. He is so anxious to come to terms that he is willing to make many sacrifices.

In the matter of the veto M. THIERS insists on the necessity of the President being in a position to neutralize the ill effects of any sudden excitement on the part of the Assembly. The Committee on the Army Bill, for example, began by being convinced that the Prussian military organization must be imported into France, and ended by being convinced of almost the exact contrary. This process of conversion occupied a year; and, supposing the Assembly to be equally carried away by some mistaken idea, there would be the same need of time for it to come back to a sounder mind. For this purpose a delay of a month is not sufficient; there ought to be an interval of at least three months after the President has vetoed a Bill before a fresh discussion on it can begin. There must be time for the Assembly to learn the opinions of the press and of the provinces—opinions the wisdom of which M. THIERS declares that he daily has cause to appreciate—and to modify its conclusions in conformity with them.

In subjecting the proposals which the Committee are about to consider to this exceedingly frank criticism M. THIERS has probably had two objects in view. One of these is the conversion of a majority of the Committee. Anxious as the Right has shown itself to banish the PRESIDENT from the Tribune—an anxiety it must be remembered in part excused by the undue pressure he has occasionally brought to bear on the Assembly—the inconveniences of the compromise now suggested are too serious not to cause some hesitation on the part of those who meditate encountering them. The animus of a section of the Sub-Committee is shown by the fact that two of the members propose that the right of demanding a fresh discussion shall not be given to the President except when he has not spoken in the Chamber, and that the right of speaking in the Chamber shall not be given to him in debates on interpellations. M. THIERS pointed out that it is in cases of the greatest moment that the President will most desire to take part in the debate, and it is in cases where he has taken part in the debate without bringing the Assembly round to his opinion that he will most desire to delay the execution of its decision. The object of this limitation, therefore, would be to tie one or other of the President's hands at the very time when it is most important that he should have the use of both. The object of the second limitation is to make the tribune little better than useless to the President, under cover of giving him access to it. In a political point of view the discussions that arise out of interpellations are almost always of a graver character than those which arise out of Bills. The really pressing questions, whether of foreign or of home policy, are ordinarily started in this way, and to enact that the President shall express no opinion on them is virtually to exclude him from public affairs. But though there are members of the Committee willing to go this length, it does not follow that they constitute a majority of the Thirty, or that even those who do go this length may not be shaken in their determination by M. THIERS's reasoning. If there is any chance of the Committee's being influenced in the direction he wishes to lead it, the long discussion in which M. THIERS proposes to involve the members will give him every opportunity of making that chance a certainty. At all events he can hardly fail to secure his second object, which is to make an impression on the Assembly. Supposing the Committee to reject the modifications suggested by M. THIERS, the attitude of the Government, and the reasons which have led it to assume that attitude, will be known as soon as their Report is read. M. THIERS will, in effect, have secured the right of reply, because the speeches in defence of the Report will necessarily take the shape of a comment on the speeches which he has delivered before the Committee. By this means, too, the Government will have had time to press its views upon influential deputies, and to profit by expressions of opinion "in the press and in the provinces" before the discussion begins. M. THIERS's talent for Parliamentary finesse promises to stand him in good stead.

MR. MORLEY'S COMPROMISE.

THERE are signs that at the eleventh hour of the Parliamentary recess the Education League is beginning to see the difficulties which lie in the way of an unconditional repeal of the 25th Clause of the Education Act. In a speech delivered at Bristol on Wednesday, Mr. SAMUEL MORLEY admitted that, supposing the demand for repeal to be granted, it would become imperative that some means should be found of meeting the difficulty which the clause in question had been designed to meet. This is the first word, so far as we know, that any member of the League has said on the subject, which involves a recognition that new schools have to be paid for. Hitherto the programme of the League has been characterized by a simple trust in the willingness of the British ratepayer to put his hand in his purse which seems hardly justified by experience. The Government have been abused for their obstinacy in maintaining Denominational schools as an integral part of the educational machinery of the country, without any allowance being made for the possible difficulty of providing any other machinery to fill their place. The provision of a Board school in every district has been treated as the most matter of course thing in the world. It has been assumed that the excision of a word or two from the Education Act would do all that is wanted, that when the need for Board schools is created by virtue of there being indigent children to be sent to them, the schools themselves will arise as if by magic. We have again and again pointed out the unsoundness of this expectation. That a wonderful moral impulse is occasionally communicated to whole communities at once is shown by the example of the Crusades; but if the ratepayers come forward as soon as the 25th Clause is out of the way and build a School Board school wherever there is a parent who cannot afford to pay the school fee, Mr. DIXON will have proved himself a greater preacher than PETER the HERMIT. Mr. MORLEY, or, more accurately, the authors of the paper of which Mr. MORLEY made himself the exponent, are evidently beginning to feel uneasy lest the miracle which is to make stingy men liberal and poor men careless about money should not come off after all. It is a real advance to admit that the 25th Clause was designed to meet a difficulty. The common view among members of the League has hitherto been that it was inserted in the Bill out of malice aforethought. Mr. FORSTER saw his opportunity of injuring the Dissenters, and the temptation to betray his old friends was too strong to be resisted. The crime was all the more attractive because it was absolutely unnecessary. There is some significance in the choice of Mr. MORLEY as one of the four persons who should draw up the statement of the concessions which the League have made up their minds to insist on. He is not among those who would refuse Mr. FORSTER any place for repentance. Indeed he confesses that when the Education Act was under discussion he thought better of it than most of his friends did. He has seen the error of his way since then, but still he is a late convert, and if the fatted calf has been killed in his behalf, a share of it may still be reserved for Mr. FORSTER. A spirit of compromise is so valuable an element in educational controversy that we are ready to welcome the slightest evidence of its presence, and for this reason, if for no other, Mr. MORLEY's proposal deserves careful consideration.

The difficulty he has to meet is this:—Given a district in which sufficient school accommodation is furnished by Denominational schools, and a child whose parent is unable to pay the school fee; how, when compulsion has once been made

universal, is this child's schooling to be provided? So long as the 25th Clause remains and is acted upon, everything goes smoothly. The parent sends his child to the Denominational school which he likes best, and the School Board pays the fee. But if the 25th Clause is repealed, the School Board will have no power to pay the fee in a Denominational school. As regards this one child there will be an educational famine in the midst of educational plenty. Hitherto the expedient proposed by the League has been the building of a school supported out of the rates and controlled by the School Board for the exclusive use and benefit of this solitary infant. It may be admitted that there is something grand in an adherence to principle which prefers to incur an outlay of some hundreds of pounds rather than pay threepence a week to a Denominational schoolmaster for teaching a child the three R's. But ratepayers for the most part do not belong to the heroic order. They are more likely to dwell on the fact that for threepence a week the child can be educated just as effectually as for an expenditure of many hundred times that amount. The triumph of religious equality might be secured by the child remaining away from school altogether, but the Education League exists for other purposes as well as for the propagation of Mr. MIALL's theories; and this reflection has probably been instrumental in quickening the inventiveness of Mr. MORLEY and his friends. He sees that the ratepayers in the vast majority of cases would steadily refuse to build a school under the circumstances supposed, and that it would be utterly impossible to pass or work an Act of Parliament ordering them to build one. Accordingly, he suggests that wherever sufficient school accommodation is provided by Denominational schools in any school district, the School Board shall be the manager of one or more of these schools for the purpose of controlling them during the hours of secular instruction, the building to be retained for all other purposes, and at all other times, by the existing management. When this compromise is found to be impracticable, then, and then only, the School Board shall be bound to provide a new school. We have no wish to speak disrespectfully of any honest effort to devise a settlement of what is undoubtedly a serious educational difficulty. But if Mr. MORLEY will only think the matter out, he will see that there is something undignified in appealing to Denominational school managers to help him in injuring—or at all events in doing what is intended to injure—Denominational schools. We cannot possibly—he makes the School Board say—pay you for educating the children whom the law obliges us to educate. But if you will be kind enough to hand over your school to us for a certain number of hours every day, we will undertake to educate them at your expense. It is pretty safe to assume that, except in cases where the Denominational school is already on its last legs, or where the managers hold the sound but unusual view that secular instruction may be disjoined from religious instruction without any harm being done to Denominational teaching, this offer will be declined as something not much better than an insult. Mr. MORLEY perhaps hopes that the School Board will then be able to persuade the ratepayers to build a school, on the plea that the necessity arises from the perverseness and obstinacy of the Denominationalists. It is more probable that they will ask why children cannot be sent to the Denominational school for the purposes of secular instruction, and the intervention of the School Board confined to ensuring that they enjoy the full protection of the Conscience Clause.

Supposing, however, that the School Board finds some Denominational school willing to come in to its terms, or persuades the ratepayers to provide a school in which indigent children may be taught without suspicion of Denominational contamination, another difficulty may still remain. Mr. MORLEY proposes that school districts shall be enlarged—apparently for the purpose of having a wider choice of Denominational schools to work upon, and an increased area from which to raise money if it has to be raised. The result of this change will be to increase the inconvenience—which would certainly be felt in many cases even if the districts remain as they are—of children being compelled to pass the door of a school giving efficient instruction in order to go to a more distant school giving perhaps less efficient instruction. In a district containing half-a-dozen Denominational schools, one situated perhaps in a remote corner accepts the offer of the School Board. Thereupon the child of an indigent parent living in an opposite corner has to be taken away from another Denominational school with which his parent is perfectly satisfied, and made to walk six or eight miles a day in order to keep the principle of religious equality absolutely inviolate. If compulsion can be worked with this needless irritant superadded to those which unavoidably attach to it, English parents will show themselves unexpectedly patient of theoretical legislation.

UNIONISTS IN CONGRESS.

WHAT is called a Trades' Congress has this week been held at Leeds. It is composed of "delegates and members"; but the difference between a delegate and a member is not very clear. We gather from a complaint which has been made that these Congresses have not altogether fulfilled the object for which they were originally established. That object seems to have been to advertise the so-called working-men who have given up work and are now engaged in professionally representing the working classes in various forms of political agitation. Last year, however, several members of Parliament contrived to get admitted to the Congress and made speeches, which the reporters, with a shocking want of discrimination, sent to their respective journals instead of the speeches of the agitators. This abuse is now to be put a stop to, and henceforth nobody is to be invited to any of these gatherings whose oratory is likely to eclipse that of the "delegates and members." Perhaps it is just as well that we should have the plain and unalloyed opinions of the gentlemen who direct the operations of the Trade Unions on some of the questions which are just now engaging so much attention. Before we look at the arguments of the Congress, it will be desirable to examine its facts. The Report of the Council rejoices over the "victory" of the Newcastle engineers, and the establishment of the nine hours' day, and also speaks of the results of the bricklayers' and bakers' strikes in London, as if these, too, had been successful. In point of fact the engineers were not victorious, inasmuch as they were glad at the end of several months to accept the terms which were offered by their employers almost at the outset of the strike. Nor has the nine hours' working-day, in the sense in which it was demanded by the men, been established at Newcastle or anywhere else. What the engineers sought was a limitation of production; what they got was only an increase of wages. They wanted to put a stop to overtime altogether, and failed; all that was conceded was that overtime should begin to be reckoned earlier in the day than formerly, and this they could have had for the asking without a strike at all. The compromise which brought the bricklayers' strike to an end might also have been secured without an open rupture; and the bakers' strike, as everybody knows, was a failure. The report of the Congress does not appear to have contained any censure on the gas-stokers for their violation of law and reckless disregard of public interests, but several of the speakers denounced in vehement language the "cruelty and "vindictiveness" of the judge who tried the ringleaders. These are rhetorical expressions which may be usefully omitted from the discussion of the question. There is a very general impression, which we certainly share, that the sentence was too severe. A year's imprisonment is a very serious thing for a working-man who has a wife and family dependent on his labour, and a more lenient sentence might have satisfied the interests of justice. The feeling on this subject is, as far as we can judge, so strong and unanimous, even among those least disposed to sympathize with or to favour the policy of the Trade Unions, that the HOME SECRETARY might not unreasonably exercise the Royal prerogative in favour of the prisoners. The question is not a very difficult or complicated one, and there has been plenty of time even for Mr. BRUCE to make up his mind upon it. It is not desirable that the decision of the Crown on such a matter should have the slightest appearance of being due to any kind of coercion; and we cannot help thinking that the HOME SECRETARY should at once have considered the matter, and have come to some decision upon it. Whatever is done in such a case should be done as the result of a calm and deliberate conviction on the part of the Minister, and on his own responsibility, and not in obedience to clamour and intimidation.

Whatever may be thought of the severity of the sentence which was passed on the gas-stokers, there cannot be the slightest doubt that they committed a criminal act. Mr. LISHMAN, the President of the Congress, observed that "Trade "Unionists had little idea that, under the Criminal Law "Amendment Act, for the offence of leaving work without "notice they could be convicted of conspiracy." If Trade Unionists had no idea of this, it is rather important that it should be brought home to their minds. Mr. LISHMAN also said that "the time had gone by for special laws against Trade

"Unionists, and that there was no reason why they should "not come under the common law of the land"; and we fully agree with the remark. On the other hand, however, Unionists must not expect to be exempted from the operation of the common law of the land merely because it does not happen to suit their projects. Mr. Justice BRETT'S judgment, as reported, is not quite so clear as could be wished, but it is impossible to say whether this is the fault of the Judge or of the reporters. He is said to have laid it down that "a combination to do anything to cause "annoyance, or in the way of unjustifiable interference which "in the judgment of the jury would have the effect of annoy-"ing or interfering with the minds of ordinary persons "carrying on such a business as that of a gas company," was a conspiracy; but "unjustifiable interference" is a phrase which begs the whole question. What is unjustifiable interference? It is obvious that, even if notice were given in a regular way, a strike, or the threat of a strike, would have the effect of annoying or interfering with the minds of ordinary persons carrying on business. If that is a criminal conspiracy, we can only say that society is honeycombed with conspiracies. It is quite clear, for example, that the Civil Service Stores are combinations which annoy and interfere with the minds of ordinary persons engaged in the sale of groceries, and the directors, on this reading of the law, are each liable to a year's imprisonment. All kinds of manufacturers and salesmen combine for the purpose of regulating their respective trades, and especially of keeping up prices, and should therefore be prosecuted. When employers give notice of a reduction of wages, they annoy and interfere with the minds of their men just as much as the men annoy and interfere with the minds of the masters when they threaten to strike.

We are bound to suppose that when Mr. Justice BRETT spoke of unjustifiable interference he was thinking of some criminal act; and to leave work without notice, in breach of an engagement, is undoubtedly a criminal offence. There appears to be a good deal of misapprehension both as to the scope of the Trade Unions' Act and the Criminal Law relating to Violence Act, and as to the nature of the law of conspiracy. The Acts we have mentioned were passed only for the purpose of eliminating "restraint of trade" as an element of criminality. It may be assumed that it was intended to make strikes legal, and a combination to strike, supposing the strike to be conducted in a regular and peaceful manner, would therefore be removed from the category of criminal conspiracies. But the general law of conspiracy is still applicable to Unionists just the same as to non-Unionists; and whatever may be doubtful as to the law of conspiracy, it is at least certain that a conspiracy to commit a crime is a crime. It seems to have been somewhat hastily assumed that Mr. Justice BRETT was not entitled to take into account the injury to the public resulting from the misconduct of the gas-stokers. If the strike had been a regular and legal strike, the stokers could not have been held responsible for any inconvenience or injury to the public. It is absurd to say that any class of men are bound to go on working for an indefinite period at a rate of wages which they consider insufficient, simply because their leaving off work would be annoying to the public. The public has no more right to compel men to work for it against their will than any private employer. On the other hand, however, when a crime has been committed, the judge in passing sentence is not only entitled, but bound, to look at the actual and possible consequences of the crime. A strike of bricklayers without notice would be a crime, but its consequences would not go beyond a certain amount of loss to the builders, and of inconvenience to persons who might be waiting for houses. It is obvious that a strike of railway signalmen without notice in the middle of the night would be a crime of more serious magnitude. It might lead to the destruction of a vast amount of valuable property and of thousands of lives. The gas-stokers not only did not care whether the inhabitants of London suffered from their sudden desertion of their posts, but desired and intended that they should suffer, and deliberately doomed them to their fate in order that it might be the means of influencing the Gas Companies. As it happened, the stokers were disappointed, but their intentions unquestionably aggravated their crime.

The temper of the Congress was sufficiently indicated by the uproar which was produced by the President's innocent remark that, in his opinion, some of the strikes which had recently occurred were inopportune and injudicious. The observation was received with indignant cries, and the President was severely rebuked for his scepticism and profanity. It would appear that, in the opinion of the Congress, strikes are part of the sacred rites of the industrial religion, and that there is a peculiar sanctity about them which places them beyond the reach of criticism. It might have been supposed that the interests of working-men depend a good deal upon whether their strikes are opportune and judicious or the reverse, and that a friend could hardly do them a greater service than by warning them against rash and unprofitable movements of this kind. But then to hint that a strike could under any possible circumstances be injurious would be a reflection on those who arrange and direct such things, and this happens to be the very class represented at the Congress. Nobody denies that the men of any trade have a right to strike if they choose, but it does not follow that by striking they invariably promote their own interests. It is doubtful whether strikes have had the effect of raising the rates of wages; indeed there is some reason to believe that they have tended to retard the advance of wages which was gradually taking place through other causes. However that may be, it is tolerably certain that, when the loss of wages to the men and the loss of capital to the trade are fairly reckoned up, even an apparently successful strike will be found in the end to be a losing game. In the present strike of colliers in South Wales, some of the Unionists have been using their influence to induce the men in charge of the pumping-engines in the mines to withdraw. If the engines were stopped, the pits would quickly be flooded. The result would be that, when the strike was over, several months would elapse before the men could begin to earn wages, and the expense of getting the water out of the mines would of course be so much deducted from the fund at the disposal of the proprietors for paying wages and carrying on their business. Nothing was said at the Congress to show that the managers of the Unions have recovered from the delusion that whatever injures the masters must necessarily be a proportionate benefit to the men. A good deal of nonsense is daily talked and written in regard to arbitration between employers and their men. Arbitration is possible only when the quarrel has been reduced to an issue of facts, and it is probable that when this stage of the controversy has been reached arbitration will be found to be superfluous. It is evident that in South Wales the only question is which side is the stronger and has the greater capacity for endurance. The history of arbitration shows clearly enough that neither masters nor men will long submit to an adverse decision if they think they can gain anything by renewing the contest.

BYRON AND HIS WORSHIPPERS.

A CURIOUS controversy has recently sprung up in the *Times* as to the accuracy of a well-known line in *Childe Harold*. More than fifty years have elapsed since the publication of the last canto of that poem, and during that time many thousands of readers must have learnt by heart the address to the Ocean, and many hundreds at least have been shocked by the ungrammatical substitution of "lay" for "lie." It is rather odd, therefore, that the reading should now be undergoing a discussion as animated as though the flaw had just been discovered in Mr. Tennyson's last poem. It is yet more surprising to find that there are still many persons who, not content with admiring the magnificent vigour of Byron's poetry, insist upon believing that it is absolutely free from faults. One class of enthusiasts holds that "lay," being obviously a vulgarism, cannot have been written by Byron. The various readings which have been suggested are so obviously feeble, however, that this mode of escaping the difficulty does not deserve any serious notice. Mr. Murray's statement as to the authority of the MS. is conclusive; and none of the verbs which can be substituted for "lay" have any merit beyond that of being intransitive. Another class admits that Byron made a mistake, but regards it as wrong to dwell upon it. One of these gentlemen quotes a phrase from *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*:—

> "But hold!" exclaims a friend, "here's some neglect;
> This—that—and t'other line seem incorrect."
> What then? The selfsame blunder Pope has got;
> And careless Dryden—"Ay, but Pye has not."
> Indeed!—'tis granted, faith! but what care I?
> Better to err with Pope than shine with Pye.

This is all very well; but it does not meet the case. Neither Pope nor Dryden, as far as we can remember, though we cannot pledge ourselves to maintain the negative, has made this particular blunder. Pope, indeed, not unfrequently falls into grammatical errors from an excessive love of compression; and it may be—for upon that subject we must admit our entire ignorance—that Pye does not. But then there is no necessity for "erring with Pope" because you do not "shine with Pye." The argument would be effective only against critics who should maintain that Byron was inferior to Pope because he had fallen into blunders from which Pye is free, and nobody, as far as we know, has said anything so silly. Whatever may be Byron's

merits, they surely should not blind us to his faults. He can't have faults! replies a still more enthusiastic writer. Byron is by far the greatest of English poets since Milton; and therefore we should humbly submit to any vulgarism or grammatical solecism of which he may be guilty. Byron must be regarded as an infallible being who is "super grammaticam." As the captain of a ship "makes it" twelve o'clock, so Byron's language must be taken not as recognizing, but as constituting, the law. We do not know, indeed, whether this privilege is limited to Byron himself, or whether a usage once consecrated by him is supposed to become henceforward part of the language. The extreme of fanaticism would be reached by the admirer who should continue piously to commit the same blunder as the god of his idolatry. If everybody who misplaced words could take refuge under the plea of Byron-worship, the sect would be painfully numerous. It is to be hoped, however, that the admirers of popular authors will show their enthusiasm in some other way than by barbarously mutilating their mother tongue. Precedents can be quoted from widely read books for nearly every pestilent misuse of language which is current amongst us. To take an obvious instance, Dickens did much towards hopelessly confounding the prevalent confusion between "mutual" and "common," when, in spite of protest, he insisted upon giving to his novel the title of *Our Mutual Friend*. There is always a tendency towards degeneration through the inability of the careless and ignorant to recognize the finer distinctions between nearly synonymous words, and persons who are capable of better things should do their best to resist any authority, however venerable, under cover of which attempts are made to obliterate shades of meaning. A wilful blindness to the errors of Byron, even if it does not involve the condonation of similar errors in inferior writers, is to be condemned in the interests of poetry as well as in the interest of the language itself. A poet is an artist in words; and popular readers are not aware how greatly the charm of the most exquisite poetry depends upon a fine sense of proprieties of language which they consider as finical and pedantic. The misuse of a single word may destroy the charm of a passage as decidedly as a false note in music. It is the fly in the pot of ointment which poisons the sweetness of the sentiment; the little rift within the lute which introduces a jarring note, even when we are scarcely conscious of the cause of our annoyance. To what, for example, is owing the enduring charm of such an exquisite lyric as Herrick's "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may," or of Cowper's "Loss of the Royal George"? The sentiment in each of these poems is not only commonplace, but is delightful because commonplace. The beauty of them depends upon the expression in the simplest language of thoughts which are familiar to everybody. But of course it is not enough to express common thoughts in simple language, or Tate and Brady, to say nothing of Dr. Watts, would be great poets. The quality needed is an exquisite sense of propriety in the use of words, which is amongst the rarest of endowments; and which, where it exists gives a charm, as unspeakable as it is impossible of analysis to the utterance of a truism which in less skilful hands would strike us as trite and wearisome. To maintain a high standard of excellence in poetical workmanship is therefore the main service which criticism can render to poets; and more harm would be done by encouraging laxity in such matters than even by a grudging recognition of the merits which make us unwilling to admit the existence of faults.

The controversy, therefore, may be summed up very briefly. Byron has clearly injured a fine passage by a gross vulgarism, and it is a thousand pities that it cannot be excised. But it can neither be excised nor overlooked by a critic who is faithful to his duty, and we should not consent to sacrifice the language to the interests of a Byron or even of a Shakspeare. It is rather curious to discover that Byron should still have disciples ready to propose such a sacrifice. It might have been supposed that the Byron fever was over. No writer of anything like equal power ever committed so many poetical sins for the sake of temporary popularity, and Byron committed them with his eyes open. We need not dispute the statement that he is the greatest of our poets since Milton. Our judgment will probably depend upon the relative importance which we attribute to different poetical endowments. Nothing in Byron appeals to our deepest moral sentiments so forcibly as some of Wordsworth's odes and sonnets; nor is he ever so purely and ethereally poetical as Shelley in his loftier moods; but if sheer strength of human passion, finding expression in language of corresponding vigour, gives a man a title to the highest place in poetry, it must be admitted that Byron can put forward a very powerful claim in spite of all his affectations and his brutalities. We are never in favour, however, of arranging poets in order of merit as young gentlemen are being arranged just now in the Mathematical Tripos at Cambridge. We know of no satisfactory scale which will enable us to say, for example, that *Childe Harold* deserves 1,000 marks, and the *Excursion* 999 or 1,001. But, considering how conspicuously Byron's poetry is a mixture of strength and weakness, of ennobling and debasing passions, and how even in his loftiest passages there is perceptible a false note of affectation, we should have thought that the day of indiscriminating admiration ought to be over. In the very passage, for example, which has provoked this dispute, the use of the word "lay" is by no means the worst fault. The sense of the eternal and unchangeable character of the ocean is, indeed, given with admirable power, though we might raise objections to one or two phrases. But when Byron gives a misanthropical turn to a reflection which is rather melancholy than terrible, he immediately becomes strained and unnatural. It is not a true antithesis to say that the ocean despises the vile strength which man wields for earth's destruction. Man cannot destroy the earth any more than he can destroy the sea; and the sea, so far from being a master who can, whenever it pleases, send him howling and shivering to his gods in its playful spray, is in fact a very trustworthy servant. We feel that the poet is wilfully dwelling upon the destructive agency of the ocean, and wilfully turning away from its great advantages in a commercial point of view. The power of man is shown as much in shipbuilding as in building towns; and the ocean would not have been able to "mar the spoils of Trafalgar" if it had not been helped by the English cannon. It is not necessary that a poetical argument should be bound to logical forms; but in proportion as it is palpably distorted for rhetorical purposes it necessarily loses its effect. The same sense of incongruity pursues us throughout Byron's poetry, and makes us feel that it is not the utterance of the deepest emotions of humanity, but of sentiments distorted and perverted by the irregular passions of a nature stained by more than the average allowance of corruption.

Excessive idolatry of popular writers is indeed a common failing at the present day, and in one sense it may suggest some excuse for an exaggerated estimate of Byron's poetry. As a rule, the living idols are those who receive the most unmixed incense. There are two or three authors at the present day whose merits are undeniably great, and who may very possibly deserve most that is said of them even by undiscriminating worshippers. At the same time, no reputation is quite safe till it has survived the generation in which it arose and the school by which it was fostered. We may safely say that Pope was a great writer, because admiration for much of his work has remained in spite of his dethronement from poetical supremacy. But the all-swallowing devotion to modern writers is not only rash, in so far as it is premature, but it is almost certainly wrong in many points, because it insists upon overlooking the defects of its idols. We may say with considerable confidence that certain writers have obtained such a position that whatever they write is certain to be received with a chorus of adulation. There may be an undercurrent of disapproval gradually accumulating, and calculated, it may be, to produce an exaggerated explosion whenever it becomes safe to give it a vent. But at present any hint that there are spots upon certain suns is received as a proof of the mean jealousy of the observer, and he is summarily ordered to hold his tongue. Poor Byron suffered in his day from excessive adulation and the recoil from adulation. By this time we might have hoped that a calmer judgment would have succeeded. It seems, however, that the zeal for his honour burns as brightly as ever in some bosoms, and one reason is that his fame is felt to provide a convenient counterpoise to the fame of the idols who are now most fashionable. To praise Byron is by implication to accuse certain modern writers of defects from which Byron was comparatively free. In fact, our modern school of poets is weak precisely where Byron was strong. With all his affectations and his weaknesses, he did not fall into the errors of namby-pambyism; and he at least made a protest—an exaggerated and a brutal, but still a very effective, protest—against the adoration of mere prettiness, which is so fatal a defect of our most recent school of art. "There are chords in the human heart," said poor Mr. Guppy; and we may add that there are passions, though we frequently try to ignore the fact. Some of our poets seem to write for the benefit of young ladies, and to be ambitious chiefly to lie upon drawing-room tables; others seek to please small literary coteries, and lisp with affected simplicity in archaic costumes; and some who boast of shocking the proprieties only succeed in being indecent without showing the masculine vigour which alone can be a partial excuse for neglect of conventional decorum. Byron is the last of our poets who, with all his faults, can be said to have written for grown-up men, and to have made passion, instead of refined speculation, the motive power of his poetry. Perhaps it is natural that, when looking back to his writings from more sickly and academical performances, his merits should be unconsciously over-estimated. But, for all that, the sacred rules of truth forbid us to sanction the use of "lay" for "lie," whatever the ingenuity of the excuses put forward in its favour.

MR. HERBERT SPENCER'S REALISM AND BERKELEY.

IT is the commonest reproach of speculative intellect that it destroys more than it constructs. Whatever truth there may be in this in a general way, it is certain that the very opposite tendency is sometimes to be found in minds of great calibre. One such instance, we think, is now conspicuous amongst us in the person of Mr. Herbert Spencer. The constructive power shown in his works is unsurpassed in this generation. In deep and far-reaching insight, in co-ordinating seemingly scattered facts, and in harmonizing seemingly diverse results, he has no superior. But when he leaves the building up of his own ideas and goes about to demolish others which stand, or which he supposes to stand, in the way of his intended course, Mr. Spencer becomes a different person. As a constructive philosopher he is great; as a critic of philosophy he is liable to be even as other critics.

This duality or disproportion of Mr. Herbert Spencer's thought has perhaps never come out so clearly as in the lately issued

volume which completes the *Principles of Psychology*. In the part entitled "General Analysis" he examines the theory of knowledge, and in the course of that process he undertakes to confute idealism, which he thinks to be necessary in order to ensure the safety of his positive results. He chooses Berkeley's doctrine, or rather the not uncommon misconception of Berkeley's doctrine, as a sort of representative enemy, and spends some time in attacking it in detail. It is fortunate that Mr. J. S. Mill * and Professor Huxley † have not long ago given clear and trustworthy accounts of what Berkeley really taught. For these controversial chapters of Mr. Spencer's book are, in our opinion, likely to give a very misleading notion of Berkeley's thought to readers who have not already formed an accurate one. Mr. Mill most truly says in the beginning of his essay that Berkeley's adversaries have generally occupied themselves in proving what he never denied, and denying what he never asserted. And this seems to be in a great measure the case with Mr. Spencer. He does not confute, or even fairly meet, that which Berkeley in fact held concerning matter. On the other hand, Berkeley's real doctrine, as far as its negative part goes (the only part that now concerns us), is consistent enough with Mr. Spencer's results, though it is not consistent with the language in which they are expressed.

At the outset of the discussion, in announcing that "we have to take up the vexed question of subject and object," Mr. Spencer says that, "should the idealist be right, the doctrine of evolution is a dream." If "the idealist" means Berkeley, this is striking a false note already. The doctrine of evolution is a scientific theory which has for its object the explanation of phenomena—that is, the interpretation of things such as they appear to us in terms of other things such as they do or might appear to us. "To explain the phenomena is to show how we come to be affected with ideas in that manner and order wherein they are imprinted on our senses," says Berkeley's Philonous in the Third Dialogue between Hylas and Philonous, where this difficulty is anticipated and answered. The ascertaining of order and connexion amongst phenomena is independent of the question whether we are to say that the phenomena, order, and connexion which we know are supported by, or correlative to, something which is not to be known. To use an illustration somewhat in Mr. Spencer's own manner, we may possibly doubt whether a diagram we see on a screen be a figure actually drawn on the screen or a projected image. But this doubt makes no difference in our certainty as to the geometrical properties of the figure. Accordingly we do not see how it is either necessary or relevant for Mr. Spencer to stand forth as a champion of the natural belief of mankind, even on the assumption that what he defends really is the natural belief of mankind. This, of course, amounts to saying that we consider the value of what he has to say about the Knowable to be independent of his doctrine about the Unknowable, so that they need not stand or fall together. We cannot now show cause for this position at large; but it is well to explain clearly that we do hold it, and therefore feel at liberty to treat the chapters now in question as an excrescence on the general plan of Mr. Spencer's work.

However, Mr. Spencer has persuaded himself that the fundamental assumptions of philosophy must be secured by a counter-attack on the metaphysicians, which he calls the negative justification of realism, and so he attacks them one and all. He begins by charging them with excessive confidence in reason, and with setting up reason against perception when they cannot prove, and have no business to suppose, perception less likely to be right. But there is in truth no question of a "trial of Reason *versus* Perception." The object of Mr. Spencer as well as of those from whom he differs is to employ reason, not to contradict perception, but to find out what it really is and what it means; a process which doubtless involves the contradiction of various confused notions as to what it is that we perceive. We have to decide, not whether to believe or disbelieve the evidence of our senses, but which to choose amongst rival interpretations of their evidence. If any one sets up reason against perception, it is not Berkeley, who over and over again asserts the reality of perception:—

> Do I not know this to be a real stone that I stand on, and that which I see before my eyes to be a real tree? . . . To be plain, it is my opinion that the real things are those very things I see and feel, and perceive by my senses. . . . A piece of sensible bread, for instance, would stay my stomach better than ten thousand times as much of that insensible, unintelligible, real bread you speak of.

And the vindicator of perception is Mr. Spencer, who may "call for pen, ink, and paper, like another man," to write its defence, but what any one of them is in its own true nature he declares positively he knows not ‡, only that there is an unknowable reality under these changing shapes. This seems to us to be, not defending perception, but setting up something, be it reason or unreason, in flat contradiction to perception and to the author's own warning that "reason can do nothing more than reconcile the testimonies of perception with one another."

Then the metaphysicians are accused of speaking in words which all the time protest against the thought by their implied meanings; and the conclusion is, that "language absolutely refuses to express the idealistic and sceptical hypotheses." Now this, if made out, would prove nothing or too much, for the same may be said of an immense amount of undoubted mathematical truth. And if the objection were sound, thought and language would be fast bound to one another, and neither could ever advance. But the verbal criticisms adduced do not make out the proposition. Mr. Spencer first takes Berkeley's sentence: "By sight I have the ideas of light and colours," and elaborately entangles it by such considerations as that sight involves an eye, and the eye itself involves ideas of colour, and so on. But overmuch zeal for the fundamental relation of subject and object has led here to a confusion between the subjective and the objective way of looking at things. Speaking subjectively, my own sight, as a "vivid manifestation" (in Mr. Spencer's phrase), does not necessarily involve an eye, though it does involve certain elements of the kind called muscular sensations, which do in fact, but quite otherwise than in the act of sight, come to be known as correlative to an eye. I might see very well, though I had never seen the reflection of my own eye, nor an eye of any other creature, nor knew that there was such a thing in nature. Speaking objectively, on the other hand, sight, as an optical or physiological phenomenon to be explained, does involve an eye. But that is another matter, and is foreign, as we conceive, to Berkeley's intention in this sentence, which is, as reference to the context shows, to restrain the meaning of *sight* to subjectively considered "ideas of light and colours." As between subject and object the organism is not a medium, but part of the object. Why is Berkeley worse off when he says our "sensible body, rightly considered, is nothing but a complexion of such qualities or ideas as have no existence distinct from being perceived by a mind," than Mr. Herbert Spencer when he says it is a certain portion of the "vivid aggregate" correlated in a peculiar manner to the "faint aggregate" of manifestations—that which is manifested and that to which it is manifested being alike in themselves unknowable?

A second puzzle is made out of Hume's use of the word *impressions*. I walk gradually up to a man, at first too far off to be distinguished, till my eye is close to one button of his coat, and I see no more. In all this series of changing states of consciousness, what is my visual impression of a man? asks Mr. Spencer; and from paradoxical answers he finds refuge in "something that impresses and something that is impressed." But there is no single or comprehensive "visual impression of a man," unless we choose to give that name not to the phases themselves, but to the continuous relations amongst them. "The state of [vivid] consciousness existing at any moment during the time in which consciousness is undergoing these changes" is accompanied by the remembrance of past continuous variations and expectation of other continuous variations to come. It will be found that attention to this point removes the supposed difficulties by supplying the continuity and permanence which Mr. Spencer thinks himself driven to seek in two independent and incomprehensible existences. As to the question: At what stage between seeing the whole man and seeing only a button does the impression cease to be the impression of a man? it is a mere verbal puzzle. What we mean by seeing a man is seeing enough to infer a man from (how complex the inference is Mr. Spencer has himself pointed out elsewhere); and how much is enough depends on the circumstances in each case. A sentry who shoots at the gleam of one button in the dark may say he has seen the enemy, if the result shows that the button was on a coat, and an enemy inside the coat.

Moreover, the "something that impresses and something that is impressed" explain nothing. As they are in themselves unknowable, so are the relations between them; and we are at a loss to see how impressions or anything else are the more intelligible for being referred to unknowable relations between unknowable existences. "How is it possible," asks Berkeley, "I should be assured of the reality of this thing, which I actually see in this place, by supposing that some unknown thing, which I never did or can see, exists after an unknown manner, in an unknown place, or in no place at all?" And he amply shows, not merely that this "something which impresses" explains nothing, but that no intelligible notion of its existence can be framed.

From "The Words of Metaphysicians" Mr. Herbert Spencer passes to "The Reasonings of Metaphysicians," and makes against Berkeley in particular the charge of unfairly using the facilities of imaginary conversation. This accusation is startling. Our belief has always been that Philonous deals with all the objections which were known in Berkeley's time—not to say that he anticipates most that have occurred since. In reading Ferrier's eloquent and acute developments of his position one is constantly forced to observe how difficult it was for the most zealous and clear-sighted follower to do more than develop what the leader had laid down. But, at all events, Mr. Herbert Spencer's instance of evasion is not happily chosen. The question and answer he objects to are these:—

> PHIL. Is your material substance a senseless being, or a being endowed with sense and perception?
> HYL. It is senseless without doubt.

He says Hylas might have brought Philonous to a stand by answering either that material substance is a being endowed with sense and perception or that he cannot say. Now either of these answers, so far from doing Hylas any good, would only hasten his discomfiture. The first would be a jump to Berkeley's ultimate conclusion, that all permanent existence is in the divine mind; the second would at once concede, what Hylas is afterwards driven to admit, that when he speaks of matter he knows not what he means. We have no space to discuss Mr. Spencer's continuati

* *Fortnightly Review*, December 1871.
† *Proceedings of the Royal Institution*, vol. vi., p. 342.
‡ See Hylas and Philonous, Third Dial. *init.*

of the dialogue as it ought to have been; but it appears to us to involve a fallacy which the author in his better judgment would be the last man to be deceived by, the confusion of the meaning of a name—to wit, material substance—with the reality of the thing denoted.

There are other arguments against idealism, all resting on the same fundamental misconception, as we cannot but deem it, of what idealism really asserts. We note, as a specimen, the "argument from priority":—

> Up to a considerably advanced stage of his mental development, every one thinks of properties, not simply as implying objects, but as being objectively what they seem to him subjectively. . . . Even the metaphysician, perplexed by involved reasonings, will not fail to remember that originally he regarded colours as inherent in the substances distinguished by them; that sweetness was conceived as an intrinsic property of sugar; that hardness and softness were supposed actually to dwell in stones and in flesh.

Even so; but this belief, which Mr. Spencer calls realistic, is the very stronghold of idealism, or at any rate immaterialism. This is just what Berkeley contends for, that the common voice of mankind has nothing to say about any occult reality of things as distinct from the sensible things. It is Philonous, not Hylas, who cannot for his life help thinking that snow is white and fire hot, and points out that if you ask the gardener why he thinks yonder cherry-tree exists in the garden, he shall tell you, because he sees and feels it. It is the idealist whose philosophical thought justifies his natural thought, and who refuses to separate the objective from the subjective reality of things; it is the realist who asserts that things are not objectively what they seem to him subjectively, and who shocks the common voice of mankind—which says, so far as it says anything, We perceive the thing itself by "vain multiplication of logical barriers between our intelligence and the thing which we suppose ourselves to know."*

All this while we are not distinctly told what is the realism which is to deliver us from the metaphysicians. However, before Mr. Spencer proceeds to his "positive justification," he makes an earnest appeal to the contemplation of a reader who has cleared his mind of hypotheses. The reader is to look at the book, and take note of his unprejudiced consciousness. The result is the recognition of the book as an external reality: "he finds that he is conscious of the book as existing apart from himself." Is this realism? It is surely consistent at least with any form of idealism which is not absolutely egoistic. Existence and external reality are not denied; the true question is, What do we mean by existence and external reality? and this is persistently evaded by Mr. Herbert Spencer's dialectic, though his analysis furnishes excellent materials for arriving at a right answer. We shall demur, indeed, to the supposition that the external reality of the book whereof our consciousness informs us is the reality of a "transfigured," unseen and invisible, unknown and unknowable book. We can only repeat with Berkeley that our consciousness tells us of no such thing, and we refuse to entertain it, not "merely because we have no notion of it, but because the notion of it is inconsistent; or, in other words, because it is repugnant that there should be a notion of it." Mr. Spencer never shows, indeed he never fairly addresses himself to showing, that the notions of external reality and existence do not indissolubly involve subject as well as object, thought as well as things. It is said later that Berkeley never succeeded in expelling the consciousness of external reality: the answer is plain—he never desired to expel it.

This critical part is followed by the "positive justification," which consists in showing that the antithesis of subject and object is a product of "normal acts of thought, like those which establish the truths we hold most certain." As this antithesis is not denied by idealists generally, and by Berkeley is especially insisted on, we have no occasion to dispute the analysis of experience into which Mr. Spencer enters for this purpose. Here he is in his proper element, and his observations on the differentiation of subject and object are full of valuable and suggestive matter, the more valuable, perhaps, for being expressed in fresh and unfamiliar terms. The investigation brings out these conclusions:—

Material substance is an "unknown correlative of the vivid state we call pressure, symbolized in the known terms of our own efforts."

That which persists or exists is the *nexus* of the ever-varying appearances of an object.

The conception we have of matter is one which unites independence, permanence, and force.

In all this we see nothing contrary to idealism. To deny that the correlative elements of all experience can be sundered in thought, which is idealism, is a different thing from asserting that one of them has no correlative; in fact it implies the correlation affirmed by Mr. Spencer. Idealists do indeed find an incongruity in speaking of one correlative as unknown when they mean that, apart from its constant correlation with the other, it cannot be the subject of any knowledge, human or otherwise; or in talking of the incapacity to know in a manner contrary to the nature of all possible knowledge as a limitation of human faculties. As to the permanent *nexus* in sensible appearances, it is fully admitted. Mr. Mill in his exposition of Berkeley has been very careful to set this forth, and to show how it agrees with idealism; and as to force, which is so much a subjective notion that some physicists wish for scientific purposes to be rid of it altogether, it is hard to see what aid or comfort it can give to the material substratum.

Again, Mr. Spencer establishes the antithesis of subject and object by exhibiting, as the result of his analysis, two approximately parallel series of states of consciousness, which he calls the "vivid" and the "faint aggregate," relatively coherent in themselves, and incoherent with one another; a sense of internal power associated with changes in the subjective series; and a consequent idea of external power associated with changes in the objective series. But what, if anything, does this prove? Only that the individual consciousness is not wholly self-determined.

At length we come to the realism which Mr. Herbert Spencer set out to vindicate, giving us to understand that he was doing battle for the actual beliefs of mankind against philosophers. What, then, do we find? "Is it the realism of common life—the realism of the child or the rustic? By no means." A diagram is given, showing the figure or shadow of a cube projected on the surface of a cylinder, so that "the cube stands for the object of perception; the cylindrical surface stands for the receptive area of consciousness; the projected figure of the cube stands for that state of consciousness we call the perception of the object." Only it is not observed that the cube, the surface, and the projection alike are all the while related to the consciousness of the reader, which prevents the illustration from rising beyond ingenious illustration to any real analogy. But, to pass this by, what has become of the natural belief of mankind in the reality of the things they know? It is rejected under the name of Crude Realism, and the Transfigured Realism which takes its place affirms that "the projected figure [*i.e.* the thing as perceived] contains no element, relation, or law, that is like any element, relation, or law, in the cube [*i.e.* the thing in itself]." And this is the belief which is propounded as so clear and certain that opposite beliefs have never been held at all, and are propositions of which the terms cannot even be brought together in consciousness. This doctrine, which begins with denouncing the pride of reason in the name of perception, and ends with subduing perception to faith in an unknowable reality utterly unlike what is apprehended—is it rightly called transfigured realism, or is it rather a pseudo-realism?

It is this kind of striving after substrata, realism, and things in themselves which really forces together incompatible terms. The would-be realist seeks to arrive by reason at an existence independent of thought. The idealist, constantly misunderstood and scouted as a visionary, protests that the search is chimerical, for the notions of *existence* and *independence of thought* are incongruous and mutually repugnant, and cannot stand together. And the protest has never been effectually set aside.

* See the late Professor Grote's *Exploratio Philosophica*, 63, 144.

MAD DOCTORS.

FOR some time past the mad doctors have been chiefly engaged in assisting murderers to escape the penalty of their crimes. A case which has just been decided by the Judge of the Probate Court exhibits the experts in insanity in another sphere of mischievous activity. Sir J. Hannen has come to the conclusion that the late Mr. Holme, who had a bad habit of swearing at lodging-house keepers and excursionists, and who had also doubts as to the honesty of shopkeepers, was not insane. It would indeed have been rather amazing if the judge had decided otherwise. If Mr. Holme was mad, there must be a vast number of mad people up and down the country who ought certainly to be locked up. We have before referred to the curious issues raised by this case as to what constitutes insanity, but we wish now to call attention more particularly to the medical evidence and the process by which a theory of insanity is constructed by professional experts. Mr. Holme was a bachelor with a considerable amount of property, which at his death he bequeathed to a number of charitable institutions. He had a sister who was very well off, and with whom he was on bad terms because she had accused him of tampering with their father's will; and he seems to have thought that he was under no obligation to leave her anything. The will was disputed on the ground that the testator was a lunatic, and the evidence of his lunacy was mainly supplied by the landladies with whom he had lodged, and by three mad doctors who had never seen him, who had never even heard of his existence until they were summoned to bear testimony to his insanity, but who, having heard or read the evidence of the landladies, were ready to go into the witness-box, one after the other, and swear that they were quite sure the old gentleman must have been mad.

This method of attempting to prove insanity strikes us as a remarkable example of division of labour. There is a Yankee story of a tree which was so very tall that it took two men and a boy to see to the top of it. One man looked as far as he could, the next began where he left off, and the little boy finished the job. In Mr. Holme's case the old women and the doctors seem to have set to work in a similar fashion. Where the old women left off the doctors began. They looked as hard as they could, and they were successful apparently in seeing all that it was desired they should see. The old women were not scientific. They knew nothing of the morbid phenomena of intelligence, or obscure diseases of the brain, or fine distinctions between amentia, dementia, and delusion. They left that for the doctors, who, however, were rather shy of giving a precise name to Mr. Holme's

form of insanity. It is clear that the old gentleman was not popular with the landladies, and we can hardly wonder at it. He distrusted their honesty, he disparaged their cookery, and he cast aspersions on their sex. One of them felt this treatment so keenly that she doubled his rent. He occasionally drank too much brandy and water, and he seems to have spent the leisure of his old age in saying of his fellow-creatures what David said of them in his haste. He had a low opinion of the morality of the people of Ramsgate and of Islington, where he alternately lived; he used to wish the excursionists at the bottom of the sea, and he had been known to swear at the omnibuses in the City Road. This wicked frame of mind perhaps sufficiently accounts for his having spoken disrespectfully of Mr. Gladstone and the Government. An expert in obscure disorders of the brain might perhaps find scope for a good deal of curious research if he were to investigate the ideas which gossiping landladies are apt to form of their lodgers, above all when the lodgers are fidgety old gentlemen who swear at them. The relations between landladies and lodgers, especially in an overcrowded watering-place, are not of the kind which invariably tend to pleasant and cheerful intercourse. It is easy to understand that the late Mr. Holme was not a nice person to have to do with. He was morose, sour, distempered; he took strong views of most things, and expressed himself in violent language; he disliked noise and company, and a very little thing put him out. His landladies depicted him as a perfect ogre, though they could not quite agree as to the details of horns and hoofs; and very little knowledge of human nature is required in order to perceive that their bold, free style of portraiture must be taken with considerable qualification. As the doctors who were called to speak to Mr. Holme's insanity had never seen him, they could tell nothing from their own personal knowledge. They could only say that, assuming the landladies' stories to be true, there was reason to suppose that Mr. Holme was out of his mind. The Judge observed that, if science had arrived at such a pitch that a person by reading letters and hearing evidence could say that a testator had a particular disease, he supposed he must admit it for what it was worth. Perhaps the best way of judging of its worth will be to quote some specimens of it.

One of the doctors was greatly impressed by the character of Mr. Holme's letters. There was, he said, very little in them. They were written in an involved, clumsy style, and contained few ideas. They were all about the weather and the crops, and his own health, and his sister's and brother's health, with a little about politics occasionally. We should think that this is a very fair description of the correspondence of a vast body of our countrymen when they are writing, not on matters of business, but to friends. Even in our day great men have been known both to write and speak in an involved and clumsy style. Mr. Holme sometimes used unbecoming language. He spoke of "blear-eyed Jews," and deplored their admission to Parliament; but, as the Judge remarked, he was not singular in this aversion. One of his reasons for forming a low estimate of humanity was that the people he met were always grumbling about the weather; for his own part, he said, he had no doubt that wet weather and dry weather were both good in their way. This passage was not cited, however, as a proof of violent mania. The doctors insisted upon taking all the violent expressions attributed to the testator in a strictly literal sense. When he complained of his food, and said it was enough to poison any one, it showed he was labouring under a chronic delusion that there was a conspiracy to take his life by mixing poison with his food. When he swore at the rabble who came down to Ramsgate in the steamboats, and wished they were all at the bottom of the sea, here was homicidal passion sure enough. It was said to be impossible that a person of sound mind could utter such imprecations. It appears to be a rule with the doctors to assume that everybody who uses bad language must mean exactly what he says, and that a hot-tempered, vulgar, ignorant old man, when he vents his impatience in curses, has carefully measured his expressions, and desires their literal fulfilment.

There seems to be no doubt that Mr. Holme occasionally talked loosely and incoherently, especially when he was "muddly" of an evening after his brandy and water, and that he was nervous, excitable, and odd in his ways. On the other hand, he managed his affairs during his lifetime shrewdly enough. Although he was furious in his language, he never struck at any one or attempted to do any one any harm; he subscribed to various benevolent societies; and he gave full, accurate, and perfectly lucid instructions with regard to his will. But all this did not in the least affect the medical theory of his insanity. His rational and sensible behaviour in matters of business appears to have been regarded by the doctors as a natural, if not necessary, incident of his insanity, and rather a confirmation than otherwise of his hopelessly deranged condition. There was nothing extraordinary or outrageous in Mr. Holme's disposal of his property, and a man who has always shown himself capable of managing his affairs during his life might not unreasonably be assumed to be capable of making a will. One of the symptoms of insanity which were pointed out was the want of natural affection for his sister, who had charged him with dishonesty in regard to their father's will. Possibly this is not the first time in the history of the world that a brother and sister have quarrelled about a will, and there would seem to be about as much reason for imputing insanity on the one side as on the other. Indeed this is the beauty of this kind of medical evidence. It can be adapted to any case. Take any irascible, fidgety old lady or gentleman, rake up all the wonderful stories and tittle-tattle of landladies and maid-servants as to their odd ways, and the experts will do the rest. The basis of their science is that sane people are invariably rational, and never say or do anything without a good reason. To be irrational is to be mad. On such terms there are few indeed who could hope to pass safely through such an ordeal.

Mr. J. S. Mill has observed that there is something both contemptible and frightful in the sort of evidence on which attempts are sometimes made to get a man judicially declared unfit for the management of his affairs, or to upset his will if there is enough property to be worth fighting about. This time, it is true, the mad doctors have had the worst of it; but it is not comfortable to think that experts are to be found who are willing to join in an attack of this kind. It would not perhaps have made much difference to the world which way Mr. Holme's property had gone. What strikes us as the most serious aspect of the matter is that the services of experts might have been sought for to attack, not the disposal of his property after death, but his personal freedom while alive. Here are three doctors who feel quite sure the man was mad. The Judge decides that he was perfectly sane. But in the lifetime of the testator the signature of two of the three doctors might have been enough to shut him up for the rest of his days. It is often said that lunacy is spreading. We do not know how that may be; but at any rate there is one form of insanity which is evidently getting worse and worse, and that is the morbid delusions of the mad doctors themselves. They seem to be very much in the position of the poor gentleman who thought that all the people in the world were mad except himself. There is nothing which their morbid and distempered imaginations will not pervert into evidence of raging lunacy. Their conduct betrays all the familiar indications of mental disorder—suspiciousness, brooding over one idea, violent language, exaggerated expressions, repetitions of unmeaning phrases. It is time perhaps that the weapons which they use against the peace and order of society should be turned against themselves. If a grand commission *de lunatico* were held on the experts, their evidence against each other would probably be sufficient to justify their all being locked up out of the way. The doctors who gave evidence in this case are no doubt honourable men who firmly believe all they said. It is only their science, or what they choose to call science, that we have any quarrel with. Nobody doubts that the symptoms of insanity are various in character and degree, and that there are many persons hovering on the border-land between sanity and madness. It is impossible, as the Judge said, to draw a distinct and definite line which shall determine exactly where sanity leaves off and insanity begins, just as it is impossible to say when the day ceases and the night has come. All that can be positively said is, that at a certain point the darkness of night has certainly fallen. But it is just because these questions of sanity are so delicate and difficult that the public has a right to expect that professional men should be careful, in the interests of science and for the dignity of their profession, as well as out of regard for social security, not to offer rash and hasty conclusions, especially when they have nothing better to go upon than the gossip of silly old women! There is no occasion on which the most skilled and experienced men are so liable to fall into error as in attempting to decide whether eccentric or outrageous acts are due to cerebral disease or simply to want of moral self-control. It is necessary, therefore, that great caution should be exercised in forming opinions on questions of this kind, and especially in acting upon them. It is not enough even that there should be scientific grounds for assuming insanity to exist. There are certain broad considerations of expediency and public policy which cannot be left out of account. It does not follow that, because a man is suffering from cerebral disease, he is therefore to be held absolutely irresponsible for his acts; and, on the other hand, a mad person who during his life does no harm to himself or others, and whose eccentricities are not more serious than those of many people who are accounted sane and rational, is entitled to the ordinary freedom of a citizen in regard to the management or disposal of his property. A well-known writer on cerebral disease complains of the inconsistency of public opinion on questions of this kind. An attempt to prove sanity and mental capacity at a Commission of Lunacy with the object of preserving intact the liberty of the subject is applauded, while any endeavour to excuse, on the plea of insanity, the crime of some unhappy wretch alleged to be an irresponsible lunatic is denounced as an unjustifiable interference with the course of justice. He also observes that an ordinary jury is incompetent "to estimate the delicate colouring, tints, and shades of the ever-varying phases and degrees of disordered and unsound mind." It may be admitted that a jury of mad doctors would have a quicker eye for the delicate colourings of insanity, but popular instincts or this matter are perhaps a safer guide in the long run. Individual liberty and responsibility are essential to social order, and there is danger in whatever tends to weaken or disturb them.

THE CORRESPONDENCE ON DOOMSDAY IN THE *TIMES*.

EVERY thoughtful observer of things must have remarked that there has not been of late the usual abundance of those passing strange leading articles in the *Times* which have in other days caused us so much merriment. Into the cause of the change we do not presume to pry; but the fact is there. But, instead of leading articles, there has come during the last

fortnight a correspondence of the most grotesque kind, which fairly makes us wonder at the strange sort of people which there are in the world. A number of persons have been disputing about Domesday Book, most of whom at least have plainly never read a page of Domesday Book itself. A sort of free light seems to be going on among the unlearned, while the learned seem to be folding their hands to see what the thing really will come to. Of course it is the old story; mere ignorance is by no means necessarily a fault: the fault is when people sound a trumpet before them that we may come and see how ignorant they are. We should neither blame nor wonder at the first man whom we met in the road if he knew nothing about the nature of Domesday or the events of the reign of the Conqueror. The fault and the wonder is when people so needlessly proclaim to the world that they know nothing about it. Herein lies the difference—a wise man keeps his ignorance to himself; a foolish man writes to the *Times* to show it off.

Towards the end of last year there appeared in the *Times* a harmless, but not very striking or intelligent, article on the Public Records. Its writer said somewhat of Domesday, and remarked, as many people have remarked before him, that the four shires of Northumberland, Durham, Westmoreland, and Cumberland are not included in the Survey. That Lancashire also is not included in the Survey the writer did not mention, but he put on record that the cause of the omission of the other four shires was "unexplained." We can quite understand that the thing might seem a little puzzling to one who had never worked at Domesday or the age of Domesday, but who had just got up the matter for the nonce to write an article on the Public Records. The real explanation is of course not very difficult. Durham and Northumberland—Northumberland in the modern sense which had then lately come into use—must have been left out because in the great ravaging of the North they had become still more utterly wasted and worthless than Yorkshire itself. The ravages of William himself in the winter of 1069-1070, the several inroads of Malcolm, the vengeance taken by Odo after the murder of Bishop Walcher in 1080, must among them have left very little in those parts which was worth surveying. As for Lancashire, it had as yet no being as a separate shire; the Ribble divided Yorkshire and Cheshire, as ages afterwards it divided the dioceses of York and Lichfield. Cumberland and Westmoreland had also no being as English shires. The southern part of the modern counties formed part of Yorkshire, and it is surveyed in Domesday as such. It is for local inquirers to trace the exact frontier, but there can be little doubt that it would be found to agree pretty nearly with the frontier of the ancient diocese of York. The northern part of modern Cumberland and Westmoreland, including the city of Carlisle, or rather its site, did not become part of the kingdom of England till the reign of William Rufus, who in 1092 drove out Dolfin and restored the city. This Dolfin seems to have been a member of the old princely family of Northumberland, and he must have held the country under Scottish over-lordship. The country had been held by the Scottish Kings as a fief ever since the grant by Edmund the Magnificent, on the final overthrow of the old kingdom of Strathclyde. But it was only under William Rufus that it became an integral part of England. The boundaries of his conquest are no doubt represented by the boundaries of the ancient diocese of Carlisle. The notion that this country was conquered by William the Conqueror in 1072, which was held by Sir Francis Palgrave when he wrote the History of the English Commonwealth, comes only from a confused and blundering passage in the compiler known as Matthew of Westminster, who has clearly confounded William Rufus and his father. The mistake was pointed out by Lappenberg, and it was not repeated by Palgrave in his later work. That is how the case now stands. Cumberland and Westmoreland are not entered, because part of the districts now so called was not part of William's kingdom. Those parts of the modern counties which then formed part of Yorkshire are entered in their proper places. Durham and Northumberland are left out for some cause which may be called "unexplained," but which can hardly fail to have been because they were not worth entering.

All this is plain enough to those who go either to the original writers or to their latest modern interpreters. But a crowd of people seem to have been seized with an uncontrollable impulse to make guesses about the matter, and to send those guesses to the *Times*. Of course they all live in the accustomed bondage to the modern map, and cannot understand that Cumberland, Westmoreland, or anything else, can have had different boundaries then from what they have now. The one who leads the onslaught is the finest of all. He appears in the *Times* of January 7th with the date of Edinburgh and the signature of "X." The letter is worth preserving in full. There is something so charming in the confidence of a man who has seemingly never read a word of the authentic history of William's Northern conquests, and who fancies that Seward was a king, and that he lived on into the reign of William:—

> An article appeared in the *Times* on the subject of "the Public Records," in which you mention that for some "unexplained" reason the counties of Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Durham do not appear to be included in *Doomsday Book*. I believe the reason is that these counties were not conquered by King William. At that period Scotland was under the sovereignty of Malcolm Canmore (the Malcolm of Shakespeare and successor of Macbeth). The Scottish histories relate that while the conquest of England by William was in process the King, or Earl, of Northumberland, Seward (who was grandfather of Malcolm of Scotland), added his whole force to that of his grandson, and the further progress of William was stayed. It is also added that three great wars were engaged in, in which every effort was made by William to gain more ground, but in vain. Finally, an agreement was entered into, in which it was arranged that the boundary of the two kingdoms should be at Stanmore, a little to the south of the county of Durham, where a stone cross was erected as a landmark, bearing the effigies of the two Sovereigns:—
>
> The ancient cross of Stanmore,
> In northern neuck of Yorkshire,
> Had statues twain in armour;
> At South was England's conqueror,
> At North was Malcolm Canmore.

For this he is on January 9th very properly taken to task by one who signs himself "H.," who is "sure that the *Times* cannot wish English History to be falsified" "on the sole authority of some doggrel, the source of which 'X.' does not give us." "H." exclaims, with some simplicity, but with much truth, "Surely the Bishops of Durham were always English Bishops." And he reminds "X." of the obvious fact that "Malcolm Canmore was killed at Alnwick while invading Northumberland." He has also a "belief" about the homage of Cumberland, a little hazy perhaps, but still comforting after the nonsense of "X." Altogether "H." is very well as far as he goes, only his notions savour a little too much of the light of nature. "X." however is not satisfied, and we get him again on January 13th with another charming piece of simplicity:—

> In reference to a letter signed "H.," I have to say that the Cathedral of Durham was founded by King Malcolm, and there may be records showing whether the whole, or only a part, was built by him. I subjoin extracts from *Buchanan*, one of the most learned of the Scottish historians.
>
> He says that Edgar, to whom the Crown of England belonged, having obtained refuge in Scotland, William demanded that he should be given up. This Malcolm refused. "On this a war ensued between the Scots and English, wherein Siward, King of Northumberland, took part with the former." On the defeat of William's first army the Earl of Gloucester was sent with a larger force, but with no greater success. At length Odo, brother of William, came north with a still more formidable army, committing great ravages in Northumberland, but could make no head against the northern forces.

The notion of Malcolm founding Durham Cathedral of course comes from the passage of the Northern interpolator of Florence—whom, notwithstanding the criticisms of Mr. Hodgson Hinde, we still wish to believe in, and to call Simeon of Durham. According to this account Malcolm was present at, and took a part in, the ceremony of laying the first stone. But there is something grotesque beyond measure in the notion of searching for records to find out how much of the existing church was built by Malcolm, when, first, he was killed in the same year in which he laid the stone, and when, secondly, the history of the building of the church of Durham is thoroughly well known from the tract printed in the *Decem Scriptores*, which tells how much was built by William of St. Carilef, how much by the monks, and how much by Ralph Flambard. Where "X." or his authority Buchanan found the mass of myths which follows it is hardly worth while to search out, but at any rate they do not come from any writer of the eleventh or twelfth century. A piece follows about setting up a cross at Stanmore, and how Edgar was received into William's favour, and "never departed from the Court." Therefore we suppose the Peterborough Chronicler and Florence were both wrong in saying that he went away into Normandy and Apulia in 1086.

Meanwhile one or two other people had had their say against "X;" the point with most of them being not so much that they are actually wrong in what they say, as the amusing way in which they put things, the way in which they lag behind the time, and go to worse authorities when better are to be had. For instance, on January 7th, one who signs himself "S. D. Scott" writes to correct "X.," and says that, "had he referred to the old chronicles, or to Thierry's *History of the Norman Conquest*, he would have altered his opinion." Thierry therefore marks the extent of Mr. Scott's modern reading, and the "old chronicles" turn out to be Matthew Paris—that is, doubtless the St. Albans compilation known by his name, Alfred of Beverley, and Peter Langtoft. He does however seem to have got a glimpse of one page of the Yorkshire Survey, and by these means he has been enabled to get to the truth, unknown by "X.," that William not only conquered Northumberland, but thoroughly harried it. On Cumberland and Westmoreland this writer does not touch. But in the same paper there is a letter from Kendal signed "C. Webster" which points out that parts of Cumberland and Westmoreland are surveyed in Domesday, though of course not under those names. But he too adds the following bit of mythical history, and shows what very odd notions some people have about these matters:—

> It is believed the survey was made about A.D. 1080. These counties were not then (I write subject to correction) under Scotch rule. Certainly, though in 1053 Edward gave them to Siward, Earl of Northumberland, the Scotch were found again in possession in 1070, four years after the battle of Hastings, when, after a decisive struggle, they were expelled; and soon after the Conqueror William made good his position by granting the whole of Westmoreland and part of Cumberland to his followers, Ivo de Talebois and Randulph de Meschines.

The next day, January 8th, comes Mr. James O'Dowd, who dates from South Kensington, but who seems to have some official appointment in Northumberland. What he writes is quite to the purpose as far as it goes, only it still reveals the odd frame of mind of a man who thinks that so obvious a fact as William's conquest of Northumberland can need any kind of proof. He quotes a charter of William to the church of Durham, which he seems to

have seen in manuscript, and which we should like to see also, as it does not seem to be the same as any of the two or three Durham charters of William printed in the *Monasticon*. But Mr. O'Dowd unluckily ended with a bit which was seemingly meant for a joke:—

> If William did not conquer Northumberland, he certainly disposed of a portion of it very much after Conqueror's fashion.

And on the 10th he appears again:—

> On further reference to the abstracts of title to unclaimed wreck of the sea furnished to me by lords of manors in 1858, I find that the entire county of Cumberland, including the barony of Burgh, was granted by William the Conqueror to Ranulph de Meschines, by whom it was shortly afterwards given to Robert de Trivers. This fact is stated in the abstract furnished to me by Mr. Nanson, solicitor of the Earl of Lonsdale.

This draws forth a letter, which we suppose is meant to be witty signed "Coll Maclellan," and dated from Cannon Street London:—

> Mr. O'Dowd's discovery of a grant of Cumberland to Ranulph de Meschines by William the Norman proves nothing. Nearly 500 years later Henry VIII. made a grant of lands in the South of Scotland to Sirs Ralf Evers and Bryan Layton.
>
> If I recollect aright the battle of Ancrum Moor settled that affair. Perhaps if Mr. O'Dowd were to make further inquiry he might find a similar result in the case he refers to.

But about this abstract of title we should like to know something more. Nothing is more certain, as Lappenberg has shown, than that the whole story about Ranulf of Meschines is a mere jumble of events of the reign of William Rufus and Henry the First, transferred to wrong times and persons. Mr. O'Dowd ought to be provided with some very strong evidence indeed to show that William the Conqueror had anything to do with Cumberland—that is, with any part of modern Cumberland besides what was then part of Yorkshire.

Then came a lull for a few days, but on January 15th silence again was broken by Mr. Richard S. Ferguson—a different person of course from Mr. Robert Ferguson, but who clearly has some local knowledge, and who refers to Mr. Hinde's paper on the Early History of Cumberland in the sixteenth volume of the *Archæological Journal*, 1859. If "X." and his brethren had read this paper, and also the papers of Mr. Hinde and Mr. Longstaffe on the history of Newcastle and Durham in the Newcastle volume of the Archæological Institute, they might perhaps have been somewhat less rash in their guesses. On the strength of this paper Mr. Ferguson is able to point out the impossible story about Ranulf de Meschines, and he has some idea about part of Cumberland being included in Domesday and part not. He also notices the old boundary of the dioceses, but seemingly without feeling that this is the very root of the matter. He has also much to say about an Earldom of Carlcolium, of which Mr. Hinde has something to say in later times, but which Mr. Ferguson seems to carry back to the days before Eadmund the Magnificent. Altogether Mr. Ferguson, by referring to the works of so thorough an inquirer as Mr. Hinde, has opened a new way of looking at the matter as compared with those who went before him; but he seems to have read nothing besides Mr. Hinde's paper, and to have somewhat muddled what he read there.

At length at the last moment a scholar is moved to speak. On January 16 Mr. Luard, without touching the main subject, writes to show that the story about Ranulf de Meschines has not even the authority of Matthew of Westminster, if, as he cautiously guards himself, there ever was any Matthew of Westminster. The whole tale comes from a note which some anonymous writer has written in the margin of one of the manuscripts of Matthew Paris. That matter, therefore, is settled. If Mr. Luard, or any other scholar of the same rank as Mr. Luard, had taken the matter in hand from the first, a good deal of nonsense might perhaps have been spared, but with the nonsense we should have lost an instructive lesson in one side of human nature.

We must not forget to add that in the middle of all this, on January 8th, the writer of the article on the Public Records himself steps in with a long extract from Ellis's Introduction to Domesday, containing extracts from Orderic and William of Malmesbury, from Kelham and Brady—Kelham, let us add, was, according to his light and opportunities, a far better commentator than Ellis—still these extracts are all very well, and, much as we want a real critical edition of Domesday, Ellis has his use till that happy time comes. But it is certainly funny to read the grand way in which the writer of the article speaks of Sir Henry Ellis, a way so grand as to suggest the idea that he had never looked at the Introduction to Domesday, except for the purposes of this particular article. We give the beginning and ending of his letter:—

> As certain of your correspondents are trying to explain why the northern counties should have been excluded from the survey of *Doomsday*, it may not be out of place to quote from the pages of the chief authority on the subject. Sir Henry Ellis, in his general introduction to *Doomsday Book*, printed under the direction of the late Record Commissioners, essayed his best to arrive at some solution of the matter, and though he modestly stated that he had but opened the way to a better knowledge of the contents of *Doomsday*, few as yet have been able to add to his information.
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> * * * * * *
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> I beg to refer the curious on this subject to the exhaustive volumes from which I have quoted, and to which I am indebted for my information, of Sir Henry Ellis.

We beg to refer the curious on the subject to Domesday itself and to the contemporary writers.

CREDIT.

THE correspondence in the newspapers as to the comparative merits of shops and Co-operative Stores is briskly kept up, and it is evident that the natural and necessary consequences of doing business on credit are beginning to be generally understood. The longer the question is discussed, the more clearly will it appear that credit is really at the bottom of it. At this season of the year, when bills are flowing in, the disadvantages of the credit system are probably impressed with considerable force on many minds. In commerce nothing is to be had for nothing. Everything must be paid for, and credit has its price as well as everything else. A moment's reflection will show that a shopkeeper cannot afford to lend money to his customers—and credit is, in fact, only another name for a loan—without being remunerated for it in one way or other. If you buy a particular kind of wine from your wine merchant this year, and next year you want some more of the same vintage, you must expect to pay more for it. The wine-merchant will keep the wine for you, if you like, but he must have interest on his capital; and ordinary shopkeepers must get their interest too. It may not be specified in the bill, but it is charged all the same. If the shopkeepers made only the people who get the benefit of this accommodation pay for it, it would be reasonable enough. It is absurd to suppose that they can sell goods on credit at cash prices; but it is rather hard that those who pay cash should be charged at the same rate as the credit customers. There is no secret as to the way in which the ordinary retail shopkeeper does business. He has only one price for his commodities, and the price is fixed so as to allow what he considers an ample margin for interest on capital and bad debts. It is not surprising that those who pay for what they buy should at last begin to kick against having to pay not only for themselves, but for others who do not pay at all. Some customers pay over the counter, others have weekly bills, others pay at uncertain intervals, and some occasionally disappear without paying at all. There is only one system of doing business under which bad debts can absolutely be avoided, and that is the system of cash payments on delivery; and this ought to be the normal basis of retail trade. Those who want credit should be made to pay for it in exact accordance with the amount of the loan and the length of time during which it runs. To spread the cost of credit over the whole business, and make people bear a share of it even when they pay ready money, is obviously as unjust as it would be, for example, to make people who come only for tea pay something additional as a contribution to the expense of providing certain other people with coffee. Credit is just as much a commodity as tea or sugar, and should be sold by itself and at its own price.

All this is sadly elementary; yet it is surprising how little it is practically appreciated. The majority of customers undoubtedly pay for what they buy, and most of them pay either at once or within a few days. It is quite clear that if the majority thoroughly realized in their own minds what the credit system implies, they would resolutely refuse to go on paying any longer for the people who never pay at all or pay only at long and capricious intervals. As the strike of ready money customers has not yet become general, we can only suppose that they have not had time to master this exceedingly simple and elementary problem. The shopkeepers would of course be bound to follow the dictates of the majority of their customers, and the improvident and prodigal minority would be left out in the cold. It may be hoped that the shopkeepers themselves, now that their eyes are being opened by this useful discussion, will understand their own interests sufficiently to do justice to their best customers instead of continuing to sacrifice them to their worst as they do now. It suggests an odd phase of human nature that tradesmen should be so anxious to lay traps for themselves and to increase the hazards and losses of their business. They seem to have a notion that the credit customers, though they are the worst in one way, are the best in another. They are a risky speculation, but then, if the speculation pays at all, it pays well. Credit customers do not keep a sharp eye on price-lists, or check accounts, and the shopkeeper takes care to swell the total so as to net a handsome profit if the bill is ever paid. It is impossible to check items at the end of a year or two years, and the longer the bill runs the faster it grows. If anybody who pays cash or has weekly bills will allow his bills to stand over for a month or so, he will probably be startled at the number of things which have been set down to him which he never recollects having seen, and also at the strange advance in the prices of familiar commodities. The gains from this class of customers may be perilous, but when they come they have a large and attractive look. In the long run no doubt the tradesman does not make so much in this way as he might make by cultivating a steady cash business with moderate profits and quick returns; but there is something exciting in the reckless and dishonest game which is not without its temptations. A pretence of allowing discount for cash is sometimes kept up. Five per cent. is allowed, but this is a trivial abatement from the twenty-five, or in many cases fifty, per cent. which has been stuck on in order to cover the risks of selling goods on credit. At a West End tailor's or jeweller's fifty per cent. would be a low estimate of the addition made to prices on this account. In these and kindred lines of business credit is allowed to an absurd and monstrous extent; almost anybody of good appearance, who has a respectable address to give, can order goods to a large amount, especially if there have been some previous small dealings to start the acquaintance. The shopkeepers go in deliberately

for this speculative and perilous kind of business. They know perfectly well beforehand that on the doctrine of probabilities they must, when running such constant risks, suffer in a certain number of cases for their temerity. If it were only a question between the shopkeeper and his debtors, they might be left to fight it out between them. The tradesman has a right to run these risks if he chooses, but it is rather hard that he should make his cash customers smart for it. There is another reason perhaps why tradesmen like to give credit; they seem to have a notion that they thus acquire a hold upon customers, who will feel bound, when they owe money, to keep on giving orders, and will not like to go to other shops. A wise tradesman would understand that the most effectual means both of getting and keeping customers is to supply uniformly good articles at moderate prices.

There are many reasons why it would be well if a strong effort were made to discourage the system of doing business on credit which is now carried to such a foolish and ruinous extent in London. First, there is the waste of it. It adds enormously to the prices of all kinds of goods. The retail vendor has to lock up a larger amount of capital in his business than would otherwise be necessary. The chances are that it is not his own capital; it is probably partly borrowed, and partly made up of credit from the wholesale houses with which he deals. He is cramped and fettered by debt, and becomes helpless in the hands of the wholesale people, who could sell him up any day, and who know that he dare not complain whatever may be the quality of the goods they choose to send him, or whatever may be the prices at which they invoice them. The result is that he carries on his business in an expensive way, and that he is driven to all sorts of shifts to squeeze as much as possible out of customers, forcing up prices, and cutting down measures, and making the most of quantities by cheap adulterations. It is impossible to imagine anything more demoralizing for all concerned than the relations which naturally spring from this system. The shopkeeper has to lead a struggling hand-to-mouth existence, never free, never ahead of his business. The wholesale firms lose the benefit of the stimulus which would be applied to them if they had to deal with free, independent men, who could make their own terms, and insist upon having only goods of the best quality. The system is manifestly unjust to cash customers, who are taxed in order to make up the deficiencies of their extravagant and improvident neighbours. But perhaps the people who get credit, and who may seem at first sight to be the very people to benefit by the system, suffer most. If they are sharpers or adventurers they may run away in the night when they have got all they can out of a neighbourhood; but, as a rule, of course the customers who take goods on credit are foolish, reckless people, who go on accumulating debts which hang like a millstone round their necks for the rest of their lives. They are always paying off some of the debt, but it grows faster than they can keep pace with it. They pay twice or thrice over for everything they have. Credit is tempting at first, but afterwards it becomes a kind of penal servitude. And so they go on struggling and stumbling, always getting deeper in the bog, till at last perhaps things come to a crisis in a general break-up. There is nothing more pathetic in its way than a stylish family in a big house being dunned by the milkman. Even a milk bill will sometimes run up to 40*l.* or 50*l.*, or the greengrocer's to twice as much. From every point of view the credit system is pernicious. It is wasteful and demoralizing. It adds to the expenses of trade, and raises prices. Credit in large mercantile operations is a very different thing from credit in the petty transactions of domestic life. In the former it is, if kept within due bounds, a means of developing trade. But in private life there should be as little book-keeping as possible, and the current expenditure should be scrupulously kept within the known limits of income. If the retail dealers made it a rule to insist upon cash payments from their customers, they could in their turn make cash payments to the wholesale houses, and would acquire greater independence and freedom of action. They would be constantly turning over their capital, and would save largely in interest, bad debts, and law expenses. The reduction of prices which they would thus be enabled to effect would stimulate consumption. We have no doubt that many tradesmen are fully aware of the mischievous effects of the existing system, and would gladly reform it if they could; but they do not know how to begin. Society has its habits, and they are hard to change; and unfortunately the habit of cash payments is not as yet a very fashionable one. There is no reason why the shopkeepers should not strengthen themselves by confederation. The early-closing movement was accomplished by common agreement, and a ready-money movement would no doubt meet with similar support if it were once started. Preaching against credit is pretty much like preaching against other forms of waste or improvidence. It is an old sermon. There is nothing new to be said on the subject; but the discussion which is now going on will be useful in forcing people to reflect on the evils of the present way of doing business.

ECCLESIASTICAL LEGISLATION IN GERMANY.

IF the Bills which have just been introduced into the Prussian Chambers by the Minister of Ecclesiastical Affairs should become law, it is difficult to exaggerate the importance of the changes that would inevitably ensue. It has long been generally felt in Germany, and was expressly asserted the other day in a remarkable article in the leading German newspaper, that the religious question outweighs in importance at this moment all others in the internal economy of the Fatherland. "The influence which the Roman Curia seeks to exert over the innermost life of the State is a matter of paramount importance," observes the *Allgemeine Zeitung*; "it wounds us to the core, and seriously imperils the peace and orderly development of civil life. It makes the relations of Church and State the question of the day." Two recent Acts of the German Legislature have been specially directed against this impending danger—namely, the expulsion of the Jesuits and the new regulations about the inspection of schools. To most Englishmen the first of these laws cannot fail to appear difficult of explanation or defence, nor do we intend to enter on any discussion of its merits here. If Germans assure us that circumstances render necessary in their case what to our ideas appears at best an anachronism, we do not care to dispute what our own experience happily does not help us to comprehend. The law about school inspection is more intelligible and more permanently important, when we remember the vital influence of the system of primary education on the formation of popular belief. It was on the control of the whole educational machinery, as the *Allgemeine Zeitung* truly enough points out, from the elementary schools to the Universities, that the energies of "the neo-Roman party" were principally concentrated. And it was here, we may add, that they had long been sedulously, though secretly, laying the train which finally exploded in the definitions of the Vatican Council. Of the remarkable series of pamphlets issued last year by the Abbé Michaud, none is more instructive than that on the Falsification of French Catechisms, and what he has illustrated in the case of France is true also of Germany. There too, for years before the Vatican Council, there was a gradual process of manipulation of primary religious instruction carried on, chiefly by means of the Jesuit Deharbe's catechism, working up to the full teaching of Papal infallibility. "They raised a cry of triumph when the decree was passed which they had long been looking forward to as a necessity, and straining every nerve to achieve." *Spes messis in semine* is a principle of which Ultramontanism has never been slow to avail itself: but skilfully as their plans have been laid, the harvest is by no means so abundant as the faction who are "struggling to supplant the historical basis of Christianity" have ventured to assume.

While, however, the general system of primary education has a critical effect on the moulding of national belief, even more depends on the training of the clergy, who are themselves the religious teachers of the great mass of the nation who have any religion at all. The old question, *Quis custodiet custodes*, is not of less importance in the modern than in the ancient State. And, therefore, as we began by observing, the three Bills lately introduced by Dr. Falk, if they make less show and provoke less violent antagonism than those already passed, must cut deeper in their ultimate effects. The first of these regulates the course of studies for aspirants to the priesthood; the second protects the clergy from the arbitrary despotism of the bishops; and the third, which will be sufficiently puzzling to an English reader till it is explained, provides that converts from Catholicism or Protestantism may change their communion on making a declaration to that effect before the local magistrate. The existing law requires a previous consultation with the priest or *pfarrer* before secession can legally take place, and its repeal is chiefly interesting from the strangeness of the fact that it has to be repealed at the present day. But the two former Bills, and the first especially, have a much higher practical significance. It appears that since the Charter of 1850, which liberated all religious communities from State supervision, the bishops have had the entire management of clerical education in their own hands, and it is during the last quarter of a century that Ultramontane teaching has made such enormous strides in Germany. With many of the bishops themselves, trained under Jesuit auspices at Rome, acting under Jesuit guidance in the administration of their dioceses, and holding the moral and intellectual formation of their clergy under their exclusive control, this consequence was sure to follow. From earliest boyhood the young aspirant to the ministry is sharply marked off from his secular comrades, trained in separate seminaries under a rigorous discipline of surveillance and police, till from the *petit séminaire*, as it would be called in France, he passes to the larger seminary, which perhaps may be connected with a University, but even so is kept strictly under ecclesiastical supervision. And if we ask what kind of intellectual training these exclusively clerical seminaries supply, it is easy at least to specify what, according to the Council of Trent, on whose decrees they are based both historically and in principle, they are intended to supply. The youths trained there are to be taught "grammaticæ, cantûs, computi ecclesiastici, aliarumque bonarum artium disciplinam, sacram Scripturam, libros ecclesiasticos, homilias Sanctorum, et sacramentorum tradendorum et rituum et cæremoniarum formas." In other words, the prescribed curriculum is rigidly narrow and professional, and omits the main elements of what is called a liberal education. And if it is thus defective on the intellectual side, in its moral aspect it is open to still graver criticism. The jealous separation of boys destined for the priesthood from their fellows throughout the whole educational career, even supposing that a vocation involving lifelong celibacy could be profitably tested at ten years old, is, to say the least, a serious mistake. It is the inevitable tendency, if not the direct object, of such a system to freeze and isolate the sympathies and stunt the healthy develop-

ment of character; in a word, to fabricate machines rather than to train men. Its practical effects under the most favourable circumstances are seen in France, where the want of independence of character and the low intellectual standard of the priesthood as a class, have combined to alienate from their control the male intellect of the country. And it is remarkable that those of the Catholic clergy who in recent times have wielded the greatest influence over the life and thought of their contemporaries have been men not originally trained for the office, but who have passed in middle life, like Newman, or Ravignan, or Lacordaire, from another communion or another calling to the service of the altar. It is this system which the proposed law would bring to an end in Germany. The seminaries for boys are to be abolished when vacated by their present occupants, and the future priests are to receive their education in the public schools and Universities, their strictly professional course being based on a previous proficiency in general subjects instead of being substituted for it. This, it may be remembered, was one of the points chiefly insisted upon in the programme of the Old Catholic Congress at Munich in 1871. And it must be obvious on the surface to the advocates and the enemies alike of the present system how vast a change its abolition would eventually involve.

Nor is this the only change that is contemplated. If the existing discipline serves to mould the clergy into pliant tools, the bishops have every opportunity of keeping them such for life. It is probable that with a clergy differently trained, whose support they could rely upon, the German bishops who have one by one been falling off from the ranks of the Opposition might have found courage to spare themselves the public humiliation of enforcing under anathema the very doctrine they had confuted and denounced. Be that as it may, the comparative paucity of avowed dissentients among the clergy is notoriously measured by their arbitrary power of enforcing submission, which henceforth is to be largely curtailed. Their appointments to livings will be made subject to the approval of the Government, and their favourite practice of appointing provisionally incumbents whom they could thus keep in absolute dependence on their own caprice, will be restricted to the period of a year, nor will they be allowed to retain in their cures priests who have been deprived for civil offences. And, on the other hand, those who are deprived by the bishops for obeying the law of the State will have a right to appeal to the civil courts, very much like apparently what is called the *appel comme d'abus* in France. It is not so easy to appreciate the force of another regulation which vests the power left in the hands of the bishops in themselves alone, "to the exclusion of the Pope and all non-German authorities"; for, unless all intercourse with Rome is forbidden, and the prohibition rigidly enforced—which would be equivalent to creating a formal schism—they are pretty sure for the present to exercise their powers under Papal direction, whether formally expressed or not. It will take some years, of course, for a new generation of clergy to grow up under these changed conditions of discipline and general culture, supposing Dr. Falk's measures to become law; and no important result therefore, can be looked for in the immediate future. But meanwhile the position of the Old Catholics will be materially strengthened in the Empire, and their ranks are likely to be augmented by fresh recruits from the parochial clergy, when fidelity to conviction no longer means starvation and disgrace. But it remains to be seen whether the hierarchy will submit to the new conditions to be imposed on it without a desperate struggle. There is no point that has been more strenuously insisted upon during the last three centuries, wherever Rome and her faithful prætorians, the Jesuits, could have their way, than the separate system of seminary training, which may indeed for the purposes of the Curia be almost regarded as the key of the whole position. It provides in every country a well drilled army, through which the *mot d'ordre* from headquarters can be swiftly and surely circulated at any moment, and whose first instinct will be not to reason, but to obey. Such an organization is invaluable from the Roman point of view; but in proportion as it promotes the ends of a centralized Papal bureaucracy, it is not unnaturally regarded with disfavour by society generally, and with jealous suspicion by the State.

AMERICAN JOURNALISM.

AMERICAN journalism is coming to the front at the Vienna Exhibition. An imitator of Mr. Cole, C.B. has proposed to form a catalogue of American periodical literature, with specimens, and it is expected that by this means an idea of the great mental activity of America will be impressed upon European visitors to the Exhibition. Some visitors might perhaps think that it is possible for a country to have too many newspapers or to spend too much time in reading them, but that view is not likely to be accepted by the projector of this catalogue. "Ours," he says, "is pre-eminently a country of newspapers." He challenges the outside world to show anything approaching the enterprise, vigour, and extent of American journalism. "An opportunity now presents itself for making good our claim to this distinction." It is proposed to exhibit a single specimen number of every newspaper, magazine, or review issued in the United States, and the collection would also embrace all periodical publications circulated gratuitously by tradesmen. To collect and classify such an immense mass of material will be a laborious task, to which, however, the patriotic energy of the projector promises to be equal. Indeed he undertakes even more than this. The collection is to include also almanacs and year-books, periodical reports on matters of general interest, transactions of learned societies, "certain periodical patent medicine pamphlets, and similar publications." The collection will be arranged geographically, "so that every section of the country may receive due credit for its contributions to periodical literature—the education of the masses."

It is remarkable that the author of this proposal does not see that his collection would not excite the slightest interest in the majority of visitors to the Exhibition except perhaps as a convenient magazine of waste paper. As regards Englishmen, many of us when we go upon a holiday abhor the sight of any print beyond a guide-book; and at any rate we have enough of reports and circulars and pamphlets at home, and do not care to be overwhelmed with the produce of America. If it were a thing to be proud of, we could ourselves make a considerable contribution to such a collection as is here proposed. An enthusiastic admirer of penny-postage once proposed the number of letters received within a given area as a test of the happiness of its inhabitants. This projector would perhaps consider the quantity of circulars issued in a district as a measure of its education or intelligence. He proposes to give the outer world an opportunity of seeing "with what comparative exhaustiveness even the special subdivisions of trades are represented in the periodical press of the United States." If the outer world felt any curiosity on the subject, we could easily convince it that trades are represented in the periodical press of England to an extent that is not only comparatively, but positively, exhausting to those who have the misfortune to be familiar with it. There was, and probably is, a periodical called the *Grocer*. Such a periodical would doubtless be useful and interesting to many London tradesmen, but we should not have dreamed of exhibiting it to the people of all nations who will be collected at Vienna, and of whom the great majority will not understand one word of English. We should hardly think that even the most industrious German would be tempted to acquire our language for the sake of reading a leading article upon sugar. Nor can we conceive that either a single number or even an entire series of the *Grocer* would form a very stupendous spectacle for the foreigner who could not read it. However, let us say no more at present about our own periodicals, whether they represent trade or anything else. We will leave to America undisputed possession of the wonderful supposition that all mankind must be interested in publications which only a few could, and still fewer would, read. It is suggested, indeed, that the proposed catalogue of American publications may sometimes be useful for purposes of business. "Suppose a merchant in a distant part of the world desirous of information touching Petroleum in America." We should expect that he would write to a correspondent. But this projector expects that he would look at the index of the catalogue, "where he would be immediately referred to the *Titusville Herald* and such other American journals as represent this interest." Considering that the merchant in a distant part of the world, even if he happened to have the catalogue at hand, would certainly be obliged to await a return of post from America before he could be supplied with the *Titusville Herald*, and that perhaps he could not read it when he had got it, we remain of our original opinion that he would be likely to seek information about petroleum by ordinary correspondence. But still it is permissible to American vanity to speculate on the effect to be produced on the mind of a Transylvanian or a Belgian by the sight of a copy of the *Titusville Herald* in the Exhibition at Vienna.

We have obtained the above particulars from a circular issued to the publishers of American newspapers and periodicals, inviting them to make returns descriptive of the "broader characteristics, as well as the individual features," of their publications. It might be interesting to outsiders to see a collection of similar returns made on account of the English press; but it is hardly probable that a Frenchman or German would take the trouble to understand them. There is probably no foreigner who can distinguish the religious sects and parties into which we are divided; and still less would it be possible to derive any clear idea from a classification of newspapers by religion, even if the newspapers were able to classify themselves, which would, as we think, be difficult. We frankly admit the "exhaustiveness" of the proposed classification, and indeed we should expect that it would exhaust both the energy of the publishers and the patience of the public. "Thus," says the circular, "under the heading 'Commerce,' a leading periodical would be further qualified as 'free trade' or 'protectionist'; under 'Religion' as 'episcopal,' 'presbyterian,' 'Lutheran,' 'Jewish,' and, with the various shades represented, 'orthodox,' 'reformed,' &c." It is added that this exact classification must be of essential service both at home and abroad to subscribers as well as to advertisers. All this is exactly in the style in which Mr. Cole, C.B. recommended his Universal Catalogue of Art Books, in which, however, the public failed to see any utility at all except as a convenient method of providing public employment and pay for professors of the art of using scissors and paste. The proposal to specify the political character of newspapers seems to us an instance of what is called "putting too fine a point upon it." Thus it might be difficult for anybody in or out of Printing-house Square to define the politics of the *Times*. As far as we can understand the principle of classification, it would not be necessary for any of the London daily newspapers to explain whether they have any and what religion. But

when we come to weekly newspapers we are not quite sure how to deal with them. There are two or three such newspapers of which the name will occur to every reader. They supply political, social, and even fashionable intelligence, both home and foreign, and it might be inferred from the prominence which they give to particular heads of news that the larger part of their readers are clerical. These newspapers, therefore, feel called upon to have a religion, and we will assume that they are capable of describing it. But if every periodical that circulates primarily among the clergy is under the same obligation, it would apply, among others, to the *Clerical Directory*. On looking at the published form of return we find more questions asked than are likely to be answered. A newspaper is not, we think, bound to state its circulation any more than a lady is to disclose her age. It would be entirely contrary to English practice to publish the editor's name. As regards the "subject-matter of publication" the answer would perhaps be easy to the publisher, although apparently difficult to anybody else. Thus we have before us a paper called the *Metropolitan*, of which we assume the object is to furnish information specially interesting to the inhabitants of London. Such a paper clearly need not have a religion, and we should think that, in any but a local sense, it need not have any politics. It publishes at full length the proceedings of the Metropolitan Board of Works, which may be considered from its point of view as superior in importance to those of the Imperial Parliament. Besides this paper, which aims at representing the whole metropolis, each considerable section has one or more newspapers which concern themselves with local interests in a narrower sense. Then there are journals which devote themselves to writing down the liquor trade, or the use of tobacco, or the Game-laws. We have seen lately a publication calling itself *Sale and Barter*, which purports to be "a universal register of property for disposal," but which nevertheless makes excursions into the domains of literature, politics, and possibly religion. All these publications are useful in various ways, and some of them perhaps are ornamental. They show intellectual activity of a certain kind; but if we have in England a journal devoted to the tobacco trade, we should rather accept the fact in silence than boast of it to the universe. Unfortunately the habit of tall talk is deeply rooted in America, and native readers of this circular are likely to be insensible to its grotesque character. Let us hope that this country is not quite so far gone in the same bad way. The number and variety of our newspapers prove our wealth and material resources, but are less conclusive upon the question whether our people are educated as they ought to be.

SHRINES AND THEIR VISITORS.

WHEN we read of expeditions of the faithful such as that which has just made its annual start from Cairo for the Kaaba, we are almost inclined to lament the decay of faith in Christendom, and to regret that what used to be the religion of conviction should pass now for superstition. When the Church approved the pilgrimages which sought absolution and the remission of sins through a long series of perils and hardships, it only sanctified and utilized a principle which had been a spring of human action from the most remote ages. Faith hallowed works. As the devout Mussulman to this day can only die in peace and hope when his face is turned to Mecca, so there was unspeakable comfort alike to the oppressors of the middle ages and to their victims when they turned their backs on the world in which they had sinned and suffered. Their betaking themselves to pilgrimage was the visible sign of the repentance that was to soothe remorse, of the final renunciation of the earthly ambitions which had been a snare to them. It was the foretaste of the heavenly joys which were to recompense worldly griefs and miseries. We can in some measure conceive the exaltation or prostration of mind that induced them to set themselves to work out their salvation by a slow, painful, and wearing process. The solitary pilgrim who started from the shores of the West for the Holy Sepulchre and the scenes of the Passion and Crucifixion could feel little confidence that his strength and means would ever carry him to the distant end of his journey. The simplicity of his outfit indicated the hopelessness of making fleshly preparations adequate to an undertaking so formidable. With his gown of serge and his staff, his scrip, his sandals, and his scallop-shell, he made his start, relying on his helplessness and on charity, next to the guardianship of the saints and angels. If the symbols of his calling usually served as a passport through the domains of the truculent petty tyrants who levied contributions on every one else; if his poverty was a safeguard among those roving bands of freebooters who ambushed themselves in the forests, and flayed and plundered travellers on their own account; if he often found harbour for the night and rude hospitality from some monastic establishment bound by its vows to entertain pilgrims, or from poor peasants who looked for repayment from above for the crust and cup of cold water they bestowed in charity—still his sufferings must have been great even while his route yet lay through Christian countries, and many a constitution enfeebled by excess or privation must have succumbed. He was condemned to perpetual silence and denied all human intercourse, save that of looks and signs, as he journeyed onwards among people of strange speech; his fare was coarse and scanty, and his quarters were rough at the best; he was exposed to all the vicissitudes of seasons and weather, and he had to perform a pedestrian feat over execrable roads which would have sorely tested the endurance of the toughest and most highly trained professional of modern times. But hardships changed to deadly and constant peril when he had to pass on to the territory that was under the sway of the Soldan. In spite of a certain sympathy which even Moslem fanatics felt for travellers bound on a holy pilgrimage, in spite of a precarious protection from those military monks who upheld Christianity and championed Christians in Palestine, it remains a mystery how even the few who did live on were ever spared to kneel at the Sepulchre. The reward of those few no doubt was great, and even those who died in striving after its attainment died in hope, if not in assurance. But it is no wonder that, as scepticism in later centuries spread with enlightenment, faith, growing feebler, should shrink from an ordeal so terrible and from sacrifices so tremendous. Men began to seek absolution by instalments. They squared their spiritual accounts by shorter and less formidable pilgrimages; and more accessible shrines, like that of the sainted Becket, grew fast in favour and renown. The dignified priests, who assumed greater authority as they were enriched by the offerings of the throngs of worshippers, made it matter of conscience or interest to expatiate on the miraculous potency of their patron saint in all matters spiritual and carnal. Then, in place of those long wanderings when men as it were partook of the viaticum before a journey that must probably be their last, we have the cheery Canterbury pilgrims cantering across the bright pages of Chaucer, and lightening the way with their merry tales. Their sins and peccadilloes sat as easily upon them as those of the Belgravian penitents who crowd in the very latest fashions to hang upon the eloquent lips of some Charles Honeyman.

That fresh old faith still survives among the more dreamy Orientals in all its fulness, and one is half tempted to envy it to them. How long it will linger on in anything like its pristine freshness and vigour even in the East it is difficult to say; but we suspect that material influences will sap it more swiftly and surely than moral ones. It is not certain that even the spread of education will fatally impair it. The religion of shrines and of pilgrimages is of the very essence of Mahommedanism, and a Mahommedan is seldom the less devout because he has learned to go straight to his sacred writings for instruction as to the tenets of his faith. But in proportion as science and enterprise facilitate these holy journeys, as philanthropists encourage road-making and introduce sanitary improvements at the most renowned religious centres, as time is economized and mortality diminished, so the pilgrimages will assume an altered aspect. The number of votaries may increase for a time, but pilgrimage will be undertaken in a lighter spirit. We may call the motive that has hitherto sent men on such journeys superstition if we will; still it is impossible that people should not more or less feel it to be a serious matter to be travelling in the shadow of probable death. One remembers the graphic chapter in which Dr. Hunter describes those stupendous human sacrifices which are periodically offered at the shrine of Jagganáth. The vexed question as to whether the devotees cast themselves deliberately under the car of the idol is of little consequence. They perish by thousands, by a death almost as certain, in the city of Puri, and on the roads that lead to it. They toil thither over burning plains and through pestilential swamps; they sojourn at the place itself in a crowded hotbed of disease, whose streets are so many streaming cesspools fermenting under a blazing sun; they feed upon putrid rice and sweetmeats until these scanty supplies of slow poison run out, and then they starve. There must be something that is solemn and sincere about a journey that is likely to lead you literally through the Swárga-Dwara—the gate of heaven—although the motives that inspire it may be mingled, and although there may be much that is ludicrous and trivial in its episodes. So in that annual expedition of pious Mahommedans who make Cairo their starting point for Mecca. It may not be so terrible an affair as its Hindu counterpart, and the goal at Mecca is looked forward to as a place of repose and refreshment, but nevertheless many drop by the way. For weeks, if not months, before the caravan starts, the men who mean to join it come flocking in to Cairo. Many of them ply their industries, or sell the wares they have brought from their own far countries, by way of providing for their travelling expenses. But, grave as is the ordinary population to be seen in the Cairo bazaars, you imagine that the faces of these stranger pilgrims look more serious than those of their neighbours. Nor is it surprising. It is not playing at religion to travel in a slow caravan through the sands, sunlight, and simoom of the burning Desert, keeping body and soul together with a stock of provisions which there is seldom the means of replenishing; with brackish water simmering in the bottom of their flaccid water-skins, speculating on the possible contents of the next distant well—to say nothing of the chances of attack from wandering Ishmaelitish robbers who may not even respect the sacred Kisweh or the Mahmal. Yet the sufferings of Hindu and Moslem pilgrims have already been shortened; their expenses and the risks they run have been reduced. Puri and Mecca owe not a few of their visitors nowadays to Western energy and joint-stock enterprise. Many of the worshippers of Jagganáth are carried cheaply third-class by Indian Railway Companies to the edge of the swamps and wastes through which they have to foot it. Moors and Algerians, Syrians and Persians, take their steerage passage to Alexandria on board a Mediterranean screw-steamer, in place of crowding together on some primitive craft which beats up slowly against the adverse elements,

and whose decks are swept in turn by the chopping seas and the unwieldly boom of the tremendous lateen sail. Sooner or later the Railway Companies of Northern India may construct an Orissa Extension; a native Board of Works may undertake the purification of Puri under English superintendence, and a city of model lodging-houses may rise round the gates of Jagganáth's temple. Sooner or later that system of Egyptian railways which is stretching itself towards the oases in the Libyan Desert and the sources of the Nile will doubtless embrace the caravan road to Arabia; while, should the improving traffic be sufficiently encouraging, a regular line of steamers may be established to ply in correspondence with the port of the holy Mecca. Only, if the manner of pilgrimage comes to be modified by modern facilities, the spirit will probably be transformed as well.

If we were to speculate on the day when some Hindu or Egyptian Cook will organize his pilgrim parties and issue his programmes and coupons—the system, indeed, is to a certain extent adopted in India already—we should scarcely exaggerate the probabilities of the case. We have actually seen what is the nineteenth-century counterpart of the old Christian pilgrimages, primitive and mediæval. The catastrophe which has befallen France, with the consequent depression, searchings of hearts, and self-humiliation, created a state of feeling which was morbid, although unquestionably sincere. Minds were stirred, and the contagion spread in devout circles as it did in other times. The sneers of polite sceptics, the threats and abuse of the democratic crowds, far from deterring, acted as incentives. They represented that more material persecution of darker times under which faith proverbially flourished. Yet what did the movement come to after all? We do not venture to scrutinize the secrets of individual hearts, or to appraise the aggregate amount of genuine religious feeling; but we may be sure that only intense earnestness and exceptionally profound enthusiasm could have altogether resisted the disenchantment of uncongenial and commonplace surroundings. Crowds gathered at the Madeleine to receive, among other excellent advice, words of practical counsel as to the travelling commissariat. There were special trains and first-class carriages for those who could afford them, perhaps somewhat crowded. The worst hardship was a little cramping of the limbs, some slight restrictions as to personal baggage, a scramble for beds in the inns and lodging-houses of Lourdes, and sundry shortcomings in eggs and fresh butter. Of course some few impressionable, exalted, or abstracted natures may have soared superior to all these trivial commonplaces which dragged them back again to everyday life; they may have bent in concentrated fervour at the Virgin's shrine, and come home again comforted with the idea that they had done something towards saving not only their own souls, but their sinful and suffering country. But certainly it must have been far otherwise with the majority; the result of their pious experiment must have satisfied many of the devotees that the days of pilgrimages had gone by in the West. If the religion of the shrine still lingers in the East, it is because the romance and the reality of endurance and suffering remain there as well; but faith will inevitably give way to fashion as the roads to the shrine are smoothed and shortened.

THE METROPOLITAN FIRE BRIGADE.

THE duties of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade are performed by a total force of under four hundred men. The Chief Officer testifies in his Report for last year to the valuable assistance which he has received from the police as well as from the public. He draws attention to the danger to which valuable property on both sides of the Thames is exposed during a considerable portion of every day, when it is cut off from a quick supply of water. This deficiency occurs regularly twice every day, and lasts each time about eight hours—namely, from two hours after high water on the ebb tide to two hours before high water on the flood. Thus during about sixteen out of every twenty-four hours waterside premises are liable to be placed in the utmost peril by any fire occurring in them or in their immediate neighbourhood. Experience has shown that at certain parts of the banks a single line of hose cannot be got on shore in less than thirty minutes by forty skilled men working in full daylight. It is necessary to make a road over the mud by means of hurdles, matting, or other appliances, and, even after this has been done, the utmost caution is required to prevent the men falling over and being lost. It is impossible to save a man out of the mud unless he is seen at the moment of his fall and the spot is marked before the mud closes over him. Among the dangers to which firemen are exposed must therefore be reckoned this, of being smothered in the mud which intervenes between the water of the river and the fire to which they desire to apply it. The remedy for this deplorable state of things would be to provide a sufficient number of "hards" over which the firemen could pass without the delay which occurs when they have to lay down a road for themselves. It would also be necessary to provide on the land side pipes of adequate size, with a constant supply of water. At present such pipes do not exist, and thus valuable premises, being as it were between land and water, enjoy during many hours of the day the advantages of neither. A floating fire-engine is very powerful where it can float, but its efficiency depends upon the condition of the tide. Owners of river-side property will do well to consider the danger to which they are thus exposed. The skill and courage of the Fire Brigade ought not to be neutralized by circumstances which are capable of removal.

It will probably have occurred to many persons that, considering the dangerous nature of gas, and the small caution with which it is used, the number of accidents arising from it is wonderfully small. We find from the Report before us that the number of serious and slight fires in lodgings in the year 1872 was 161, of which 44 are attributed to candles, and only 4 to gas. Of 289 fires in private houses 71 were caused by candles, and only 17 by gas. Children playing with lucifers caused 9 fires in private houses, and lucifers ignited in other ways also caused 9 fires. Thus lucifers appear to be slightly more dangerous than gas. Defect or foulness of flues caused 53 fires. Smoking tobacco caused 5 fires, and intoxication only 1. It is certainly remarkable that so small a share of mischief should be ascribed to excess in drink. It has been often observed that drunken men take much better care of themselves and their property than might have been expected. They contrive to avoid falling either into ditches or under wheels, and it would almost seem that since the new Licensing Act the greatest danger to which they are liable is a policeman. In lodgings, where perhaps there is more disorder than in private houses, the number of fires attributed to intoxication is only 4. In houses kept by "victuallers," which doubtless means persons who sell drink, not a single fire is ascribed to excessive drinking. There are, however, a considerable number of fires of which the cause is stated to be unknown, and perhaps it may be fair to assume in some of these cases obliviousness produced by drink. But even after making a considerable addition on this account, it is surprising that what the *Alliance News* would call "barrel and bottle work" makes so small a figure in these returns. Smokers at any rate have much more to answer for than tipplers.

A few years ago Captain Shaw supplied to a Committee of the House of Commons some curious calculations as to the amount "spent" in various towns on fires. In Liverpool, he said, they spend 12*l.* on each fire, and in Dublin they spend 20*l.*, while in London the cost amounted to 18*l.* These figures were doubtless obtained by dividing the total cost of a Fire Brigade in a year by the number of fires. It appeared by the same process of calculation that in Boston they spend 157*l.* on a fire, in Baltimore 90*l.*, and in New Orleans 172*l.* In New York formerly the Fire Brigade was altogether a voluntary force, if indeed it deserved to be called a force. "Their behaviour," said Captain Shaw, "was, to say the least, disorderly. There was no management, and there were constant quarrels." Nothing was properly done, and the system became at last quite intolerable, and was abandoned. A paid system was then established, which followed slowly in the footsteps of the London Brigade. The reason why they had not advanced as fast as they intended was that they had been obliged to enrol in the paid brigade so many members of the old brigade. It was suggested that these American brigades did not touch small fires; but Captain Shaw answered that they made a great deal of show and turned out the engines at great expense. The principal number of Captain Shaw's men were at that time sailors taken either from the Royal or mercantile navy. No men, he said, are so available as sailors, especially if they could be obtained young enough. The sailor has learned discipline, and is so strong and handy at climbing and other quick work that he can be made available for the general work in two or three months.

The earliest establishment by law of fire-engines in London was parochial, and dates from the year 1707. A few of the Insurance Companies had previously established engines of their own. The parish engines received rewards for attending at fires, but it was not necessary to have an effective engine in order to claim the reward, and the consequence was that the parish engines soon fell into great neglect. The beadles in charge of the engines were generally very old men, and they sent the engines out in charge of boys, and in some cases of women, and they took the rewards all the same. This being all that the law could do, the Insurance Companies tried to improve upon it by voluntary action. They tried for many years to amalgamate their forces, but there were great difficulties in the way. The chief objection was that any Companies which refused to join would still have their own engines as an advertisement, and would make themselves very much known; whereas those Companies who joined would lose the advantage of the advertisement afforded by their engines running about the streets. After a great deal of negotiation, the London fire-engine establishment was formed in the year 1833, and it lasted for thirty-three years. Immediately after the great fire in Tooley Street in 1862, the Insurance Companies began to reconsider a subject which had been frequently before them—namely, the responsibility of continuing to protect the whole of London at the expense of the insurers of London. It is wonderful that such a system should have endured so long. The Fire Brigade of the Insurance Companies was handed over to the Metropolitan Board of Works on 1st January, 1866. The chief station is at Watling Street, where it used to be. The most distant station in 1865 was three miles from the central station, but now there are stations at distances of six miles or more, and new stations are being continually added. The number of miles run by fire-engines in a year is upwards of seventeen thousand. There are few false alarms, whereas in some American cities there are many. There is still much to be done in the way of building stations, and in finding men to put into them.

London is spread over so much ground that it must be difficult to satisfy expectations which can hardly be called unreasonable.

People naturally think that there ought to be a station near them, and efforts have been made in several districts to supplement the deficiencies of the regular Fire Brigade by a voluntary organization. There is not much danger of such an organization being converted to a political purpose as was done some years ago at New York. But perhaps it might have a tendency to become ornamental rather than useful. Captain Shaw, being questioned on this subject before the Committee of the House of Commons, spoke handsomely of the services of the volunteers, but gently complained of them for copying his men's helmet. It must have been difficult for Captain Shaw to preserve decorous respect for the Committee when a member of it asked him whether he did not think it would be an advantage to have a number of volunteers who would "take up the question" and stimulate his men to come forward in time. It is one thing to take up a question and another to do a fireman's work. The notion of a race between regulars and volunteers for priority of arrival is slightly ludicrous. The Fire Brigade owes much of its efficiency to exact discipline, and a competition between it and another force excelling rather in zeal than order would probably go far to neutralize the utility of both. There must clearly be a commander of the army which engages the fiery enemy, and we suppose that the volunteers would hardly expect him to be chosen from among themselves. There are places beyond the sphere of action of the Fire Brigade, but yet almost forming part of London, where we believe the services of volunteers have proved highly valuable. In the country, of course, everybody lends a hand with or without a head to guide it. Graduates of Cambridge may remember a time when that town and neighbourhood were remarkable for numerous fires, and an excursion to a blazing farmyard became one of the regular amusements of the winter term. In a country town the custom is, or was, to enter the houses supposed to be in danger and remove the property to any other houses at a safe distance. When leisure came for the reclamation of this property, some pieces perhaps might prove to have gone irreclaimably astray. In London, if you pause near the scene of a fire, a policeman moves you on. In the country, if you do not hasten to give assistance, you are thought to want both courage and humanity. Between town and country lie the districts where volunteers supply more or less the place, and sometimes usurp the uniform, of the Fire Brigade. When Captain Shaw gave his evidence both the strength and the cost of the force which he commands were less than half of that which works excellently in Paris. Probably this proportion has been maintained, although the growth of London calls for more firemen every year. Skilled officers and well-trained men produce astonishing results. They cannot, of course, prevent fires breaking out, but they can and do arrest their progress. Dryden decorously assumed that the personal intervention of King Charles II. helped to stay the progress of the Great Fire of London. But nowadays both Court and city would prefer Captain Shaw to any other leader, however illustrious. It is a comfort to reflect that the Metropolitan Fire Brigade is one of the institutions of the country which nobody abuses at home, and every competent observer from abroad must admire. It owes its origin, as we have shown, to a voluntary association of Insurance Offices, and it is one of the most remarkable monuments of the capacity for organization of Englishmen not employed or impeded by Government.

THE OLD MASTERS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

II.

THE gem of the collection is Raffaelle's "Agony in the Garden" (176). There are pictures more striking in effect, more grand and original in conception, and there are canvases or panels ten, nay twenty, times the size; but this little work is in its sphere faultless; we call it a gem because of its purity, its lustre, its perfection. Much might be written concerning the curious history and the matchless art of this representative work, mentioned by Vasari, and described in detail by Passavant. The picture was painted at Urbino about the year 1505; Raffaelle was twenty-one years of age, his father and mother were both dead; he had entered the school of Perugino, had made his first visit to Florence, and then returned for a brief space to his native city in the Umbrian hills, apparently because his good parents had left "his affairs in much confusion." These few biographical details give a clue to the carefully wrought work before us. It belongs to what, with some appearance of paradox, may be termed the præ-Raffaellite period of Raffaelle; in other words, it is almost identical with the works of his master. Indeed Vasari expressly states that at this period Raffaelle imitated with such exactitude the manner of Perugino that the difference between the work of the master and of his pupil could not be discerned with any certainty. "The Agony in the Garden," by Perugino, now in the Belle Arti, Florence, is more than analogous to, for in some parts, especially of the three sleeping Apostles, it is all but identical with, the composition now exhibited. Yet the authenticity of this composition seems established by the words of Vasari, who relates that the youthful Raffaelle, while abiding at Urbino, painted for Duke Guidobaldo "a small picture representing Christ praying in the Garden with three of the Apostles, who are sleeping at some distance, and which is so beautifully painted that it could scarcely be better or otherwise were it even in miniature." When Vasari wrote, the work was treasured as a sacred thing in the Hermitage of Camaldoli, Urbino; it then passed into the possession of Prince Gabrielli and was long in Rome, whence it was stolen and lost, but at length found in Germany, and, after a law-suit, recovered. In the year 1844 it was acquired by Mr. Woodburn; in the following year it passed into the possession of Mr. Coningham, and is now the property of the present exhibitor, Mr. Fuller Maitland. In the course of these recent changes of ownership it is known to have fetched the sum of 787*l.* 10*s.*, which is at the moderate rate of twenty-five shillings the square inch; under the amazing rise in prices of late years the value must be vastly augmented. The Garvagh Holy Family was purchased for the National Gallery at 9,000*l.* which is at the rate of more than 45*l.* to each square inch of panel. The picture now exhibited is, on the whole, in good preservation, yet writers who describe it say that some parts have been ill restored. We have given space to this "Agony in the Garden" because, as we have said, it stands as a representative product; it shows Raffaelle before his great change; it is at the antipodes to his latest work "The Transfiguration" in the Vatican; it retains the simplicity, the earnestness, the devotion which belong to the spiritual school of Umbria. In the Orleans Gallery there was an analogous composition.

In the Venetian school Titian again takes the lead. First comes "The Cornaro Family" (146), a spacious panorama, brilliant as a sunny day, dramatic as a group of richly robed senators on the stage. It would not be quite correct to say that the canvas has been covered carelessly or coarsely, and yet throughout the handling is rapid and broad almost to a fault; indeed some have surmised, though only on slight internal evidence, that Tintoret may have knocked in certain dashing passages. A picture of this somewhat routine character, displaying considerable inequalities, and scarcely in any part, save the two principal heads, rising to the pitch of Titianesque perfection, may well have been committed in a great degree to scholars, of whom Tintoret was one. The style too, as well as the general idea of the composition, bears some analogy to the masterwork of Veronese, "The Family of Darius," in the National Gallery; so true is it that a school like that of Venice, when firmly established in its principles and practice, is able to produce great works which represent not an individual only but a period, and embody as it were the collective genius of a community. This remark may be further enforced by the "Portrait of an Armed Man in Black" (143), a picture which, though it bears the name of Titian, might equally well be assigned to Morone. In fact, speculations as to the identity of the old masters are as endless as they are interesting; at the present moment criticism tends to scepticism—a reaction no doubt from the credulity which some time past put to the credit of a few great painters the countless products of pupils and imitators. Yet perhaps we cannot be far wrong in placing implicit faith in that lovely little figure, "The Lace-maker" (123). Titian here shows himself the great forerunner of Reynolds; indeed this charming conception might be fitly called "the age of innocence"; the child has the eyes of surprise, the quiet mouse-like manner, the timorousness, the half-awakening consciousness, which give indescribable charm to the children of Reynolds. Titian was never more delicate in pearly grey, not even in the dress of the famous "Flora" in Florence. Close by hangs one of the most slashing of portraits ever assigned to Tintoret (124), and the opposite wall receives decoration from the same exuberant pencil and glowing palette in a highly imaginative rendering of the "Baptism of Christ" (140). The picture was exhibited at Leeds. We have also seen a replica, possibly with variations, in a church at Verona. The composition has the accustomed impetuosity of the master; no genius was ever troubled with such unrest. St. John is of the size of a river god; cherubs rush in where angels fear to tread; the dove struggles in danger through storm clouds. Grand is the glory of the upper sky, and imagination takes free fling through space. We cannot credit Bonifazio—a master rare except in Venice—with the ridiculous medley called "A Pilgrimage to the Temple of Fame" (78). Neither can we inflict on Giorgione "A Lady and Boy of the Morosini Family" (145). Nor is it by any means sure that Paris Bordone could have painted, at least from the life, "Violante, Daughter of Palma Vecchio" (134). Bordone was born in 1500, and the lovely Violante was in her prime between 1516 and 1520. The style is here in the advanced manner of Bordone, who lived up to 1571; the blooming Violante, therefore, in all probability had grown into an old woman at the date of this picture. No head is better known; Palma and Titian again and again painted the lady, sometimes in company with her two sisters. On the whole, we incline to think the figure now on view a free version made by Bordone from Titian. The colouring is that of Bordone when he strove to imitate his second master, Titian, just as the colouring in a notable composition, "A Knight Arming" (227), is that of the same master when under the spell of Giorgione. Here the warrior is in grave mood, for he enters on solemn duty, and his comrades await his coming; a youth diligently buckles on his armour, and a black page holds his helmet. The canvas has doubtless darkened considerably, and yet we may be sure it was never light; the picture evidently having been carried out, as already said, in emulation of the more shadowy conceptions of Giorgione, wherein light loses itself in obscurity, and colour is mysteriously veiled as if glowing out of half-hidden depths. Colour so treated has great significance; it becomes expressive of thought and responsive to emotion.

Some interesting Spanish pictures come from the collection of the late Mr. Richard Ford, the well-known author of the Hand-

book which opened the Peninsula to English tourists. No man has written in a smarter way of Spanish art; we often have occasion to refer to his keen-sighted judgments. That the five pictures now exhibited prove a little disappointing may in some measure arise from the deplorable condition into which they have fallen. Of historic importance are the two portraits (116, 125), by Velasquez, of the first and second wives of Philip IV. The first scarcely bears out, we think, the words of Sir William Stirling-Maxwell:—"The beautiful Queen Isabella de Bourbon—Elizabeth of France, daughter of Henry IV. and sister of our Henrietta Maria—the first wife of Philip IV., was the star of the Court, and the loveliest subject of the pencil of Velasquez." And the exhaustive Catalogue to the "Annals" makes no mention of the picture now exhibited; it possibly is a replica. Mariana of Austria, the second Queen of Philip IV. (125), was, we are told, "a gay princess, prone to vex her solemn lord with girlish laughter"; the King, it is said, was never known to smile but three times in his life, which may account for the solemnity of his face whenever it appears in picture galleries. The portrait of the second Queen, now before us, was formerly in the Royal Palace at Madrid; it subsequently fell into the possession of General Meade, at whose sale in London in 1847 it was purchased for thirteen guineas—another proof of how vastly prices have changed within the last quarter of a century. From the collection of the Earl of Radnor come two noble figures which again show Velasquez the greatest of portrait-painters. To both works interesting stories attach. "Juan de Pareja" (141) was an intelligent, bright-eyed mulatto, with thick nose and lips, and curling black hair. At first he was the slave of Velasquez; he cleaned the brushes, ground the colours, set the palettes, and swept out the studio. But at length he learned to use the brushes he washed, and the King one day, discovering in the painting-room a picture by the poor colour-grinder, turned to Velasquez, and said, "You see that a painter like this ought not to remain a slave." Velasquez immediately gave to his faithful servant freedom, together with all the educational advantages of his studio. We know of two very creditable works by Pareja, severally in the Galleries of Madrid and St. Petersburg. "The calling of St. Matthew" in the former contains the artist's own portrait. We dwell on these biographical incidents because Pareja, whose swarthy physiognomy we have now the opportunity of studying, is the only historic indication that a mulatto and a slave is capable of becoming an artist of renown. Yet Pareja was little more than a copyist; his portraits, in fact, are so far imitations as to have been mistaken for the work of Velasquez. Of no less interest in the story of Spanish art is the portrait of Admiral Pareja (149), also by Velasquez. The picture is said to have been painted with brushes of unusual length, and certainly the figure tells with amazing power and life-like presence at unusual distance. It is related that Philip IV., taking his accustomed lounge through the painting room where the full-length portrait stood, exclaimed, "What, still here my admiral!" and receiving no reply, turned to Velasquez and said, "I assure you I was taken in." "Signing the Marriage Contract between the Infanta Margarita Maria, daughter of Philip IV., and the Emperor Leopold" (86), seems doubtful; possibly the figure of the Infanta is a first rubbing in by the master. A more veritable work, though not mentioned by Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, is "A Woman making an Omelette" (92). The intense realism and individualism in detail and in character place this life-like scene in the same category with "The Water Sellers" in Apsley House. The pictures of Murillo, though professedly six in number, are of comparatively slight worth; "Ruth and Naomi" (152) is the best, and undoubtedly genuine. We cannot close the Spanish school without directing attention to an impressive work, "Christ Bearing the Cross" (104), a signed canvas by Francisco Ribalta, a painter of Valencia, who formed his style in Italy under the posthumous influence of Raffaelle. But Spanish artists emulate Italian painters with a difference; they are uniformly dark, draped, and devotional; and such is the aspect of this "Christ" heavily laden under the burden of the Cross. It were interesting to compare, by means of engravings, photographs, or otherwise, the picture now exhibited with the analogous work in the chapel of Magdalen College, Oxford—a composition which, under the absolute ignorance which in England formerly prevailed even in high places, has been successively assigned to Titian, Ludovico Carracci, Guido, Morales, and one of the two Ribaltas. The signature to the picture now in the Academy, if it can be established as veritable, may go far to solve these historic perplexities.

Rubens is so well known, and has been so often passed under review, that the examples here presented need not detain us long. "The Artist's Son" (74) is better seen in Dresden; also in the same Gallery is a bacchanal scene superior to "Diana returning from the Chase" (207). Space, however, must be afforded for "Daniel in the Lions' Den" (131). That this masterwork is not by Snyders, as some have asserted, may be easily proved by comparison with "The Boar Hunt" (80), in the adjoining room. The handling of Rubens is free, liquid, and sketchy; the execution of Snyders, on the contrary, is hard, mechanical, and laboured. Besides, apart from internal evidence, "we know with certainty," writes Dr. Waagen, "that Rubens executed this picture entirely himself," the evidence being a letter written from Antwerp, wherein the painter says, "Daniel amidst many lions, taken from the life—original; the whole by my hand." Rubens is known as almost unrivalled in the delineation of animals; Sir Edwin Landseer is not his superior in action and in power. The two artists have measured their strength within the walls of the Academy; and the verdict is, that the lions of Landseer are tame, while the lions of Rubens are wild, angry, and ferocious as absolute monarchs of the forest. They grandly prowl around the terrified prophet; indeed Daniel serves but as an excuse for throwing the ravenous beasts into dramatic action.

REVIEWS.

GUBERNATIS'S ZOOLOGICAL MYTHOLOGY.*

SOME little while ago the *Edinburgh Review* passed sentence of death on the so-called science of Comparative Mythology, and uttered a solemn warning against all the dreadful results which would inevitably follow from the adoption of its pernicious principles. Setting aside the plea that the genius of great poets is shown most of all in their power of transmuting the poorest materials into gold, and that their truthfulness and force in the analysis and description of human feelings are not only not called into question, but are indefinitely enhanced, if it should be proved that the rude forms hewn by them into shapes so exquisite really exhibited little or nothing of deep human feeling, the reviewer, speaking on behalf of Homer and Æschylus, of Shakspeare and Milton, laid his ban on all attempts to reduce to mythical phrases the stories of Helen and Achilleus, of Paris and Hektor. A process which called itself scientific and which might possibly invade even the sacred circle of the dramas of Shakspeare was more than flesh and blood could bear; and the ease with which the process might be applied to some at least of Shakspeare's plays was without any misgiving insisted on as a conclusive reason for summarily rejecting the upstart science:—

> Othello [the reviewer ironically argued] is obviously a solar hero, and to the enlightened comparative mythologist the whole tragedy is a transparent solar myth. Some short-sighted critics have indeed supposed that Shakspeare meant to represent in this tragedy the working of human passions such as jealousy and revenge. But this is a complete mistake arising from the non-recognition of the Vedic element which constitutes the essence of all real tragedy.

The science, in short, was by the confession of its upholders a mass of absurdities. The mythical beings of the Vedic hymns were not only vague and shadowy, but both they and their attributes were interchangeable. Professor Max Müller had himself admitted that the same God is sometimes regarded as supreme, sometimes as equal, sometimes as inferior to others, and no sane man would waste time on material so worthless. The supposition that the subject and framework of poems so full of human feeling as the Iliad and Odyssey could have been furnished by phrases which described originally the phenomena of the heaven and the earth drew down even a more severe censure. It was urged that physical phenomena are, and always were, destitute of those elements of interest which must lie at the root of every great poem; and the notion of dramatizing a law of nature was dismissed as absurd and self-contradictory.

If this hard knock could slay the new science, it was perhaps well that the blow should be given; but the assertion of its apparent absurdity as a conclusive ground for condemning it lost somewhat of its force for those whose thoughts turned to the history of astronomy; while the absurdity of dramatizing a law of nature ceased to impress those who remembered that the notion of laws of nature had in the mythopœic ages no existence, and that the supposed lack of interest in physical phenomena is contradicted by many of the most splendid or most touching poems of the greatest poets whether of England or of any other country. Time, it would seem, is already beginning to work its revenge; and the very ark of the Shakspearian drama has been touched by scholars who are not comparative mythologists, and who do not even profess to be mythologists at all. Such students have not been afraid to say that, for some at least of his plays, Shakspeare employed materials obtained from the great storehouse of Aryan myths, and that the drama for the framework of which he is most indebted to these myths is the one marked perhaps beyond all others for the play of the truest and deepest of human feelings—*Hamlet*. The fact that Shakspeare worked from a German model, and that in this model the mythical origin of the story is clearly brought out, cannot be put out of sight; and the shadowy nature of the hero himself has been exhibited most forcibly by a writer who, seeking only to ascertain how far Hamlet belongs to a family which had an historical existence, found that almost every name with which he is connected is the subject of myths common to most or all branches of the Aryan race, that the method of Hamlet's death agrees precisely with that of his father, and that the incidents are found in many other stories of mythical heroes. The diggers in the field may seem to approach perilously near to Othello; but whatever may be the fate of the swarthy Moor and his fair-haired love, the framework of another play of the great English dramatist has in the meanwhile been traced to distant lands and ages by an Italian scholar in a work which marks another stage in the history of mythological research. In the stories of Dirghatamas and Yavâtis, Professor Angelo de Gubernatis discerns King Lear in

* *Zoological Mythology; or Legends of Animals.* By Angelo de Gubernatis, Professor of Sanskrit and Comparative Literature in the Istituto di Studii Superieri at Florence. London: Trübner.

embryo. Cordelia is here the third son, who consents to become old in his father's stead when his two elder brothers refuse, or, in another version, the youngest child who remains with his parents when these have been driven from their home by the elder children.

But the real significance of this very able work lies elsewhere. It is not our intention to pronounce definitely whether the conclusions of the author are right or wrong; but we may acknowledge at the outset the vast learning and the patient care with which he has accumulated and classified in these remarkable volumes a vast store of materials, and the vigour which may carry the reader through his whole book with almost unflagging interest. By first publishing his work in an English dress, which only in a few stray words or expressions betrays the fact that we are reading a translation, Professor Gubernatis has chosen to address himself chiefly to English scholars; and it will not speak well either for their patience or for their impartiality if they fail to weigh carefully the evidence here brought before them. This evidence may be said to bear practically on one point, that point being the one on which for some time past the whole controversy on the comparative theory has been turning. With the *Edinburgh* Reviewer the flexibility of the materials said to be employed in the formation of myths was a sufficient reason for rejecting as absurd the conclusions of comparative mythologists, and for denying the possibility of the science. With Professor Gubernatis this flexibility alone renders the existence of myths possible; and, to say the least, the reader who has gone through these volumes must feel himself almost overwhelmed by the vast array of facts which he must pass under review before he can attempt to reject the proposition as unproven. The author's task has been to deal first, not with the great epic poems and epical heroes and actors, whether of the Eastern or Western world, but with the vast multitude of beasts, birds, and fishes which figure in those poems and traditions. This strange throng, which exhibits innumerable shapes, beautiful or grotesque, graceful or disgusting, lovely or fearful, is most numerous in the Vedic and post-Vedic literature of India. But if we call to mind a few only of the old Greek myths, we shall see at once how large a part these creatures play in them; and yet probably until the question is forced on their notice, not many will have thought it a matter calling for any serious thought. Yet we can scarcely be justified in dismissing it in any offhand fashion, when we have the eagle of Zeus and the owl of Athênê, the horses of Achilleus and Poseidon, the ass of Seilenos and the ass's ears of Midas, when we find Athênê changing herself at will into a bird, and Io changed into an heifer, when we see the boar in the stories of Atys, Adonis, Meleagros, and Odysseus, the terrible Minotauros in the myth of Theseus, and the fire-breathing bulls in that of Medeia. In short, we soon learn that there is scarcely a myth in which bird, beast, or fish may not be found. In the Homeric hymn Apollon throws himself into the sea in the form of a dolphin, and, having guided the Cretan ship to the shores of Krisa, comes out from the waters like a star. In the story of Aristaios the fish-god is seen as the preacher of wisdom, and as a deliverer in that of Arion. As to serpents and dragons, they are everywhere—as noxious beasts in the myths of Phoibos, Kadmos, or Herakles, and in beneficent aspects in the stories of Iamos and Melampous. Dionysos can change himself into a bear or a lion; Lykaon is changed, against his will, into a wolf; Arachne into a spider; Philomêla and Prokne into the nightingale and the swallow. The golden ram carries Phrixos and Helle from the land of Athamas; the three-headed dog guards the gates of Hades. Nay, we have strange unions between Leda and the swan, and heroes and heroines hatched from eggs, with horrible associations between men and horses or other beasts; and not only have we the marvellous changes by which Apollon and Athênê appear as crows, and Talaos as a partridge, but for many of these transformations, or for the manifestation of them, the times are definitely marked. In many cases, of two closely connected beings one only may be seen at a time; in many others, one change passes rapidly into another, like the uncertain colours of a dream. It is only on comparing the Greek myths or traditions with those of other nations or races that our eyes are opened to the enormous range of this mythological zoology. Birds, beasts, reptiles, insects, fishes, here live in a world of their own, reflecting in greater or less degree the forms and habits of the animals of earth, yet never wholly like them; and thus we find ourselves in a labyrinth seemingly inextricable. So tangled is the wilderness and so strange are the creatures which inhabit it, that we may be tempted to look on the task of classification as one beyond human powers, until we see that the mythical zoology of the most distant nations has many, and these the most striking, features in common, and that, if this zoology be the growth of a diseased imagination, all nations have gone mad in precisely the same way, and there is therefore a method in their madness. What we are made to feel most forcibly is that, on whatever theory we are to explain the fact, the world into which we are introduced exhibits a series of incessantly and rapidly shifting scenes, in which the same objects, from different points of view, appear brilliant or dark, lovely or appalling. In short, the phenomena which we have to note are characterized by that flexibility which is so especially distasteful to critics like the writer in the *Edinburgh Review*. In this characteristic Professor Gubernatis sees the condition without which no myth would ever have come into existence. The myths which have branched off into the largest number of legends are, in his judgment, those which are founded on the most fleeting phenomena:—

> a continuous succession of shadows, penumbræ, chiaroscuri, and shades of light, from the black darkness to the silver moon, from the silver moon to the grey twilight of morning, which gradually melts into and confounds itself with the dawn, from the dawn to the aurora, from the aurora to the sun; the same variations occurring, but inversely, in the evening, from the dying sun to the reddish and blood-coloured sky or evening aurora, from the evening aurora to the grey twilight, from the grey twilight to the silver moon, from the silver moon to the gloomy night—this continual change of colours which meet, unite with, and pass into, each other, originated the idea of celestial companions, friends, or relations, who are now in unison and now separate, who now approach to love each other, to move together and affectionately follow each other, now rush upon each other to fight, despoil, betray, and destroy each other turn by turn; who now attract and are now attracted, are now seduced and now seducers, now cheated and now deceivers, now victims, now sacrificers.—I. 320.

In the lives of these companions, friends, rivals, or enemies, the birds, beasts, fishes, reptiles, and insects of the mythical world each fulfil a special office. Nay, these friends or enemies may themselves assume and again throw off these animal forms, and beasts are supposed to go through courses of action which are possible only for a man. The god Hanumant, the son of the bull or of the wind, appearing himself both as a bull and as an ape, receives as a reward from the King Bharatas a hundred thousand cows, sixteen wives, and a hundred servant-maids. As bull or ape, what, Professor Gubernatis asks, could he have done with them?—

> It is these inconsistencies [he adds] which have caused mythology to be condemned by the crowd of old but prolific pedants as a vain science, whereas, on the contrary, it is precisely these inconsistencies which raise it, in our esteem, to the rank of a valid science. He who handed down to us the feats of Hanumant took care also to tell us how he had the faculty of changing his form at will; and this faculty, attributed to this impersonation of a celestial phenomenon, is the fruit of one of the most *naïve* but just observations of virgin and grandiose nature.—I. 90.

This sentence may not accurately represent the author's meaning: but the defects of translation (and in these volumes they are few indeed) cannot invalidate his claim to a hearing; and this hearing he challenges for a proposition which certainly cannot be charged with being either indefinite or indistinct. His first book bears the title of "Animals of the Earth," the second of "Animals of the Air," the third of "Animals of the Water": but he holds that there is but one domain in which all the animals of mythology are produced and play their several parts:—

> This domain is always the heavens, whilst the time during which the mythical action lasts is subject to many variations, being now the day of twelve hours; now that of twenty-four; now the three watches of the night; at one time the lunar month of twenty-seven days, at another the solar month of thirty; sometimes the year of twelve solar, and sometimes that of thirteen lunar, months.—I. p. xvi.

When to these variations are added the changes of phase incessantly going on in the heavens, we seem to lose ourselves in a boundless region where the human imagination may run riot without check. It remains to be seen whether the innumerable images thus produced may be brought into order, and whether the classifications yield results which may be regarded as adequate foundations for a science. For the present we will only remark that, as furnishing materials for the comparative mythologist, the Slavonic traditions are placed by Professor Gubernatis above the Greek. The former in his belief have undergone no change for perhaps three thousand years, while the Tatar himself, a great teller of stories, only increased the taste of the Slavonic peasant for tales, and did not change his legends or his character. In short, the Tatar stories, he maintains, are the Aryan tales themselves, only a little modified by a few Tatar peculiarities. The reader who may wish to see how far the judgment of Professor Gubernatis is confirmed by an independent witness, will find a large amount of mythical zoology in Mr. Rawson's *Songs of the Russian People*.

A LADY OF THE LAST CENTURY.*

IN spite of our self-complacent sense of progress, there is one quality in which we are forced to own ourselves falling short of our forefathers. We cannot read the social history of the last century without feeling that they beat us hollow in the article of vivacity. And this is an admission which carries us further than at first seems, or than is altogether agreeable; for can wit exist without it? It is this quality which makes book-making out of eighteenth-century biography easy writing, and, when written, easy reading. It is not new; we are sure, in fact, that we have read it all somewhere before; but we find ourselves in cheerful company. We open upon a page when society was young—"Ah, woful when!"—and people knew how to entertain each other; and we are entertained at second-hand, though saddened by the contrast, as we range over our acquaintance—able and well informed people probably, but not lively; or we more reasonably ask, each one of himself, Falkland's question—Am *I* the life of the company? which each member of the historical circle was in his turn.

The heroine of Dr. Doran's present book, *A Lady of the Last Century*, is a typical representative of this distinguishing quality. Vivacity, as the characteristic of an age, is a vigorous thing, implying strength—strength of body, mind, and nerve. The vivacious ladies who figure in the history of the period lived long and actively; they danced, they talked, they wrote, they managed their households, and were quite equal to guide themselves and their affairs, and as long as they lived they enjoyed a good laugh. Pre-eminent for this liveliness

* *A Lady of the Last Century: Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu.* Illustrated by her Unpublished Letters. By Dr. Doran. London: Bentley & Son. 1873.

and buoyancy of spirit stands Mrs. Montagu, who on this account alone deserves to be resuscitated by a new volume in her honour. As a child she baudied repartees with her father till he retired discomfited from the contest; her "elegant vivacity" is the theme of her friends, to whom her variety was a constant surprise; her letters are full of spirited comment and happy turns. She carried all she had learnt at her tongue's end. Her conversation won the highest praise from Dr. Johnson for its life:—"That lady exerts more *mind* in conversation than any person I ever met with. Sir, she displays such powers of ratiocination and radiations of intellectual eminence as are amazing." And this vigour and sprightliness lasted her through a long life.

It may be that the deeper and wider view of responsibility enforced upon society, at least in words, by teachers of all schools in our day, is a salutary check on minds open to such influences. We do not pretend to put forward this cheerful, prosperous lady as an example to her sex; it might have been for her good now and then to let the troubles of the world take a stronger hold of her heart and fancy than they seem to have done. She represents an age which did not affect deep views; the inequalities of human society were a fact which it did not feel called on to rectify on a subversive scale. Her rule of conduct marks the prevailing tone:—"My business is to make the best of things as they are"—and "things" certainly arranged themselves with an extraordinary eye to her convenience. But she had the art of making her convenience fall in with the general happiness, as Hannah More's testimony, written some years after her death, shows:—"Her fine qualities were many; from my first entrance into London life till her death I ever found her an affectionate, zealous, and constant friend, as well as a most instructive and pleasant companion." She had a temper to make the most of her gifts; it helped her to a career; which even beauty, birth, health, wit, and wealth, without it, are not enough to win for a woman. Even her errors were lucky; they were follies and affectations, not faults of temper or more fatal imprudences in business or conduct, the usual pitfalls of a brilliant fortune. It is not Dr. Doran's part to describe these affectations, but they were so far of the nature of "Queen Elizabeth's" foibles that they never interfered with her main interests. A strong sense was the basis of her character, regulating all the leading actions of her life. As a beauty and wit, she endured the crucial test of a crowd of lovers, from whom she chose a rich commoner of good birth and understanding and great wealth, to whom she made a good wife, though his death certainly cast no lasting gloom on her spirits. He left her his whole fortune and estates. These estates she managed with a vigilant prudence apart from meanness and suspicion. She manifests a remarkable enjoyment in possession. The word *my* is as conspicuous in her letters as the "I" of egotism in some people's. But *my* tenants, *my* agent, *my* labourers, *my* colliers, *my* servants, all gain by the connexion with herself, and are good of their kind. Even building on a large scale (her mansion in Portman Square) does not disturb this complacency. "If it were not that a house must be building before it can be built, I should never have been a builder," but "I have never had a quarter of an hour's pain or pleasure in the operation. I have not met with the least disappointment or mortification. It has gone on as fast and well as I expected, and when it is habitable I shall take great pleasure in it." Not even pay-day tries her equanimity. She owns a wonderful charm in "a receit" *in full of all demands*, and "my house never appeared to me so noble, so splendid, so pleasant, so convenient, as when I had paid off every shilling of debt it had incurred." She finds the same enjoyment in the achievements of the "celebrated Mr. Brown" ("Capability Brown"), who lays out the grounds of her country house:—"As fast as time wrinkles my forehead I smooth the grounds about Sandleford, or embellish my town habitation. In a little while I shall never see anything belonging to me that is not pretty, except when I behold my face in the looking-glass."

This was written in 1779, and the writer was born in 1720. It tells much for the quality of her vivacity that it should thus have stood the wear and tear of all but threescore years. The letters which give the occasion for this volume are of a later date than any yet published, taking up her correspondence at the date 1761, where the two previous series of her letters end. One of these was published by her nephew and heir, Matthew Montagu, in 1808, when they won Windham's warm praise for variety of thought and ease and sparkle of style; and the next was universally well received in 1813. The last forty years of her life have remained unrecorded until this publication of a correspondence with her sister-in-law Mrs. Robinson, and other friends, bought years ago at a sale of autographs by Mr. R. Bentley. It retains all the qualities of her earlier style, and, as a record of the sayings and doings of fine people just a hundred years ago, furnishes some pages of pleasant, suggestive light reading to our sadder, and it is therefore assumed wiser, generation.

When people are called affected by their friends there is no doubt something in it, though our own observation leads to the paradox that some persons are naturally affected. Vivacity often incurs the charge. The impulse to express oneself and entertain others becomes a habit, and habit does not always wait for the inspiration of the moment. Mrs. Montagu's elegant vivacity was probably often forced; but it is to be added that she hit out new modes while her friends were content with well-worn affectations. On referring to Mrs. Delany's correspondence, it is amusing to find Mrs. Boscowen, in a jargon of mixed French and English, commenting on "the sketch you gave me of Madame *de* Montagu, 'qui n'est que trop ressemblante,' and much I *fear* that she will *never* be Mrs. Montagu again! I wish she would learn by heart her friend Mrs. Chapone's chapter on simplicity, which surely is a better thing than egotism or boasting, or affectation of any kind; but how *little temptation* has she to *affect* anything when she has *such* natural endowments! but so it is, and I own I apprehend qu'elle reviendra de ces courses *tout-à-fait gâtée*." This was the tone of the day; but when Mrs. Montagu, to express that she had shut herself up for one whole day from interruption, called herself "hermetically sealed," the phrase was treasured for repetition by Horace Walpole. It was clearly a new idea to introduce scientific terms into everyday language. The courage of this lady was one of her striking qualities, whether in the choice of a word or of an antagonist. When Voltaire attacked Shakspeare, she wrote an essay in defence of our poet which had an immense success, though Johnson's surly judgment—"I will venture to say there is not one sentence of true criticism in the book"—is likely enough to be true. And her tongue was as ready as her pen. When she was told that Voltaire had boasted, "C'est moi qui autrefois parlai le premier de ce Shakspeare. C'est moi qui le premier montrai aux Français quelques perles que j'avais trouvées dans son fumier," she charged him at once with plagiarizing from this dunghill:—"Ah! c'est un fumier qui a fertilisé une terre bien ingrate." And later, when she was present at the Academy at the reading of a furious paper against Shakspeare by Voltaire, and a Frenchman, affecting to pity her confusion under the blow to her countryman's fame, said, "I think, madam, you must be rather sorry at what you have just heard," she promptly replied, "I, sir! not at all. I am not one of M. Voltaire's friends."

Among the humours of that day was the giving of names to the familiar members of each high circle. And Mrs. Montagu in her bright girlhood was styled Fidget by her friend the Duchess of Portland, in recognition of her great activity of mind and body. She took to the title. Speaking of an old-fashioned table, she wrote, "Why so many legs should be required to stand still whilst I can fidget upon two, I own surprises me." Wherever she went she kept her observation on the alert, and was uttering sayings which were quoted by her friends. Thus she pronounced Spa, where she was staying with a bevy of wits, "The Seven Dials of Europe." At Utrecht she is amazed at the stolidity of the Dutch exterior, and "had never had any complete idea of what was meant by *stock still*" till she came to Holland. Bath life she described as consisting all the morning of "How d'ye does?" and all the night "What's trumps?" One of the over-dressed ladies at Tonbridge "is a state bed running on casters." Writing from Yorkshire, where the vice of drinking prevailed, she says, "I do honestly thank my stars that I am not married to a country squire or a beau; for in the country all my pleasure is in my own fireside, and that only when it is *not littered with queer creatures*. Could you but see all the good folks that visit my poor tabernacle, your grace would pity and admire." This, however, is an extract from her earlier correspondence. Satire is a youthful foible. She grows in good nature as she gets older. We read elsewhere her reflections on the changes time brings:—"I cannot say that as one grows older one grows so much wiser as to despise foolish amusements, but one likes new kinds of follies. I mean one always likes some of those things severe and frowning wisdom calls follies." But her sympathy with the pleasures of the young never failed. The following upon minuets throws a light upon the feelings of our forefathers:—

> I approve much of your getting up a dance once a week for the young folks, and I am particularly glad my nephew is of the party. Grace of person is of more consequence to a woman than a man; but the capacity for dancing a minuet is more serviceable to a young man; for, by so doing he obliges many young ladies, while the minuet miss seldom pleases any girl but herself. Unless a girl is very beautiful, very well shaped, and very genteel, she gives little pleasure to the spectators of her minuet; and indeed so unpolite are the sitters-by in all assemblies, that they express a most ungrateful joy when the minuets are over. For my part, though I feel as great *ennui* as my neighbours on those occasions, I never allow myself to appear so; for I look upon a minuet to be generally an act of filial piety, which gives real pleasure to fathers, mothers, and aunts. . . . . In France good minuets are clapped; but I believe no nation arrived at such a degree of civilization as to *encore* them.

A full appreciation of the good things of life and their uses gives a point to gossip in her hands. "There is a report," she writes, "that Captain Darby is going to be married to a widow with fourscore thousand pounds. It seems her first husband was a good-humoured, quiet, dull man. Elle s'en trouvait bien, and is going to take such another; but still, fourscore thousand pounds is a great price for a dull man" In 1772 we find her visiting Mr. and Mrs. Burke, and regretting that she can only afford one day; for when "the talents of a man of genius, the acuteness of a politician, the alert vivacity of a man of business, are all employed to make conversation agreeable and society pleasant, one passes one's time very delightfully in such company"; and it is clear that in her presence every one talked his best.—

> At Beaconsfield Mr. Burke is an industrious farmer, a polite husband, a kind master a charitable neighbour, and a most excellent companion. The demons of ambition and party who hover about Westminster, do not extend their influence as far as the villa. I know not why it is, but these busy spirits seem more tranquil and pleased in their days of retreat than the honest dull justice of the quorum, who never stretched forth his hand to snatch the sceptre of power, or raised his voice in public to fill the trumpet of fame. A little mind is for ever in a tracasserie, because it is moved little things. I have always found that nothing is so gentle as the out of war, nor so serene and simple as the statesman out of place.

But with all her appreciation of great men, she and Johnson

not hit it. He irritated her by his criticism of her great friend Lord Lyttelton's poems, and by the epithet "poor Lyttelton!" which he did not remove at her objection: and probably, in spite of the homage of many fine compliments, sincere when he uttered them, there was something about her that irritated him. His candour shines out in the following passage:—

Notwithstanding this offence, Mrs. Montagu subsequently invited Johnson to dinner, but she could not treat him with her old cordiality, nor would she fall into conversation with him. General Paoli sat next to the Doctor. Johnson turned to him and remarked, "You see, sir, I am no longer the man for Mrs. Montagu!" He was not indifferent to this condition of things. "Mrs. Montagu, sir," he afterwards said to a friend, "has dropt me. Now, sir, there are people whom one should like very well to drop, but would not wish to be dropt by."

We find casual allusions to politics, especially in the letters of Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Montagu's sister, and extremely like her in person and mind. The fine ladies of that day allowed themselves a freedom of speech which Dr. Doran scruples to perpetuate in his heroine; but Lady Townsend is permitted to express her opinion of public events in her own way. Thus, of the creation of peers soon after George III.'s accession, "You will find few commoners in England. We make nobility as fast as people make kings and queens in Twelfth-night, and almost as many. Lady Townsend says, she dare not spit out of her window, for fear of spitting on a lord." Mrs. Montagu was really too grand and too rich to be only and simply a fine lady. The dignity of landed property gave her nobler interests. She speculates on the condition of the labouring class, and wished to mend it:—"I have forty reapers at work, to take advantage of the fine weather. I brewed seven hogsheads of small beer for them, and fear it will not last till the end of harvest. The poor reapers and haymakers bring nothing but water into the fields, which, with bad cheese and fine white bread, is their general fare. I think our Northern people are much more notable. Their meals are more plentiful and less delicate; they eat coarse bread, and drink a great deal of milk, and have often salt beef." These Northern people have improved their fare since this was written. The Yorkshire reaper has now his three meals of meat a day at his master's expense. In a letter of the year 1762 we find a curious illustration of the political fever of that date caricatured in Murphy's farce of the *Upholsterer*. "The lowest artificer," writes Mrs. Montagu, "thinks now of nothing but the constitution of the Government. If you order a mason to build an oven, he immediately inquires about the progress of the peace, and descants on the preliminaries."

Of Dr. Doran's editorship there is not much to be said. The times which his book illustrates have been so long and so curiously sought into that we ought not to complain if we seem to have read some of his pages before. The book has enough interest to lead the reader on at whatever page he opens, and he will scarcely lay it down without the reflection that the eighteenth century understood the art of amusing itself in a degree which the nineteenth century has lost.

STEPHEN'S EDITION OF THE INDIAN EVIDENCE ACT.*

THERE is no reason to suppose that the Indian Evidence Act, of which an edition has just been published in this country by Mr. Fitzjames Stephen, with a remarkable Introduction, could be at once transferred to the English Statute-book; but it may furnish some valuable lessons to English lawyers and legislators. The minority (it is to be feared the small minority) of the English legal profession and of the English public who take an interest in the subject appear to have now abandoned the idea that there would be any material advantage in having a Digest of the English law prepared, and they seem to be agreed that what is wanted is a Code. A Digest is here understood as a re-statement of the law in consecutive propositions, possessing no authority except that which belongs to its framers; a Code is a re-statement of the same nature invested with the authority of a legislative enactment. But this Indian experiment clearly shows that a Chapter on Evidence in an English Code which should be nothing more than an enacted Digest would be in the highest degree unsatisfactory, and indeed grotesque. The labour of thinking out the first principles of each branch of the law, of stating them intelligibly, and of basing on them an orderly arrangement of the whole subject, cannot in fact be saved or avoided. It is very easy to show to what extent this assertion is true of the English law of evidence. Any statement of the law which servilely followed the method of a Digest would begin by laying down that (1) all facts which supplied inferences of any sort regarding the matter in dispute might be put in evidence, and then it would proceed to lay down the exceptions to this general rule. One of these exceptions would be that (2) the statements of persons not called as witnesses, which they have made to others, cannot be received as evidence; and to this last rule there would be one further exception among others, in the case of (3) statements made by a person since dead concerning the cause of his death. Now it happens that the great bulk of the English law of evidence consists of rules belonging to the class to which rule (3) belongs, and therefore, if framed on the principles of which we are speaking, the chapter of the Code which dealt with evidence would declare the law to consist of a number of sub-exceptions to exceptions to a general rule. The clumsiness and inconvenience of such a method require no demonstration, and it is a palpable merit of the Indian Evidence Act that it at least cuts the chain down from three links to two. It considers facts, in their relation to other facts, as possessing a quality which it calls "relevancy," and which is capable of description in general language. The "relevancy" of facts is their capacity for supplying to the mind an inference concerning the existence or non-existence of other facts. The most important part of the Act consists of rules for defining and determining the "relevancy" of various classes of facts, and to these rules the exceptions are comparatively few. And of all such rules the widest and most important are those stated in Sections 7 and 11:—

Facts which are the occasion, cause, or effect, immediate or otherwise, of relevant facts, or facts in issue, or which constitute the state of things under which they happened, or which afforded an opportunity for their occurrence or transaction, are relevant. . . . . Facts not otherwise relevant are relevant if they are inconsistent with any fact in issue or relevant fact, or, if by themselves or in connexion with other facts, they make the existence or non-existence of any fact in issue, or relevant fact, highly probable or improbable.

A very recent critic of the new Indian law has objected to the above provision, and to others of equal width, that, from their extreme generality, and from the difficulty of applying them, they are calculated to leave in the hands of the judge a practically unlimited power of admitting or rejecting evidence. The observation curiously illustrates the habit of mind produced in English lawyers by the mode of argument of which the accustomed form is, "My lord, your lordship will find that similar evidence was admitted (or rejected) in Jones *v.* Smith." But the truth is, it is altogether wide of the point. The Indian Evidence Act is intended for application in India, and Sir H. Maine, in a paper just published in the *Fortnightly Review*, has clearly shown why an explicit statement of the law in general propositions was urgently needed in that country. The Indian judge is judge both of law and of fact, and the power left in his hands is a power over the formation of his own mental conclusions. It is fairly arguable that a judge in such a position might be left unshackled by any law of evidence; but such a liberty would be practically irreconcilable with the correction of decisions by Courts of Appeal, and would be especially liable to abuse in a country in which an officer of Government is occasionally compelled, in political emergencies, to attach importance to the merest rumours. What was obviously needed was to relieve the judge from the necessity of estimating the value of objections founded on a reference to "Jones *v.* Smith," of which no report was perhaps accessible within a thousand miles distance, and to prevent the conclusions of the only man who had been in personal contact with the witnesses from being overruled by an Appellate Court as irreconcilable with technical rules to which he had practically no access. We can easily understand, too, that, as the *Fortnightly* asserts, the enforced obedience to a system of rules which English lawyers pick up as they go, and apply by a sort of knack, was exercising an enfeebling influence on the minds of a service which, at critical times, has to act under circumstances when nobody but a fool or pedant would dream of estimating probabilities by a technical rule.

The Act itself, most instructive as it is, must doubtless undergo considerable alteration before it can be made to serve as the Chapter on Evidence in the English Code; but the Introduction which Mr. Stephen has prefixed to it deserves to be studied by all beginners in the Law of Evidence, whatever form be given to it, and ought to interest a much larger class. Among the few books which have been written in our language on the theory of judicial evidence, there is hardly a good one. The one which has most reputation is the work of the late Mr. Best, of which Lord Wensleydale is said to have observed that more thought had been put into it than into any law-book he knew. If this praise was deserved, we are afraid we must assert that a great deal of the thought was wasted, as indeed was not a little of that which passed through the powerful mind of Lord Wensleydale himself. For Mr. Best nowhere shows that he apprehended the truth which Mr. Stephen has firmly grasped—the identity in principle of judicial and of inductive scientific investigation. The general problem both of science and of judicial inquiry is to discover, collect, and arrange true propositions about facts. "Facts," Mr. Stephen argues, are sufficiently described by the definitions of the Indian Evidence Act, in which a "fact" is (1) any thing, state of things, or relation of things capable of being perceived by the senses; and (2) any mental condition of which any person is conscious. A proposition, he continues, is "a collection of words so related as to raise in the minds of those who understand them a corresponding group of images or thoughts"; and a true proposition is "one which excites in the mind thoughts or images corresponding to those which would be excited in the mind of a person so situated as to be able to perceive the facts to which the proposition relates." How then are we to proceed in order to ascertain whether any given proposition about facts is true, and in order to frame true propositions about facts? After stating that the facts must first be correctly observed, and then be recorded in apt language, and justly insisting on the delicacy and difficulty, little as they are usually recognized, of both these operations, Mr. Stephen goes on to show that the method of applying observation and language to inquiries into matters of fact in the court of justice and in the stud, or laboratory is identical. It is constituted in both cases by the processes of induction and deduction. A fixed order is

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he Indian Evidence Act. With an Introduction on the Principles of al Evidence, by James Fitzjames Stephen, Esq., Q.C. London: Macmillan & Co. Calcutta: Thacker & Co. 1872.

first recognized both in nature and human conduct, and according to this order certain things are invariably related together as antecedents and consequents. What particular consequents are thus related to what particular antecedents is established by induction; and, in the case of human conduct, not by direct observation, but by the processes called by Mr. Mill the Methods of Agreement and Difference. The general proposition established by induction is used as a premiss from which consequences are drawn according to the rules of logic, and the inference, as to what must follow under particular circumstances, is compared with the facts observed; and if the result observed agrees with the deduction from the inductive premiss, the inference is that the phenomenon is explained. The explanation is equally valid whether the movements of the heavenly bodies are traced to the force of gravity, or whether a group of facts, of which one is the discovery of a woman's body with the throat cut, is accounted for by A. B.'s having cut it in order to facilitate his stealing her jewels. Mr. Stephen spares no pains in describing and illustrating the mode of reasoning in each class of cases. Among five *causes célèbres* which he has abridged, the trial of Palmer for the murder of Cook is pre-eminently instructive. The actual administration of poison to the deceased was seen, it will be recollected, by nobody, and the result was established exclusively by inference from a number of relevant facts. There is no step of the scientific mode of reasoning through induction and deduction from the known to the unknown which does not receive illustration in some part of the proceedings at that celebrated trial.

Mr. Stephen is careful to point out to his readers that, though the mode of proceeding in scientific and judicial inquiry is identical, the situation of the judge differs materially from that of the man of science as regards facilities for prosecuting the inquiry successfully. The facts of human conduct, relatively to our powers of ascertaining them, are on the whole much more obscure and intricate than the facts of nature. To every assertion made about nature there is generally a whole cloud of witnesses corroborating one another; to many assertions about conduct there is but a single witness, incapable of being contradicted, and occasionally with strong motives for making false statements. But the great point of inferiority in judicial investigation is the almost total lack of the power which the experimentalist possesses of multiplying experiments—or, in other words, the facts from inferences are to be drawn—without limit or at pleasure. When a former Lord de Ros was accused of cheating at cards, a well-known baronet of the day, who was summoned as a witness, performed, in the sight of judge and jury, the feat of "turning the king," and this was a nearly solitary instance of obtaining that sort of security for a sound judicial conclusion which the man of science has always and absolutely at his command. Still, with all these disadvantages, there is one very great advantage in judicial inquiry. The judge, whether technically called by that name or serving as a member of a jury, has in his own breast a store of experience which enables him in a great degree to correct and complete the reasoning essential to a valid conclusion. General rules about human conduct are only true in the rough, but then these approximate rules are chiefly collected from each man's own experience of what passes in his own mind, confirmed by his observation of other persons' conduct, which he can only interpret by assuming that there is substantial identity between their mental processes and his own. This circumstance, says Mr. Stephen,

> invests the rules relating to human conduct with a very peculiar character. They are usually expressed with little precision, and stand in need of many exceptions and qualifications, but they are of greater practical use than rough generalizations of the same kind about physical nature, because the personal experience of those by whom they are used readily supplies the qualifications and exceptions which they require. Compare two such rules as these:—"heavy bodies fall to the ground," "the recent possessor of stolen goods is the thief." The rise of a balloon into the air would constitute an unexplained exception to the first of these rules, which might throw doubt upon its truth, but no one would be led to doubt the second by the fact that a shopkeeper doing a large trade had in his till stolen coins shortly after they had been stolen without having stolen them. Every one would see at once that such a case formed one of the many unstated exceptions to the rule. The reason is, that we know external nature only by observation of a neutral, unsympathetic kind, whereas every man knows more of human nature than any general rule on the subject can ever tell him.

From the many sagacious observations which Mr. Stephen's introduction contains we select those which follow on the common opinion that the inference from the assertion of a witness to the truth of the matter asserted is "an easy matter, calling for no remark":—

> To infer from an assertion the truth of the matter asserted is in one sense the easiest thing in the world. The intellectual process consists of only one step, and that is a step which gives no trouble, and is taken in most cases unconsciously. But to draw the inference in those cases only in which it is true is a matter of the utmost difficulty. If we were able to affirm the proposition, "All men upon all occasions speak the truth," the remaining propositions—"This man says so and so," "Therefore it is true," would present no difficulty. The major premiss, however, is subject to wide exceptions, which are not forced upon the judge's attention. Moreover, if they were, the judge has often no means of ascertaining whether or not, and to what extent, they apply to any particular case. How is it possible to tell how far the powers of observation and memory of a man seen once for a few minutes enable him, and how far the innumerable motives by any one or more of which he may be actuated dispose him, to tell the truth upon the matter on which he testifies? Cross-examination supplies a test to a certain extent, but those who have seen most of its application will be disposed to trust it least as a proof that a man not shaken by it ought to be believed. A cool, steady liar who happens not to be open to contradiction will baffle the most skilful cross-examiner in the absence of accidents, which are not so common in practice as persons who take their notions on the subject from anecdotes or fiction would suppose. No rules of evidence which the legislator can enact can perceptibly affect this difficulty. Judges must deal with it as well as they can by the use of their natural faculties and acquired experience, and the miscarriages of justice in which they will be involved by reason of it must be set down to the imperfection of our means of arriving at truth. The natural and acquired shrewdness and experience by which an observant man forms an opinion as to whether a witness is or is not lying, is by far the most important of all a judge's qualifications, infinitely more important than any acquaintance with law or with rules of evidence.

The interesting question which is raised by Sir H. Maine's paper, whether the English rules of evidence can ever be completely understood, save as exceptions to broad rules excluding testimony, we reserve for discussion on a future occasion.

WORKS OF ROBERT CROWLEY.*

ROBERT CROWLEY belongs to a class of writers of whose works the Early English Text Society has already published a good many, and which we always accept thankfully on the strength of their value in themselves, while we at the same time slightly demur to their right to be put forth as specimens of Early English. Surely no straining of words can bring writings of the age of Edward the Sixth and Elizabeth under that head. A Scottish piece of that time may come in well enough, for the good speech of Bernicia might almost pass as Early English in our own times. But in these works of Crowley, whatever philological value they have is quite secondary to their value as throwing light on the times in which they were written. Robert Crowley is one of the prophets who denounce the evils of their own times. Such prophets always let us behind the scenes as to many things which went on in their times; but their pictures must always have something taken off from them. No age is quite so black as it is painted by those whose express business is to set forth its blackness. Yet the general consent of all contemporary writers as to the wretched state of England immediately after the changes in the middle of the sixteenth century is a fact which cannot be got over. Crowley bears no small part in that sad chorus, and he has found an interpreter of a kindred spirit in Mr. Cowper. He has edited other pieces of the sixteenth century which tell the same tale as Crowley's. And he has further taken up Crowley's parable on his own account. Mr. Cowper seems anxious to make us understand, not only that things were in a very bad way in the sixteenth century, but also that they have not greatly bettered themselves in the nineteenth.

Robert Crowley belonged to the younger generation of Reformers. The great events of the reign of Henry the Eighth were the events of his youth. The exact date of his birth is not known, but it seems to have been about 1518. He went to Oxford in 1534, and became Demy and Fellow of Magdalen, being chosen to the latter post in 1542. In 1549, the third year of Edward, he took to printing in London, largely printing his own works. In 1551 he was ordained by Ridley, and became a popular preacher. During Mary's reign he found shelter at Frankfort. After the accession of Elizabeth he held several livings and prebends in succession, chiefly in London and at Hereford, where for some while he held the dignity of archdeacon. But we find him sometimes resigning, sometimes deprived of, this or that preferment, and presently appointed to something else, in a way which is somewhat puzzling. We suspect that the key is to be found in the change of Primates. Crowley was a strong Puritan, and by no means to the taste of Archbishop Parker, and when he was vicar of St. Giles Cripplegate, he brought on himself the vengeance both of the Primate and of the Lord Mayor by raising a disturbance about a funeral in his church which was attended by clerks in surplices. And, as he further put forth opinions which the Archbishop looked on as anabaptistical, it is not wonderful if Parker, in his own phrase, "dulled his glory" by suspending, imprisoning, and finally depriving him. But opinions and doings which were sins in the eyes of Parker might almost pass for virtues in the eyes of Grindal; so it is not wonderful that at the very beginning of the new primacy Crowley got fresh preferment and was much employed as a preacher. But with Crowley's sayings and doings on strictly ecclesiastical matters we are not here greatly concerned, for the pieces which Mr. Cowper has here reprinted are none of them of a purely controversial kind, but are rather political and moral. We have here five pieces, three in verse and two in prose, all of them written and printed by Crowley during the three years when he followed his craft in London in the days of King Edward. In all of them the vices of the age, as Crowley understood them, are lashed without mercy. Crowley is a good citizen and a loyal subject, and preaches unlimited obedience to the law and to the King, but he denounces the evil doings of great men as well as small, and it is plain that his sympathies lie wholly with the lower classes of the people. No class is wholly let off; but the great sinners are the rich men of various kinds, the rent-raisers, the lease-mongers, the enclosers of commons, the simoniacal and pluralist clergy, the merchants who set up for gentlemen, the lawyers who defended causes which they knew to be unjust. In this last matter Crowley touches a very delicate

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* *The Select Works of Robert Crowley, Printer, Archdeacon of Hereford, &c.* Edited, with Introduction, Notes, and Glossary, by J. M. [illegible] London: published for the Early English Text Society by Trübner & Co. 1872.

point, which has been disputed about over and over again; but Crowley at least draws a distinction between doubtful cases, where there is something to be said on both sides, and cases where the

[illegible] would walk therein aright. Laws were made to relieve the oppressed, and so forth; but, like other things, they have been corrupted by greediness. Here is Crowley's picture of the unrighteous "man of law":—

Doest thou then walke in thy callyng,
When, for to vexe the innocent,
Thou wilt stand at a barre ballyng
Wyth al the craft thou canst inuente?
I saye ballyng, for better name
To have it can not be worthye;
When lyke a beast, withoute al shame,
Thou wilt do wrong to get money.

Crowley, as we have said, was a strong Protestant and a strong Puritan, and had no sympathy at all for any relics of Popery which might have escaped the godly zeal of King Edward's Reformation. For abbeys, as abbeys, he could therefore have had no possible love, yet he mourns over their fall after his own fashion. There is nothing about which he is fonder of declaiming than about the alienation of the monastic lands, and especially of the tithes, to private uses, under which head he seems to reckon both their impropriation by laymen and their employment for the private ends of the beneficed clergy. So good a Protestant as Crowley would of course not altogether forbid the marriage of the clergy. Yet he seems to look on priests' wives as a dangerous class, who can claim at most bare toleration. He declaims against the practice of the clergy of all ranks—bishops, archdeacons, canons, and vicars—in "purchasing lands for their heirs," and marrying wives of whom he gives the following picture:—

Fingered ladies, whose womanlike behaviour and motherlike housewifry ought to be a lighte to al women that dwell aboute you, but is so fare otherwise, that, unlesse ye leave them landes to marye them wythall, no man wyll set a pinne by them when you be gone.

He then goes on:—

I woulde not your wives shoulde be taken from you, but I woll you shoulde kepe them to the furtheraunce of Goddes trueth, whereof ye professe to be teacheares. Let your wives therefore put of theire fine fruckes and Frenche hoods, and furnish themselves with al pointes of honest housewifery, and so let them be an helpe to youre study and not a lette. S. Paul teacheth you not to make them ladies or gentlewomen.

This is worth comparing with Lord Macaulay's famous description of the wives of the clergy in the next century; but it points to a rather different state of things. Unless indeed it be that, while Macaulay is speaking of the lower ranks of the clergy only, Crowley jumbles them all together, from the highest to the lowest, in one sweeping accusation.

Of the three pieces in verse, the first is a set of "one and thirtye epigrammes wherein are bryefly touched so many abuses as maye and ought to be put away." The number however is greater than is promised on the title-page, as the epigrams really number thirty-three. The epigrams are put alphabetically, according to their subjects; so he starts with abbeys, and goes on to ale-houses. He muses over the abbeys, and laments that their lands and jewels had not gone to relieve the poor, and to maintain godly preachers. Among the ale-houses he notes a difference between London and other places, for in London they are at least shut during the time of divine service, while

Lyghtly in the contrey
they be placed so,
That they stande in mens ways
when they shoulde to church go.
And then such as loue not
to hear their fautes tolde,
By the minister that readeth
the newe Testament and olde,
do turne into the ale-house
and let the church go;
Yea and men accompted wyse
and honeste do so.

Then there is one epigram which touches the suppression of hospitals in the time of Henry and Edward. A merchant who had been long in foreign parts came home and looked for a "spittle-house" that stood by his own dwelling, and a lordly building stood there instead. He took it for a sign of the growth of wealth in the country, but presently one of the expelled inmates begs alms of him and explains that they were all turned out,

And lye and dye in corners,
here and there aboute.

Rich men had bought the house and turned away their faces when the old owners craved of them. The merchant had been in Turkey, but never among heathen men had he seen such cruelty as this, and he was sure that God's vengeance would fall upon such wicked men. But, though Crowley is thus strong on behalf of the poor, he was quite aware of the tricks of the professional beggars of his time, of which he gives a ludicrous picture. He winds up however with a precept which would not please a political economist:—

Yet cease not to gyue to all,
wythoute anye regarde;
Thoughe the beggers be wicked,
thou shalte haue thy rewarde.

This [illegible] an epigram on bear-baiting, which we have somehow [illegible] by heart all our days, but had quite forgotten where it was to be found. It is perhaps not quite clear how far Crowley directly sympathized with the bear, but his notions of the matter were at any rate very different from those of the chronicler of the princely pleasures of Kenilworth; for, in the "terrible tearing" in which the prose writer saw a "sport very pleasant" and "a matter of goodly relief," Crowley saw "a full ouglye syght." But his chief thought was that the halfpennies that were given to the bearward ought to have been given to the poor. The wind-up is vigorous:—

If you give it, therefore,
to se a beare fyght,
Be ye sure Goddes curse
wyl upon you lyght.

For a bit of philology, by the way, we distinctly remember that, where we first saw this printed, Crowley's good genitive had got turned into "God his curse."

There are a good many illustrative stories scattered up and down these epigrams, and we certainly cannot think with Warton that they are lacking in "spirit and humour." The next piece is called "The Voice of the Last Trumpet," where Crowley takes upon himself the functions of the seventh angel of the Apocalypse, and calls before him twelve classes of people, each to receive admonitions according to his calling. Part of what he had to say to the lawyers we have already quoted. Here is a piece of advice to merchants in which one of the most cruel incidents of the feudal tenures comes in incidentally:—

Let it suffice the to mary
Thy daughter to one of thy trade:
Why shouldest thou make hir a lady,
Or bye for her a noble warde?
And let thy sonnes every chone
Be bounde prentice yeres nine or ten,
To learn some art to lyve upon:
For why should they be gentlemen?

"Every chone" is one of those forms which come in when the real origin of words is forgotten. "Every" is "mfer elc," "ever ilk," "ever each"; but the softened *ch* has moved from the end of one word to the beginning of the next. It is something like the very local West-country form "cham" for "I am," that is, *ic* softened, Saxon-fashion, into *itch*, whence the *ch* has moved away to the beginning of the verb.

Then comes the third metrical piece, called "Pleasure and Payne, Heaven and Hell: Remembre these foure, and all shall be well." It is evidently meant to be a Protestant substitute for those musings on the next world of which the mediæval religious poets were so fond. Crowley of course has nothing to say to Purgatory, nor does he indulge in any minute physical descriptions of heaven and hell; but he dramatizes the familiar painted scene of the Last Judgment, and he calls up various classes of offenders, those particular classes of offenders of his own time, of whom we have already spoken, to receive their sentence. The rent-raisers and the lease-mongers and the pluralists and the simoniacal patrons and the swallowers-up of tithes, all come in for their share. Here is a specimen of Crowley in his more solemn style:—

Let the pore man haue and enjoye
The house he hat by copyeholde,
For hym, his wyfe and lacke hys boye,
To kepe them from hunger and colde;
And though the lease thereof be solde,
Bye it agayne though it be dere,
For nowe we go on oure laste yere.

Caste downe the hedges and strong mowndes,
That you haue caused to be made
About the waste and tyllage grownde,
Makeynge them wepe that erste were glad:
Leste you your selfes be stryken sadde,
When you shall se that Christe doeth drye
All teares from the oppressedis eye.

In this last line we get a good genitive in a place where we should least of all have looked for it.

The other two pieces are in prose, and to our mind Robert Crowley writes very stately and dignified prose, perhaps slightly stiff, but not remarkably Latinized, and with very little of what we commonly call quaintness; but then, according to Mr. Earle, it is in the seventeenth century, rather than in the sixteenth, that quaintness is properly at home. No style, for instance, can be more opposite to the style of Robert Crowley than the very perfection of quaintness, the style of Bishop Godwin. The first of the two prose pieces, from which we have already given an extract about the priests' wives, is called "The Way to Wealth, wherein is plainly taught a most present remedy for Sedicion." Here Crowley takes up his parable against the same classes of people against whom he speaks in his poems. He denounces the oppressors; at the same time he preaches passive obedience to the oppressed; they are to stay quiet and God will deliver them sooner or later. The poor men themselves however were, as the history of the insurrection in Norfolk and Cornwall shows, of another mind. Crowley dramatically brings in one of them pleading his own cause, and saying, "no remedye therfore, we must nedes fight it out, or else be brought to the lyke slauery that the French men are in." The last piece takes up very much the same line, in the form of a petition to Parliament:—

An informacion and Peticion agaynst the oppressours of the pore Commons of this Realme, compiled and Imprinted for this onely purpose that amongest them that haue to doe in the Parliamente, some godlye myuded men may hereat take occacion to speake more in the matter then the Authoure was able to write.

Several other writings of Crowley, many of them, it would seem, of a more controversial kind, are spoken of by Warton, and it

must not be forgotten that he was the first to print the Vision of Piers Plowman, for which we need be not the less thankful to him because it was rather with a polemical than a philological or historical purpose that he printed it.

BAGEHOT'S PHYSICS AND POLITICS.*

WE need not inform our readers that Mr. Bagehot writes in a graceful style, and has much to say upon political topics that is well worth their attention. The little book before us, the chief part of which, if we are not mistaken, has already appeared in the *Fortnightly Review*, will be read with interest, though perhaps it is scarcely equal to his comment on the British Constitution. It may be described as an attempt to apply scientific reasoning to political theory, and is included in the catalogue of the "International Scientific Series." We must say, however, that it is only by using the term "science" in an extremely loose fashion that it can be brought under that head. Mr. Bagehot himself would be the last person to describe it as a statement of recognized principles; and, indeed, fond as people are of using big words in such a connexion, any phrase which couples science and politics must be considered premature. Mr. Bagehot, however, tries to indicate in what manner various scientific theories, and especially those of Mr. Darwin and Mr. Herbert Spencer, may be applied to political speculations. The question is itself interesting, and, in the hands of a very able writer, its treatment leads to a number of remarks well worthy of observation, if not sufficiently systematic or well-established to be dignified with the name of science. Within our limits it is impossible to dwell upon these scattered sayings, and equally impossible to give anything like a full discussion of Mr. Bagehot's general theory. We will endeavour briefly to show at what point his doctrines appear to us to require modification or further development.

The general theory is summed up in his last chapter. As Mr. Bagehot points out, in confirmation of a valuable remark of Sir Henry Maine, we are apt to regard progress—whatever progress may mean—as a universal law of human nature; whilst yet nothing can be plainer than that a very large majority of mankind is and has been stationary. Hence it would be of the highest possible interest to discover what are the necessary conditions of progress. Looking back upon our savage progenitors, and tracing the various developments of the great races of the world, Mr. Bagehot perceives (we state his doctrine in our own language, and apologize if we involuntarily misinterpret him) that there are two general principles which form nations or races, as they have, on the Darwinian theory, formed species of animals and plants. There is the principle of hereditary resemblance, which makes us like our ancestors, and there is the principle of variability, which works through natural selection to cause gradual modifications of type. Now in the earlier ages of mankind, when every tribe had to fight for its existence, the condition of primary importance was the creation of certain fixed customs. A nation could not co-operate unless bound closely together by the iron hoops of custom; and those nations which had the best customs gradually predominated over their competitors. Unluckily the result of this tendency was that many customs became stereotyped, and the nations in which they prevailed passed into a stationary state. Those which preserved a certain flexibility then had the best chance of further development. The expression of this power was the advent of an "age of discussion." Following out some of the lines of thought suggested by Mr. Mill's *Liberty*, and adding some suggestions of his own, Mr. Bagehot insists on the vast importance of this element in a civilized nation, and concludes (it is not a very original conclusion) that "liberty is the strengthening and developing power—the light and heat of political nature." A doctrine upon which he lays much stress is the vast importance of what he calls in italics "*animated moderation*"—or, in rougher language, the need that nations, like men, should have "plenty of go," and yet "know when to pull up."

In a rough statement, this is the substance of a good deal of Mr. Bagehot's writing; and the first thought that occurs to us is that if we strip it of its scientific dress it comes to little more than a familiar platitude. All improvement implies a union of order and progress. Both are essential at every stage of natural development. Order can only be obtained amongst savages by brute force; and therefore, at very early periods, such an institution as slavery, which soon becomes mischievous in the highest degree, may be really useful. It is a necessary step towards division of labour and the development of a class with leisure for intellectual improvement. As men grow more intelligent, it becomes possible to secure order by appealing more to men's reason and less to their fears. Arbitrary force is mischievous as soon as it is superfluous; and what Mr. Bagehot calls an age of discussion may then be originated. All this is substantially true; but we can hardly call it new, or even admit that the scientific basis on which it is placed does very much to strengthen our confidence in the results. However, it is well to restate old doctrines in terms adapted to the age, and we welcome the new light which Mr. Bagehot has so far thrown upon the subject.

We have, however, a certain objection to his theory, or perhaps we should rather say that we are conscious of a gap which requires to be filled up. It is often objected to Mr. Darwin's theories that they do not give a law in the full sense of the word, but merely state a condition of progress. A beast of prey, he says, develops claws, because the rudimentary claw which occurs in some individual is useful in the struggle for existence. That explains the process by which claws, when once started, came into general use; but it does not attempt to explain the first appearance of the claw. To say that accident produced claws is merely to say in a roundabout fashion that we do not know how they were produced. In other words, there are laws of whose operation we are left in complete ignorance. This does not, of course, imply that Mr. Darwin's theories are not of the highest value, if well founded; but it illustrates the limits within which they are necessarily confined. Now Mr. Bagehot's theories involve the same difficulty, which frequently makes his doctrines look like a mere verbal explanation.

We take his own account of this difficulty in a particular case. The problem being, "Why do men progress?" the answer is, that they have a certain amount of "variability." This sounds, as he remarks, like the old explanation by occult qualities. It is like saying that opium sends men to sleep because it has a soporific quality. No, replies Mr. Bagehot, the explanation is more than verbal. It states that men make progress when the fixity of custom has been developed up to a certain point, and not developed beyond it. "The point of the solution is not the invention of an imaginary agency, but an assignment of comparative magnitude to two known agencies." Let us, however, look a little closer. To say that progress involves variability is saying nothing more than that, in order to change, men must be capable of changing. There is perhaps a little more in the further statement that men must have fixed customs. This is true; and is perhaps not quite self-evident. The addition that, if they are to improve, the customs must not be too fixed, is, as before, mere tautology; and therefore Mr. Bagehot's statement scarcely seems to come to any more than this, that a certain fixity of custom is desirable. Surely that is a proposition which nobody would ever think of denying, whether he was or was not a Darwinian. A really valuable remark would be made if Mr. Bagehot were capable of giving us any sort of rule as to the degree in which customs should be fixed. But this is obviously beyond his power or that of any man. When he tells us that fixity is more desirable at an early than at a later age, he is really making a statement which may be discussed with interest, and which, whether sound or otherwise, has a certain historical value. We have already explained our view of its meaning. But the bare assertion that variability is a condition of improvement seems to us to be no more than verbal, in spite of Mr. Bagehot's efforts to make something of it.

Although we cannot profess to be much struck by this part of the theory, we fully admit that Mr. Bagehot incidentally makes many valuable remarks on the way in which changes are actually brought about. He is too apt, indeed, to mistake a confession of ignorance for a statement of positive knowledge, but his remarks are often ingenious. Thus, for example, he attributes great importance to the process of what he calls unconscious imitation. He says—and the remark is true and curious—that "every one who has written in more than one newspaper knows how invariably his style catches the tone of each paper while he is writing for it, and changes to the tone of another when he begins to write for that." He explains in this way the origin of different schools of literature, and extends the remark to national character. Steele, for example, to use his illustration, struck out the notion of essay-writing. Addison took it up and perfected the art. The public taste was impressed, and a whole group of inferior writers was infected by the same style; and thus we account for the change between the days of Shakspeare and Bacon and those of Pope and Locke. The New England type of character has, he thinks, been developed after the same way by the attraction exercised by the first Puritan emigrants. Now it is plain that this is no explanation at all of the first cause of the phenomenon. Why did Steele take to writing essays, and why did they strike the public taste? It does not account for the cholera to say that A. caught it from B., and B. from C., and so on to the end of the alphabet. Why, we must ask, did Z. catch it? and, moreover, what were the conditions that made it catching? These are the real problems, and an answer to them would lead to valuable results—such, for example, as the importance of drainage. The answer given by Mr. Bagehot tends to distract attention from the real difficulty. If Steele had died in his infancy, would not the same literary type have been produced by somebody else? Were there not hundreds of men partaking of the same general sources of inspiration, and labouring to find a convenient mode of expressing themselves? A philosophical observer would inquire into the contemporary state of theology and philosophy, the social conditions, the influence of foreign countries, and a hundred other causes of a general character; and, so far as he allowed himself to be put off with Mr. Bagehot's answer, he would be tempted to believe that a profound change in national modes of thought and expression was simply accidental; and perhaps, very unphilosophically, to call accident a cause. Mr. Bagehot's remarks are useful as illustrating the method in which a change, once begun, is propagated; but they are obviously irrelevant in considering the determining causes of the change. We do not imagine that he would dispute this; but he seems scarcely to give sufficient prominence to the profounder movements of thought, because his whole attention is devoted to the [illegible] apparatus.

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* *Physics and Politics.* By Walter Bagehot. London: King & Co. 1872.

The same theory occurs, in connexion with a more distinct logical error, in another part of his book. Mr. Bagehot attributes great importance to the savage belief in lucky omens, and he explains their occurrence in this way. An expedition, he says, fails when a magpie crosses its path, and a magpie is then supposed to be unlucky. Surely this is an inversion of the real process; and an inversion which again leads him to attribute exaggerated importance to mere chance. The case may be illustrated from his own anecdotes. Somebody told Scott to cure a disease by sleeping for a night on twelve smooth stones collected from twelve brooks. Does Mr. Bagehot suppose that this superstition originated in the accident that somebody had slept on twelve stones collected from twelve brooks, and been cured accordingly? How did anybody come to think of collecting the stones and sleeping upon them? Could such an accident possibly occur? Obviously the superstition originated in a deductive, and not an inductive, process. It was not the result of experiment, but an *à priori* theory derived from some notions as to the magic influence of the number twelve, and of stones in brooks. Perhaps Scott's adviser had read Shakspeare, and fancied, like a good Presbyterian, that objects which included sermons must have a mysterious virtue; or he had a shadowy recollection of the stones set up in Jordan; or some other fanciful association of ideas may have been derived from fifty other causes. But surely nothing can be plainer than that the association preceded the experiment, and indeed was the only reason for making an experiment of so arbitrary a character. The confusion of ideas depends upon the well-known law of the incapacity of an uncultivated mind to distinguish between objective and subjective impressions. Mr. Bagehot when he was a boy used to play loo; and his childish companions found that a particular "fish" which was prettier than the others brought luck with it. Why? Not because a boy who had that fish had won on a particular occasion, but because the pleasure of having a pretty fish was naturally associated with the pleasure of winning the game. The boys thought, like Mr. Bagehot, that a mysterious power called "luck" had a good deal to do in the world, and that when it meant to favour a boy, it would give him a pretty fish as well as a good set of cards. Similarly, for some reason not now traceable, savages disliked magpies; perhaps they are bad to eat, or their cry suggests alarm; and the unpleasant sensation produced by the flight of the bird suggested the unpleasant sensation of being defeated, which again, they fancied, might precede as well as follow the actual occurrence of a defeat. Why indeed should they attend to magpies more than to a hundred other phenomena, except that they already had some associations with it? The same thing is proved, if it needed proof, by the universality of certain superstitions. All rude nations are frightened by eclipses, and therefore all rude nations suppose eclipses to portend disaster. If they had argued on the matter, they would have necessarily found as many eclipses preceding victories as preceding defeats; and therefore their views of the meaning of an eclipse would probably have been equally divided. Mr. Bagehot imagines that some "Nestor of a savage tribe" remarked a coincidence, and that his authority gave popularity to the superstition founded upon it. Therefore he infers that "luck" played a great part in the world. The true process we take to be entirely different. Some obvious associations of ideas are suggested to all savage tribes, and give birth to superstitions which bind the "Nestor" as well as his fellows. And the examination of this process leads to the discovery of a curious mental law, which is left unnoticed if we accept Mr. Bagehot's crude explanation.

In spite of these errors, as they seem to us, which lower our estimate of the value of Mr. Bagehot's book, the line of his inquiries suggests to him many interesting remarks the value of which is not diminished by the questionable nature of some of his theories; and on the whole we can recommend the book as well deserving to be read by thoughtful students of politics.

THE ROMANCE OF HISTORY.*

THE five octavo volumes which bear this title are made as attractive outwardly as red cloth and gold letters can make them, and each volume bears on the back and side the arms of the country from the history of which the tales it contains are supposed to have been taken. These tales have already made their appearance in some other shape, and have, if we may believe the introductory prefaces, been so well received that the present publishers consider "that they will add to the literary pleasure of another generation by reproducing them in a compact form." They are moreover embellished with numerous illustrations somewhat of the old-fashioned sort, which know no mean between the utter imbecility of countenance supposed to be inseparable from loveliness and virtue and the painful deformities and hideous glare ascribed to all unpleasant characters, from harmless maniacs to villains of the deepest dye. Good and bad alike, too, make impossible contortions and writhings of body and limbs without for a moment losing their placid smile. But, although so much trouble has been taken to contribute to the pleasure of the readers of these volumes, their profit has not altogether been lost sight of. Certain pages of closer print with dates at the beginning of each paragraph, have been put in between the "Tales," under the name of "Historical Summaries." We suspect that these summaries will share the fate of the hymns and prayers with which certain goody stories are interleaved, and which are generally left unread by the children for whose improvement they are intended. We hope it may be so; for, not content with the usual vulgar errors, the summaries seem to have hit on some new blunders quite peculiar to themselves. But in addition to these "Historical Summaries" we are told that, "where modern historical research has shown that the Fiction varies too palpably from the Fact, notes have been added." Eager to profit by the labours of modern historians, we turn at once to the first of these notes in the volume on England. We there find that our modern historian is none other than Giraldus Cambrensis, and all he has to tell us is the old story of Harold's escape from the field of Senlac and after-life as an "anchoret" in a cell attached to St. John's at Chester. If the editor will take the trouble to turn to the pages of Mr. Freeman's History, he will find this legend given there for what it is worth, and its true meaning and value pointed out. After having learned this, we think he would do well to write yet another note, and this time to add it to the *fact*, not to the *fiction*.

It would be hard to say for whom these tales are intended. Not for children surely. The love-making that forms the chief feature in one and all of them is far too decided to allow of their entrance into any well-regulated nursery or school-room. But for that they might find favour in the eyes of the little folk who delight chiefly in stories about cruel kings and lovely princesses, but we scarcely think their absurdities will be swallowed by the elder brothers and sisters who have attained to the dignity of full-grown novels. Historical, or would-be historical, tales must however be popular with some class of readers, or we should not be so overrun with them. We believe that there are certain persons whose minds are so constituted that they cannot feel an interest in any historical characters unless they are told the colour of their eyes and hair, and who look with contempt upon any manuals that do not satisfy their curiosity on these important points. To all such persons we without hesitation recommend these "Tales." Not a leaf can you turn but some notable personage with whose name you are already familiar is introduced to you with keen blue eyes or large black ones, jetty ringlets, auburn tresses, or locks blanched with age, just as it suits the writer's fancy. But whatever they may be to readers, we do not at all wonder that the historical tale should be a favourite style with writers of fiction. They consider themselves at liberty to play all sorts of queer tricks with the doings and fame of the worthies whom they thus draw out of their sepulchres. They are unfettered by the necessity of giving to their plots that minimum amount of probability exacted in the modern novel, or of making their puppets speak a language in some degree akin to the talk of rational human beings, and in general the tales are short enough to avoid the risk of changing the complexion of the chief actors more than once, at all events, before the end. All that the writer of an historical tale has to do is to choose a certain number of names from the first history that comes to hand, to ascribe to these names a picturesque mixture of stalwart frames, graceful forms, waving ringlets, and flowing beards, to make them call their equals "master" instead of "mister," their superiors "my liege," and their inferiors "minion" or "varlet." Furthermore, he must put into the mouths of these creatures of his fancy certain stock words and phrases, such as "durance" for imprisonment, "malison of heaven" for a pretty strong dose of abuse, and he must scatter such expressions as "by our Lady," "Heaven forefend," "Good sooth," "Peace, minion," "Mark me, my masters," "Marry, my lords," "Ha, hail!" "tush" or "methinks," broadcast over the pages. He must make all things subordinate to the fortunes of some young man and young woman to be styled alternately "fair damsel" or "wench," "springald" or "comely youth," according to the friendly or hostile feelings of the supposed speaker. Let him then wind up with either a wedding or a murder, according to the state of his own temper, and he will have turned out a very tidy tale with very little trouble to himself.

The first of the tales in the English series comes up pretty fairly to these requirements. It is called "Wulfstan of Worcester," and may serve as a specimen of the miserable nonsense which is here palmed off under the guise of history. As was to be looked for, all the characters are either Normans or Saxons; but our hopes of making the personal acquaintance of a real live specimen of that wondrous being the "semi-Saxon" are this time disappointed. The legend of the English Bishop's appeal to the dead Confessor, and of the miracle wrought at his tomb, goes a long way towards filling up, and the inevitable pair of lovers are united in a somewhat irregular and sudden fashion in presence of the Council held in the West Minster. This interesting pair are of course a Norman and a Saxon; but by way of giving zest to the tale, the bride, a lovely creature, who has seen some eighteen summers (what do heroines do with themselves in winter?), is none other than the daughter of the "Reverend Prelate." Against such a scandal we must protest. It is bad enough to make the saintly Wulfstan break forth into profane swearing; but to give him a fair daughter, who "gazes from the windows of her father's palace at the "spires and columns of the cathedral," and "the majestic summits of Malvern," is downright defamation of character. In those days a wife and daughters were not looked on as the indispensable tenants of every episcopal palace. We do not mean to assert that bishops with such incumbrances were entirely unknown; but they were few and far between, and only such as had been married before entering the priesthood. Not of these was Wulfstan of Worcester, the Saint who in early youth became first a priest and then a

* *The Romance of History.* London: Warne & Co. New York: Scribner, Welford, & Armstrong.

monk, in that city where as prior, and afterwards as bishop, he led that life of purity and virtue which places him as the best and holiest of the churchmen of his time; the man who by his wisdom won the favour of princes, and by his eloquence induced the money-loving merchants of the great commercial city of the West to renounce the unlawful trade by which they had their gain; the priest who ceased not to raise his voice against the laxity and self-indulgence of his married brethren. For a better understanding of his life and conversation we recommend Mr. Neele to study carefully the authority to whom we have already referred. And we would in all brotherly love counsel the weavers of those tissues of fable commonly called historical tales, if they must sport with the characters of "Reverend Prelates," to pitch upon some one whose life and virtues have not been so minutely chronicled as those of Wulfstan, the saintly Bishop of Worcester.

The Historical Summaries in the French series are longer and fuller than those on England. The writer, Mr. Ritchie, has free scope for airing his own views on religion, politics, and philology, and he really becomes entertaining. He brings us into a very wonderland of monsters and hobgoblins, the slayers of whom deserve to share the renown of the giant-killer of nursery legend. His pet bogie is clearly the state of affairs which he is pleased to call feudality. It haunts him in every page, and against it he wages ceaseless and deadly war from its cradle to its grave. On the second page the birth of this monster is chronicled in a list of other important events, though unfortunately the day of the month and year seem to have been lost. A little further on it takes a human form. Hugh Capet, we are told, was the "personification of feudality." By and by it turns to stone, for in the eleventh century "the keystone was placed of the great arch of feudality which bestrode the kingdom from one end to the other." Not such a great stride, after all, in those days, when but a small pièce of Gaul went to the making of the kingdom. But before another hundred years have gone by the arch springs to life again, and becomes a hobgoblin, and his stride has stretched still wider, and now takes in the whole Continent. But the end draws near. We read how "Philip Augustus struck a successful blow at feudality, that terrible hobgoblin which bestrode Europe." This hobgoblin, however, was by his excesses cutting his own throat, and therefore we are not surprised to find meted out to him the punishment which the great poet of the Shades would have us believe is the award of suicides. He is transformed yet once again, into a tree, and before long it is all over with him. By the seventeenth century "the whole pith and sap of the many-branched *regime* of feudality had long since gone to strengthen the central trunk of absolutism."

The career of the Church may rival the wondrous course of "feudality." In very early days we learn that "Priestcraft waxing to a Colossus soon encompassed in its fatal stride all Europe." After such a stretch we are not at all surprised to hear of "the power of the Church advancing with gigantic pace." We only wonder, in all simplicity, how much further the next step would take it, and how it came that it did not at once step across the ocean, and light on the New World on the other side. Prepared however as our minds have been by all these marvels, still when we read that "the Pope re-bellowed another bull," it fairly takes our breath away. With the accomplishment of speaking pearls, diamonds, or frogs, all readers of fairy tales are familiar, but the power of "bellowing a bull" casts these fairy gifts quite into the shade. After all these wonderful statements we are not surprised to find that Mr. Ritchie feels a special aversion to critics, and reckons among the misdeeds of Charles the Ninth that he "patronized authors and critics." He has indeed a happy knack of saying something instructive about all the kings. He tells us that Francis the First was "a very gentlemanly king, which was so far well, as France had by this time become an absolute monarchy." Sometimes, too, a prophetic gleam lights up the gloomy annals of wars and fighting, or we are taken behind the scenes and let into the secrets that set the springs of history in motion. Thus we are told that "William Duke of Normandy conquered England and established a despotism as general as feudality permitted. William was fat; and the King of France unfortunately joked upon this circumstance. This occasioned a war which may be said to have continued with some *truces of God* till the battle of Waterloo." We hope that this warning as to the folly and wickedness of making personal remarks will be taken by all young readers.

Having seen what the facts in this volume are, we shall not expect better things from the fictions. It begins with the old story of how Bertha (should it not be Emma?), the daughter of Charles the Great, carried her lover Eginhard across the snow to avoid the risk of tell-tale footsteps. Of course it is but a small thing to speak of her as a "daughter of the House of France," to put French songs into her mouth and to frenchify Aachen into Aix-la-Chapelle; but it is something new to meet the Great Karl coming through a wood singing a song which "seemed to be one of the war hymns of the Celts popularly known in France since their collection a few years before by the King." We should be glad to know whether these hymns were sung by the Celts before they began to speak Latin, or during the time when the popular songs were like the common talk in the tongue of the Roman people. All through this tale, "The Court of Charlemagne," Mr. Ritchie seems to imply that French was the language of the Frankish Court. Yet he knows better, or, at all events, before the end of the volume he has learnt better, for in the summary to the twelfth century we learn:—

> The Latin and Tudesque tongues—the latter a dialect of Germany—were now fully molten into what is called the Roman, or Romance; which, polished by nearly seven centuries, is the French language of our day.

Badly expressed as this is, one can at least see what it means; and the meaning is true so far as it goes, and shows that Mr. Ritchie knows perfectly well what a modern mixture French is. But the tit-bit in this tale is kept for the last, when Constantine, the son of the Eastern, or, as they considered themselves, sole Emperors of Rome, sends to the rival who has cut him out in the favour of Bertha a sword whereon was inscribed

> To the most illustrious the Prince Angilbert, from his friend *Constantine of Greece*.

This inscription, we are told, astonished every one, and we are not at all surprised at that. Would that it had been preserved, that it might astonish us too! It would have been a very fitting companion for that other interesting relic, the "Sword that Balaam wished for."

But the wonders we have found in France have tempted us to overstep our limits, and we have but a few lines to spare for the rest of the series; to wit—Spain, by Don T. de Trueba; India, by the Rev. Hobart Caunter; and Italy, by C. Macfarlane. As for Spain, as it is only in the sixteenth century that it appears as a power in Europe, the general run of readers know even less about the history of the several States that go to form the modern kingdom than they do of other countries, and romancists may give their fancy a very loose rein without fear of being pulled up short for inaccuracy. We must, however, protest against calling Joanna the *Queen Dowager*, after the accession of her son Charles the First, as her reign continued in name at least until her death.

Italy has come off best in the series. The manner in which the tales are told is much better, and the matter of which they are made up is less improbable than in the other volumes. But we cannot help noticing a blunder, perhaps the most generally accepted of all the many blunders which pass current with unthinking people; to wit, that the last year of one century is the first of the next. Mr. Macfarlane begins his summary of the fifteenth century with the year 1400, and though by so doing he is only following the example of Sismondi, of Villani, and of Boniface the Eighth, too, for that matter, who proclaimed a Jubilee for the end of the century in 1300, it is still distinctly wrong. Would Mr. Macfarlane be content if a debtor who owed him 100*l.* paid him 99*l.*? If not, why should he defraud the fourteenth century of its last year, and put down the doings of that year 1400 to the account of the already almost too eventful fifteenth century?

COLONEL HAMLEY ON THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.*

If some one could have told Colonel Hamley, when his now well-known work appeared seven years since, that within this short space of time it would twice become his duty to rewrite large portions of it in order to convey to the readers of new editions fresh teachings as important as any he had gathered from all former history, we doubt if even his prescience would have admitted the possibility. Yet so it actually has proved. Scarcely had the world made acquaintance with the book as originally penned, when the war of 1866 came to upset all past experiences, and to prove that a veteran leader, supported by veteran officers, and fully confident of victory, might be beaten and crushed at every point by inexperienced generals at the head of what had hitherto been regarded as a mere peace army, but which was carefully trained and carried a better weapon. So brief was the collision of 1866, and so sudden the Austrian defeat, that it was difficult to gather its full lessons aright. The Prussians themselves had not completely learnt them, although guided by the almost prophetic spirit of Captain May, when their late trial came upon them. As much however as was to be told Colonel Hamley collected in his second edition, noticed by us on its appearance (*Saturday Review*, July 31, 1869). What 1866 left incomplete 1870 has finished. What was subject for discussion three years since is now matter of historical evidence and deliberate judgment. Vast changes, all admit, have come about. But how far the greater principles of strategy must be modified in accordance with the increased size of armies and the progress of the steam-engine and telegraph; what are the limits to the revolution which rifled field-guns and breechloading small-arms have palpably forced upon us in tactics—these are questions with which a really standard work, such as that before us, must deal, under penalty of being held antiquated if they are passed over. We are not surprised to find that Colonel Hamley gives two complete chapters to the results of the late war, and to these we propose to confine our attention.

The circle of readers which Colonel Hamley addresses, as he points out in his preface, is widening from year to year as military education improves. Whether it be, as he suggests, that the details of the late great wars have shown the vastly increased importance of professional knowledge, or whatever may be the special cause, the fact is certain. Any one who recalls the ignorance of the public as to the events of 1859, when a true conception of even the broader part of the strategy was altogether exceptional, and contrasts the state of things then with that two years since, when every educated man who had leisure followed the movements from day to day, will realize how great is the change among ourselves. Objects purely professional, as Colonel Hamley remarks, excite among ourselves an interest which extends far beyond the army. Meanwhile, over

* *The Operations of War.* By Colonel E. B. Hamley, R.A., C.B. Third Edition. London: William Blackwood & Sons.

the greatest of our neighbours there has passed a change of a far more serious kind. The turning of the whole Prussian nation into a great school of war Colonel Hamley regards as the most remarkable of many proofs of the unwonted attention paid by this generation to military science. We differ from him here, believing it rather the prime cause of the feverish activity of other countries than a mere part of a blind general movement of the time. Be this as it may, the present age has lived to see "in Prussia a nation devoted to the requirements of the army, and an army devoted to the requirements of war"—a spectacle the world has never known before since the era of Roman conquest, except for a brief space under the First Napoleon. The fact is there, whatever be the criticisms on it; and those who live in the age have no business to leave it out of their reckoning. It is a sense of this movement, no doubt, and a consciousness that it adds to the appreciation of his work, which makes Colonel Hamley launch his new edition in full confidence that its lessons will go far beyond the profession directly addressed.

A brief but very pregnant chapter of the new edition is devoted to Changes in Contemporary Tactics. Those who are acquainted with the published Wellington Essays, and remember that Colonel Hamley selected them, will be prepared to find how completely his mind, despite a natural conservatism, has accepted the teachings of the late campaign as to the rejection of old formations for the attack. Theory and traditions, as he clearly points out, gave way in 1870 under the pressure of facts. The attack at once came to consist of, instead of being merely covered by, skirmishers. And the Prussians being, by their superior training, far better prepared for the new conditions than the French, the advantage fell naturally to their side. But Colonel Hamley is not content with merely going over the ground to see what has been done. He seeks to pierce the future of war, and, after fully elaborating his account of the present Prussian system, he points out how largely it is influenced by their unbroken success, and intimates that their confiding in cavalry because cavalry have done so much for them, and in offensive tactics because these in France have so constantly brought victory, are circumstances which may possibly be turned against them hereafter. It is not to be expected, he declares, that any army will ever be better fitted for fighting than theirs is now. Success, therefore, must be sought mainly in anticipating and preparing to meet the peculiarities of its warfare in its latest developments. His ideal defence of a country against the Germans is so important that it should be given in his own words unabridged:—

> An antagonist may calculate on finding all their movements at first characterized by audacity, and should seek them his advantage. He should meet their reconnoitring cavalry with a well maintained cordon of mounted riflemen. Knowing that their advanced guards will be eager to engage, he should draw them into attacks on his own, bringing up a force of mounted rifle men to turn the scale against the infantry, and of cavalry to attack the great battery which will be presently seeking to overwhelm him. Except with manifest advantages on his side, he should not at first imitate their tactics by seeking to engage, but await them in position, *combining his defence with the offensive action of a detached force* [the italics are our own] which would manœuvre for the occasion on a pivot of its own, but which would receive its impulses from the general-in-chief by means of the telegraph. Should the enemy seek to turn his position by a circuit, he may throw himself across the heads of their columns, confident of finding that their eagerness to engage will have caused them to extend unduly, and that he will be met at the successive stages of his attack by numbers constantly inferior to his own. If the intercepting movement be completed before he can meet it, he may strike boldly at their rear with the certainty of finding there a vulnerable point. When about to become the assailant, he should manœuvre to base himself anew and threaten their communications; for though this may have been foreseen by them, yet the sudden change must derange their plans and complicate their movements. Other operations in a similar spirit will suggest themselves to the reader; and, throughout the campaign, advantage should be taken of the railways, telegraphs, and temporary bases available for an army in its own country, to combine simultaneous operations, on varying fronts, for a common purpose of defence or attack. And though it is not to be doubted that tacticians as sagacious as those of Prussia must have foreseen how their own tactics may be met, yet it is by no means certain that the alternative system they may devise will be so successful as that which destroyed the armies of France.

The idea we have italicised of combining the defence of a position with a moveable force outside, is plainly a favourite one with Colonel Hamley, and he applies it admirably elsewhere to a concrete example, by supposing that Bazaine on August 18 had thus detached part of the reserves—of which he actually made no use—in the direction of Thionville, so as to retain the power of bringing them to bear suddenly on the rear of the Guards and Saxons in their attack on his right flank. Bazaine, we know, was occupied entirely with his other flank, and indeed was in every way singularly unequal to the occasion. But the comment made on this and similar tactical opportunities is very just, that "there have been as yet few or no examples of the facilities for new combinations which science has conferred on war."

Colonel Hamley goes much further than this reflection. He declares of the battles of 1870 that the student will learn nothing from them of the higher tactics which make skill supply the place of greater force, or effect great results with small loss. We believe that in the main he is right, and he is certainly so when he asserts that such tactics are quite as desirable now as under former conditions. It will be seen that at this point he breaks off entirely from such writers, for instance, as Boguslawski, who treat what happened at Woerth, Gravelotte, and Sedan as the inevitable form of future war, and almost demand a superiority of numbers in order to ensure victory. To us it has always seemed that their assumptions are somewhat hasty. It must be against all human experience that genius should suffer in power by having better materials to work with than before. And we strongly recommend, therefore, to those who have believed the subject to be exhausted and the question decided, a careful study of Colonel Hamley's chapter on Contemporary Tactics.

Hardly less deserving of attention is that on the Campaign of Metz and Sedan which will be found in another portion of the new edition. Dry this is of necessity in form, being rather a key than an independent narrative; but special interest attaches to the writer's comments at the end, and above all to his treatment of the supposed case of Bazaine's escape. Had this been attempted at once, when the French found themselves headed off at Mars-la-Tour, by a sudden movement through Metz, and a march beyond it south-eastward, Colonel Hamley shows with masterly clearness that there was nothing to prevent its immediate success. The French would soon have got into an untouched district. They would have destroyed with ease the German communications; and, by marching on Strasburg and raising the siege, they would have imparted a victorious aspect to the movement. German writers will not admit that their generals would have been, as Colonel Hamley believes, "much more solicitous to restore their communications than to follow Bazaine"; but no one can doubt that if the movement had succeeded even partially, the whole aspect of the first part of the war would have been changed. As a general reflection on the strategy of the campaign, Colonel Hamley has undisputed truth on his side when he points out that the predominance of the German armies, manifest from the outset, deprives it of much of its value as a study. This chapter is closed by what most readers will give the author their particular thanks for. This is a brief but thorough examination of the new frontier line of France, which, as is shown, is still capable of being made strong against new German invasion, but only at a large fresh outlay for defensive works. The resources of France seem almost unlimited, but, adding this need to her other present military requirements, it is quite clear that she has a very long time to look forward before she can hope to meet her late conquerors on anything like terms of equality.

DAVIES'S HESIOD AND THEOGNIS.*

THIS excellent little work belongs to the series of *Ancient Classics for English Readers*, edited by the Rev. W. Lucas Collins. If all the other works of this series are written with the same ability as *Hesiod and Theognis*, a very valuable addition, in an unpretending form, will have been made to the literature of the country. Perhaps, however, it is too much to expect that the editor can be in every case fortunate enough to secure the services of a writer who, like Mr. Davies, unites to a scholarly knowledge of Greek a no less scholarly knowledge of English. It has of late been made only too clear that men may be distinguished as teachers of the classics, and set among the highest in the ranks of schoolmasters, and yet may be unable to write their own language with any degree of accuracy. From some other books of this same series which have already been brought before our notice, we feel very hopeful, however, that in the present case the work throughout will be well done. It is difficult to estimate too highly the value of such a series as this in giving "English readers" an insight, exact as far as it goes, into those olden times which are so remote and yet to many of us so close. It is in nowise to be looked upon as a rival to the translations which have at no time been brought forth in greater abundance or in greater excellence than in our own day. On the contrary, we should hope that these little volumes would be in many cases but a kind of stepping-stone to the larger works, and would lead many who otherwise would have remained in ignorance of them to turn to the versions of Conington, Worsley, Derby, or Lytton. In any case a reader would come with far greater knowledge, and therefore with far greater enjoyment, to the complete translation who had first had the ground broken for him by one of these volumes. It is true that a man with the skill of the late Mr. Conington, instead of merely translating a line, may often so paraphrase it as at once to give his readers the same idea as is conveyed in the original, when a literal translation, unless it were backed up by a long antiquarian note, would have been altogether beyond their understanding. Nevertheless, if this is too frequently done, we have as the result such a work as Pope's *Imitations of Horace's Epistles*, which, admirable as it is in itself, and doubly interesting as it is to a man who knows Horace, yet to the ordinary reader is anything but Horace. But when once an English reader has first read with the care it deserves such a work as the one before us, he can then come to a translation of Hesiod or Theognis which shall be close, and yet shall be within his understanding. He will have found difficulties cleared away, what was unknown and strange made well known and familiar, and a languid curiosity oftentimes quickened into an eager desire. No one, we will undertake to say, can read Mr. Davies's brief account of Theognis, and the selections he gives from Hookham Frere's translation, without at once resolving to read the whole translation as soon as he can get at it. And not a few fair classical scholars who may chance to pick up this little volume will be led to read for the first time in the original, not only Theognis, but also Hesiod.

It is for "English readers," however, that these volumes are chiefly intended, and it is on them that they will confer the greatest benefits. It is not merely that they will open up to them a world which was almost closed, but that they will render them far more able than before to enjoy our own Eng-

* *Hesiod, and Theognis.* By the Rev. James Davies, M.A., late Scholar of Lincoln College, Oxford, translator of "Babrius." Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1873.

link literature. We do not know that we should go so very far beyond the mark if we were to say that a man who is ignorant of the chief Latin writers loses quite as much when he reads English authors as when he does not read Latin authors. How much does a man lose, often indeed without knowing it, who, unfamiliar with Latin, reads Addison, or Fielding, or even Thackeray! The volumes in the series before us indeed, however well they may be done, will be very far from putting a man on the same level as the classical student; but nevertheless they will do a great deal for him. Many an allusion which before was dark to him they will make clear, and many a turn of thought which before would have seemed to him awkward they will at once render graceful. To the young classical student, too, we cannot but think that these volumes will render a great service. If at our great public schools no time could be stolen in the hours of leisure from cricket and foot-ball for a little quiet reading, nevertheless one or two of these volumes might with advantage be set as a pleasant task for each vacation. When we consider that the practice at all schools is not to read an author right through, but to familiarize a boy as far as can be with the style of as many authors as possible, it will be evident that any one whose mind is not utterly sluggish must often be eager to know what had gone before and what came after the part he had been set to study. A class reads perhaps some three or four books of the Æneid or of the Iliad, and then Æneas and Achilles, like personages who figure at a levée, have to stalk off and make room for others. In a levée no doubt a constant and rapid succession is pleasing enough; but when Turnus and Hector are still in the full tide of their success, we do not envy that boy who, as he leaves his Æneid or his Iliad, can be contented to leave these heroes too, utterly careless whether they win or lose. Moreover, how much better prepared would a lad enter upon the study of the *Georgics* if he had first read Mr. Davies's interesting chapter on the Imitators of Hesiod, and seen the source whence sprang that noble "glorification of labour" of the great Roman poet! Nay, how much better would he understand many minor points in Latin poetry—as, for instance, the great oath of the Gods, the swearing by the Styx—if he had read of the awful penalty which in Hesiod's *Theogony* we find inflicted on any god who, after taking that dread oath, was guilty of falsehood! To read a classical poet without a knowledge of Hesiod's *Theogony* is like reading *Paradise Lost* or the *Pilgrim's Progress* without a knowledge of the Bible. Notes, no doubt, in the one case or the other would supply all the necessary information; but while a student was finding out what was "that forbidden tree," and where was the river Styx, or Siloa's brook, or Mount Sinai, he would be in some danger of missing all the poetry.

Mr. Davies has composed his volume on much the same plan as the others of this series which have already appeared. He tells in an interesting manner all that is known of the life of each of the two poets, and, partly in his own words, partly in judiciously chosen passages from the various translations, makes his readers thoroughly at home with the subject of the poem. He has moreover an interesting chapter on Hesiod's Proverbial Philosophy, and another on his Imitators. We think it would have been well if he had thrown more doubt even than he does on the date when Hesiod flourished. He quotes Herodotus's statement that "Hesiod and Homer lived not more than four hundred years before," and further on he says that "tradition, so far as it is of any worth, corroborates the consistent belief of the ancients, that Hesiod flourished at least nine centuries before Christ." We hardly understand how tradition can corroborate a belief which was founded only on tradition; and as for Herodotus's statement on such a matter as this, it is, we conceive, of no worth, while the consistent belief of the ancients is, if possible, of less. Mr. Davies on this point follows Mr. Paley, to whom in his preface he expresses his great acknowledgments. But Mr. Paley of 1861, the year when his edition of Hesiod was published, is not the Mr. Paley of the present day. We should scarcely expect to find, after his Introduction to Homer, that he would rely either on tradition or on Herodotus. If a study of the language of these two early poets and of the customs they describe cannot fix the date when they flourished, nothing else can. Of the tenth century before Christ in Grecian history we know about as much and about as little as of the Court of King Arthur and of his Knights of the Round Table. In the Life of Theognis we find what is apparently a misprint in a date, which will no doubt be corrected in a later edition. It is stated that his life "is supposed to have lasted till beyond 480 B.C., as he distinctly in two places refers to the instant terror of a Median invasion." A man who died in 490 might have suffered from the terrors of a Median invasion, but he would have taken heart again at the great victory of Marathon. Later on, too, Mr. Davies says that "it has been surmised from his speaking of age and death as remote, and of convivial pleasures as the best antidote to the fear of these, that he was not of very advanced age at the battle of Marathon." Those who thus surmised must either have held antediluvian notions of what constitutes "very advanced age," or could scarcely have agreed with Mr. Davies in placing the poet's birth about 570 B.C. On these two points alone do we differ from Mr. Davies, unless perchance in the derivation, which he somewhat upholds, of parts of Hesiod's *Theogony* from the Mosaic Cosmogony. Though "the Hesperian maids"—

> Whose charge o'ersees the fruits of bloomy gold
> Beyond the sounding ocean, the fair trees
> Of golden fruitage—

are "ranked with Death, and Sleep, and Gloom, and its kindred, as the unbegotten brood of Night," we should not therefore be inclined to find the clue "in Hesiod's having a glimmering of the Fall and its consequences." Still less should we be inclined to find in one of the functions of Iris "a vague embodiment of the covenant sealed by 'the bow set in the cloud.'"

Perhaps one of the most interesting and original chapters in the book is that on Hesiod's Imitators, in which Mr. Davies more than anywhere else shows the width of his reading. We should be curious to know, however, if Mr. Davies ever thought of finding in the Icelandic literature a parallel not only to Hesiod in his proverbial philosophy, but also to Theognis in his repartees in verse. There is much in Mr. Morris's admirable translation of Grettir—perhaps the finest translation which this age of translations has seen—of which we are reminded by both one poet and the other. The proverbial wisdom of Grettir is scarcely, if at all, inferior to that of Hesiod; while, if the Greek poet delights in "the use of a characteristic epithet standing by itself for the substantive which it would commonly qualify (*e.g.* 'the boneless' to represent 'the caterpillar,' and 'the silvery' for 'the sea')," no less does the Icelandic hero. Who, again, who knows both works, when he reads the following retort of Theognis, will not be reminded of the way in which Grettir sang when he too was mocked?—

> But the love of music and song, which led him into the scrape, sufficed also to furnish him with a ready and extemporized retort to the girl's insinuation that perhaps his mother was a flute-player (and, by implication, a slave)—a retort which he, no doubt, astonished his audience by singing to his own accompaniment:—
>
> I am of Æthon's lineage. Thebes has given
> Shelter to one from home and country driven.
> A truce to jests: my parents mock thou not,
> For thine, not mine, girl, is the slavish lot.
> Full many an ill the exile has to brave:
> This good I clasp, that none can call me slave,
> Or bought with price. A franchise I retain,
> Albeit in dreamland, and oblivion's plain.

A better understanding can surely be got of the circumstances under which the early Greek poets wrote, and perhaps even of the date when they flourished, by the comparative study of the early writings of each Aryan race, than by a reliance on traditions or historians, or a reference to the writings of a Semitic race.

The English reader, we should imagine, while he will be greatly struck to find so much that is utterly unlike the world he himself knows, will be perhaps still more struck by finding so much more that is like. Mr. Davies often, by a happy turn or a happy reference, contrives to bring this home with great force. He shows how the "crinolines and dress-improvers," "the hatbands and scarves," the Carlton and the Reform, and the exiles "hobbing and nobbing over treason in some 'Leicester Square' tavern," all had their counterpart in ancient times. Curious it must be also for the modern reader to find that Sicily, which has for ages been sunk so low, "that isle of the West, was to Theognis's countrymen what America is to ours, the refuge of unemployed enterprise and unappreciated talent." Hesperia is ever flying westward. First it was Greece, then Italy and Sicily, next Spain, then America, and now it is America's western shore. Will it there, like Delos, become for ever fixed, or will it still sweep onwards towards the West, and at last return to that East whence first it started? Somewhat comforting, too, it will be to those who mourn over the good old times to find for how many ages the same mourning has gone on. Hesiod, like ourselves, had though the times were in which he lived, yet saw worse coming; for, in Mr. Davies's words,

> this iron age, at the transition point of which Hesiod's own lot is cast, shades off into a lower and worse generation, the lowest depth will at length be reached, and baseness, corruption, crooked ways and words, will supplant all nobler impulses,
>
> Till those fair forms, in snowy raiment bright,
> From the broad earth have winged their heavenward flight,
> Called to th' eternal synod of the skies,
> The virgins, Modesty and Justice, rise,
> And leave forsaken man to mourn below
> The weight of evil and the cureless woe.

"English readers," especially young "English readers," will perhaps be less inclined to put all their trust in Mr. Carlyle or in Mr. Ruskin when they find how many hundreds of years it is since the world was thought to be getting to its very worst, and how at that very same time it was rising, with Mr. Gladstone's strides and bounds, to a degree of greatness which it had never before attained. Had we space at our command we might go on further to show how admirably adapted this series is for the general reader, and how well Mr. Davies has done his part of the work. If we break off here in our praises, it is most certainly not, to quote one of Hesiod's proverbs, because we are like those who spare the liquor when the cask is empty.

ERMA'S ENGAGEMENT.*

HAD *Erma's Engagement* been stronger, it would have been a noticeable book in its way. As it is, the combination of "purpose" with lollipop, of advanced strong-mindedness with flowery sentimentality, is not conducive to its sterling value; and we find ourselves involuntarily wishing that the author—or, shall

* *Erma's Engagement.* A Novel. By the Author of "Blanche Seymour." 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers.

we say, authoress?—had kept more distinctly to one or other of the two lines, and had been either less full of political doctrine or more sparing of dollish prettiness. "Woman's Rights," when preached by such an apostle as Ermengarde St. Barbe, and practised by such a professor as Mrs. Harley, could not fail to make converts by the very force of individual influence. If two such women had illustrated Mormonism or Thuggism, they would have made the one respectable and the other righteous in the eyes of many, because of their supreme personal attractiveness. But we must not forget that the advocates of a theory have it all their own way in a novel, just as a clergyman has it all his own way in the pulpit. In the interests of justice the portrait of the man painted by the lion ought to be accepted at times; and even the devil's advocate has his uses.

Erma's Engagement is a fair example of this kind of special pleading. Its backbone is the woman's question, and the author has not, as painters say, starved her palette. There are two advocates of woman's rights in the story, Mrs. Harley, and her friend and disciple Ermengarde, or Erma, St. Barbe. The former is a mere shadow, a kind of impersonal principle moving through the pages under the name and style of an everyday woman, but without tangible individuality. She is a wife and mother, passionately opposed to the theory of womanly sacrifice and wifely submission, while in practical reality she lives only to please her husband and to love and educate her children. The latter is a young girl, bright, brave, conscientious, loving, who has learnt to think for herself, hence to doubt and to choose, but whose conduct is regulated by the strictest principles of obedience to her parents, self-surrender to conventional duty, and later, when she marries, of wifely self-suppression to the most extreme point to which amiability can lead a woman. Here, then, lies the radical weakness of the book. The author has not had the true courage of her opinions. No one would find fault with theories that led to such results as these; but they are not the logical results of the theory advocated. Had Erma been faithful to herself, she would have held by her new principles rather than her old teaching, when the two clashed. She would have married Cecil Erristoun, in spite of them all; or, having married Frank, she would have suffered from the mistake of her conformity to an unrighteous code. As things are, she is in the position of one who makes the best of both worlds, and serves God and Mammon with equal success. She gives up the man she loves, and marries the man she does not love, out of obedience to her parents, and because of that very law of womanly self-sacrifice to the wishes and well-being of a man which she so warmly condemns. But she is happy and virtuous with her unintellectual, good-tempered young Nimrod: and she keeps her money by her marriage, which else she would have lost. Then she marries Cecil after all, when poor Frank has conveniently coughed himself out of the way; whereby every one is content, and the wrong is righted before it is too late. All this is absolutely untrue to the dominant principles of the book. It is as if the author had undertaken to curse the law of womanly submission, but had blessed it unawares instead; unless, indeed, she means to show that out of evil comes good, and that a woman with the right kind of political principles can make even an ungenial marriage a success, and sacrifice more dignified than self-assertion. In which case is she not playing into the hands of the enemy—keeping the key of the citadel while showing the way through the breach?

To our thinking, however, Erma did wrong in marrying Frank. She had allowed herself to drift into a settled engagement with him, in express opposition to the terms of her aunt's will, and against her own better judgment and feelings. Having made this mistake, which neither her father nor her mother, nor yet her grave and sensible half-brother, had honesty enough to rectify, she falls in love with her ideal, Cecil Erristoun; he also with her. Her cousin Frank is handsome and good-natured, an athlete and no scholar, muscle not brain, a gentleman but a simpleton. She herself is enthusiastic for knowledge, a reasoner on her own account, bitten with all the new doctrines, and a natural sceptic. The marriage of two such people is the old union of the fire and the clod; and one that no woman who respected herself, even if she were not of the woman's rights' school, would make. And certainly, if there was another and a truer love in the background, it was a union which carried with it a certain taint not pleasant to contemplate. But Erma, who at one time declaims violently against the idea of marrying a man because he was going to the bad through disappointment, when her trial really comes, consents to throw over Cecil—after she has engaged herself to him during an interregnum when Frank in a pet has given her up—and to take on herself again a yoke which had galled her unspeakably before. It was not worth while being Mrs. Harley's disciple to come to this conclusion. Any meek-minded Griselda would have done the same, though few would have made so good a job of her misfit as did Erma, who by the very poetry of submission reigns supreme. Nor, we may add, would many young men who had gone so far as Frank on the perilous incline of debt and dissipation have been able to pull themselves up again with such perfect success as he. After his marriage he improves wonderfully. Whether the heart of the auil or snuite her for her cruelty in binding the high-minded Erma with a curly-headed well-bred loon, or whether she relented towards Frank himself, and out of her own pure grace endowed him with the rudiments of a soul and some germs of intellect, we have no means of judging. Sure it is, however, that after he has conquered fate and Erma he becomes comparatively æsthetic and sentimental, and is really not so bad a fellow, take him all in all, as many who look his betters. He is very naturally drawn, save that he has more poetic tenderness at times than would belong by right to such a dense-witted athlete; but we should imagine he must have been somewhat in awe of his very superior wife; and it speaks volumes for his good-nature or obtuseness that he kept to his love so long and so loyally.

The family of the St. Barbes are people given to much demonstration, and "making a fuss" seems to have constituted their normal condition. All their heart-breaks, and quarrellings, and love-makings, and reconciliations are transacted in public, and the servants understand the drawing-room barometer as well as the family themselves. Anything serves them for a scene; and the scenes are admirably described. Thus, when Erma in the prospective exercise of her proprietorship of Dunville, announces her intention of giving a piece of land to the Dissenters for their chapel, in opposition to the wishes of her High Church parents and their Anglican pastor, she rouses up a violent storm, which Beatrice, familiarly called Bea, the younger sister, shall tell in her own way, because she tells it with the true domestic point and humour:—

"My dear Frank, you never witnessed such a scene," said Beatrice. "Papa stormed, Mr. Wynne looked like the Grand Inquisitor, only language failed him to express his indignation, and mamma scolded poor Erma like anything. Then she told her to go and kiss papa, and say she was sorry, but he was too angry to be mollified, and would not kiss her, upon which she sat down on the sofa, and cried like a Madeleine. Then mamma, who is always in a state if Erma cries, cried too, and said we all combined to break her heart, and that Erma would not have a single eyelash left; and I cried, and Charlie cried, and we all cried."

"Good Heavens!" ejaculated Frank, "what a *tapage!*"

"Then, when he saw mother cry, papa relented and kissed Erma, and we all subsided."

"And Wynne?"

"Oh, I'm sure he said a *De Profundis* to himself while the storm lasted, for, used as he must be by this time to the family excitability, I think he was fairly astonished at the scene that day, and thanked God that he was a bachelor. Afterwards Erma went up to him—don't you know her way? half shy and half proud, and getting very red—and said she was sorry; so he was mollified, and gave her absolution."

"And I suppose Uncle Harry was all right afterwards?"

"Oh yes, and Erma went and sat on his knee, and he kissed her, and made ever so much fuss about her, and came into our room when we were going to bed to say 'good night' to her again, and all that."

They are always having these breezes, proud and conventional as they are; and a breeze affords Mrs. St. Barbe cause to be "at" Erma for wrinkling her forehead when she talks, and for rubbing her eyelashes out of her eyes when they are swept therein by the tears which come so readily. Here is a case in point, when Erma is refused leave to go to London with Mrs. Harley to hear lectures and learn science:—

"Now, don't be vexed about it, Erma, and cry and spoil your eyes," pleaded Mrs. St. Barbe. "You are so excitable, and work yourself up into a state about everything." The girl dashed away her tears.

"*Don't* rub your eyes in that way, I implore of you," went on the lady in a despairing tone; "you wont leave yourself an eyelash."

There did not, at present, seem much probability of such a disaster. Miss St. Barbe's long, silky lashes were one of the beauties of her face, but tears had the unpleasant effect of sweeping them into her eyes, which she would then rub vigorously, much to her mother's horror. A slight passage of arms between the pair usually ensued; the young lady would protest that eyelashes were a matter of perfect indifference to her, while her mother would insist on their beauty and utility. On the occasion in question Erma withdrew her handkerchief from her face, and contented herself with blinking her eyelids energetically to restore the lashes to their normal condition. The fact was that she espied her father in the distance, and to be seen in tears by a man was, in her opinion, the lowest depth of degradation; though she had not unfrequently experienced the potency of those feminine arguments in the limited dealings she had hitherto had with the sterner sex. But that was in the days of her youth; now she deemed it unworthy in the last degree to use such weapons, and the readiness of her large eyes to fill with tears on the slightest occasion was one of the greatest trials of this period of her existence.

There is a very good scene too between Erma and her mother, when the latter is trying to induce her to give up Cecil on the score of poverty. "Love is all very fine"—she says; "I married your dear father because I loved him—but you can't dress on it, nor keep a man in good humour on it. How would you like to be sworn at," she goes on to say, "when he comes home tired to an uncomfortable, badly cooked dinner?"—

"He wouldn't swear at me," said Erma, her face flushing at the aspersion.

"Of course not! It is well known that men never do. George Travers never was to swear at Mary St. Barbe! Her dear, noble George! Ask her about the matter now! She chose to marry a rising barrister who never rose, and they have to live on a halfpenny a year. You don't know what that is. You have only lived with men who never in their lives had to think how sixpence was to be made to do the work of a shilling. It is a very different thing when a man is perpetually harassed by small means and repeated calls on them. No temper can stand the perpetual strain. You judge from your own point of view. You don't mind an uncomfortable dinner, but a man does; it makes him cross and he scolds his wife, and she finds that it is not all smooth sailing, and is moped and miserable, and loses her good looks and all the attractions that first won him; cries perhaps, and that worries him, and so they go on from one thing to another, soured and miserable."

The conversation ends triumphantly for the mother, who demonstrates the utter folly of Erma's thinking of Cecil Erristoun, notwithstanding his brains, his heroic qualities, his M.P.ship, and his devoted love, by the final arguments, "Who is to do your hair? You can't do it yourself"; and, "You are not fit for a poor man's wife, Erma. Why, you could not sew on a shirt-button for him!"

There is an under plot, or rather a side interest, in the story of

Cecil's wilful sister and his orphan nephew, whom Erma takes up as a little newspaper boy at the corner—a street waif needing care—not knowing who he is. But the episode has nothing to do with the main thread of the plot, save indeed as another example of brutality in husbands, and of the down-trodden condition of wives. Johnnie himself, the nephew in question, is one of the moving shadows of the book; no more. We get no more hold of him than of Mrs. Harley; for though the story has many clever points and graphic touches, it does not always make definite pictures. But indeed we think the whole episode a mistake and an excrescence. Yet, with undoubted defects, *Erma's Engagement* has merit of a kind. There is a tendency in it to stray from the original landmarks which betrays want of grip, and the author has not stood with sufficient steadiness by her flag. All throughout men are represented as normally selfish, brutal, tyrannical to women, self-indulgent, sensual; and we ourselves come in for a feminine fling, characteristic, to say the least of it; but the old leaven is too strong for the new, and the result of the book, after all its frothy talk about woman's rights and woman's wrongs, is woman's self-surrender to the law of love and feminine duty, and the finding of her happiness therein.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

ENGLAND has seldom impressed her peculiar genius more profoundly on the history of the world than by the medium of John Wickliffe.* The hapless Albigenses, easily confounded with Wickliffe through their similar character as reformers, were actually severed from him by a wide interval of feeling no less than of opinion. They were religious revolutionists, whose Pantheistic creed had emanated from Oriental sources. In Wickliffe the world beheld the first endeavour to reconstruct the Church on conservative principles, and his *via media* has ever since been characteristic of average English opinion. Any good book on such a man must always be acceptable; and no apology for this last addition to the list is due from Dr. Lechler. It must perhaps be admitted that the author's qualifications consist rather in his zeal for the subject, and in the earnestness with which he has applied himself to master the materials already extant in print, than in any considerable addition which he has been able to make to ordinary sources of information. We must confess ourselves at least somewhat disappointed at what would seem the comparatively slight value of the forty volumes of unpublished MSS. by and relating to Wickliffe which he has had the opportunity of examining at Vienna and Dresden. If he has really turned them to the best account, it can only be said that their chief importance, as transcripts made by Bohemians, is that of illustrating the congeniality of Wickliffe's doctrines to the highest Slavonic civilization. It might also have been more distinctly expressed in the title how largely the book is devoted to the precursors and successors of Wickliffe in England and elsewhere. With these reservations, we have little but praise for a work of singular research, perspicuity, and sobriety. A laudable endeavour after absolute precision has sometimes rendered the diction more diffuse than was needful; in general, however, the style is pleasant and natural. The first chapters are devoted to an account of Wickliffe's predecessors in the reform of abuses in discipline rather than of corruptions of doctrine, especially Grossetesto, Bradwardine, Richard Archbishop of Armagh, and the author of *Piers Ploughman*. Then succeeds the life of Wickliffe himself, full justice being rendered to the activity in public affairs which his fame as an ecclesiastical reformer has somewhat thrown into the shade. The second volume is occupied by the history of the Lollard and Hussite developments of Wickliffism, and is concluded by an appendix containing specimens of Wickliffe's hitherto unpublished writings. On the whole, if the work contains little that is positively novel, it is probably the most comprehensive survey extant of the early period of the Reformation throughout all its numerous ramifications. The author's point of view is that of an orthodox Lutheran; his impartiality and moderation are exemplary; and he clearly discerns the cardinal fact that the seeds of the great religious revolution of the sixteenth century, no less than of the great intellectual and political revolution of the eighteenth, first germinated on English ground.

Pastor Werner's book on Herder† as a theologian is able and interesting, but too long and exhaustive to be generally consulted except by professional readers. This is to be regretted, as Herder's character as a popular theologian would have warranted a lighter style of treatment, and Herr Werner's ability and impartiality merit a wide circle of readers. He is in love, but not too much in love, with his subject. He admits that the positive results of Herder's biblical criticism have been insignificant, but justly claims for him the distinction of having exemplified a new spirit, and introduced a new era of inquiry, forming him, by a happy phrase, the Winckelmann of the Old Testament. The great source of Herder's influence, however, is to be found in his views of humanity, and their practical application to ecclesiastical doctrine and discipline—a part of the subject discussed in the most sympathetic and appreciative spirit by Herr Werner.

Professor Bernhard Weiss's work on the Gospel of Mark‡ is one of the most important recent contributions to New Testament criticism. The writer endeavours to establish the authenticity of Mark's Gospel, with the exception of the last eleven verses, its priority to Matthew and Luke, and the substantial accuracy of the ecclesiastical tradition which represents it as composed in accordance with the oral testimony of Peter. It is, in fact, the first Gospel in the sense of a regular narrative; the earlier work of Matthew, in its original form, having been a mere report of sayings or discourses. These views are supported by a most patient, laborious, and analytical comparison of Mark with the parallel passages in the other Synoptic Gospels.

The attention which we have elsewhere bestowed upon the proceedings of the Vatican Council† renders it unnecessary to here refer to Herr Frommann's history of it otherwise than as to a standard contribution to the subject, the production of one well acquainted with the intrigues of the Roman Curia, and whose point of view is less that of a theologian than of a canonist. The proceedings of another and much more satisfactory Council are published in the ample Report of the discussions of the Congress convened at Eisenach‡ in October last, for the consideration of social and industrial questions. The moving spirits of the Assembly, among whom occur the well-known names of Dr. Gneist and Dr. Brentano, appear to belong to that modern school of German political economists which endeavours to steer a middle path between Socialism and the absolute *laissez-faire* of the Manchester school. It is in general favourable to combinations among the working classes, rather, however, for mutual insurance and protection against oppressive employers than for the purposes of co-operative industry, respecting the feasibility of which some scepticism appears to exist. Three principal subjects were proposed for discussion—industrial legislation, trade-unions, and the provision of dwellings for the working classes. A report was read upon each, and followed by a long and animated debate. The general view of the speakers appears to be that German industry is successfully striving to adapt itself to a new condition of things, and the point which creates principal anxiety is the deficiency of house accommodation for the working classes, whose condition in this respect is indeed most serious.

Dr. Lazarus's discourse on the part played by ideas in shaping the destiny of nations§, although obscured by metaphysical subtleties, is in the main a worthy tribute to the influence of the solitary thought of individuals and the corporate enthusiasm of masses in determining the course of human affairs. If we are to conclude that it was pronounced precisely as it is printed, and apprehended perfectly as it was delivered, we can but congratulate Dr. Lazarus on having addressed an audience distinguished by sedulousness of attention and quickness of apprehension above all others in the universe.

The result attained by Herr Hensler's essay on the Municipal Constitutions of the Cities of the German Empire‖ is that they are a development of the old Frankish constitution; and he controverts the theory which makes them dependent on the first public documents in which they are distinctly recognized, the charters of Otho the Great and his immediate successors.

The general tendency of the essay on the Constitution of the modern German Empire, by Joseph von Held, a Bavarian publicist¶, is to insist that it can only be regarded as a temporary arrangement, which must result in a more logical application of the principle of national unity at the expense of the minor States. At the same time he is by no means an advocate for the unconditional supremacy of Prussia. An appendix contains the full text of the German Constitution, and of the treaties between Prussia and the Southern States.

The dispassionateness and precision which constitute the most distinguishing qualities of Leopold von Ranke** appear perhaps even to more advantage in minor historical studies than in narratives on a large scale. In the latter we have been taught by great examples to look for something of the grand style, for ornateness of diction, ingenuity of construction, animation of description, and liveliness of feeling. The disappointment produced by the absence of all these attractions is largely tempered when the writer, as here, presents himself from the first in the character of a sedulous scrutinizer of isolated historical problems rather than as a combiner of the general facts of history into an artistic whole. This very agreeable volume, a model of terseness, lucidity, and impartiality, is mainly occupied with researches into obscure or controverted points of the history of the House of Brandenburg, the credit (not too great in Ranke's opinion) due to the memoirs of the Margravine of Baireuth, the original draft of Frederick's history of his first Silesian campaign, his correspondence with the

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* *Johann von Wiclif und die Vorgeschichte der Reformation.* Von Gotthard Lechler. 2 Bds. Leipzig: Fleischer. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Herder als Theolog. Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte der protestantischen Theologie.* Von August Werner. Berlin: Henschel. London: Nutt.

* *Das Marcusevangelium und seine synoptischen Parallelen.* Erklärt von Dr. B. Weiss. Berlin: Hertz. London: Nutt.

† *Geschichte und Kritik des Vaticanischen Concils.* Von T. Frommann. Gotha: Perthes. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Verhandlungen der Eisenacher Versammlung zur Besprechung der socialen Frage am 6. und 7. October 1872.* Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Die Ideen in der Geschichte. Rectoratsrede.* Von Dr. M. Lazarus. Berlin: Dummler. London: Williams & Norgate.

‖ *Der Ursprung der deutschen Stadtverfassung.* Von A. Hensler. Weimar: Bühlau. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ *Die Verfassung des deutschen Reiches.* Von Joseph von Held. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate.

** *Abhandlungen und Versuche.* Von Leopold von Ranke. Erste Sammlung. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

Prince and Princess of Orange, and the secret history of the fall of his grandfather's Minister, Dankelmann. Information on the last point is chiefly derived from the papers of the English diplomatist Stepney, preserved at the Hague. There is also an interesting essay on the democratic and tyrannicidal tendencies of the Jesuits, not improbably destined to be revived if the present antagonism between the Church of Rome and the secular power should continue; and another on the origin of the doctrine of the triple authority—legislative, executive, and judicial—which is examined by the light afforded by Milton, Algernon Sydney, and Hobbes.

The discovery that the physiognomies of German statesmen of the last century are in general distinguished by self-complacency has suggested to Herr Sebastian Brunner * the quaint title of his collection of unpublished excerpts from their correspondence. We could well have borne with less humour in the visages if only there had been more in the letters; and when Herr Brunner takes credit for having brought so much unknown matter to light, we feel that we could have accorded him even more if he had left it where he found it. In fact, these two volumes, chiefly made up from the correspondence of diplomatic agents at the Courts of the spiritual princes, contain very little of general value or interest. There are, no doubt, some curious illustrations of the manners of the age, especially as regards its staple occupations of toping and boar-hunting. There is plenty of low intrigue and self-seeking; so that we decidedly agree with the editor that the effect of his collection is not to exalt one's conceptions of the old German Empire in its decrepitude, and we consider that it should tend to put German readers into charity with the French, but for whose interference things would still be much as of old. The pleasantest part of the book is the glimpse it affords of a real patriot and reformer, Joseph II.

The name of the editor of the *Poetæ Lyrici Græci* is a sufficient guarantee for the scholarship essential to the satisfactory execution of a history of Greek literature.† It is needless to point out how vastly more ample a scope of acquirement, no less than of original faculty, is necessary for the full mastery of a subject touching at some point or other on nearly every department of human activity; and no higher praise can be bestowed on Herr Bergk than to say that he appears in a fair way to provide the world of letters with a standard work on his magnificent theme. It must, however, be borne in mind that his present volume, treating of the linguistic foundation and earliest beginnings of Greek literature, deals with those portions of the subject in which he may be supposed to be most thoroughly versed. Should his treatment of Grecian history, eloquence, and philosophy prove equally satisfactory, his work may probably occupy such a position towards Ottfried Muller's as Mr. Grote's history holds with reference to Bishop Thirlwall's—superior, not in the genius of the writer, but in the comprehensiveness of the plan. To complete the parallel, Bergk's erudition is less polished and condensed than Muller's, and the work will probably be more acceptable to men of erudition than to readers of general culture. Yet, although the stamp of supreme literary finish may be absent, it is far from being formal, dry, or repulsive, while it excels in masculine common sense. Any deduction from this latter characteristic, should any have to be made, must be on account of the most difficult of the literary historian's problems—the Homeric poems. On the one hand we are highly gratified by the vigour with which Herr Bergk sweeps away the standard sophisms by the aid of which Homer is resolved into a myth. He places him, indeed, a century and a half earlier than usual: and even granting this to be an excess of conservative reaction, his argument for the existence of writing at the period is a powerful contribution to the traditional side of the controversy. We feel more dubious as to the soundness, while unable to refuse admiration to the ingenuity, of the patient analysis by which he strives to establish the existence of two Homers—the inspired bard himself and a later imitator of far inferior faculty, in whose hands the epic assumed nearly its present shape. As he regards the other interpolations as comparatively insignificant, and considers the older and younger Homers as but little removed in point of date, the unity and authenticity of the Iliad are substantially asserted even by this hypothesis. While bestowing the highest eulogiums on the Odyssey, he considers it to be the work of another and a somewhat later writer. The genuineness of Hesiod's *Works and Days* and *Theogony* is maintained, and the interesting chapter on this subject is distinguished by sobriety, due respect for ancient authorities, and willingness to acquiesce in ignorance where ignorance cannot be helped. The volume comes down to the first Olympiad, so that the next will embrace the subject which Bergk has made pre-eminently his own—that of Greek lyrical poetry.

The late Immanuel Bekker's notes in illustration of Homer ‡ are rather of literary than of philological interest. They consist mainly of a series of parallel passages throwing light on the manners and customs described by Homer, selected from the mediæval French and German metrical romances, and from the Mabinogion. The field thus indicated may prove fruitful, and would certainly admit of a more ornate and discursive method of treatment than Bekker's, whose style is of the curtest and driest, the very shorthand of literature.

Dr. J. H. Schmidt's great work on Greek metre * is at length completed. It is a herculean labour, requiring even in the reader more knowledge both of Greek and of music than is likely to be often united in the same person. Considering its abstruse character, it seems extraordinary that so bitter a controversy should have been excited by it as seems from the preface to have been the case.

Not much can be said in favour of the two volumes of Prince Pückler-Muskau's letters †, which accompany the biography we noticed last month. The most interesting speculations which they suggest are how Madlle. Assing ever got hold of them, and how it comes to pass that there is no law in Germany to restrain the publication of the letters of living persons without their consent. We cannot conceive that the permission of Countess Hahn-Hahn or Madlle. John (E. Marlitt) to the publicity of their familiar correspondence was obtained or even requested; not that there is anything that these ladies need regret, and in fact the latter exhibits good sense, good feeling, and feminine adroitness in her dealings with her octogenarian beau. Poor Puckler evidently wished to revive the impression of bygone flirtations with Bettina von Arnim, and there is something equally ridiculous and mournful in these vain endeavours to rekindle the simulacrum of a flame that never had warmth enough to burn anybody's fingers. The correspondence with Bettina is a weary business on both sides; some of the other letters, to comparatively undistinguished persons, are less ambitious, but considerably more in earnest.

The especial object of Herr Fritz Krauss's elegant version of Shakspeare's Sonnets ‡ is to render them popular with German lady-readers. He endeavours to attain this end by omitting all after No. 126, and by prefixing a dissertation explanatory of difficulties and ambiguities. His principal guide is Mr. Gerald Massey, and the nature of his solution is indicated by the title of his volume.

Although by this time not a very recent production, J. V. Widmann's *Buddha* § demands a word of notice both on account of the subject and of the qualities displayed in the treatment of it. The poet's theme is the life of Sakhya Muni, in narrating which he adheres pretty closely to tradition, rejecting the grotesque exuberances of Buddhist legend, and interweaving such episodes as appeal most nearly to universal human feeling. The gentle heroism of the ascetic sage is well adapted to poetical treatment, and although the writer is not a bard of the first rank, he is by no means incapable of sustaining, adorning, and diversifying the subject. His metre is the octave stanza, which he handles with great felicity.

The author of *Debit and Credit* would indeed have added a wreath to his laurels if, in his bold attempt at historical fiction in a remote era, he had displayed as much versatility of style as of subject. Unfortunately he is still the same realistic and somewhat prosaic Freytag; his Vandals and Wends are substantially personages of the nineteenth century; and the matter-of-fact exactness which is laudable in a delineation of contemporary manners is fatal to the imaginative instinct which alone can restore the lineaments of a bygone age. At the same time "Ingo and Ingraban" ‖, if not picturesque or exciting, are a pair of highly respectable romances; the author has manifestly done his best; we cannot but admire the fulness of his knowledge and the elaboration of his literary workmanship, and must admit that the cause of his failure to bring a vivid picture before the eyes of his readers can only be found in the comparative feebleness of the imaginative faculty which disables him from conceiving one himself. Literary skill has achieved everything within the scope of its resources; but to people the phantom-haunted night of time with substantial figures requires something more than effectiveness in isolated descriptions and a general air of reality in narrative, both of which the work certainly has. "Ingo" is a romance of the middle of the fourth century. "Ingraban" depicts the conflict of German and Slavonic races and religions in the time of Charles Martel. Both are designed as members of a series of tales extending through several ages, the principal actors in which are supposed to be connected by descent, as in Eugène Sue's *Mystères du Peuple*.

The "Seven Deadly Sins," by Robert Hamerling ¶, is a cantata in three parts, respectively depicting the incursion of the representative demons of these vices into our planet, the success which unfortunately attends them, and the rally of mankind and its auxiliary angels for their expulsion. The whole is too obviously fanciful, but there is no lack of lyrical feeling, either in the spirited diction or in the partly rhymed, partly alliterative metre.

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* *Der Humor in der Diplomatie und Regierungskunde des 17. Jahrhunderts.* Von Sebastian Brunner. 2 Bde. Wien: Braumüller. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Griechische Literaturgeschichte.* Von Th. Bergk. Berlin: Weidmann. London: Asher & Co.

‡ *Homerische Blätter.* Von Immanuel Bekker. Bd. 2. Bonn: Marcus. London: Williams & Norgate.

* *Griechische Metrik.* (*Die Kunstformen der Griechischen Poesie*, Bd. 4.) Von Dr. J. H. Schmidt. Leipzig: Vogel. London: Nutt.

† *Briefwechsel und Tagebücher des Fürsten Hermann von Pückler-Muskau.* Herausgegeben von L. Assing. 2 Bde. Hamburg: Hoffmann & Campe. London: Asher & Co.

‡ *Shakespeare's Southampton-Sonette.* Deutsch von F. Krauss. Leipzig: Engelmann. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Buddha. Epische Dichtung.* Von J. V. Widmann. Bern: Dalp. London: Nutt.

‖ *Ingo und Ingraban.* Von Gustav Freytag. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ *Die Sieben Todsünden. Ein Gedicht.* Von Robert Hamerling. Hamburg: Richter. London: Siegle.

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GENERAL GRANT'S FOREIGN POLICY.

AN amiable writer in the *Kreuz Zeitung* includes in a long catalogue of affronts supposed to have been offered to England the cession to Germany of Delagoa Bay, which the Portuguese have not ceded, and the lease or sale by an impudent adventurer called BAEZ of the bay and harbour of Samana to an American Joint-Stock Company. It is still extremely doubtful whether the Senate will allow the PRESIDENT to accomplish his favourite project of annexing San Domingo; but a protest or expression of alarm on the part of England would insure popular support to any scheme of aggression. The Joint-Stock Company is evidently a mere fiction, or a temporary instrument of the PRESIDENT. The American Government would never recognize the sovereignty of an irresponsible body of private persons over any territory in the Western hemisphere. The peninsula which is the subject of the alleged conveyance is smaller than the Isle of Wight, but the harbour is the principal outlet for the trade of the Spanish part of the island. South American Presidents have seldom been remarkable for scrupulous regard to the constitutional limits of their power; but BAEZ surpasses all competitors in audacity when he sells to foreigners the absolute sovereignty over an indispensable portion of the national territory. It appears that he has a complaisant Senate which will share in the plunder, if the bargain is concluded by the American Government. The treaty, as it is called, can scarcely be worth the paper or parchment on which it is written. No body of speculators can either make a treaty or acquire by purchase the right to exercise jurisdiction over foreigners resident on their property. An American Republic of Samana would be simply ridiculous; nor can there be any reason for going through an idle form if the Senate of the United States is disposed to reverse its former policy, and if the House of Representatives is willing to vote the amount which BAEZ is to receive as a bribe. It is evident that the rest of the territory and the Dominican Republic must follow the fortunes of Samana, and that Hayti must be annexed in its turn. There is no reason why England should concern itself about the negotiation. Both the Spanish and the French population of the island would probably be better governed by American officers than by half-civilized rulers of the type of BAEZ. It was assuredly not out of deference to England, and probably not from any excessive regard to the rights of negro or mulatto Republics, that the Senate overruled General GRANT's policy of annexation. It is possible that the American Union may eventually surround itself with dependencies; but prudent politicians hesitate to commence without urgent reason a series of experiments which might seriously affect the Constitution of the Republic. Even after the admission of PINCHBECK, the appearance of BAEZ at Washington as a Senator of the United States from San Domingo would scarcely be regarded with equanimity. Inferior races included in the dominion of the Union must either be allowed to share in government and legislation, or be ruled by an authority which has yet to be created. For purposes of commerce it is wholly unnecessary to buy or to rent either the harbour of Samana or the territory of San Domingo; but if the people of the United States really desire to found a colonial empire, they will approve of the treasonable corruption of BAEZ.

The bargain concluded by the anonymous Company furnishes an excuse, if not a justification, for some of the charges which Mr. SUMNER urged against General GRANT in his elaborate speech delivered in the last Session of Congress. There is undoubtedly reason to suspect that the PRESIDENT has determined on pursuing a policy of aggression in several different quarters. He has despatched a general officer who enjoys his confidence to superintend the proceedings of the Sandwich Islanders; and the journals which support his Government are careful to proclaim that the mission of the Pacific fleet to Honolulu is intended for the purpose of counteracting English influence. Not two months have passed since General GRANT announced in his Message to Congress that not a cloud any longer hung over the relations of England and the United States; but the temptation of an appeal to popular prejudice which may perhaps remove the objection to annexation at once prevails over the friendly disposition which had been professed. It is not improbable that the Senate may resent the practice of employing military officers on informal diplomatic missions. General SCHOFIELD represents at Honolulu the PRESIDENT alone, although an accredited American Minister holds a commission which must have been confirmed by the Senate. It is not a little remarkable that the peaceable professions of the Message should have been immediately afterwards interpreted by the underhand transaction with BAEZ, and by the despatch of the squadron to the Sandwich Islands. It now appears that the journals which foretold the adoption of a bolder foreign policy after the re-election of General GRANT enjoyed a confidence which the PRESIDENT withheld from the Senate and the House of Representatives. It is difficult for foreigners to ascertain whether any sudden change has affected public opinion in the United States. It will be strange if Congress votes the money which will be required to fulfil the engagements of the Samana Company with BAEZ, after refusing to provide for the purchase of St. Thomas from the Government of Denmark. The acquisition of the Sandwich Islands is more likely to meet with general approval; but the unauthorised action of the PRESIDENT will scarcely fail to provoke jealousy and censure.

Of all the unexpected indications of an ambitious policy, the most surprising is the calculated menace which has been addressed to Spain. The indirect form of the communication aggravates the insult, as it implies that Mr. FISH was not even disposed to allow the Spanish Government an opportunity of complying with his demands. When the despatch was published at Washington, Mr. FISH must have been fully aware that it had not been presented by General SICKLES to the Spanish MINISTER for FOREIGN AFFAIRS; yet the despatch itself contained a formal order to communicate without delay either the text or the substance of the document. Señor ZORRILLA had shortly before been attacked in the Cortes on the ground of his alleged subserviency to American dictation; and by publishing the despatch Mr. FISH supplied a formidable weapon to the Opposition which is engaged in the task of maintaining slavery in Porto Rico. If the Emancipation Bill is rejected, and the Government consequently driven from office, the American SECRETARY of STATE will have once more an opportunity of denouncing the existence of slavery in Cuba. The inability to tolerate for a few years longer the continuance in a foreign State of a system which was abolished less than ten years ago in the United States is the more significant because General GRANT was before the Civil War not an opponent of slavery. It is remarkable that zeal for abolition should prompt the adoption of a policy of aggression which is elsewhere simultaneously pursued on entirely different grounds. There are no slaves in San Domingo or in the Sandwich Islands; and, on the other hand, there has in Cuba been neither the extinction of a dynasty nor a lease of a part of the island in full sovereignty to a Company of American shareholders. The proverbial five reasons for drinking were consistent with one another in comparison with the PRESIDENT's three reasons for annexing as many insular territories in the Atlantic and the Pacific.

Foreign politicians who happen to dislike England will probably have many opportunities of congratulating themselves on practical proofs that Russia, or the United States,

or perhaps the German Empire itself, entertain ambitious designs. It is perfectly true that the English Government and nation have no means of interposing a veto on the aggrandizement of great Powers as long as it is not effected at the expense of England; nor is it a cause for regret that such a transaction as the purchase of Samana affords no reason or pretext for interference with the policy of the United States. It was a King of Prussia, and not an English Minister, who declared that, if he were King of France, not a gun should be fired in Europe without his permission. Many guns may and will hereafter be fired in the four quarters of the world without the permission of England; but it is not altogether obvious that each separate explosion will be especially offensive to one neutral and peaceable Power. The annexation of Savoy and Nice was probably as unacceptable to Prussia as to England, and the encroachments of Russia on the nominal independence of Poland were distasteful to the Western Powers; but it has not been generally held that in either case it would have been prudent to resort to hostile proceedings. The French nation, under the influence of thoughtless and prejudiced writers and orators, thought fit a few years ago to regard the progress of German unity as an injury to itself. To avoid taunts of the same kind which are now directed against England, the Imperial Government plunged into the disastrous war which overthrew the dynasty. Before the Government and Parliament of England will be induced to follow the example of France, the irony and invective of German journalists must become more pointed and more effective than at present.

POLITICS AT BIRMINGHAM.

POLITICIANS of all parties will be glad to learn from Mr. BRIGHT'S letter excusing his absence from a meeting of his constituents at Birmingham, that this, he hopes, will be the last occasion on which he will have to solicit their indulgence. His health is so far restored that he may be expected to take some part in the deliberations of Parliament next Session, and to give before long to the electors of Birmingham and to the country the benefit of knowing what he really thinks on the important subjects which he announces as ripe for discussion. The principal topics to which he adverts are the reduction of expenditure, the "land question," and the alteration of the county franchise. Mr. BRIGHT is in a different position from that occupied by most Liberal members, and especially from that occupied by his colleagues at Birmingham. He is aware that the country wants something more than vague phrases about extravagance, and landlordism, and suffering labourers. It wants clear practical propositions, based on arguments that will bear discussion, even if discussion shows them to be untenable. More particularly Mr. BRIGHT must be supposed to know what the land question is; for he speaks as if it had a clear meaning to his mind, and it has been in a great measure in consequence of his publication of an old letter from Mr. COBDEN that the notion has come to be suddenly and rapidly entertained that to deal with this question satisfactorily must be part of the accepted Liberal programme. He also says in his recent letter to his Birmingham friends that the more this question is discussed by the public the more Parliament will be prepared to deal with it. This is of course true, and if Parliament is to deal with it, it is most desirable that the public should know something about it. The present Parliament is not, according to Mr. BRIGHT, fit to deal with it. The question is one too big for an expiring Parliament, and although Mr. BRIGHT expects that the present Parliament will sit for nearly two years more, yet its energies are already so exhausted that it is incompetent to deal with great questions. There will therefore be plenty of time to discuss the land question, and as it is such a very big question, and wants such a very vigorous Parliament to deal with it, the sooner discussion is started the better. If Mr. BRIGHT would but let his Liberal friends know what the land question is, they would be happy to take his views upon it, and swear to stand or fall in their defence. But what is the ordinary Liberal member, or what is the public, to do while the secret of what this question is remains so obscure? No light comes from any quarter. Supposing that a general system of registration of ownership and incumbrances of land were effected throughout the kingdom, and that conveyancing were made simplicity itself; supposing also that the law of intestate succession to land were made the same as that relating to personalty; and supposing, further, that trespass laws of great stringency were substituted for the Game-laws, would the land question be settled, or only partially settled, or not touched at all? We have not the slightest notion how to answer this, and it is quite evident that not a single Liberal member who has lately referred mysteriously to the land question in his speeches to his constituents has any notion. The land question cannot be discussed until there is something to discuss, and we should most sincerely welcome an exposition from Mr. BRIGHT of what the land question is, so that the discussion might be started, and those who are to sit in the next Parliament might begin to prepare for their gigantic mission.

The alteration of the county franchise is the other great question of the future which Mr. BRIGHT regards as too big for this Parliament, and destined to be relegated to its successor. This at least is intelligible enough. The proposal is that every householder should have a vote throughout the country, and, as much of the distinction between the rural and urban population would be thus done away with, a further proposal is arrived at without much difficulty, that there should be equal electoral districts. Why should agricultural labourers have votes? This is a preliminary question which is well worth considering, but which is almost completely ignored by those who speak on the subject. There need be no prejudice on the subject, no indisposition to do justice to the labourer, no sneering at democracy. We may ask the question, not as settling it virtually by raising it, and creating an anticipation that the answer must be that there is no reason, but quite dispassionately, Why should the agricultural labourer have a vote? The answers we gather from reading the speeches of Liberal members may be grouped under three heads. In the first place, it is said that they ought to have votes because they are undoubtedly going to have votes; and there is much force in this, if the fact be so. Discussion as to the propriety of giving labourers votes is at an end when once the bestowal of these votes is looked on as a mere question of party politics. The Liberals are sure to propose the change, and the Conservatives will, it is assumed, neither have the courage nor the strength to resist it. This is the view taken by Mr. DIXON, who simply advises all parties to begin educating the agricultural population at once, for it seems that directly they get votes they will proceed to settle all questions relating to capital and labour and to taxation in a very bold manner; and, as Mr. DIXON justly says, it is desirable that they should, or, to speak more accurately, that their younger children should, know how to read very imperfectly before they take these matters in hand. Secondly, the question is sometimes answered by saying that the rural labourers have grievances, and that, if they have votes, they will get these grievances redressed, whereas they will not do so if they have not votes. Candidates would be obliged to consider what agricultural labourers would like to have enacted by Parliament if their election depends on these humble sufferers. Exactly the same argument is urged in favour of giving women the suffrage. If they had votes, women's wrongs would be attended to. It is certainly a great reproach to the existing Constitution, if the wrongs of agricultural labourers and women exist, if they are capable of removal by legislation, and are not redressed. But it would be necessary, in the first place, to know what these wrongs are, and, secondly, to know whether they are of so great an importance and intensity as to warrant a sweeping constitutional change. Lastly, the extension of the suffrage to agricultural labourers is very often defended on the ground that any one will do for an elector. The rural population are not, it is urged, much greater fools than the pothouse politicians of boroughs, and they are all our own flesh and blood, and so forth. This is the most undeniable ground that can be taken if its cardinal assumption is once accepted, that fitness to vote is not to be regarded in any way as part of the necessary qualification of an elector.

Mr. BRIGHT does not consider the reduction of national expenditure as part of the programme of a new Parliament, for he has got into a state of despair about it, and does not believe that any Ministry or any Parliament is likely to do what Mr. GLADSTONE'S Ministry and Mr. GLADSTONE'S Parliament have failed in doing. He has evidently come to the conclusion that he will not live to see the public expenditure much reduced. And perhaps he may before long admit the unwelcome conclusion that this is because no great reduction is possible. After the interest of the debt is paid, England spends in governing itself about fifteen millions, and in insuring itself against foreign enemies about twenty-five millions. Is this really a very extravagant outlay for so rich a nation, with its territory dispersed over the globe, and with prices so high as at present? Judging by the experience of other nations, it certainly is not. The nation no doubt could

spend less, but then it would not have the things that it wants. The real task of an economical Ministry is not to reduce expenditure so much as to prevent new means of spending money being forced on the Government by persons who think that they have only to dip in the public purse to get anything they fancy carried out. At this very meeting in Birmingham, which was opened by the reading of Mr. BRIGHT'S letter lamenting the irrepressible extravagance of the public expenditure, Mr. DIXON quietly proposed to devote five millions more to the expenditure on education. He does not like the present system of education; but to introduce the system of which he approves would be very costly, and, as local ratepayers would certainly not choose to raise the necessary funds, he finds the solution of his difficulty in asking for a further grant of five millions sterling from the Consolidated Fund. It is true that he, in an airy way, proposes to more than cover the increase by a reduction in the expenditure on the army and navy, but he does not condescend to show how that could be done. This is the sort of financial talk that is thought good enough for the platform of a meeting in one of the greatest towns in England, and in one of the strongholds of the party which is pledged to economy. Mr. BRIGHT, after reading his colleague's speech, must have been bitterly reminded of the real reasons why the public expenditure is always in danger of being carried beyond what it ought to be. Definite schemes of expenditure and indefinite projects of saving are as ruinous to nations as to private persons.

MONARCHICAL PRETENDERS.

WHEN the late EMPEROR died the most zealous adherents of his dynasty pointed out that France need not be alarmed lest there should not be a new Emperor ready for her as soon as she woke to the fact that she wanted one. The son of the EMPEROR will be eighteen next year, when all Sovereigns come of age by special prerogative, and the French territory, it was thought, would only just be cleared in time to give him a country in a decent state for him to reign over. In a year's time the Germans would have gone away, and the PRINCE IMPERIAL would be of age, and then would be exactly the proper time for a Restoration. But France is getting the stage ready for the various pretenders to the Throne almost too quickly to suit them. The payments received by the Treasury on account of the last loan have been so large that no doubt now exists as to the first four milliards being paid to the Germans by May of this year, and it has been said that the French Government was making arrangements to offer guarantees instead of the actual cash for the last milliard. But if the latest reports are correct, the financial position of France is so good that it will be able to find cash for the last milliard, and thus in a few months the indemnity will have been paid and the Germans will, it may be expected, leave France. The trial of Marshal BAZAINE, it may be observed, has been postponed for a time on the plea that it is not desirable that it should be held while the Germans are in France, and this also points to the expectation that it will not be very long before the country is cleared of the Germans. Then will come the crisis to which Frenchmen of all parties have been long looking forward with so much interest. Unless the Republic is to be definitively proclaimed as the established Government, some section of monarchists must then make good their pretensions. That there should be so many of them is very embarrassing, and certainly no one of them stands out sufficiently before all the rest to make it probable that he could have the slightest chance of success if he tried his fortune within the present year. The immediate chiefs of the Imperialist party seem to see quite clearly how very feeble is their prospect of a speedy restoration, and they have had the good sense to strive to curb the extravagant zeal of their subordinates in France by announcing that the PRINCE will wait very quietly under the joint guardianship of the EMPRESS and Prince NAPOLEON, and will not obtrude his pretensions on the world. Decency suggests that these two guardians of the young PRINCE should be supposed to be working in complete harmony, for the Bonapartists are not powerful enough to stand a split in their ranks; but that two persons so different in character and opinions could really agree if there was any chance of serious action is extremely improbable, and Imperialism before it gets one real Court is likely to have two mock ones.

Meanwhile all can for the present go on very comfortably. The EMPRESS and her boy are settled in England, and Prince NAPOLEON has a father-in-law who will always place a palace in Italy at his disposal. He wants to be treated as another Frenchman, and to be allowed to reside in France. Nor is there any pretext of legality for the refusal to let him come. Monarchical pretenders are not all treated on an equal footing in France, or judged by the same law. Although M. THIERS affects not to have prejudged the question against a new BOURBON King, he does not for a moment hesitate to avow that he has always endeavoured to make a new BONAPARTE Emperor impossible in his time. He has lately sought a conference with the Committee appointed to examine into the circumstances attending the expulsion of Prince NAPOLEON, and has frankly avowed that there was nothing particular in the conduct of the Prince to which he objected. He had no acts of conspiracy to allege; he merely thought that one of the BONAPARTE family would give trouble, would get noisy, meddlesome people about him, and be a centre of conspirators, if not a conspirator. As to the old plan of a NAPOLEON getting elected for some place like Corsica, and then coming forward in his sheep's clothing and professing regard for a Republic, M. THIERS thought that honest men had had enough of it, and were not such simpletons as to let the same trick be played on them twice. There is some truth in all this, and although he might not do much harm, yet Prince NAPOLEON, as a member of the National Assembly, and as offering a focus for the efforts of Imperialist intriguers, might give trouble and annoyance to the Government. But it is curious to contrast with the demeanour of the Government towards the BONAPARTE family the attitude which it assumes towards the BOURBONS. If the existing Government is supposed to be that of a Republic, it is threatened much more immediately by a BOURBON than by a BONAPARTE Restoration. Yet the ORLEANS Princes are members of the Assembly, and attend the Expiatory Mass in memory of a deceased head of their family in almost Royal state. They are restored to their property; they act as Presidents of different Societies and meetings. The Count of CHAMBORD is quite at liberty to come whenever he pleases to the deserted castle from which he borrows his name. It must be owned that this is a very strange state of things. Those who are most dangerous to the existence of the Republic are welcomed on the national territory; those who are only very slightly dangerous are carefully excluded from it. If the Republic is to be treated as merely provisional, then a chance is given to only one set of possible successors, and another set is rigidly kept away, so that France may not have a fair choice between them. There can be no doubt what M. THIERS really means. If he can, he will establish the Republic, or at any rate that very peculiar form of a Republic which consists in his being President, and having an Assembly to guide, enlighten, cajole, and baffle. If this is found impossible, France shall have a Monarchy; and he will take care that this Monarchy shall be a BOURBON Monarchy. If he cannot keep the prize himself, he will hand it over to his friends, and not to his enemies.

But it may be doubted whether this seeming advantage is really so beneficial to the BOURBONS as might be expected. Two years have nearly elapsed since France had to make peace and to entrust her destinies to an Assembly the majority of which was very favourable to a BOURBON Restoration, and probably only a few months have now to elapse before the decision of the nation on its form of government will be pronounced. With two-thirds of this period of their great opportunity gone by, the BOURBONS do not seem to get forward. There they are, conspicuous, powerful, venerated, but no one seems to want them very much or to care for them. They are divided among themselves, and in spite of the reports of a fusion that are constantly set on foot, the fusion is never effected. The Count of CHAMBORD and the Count of PARIS represent two different currents of thought which flow through the Royalist party; and although it seems a small mark of difference to say that the heads of the two branches of the family are irreconcilable because one wants a white flag and the other wants the tricolour, yet these flags are the symbols of entirely different conceptions of what a BOURBON Restoration means. If, having had this long time of exceptional favour and exceptional opportunities, the Royalists have been unable to get any further forward or to carry the country with them, they may soon come to be regarded, if they are not regarded already, as men who are played out, and from whom it has been ascertained that nothing effective can come. The Imperialists will then have the comparative advantage of having remained for a time in obscurity. But although this might re-awaken some interest in their proceedings, yet it could not do much for them so long as the Government went on from day to day upholding order and satisfying the national wants of the moment. No one of the monarchical parties in France is strong enough at once

to put down the others and to get a fair hold of the nation. All the monarchical parties of France strive to avoid the reproach of stirring up civil war, and repudiate the imputation that they could be induced to imitate the Spanish Carlists and seek to regain power by petty raids, or by military surprises such as those attempted with such bad success at Strasburg and Boulogne by the late EMPEROR. They all look patiently to France and await its decision; and a Conservative Republic is the name given to a form of Government the chief object of which is to keep them waiting. Whether such a state of things can last long enough for new habits to grow up, and for Frenchmen to feel the ties binding them to some monarchical party or another becoming gradually weaker, is a point on which scarcely any two Frenchmen appear to hold the same opinion on the same grounds.

LORD LYTTON.

THE death of Lord LYTTON is not of political importance. He had not held office in the last Conservative Administration; nor had he even spoken in the House of Lords. His votes had been those of a prudent and moderate Conservative; but he probably devoted little time or thought to public affairs. His early Liberalism and his later alliance with the party of resistance were probably results of sincere, but not of profound, conviction. It became an Englishman of letters, holding a good social position, to aspire, like a Roman patrician, to political distinction; and the faculties and studies which had enabled Sir EDWARD LYTTON to become a brilliant writer proved to be adequate to the attainment of considerable Parliamentary success. He was not born an orator; and it was only in his later years that he became celebrated for a polished and somewhat artificial eloquence. Not possessing the readiness of a debater, he confined his efforts to the preparation and delivery of set speeches, which commanded the intellectual appreciation of competent critics and the respect of the body of the House of Commons. His official fortunes bore some analogy to his Parliamentary career. Through the friendship of Mr. DISRAELI and the confidence of Lord DERBY he administered for a short time a great department of State, without having at any time served an apprenticeship in public business. The Colonial Office at that time attracted but little public attention; and Sir EDWARD LYTTON's principal achievements, if they had been noticed, would not have added to his fame. His literary instinct ought to have suggested to him a less awkward name for a colony than that of British Columbia; and he committed a much graver error in appointing Mr. GLADSTONE Lord High Commissioner Extraordinary of the Ionian Islands. The appointment was probably illegal, as it was certainly unconstitutional; and its principal result, after the collapse of a ridiculous project of democratic reform, was the abandonment of a Protectorate which Sir EDWARD LYTTON desired to maintain. The real object of the mission was probably to secure to the Conservatives the adherence of the versatile statesman who soon afterwards canvassed the county of Flint in the interest of Lord DERBY; but the merit of the intrigue which pleased the fancy of the veteran novelist could only have consisted in its success; and Mr. GLADSTONE's Ionian eccentricities have been followed by a final adoption of the party of movement.

If Lord LYTTON can scarcely be regarded as a statesman of serious pretensions, there can be no doubt that his experience as a politician and a man of the world added greatly to the value of his literary productions. His principal rivals happened not to have enjoyed the advantage of any familiarity with great affairs. Mr. THACKERAY, though he had much knowledge of social life, and although he once became a candidate for a seat in Parliament, cared so little for politics that in his hustings speeches he adopted, by mistake, some of the commonplaces of the wrong party. Mr. DICKENS, though he fancied himself a moral reformer, possessed not even a rudimentary acquaintance either with social traditions or with political theories. Lord LYTTON was familiar from his earliest youth with the contests of parties, which he probably always regarded with the dispassionate curiosity of an artist. The hero of *Pelham* displays his superiority to prejudice by a cynical indifference to political consistency; and all the statesmen who figure in Lord LYTTON's later novels are represented as aspirants to power, or as calm spectators of public events, rather than as enthusiasts for any political cause. It is true that an imaginative writer ought not to be identified with the fictitious personages whom he sets in motion; and Lord LYTTON deserves credit for not attempting to convert romances into political tracts; but in public life, as well as in literary composition, he either discarded or visibly overacted the character of partisan. The most popular of his political writings was published on the dismissal of the MELBOURNE Ministry by WILLIAM IV., when Lord ALTHORP was removed to the House of Lords. The proceeding of the KING was anomalous, and it produced much party indignation, which attracted attention to the protest of a clever pamphleteer; but any inquirer who thinks it worth while to disinter an obsolete document will find that the writer, instead of sharing the passions of his party, is chiefly concerned with the elaboration of antitheses and epigrams. He repeats again and again, with tiresome reiteration, the statement that a great change had arisen from a disproportionately petty cause, for that the enemies of reform had been summoned to office because a respectable old nobleman had died. That the KING had been only premature in regarding as complete the Conservative reaction which had only commenced, and that Sir ROBERT PEEL was greatly superior in administrative ability to his adversaries, were considerations which would have been rejected as irrelevant if they had occurred to the advocate who amused himself for the moment by assuming the demeanour of a zealous partisan.

In his literary character Lord LYTTON was more conscientious, because he was thoroughly in earnest. His industry as a writer was indefatigable; and it is now known that he was actively employed in composition when he had been supposed in his later years to have withdrawn from the field of literature. Trying almost every kind of composition, he succeeded in one not unimportant department. He was neither a humourist nor a philosopher, though he flattered himself that he possessed the qualities of both; and his powers of vivid dramatic impersonation were of a feeble order; but he surpassed all his contemporaries and many of his predecessors in the rare art of constructing a story; and he seems seldom to have yielded, like SCOTT and THACKERAY and DICKENS, to the temptation of changing his plan as his narrative proceeded. He fancied himself a poet; and by dint of incessant labour he produced some tolerable verses. He had also a laudable ambition to distinguish himself as a scholar; and his work on Athens may still be seen on dusty book-shelves. His plays display an aptitude for satisfying the conditions of success on the stage, though they possess but little literary merit. His fame must rest on his novels, which may perhaps remain popular for more than one generation. The adjectives which were converted by the use of the definite article into substantives, and then used as the signs of supposed thoughts, will long continue to raise a not unsympathetic smile; but the tales in which they are interspersed possess the mark of genius in the interest which they seldom fail to excite and gratify. The writer who sometimes endeavours to pass himself off as a dreamy theorist is really occupied in the epic function of ordering events which follow in a natural or credible succession. The touch of egotistic personality from which only the greatest writers are exempt is harmlessly indicated by the unfailing coincidence, during thirty or forty years, of the age of the hero with the age of the writer. In other branches of literature Lord LYTTON was a clever and graceful amateur. As a writer of novels he was a professional artist of extraordinary merit.

There was but little similarity between the two eminent romance writers who sat together in Lord DERBY's Cabinet of 1858. Mr. DISRAELI, though he has written brilliant novels, is primarily and principally a politician, while Sir EDWARD LYTTON only qualified himself to become a Minister by attaining high distinction as a man of letters. There is no probability that in England literary and political success will be more frequently combined in the future than in the past. In the majority of cases it is a loss to the world when a writer of genius deserts the career for which he is especially fit; but no general rule can be laid down for the union or separation of dissimilar employments. With the exceptions of the Duke of ARGYLL, who prefers science to literature, and of Mr. GLADSTONE, who is rather an accomplished scholar than a regular author, Mr. DISRAELI and Lord LYTTON are the only Ministers who in the present generation have cultivated literary aspirations. The circumstances of France during the last sixty years have been especially favourable to the political success of literary men, and several of them have attained the highest rank in the State; but M. GUIZOT and M. THIERS wrote on subjects immediately connected with modern politics; and more imaginative writers have conspicuously failed as statesmen. LAMARTINE was an eloquent charlatan who, having pledged himself to monarchy in the morning, and put himself at the head of a Republic

in the afternoon, was ignominiously driven from power by an Assembly which had been elected a few weeks before with the express mission of supporting him. VICTOR HUGO has proved the melancholy truth that a great poet may in mundane affairs become a pestilent quack. With fit opportunities BYRON would probably have attained high rank as an orator and politician; but his vigorous common sense was even more remarkable than his imaginative power, and he had little tendency to enthusiasm. Other English poets have not in modern times committed the blunder of deserting their proper vocation for a political career, although WORDSWORTH wrote two or three political pamphlets, and although COLERIDGE earned at one time a livelihood as a journalist. Lord LYTTON, who was not a poet, passed through the career of politics with credit and dignity; but he seems always to have understood that the proper business of his life was to write rather than to speak or to act. The news of his death has been received with universal regret.

MINISTERIAL RESPONSIBILITY IN FRANCE.

THE tendency of French political parties to effect unexpected changes of character among themselves has received a fresh illustration in the proceedings of the Committee of Thirty. Ever since the reading of M. THIERS's Message, the Right have been continually asserting that the present Government is only provisional. M. THIERS and the Republic alike hold office until—and only until—their successors are appointed. The Left has usually maintained, in opposition to this, that, however anomalous some of the incidents of the existing order of things may happen to be, the order itself is settled and permanent. The Republic may be somewhat naked in the matter of institutions, but it is not the less the legal Government of the country. In the debate in the Committee on the relations between the PRESIDENT and the Assembly these parts have been completely reversed. The Duke DECAZES has been seeking to apply the regular maxims of Parliamentary government to an arrangement which, from his point of view, is merely a temporary expedient for tiding over a difficulty. The minority in the Committee have been opposing him on the ground that such maxims are altogether inappropriate until France is in possession of a settled and organized Constitution. In last Monday's discussion the Committee began by agreeing that M. THIERS should communicate with the Assembly by message. It seems to have been admitted, however, on all hands that some exceptions must be made to this rule. That M. THIERS should be altogether shut out from the Assembly would in the present position of affairs be too great an absurdity to stand any chance of being adopted, or even proposed, in serious earnest. The controversy turned upon the extent of the exceptions. There was no objection to allowing him to address the Assembly in the course of a debate on a Bill. Bills are not ordinarily the occasion of a Ministerial crisis, and it is in a Ministerial crisis that the Right is chiefly anxious to shut M. THIERS's mouth. To meet this desire, the Duke DECAZES moved that the permission should be confined to debates on Bills, and should not extend to debates arising out of interpellations addressed to Ministers. M. LEFÈVRE-PONTALIS, who supported the Duke's amendment, founded his argument on the old theme of the ineffaceable distinction between the legislative and executive powers. He admitted that before M. THIERS became President this distinction was necessarily in abeyance. He had then no other title than Chief of the Executive and President of the Council of Ministers. He was directly responsible to the Assembly, and it was necessary therefore that he should be able to defend his acts from the tribune. But in naming M. THIERS President the Assembly has made him the Chief of the State. As such he can have no personal policy; he must take the policy marked out for him by the majority of the Assembly. If for a time it is necessary to concede to him the right of having and stating an opinion upon the merits of the laws which it proposed that the Assembly should enact, so exceptional a permission must be very strictly limited. To give him the right of intervening in debates on interpellations would be to allow him to identify himself with a particular Minister or set of Ministers. As President he has no business to do this. He holds a position above party contentions, and he ought to have no preference—at all events he ought to betray none—for one Ministry over another.

M. LEFÈVRE-PONTALIS has very well defined the position of a Constitutional King as the term is understood in England. And if M. THIERS had been elected President by the French people, it might have been wise to subject him to all the restrictions which are imposed in free countries on hereditary Sovereigns. But M. LEFÈVRE-PONTALIS leaves out of sight the important fact that M. THIERS has been elected by the French Legislature. The origin of his power is the same as in the case of an ordinary Prime Minister. He bears a title which has hitherto been applied to another kind of officer; but the power he wields is far more akin to that exercised by Mr. GLADSTONE than to that exercised by General GRANT. There is a meaning in the notion of a President elected by the people. He is placed at the head of affairs as a check upon the action of the Assembly. The executive equally with the legislative authority is derived directly from a popular vote, and if the two are not in accord there is no *primâ facie* reason for regarding one rather than the other as giving the right version of the popular will. But a President elected by the Legislature is only of value so long as he is in harmony with the Legislature. He has no other title to power than the Parliamentary vote which in the first instance placed him at the head of affairs; and when the confidence which inspired that vote is gone past renewal, it is only reasonable that he should resign his power to the hands of those who gave it him. He is a Minister in everything but the name, and the political current will run most smoothly when this substantial identity is most clearly recognized.

The minority which opposed the Duke DECAZES's proposal preferred, however, to rest their case upon the exceptional nature of M. THIERS's position. They did not challenge the theory of Ministerial responsibility, or of Presidential superiority to party politics. They only protested against upsetting the whole conduct of public business by an over-rigid adherence to constitutional technicalities. France cannot dispense with M. THIERS. He is as much a necessity as the Assembly. Is it not better that these two necessities should have free access to one another's views and enjoy every possible opportunity of coming to an agreement upon the business which they have to transact in common? The exclusion of M. THIERS from the tribune during the discussion of interpellations would not prevent conflicts between him and the Assembly. It would rather tend to make them more frequent and more serious. As it is, when the opinion of the majority of the Assembly is different from the PRESIDENT's, there is room for mutual explanations. If no opening is given for these, if the Assembly votes contrary to M. THIERS's wish without his having had an opportunity of expounding and justifying his policy, how can a breach between the Executive and the Legislature be possibly avoided? The Duke DECAZES would answer that, if the PRESIDENT realized his true position, no such breach could possibly occur. The censures of the Assembly would never reach so high as the PRESIDENT. The only crisis that could happen would be a Ministerial crisis. But the Duke forgets that the present Constitution of France rests upon a triangular contract. The Assembly may assign to M. THIERS the function of a Constitutional Sovereign, but if both the nation and M. THIERS refuse to execute the deed, what will be its practical value? It must be supposed that the majority of the Committee believe that they have an answer to this question ready; for an amendment, moved by the Duke DECAZES, has been adopted by nineteen votes to six. The latest attempt to find a middle term in which M. THIERS and the Committee can agree is M. BROD's proposal to give the PRESIDENT the right of speaking on interpellations which involve questions of general policy, foreign or domestic. If M. THIERS could be confined within these limits, it is very possible that the real object of the Committee would be gained. No advantage would accrue to the Right from silencing him when the duration of the German occupation, or the best mode of providing the next instalment of the indemnity, is under discussion. What is chiefly wanted is to prevent him from coming to the rescue of a Minister whom the Right are trying to turn out. But then comes in the difficulty, who is to say what constitutes a question of general policy. If it is to be M. THIERS, the definition may be stretched from time to time, until in the end it will be found to have included every subject upon which M. THIERS has cared to speak. To meet this M. BROD proposes that the Assembly, on the motion of a member of the Government, shall decide whether the interpellation has for its object a question of general politics. If M. THIERS assents to this compromise, it may be assumed that he counts upon the Assembly being induced, either by curiosity or by the desire not to seem afraid of his arguments, to give him leave to speak as often as he asks it. In this calculation he is probably right. To refuse to hear the PRESIDENT, when he has declared that the question is of sufficient importance to

make his speaking on it expedient, will saddle the Assembly with a graver responsibility than a fluctuating and timid majority will readily venture to incur.

In the meantime the Right in the Assembly have been furnishing a curious practical commentary on the meaning they attach to Ministerial responsibility. M. JULES SIMON, who is in bad odour with them, not so much for any actual offences as for the original sin of membership of the Government of National Defence, has lately put out a circular upon Secondary Education which is held to discourage the practice of Latin verse-making. Even the Extreme Right would hardly maintain that a Minister's views upon this question would be a sufficient cause for dismissing him. But they found a more plausible ground of censure in the fact that he had not consulted the Educational Council. As the Minister was willing to submit the circular to the Council before giving further effect to the revolutionary doctrine contained in it, this alleged illegality hardly amounted to a serious crime. But the Right, who had failed to beat M. SIMON in a previous debate on the constitution of this very Council, were determined not to throw away a chance. They pressed their motion to a division, and finding themselves beaten, they abstained from voting on a motion exonerating the Minister which was proposed immediately afterwards; and by this means ensured that the necessary quorum of members should not be present. The manœuvre was repeated on the following day, but not with the same success; and the result of the whole business seems to have been merely to strengthen the Government in the person of its weakest member. The most curious feature of the affair was M. BARAGNON'S indignant protest against the announcement of the MINISTER of the INTERIOR that the Government intended to make M. SIMON'S cause their own. The theory of the Right seems to be that the Assembly may dismiss every Minister in turn without expressing any want of confidence in the Ministry as a whole, and they hold themselves injured whenever the Government makes the Deputies understand that this innocent amusement may possibly have inconvenient consequences.

THE WELSH STRIKE.

ALTHOUGH it is scarcely probable that the South Wales strike can last for many weeks, no progress has hitherto been made to a settlement. The division which was taken at Blaina only expressed the opinions of two or three hundred out of ten thousand colliers; and it appears that the great majority disapproved of an appeal to the ballot. The promoters and supporters of the strike are perfectly consistent in opposing a proceeding which implies that the men are wavering in their purpose of resistance; and it is useless to reproach them with their distrust in their trade disputes of the contrivance which has, in accordance with their wish, been applied to Parliamentary elections. The managers of the Union, desiring in both cases to have their own way, can trust the mass of the workmen to vote for the popular candidate; while they are not certain that a majority would support the strike. The world is not in any department governed by the unbiassed opinion of majorities, but by combination and activity. It is still doubtful whether Trade Unions are on the whole beneficial to their members; but, if the experiment of their organization is to be fairly tried, the great mass of artisans must trust the managing body. An appeal to the ballot is in itself equivalent to a vote of want of confidence; and the colliers are not provided with an alternative government, to be formed by leaders of the opposition. It is not while their imaginations are excited by rumours of large remittances from the central Union that the workmen are likely to rebel against the Council. The tenth part of the weekly wages which were distributed a month ago is welcomed, not only as a seasonable contribution, but as a striking illustration of the vast resources of the Union. It is highly probable that the ironworkers will follow the example of the colliers by joining the Union of their trade as soon as work is resumed. Their helplessness during the present strike will suggest the expediency of making provision for future quarrels with their employers. That the accumulated hoards of years are in process of unprofitable dissipation is a consideration which will scarcely influence the decision of improvident workmen who have no savings on which they can fall back. Evil is almost always prolific of evil, and strikes tend to produce future strikes.

The proposals and statements of the masters have perhaps confirmed the erroneous impression of the workmen that their wages ought to bear a definite proportion to the profits of their employers. It is possible that at some future time collieries, ironworks, and other industrial undertakings may be conducted on principles of co-operation; but the South Wales capitalists have at present no intention of giving the workmen a share of their property; nor indeed do the promoters of the strike consciously or avowedly demand that the men should be taken into partnership. When the masters explain their notice of reduction of wages by a statement that prices have fallen, they countenance the theory that the workmen are directly interested in the rate of profit; yet they can in no case intend to pay more than the market price of the labour which they require. When their profits are large, it is their interest to increase their production; and consequently an additional demand for labour causes a rise of wages. The information which Mr. CRAWSHAY and other ironmasters have offered to the delegates of the workmen is either superfluous or incomplete. In the cost of production is included the value of the coal at the high price which it commands in the market, although the profit on the coal accrues to the same capitalist who complains that he is making iron at a loss. The workmen are not unnaturally puzzled and dissatisfied by a partial explanation which seems to admit the soundness of their own erroneous assumption. If the ironmasters were making fifty per cent. on their capital, they would not be bound to pay higher wages than in ordinary seasons, as long as they could obtain at a low rate the services of their workmen. If the business of postmasters and omnibus proprietors were extraordinarily flourishing, the price of horses might probably tend to rise; but it would not be voluntarily increased. The ironmasters and coalowners, in good times as in bad, buy their pit-wood and the materials of their plant at the cheapest possible rate; and their bargains with their workmen are really regulated by precisely similar considerations. The much-abused farmer has not been in the habit of lowering his wages in bad years; and he has not thought it necessary to raise them when his wheat or his wool was dear. Men of business for the most part correct any confusion of their theories when it becomes necessary to apply them in practice. The masters are willing to furnish certain information which is not strictly relevant to the dispute; but they resolutely decline an arbitration which could only proceed on a comparison of profits with wages. As it has been well remarked, they cannot compel their customers to refer to arbitration either the quantity of iron which they are to purchase or the price which they are to pay. Experiments which have from time to time been made by officiously benevolent Governments of attempts to fix the price of provisions or of other commodities have not been attended with success; nor would the South Wales workmen propose that the shopkeepers should supply them with goods on terms to be settled by arbitration. The allegation that the workmen might perhaps refuse to be bound by an award was one of the excuses which in all negotiations are substituted for the real objections to an unpalatable proceeding. The principle of arbitration is from the point of view of the masters wholly inadmissible; and the workmen, on the other hand, are contending for a share of the profits, although they have neither the ability nor the will to contribute to losses. The bulk of the community, who are interested only as consumers in the contests between employers and workmen, would probably suffer by any arbitrary adjustment of wages to profits. One of the chief causes of the great rise in the price of coal is the limitation of the supply by the colliers, who act under a vague impression that they will share in the advantage of high prices. A further advance in their wages would provide them with additional facilities for abstaining from work. The kind of partnership which they seek to establish with their owners will seldom tend to lower the cost of labour. In prosperous times the workman may claim to participate in increased profits, but the lower limit of wages will always be the amount which is necessary for subsistence for himself and his family. In trade disputes, as in all other controversies, impartiality is desirable, nor is it difficult to hold the balance even between masters and workmen; but there can be no indifferent bystanders in a struggle between the producers and the consumers of articles of the first necessity. An impulsive sentimentalist lately asserted that many rich inhabitants of London would rather have hanged the mutinous gas-stokers than have been deprived for a few days of the use of gas. The same feeble impetuosity would probably find vent in similar exaggerations of the general judgment which has been formed of the conduct of the South Wales colliers. It is perhaps true that disapproval of strikes may sometimes be produced by selfish motives, but a selfishness which is common to millions of consumers acquires a collective respectability.

The result of the South Wales strike might be confidently foretold if the final decision rested with the whole body of workmen; and the maintenance even of the colliers would exhaust, within a limited time, the funds or the patience of the Union. It now appears that the promoters of the strike were justified in their expectation that only a portion of the seceders would require assistance or support. Great numbers of the workmen have already found employment in the steam collieries; and some have probably migrated to more distant places. There appears to be no corresponding demand for the labour of the ironworkers, who are consequently in imminent danger of severe distress. As the demand for iron had previously slackened, the masters might bear with comparative equanimity the suspension of their industry if they were not threatened with foreign competition. The rapid succession of strikes in England will perhaps encourage production in other countries, and in some instances it may permanently transfer the superiority in cheapness or in quality to dangerous competitors. The American SECRETARY of the TREASURY lately alleged in his report to Congress that the progress of strikes in Europe would shortly render it unnecessary to foster American industry by protective duties. Struggles between masters and workmen have frequently and not inaccurately been described as wars; and belligerents have often found that the prize for which they had contended has passed into the possession of a neutral.

SCOTCH COUNTY ELECTIONS.

"PROGRESS under the direction of an educated minority," says the Bishop of MANCHESTER, in one of his Education Reports, "is just now the maximum desire of moderate-"minded Englishmen; progress under the majority, whether "educated or not, is the necessity of Americans." This was written six or seven years ago, and was true enough both of Englishmen and Scotchmen then. But in Scotland they have changed all that. The general election of 1868 has taken place since Dr. FRASER was in America, and the Ballot Act has passed since he became Bishop of MANCHESTER; and if he would think it worth while to direct his attention to the phases of Scotch political contests at the present moment, he would find that, whatever moderate-minded Englishmen may now desire, Scotchmen—at least the most Conservative of Scotchmen—have abandoned as idle or retrograde any notion of progress directed by minorities, and have been driven by force of circumstances into the "necessity of Americans." Henceforth the politics of the great Tory party in Scotland, if we may judge by the address of one of the candidates for Wigtownshire just published, and of which we shall speak more fully presently, are to be guided by the wishes of the masses in whose dictation the rank and file of the party are willing to acquiesce.

Three county elections have taken place within the last two months, and a fourth county seat is vacant. The proceedings in connexion with these seats are curious in a country where a Conservative reaction is proclaimed by the Conservative press almost every other day, and in the early prospect of a dissolution of Parliament they may warrant some detailed notice. There are now three estates in the Scotch political world—the Tories, the Whigs, and the Farmers. In the recent and pending elections these three have been and are engaged in a triangular struggle, in which, so far, the two former have rather had the worst of it. In one of the counties, Orkney and Shetland, the third class, being uninfluential and unsophisticated, did not come to the front. The election turned mainly on the qualifications or disqualifications of the candidates; and, as was natural in a county with few openings in life for enterprising men, the Chairman or Director of several Companies, with the patronage of small posts in his gift, was preferred to an Irish tailor from Limerick with a suspected leaning towards Home Rule and few or no appointments to give away to young Orcadians. But in the two other counties, Kincardine and Forfar, the Whigs and Tories have been driven from the field, and the farmers have triumphed. They are united, and under the Ballot Act are fearless; and they turned a deaf ear to every candidate who was not prepared to pledge himself to redress what they consider their grievances. A landed proprietor with local influence and popularity issued a Liberal address to the electors of Kincardine, and a Conservative of large possessions in the county and unbounded wealth went down to "prospect" the constituency. But the Conservative went straightway home again, and the Liberal could not secure a vote outside his own park gates. An Indian General, whose only claim upon the constituency rested on some connexion or relationship with JOSEPH HUME, came forward in the Radical interest, promised everything the farmers wanted, and was carried by acclamation. In Forfar a local Baronet (who was also an honours man at Oxford), backed by the Whig influence of the DALHOUSIE, PANMURE, and SOUTHESK estates, was early in the field proclaiming what at the last general election would have been considered advanced opinions. He canvassed the county, addressed meeting after meeting in the sanguine hope of securing a vote of confidence, advocating Young-Oxford Liberalism, offered to surrender his own opinions when they were opposed to those of the constituency, and to sit as their delegate, but it was all in vain. The hard-headed, horny-fisted farmers of Kincardine did not want a delegate. They considered Young-Oxford Liberalism to be crude and sentimental. They thought the candidate doubtful upon hares and rabbits, unsound on tenant right, and shifty on hypothec. They would have none of him, and now an orator from the town of Aberdeen represents, as an apostle of the farmers, the important county of Forfar, where till this year the territorial influence of the DALHOUSIE family was unshaken.

And while in the North political power has thus been surrendered to the new Third Estate, the prospects of the other two are even darker in the South. In the former case the Tory party were at least dignified and self-respecting. They abstained from intermeddling, and left the Whigs and farmers to fight it out. It is otherwise in Wigtown. In that county the struggle has hitherto been between the GALLOWAY influence on the Tory and the STAIR influence on the Liberal side. At the last election Lord GALLOWAY's eldest son, whose accession to the peerage creates the vacancy, defeated Sir ANDREW AGNEW, Lord STAIR's nominee, by a narrow majority. Now it is Lord STAIR's eldest son who comes forward, and his opponent is Lord GALLOWAY's nominee, a Mr. VANS AGNEW. Lord STAIR's son issued his address on the 11th of January, Mr. VANS AGNEW issued his upon the 15th. The former candidate promises to support the "great Liberal party," the latter to support the "great Conservative party." The Whig will help on Liberalism by abolishing the law of hypothec, surrendering hares and rabbits to the tenant, and securing to the tenants their unexhausted improvements. The Tory will help on Conservatism by securing to the tenants their unexhausted improvements, surrendering hares and rabbits, and abolishing the law of hypothec. And, in order that there may be no misunderstanding as to the thoroughness of his sentiments, he announces that, "as to changes, we must "follow the wishes of the community. All power really rests "with the masses, and ultimately their wishes must be carried "into effect." If the shades of the great DUNDASES, who, in the body, ruled Scotland not much more than half a century ago by hanging or transporting any of their countrymen who hazarded such opinions, take interest in the local politics of the present day, their minds must be strangely perplexed by the vagaries of their old party. The Tory candidate for the most exclusive county in Scotland abolishing the most sacred of territorial perquisites to gain a seat, and enunciating doctrines of tenant right and mob rule, is indeed a spectacle to move the spirits of the mighty dead. But the worst of it is, that it does not move the Wigtown farmer any more than Young-Oxford Radicalism moved the Forfar farmer. Since these addresses have been issued the farmers have held a meeting, and are not satisfied. *L'oppétit vient en mangeant*, and the Scotch farmers are still hungry. Their success in the North has emboldened them in the South. Rightly or wrongly, they look upon hypothec and ground-game as doomed. They expect a law to secure them in their improvements, and they are still asking for more. Their programme of the future comprises the abolition of all feudal restrictions affecting land; the abolition of the law of entail; destruction of deer forests, and limitation of flying game; and, finally, something not very defined in their own minds, but which has an affinity to permanent tenure of their lands. This last branch of the programme is fortunately still enshrouded in the fogs and mists of an indefinite purpose, and has not yet received articulate public expression. But its bearings are clear enough. High farming is such an expensive operation, the soil demands so much, fencing demands so much, labour is so extravagant, improved machinery is so costly, labourers require such good houses and so many comforts—all of which we farmers must supply—that leases are of little value to us. Nineteen years and a large expenditure of capital are requisite to get farms into order, and twenty-five or thirty to make them remunerative. It is our capital which improves the land, and it is the landlord who reaps the benefit. Nineteen years run out and we have had no return. At the expiration of our leases rents are raised twofold or threefold. If we get our

farms again, we pay the landlord a premium on the use of our own capital; and if we do not renew our lease at those high rates, we are turned out of the land in which our capital is sunk, and have to begin the whole thing over again with a diminished capital. It is cheaper to buy the land and pay mortgage interest, and it is the landlord must be made to sell. The farmer and proprietor must be one. The ideal state is one in which some fifty years hence farmers will become proprietors and proprietors will become farmers.

This, or something like it, is the Scotch farmers' dream of the future, and it would appear as if they hope, bit by bit, to make it a reality. At the last election three-fifths of the Scotch members went up pledged to support the farming interest. At the next election, if things move onwards at the present pace, no candidate will have a chance in a Scotch county who is not prepared to do the bidding of the farmers. Five years ago Mr. BRIGHT expressed his sorrow for the poor Scotch laird as the most unrepresented of mankind. But even he could hardly have foreseen such blank annihilation as is now foreshadowed. It really is full time that they should bestir themselves if they mean to retain even a semblance of political power. Whether they are going the right way about it or not in Wigtownshire is another question. It is not surprising that the son and heir of what is called a great Liberal family should come forward as the farmers' friend; and perhaps it is only by inducing such men as Lord DALRYMPLE to stand that the representation of Scotland can be saved from falling into the hands of stump orators and adventurers. It is another matter when a candidate comes forward to solicit the suffrages of the great Conservative party and offers to pledge himself to vote with the party led by Lord SALISBURY and the Bench of Bishops on general questions, and with the member for Leicester on Game-laws, and Mr. BRADLAUGH'S friends on land. Land transfer is no doubt a "Tory principle," but it is for that party to say whether they desire their principles to be carried out by forwarding the programme of the Land and Labour League.

MR. AYRTON'S RULES.

THE very clear, unanimous, and decided judgment of the Court of Queen's Bench on the appeal from a conviction by one of the police magistrates under the Parks Regulation Act should set at rest any doubts that may have been entertained as to the authority of the Crown over those domains. A few months ago a number of agitators thought fit to hold a public meeting in Hyde Park in order to express their contempt for the Government and to defy, or, as they called it, to test, the law. Their only reason for holding the meeting was that it was known to be a violation of certain rules which had been issued by the Ranger and the Board of Works under the Act of last Session. If there had been no rules to violate, they would have had no object in doing what they did. They took particular note of certain things which the rules posted at the gates of the Park forbade them to do, and deliberately did them. The pretext for the meeting, which was to get up a petition in favour of the Fenian prisoners, is of no consequence. It might have been held in a regular and legal manner, but the persons concerned resolved that everything they did should be in contravention of the law as laid down by the authorities. The police allowed the meeting to take place, but summoned the ringleaders before a magistrate, and one of them was convicted. It was an appeal against this conviction which the Judges of the Queen's Bench had to consider on Wednesday. The question was, whether the Ranger and the Chief Commissioner of Works had authority under the recent Act to enforce the rules with regard to the delivery of addresses and other matters. The Act contains a series of regulations as to certain things which are not to be permitted in any Park, except in accordance with the rules of the Park; and it authorises the Chief Commissioner, or in certain cases the Ranger, to make such rules as may be necessary. The Act further directs that these rules shall be forthwith laid before Parliament if Parliament is sitting, or, if not, then within three weeks after the beginning of the next Session; and gives power to either House of Parliament by a simple resolution to annul or alter any of the rules within a month after they are laid on the table. It was contended on the part of the appellant that the rules could not be enforced until they had been submitted to Parliament, but the Court held that the rules came into operation as soon as they were issued by the Ranger or Chief Commissioner, and that Parliament had power only to rescind them. Whatever may have been the intention of the authors of the Act, there can be no doubt that this is its plain and literal meaning. It is obvious that, if Parliament intended that the rules should not be operative without its assent, Parliament should have said so; as it did not say so, the Judges declined to assume the existence of an intention which was not expressed in the Act. The counsel for the appellant did not venture to suggest that the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE and his colleagues might discover the intention with which the Act was passed by an examination of the reports of the debates. The Judges have already quite enough to do in trying to understand Acts of Parliament, without attempting to understand the speeches of members. It was proposed, however, that the Court should consider whether the rules were reasonable; but the Court very properly refused to consider anything except whether they came within the scope of the statute.

Mr. GREENE, the counsel for the appellant, happened in the course of his argument to light upon an unfortunate phrase. He spoke of the common-law rights of the public to the use of the Parks, and the Judges were down on him directly. Mr. Justice BLACKBURN observed that, if the public had any rights at common law with regard to the Parks, he had never heard of them. He had always been under the impression that the public had only certain privileges, which were exercised on sufferance by leave and license of the Crown. The CHIEF JUSTICE and the other Judges took the same view. Mr. GREENE confessed he was "rather startled" to hear this opinion. He had always supposed that the Act itself recognized certain public rights, and only regulated the exercise of them; but Mr. Justice MELLOR explained that, on the contrary, the public had no rights until the rules were issued. Mr. Justice BLACKBURN added that the public never had any rights beyond the right to use the Parks in such manner as the Crown chose to permit. After some further discussion, it began to dawn on Mr. GREENE that the Court put the Crown in the position of a private owner, just as if the Parks were the property of private gentlemen, and he was obliged to confess that, after this surprising discovery, he could carry the argument no further. Mr. GREENE has evidently some rather confused ideas as to the nature of public rights. Another of the rights for which he contended was the right of rioters to be arrested by the police and marched off to the lock-up. He complained that the police did not interfere with his client when he was engaged in breaking the law; and Mr. Justice BLACKBURN had to ask whether this argument was really put forward seriously. As the counsel answered very frankly "No!" the Judge had to fall back on the assumption that it was a joke. It was not perhaps a bad joke in its way, though out of place at the moment. There is a *Comic History of Rome* and a *Comic History of England*, and we believe there is a *Comic Blackstone*. If there is not, here is a capital opening for Mr. GREENE; and one of his funniest chapters should be that on the common-law right of the subject to be taken up by the police when he misconducts himself.

In support of the supposed public right to the use of the Parks Mr. GREENE referred to usage. But what has been the usage of the Parks? For some two hundred years or thereabouts the Crown has exercised absolute authority over Hyde Park. It has made rules, has altered and repealed them; it has conferred privileges and withdrawn them. It has fixed the hours during which the Park shall be open, and decided what kind of traffic shall be admitted, and what people may, and what they may not, do in the Park. Once the Park was kept as an open common. Afterwards a wall was built round it; then the wall was pulled down, and railings were substituted. At one time fairs and races were allowed in the Park. Hackney carriages, which are now excluded, were formerly admitted. At the present moment, as anybody can see who chooses to walk that way, the use of the Park is regulated in the most peremptory manner. There are parts of the Park where people may drive, and parts where they may ride, and other parts are reserved for pedestrians. There is not even a right of way through the Park, and the Crown can shut and open the gates when it chooses. There is no common-law right to ride in Rotten Row any more than there is a common-law right to set up booths by the side of it, or to run races along the Ladies' Mile. The Crown, in the exercise of its proprietary authority, chooses to permit Rotten Row to be used for riding, and forbids fairs and races; but, if it chose, it could allow races and fairs as in other days, and turn Rotten Row into a flower garden. As Chief Justice COCKBURN said, whatever enjoyment of the Parks the public may have had has been entirely by the grace and favour of the Crown. In one sense the Crown is, no doubt, only another

name for Parliament, and the Parks may be described as public property. But that does not alter the fact that, as we have repeatedly pointed out, the authority of the officials who represent the Crown over the Parks corresponds precisely to the authority of any private owner. The public has no more right to hold a meeting in Hyde Park than in Knowle Park, or Blenheim, or Chatsworth. A meeting may be held if the proprietor chooses to allow it, but not otherwise. The mistake which pervades the whole of this foolish and discreditable agitation is that the right of the public to use the Parks in such a manner as the Crown or Parliament may choose to allow is confounded with a supposed right of the public to use the Parks exactly as it pleases. It is just as well that it should be understood that public property is not at the disposal of any members of the community for any purpose to which they may at any moment take it into their heads to apply it.

Mr. GLADSTONE unfortunately is not an authority recognized in Westminster Hall, or Mr. GREENE might have quoted him in support of his curious theory as to the common-law right of the public, or rather, to speak correctly, of a small and disorderly portion of the public, to override the authority of Parliament and the rights of the Crown. When Sir A. COCKBURN was one of the law officers of the Government he gave an opinion as to the authority of the Crown over the Parks, which was endorsed by two other eminent lawyers, and which was identical with that now laid down by the Court of Queen's Bench. Mr. GLADSTONE was a member of a Government which took steps to act upon this opinion in 1866, and we never heard that he remonstrated with his colleague, Sir GEORGE GREY, for the course he was prepared to pursue. But soon afterwards Mr. GLADSTONE found himself in Opposition; and when the Government of the day attempted to carry out the instructions which their predecessors had drawn up and left in the pigeon-holes of Downing Street, Mr. GLADSTONE discovered that the rights of the People were sacred, and not to be measured by legal precedents or opinions. The practice of using the Parks for other purposes than those of recreation and exercise is, as the CHIEF JUSTICE remarked, of modern growth, and has certainly been productive of something more than casual inconvenience. The meetings in the Park may not matter much, comparatively speaking, in themselves. They are, indeed, a serious nuisance, and some day they may lead to rioting and bloodshed. But after all that is a comparatively small part of the mischief connected with them. The great evil is the blow which has been struck at authority, and at the very principle of authority. From the first it was obvious that the meetings were utterly illegal. They were an invasion of the common-law rights of the Crown, and they were not sanctioned by any Parliamentary enactment. But at the time they served a party purpose, and were condoned. Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. GLADSTONE not only countenanced, but encouraged and invited, those breaches of the law; and one of the ringleaders has been promoted to the Bench. Whether meetings in the Parks are expedient or not, there can be only one opinion as to the pernicious consequences of the policy which has been pursued in regard to them. Grave misconceptions on the subject have been produced among ignorant and violent classes of the community, and everything has been done to weaken authority and to bring the law into contempt. Mr. AYRTON'S conduct with regard to the Park Rules appropriately closes a series of blunders which are almost criminal in their wantonness and imbecility.

THE UNIVERSITIES AND THE SCHOOLS.

IT is a distinction of our older English Universities that they have a life in themselves, and do not draw their vitality from the State; they neither take its money, nor do they get protection for their degrees in the way of exclusive privileges. Having thus an inherent life, they can shoot out in various directions, and they have accordingly instituted various kinds of examinations, some for youths and some for women, all over the country; not that it was their especial business to do so, but because they saw certain educational wants, and also saw that they could meet them. A foreign University has its duties laid down by the Government, and would no more think of stepping beyond them than the Home Office would think of busying itself with the Fine Arts. Indeed every Government department is usually on the look out to avoid having extra work thrown on it. "This is not our department" is their constant cry. But men or bodies who are doing their own work, and who are in earnest about it, are not so particular in mapping out the boundary of their duties, although they will be sensible enough to know that if they are too diffusive they will effect nothing. We welcome then these expansions of University action, as showing a healthy independent life; but we can well understand that persons at work in the Universities, without being obstructive, may think it right to warn these bodies that they have higher and more especial functions than that of superintending the secondary instruction of the country.

A German Professor, who, with his national habit, would look first to the interests of learning herself, while we in England look chiefly to the learners, would join in these notes of warning. He would, we think, gladly recognize in such extensions that "life in every limb" which he has been taught to look for in our English community, and the value of which, since France has shown the weakness of a dead mechanism worked by one huge engine, is getting more and more understood abroad. But he would say something like this:—"See that there is no danger of your leading people to forget that your proper function is liberal education and the higher learning only, that as a University you must be judged by your action on them, that all else is subsidiary. What seems to the mass more immediately useful, more bearing on 'bread and butter,' they will think ought to be the main concern with you. Do nothing to countenance this impression. Your first duty to England is to be the sanctuary of the highest cultivation, especially in those studies which are not pursued for gain. You have stood out against the thousand quackeries of the age, maintaining, what in Germany no one doubts, that to form is no less important than to fill. You have kept alive in the country a good standard of thoroughness and excellence. You will have to fight a battle to maintain this; for a despotism of mediocrity is threatening our civilization, and it will try to crush all greatness—intellectual eminence among the rest. Don't weaken yourselves by extending your front overmuch. With anything like technical education you have nothing whatever to do; technical skill meets with ready markets, and the market will create a supply for itself. No doubt you may properly see that those who are coming to you are well taught, and in so doing you may render some help to those who are going elsewhere; but do not let yourself be pulled off your own footing through holding out a helping hand."

Something like these oracular utterances would be heard from our Professor, and we should be inclined to think his warnings uncalled for, and savouring of the inveterate German way of looking at things "in the large"; but those who have had the patience to read the letters in the *Times* on the recent Conference of Head-Masters will find the generalities of our weird German friend translated into the particular and the palpable. Some of the schoolmasters seem to think that the Universities exist chiefly in order to provide a market for every kind of ware they fabricate. They are clamouring for "encouragement" from without for every item of common school instruction, as if they had lost the power of rewarding or stimulating their own boys. By "encouragement" they seem to mean that every single thing they teach should be made the subject of examination at the Responsions or the Littlego. Surely there are now Schools at Oxford and Triposes at Cambridge in every branch of learning which is fitted for examination; even an ordinary degree can be taken *viâ* chemistry, or history, or botany, or almost anything you please. But these examinations are too remote, they say, to act on boys at school; hence they call out—with "We are they who ought to speak" reverberating through all they say—for the introduction into the first University examination of all those subjects "without which no gentleman's education is complete."

Now, if one conclusion more than another has worked itself clear as regards the action of examinations, it is that a pass examination on this microcosm principle is mentally injurious. We even believe that this pulling many ways at once will be found to be both physiologically and psychologically destructive; and the only end answered by a multifarious course is that the teaching body may thrust its programme in the face of the public and say, "We teach all these things; if our pupils forget them it is their fault; we saw that they knew them once." If, to avoid diversity of subjects, you offer a great number of alternatives, then you destroy the unity of teaching, and bring about the evils which the masters very rightly complain of in the multiplicity of Entrance Examinations. Subjects may be of such a nature that, though excellent for education, they may be so ill suited for examination as even to lose a great part of their educational effect when they are studied with a compulsory examination in immediate view. A tutor and his pupils may read Shakspeare together with the greatest advantage, but as soon as the pupil is drawn into the whirlpool of an examination he will study nothing but the introductions, and the notes to the hard passages, and the study ceases to be beneficial. A knowledge of modern languages may be easily tested by examination, and it is proposed at Cambridge to admit this in place of Greek for candidates for honours; but these subjects are attended by this difficulty, when we would award distinction by means of them, that some of the candidates may be examined in what is practically their native tongue; it is remarked that the prizes at school in modern languages commonly fall to boys with foreign names.

Now the Universities have stored up a fund of experience in examining in a great variety of subjects; for there is hardly any kind of knowledge which is not made the matter of examination in the Local Examinations or for some University or College Scholarship; and its debates about examinations and their action are constantly going on, we may fairly suppose that the Universities are acquainted with their own speciality, and that they know what

they want to effect by their own examinations, and may be left to decide what is best for their own students. Moreover, we are told that one-third of the undergraduates do not come from schools at all, and the University in framing its system must not leave these out of consideration.

The Committee of Head-Masters, two years ago, laid before the Universities certain propositions; amongst other things they invited the Universities both to examine and *inspect* their schools. A Government inspection was threatened, and it was thought that an inspection by a Board organized by the Universities would be accepted by the Government. The Universities promptly took steps in the matter; conferences of Committees of the Universities with each other and with the Head-Masters were at once held, and the outline of a scheme has been drawn up. Some Masters object to it; nothing yet ever satisfied everybody. The pressure of the Government is now less felt. Mr. Lowe's pleasant proposition to subject our great schools to the hands of our Inspectors of National Schools, with regard to spelling and arithmetic, has died out of mind, and some of the Masters find particular objections to the particular form of action proposed. It seems to us that the question admits of solution on the simple principle that those who like it should adopt the proposal, and that those who do not should leave it alone. The controversy would have been somewhat technical and dry had not one or two scholastic gentlemen asserted their superiority to residents in the University generally, and shown how preposterous it was to suppose that they could submit to inspection at their hands. Scholastic communities in confined localities are prone to a self-complacency which our German friend would recognize as a variety of "Kleinstadterei." We rather gather from the tone of these writers that the only person whom they could trust to judge of themselves and of their work would be a being so rarely gifted that we doubt whether the Government or any other body could command his services. At the bottom of all their objection lies the question (not expressed), "Why should we be inspected at all?" and we are not indisposed to join in this question as far as concerns those of the first-grade schools which are most under the public eye. On the large schools public opinion acts freely; the Paterfamilias who has a complaint is only too well pleased to write to the *Times*, and marches out of his club a larger man in every dimension when he has seen himself in type, and feels that he is agitating society "unbeknown." It may be true that a boy who comes to a stationary position somewhere in the fifth form knows little in the classical and next to nothing in the modern department; but would any inspection remedy this? Possibly the classes may in some cases be too large; but the Masters are able, and work themselves to death. The evil lies in parental indulgence, in the all-importance of ease and amusement, which is impressed on the boys, not by word, but by the surer agency of doings, in every hour of their home life, and in the consequent current way of thinking and want of stamina among the boys. These defects originate with society rather than with the schools, and would not be removed by inspection. On the other hand, in many schools there is vigorous work going on throughout, every kind of material is made to receive all the polish it can take, and this kind of conscientious work would be best brought to light by a system of inspection—that is to say, by an inquiry into the state of each *class* in the school; for to test the condition of each *boy*, which is what some seem to understand by inspection, would be too costly in money and time. Moreover, even if the Government does not step in—and we think that the recent correspondence will lead any functionary who has not a passion for hot water to keep as clear of first-grade schoolmasters as he can—the Governing Body may wish to have, if not yearly, yet from time to time, a thorough investigation of the state of their school; even a Head-Master may be glad of such information, and in case of any shortcomings in the lower forms might feel his hands strengthened in dealing with that easily aggrieved personage, the assistant master, by the report of an independent Inspector.

It seems to us then to be desirable that in the first instance the inspection should be voluntary, and that the system should be left to grow according to its merits. The argument that University Inspectors could have no compulsory powers seems to us to tell in favour of University inspection. Each Governing Body would decide whether to have its school inspected or not; if any doubts about the state of the school were afloat, public opinion would enforce such an inspection, especially if the means were ready at hand. Government Inspection could hardly be so plastic; moreover, the presence of a Government Inspector in a school would give the boys an idea that it was not they themselves who were being put on their trial so much as their masters. They would be brought to see that there was a greater person in the world than Dr. Busby, and then the Doctor's authority would be gone; whereas boys are used to University examiners, examination and inspection shade off into one another, and there would be no show of external authority in the plan proposed. Again, if the Government undertook inspection, they would be expected to include sanitary and disciplinary matters. An Inspector is usually wild about cubic feet, and would drive House-Masters into fury by measuring the bedrooms. Now such supervision, though in some cases desirable, is little required in the first-grade schools, because the mothers of pupils are so keen about such matters that a Master's interest is involved in providing all material comforts for his boarders, and the present boarding-houses compete in luxurious arrangements.

The proposal of the Universities amounts to little more than an offer to undertake methodically and generally what has hitherto been done without system and on a small scale. Cambridge has really *inspected* of late about a dozen schools a year, but University *examiners* are provided under the statutes of most schools, and there is nothing to prevent these schools being examined just as they were before. The chief change proposed is that the examiners shall be appointed, or at least approved, by a Board formed of members of both Universities, which might lay down a few general instructions for the mode of inspection, and in the first instance receive the reports, which they would hand over to the Governing Bodies. It is made quite clear that the functions of the Inspector do not extend to reporting on what should be taught, but only to show how far the teaching is effective. When we see the names of Dr. Bradley, Dr. Kennedy, and Dr. Westcott among the promoters of the scheme—and so, we may suppose, probable members of the proposed Board—we cannot but think that the schools will find that they are in the hands of those who are more likely to understand their wants than any Government Commission. Further, the Masters of schools are themselves usually members of Convocation or of the Senate, and in that capacity they have a voice in regulating these matters. Any new measures will be discussed where they can be present and speak, which is material as affording them the feeling that they are themselves acting on themselves, and not subjected merely to action from without. Again, the financial aspect of the matter gives a result in favour of the University plan; for we find, by contrasting the fees paid by the University to Examiners with those paid by the Civil Service Commission, a vast difference in favour of the former, while the work is done just as well, and in some cases done by the very same people. This comes of what we said at the outset—the difference between working for a body of which a man forms part, and doing work for somebody else. But in addition to the Examiners the Government would require a Board of good scholars as a council of education to organize and superintend, and the members of this Board would have to be highly paid, while the Universities will provide all the administration, and find men of the highest capacity to do it gratuitously. Now as the country is not to pay for the education of the higher classes, the money must be extracted from the schools; that is to say, it will come out of the pockets either of the schoolmasters or of the parents. So that the public is interested in employing the cheapest machinery.

The University Inspectors, we may suppose, would be appointed by the above-named Board for a short period—say three years at first. It by no means follows that they should be University residents any more than the Local Examiners are. Those Inspectors who acquitted themselves satisfactorily would be re-appointed, and thus we should secure at last, by a kind of selection, a body of Inspectors more likely to be efficient than if they had held life appointments, as Government officials probably would. Moreover, considering as we do that independence is the life-blood of educational work, we think that the schools are safer with the Universities—who have a common cause with the schools in this point—than in the hands of a Government department, for the official spirit delights in hard lines. In France the teachers declare that they are "assassinated" by "réglementation." The Masters in England would have to be on the watch against the Government to see that their control did not extend itself from the manner to the matter of the teaching. Let it be recollected, that whenever the schools have come into the hands of the Government, *great schoolmasters* have ceased to be produced, although great scholars may have been schoolmasters.

The tone of the late correspondence may bring about some opposition at the Universities, especially with those who are mainly interested in the Universities as seats of learning. Some, too, may think that the Universities already have their hands full. These points we must leave to the residents, but we do not see that the programme of the scheme goes beyond what we should be glad to see the Universities taking in hand, if they have the means; and they have had so much experience in organizing extensive systems of examination that they may be trusted to judge of their own competency to do well what they undertake without detriment to their higher functions. Whether school inspection be generally adopted or not, we hope that the proposed "Leaving Examinations" in the whole work of each school will be carried into effect; and we quite concur in the wish expressed in the recent letter of a Head-Master, that this may lead to the discouragement of the system of specializing a boy's studies too early. The Universities, we believe, are alive to the evils which have arisen from the present open Scholarship system; and we think that the projected Board may be the means of bringing about that joint action between the Universities for want of which they have drifted into a system which hardly any College approves, but which each must adopt, or be content to go without its share of the abler young men.

DE MORTUIS.

AN old controversy springs up afresh at the death of every remarkable man upon whose merits there has been any considerable divergence of opinion. Each side has a commonplace to allege in defence of its own view. We should not speak evil of the dead, urges one party; and the other replies that we should speak the truth of every one, dead or alive. Undoubtedly this last

doctrine has an apparent advantage in point of sincerity and honesty. Is there not something offensive about the sudden change of sentiment which follows the death of such a man as the late Emperor of the French? When people who have been denouncing him whilst alive as a tyrant, a traitor, and a corrupter of society, suddenly affect a generosity which no longer costs them anything, and grow sentimental over the coffin of the man whom they used to revile, is not such generosity more insulting than continued animosity? The tears of enemies are not a proof that they have ceased to be enemies, but merely that they have ceased to be afraid. They were libellous before as they are now hypocritical. The friends of the deceased are excusable if they reject such posthumous praises with something like disgust. Flattery of the dead is merely satire in disguise, for every good word implies that the dead man must have had some exceedingly bad qualities which prevented even his better qualities from being recognized during his lifetime. The rule, therefore, should be, according to some persons, that death ought to make no difference. When a murderer is hanged, he is not converted into a saint. Death places a man beyond the reach of our hostility; but whatever lessons should be drawn from his career are precisely the same before and after it has reached its conclusion. The only difference, therefore, should be that we need no longer stimulate hostility. The judgment may be delivered without the passion which was pardonable during the heat of conflict; but the judgment itself should not be in any way altered. We can afford, it should be said, to regard your wickedness without active indignation now that it can lead to no fresh crimes; but what was wicked remains wicked to the end of time.

So far, indeed, there cannot be much dispute; but such reflections are not decisive of the controversy. There is, in fact, an obvious alternative. The maxim of speaking no evil of the dead may be interpreted to mean that we should hold our tongues if we have nothing good to say. Or, if absolute silence be impossible, we may, without concealing our unfavourable opinions, prefer rather to dwell upon that side of a man's character which has been least objectionable. Why, in fact, should we think it incumbent upon us to sum up the good and bad qualities of our neighbours as soon as they have left us? We are altogether too anxious to effect an accurate classification of men's characters, and to place them distinctly amongst the sheep or the goats. Innumerable historical controversies are carried on as to the inscrutable question whether somebody long dead should have a black or a white mark placed against his name. Why place either? How are we ever to say distinctly whether Cromwell or Mary Queen of Scots belonged to the saints or the sinners? Is not that rather a question for schoolboys than for grown-up men? A favourite motion in debating societies used to be that the character of so-and-so is deserving of admiration; but, as we grow older, we discover that our opinion of human beings is not to be packed into any such summary formula. We learn by experience the infinite complexity of human impulses, and the impossibility of fairly unravelling all the complicated skein of motive that goes to determine our own actions, to say nothing of the actions of other people. Who are we that we should profess to penetrate the bosoms of our neighbours, and by some spiritual calculus to sum up precisely the value of the good and the bad ingredients? By sufficient care we can arrive at some kind of knowledge of what people actually did; we may be able to decide what was Cromwell's system in Ireland, and whether Mary did or did not blow up her husband with gunpowder. In a rough way we may infer something as to the qualities by which such actions were prompted. It would be difficult, for example, to approve unequivocally of a lady who should be demonstrated to be a murderess and an adulteress. Yet even in such a case it is not easy to say how much allowance should be made for a vast variety of perplexing circumstances, for temptations which we have not experienced, and for motives which at best we can very imperfectly analyse. Still less is it easy to say how many good qualities may remain unextinguished side by side with great vices, and unable to restrain their possessors from grievous crimes. Here and there is a man who is nearly all bad, and another who is nearly all good. But in the infinite majority of cases the problem is so complex as to evade our feeble powers of analysis. As a rule, it is better to decline an impracticable task. Even amongst our own friends whom we see daily, and whose conduct may be tested in an infinite variety of ways, we are generally bewildered if we attempt to place them irrevocably in some mental pigeon-hole; and we are constantly making new discoveries which show how little we could have predicted their action under some fresh combination of circumstances. Why then endeavour to pronounce confidently about people at a far greater distance from us, of whose character we can judge only by remote inferences from uncertain evidence? We can in some degree trace out the consequences which have flowed from particular courses of conduct. We can see how the work done by one man has fallen to pieces with his death, and how the work done by another continues to bear fruit to remote generations. So far we may infer that he laboured on behalf of a sound or an unsound principle; and we may be grateful to him or pity him accordingly. But it is quite another thing to infer that the man who fought for a good cause was actuated by unselfish motives and a clear perception of the truths involved; or that the man who fought for a bad cause must therefore have had a corrupt heart and a muddled understanding. There are good and able men and there are bad and vicious men on all sides, or the world would be a great deal worse off than it is; for, as a rule, no side has a monopoly of the truth; and it is to be feared that, if good causes were supported only by men of correspondingly good character, they would have a very small minority of defenders. As a rule, in fact, the condemnation of some conspicuous actor means that we are opposed to his party. A Protestant argues that Mary must have committed murder because her theology was wrong; and a Roman Catholic that Cromwell must have been a hypocrite because he did not believe in the Pope. The calmness with which people set down every conspicuous adversary of their own opinions as wicked, though admitting in general terms that virtue is not confined to their own party, shows how valueless are most judgments of character. The circumstance which is most distinctly irrelevant is that which has practically by far the greatest influence on the verdicts which we pronounce. The tendency is curiously illustrated in Mr. Carlyle's writings. Regarding history as the record of the achievements of a few giants surrounded by a vast multitude of dwarfs, he always attributes to his heroes a distinct consciousness of all the results that flowed from their actions, and infers that their motives were correspondingly excellent. Yet surely it is a very rash assumption that because Frederick, for example, conferred great benefits upon Germany, therefore the advantage to Germany, and not the advantage to his own private interests, was his guiding principle. The truth would seem to be very different. When any great political change is useful to the mass of mankind, it is generally the plain interest of some distinguished leader to place himself at the head of the resulting movement; and it generally follows that we are quite unable to say whether selfish ambition or a wider patriotism determined his actions. Did men like Cromwell and Napoleon seize the government because they thought that the national interest required it, or because they wished to be rulers? They could probably not have answered the question themselves, and it is rash to give any decided answer for them.

The inference would seem to be that we should be much more cautious than we generally are in expressing an opinion about men's characters, whether dead or alive. We can very safely leave the question in other hands, and rather confine ourselves to the results of a man's actions than attempt the investigation of the hidden sources from which they flowed. In short, it is a sufficient reason for not speaking evil of the dead that we are for the most part in great ignorance whether or not he deserved it. The rule, it is true, applies equally during a man's life; but it is chiefly on occasion of his death that we are tempted to place ourselves in the judgment seat and sum up as though we had all the evidence before us. It would be more becoming at such a time to feel the depth of our own incapacity. Imputations of evil motive are so far excusable during a man's lifetime that they may force him to give an account of himself, and keep up a due sense of responsibility. It is extremely desirable that a man should be compelled to make the purity of his motives as plain as possible; and the greatest pressure we can put upon him arises from the free criticism of his antagonists. When he is dead that reason passes comparatively out of sight; he is no longer responsible to any human tribunal; and we may fairly recognize the impossibility of making any exhaustive summary of his motives. The feeling which leads us to attempt such a task is indeed natural enough, and requires some sort of satisfaction. The death of a great man is the closing scene of a striking drama. If his career has any coherency and completeness about it, it teaches some lessons, though it may leave us in utter darkness as to the actor's own qualities. Why, it may be asked, should we be more affected by the death of the Emperor than by the innumerable tragedies that are being acted all round us? Thousands of other people are dying in torture in hospitals and in hovels to whom we are more closely related. Many of them, it may be, have led far purer and nobler lives than any Minister or Emperor in the world. No gleam of secure happiness may ever have brightened their existence; whereas the Emperor, however melancholy may have been his last days, had some twenty years of exuberant prosperity. Is it not unphilosophical to be more affected by the death of the single conspicuous person than by the death of the thousands of fellow-creatures whose sufferings have been quite as poignant, and, it may be, less merited? The answer is plainly that it is not a question of philosophy. If we endeavoured to distribute our sympathy in accurate proportion to the mass of suffering, we should, according to the common illustration, be more moved by the destruction of a million of men in China than by the slaughter of half-a-dozen passengers in an English railway accident. Fortunately, however, for our peace of mind, we do not deal out our sympathy after this fashion. The effect upon the imagination is the measure of our feeling. A single death in our immediate neighbourhood affects us more deeply than any number of deaths in a remote country, not merely for selfish reasons, but because we can realize the details with incomparably greater distinctness. On the same principle we are influenced by the death of any distinguished person. We do not go through a statistical calculation as to the exact amount of suffering produced; but we are moved as we are moved by a tragedy. It is a question of poetry, not of reasoning. An incident which forms part of history moves us, not merely by its own intrinsic importance, but by all the associations which it brings up. The death of an old woman in the next street may sadden us if we happen to know her, and may suggest some reflections on sanitary reform. The death of a man who has played a conspicuous part on the stage of European politics carries the mind backwards and forwards through a long series of the most important events. The man's own personal interest sinks out of notice in comparison

with all the reflections suggested by his share in a great historical process. And therefore personal dislike is out of place, because it vulgarizes the sentiments suggested. Mere antipathy to the individual sounds paltry and pitiful in presence of thoughts as to the interests of nations and of mankind at large. The mind should be raised to a region where all personal dislikes seem infinitely petty and contemptible. The tone of feeling most in harmony with such reflections should be too solemn to admit of the intrusion of our little antipathies. We should be rather disposed to feel how imperfect are the judgments which we pass upon each other, and to regard censorious verdicts as something profane in the presence of loftier interests. Truth, of course, should not be sacrificed; nor should we speak with affected kindness of one of whom we really disapprove. But the expression of mere party or personal feelings is out of place at such solemn moments. They may be right or wrong; but they jar upon us like a false note in music, at a time when our minds should be attuned to a deeper strain of emotion.

THE HISTORY OF GREAT BRITAIN.

WHEN Britain first at heaven's command arose from out the azure main it was a very little place indeed, being about twelve miles by twelve, or under a hundred thousand acres, forming in a wide sea a small island now known as the heathy hills of the Longmynd and the Stiper stones on the borders of Shropshire and Montgomeryshire. But this first gem of the ocean was not, in a geological sense, destined long to maintain its place above those ancient waters: for just as the unnumbered islands of the Pacific are now slowly sinking and being swallowed up in growing reefs of coral, so this nucleus of old England sank steadily into a sea which we dare not call primeval; and, as it sank, the pebbly beach, strewn with bones of old cuttle-fish, heads and tails of trilobites, corals, Pentameri and other shells, crept in and in upon the land, till at length the last vestige of what we can hardly call our island disappeared beneath the waves, and its place for incalculable cycles of time was known no more. As the island sank deeper and deeper still, thousands of feet of Upper Silurian strata gathered thick above it; and the old life had long before almost all died away, or, like Bottom, been "translated" into a newer series of forms.

The physical relations of all these strata to each other was still a mystery to geologists long after "Father" Smith had conquered and reduced the Carboniferous and Secondary areas almost to perfect order. Nearly all that was known of the rocks of Wales was that, from underneath the Old Red Sandstone, called by Smith *Red Rhab and Dunstone*, there rose, in the land of the Cymry, certain slaty rocks known to miners as Killas. Here was an almost unknown land tempting the ambition of any one able to bring order out of chaos, and in the fulness of time Sedgwick and Murchison marched into the field, conquered, and took possession. The first, full of energy and power, struck at once into the mountain fastnesses of North Wales, and in a series of brilliant operations he brought nearly the whole of that tumultuous territory into subjection, and reduced it into comparative order, in spite of all its faults and convulsive throes, and called it Cambria. In like manner he mastered the wilds of Cumberland. The second went to work like the old soldier that he was, and, fixing his headquarters at Ludlow, at the bottom of an Old Red Sandstone escarpment, he established a basis of operations; and thence, creeping into the interior, he steadily advanced his lines westward along the scarped cliffs of Aymestry and Wenlock, through all the territory of Caradoc, down into the interior of South Wales, and gave to the whole conquered region the name of Siluria. At a period somewhat later De la Bèche with his staff again overran the whole of Wales, and the separate kingdoms of Cambria and Siluria were by him merged into one, while sundry allies in the North reduced all the South of Scotland, from the Mull of Galloway to the Lammermuir Hills and St. Abb's Head, under the same dominion.

But something yet remained to be done before these more primitive parts of Great Britain could be considered as fairly vanquished. Accordingly, after two successful campaigns in Russia, the old Silurian chief betook himself to the mountains of Scotland north of the Great Valley, and in three great forays revolutionized the country from the Grampians to Cape Wrath, converting so-called dead Azoic masses, dimly misunderstood and unintelligible, into well-proved Silurians, charged in some places with an old-world life. But a revolution that abolished all old titles North of the Grampians was not effected without opposition. Shall Ben Lawers and Ben Nevis, Ben More and Ben Mic Duibh, and nearly all the ducal territory of Sutherland, be hoisted up in the scale as a comparatively new geological province without regard to the time-honoured nomenclature of the mighty Werner, Jamieson of Edinburgh his lieutenant, and others their less powerful followers? Shall the soul of Lyell be made glad and the ghost of the great Hutton look down and smile approvingly while the primitive images so long worshipped of Gneiss and Micaschist, Chlorite and Talc-slate, Quartz and Crystalline Limestone are cast down and denuded of the halo that glorified them in the eyes even of their high-priests, and invested them in the eyes of the people with an antiquity so dim and sacred that even to disturb it was a sin? What then shall remain of primeval faith? Scarcely a vestige. And must its few remaining ministers, shrinking from the light, feel that they are doomed to fall into the ranks of those "partial spirits" who "still aloud complain," and "think themselves injured that they cannot reign"? But what availed the despairing wail of votaries for deities dispossessed? They were doomed to "receive the truth to whom 'twas pain to hear"; and in this manner the foundations of Great Britain were secured on a solid basis, resting, however, on older provinces, fragments of which here and there peep out in the stormy Hebrides, and on the still vexed shores about Cape Wrath. And just as from the disintegrated fragments of the old Roman Empire the modern nations of our Western world were formed, so by the crumbling waste of old Siluria the Old Red Sandstone grew around and over the ancient nucleus. Above its waters stood the Grampians, the mountains now called Cumberland, and icebergs dropped their stony freights on the storm-edged shores. Thus old matter was rearranged and accreted, and insensibly passed onward into that period when the growth and death and slow decay of dim and dreary forests in huge peat mosses and interminable flats resulted in the burial of that vegetable wealth which men call coal. During the process of its formation land and water alternated in the same area hundreds of times; and so vast was the period consumed in these operations, that in what we now call Wales the coaly relics of the earliest wood lie ten thousand feet underneath the highest buried forest; and between them a hundred terrestrial surfaces, each one of which bore vegetable growths which, had men lived to see them, would have seemed each in itself as venerable as those vast forests of the modern world that poets misname primeval.

Change is the one great law of the universe, and with growing age and slow physical revolutions all this came to an end; and when, in a succeeding epoch, the great ice-formed boulder beds known in Germany as the Red-dead-liers, and the Magnesian limestone had been laid in salt inland seas upon this our land, with these died out the last dwindling relics, few in number and shrunk in size, of that great old life which heretofore peopled the world. Then came "an awful pause prophetic of its end"; the Palæozoic succession had ceased to be; the old times were gone for ever; and as we imperfectly read it, a great gap appears in history between that closing scene and a newer life which links it to our own. A volume of old-world history has, in fact, not yet been altogether found. Society is very slow to change, and if new and changed forms have grown from older lives, the lapse of time between the dead old races and the new life that spread across our world denotes a period so vast that the human mind loses itself in the vain attempt to realize its meaning.

Had we space to rehearse the remainder of our story, we might indite the history of the arid shores of the great bitter salt lakes which, in times called by the Teuton *Bunter* and *Keuper*, lay partly within the bounds of Britain: and later still of that secondary portion of our history when a land called of Liassic and Oolitic age lay half submerged, and in a subtropical sea bloomed as a group of beautiful islands feathered with coniferous wood, tree-ferns, and araucarias, round whose sunny shores cuttle-fishes innumerable darkened the sea with squirtings from their sepian ink-bags, in their efforts to escape from glittering horny-scaled fishes, themselves the prey of giant fish-lizards, and their swan-necked allies the plesiosaure; while above, the air was darkened by the wings (rather small) of flying dragons. Along with these, a relic of the good old brachiopodus molluscs, rhynchonella and terebratula, battled well and successfully to hold their places in an altered and upstart lammellebranchiate marine world, along with which fantastic ammonites shoved the old straightforward orthoceras and the simple goniatile aside. From this luxurious state of affairs the country rose again into greater prominence; a wide-spreading land prevailed, and a vast river rolled its waters into an estuary (by moderns called the Weald), where reptile would-be two-legged bipeds devoid of feathers, the progenitors (?) of birds, aped the graces of geese and men. How long this state of affairs lasted no man as yet knows; but this we know, that it was brought to an end by the swallowing up of so much of Great Britain in the sea that only the tips of its mountains were bared to the air, while all the surrounding ocean was being overspread with deep layers of chalk. This period of depression came to an end at length, and Britain once more lifted up her drooping head, and rose to the day-star, in times called by men Eocene or the Dawn of our peculiar day, when beautiful things were made now—palæotheria and deer-like anoplotheria. These were the ancestors of all our modern types of mammalia, and during their time England was, perhaps, sometimes united to the Continent by physical ties now happily severed.

Common historians are apt to attach undue importance to the story of their own immediate times, and thus it happens that in some political histories the whole history of Great Britain before the Norman Conquest may be slurred over in a shorter space than the History of the Reform Bill of 1832. As we approach our own day we are inclined to run wild in that direction; and therefore, reversing the method adopted by Macaulay in his wonderful summary of the Roman period of Britain, we will attempt to compress the main history of our latter days in a few lines. We have said that England was joined to the Continent in Eocene times. Since then it has been disunited and rejoined to it again and again, and by some it is believed that in those middle-aged times called Miocene the first great migration of the immediate ancestors of the present northern mammalia migrated to our shores, more

varied and beautiful in form than aught that preceded them. This state of things, shifting yet the same, continued for long periods of time, both before and after those dark days when, like antarctic Victorialand and Greenland, Britain was shrouded in snow and thick-ribbed ice, and terrestrial life for a time may have almost disappeared. Twice at least was the land half lost in the sea, again to rise up refreshed, and each time the banished mammals returned with new associates, among whom at last, wandering across the broad plains that joined England to France, was the early race of man. Then for the first time in these regions

neighing steeds were heard
Unheard before by gods and wondering men;

and many animals, now domestic, mingled with the hippopotamus and rhinoceros, the ponderous elephant, and so many of those carnivorous beasts which still roam through parts of Europe, Asia, and Africa. With these, man, issuing from his wigwams and caves, long waged a constant warfare for food, by no means over-nice whether he devoured a horse, a deer, an ox, a wolf, an otter, or a badger; and at length, having exterminated the noxious carnivora, he now enjoys his land all the more that

Its high upreared and abutting fronts
The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder

from all direct neighbourhood with Continental allies or rivals. It will be well for all concerned should it so remain till the increasing eccentricity of the earth's orbit shall bring on a new Glacial period some fifty thousand years hence, and begin to banish man from the Northern half of Europe. Into the political situation consequent on that coming event it is, however, scarcely worth while to enter now; we would only say that it behoves the Minister for the Colonies to see that our intertropical possessions are kept in good order for the coming migration, for the fortunes of the British islands will then be far below zero. One cold comfort remains—the universal northern ice-sheet may possibly solve the Irish difficulty.

JUDAIC SERMONS.

WHEN Queen Elizabeth had any measure in hand, her manner, we used to be told, was to "tune the pulpits." We say "as we used to be told," because we have not, for the purposes of the present speculation, gone and minutely got up the historical fact. We bow for once to the doctrine that truth and falsehood do not greatly matter. That is to say, there may be truth of another kind in a statement which is historically false. For some purposes a spurious document may prove as much as a genuine one. For some purposes a romance may prove as much as an authentic history. And so, in some cases, a belief or tradition, even a groundless belief or tradition, that a certain person did so and so proves as much as if it had been the fact that he did it. So in this way, if any pedant, if any searcher after minute antiquarian accuracy, should be able to show that there is no ground to believe that Queen Elizabeth or her counsellors ever used a phrase which seems to savour so much of slang as that of "tuning the pulpits," it will not greatly concern us. It is quite certain that something very like what is understood by tuning the pulpits did go on in those days. The metaphor, or something like it, was one not unfamiliar in that quaint age. There is a story of a pair of sixteenth-century churchwardens being called on at a visitation to make a presentment as to the state of the bells. Among the bells they presented the pulpit as a bell which had for a long time lacked a clapper. That is to say, translating the presentment out of its allegorical dress, the parish had been a long while without a preaching minister. We may well believe that, by the time the bell was furnished with a clapper, it might be found to need a little tuning. No doubt, in those days it mattered much more than it does in ours what kind of note the bell and its clapper gave out. To large classes of people the pulpit was then, not only what it is now, but, what the parish school, books, newspapers, lectures, penny readings, everything of the kind also are now. It was in short the only way which large masses of people had of learning anything at all. The church was the only place where they had the chance of listening to a man who, if he did not know very much, at least knew more than themselves. It was only in the nature of things that the pulpit, or, in the language of allegory, the bell, should in those days ring out a greater number of tunes than it does now, and that the tuning of it should be looked on by those in authority as a more important matter than it would be now. The tuning of the pulpits, in short, meant that the preachers throughout England were bidden to preach in favour of any measure which the Queen and her Council were devising. So to do was pretty well the only means which there was of getting anything understood or known by the bulk of the people; and, could the same be done now, there are doubtless still nooks and corners where the parson's Sunday sermon is the only thing in the least degree of the nature of intellectual food which a good many people ever have set before them. In fact, we can conceive that there are places which heard more and learned more in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries than they do now. They still have nothing but the parson's sermon to enlighten them, and the parson's sermon is not so enlightening as it was two hundred or three hundred years back.

Now, of all things in the world, one of the last things that we should wish would be for the clergy to imitate the practice of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries in preaching what would be commonly understood by political sermons. We have many reasons for so wishing; one of them perhaps is, that if the clergy were to take to preaching political sermons, the mass of them would not preach such kind of politics as we should wish them. But we just now purposely used the qualification, what would be commonly understood by political sermons. That is, they should not so far follow the example of the days when pulpits were tuned as to preach for or against any particular Government, any particular candidate, any particular measure under discussion in Parliament. For, in the higher and wider sense of the word, we hold that they should preach political sermons—political, that is to say, in the sense in which, according to Aristotle, the highest form of the study of man's nature is the political science. Indeed, to come nearer to the range of what is ordinarily called politics, though nothing could be more improper than for a preacher to preach on behalf of a particular candidate or a particular measure, yet it seems to us that there could be no time richer than the approach of a contested election in materials for a really faithful pastor to give a word of exhortation to his people. The candidates must be very bad candidates indeed if it would be thought to be favouring one side more than another if a preacher set forth with all boldness the obvious moral duties of an elector. It is surely the pastor's duty at such a moment to tell his congregation that it is their duty, as reasonable and Christian men, to use the rights which the law gives them soberly and honestly according to the best of their discretion. It can be no breach of the strictest impartiality to point out that the elector, as an elector, has a moral and religious duty, to denounce bribery and intimidation in every shape as real moral offences. Such a discourse would be full of politics, but it would not be full of party politics. We should like to know what proportion discourses of this kind bore four years ago to those discourses which, instead of setting forth the moral duties of the elector, stirred him up by party declamation, by lavish use of the abused terms "sacrilege" and "confiscation."

The fact is that the great mass of preachers seem really to forget that those to whom they are speaking are Englishmen of the nineteenth century. It is strange how the Judaic leaven clings to us. It is an inheritance alike from mediæval and from Puritan times; but it is decidedly a case of salt which has lost its savour. Mediæval preachers and writers were brimful and running over with Old Testament quotations and allusions; but they never fancied that their hearers were Jews; they never forgot that they were Englishmen or Frenchmen of the time in which they happened to live. The references to the older dispensation might be allegories, or they might be examples, but they were all meant to have a very practical bearing on the state of things which was really going on then and there. So the Puritans had a vast deal to say about Amalek and Moab, and going to meet the Philistines at Gilgal, but it all meant that they were to fight manfully against the Cavaliers, or perhaps, in the mouth of a Scotch Presbyterian, against the Ironsides themselves. We seem to live among the same sort of phraseology without the same sort of application. The preacher goes on talking about Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, David and Solomon and the rest, till he has reversed the vision of Ezekiel and has successfully turned the living men into dry bones. We believe that it would be quite unorthodox to bring out the real historical character of the Hebrew heroes, or to make any attempt to set forth to the congregation in what time and country and state of society they lived. So to do would be to make them men—men, as an apostle himself says, "with like passions as ourselves"—men who did not live in a sort of Nephelokokkygia created for the sole purpose of supplying texts and pointing morals, but who lived and walked about, and did sometimes good and sometimes evil in the common world of their own times, different as that world was from ours. The New Testament, to be sure, widens our field; we get Greeks and Romans as well as Jews; but all are to be dealt with in the same conventional kind of way, as if the people who happened to be mentioned in the Bible were a set of beings all by themselves, and in no way partakers of our common human nature. The unhappy Scriptural characters get preached about and made into proverbs, commonly on the strength of utter misconception of some particular passage which forms a convenient text. Unhappy Gallio, for instance, has passed into a byword as the "man who cared for none of those things," as the very type of the careless man who takes no heed to the things of his soul. But look at the story itself, and what were the things that Gallio did not care for? They had nothing to do with the things of his soul at all. The real fault of Gallio was a gross breach of his duty as a magistrate. "All the Greeks took Sosthenes, the chief ruler of the synagogue, and beat him before the judgment seat, and Gallio cared for none of those things." That is to say, a shameful disturbance and assault happened in court before his own eyes, and he did not do his duty in putting it down. Perhaps, if, in the days of the Popish Plot, a band of zealous Protestants had beaten the chief ruler of some unlucky handful of Papists before the judgment seat of Sir Edmundsbury Godfrey, that earnest defender of the faith might have cared for none of those things, as Gallio did in the like case. Then the record of the two Pharaohs who appear in the Book of Exodus—we believe that the genuine English Bible-reader or Bible-hearer never finds out that there are two Pharaohs in the Book of Exodus—is held up as if he were a blasphemer of the school of William Rufus. Whatever may be said for the custom of Greek, Latin, and English translators in putting the word Lord or the

equivalent for the Hebrew proper name of the Deity, it at least makes nonsense of the words of the Egyptian King:—"Who is the Lord that I should obey his voice? I know not the Lord, neither will I let Israel go." The unhappy Pharaoh has been preached at over and over again, as if he had defied a power whom in the same breath he acknowledged as Lord. We hope we shall not be thought profane, but the exact parallel to what Moses and Pharaoh did say would have been if, in the time of the Indian Mutiny, a zealous Brahmin, wrathful at greased cartridges, had gone to the Governor-General of India and said, "Thus saith Brahma, the God of the Hindoos, 'Let my people go, that they may serve me.'" It would not have been unnatural if he had got for answer, "Who is Brahma that I should obey his voice? I know not Brahma, neither will I let the Hindoos go." The much maligned Pharaoh is no conscious blasphemer at all; he is at most only an unbeliever. He knew nothing of the God of Israel, whose name he had perhaps never before heard; he worshipped Osiris and Apis and the other gods of his fathers. The worst that can be said of him is that he was less courteous to the preacher of an unknown faith than our own Ethelberht and Edwin; but perhaps, if Augustine and Paulinus had come from Wales instead of from Rome, they would have got no better answer.

A Jew then, or a Roman or an Egyptian who so far shares in the nature of a Jew as to be spoken of in the Old or New Testament, must not be talked about in a sermon as if he were a real human creature. And it would seem as if anybody or anything beyond the two covers of the Old and New Testament might not be mentioned at all. We speak of the common run of sermons, not of such sermons as the Dean and Canons of St. Paul's are not afraid to preach to rational Englishmen as rational Englishmen. In the regular conventional sermon there is not a word directly addressed to Englishmen of the nineteenth century as such. If anything out of the prescribed range is spoken of at all, it must only be by the darkest allusions, never by its own name. We remember a University Preacher, at the time of the Irish famine, talking of "that esculent which has recently failed." And we remember the protest of one of his hearers, "If Moses and the Prophets were not ashamed to talk about leeks, onions, and cucumbers, why should A. B. be ashamed to talk about a potato?" Then we remember very well in the days of the Russian War, how even in the pulpit men could not always keep themselves from a word or two on the matter of which every one was thinking: but how carefully everything was veiled under dark allusion how warily did the preacher avoid any direct mention of

> The Russians and the Turks,
> With their Babylonish works,

as if both alike were nations which, like the donkey in another sermon, decency forbade him to mention. To be sure we remember a preacher on the other side who delivered a series of discourses against Lord Palmerston, veiled only under the sweet name of Nebuchadnezzar. But we believe that the prophet's allegory was so successfully veiled under the sweetness of the five Chaldæan syllables that the congregation never found out at whom the thunderbolts were hurled. The rule seems to be that everything which regards the congregation as an assemblage of Englishmen, as men living in a certain age and a certain country, a country which has a certain past history and a certain present condition, is to be looked on as a forbidden subject in those discourses which are intended to give religious and moral instruction to the men who live in that country and in that condition; that is to say, they are never to be spoken to directly about those things which it most concerns them to hear. To be sure the day for sermons is Sunday, and we believe that both Sunday books and Sunday music are bound to be all about Jews, and that an Englishman would be looked on as a profane person who had no right to show himself on so holy a day. We are taught in the Catechism to do our duty in that state of life to which it shall please God to call us, and that state of life is in our case a state of life of Englishmen in the nineteenth century. Now, setting aside the exceptional class of discourses to be got from special preachers in special places, the ordinary average sermon never thinks of dealing directly and in plain words with the particular state of life of those who hear it. We get, we dare say, very good dogmatic theology; we get very sound general morality; but it is a theology and a morality which, so far as it belongs to any particular time or place, seems not to belong to England now, but to Judæa in ages past. It was a comfort when some time back we heard in a sermon a rebuke to one class of people who were "afraid of being called the parson's pet," and of certain other persons "who thought it charity to give to an organ-grinder in the street." It was a sign that we had got into an age and country of parsons and organ-grinders—in short, that we had wandered from Palestine to England.

Our forefathers, in what people pleased to call the dark ages, were in this matter better off. Whatever may have been their errors or superstitions, their religious and their national life were not dissevered. The men who worshipped at the shrine of St. Alphege or St. Thomas, of either Edward or of either Edmund, at least worshipped as Englishmen: their religious reverence gathered around the worthies of their own land. When a popular leader died in a righteous cause, men presently honoured him as a saint, and the curse of Rome could not hinder miracles being wrought by his relics. Out of a system like this, made up of so much that is good and so much that is evil, why cannot we pick out the part that is sound and healthy? Why cannot we learn that on a Sunday as well as on another day, in church as well as in another place, a man is still an Englishman of the nineteenth century, and is not changed for the nonce into a Jew of the days of the prophets, or even into a Corinthian or a Philippian of the days of the apostles?

PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

It is impossible to imagine a more pathetic or touching story than that contained in the letters of the Princess Charlotte which have just been published in the *Quarterly Review*. The unhappy domestic circumstances amid which the Princess's early womanhood was passed were pretty well known already from Miss Knight's gossiping diary and from other sources. Her father bestowed on her a share of the dislike he cherished for her mother, and was jealous of her popularity and of her importance as heir to the throne. He wished to keep her a mere infant as long as he could, and would even have been glad to get rid of her altogether. He was cold, capricious, and tyrannical, and never hesitated, if he had a chance, to strike at the mother through the child to whom in her good-natured, foolish way she was sincerely attached. The old Queen hated the poor girl more heartily than the Regent did, and took a feminine delight in teasing and humiliating her. Miss Knight describes a dinner at Windsor on one of the Regent's birthdays, when he took no notice of the Princess or her attendants, but looked "as if he wished to annihilate us"; and when, on the Princess departing, it was expected he might say a kind word, he was found with some of the other guests underneath the table. That was the day when "the Duke of York hurt his head very seriously against a wine cellaret." "It was a bad business," says poor Miss Knight. The Princess had only 10*l.* a month for pocket-money, and generally lost more than this at cards at Windsor. The shabby, malicious way in which she was treated by her father and grandmother irritated and provoked her, and made her anything but docile. When she wrote to Lord Liverpool to demand an establishment of her own, the Regent complained bitterly to Lord Eldon, who declared before a roomful of Royal Highnesses, "If she had been my daughter, I would have locked her up." This brought the poor Princess's humiliation to a climax. "What would the King say," she exclaimed, "if he could know that his grand-daughter has been compared to the grand-daughter of a collier?" It is not a pretty picture that is presented in Miss Knight's pages, but we get the impression that the Princess, though badly used, sometimes rather enjoyed the squabblings and contentions as some relief to the dull monotony of her life. The correspondence of which an account is given in the *Quarterly* shows, however, that she felt acutely the cold and heartless treatment to which she was subjected. Her mother quitted her father's house soon after she was born, and it was not long before the baby was packed off too: but not to a distance. She was established, with a staff of governesses and maids, at Warwick House, a small building adjoining the garden of Carlton House. Her father seldom saw her, and it was only on rare occasions that she visited the old Queen at Windsor. But every Saturday afternoon she had a treat; she was taken to the house of her other grandmother, the Dowager-Duchess of Brunswick, where she spent an hour or two with her mother, who, whatever her faults, was always kind and affectionate. These Saturday afternoons were the great events of her dull, neglected life, and they were further brightened by the presence of one or two playmates, the children of parents living at Blackheath, who were permitted to visit her at her grandmother's. These and a few others remained her friends through life, and to one of them the letters of which extracts are now given were addressed. They begin in 1813, when she was just seventeen years old. "The handwriting is scrawling and illegible to a degree, and bears evidence of her neglected education. The grammar is often at fault, the style stilted and pompous, like that of the novels of the last century, with which she had probably a large acquaintance." Still they are full of natural and unaffected feeling. She hopes her friends will not forget her, and will "think sometimes of her fate." The old Queen did all she could to keep her friends from her, and lectured her on "princely dignity," at the same time cultivating that dignity by snubbing her as much as possible, and keeping her perfectly in the dark as to all the arrangements of her establishment.

One day the Princess writes from Warwick House to say that she is in town again. "In every sense of the word it is for good, as I am quite well again, and indeed feel quite comfortable, as I have been *left quiet*." There could hardly be a more touching or suggestive description of her state of life. She had come to consider it her highest happiness to be let alone, to be forgotten by her father and tabooed by her grandmother, and to be taken no notice of whatever. There is a great party at Carlton House "for all the foreigners," and she is as much puzzled as pleased because her father was civil to her. "The Prince was in very great good-humour with everything and everybody, myself not excepted." It turns out, however, that the Prince had his reasons for it. He had been planning a match between Charlotte and the Prince of Orange. Miss Knight tells us that when the Princess heard she was to meet the Prince at Lady Liverpool's she put on a blister, which was her excuse for keeping away. She also declared that he was so ugly that she was sometimes obliged to turn her head away from him when he was speaking to her; and she told Sir Henry Halford that she would marry the Duke of Gloucester, but not the Prince of Orange. Of all this there is no mention in this

correspondence. The Princess writes at first as if she had been rather taken by the Prince, but there can be no doubt that it was her eagerness for release from the kind of servitude in which she was then living, and her hope that marriage would procure her an independent establishment, which led her to try to persuade herself not to dislike the Prince of Orange. As the affair went on she saw more clearly that the great object of the Regent and of the old Queen was to get rid of her, at any rate for a time, and that it was intended she should live permanently abroad. "My own family, and the head of it too, is very desirous," she says, "I should leave this country, which I cannot say I am, as I feel naturally excessively attached to the country I was born and educated in." She was willing to marry for peace and independence, but not for exile, and a fixed repugnance to the Prince took possession of her. The writer of the article in the *Quarterly* states, on the authority of an eye-witness, that the marriage was really broken off in consequence of a petty and trivial incident, which was evidently only a pretext. The Princess asked her betrothed to ride with her in the riding-house. When he objected, she reproached him with his want of attention; he got bored with her vehemence, and left her to "recover her temper." She wrote to him the same evening to break off the match, a resolution to which he submitted more philosophically than her father. We may turn to Miss Knight for the scene which followed. When the Regent found that his daughter's determination could not be shaken he was very cold, very bitter, and very silent. One afternoon in July he and the Bishop of Salisbury came to Warwick House, and the Regent went to the Princess's room. He was shut up with her for three-quarters of an hour, and then the Bishop was sent for. At the end of the hour "she came out in the greatest agony," and told Miss Knight that she and all the household were to be instantly dismissed. Then she fell on her knees, exclaiming, "God Almighty! grant me patience." The Prince Regent apologized to Miss Knight for putting her to inconvenience, but he wanted her room at once. He refused to give any reasons for thus turning her out of the house; and she replied with spirit that her father had served His Majesty for fifty years, and sacrificed his health and fortune in that service, and it would be strange if she could not put herself to a little inconvenience on the same account. Meanwhile the Princess had slipped out of the House, and was off in a hackney cab to her mother's in Connaught Place, with a rush of great dignitaries after her. After some "kicking and bouncing," as Lord Eldon called it, she was recovered and shut up in Cranbourne Lodge at Windsor, with a set of strange attendants. It was a rigid imprisonment, scarcely disguised. She was not allowed to see any of her friends, and it was only as a great favour that she was occasionally allowed to write to one of them. Letters from and to her were frequently intercepted. She was tortured by the indignities to which she was subjected, by doubts as to what was being said of her in the world outside, and by the uncertainty of her position. She was like a criminal condemned to execution, and constantly expecting to hear the fatal summons. Some new proposal of marriage was evidently her dread. "What may or may not happen," she writes, "God only can tell; for those who are happy, looking forward is a happy reflection; for those unhappy, a sorrowful one of uncertainty." And then she speaks of her bitter mortification, "heightened by bad spirits and presentiments of God knows what," and of "pains and pangs that come sometimes, and make one think one's heart will quite break." She sends her friend some trifling gift as a remembrance; it is all she has to offer of her own, for she has "no means of any sort to procure what might be more worthy your acceptance."

Afterwards she is back at Warwick House, but sees nothing of her father, "though next door." Her situation is still wretchedly uncertain and uncomfortable. "I always think six months got over of this dreadful life I lead six months gained." There is a weekly visit to theatre or opera, and that is her great delight; "Miss O'Neil beats everything that ever yet has been seen, or ever will be again, I think." A trip to Weymouth affords little solace. Her "crocodile luck," she fears, pursues her, and her "life is quite that of uncertainty from day to day, hour to hour, and total ignorance as to what my fate is to be, where to go, and how things are to be arranged." But even in her greatest trials she was always thoughtful and considerate for others, and her letters are often more about her correspondent than about herself. It is evident from this correspondence that the Princess, though she had seen Prince Leopold and admired him, had never thought of him as even a possible suitor for herself. She was even under the impression that he was paying his addresses to another young lady, and anticipated nothing better for herself than a *marriage de convenance*. It was in 1816 that the Prince, to her delight and surprise, returned to England to propose for her hand. The Regent was gracious, and the Princess, it will be understood, threw no obstacles in the way. Her life had been one of such isolation, and she had suffered so much from coldness and want of sympathy, that her intercourse with Leopold was like the opening of a new world, a dark bleak day passing on the sudden into soft and genial sunshine. Her marriage was perfectly happy. Her husband appreciated her generous impulsive character, and knew how to check her little violences of language or demeanour. She called him "*Doucement*," from his phrase "Doucement, ma chère, doucement!" and good-humouredly obeyed. Her last letter is dated October 24. She "continues well," she says, and is cheerful and confident. A fortnight later she was dead. The intense sorrow of the nation was due rather to the circumstances of her death than to appreciation of her character, of which, indeed, little was known except by rumour and conjecture. But it is pleasant to learn that she possessed qualities of mind and heart which fully justified the hopes which were entertained of her, and the outburst of feeling which was produced by her sad fate.

ARCHBISHOP MANNING ON ULTRAMONTANISM.

ON Tuesday evening last Archbishop Manning delivered an address before the Catholic Association of Sheffield on Ultramontanism, which he was anxious to vindicate from the charge of being opposed to progress and patriotism. His argument, so far as any argument can be extracted from his easy flow of rhetoric, is the reverse of convincing; but the discourse, if correctly reported, is so very rambling that we can but take the *disjecta membra* as they occur, and make such comments as suggest themselves. The speaker begins by laying down as a fundamental principle that "the Catholic Church was isolated, being, as it was, a society knit together by its own laws, and having no contract (contact?) with any other body." And this, he observed, had been the case from the earliest days, when the world was still heathen. "A Christian society was from the first formed, and in later times, when Christianity became more general, there was still (?) an identity between the Church and the Governments of the world. Was that the case now?" It appears, therefore, that at one time the Catholic Church had a very close contract or contact—whichever it may be—with the civil Governments, and that it is their fault, not hers, that the contact or "identity" does not still continue. "Three centuries ago the North of Germany and England broke up the unity of the world and cast off the legislation which had sprung up in the Church." For the world must, we presume, be read Europe. And if by unity is meant political unity, as seems to be implied, under the old suzerainty of the Pope, it had been broken up long before the Reformation, and the responsibility of the century of religious wars which followed rests quite as much on the Catholic as on the Protestant side. Dr. Manning adds that in the last century the Catholic countries of Europe adopted the same policy and completed the work begun by Luther, "until at last they had arrived at that greatest of all impositions, 'a free Church in a free State.'" "How could Catholics, who believed that the Church was one, identify themselves very closely with a State which admitted all creeds and all forms of worship on the same level?" This doctrine—which, it seems, startles even Sir George Bowyer—is, of course, in strict accordance with the doctrine of the infallible Syllabus, which condemns the practice of tolerating a diversity of worship in Catholic States, and the opinion that the Church has no right to enforce her teaching by temporal penalties. But it is not very reassuring as to the progressive and patriotic character of Ultramontanism. "There was a time when there was but one religion instead of thousands," and had the persecuting policy commended by the Syllabus been consistently carried out that time would have lasted on; for "Catholics, like the courtiers of Frederick II., might answer to Protestants, that there would have been only one religion still if their forefathers had been of their opinion." This reminds one of M. Veuillot's well-known statement in the *Univers*, though the Archbishop is naturally more cautious in his language than the journalist:—"For my part, I frankly avow my regret not only that John Huss was not burnt sooner, but that Luther was not burnt too. And I regret further," adds M. Veuillot, in apparent oblivion of Philip II. and Louis XIV., "that there has not been some prince sufficiently pious and politic to have made a crusade against the Protestants." Dr. Manning, indeed, himself puts an important limit on his patriotism when he accepts Lord Denbigh's oft-quoted boast that he is "a Catholic first, and an Englishman afterwards," and justifies it by the ingenious plea that all good Protestants would say they were Christians first, and Englishmen afterwards. This may be, but an Ultramontane—and in the Archbishop's mouth Catholic and Ultramontane are synonymous terms—means a good deal more than a Christian. It means a person whose first and supreme duty is to obey the behests of an infallible Pope; and for more than two centuries obedience to the Pope involved the refusal, under pain of excommunication, to acknowledge the civil supremacy and independence of the English Crown.

But the Archbishop rejoins that no distinction can be drawn between Ultramontanism and Christianity, for Ultramontanism *is* Christianity. "The Christian world was created by Christianity. Christianity was the Church; the Popes were the head of the Church. *The Papacy was Ultramontanism*, and Ultramontanism therefore had brought about the advancement made up to the sixteenth century." Ultramontanism, therefore, is not the enemy, but the origin and instrument, of progress. On all which two or three obvious comments occur to one. In a certain sense it is true that in the middle ages, while the clergy was the only learned class, the Papacy was mainly instrumental in promoting the advance of civilization. But Ultramontanism, in the modern sense of the word, is only a hundred years older than Protestantism, and dates from the Papal reaction against the reforming Councils of the fifteenth century. We are not concerned to contradict the Archbishop's assertion that "it would not stop the making of one locomotive, and that the Lancashire spinning-jenny would go just as well when guided by a Catholic as by a Protestant." But how far the system has tended to promote even material progress, of which it

has no particular reason to be jealous, may be judged by a comparison of the condition of Catholic and Protestant countries during the last three centuries. What it has done to stop intellectual progress is still more conspicuously exemplified in the meagre and stunted literature of Italy and Spain, and may be learnt from a study of the decrees of the Inquisition and the Index during the same period. Has Dr. Manning ever chanced to meet with a pamphlet, generally attributed, we believe, to a priest of his own diocese, which has run through two editions, on *The Pontifical Decrees Against the Motion of the Earth Considered in their Bearing on the Theory of Advanced Ultramontanism?* The learned author, after proving conclusively that the opinion about the motion of the earth which is now held by all educated Catholics was formally condemned by the Holy See as heretical and false, and that its authors were compelled to retract it—a condemnation afterwards solemnly ratified by a later Pope (Alexander VII.), in the Bull *Speculatores Domûs Israel*—thus sums up the results which "Galileo's case incontrovertibly teaches." "Rome—*i.e.* a Pontifical Congregation informed by the Pope—may put forth a decision scientifically false and doctrinally erroneous. . . . The Pope may call upon a Catholic to give unreserved assent to a judgment doctrinally erroneous. The Pope may command a Pontifical Congregation to promulgate as a part of the teaching of the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Roman Church that which is scientifically false and doctrinally erroneous . . . and use his authority as Pope to indoctrinate the Church with a false opinion respecting Holy Scripture." We have referred to this pamphlet for the purpose of showing, and that on Catholic authority, that if "the Papacy is Ultramontanism," Ultramontanism has not been so favourable as Dr. Manning appears to suppose to scientific progress; and he must be aware that even such mechanical inventions as the locomotive and the spinning-jenny ultimately depend on the advance of abstract knowledge.

But we are reminded by the next passage in his address that our citation will also serve another purpose. "The speaker went on to refer to the opposition in England to the infallibility dogma, saying that all the decrees of the Vatican Council were loyally received by every priest and bishop in Christendom, except the little body of Old Catholics in Germany and France." Archbishop Manning shows his discretion in omitting all reference to the laity, among whom the new dogma is known to be widely disbelieved, or received, if at all, with explanations like Mr. Maskell's, which deprive it of all intelligible meaning. But is he quite sure he is right about the bishops and clergy? No doubt there are not many signs of open resistance among the priesthood, for obvious reasons, but, unless we are greatly misinformed, there is abundance of unacknowledged disbelief. The author of the pamphlet just referred to, the second edition of which appeared the year after the Vatican Council, must have greatly changed his views if he accepts the dogma. And as to the bishops, not to speak of others less known, we have yet to learn that Strossmayer has submitted. And what value is to be attached to the testimony of those who have submitted, after their own explicit avowals during the Council, may be learnt from Lord Acton's unanswered *Letter to a German Bishop*, which was noticed at the time in our columns. Of the manner in which the German bishops explain, or explain away, the doctrines which they now profess to accept and are tyrannically enforcing on others, we had something to say the other day, and it is amusing to find our estimate of the gloss they put upon it emphatically endorsed by an Ultramontane correspondent of the *Tablet*. But, putting this aside, there is the widest possible difference between the Archbishop's own thoroughgoing acceptance of the "personal, separate, independent, and absolute infallibility" of the Pope, in all that directly or indirectly touches on faith and morals—a doctrine publicly asserted by one of his suffragans to "take rank with the doctrine of the existence of God"—and the very hesitating and equivocal interpretations of some of his episcopal colleagues. Archbishop Kenrick of St. Louis, who in his published *Concio* expressly denied the truth of the dogma and the competence of the Council to define it, in announcing to his clergy his formal submission, added that he was still unable to reconcile it with history and tradition, and is well known to have declared that he will never preach it. Bishop Brown of Newport, who appears from the *Catholic Directory* to be the senior bishop of the English hierarchy, in his Pastoral on the subject expressly declines to accept any Papal utterance as infallible when any one of a number of previous "precautions" has been omitted, which precautions are not only not laid down as conditions of his infallibility in the decree, but are distinctly implied to be entirely optional; and he then adds a still more important reservation of his own—namely, that, "supposing, for the sake of argument, a Pope should promulgate false doctrine, the Church, dispersed or in Council, will correct the error." Infallibility, therefore, belongs not to the Pope, but to the Church, which was the old Gallican doctrine. Hefele, the most learned of the German bishops, after holding out for a twelvemonth, was reduced to submission by a threat of withdrawing his faculties. We referred just now to a remarkable pamphlet of Mr. Maskell's, professing—in language which, to say the least, is startlingly ill chosen, if the profession is not meant to be ironical—his acceptance of a dogma resting on a foundation which "no truth rests or ever did rest upon" before, which is based "on nothing greater than the authority of a Papal promulgation of the decrees of an unfinished Council," and a decree the like of which "no Œcumenical Council since the days of the Apostles" ever issued yet. With Mr. Maskell's own opinions, however, we are not here concerned. But he assures us—and he ought to know—that the sense in which "one of the most learned of the French bishops" accepts the new dogma is the following:—"That as no Pope hitherto, so far as we can possibly learn, has spoken *ex cathedrâ*, so it is not probable that any ever will hereafter." When, then, it is said that the doctrine is "loyally received by every bishop in Christendom," it is important to remember that—supposing the fact to be so—this loyal reception may include anything from the thoroughpaced infallibilism of Dr. Manning and the *Dublin Review* to Bishop Brown's theory of a provisional infallibility which the Church will correct "if unhappily" it makes a mistake, or the still more recondite infallibility of the most learned French bishop, which escapes all danger of speaking wrongly by taking care never to speak at all. A definition so wonderfully elastic may fairly be considered the crowning triumph of Talleyrand's theory of the use of language. And if Ultramontanism meant no more than this, neither progress nor patriotism could have anything to say against it. But it meant a good deal more than that in the case of Galileo, and it means a good deal more now, if the *Civiltà Cattolica*, the accredited organ of the Holy See, is right in maintaining that "every baptized person is more the subject of the Pope than of any earthly Government." And the stringent measures on clerical discipline and education just introduced into the German Parliament, which can only be justified on the plea of necessity, and are expressly alleged by the Government to be rendered necessary by the Vatican decrees, prove clearly enough that the leading Power of the Continent does not agree with Dr. Manning that there is nothing unpatriotic in the position assumed by Ultramontanism.

THE CLAIMANT'S CHAMPIONS.

IT will be remembered that on one occasion the valiant Knight of La Mancha got himself into trouble by rescuing from the hands of justice a number of pitiful fellows whom he met in chains upon the road. Mr. Whalley and Mr. Guildford Onslow have lately been engaged in a Quixotic enterprise of a somewhat similar kind, and they, too, have not exactly covered themselves with glory. Not content with actively supporting the defence of the Tichborne Claimant, they have attacked the administration of justice, and have endeavoured to persuade the public that the processes of law were being corruptly and wickedly warped and strained against an innocent man. For this they have been very properly rebuked and punished by the Court of Queen's Bench. They have had to apologize humbly for their offence, to promise—like naughty little boys under the birch—not to do it any more, and to pay 100*l.* a piece as a fine to the Crown. It is necessary to observe that Mr. Whalley and Mr. Onslow have been punished, not for assisting the Claimant, but for attacking other people, and for attempting to prejudice the course of justice. At this moment the Tichborne Claimant is, as it were, in the position of a man who has been condemned by one Court, and who is waiting the result of an appeal to another tribunal. He failed to convince the jury in the civil suit that he was not an impostor, and the judge had no alternative but to order him into custody. A grand jury have returned a true bill against him for perjury and forgery. He has still another chance of clearing himself of the charges against him, and we have no right to speculate as to the result of this final trial. It would be absurd, of course, to say that in such a case the public can absolutely suspend its judgment. There are people who think that the evidence at the first trial was sufficiently conclusive; and there are others who think it was not. But nobody knows what sort of a case will be made out for the Claimant when he appears before the Court of Queen's Bench. Old evidence may be presented in a new light, or new evidence may be forthcoming. Indeed Mr. Onslow has promised that at least one very remarkable piece of fresh evidence will be produced. This is the "identical collar" in which the Claimant was saved from the wreck of the *Bella*. It was thought rather odd at the first trial that the Claimant should alone have survived the wreck of the *Bella*, but he will now have an opportunity of proving that his collar also survived. "A man at Merrybong," in Australia, was driving along a road ten years ago. He saw a bit of rag lying in the road. Australians have perhaps the same superstitious reverence for rags that the Chinese have for scraps of paper. At any rate, the "man at Merrybong" thought it worth while to stop his gig, get down, and pick up the precious bit of cloth, which proved to be nothing less than the missing link of a great law case. It was a shirt-collar, signed with the name "R. C. Tichborne," and the signature will be proved to be in Roger's own writing. We were not aware that heirs to baronetcies were in the habit of signing their linen; but no doubt this would be "just like Roger." It is often said that truth is stranger than fiction, and here is an example of it. It is possible that when this collar is held up in court the jury will feel convinced that Roger really escaped alive from the *Bella*, though everybody else was drowned, and though all trace of the ship which the Claimant says picked him up has vanished as completely as if it had been the *Flying Dutchman* on a ghostly cruise.

Mr. Whalley in one of his speeches deplored the "extraordinary infatuation of silence" which has been exhibited by the press in regard to the forthcoming trial of the Claimant;

but it is a pity that Mr. Whalley's infatuation did not take the same harmless turn. The reticence of the press was simply respect for the administration of justice. It was felt that the Claimant had better be tried in a court of law than at a public meeting, and that an appeal to universal suffrage on charges of felony might be an awkward experiment. Mr. Whalley says that he took the sense of his constituents on the subject, and found them strong for the Claimant; but it does not appear that there was a similar plébiscite at Guildford. The Lord Chief Justice in giving judgment observed that the Court was "far from saying that, when persons believe that a man who is under a prosecution on a criminal charge is innocent they may not legitimately unite for the purpose of providing him with the means of making an effectual defence." "Any expressions," he added, "intended only as an appeal to others to unite in that object, though perhaps not strictly regular, could not be fit matter for complaint and punishment." Unfortunately Mr. Whalley did not stop here. He went about publicly declaring that there was an abominable conspiracy against the Claimant; that the Tichbornes and the Radcliffes and the Doughtys knew perfectly well that the Claimant was the real Roger; that the Attorney-General and the Government knew it too; and that they were all in a league to prosecute a man whom they knew to be innocent of the charge brought against him, and to deprive him of his inheritance. Half-a-dozen people met in a drawing-room and said, "We will keep this man's estates. We are strong enough in Parliament, strong enough on the judicial Bench, strong enough in society, to defy the laws of England." This is Mr. Whalley's story, and it was on the strength of this alleged conspiracy, "so widespread, so black, so utterly incomprehensible, extending its root through so many institutions of our country," that he appealed to the public to subscribe for the Claimant's defence. He said he was "prepared to meet the Attorney-General, or any six counsel most eminent at the Bar, or any other advocates that might be put forward, and to satisfy any intelligent London audience of the truth of his assertion." Mr. Whalley had his wish granted, but he made strangely little use of the opportunity he had so eagerly desired. Possibly he may not consider the Judges of the Court of Queen's Bench an "intelligent London audience." At any rate he did not attempt to offer any proof of the monstrous accusations which he had been circulating through the country. Mr. Whalley appears to think that it is consistent with the position of a gentleman and the dignity of a member of Parliament to travel about charging the Government and a number of private persons with being engaged in a conspiracy of the most atrocious and wicked kind, and, when brought to task for this language, to have nothing to say for himself, except that he did not mean any harm. The Lord Chief Justice naturally observed that such an apology could be accepted only as derogatory to the understanding of the person who made it. When Mr. Whalley's counsel urged that this was a novel case, Mr. Justice Blackburn said the only novelty in it that he could see was that the gentleman's name was Whalley. This is certainly not the first time that a foolish person has got into trouble by unwarrantable observations on a pending trial; but there are degrees of folly, and perhaps Mr. Justice Blackburn scarcely did justice to the novelty of Mr. Whalley's character from this point of view. There is only one Whalley, and by the side of him Mr. Onslow acquires almost an air of reason and sobriety. Mr. Onslow talked less wildly, and was more prompt and unreserved in his apology; but he was justly held responsible for his colleague's violence.

It will occur to most people that, in starting this theory of a gigantic conspiracy spreading through society, the Government, Parliament, and even through the Bench itself, the Claimant's champions are adding rather unnecessarily to the burden of his defence. He has almost enough on his hands already. Let him be satisfied with showing that the thin, slight, shy, gentle Roger, who spoke French better than he spoke English, and who was on the most affectionate terms with all his family, has really turned up in the big, burly, and by no means shy Castro, who cannot speak a syllable of French, who cannot even pronounce correctly the French name of the mother he claims, and who from the moment of his landing in England he shunned his relations as if they were the plague. There are little difficulties to be cleared up about the tattoo marks, the shipwreck of the *Bella*, and the mysterious vessel that picked up the Claimant; about Roger's schooldays, and Castro's keen interest in the Ortons. In short, there is quite enough work cut out as it is for the Claimant's counsel without making it a part of their case that there is a "black and incomprehensible conspiracy" against their client. The possible mischief of the wild and reckless language which has been used by Mr. Whalley and Mr. Onslow goes beyond this particular case. They have endeavoured to produce in the minds of ignorant and foolish people an impression that poor men do not get justice, that there are influences which override law, and that officers of the Crown are capable of conspiring with rich and powerful families in order to rob and ruin an innocent and helpless man. The whole tendency of the scandalous agitation in which they have taken the lead has been to discredit the administration of justice, and to shake public credit in its integrity and independence. A question has been raised as to whether the House of Commons might not, under certain circumstances, have been disposed to throw the shield of Privilege over the offending members. That their conduct will be brought under the consideration of the House can hardly be doubted; but it will be for another purpose. The Court of Queen's Bench was content to deal with the contempt of Court which was involved in an attempt to prejudice the course of justice in a pending trial. It remains for the House of Commons to find some means of vindicating its own dignity and the personal honour of its members. The Attorney-General is not only an officer of the Crown, but a member of Parliament, and he has been publicly accused of having committed one of the most abominable and wicked crimes which it is possible for a man in his position to commit. Other members of Parliament have been similarly attacked. These charges have been made, not by obscure and insignificant persons, but by two members of the House which has thus been outraged and insulted. It is no excuse to say that Mr. Whalley is only a foolish person who is always doing foolish things, and that Mr. Onslow, who was less intemperate in his language, allowed his feelings to overcome his prudence. There are limits to the privileges of folly, and those who engage in public agitation must be held to be responsible for the excesses of their associates when they do not interfere to check or rebuke them. It is impossible to exaggerate the greatness of the public scandal, as the Lord Chief Justice very properly called it, with which Mr. Whalley and Mr. Onslow have chosen to identify themselves; and it will be for the House of Commons when it meets to mark its sense of their unwarrantable and mischievous conduct. As for the Claimant himself, a man who has charges of perjury and forgery hanging over his head may perhaps be indifferent to the consequences of contempt of Court. Nothing could be more disgraceful than his language at Brighton in reference to the judges, and perhaps for his own sake the best thing that could happen to him would be to be locked up till his trial comes on.

GREENWICH.

THE establishment of the Royal Naval College at Greenwich is an event almost as significant as was the original foundation of Greenwich Hospital. The commencement of what may be called the modern history of the British navy dates from the foundation of the Hospital, while the necessity of scientific as distinguished from merely practical training for naval officers is fully recognized by the establishment of the College. The younger of the two Dutch admirals who bore the famous name of Van Tromp was taken to sea at eleven years of age, and many of our own most celebrated admirals began to learn seamanship quite as early. They knew their business thoroughly, but they knew little else; whereas it is now considered necessary that a naval officer should possess a good general education. The chief opponents of Van Tromp and De Ruyter were, indeed, soldiers who happened to be employed at sea; but immediately after the age of Blake and Monk comes that of Cloudesley Shovel and Benbow. The growing interest of the country in naval affairs after the Restoration may be inferred from contemporary literature. It was Charles II., "at length resolved to assert the watery ball," who gave his name to the first in order of time of the buildings which composed Greenwich Hospital. The labours of this King's servants to establish an efficient navy were ascribed in courtly poetry to the King himself. Dryden has clothed many absurd sentiments with vigorous language, and we almost forget, as he celebrates the naval conflicts of his time, that the King who inspired a navy with loyalty and patriotism was Charles II.:—

> It seems as every ship their sovereign knows,
> His awful summons they so soon obey;
> So hear the scaly herd when Proteus blows,
> And so to pasture follow through the sea.

The process of repairing a fleet after a sea-fight may not seem suitable for poetry, yet Dryden could write upon this subject lines which will still repay perusal. Just as the King of France was supposed to take Dutch towns, so the King of England was conventionally the instructor of his people in seamanship, naval architecture, and cannon founding. The battles of that period were chiefly fought in the sea which lies between Harwich and the Scheldt, and the English fleets which contested with the Dutch were fitted and repaired in the Thames. Hence the naval interest of this reign centres in Greenwich, and King Charles II. may, at least for poetical purposes, be supposed to have made experiments in gunnery at an adjoining arsenal. The naval history of his reign was not, however, uniformly glorious. A Dutch fleet entered the Medway and threatened Chatham. Monk was ordered to provide what protection he could for the ships and stores lodged there. He found no cannon mounted, no batteries or ammunition prepared, and Upnor Castle converted into a pleasant official residence. He collected a few companies of soldiers to oppose the audacious invasion of the Dutch, but the seamen who were about the arsenal became mutinous, and unwilling to obey in anything. Then the old man stood with his cane in his hand to enforce obedience, while the shot from the Dutch ships fell thick around him. One of his officers entreating him not to expose himself unnecessarily, he answered, "If I had been afraid of balls, I should have quitted the trade of a soldier long ago." This discreditable event occurred in the next year to that of which the naval glory has been celebrated by Dryden. The Dutch Admiral De Ruyter had been defeated and compelled

to retire before Monk in 1666, and he had received praise from the English poet, which next year he showed that he deserved:—

> Oh! famous leader of the Belgian fleet,
> Thy monument inscribed like praise shall wear
> As Varro, timely flying, once did meet,
> Because he did not of his Rome despair.

It will be seen, on looking through Dryden's verses, that shipwrights and sailors used nearly the same terms in his day as they use now. The Thames has greatly altered its character during the last thirty years, but before that time Deptford and Sheerness appeared to be much the same as they must have been when Monk's ships were repaired in their yards after his battles with De Ruyter. The following lines present to the mind a picture which must be familiar to the eyes of those who have dwelt upon the banks of Thames:—

> Some the galled ropes with dauby marline bind,
> Or sere-cloth masts with strong tarpaulin coats;
> To try new shrouds one mounts into the wind,
> And one below their ease or stiffness notes.

If we had a Dryden, he would not perhaps find insurmountable the task of poetically describing the coaling of a modern man-of-war. It would be indeed a bold effort of imagination to represent the Queen, or even the Prince of Wales, as looking on during the process. But, although Dryden's figurative expressions are out of fashion, the interest of Royalty in the prosperity of the navy is as great now as it has ever been, and the foundation of the Royal Naval College at Greenwich may be accepted as the latest proof of it. This College will be so organized as to provide for the education of naval officers of all ranks above that of midshipmen in all branches of theoretical and scientific study bearing upon their profession. The instruction given in the *Excellent* gunnery ship will continue as heretofore. This instruction was commenced in 1830, and was mainly due to the representations of the late Sir Howard Douglas, who had observed and strove to remedy that inferiority of English gunnery to which some of our failures in the contest with America were due. After a careful review of our naval actions with European enemies during the whole of the war from 1793 to 1815, and comparing them with the battles which were fought in the war which immediately preceded, Sir Howard Douglas found abundant proof that the navies of Europe had, in the later period, very much deteriorated in the practice of gunnery. In the later years of Napoleon's reign, though considerable improvements had been effected in the marine of France, the state of practical gunnery was very bad. The danger of resting satisfied with superiority over a system so defective as that of our principal opponents was soon made evident. We became too confident by being feebly opposed; then, slack in warlike exercises by not being opposed at all; and, lastly, in many cases inexpert for want even of drill practice. Herein consisted the disadvantage under which, without suspecting it, we entered in 1812 too confidently into war with a navy much more expert than that of any of our European enemies. It is a curious drawback from the received theory of human progress to be told that naval gunnery was better under Hood and Rodney than under Collingwood and Exmouth. After this we might almost be prepared to believe that the process of ship-calking when King Charles II. watched it and Dryden sang of it was done in a superior manner to anything that has been since seen at Deptford:—

> Their left hand does the calking-iron guide,
> The rattling mallet with the right they ply.

These lines are still applicable to many shipyards along the river, although in the Royal Navy iron has largely displaced wood. Our gunnery declined during the last years of the French war because the enemy seldom came out of port. There was partial inactivity during those years, and we have had much of the total inactivity of peace since. The danger that gunnery may deteriorate through want of actual practice in war ought, therefore, to be kept in view. Other branches of the seaman's art cannot easily fall into desuetude, because his most formidable enemies, rocks, shoals, currents, and storms, are ever ready to summon him to contest. In this respect the sailor enjoys an advantage over the soldier. A ship may be in danger at any moment, but it is difficult for an officer of the Guards to imagine himself liable to surprise as he leads his men in the early morning from barracks to the Park. The navy probably tends, as well as the army, to become more and more a scientific service. But there are many talents required in a good officer of which competitive examination affords no test. Here, again, there is a difference between the two services which is in favour of the navy. A bookworm might perhaps do duty irreproachably as an ensign, but if he went as midshipman in charge of a boat the crew would probably find him out. We do not assume the truth of the suggestion that recent accidents to ironclads are due to a decline of seamanship among naval officers, but it is at least certain that that quality could neither be acquired at a college nor tested by any system of marks. Let us not, however, appear on this account to undervalue the training which the Royal Naval College will supply. The vacant and often tedious hours of a sailor's life cannot be better occupied than in some branch of scientific study. The Board of Admiralty desire, by the establishment of the College, to give to the officers of the navy every possible advantage in respect of scientific education, but no arrangements will be made that may prejudice the all-important practical training in the active duties of their profession. This is as it should be. Prudent people begin to doubt whether Indian administrators can be successfully selected by examination, but it is beyond question that captains of men-of-war cannot. Among the subjects of study at the College will be naval architecture, metallurgy, civil and hydraulic engineering, maritime law, naval history, tactics, and hygiene. It is hardly possible that a naval officer can know too much of any of these things. Nautical astronomy, steam, and surveying may be described as necessaries, while modern languages and fortification are perhaps luxuries. Yet, in the infinite variety of positions in which a captain of a man-of-war may be placed, there is hardly any branch of knowledge which he may not find useful. A party of seamen may be landed, and it may be desirable that they should entrench themselves, for which a slight acquaintance with military engineering would be valuable. The adventures of Captain Marryat when he served on the Spanish coast under Lord Cochrane have been described many years ago in fiction, and quite recently in biography. That sort of service exercises every talent and accomplishment that a sailor may possess. Lord Cochrane was a remarkable example alike of natural ability and acquired knowledge. The latter is much more plentiful in our navy than it used to be. Let us hope that the former will not be wanting in time of need.

HOW THE FRENCH MAKE FOWLS PAY.

IT appears from official figures that between five and six hundred millions of eggs, to say nothing of thousands of tons of poultry, are annually imported into this country from France; and this has naturally suggested an inquiry as to what our own fowls are about. Where are our hens? asks the *Times*. It is clear that there is a ready and profitable market for eggs, and that an enormous supply comes from abroad, part at least of which might as well be produced at home. Whether regarded as an article of food or of commerce eggs are certainly not to be despised. At a time when the high price of butcher's meat drives ordinary folks to cast about for partial substitutes, it should not be forgotten that this country has hitherto neglected the means of supplying itself with poultry and eggs. We may reasonably shake our heads when it is proposed that perch and tench and other pond fish should once or twice a week fill the place of beef or mutton at tables that can ill afford to pay a shilling or fourteenpence for a pound of meat; but an important addition would be made to our resources if we could obtain a plentiful stock of eggs and poultry. *How the French make Fowls Pay* (Bosworth) is the title of a pamphlet by Mr. Kinard B. Edwards, which is now before us, and which contains much useful and interesting information on the subject.

It is apt to damage a good cause to pretend to excessive minuteness and exactness in figures which the experience of others may prove to have been assessed too low; and therefore we do not ask our readers to take too strictly the estimate of a chicken's cost after the first four months at a penny a week, especially as some authorities set it at fourpence, and the probability is that truth lies between the two. But, with a fairly wide margin, it will be seen that Mr. Edwards's plan will abundantly repay the pains and care which in this industry are after all the most appreciable part of the outlay. The success of the French results from the care which they bestow on early hatching, early killing, liberal feeding, and a supply of stimulating food both for fatteners and layers, with a view to the production of eggs and flesh at the quickest rate and the cheapest cost. They select the best breeds for laying or quick growth; they keep their stock always young; they go on the principle that regular production of eggs and flesh depends upon the sufficiency and the character of the keep; and they manage to avoid disease by quickly realizing and by a constant succession of stock. With us the usual management of the poultry-yard is "barn-dooring," all higgledy-piggledy, with no regard to times or seasons, to foods or to breeds. And thus it happens that pullets, because not hatched at the time which is essential to their becoming early profitable, average ten months of unprofitable feeding before making any return in eggs, and then only half repay us, because ill and irregularly fed, and because they do not take to laying till the season when eggs are cheapest. The rule should be to hatch pullet chickens in March or early April, as then, with due encouragement and stimulus in food, they will begin to lay at six months, or in the case of Hamburgs at five months, and go on doing so through the winter, when eggs are dearest and scarcest. The earlier chickens are hatched the better they thrive, getting over their moult in the warm weather, and having the summer to hasten them to maturity. So, too, unless cockerel chickens are hatched in early spring, they involve a loss of time and a cost of keep which does away with profit. Unless ready to kill about harvest, they do not improve in winter. They eat more as they get older, and at nine or ten months old their keep has exceeded their price in the market. But the systematic poultry-breeder will have his cockerels early hatched, and ready to kill at four months, up to which time they will have cost little to keep and will be plump and well shaped, the very opposite of the lean, lank, poor-breasted older fowls which are the result of a ruinous procrastination and want of forethought. It seems to be a golden rule in fowl-keeping never to keep old fowls. They take as much food as the young, and even more. They cannot lay in the moulting season, which goes on later, and is more severe every year; and they will give few, if any eggs, through the winter. Their flesh, too, is of little value—certainly of less value than that of younger birds.

In regard to the profits derivable from timely pullets and cockerels Mr. Edwards's statistics are very fascinating. Though he cites, in common with Stephens and other most respectable authorities, Mr. De Sora's egg-producing establishment near Paris, which was said to produce an average of 300 eggs per annum from each fowl—but which unfortunately was proved by Mr. Tegetmeier to exist, if anywhere, *in nubibus*—we are glad to see that he proceeds upon the more moderate computation that a pullet from beginning to lay should give 186 eggs in the next twelve months, or, at an average of *1s. 2d.* a dozen, a total of *18s. 1d.* At this point, and before moulting, he would coup and fatten her with barley or other meal and potatoes, moistened with milk, for a fortnight, and dispose of the carcase, which he calculates to weigh 4½ lbs., at *6d.* a pound. Thus it makes room for younger pullets, saves the cost of two or three months' moulting-time and of the winter season, and, according to a profit and loss account brought out in p. 7, will leave its owner the better by *16s. 6d.* Suppose, however, that two-thirds of this sum were netted, the result would have amply repaid the care and pains expended. In p. 8 again the profits of each cockerel are shown to be about *2s. 6d.*, or 100 per cent. on the trifling cost of the egg and the chick up to four months; and it should be observed that this early realization admits of one, if not two, successions during the summer.

But a vast deal depends upon good breeding and liberal feeding, as also on comfortable housing. To take the feeding first, Mr. Edwards maintains, from personal experience, that he has kept a hundred fowls on a weighed and measured allowance of a penny-worth of food a head per week, and that these fowls were in laying condition and perfect plumage. Averaging wheat, barley, oats, maize, and buckwheat one with another, and laying in a supply of broken rice, potato siftings, bullock's liver, and sheep's pluck, he can accomplish this at the price named; and it seems a good hint to any one who has a spare acre of poor soil, to grow buckwheat, which will yield forty bushels to the acre. As it contains a good deal of spirit, and is therefore stimulating, it is a famous poultry food abroad. To promote winter laying, a fixed morning, mid-day, and evening meal, the first and third of grain, the second of cooked vegetable and animal food, should be given with the utmost regularity; and although such regularity would seem to be just the difficulty about the whole matter, it is surely worth an effort. In spring and summer, of course, the fowls do much towards feeding themselves, especially if they have an extended run; and if to the diminution of the cost of keep were added the scavenger's work they thus perform, perhaps the balance would be even more satisfactory. A great deal, however, depends on keeping the pullets warm in winter; indeed warmth and cleanliness are the requirements that make assurance of profit from liberal feeding doubly sure, instead of being lost labour. The success of the Irish poultry, from puny breeds and deteriorated stock, bred "in and in," is as much owing to the warm housing as to the milk and the "praties." Laying hens want warmth inwardly and outwardly in winter to make up artificially for the carbon which then goes to supply the frame with heat, instead of to produce, as in summer, fat and eggs. This warmth, at least the external warmth, may be given by a circular stove costing *12s. 6d.*, as easy to carry as a stable bucket: and, fed with coal-dust at a very low cost per day, it will heat the fowl-house and the pigeon-loft, and ensure the uninterrupted production of eggs. In a very useful appendix, sold separately or with Mr. Edwards's pamphlet, will be found designs for fowl-houses, suitable to the means of the "million" or of the middle class. The cheapest, but far from the least useful, is a "ready-made fowl-house," made out of a large dry-goods hogshead, four feet in diameter, which we are told can be got at a grocer's for *1s. 3d.* The top is knocked in, a couple of perches are fixed inside, and a lattice-door of laths completes a fowl-house to hold six or eight hens and a cock, with nests underneath it, and with the advantage of being snug in winter, and moveable by rolling.

We have yet to consider how best to fill the fowl-house. For table-purposes, the Brahmas alone, or the Brahmas crossed with the Dorking, surpass all other breeds. The fault of the Dorking is its variableness in laying, its requiring a dry soil to thrive upon, its dislike of confinement, its tendency to degenerate from in-breeding, and the difficulty of rearing its delicate brood. But the cross with the Brahma gives size, flavour, and constitution, and produces the best of egg-layers. The Brahma, too, has that which the Cochin fowl lacks—an ample breast; it forages cleverly for itself, and though fond of liberty and roaming, will bear confinement well, and is a good sitter and a good mother. The Brahma may be said to be the most popular fowl of the period, taken all in all. For delicacy of flavour and precocity in fattening—a point of the utmost consequence in the matter of profit and loss—no fowls can beat the Houdans and Crève-cœurs, the former of these combining size and excellence of flesh with egg-producing powers of a high order. But these gain size and strength of constitution for our climate if crossed with a Brahma sock. For quantity and quality, though not size, of eggs none can beat the Hamburgs. Though not inclined to sit, the Silver Hamburg has the name of being an "everlasting layer"; and it is suggested by Mr. Edwards that for increased size it may be advantageously crossed with the Houdan Cock. Brahmas and Cochins are good layers, specially in winter. Polish and Spanish are good summer layers. On the whole, for aptness to live by foraging, for hardihood, the production of eggs, and suitability for the table, Brahmas, Houdans, and Hamburgs are most to be commended. And it is wise, we think, to limit oneself to three breeds at most, so as not to risk deterioration, or intermixture, through too many sorts.

For procuring eggs for hatching to start with, it is best to apply where known good stock is kept, and Mr. Edwards suggests that there should be a guarantee that at least one half of the eggs shall prove fertile. It is advisable to hatch more cockerels than pullets, because of the greater profit in fattening, through their hardiness and extra size; and the way to know the eggs which will produce this sex has been familiar as far back as Columella's day—to choose pointed-end eggs, not those which are roundish; noticing also the position of the air cavities, which in the case of a cockerel will be at the apex of the blunt and larger end, and not towards the side. In hatching eggs for egg-producing, we must select eggs from proved good layers; egg-laying being a speciality of particular birds as of particular breeds. For successful hatching of fowl and duck eggs Mr. Edwards recommends a few full-feathered Cochin hens, which at this work are in their chosen element. As to ducks, this is by far the best plan. Mr. Edwards has something to say about patent mothers and incubators; but this is, we find, more fully discussed in a separate appendix. On this point we should be disposed to listen rather to the practical views of Mr. Tegetmeier, who in his first edition of the *Poultry Book* described some of these contrivances; but in his second, which is in course of publication, omits all notice of them. "That chickens," he writes, "may be hatched by an incubator, we do not deny; we have seen scores so produced, but practically these contrivances are all failures. No artificial incubator can for a moment compare in its results with the natural one. A hen costing under five shillings a year to keep will bring out two clutches of chickens annually, rear them much better than any artificial mother, and give a return of seventy or more eggs as interest for the money expended. We know of no other incubator to equal her, either in the economy of working or the results." This being the case, we do not see why, leaving incubators out of the question, there is any need to train capons to the task of brooding and rearing. It will be seen that Mr. Edwards's pamphlet deserves attention. He shows what may be done with a hitherto neglected source of income and profit, and how this country may be made more independent of its Continental neighbours in regard to a valuable element of our food supply.

REVIEWS.

HISTORICAL ATLASES.*

OUR first impulse on seeing these instalments of two separate works lying side by side before us is to ask, Why are they not one work instead of two? We have for years made use of Spruner's three atlases, and we have ever and anon been seized with a desire to pull them in pieces and bind them up again after an order of our own. That is to say, we have always longed to throw the three into one, to put all the maps of Italy, Gaul, or any other country, one after another in unbroken chronological order, without troubling ourselves about *Atlas Antiquus*, *Mittel-alter*, *Aeusser-Europa*, or any divisions of the kind. Here is, thanks to the labours of Dr. Menke, an admirably enlarged and improved edition of that part of Spruner's work which takes in the mediæval and modern history of Europe—we should perhaps rather say of the Mediterranean world, as those parts of Asia and Africa which could not well be kept apart from Europe in an historical survey have always been taken in. But why is not the other part enlarged and improved also? The "ancient" part needed such enlargement and improvement at least as much as the mediæval part did. There is a great lack in the *Atlas Antiquus* of historical maps of Greece and Italy. To be sure for Greece the lack is in some sort supplied by Kiepert's *Atlas von Hellas*: but then that is a separate book, and we should like to have it all in one book; and even in using Kiepert's maps we are sometimes greedy enough to wish for a map or two more than we have got. Now we get at the same time two atlases which, if they were only one instead of two, look very much as if they would supply all our wants; but unluckily they are two and not one, so we suppose that we must knock under for the present, and make the best use we can of what we have got.

Dr. Menke promises us ninety principal maps instead of Kiepert's eighty-one, and he also promises us 340 instead of 119 of those little maps at the side, showing the particular divisions at some particular moment without crowding up the map with many names, as well as plans of towns and of battle-fields, which are among the most useful features of Spruner's work. As yet we have only thirty-four maps out of ninety, and those are not put in their consecutive order, though the maps in the different parts as yet published have a certain relation to one another. One of the great gaps in Spruner's series is already filled up. In the old atlas the age of Justinian was most strangely neglected. There was no map to show the time when, after so many fallings away,

* 1. *Dr. K. von Spruner's Hand-Atlas für die Geschichte des Mittelalters und der neueren Zeit.* Dritte Auflage. Neu bearbeitet von Dr. Theodor Menke. Erste, zweite, dritte, vierte, fünfte, und sechste Lieferung. Gotha: Justus Perthes. 1871–1872.

2. *An Historical Atlas of Ancient Geography, Biblical and Classical.* Compiled under the Superintendence of Dr. William Smith and Mr. Grove. London: Murray. 1872.

the rule of Cæsar once more stretched from the Ocean to the Tigris. No time is more needful to be fully understood by those who are anxious to get any true general view of the history of the world; and hitherto the source which is really one of the best means for getting such a general view has failed us in this important point. The labours of Dr. Menke have now quite supplied this gap. We have a map of Europe at the end of the reign of Justinian, accompanied by a curious map of the religions of Europe as they stood at that moment, and we have other maps showing more in detail the immediate Eastern dominions of Justinian as they stood at that time. Maps of this kind are living things; they bring the real state of things before the eye in a way which mere words cannot do. A picture which shows us that in the year 560, Old and New Rome, Carthage and Antioch, Cadiz and Trebizond, still obeyed a single ruler, that the part of the Mediterranean coast which was not directly under the Imperial sway was a mere exception here and there, is the best of all antidotes to the conventional chatter about the Roman Empire coming to an end in 476. The only thing that we can suggest would be the leaving out of the word *Ost* in the phrase *Ost-Römisches Reich*, a name which Justinian would certainly not have acknowledged; and yet perhaps something may be said for the qualification, as tending to bring out the fact that it was now the New Rome and not the Old which was the centre of the Imperial power. Dr. Menke is also doing good service at the other end of his subject by bringing his painted history of Europe—for that is what an atlas of this kind really comes to—down to the very latest times. It was no fault of Spruner's if his atlas did not show the changes which have happened since it was made, but the changes which were then the latest were a little slurred over. There was, for instance, no map of Europe showing the boundaries as fixed by the Congress of Vienna. All this, and all that has happened since, is fully supplied by Dr. Menke. There is, for instance, a wonderful series of maps of Italy showing all the different changes from 1798 to 1866. The new maps show far more clearly than was shown before the successions of the queer little principalities and commonwealths which sprang up and sank again in the days of French invasion, and also the gradual steps by which the revived kingdom of Italy has grown to its present extent. We look at the map marked "*Italien* 1861-1866;" we remember the talk about freeing Italy from the Alps to the Adriatic; we see how far from the Adriatic the new frontier was fixed, and we see how well the little that was done was paid for on the other side of the Alps. The map makes all this alive in a way which nothing else can. But it is not only in the beginning and ending of his work that Dr. Menke has given us fresh lights; the Scandinavian and Slavonic countries, which were rather cut short in the old atlas, have now great attention paid to them. There is a series of maps illustrating the history of Poland which are almost as edifying as those which illustrate the history of Italy. There are the changes before the partitions began; there are the three partitions themselves; the Duchy of Warsaw as set up by the first Buonaparte; even the momentary extension of its frontier at the expense of Austria which was made by the valour of the Poles themselves. All these things are here clearly brought out; and these are just the sort of things which it is very hard to make people understand. Dr. Menke's maps might do a great service in these matters when ingenious literary gentlemen sit down at a moment's notice to throw off leading articles about Poland or anything else, without stopping to think that the words they use have had a dozen different meanings at different times. There are also a number of new maps of Spain; but these, though clearing up the relations of the various Saracenic and Christian States in the early middle age, hardly come home to us in the same way as either the Polish or the Italian series. There is, however, very great interest in the first of the series, which shows the Teutonic settlements in Spain and the fluctuations in the boundaries of the West-Gothic kingdom. Owing perhaps to Roderick the last of the Goths, we are apt to think of the West-Gothic kingdom as essentially Spanish, to forget that it was Gaulish before it was Spanish, and that the Kings of Toledo kept the Narbonese Gaul down to the time of the Saracenic conquest.

We turn to the first part of Dr. Smith's *Historical Atlas of Ancient Geography*, and our wish to have the whole thing in one is only strengthened by so doing. The two series seem as if they were trying to meet, and as if some unkind power stepped in to hinder them from meeting. Here are eight maps of Palestine at different stages, from the days of the Hivites and Amorites to the taking of Jerusalem by Titus. They positively ask to be joined on to Dr. Menke's map of Syria at the time of the Crusades, and its *Nebenkarte* which shows all the arrangements of the Frank kingdom of Jerusalem. We read of Kings of Jerusalem in the Book of Joshua and we read of Kings of Jerusalem again in the *Gesta Dei per Francos*; and the two ends of the cycle—if that be not a mathematical bull—seem to ask to be brought together. Here is a map of the Greek and Phœnician colonies—that is, a map of the Mediterranean lands in the earliest stage in which they are known to history. Our first thought is, Why is this not allowed to range with the other map of the Mediterranean lands which shows a stage when the Phœnician had passed away, but when we may say that Greece was still ruling under the name of Rome? The little patch of Hellenic civilization far away in the Tauric Chersonesos is shown in both, as indeed it might still be shown some ages later, and it seems as if it tied the two together. We have maps of Upper and Lower Italy, with a *Nebenkarte* of Southern Italy in the time of the Peloponnesian War, which craves for its natural fellowship with the kindred *Nebenkarten* of Italy during later wars. We have Gaul at the time of Cæsar; we have a larger map of Gaul, which very clearly shows the limit of the possessions which Rome held for a season beyond the Rhine and the Danube, while it marks more clearly than any map which we saw before how much of the lands on the left bank of the Rhine, which the Romans called Gaul, was even then already Germany. Such a map as this directly points its fingers—our zeal must be forgiven if it leads us into strong metaphors—in the direction of those maps of Gaul and Germany and their border lands which we feel sure that Dr. Menke is getting ready for us. While on this point we may remark that the Carolingian age is rather cut short in the original Spruner. There is only one very small *Nebenkarte* which clearly shows the Frankish dominions at their greatest extent in Merovingian times, and there is no map at all of the dominions of Charles himself, except the view of them in the one general map of Europe. We do not doubt that Dr. Menke will make all these things clear, and it will be well also to show all the divisions of the Empire, those which were only planned, as well as those which were actually carried out, in the days of Charles and of Lewis the Pious. This is of special importance, as these divisions show how utterly foreign to the mind of Charles was any geographical division answering in the least to modern France, and how the first idea of such a division, under its proper name of Carolingia, crept in by a kind of accident through one of the partitions made in favour of Charles the Bald. Then, as Dr. Smith so clearly gives us the bounds of the comparatively lasting Roman possessions in Germany, it would really have been a gain to have marked the extent of the momentary Roman occupations under Drusus, Varus, and Germanicus. But then we want all these things brought together in order, not one in one place and one in another. There have been three moments in the history of the world when the same power ruled at the mouths of the Elbe, the Garonne, and the Tiber. The result was indeed gained by three different processes. Under Drusus, the lord of Italy ruled over Gaul and for a moment over Germany. Under Charles, the lord of Germany ruled over Gaul and Italy. Under the elder Buonaparte, the lord of Gaul ruled over Germany and Italy. We ought, in a series of this kind, to have maps showing those three wonderful moments side by side, showing at once the physical likeness of the three periods in the boundaries as marked on the map, and their utter political unlikeness as shown in every detail within those boundaries.

Of the two sets of maps the German ones seem to us on the whole the clearest, and Dr. Menke has grasped the idea of an historical atlas more fully than Dr. Smith. In a series of this kind there ought not to be maps marked vaguely "Gallia" and "Italia" without any particular date. This is a survival—only a survival, but we are sorry to have so much as a survival—of the days of Bishop Butler (not of Durham) and such like, when we used to have one map to do from Adam to A.D. 476 or 1453—we are not sure which—and another from 476 or 1453 to the time when the map was drawn. All maps are somewhat trying to the eye, and the fuller, and therefore the better they are, of course the more trying. But the more strictly historical the series is made, the more easily we may get rid of the bad side of fulness by marking places in the maps when they were of importance and leaving them out when they were not. In Dr. Smith's series, the Jewish series, for which we suppose we have to thank Mr. Grove, strike us as the clearest. The Greek series are to our eyes comparatively indistinct. Both Atlases will be very useful as they are, but they would be more than twice as useful if they were rolled into one.

CUNYNGHAME'S TRAVELS IN THE CAUCASUS.*

INCREASED facilities for locomotion by land or sea have considerably widened the area of autumnal tours, and the qualification for entry into a well-known London club—that the candidate should have been five hundred miles from England—has long been merely nominal. The consequence of travelling made easy is that we have an abundant crop of vacation wanderings and summer trips. A well-known barrister gives us his experiences of the celebrated fair at Nishni Novogorod. Two or three adventurous young Englishmen stir the hearts of members of the Alpine Club by accounts of the ascent of Caucasian pinnacles hitherto only known to them by commonplaces from the Latin poets. Occasionally a lady invades the domain of masculine adventurers with pen and pencil, and describes Circassian scenery and Turkish harems with the grace, the ease, and the delicacy which characterize the volume published by Mrs. Harvey. But we have reason to know that this authoress obeyed the Horatian precept, and kept her manuscript locked up for seven, if not nine years. The multiplication of similar volumes, not always subjected to the same judicious ordeal, is a contingency for which we must be prepared; but, by complying with certain stipulations, travellers who rush into print with their experiences have no need to fear a rigid censorship. The conditions should be, however, carefully observed. The author should have something pointed, original, or interesting to tell, and he should endeavour

* *Travels in the Eastern Caucasus, on the Caspian and Black Seas; especially in Daghestan, and on the Frontiers of Persia and Turkey, during the Summer of 1871.* By Lieutenant-General Sir Arthur Thurlow Cunynghame, K.C.B., &c. Illustrated by Henry Hardinge Cunynghame, of St. John's College, Cambridge. London: John Murray. 1872.

to tell it with method, simplicity, and condensation. He should confine himself to topics connected with his calling and profession, if he cannot charm by style, or occupy regions wholly unexplored. We might, for instance, then look for speculations on the development of Russian commerce from a merchant; for a disquisition on the primitive simplicity of Turkish justice from a lawyer; for remarks on politics from a Secretary of Legation; for catalogues of fauna and flora from a sportsman or member of the Alpine Club; for depreciatory comments on Eastern agriculture from an M.P. who, like Tennyson's Baronet, is

> A breeder of fat oxen and fat sheep,
> A pamphleteer on guano and on grain;

and for the system of officering any foreign army in which purchase is unknown, and yet jobbery is not unfrequent, from a veteran who had served in the Crimean war and the Indian Mutiny. In short, if we are to have a succession of new "Ramblers" and "Idlers" at the close of every long vacation, we must stipulate for a careful avoidance of trite and familiar topics, for a wise retrenchment of superfluities, and for as much of artistic workmanship as can be attained by ordinary diligence and care.

The author of the volume before us is a soldier who has had considerable experience of active warfare and of foreign travel. He is also connected by marriage with a deceased veteran who had seen Moore fall at Corunna, and had helped Lord Gough to repel and defeat the Sikhs. Sir Arthur Cunynghame has fought at Inkermann, where he was Quarter-master of a division; has looked on the celebrated Porcelain Tower at Nankin; and, in India, has had under his orders such dashing leaders of irregular cavalry as General Probyn and Colonel Fane. We therefore have reason to welcome his recollections of Crimean battle-fields, and his military reconnaissance of the difficult mountain passes where Shamyl maintained his unequal struggle for years against the whole force of the Russian Empire. But one fault of the book is that it is much too long. At least eighty pages at the very commencement should have been entirely omitted. Vienna and the Danube, Varna and Bucharest, are well known, and there is nothing either so striking in Sir Arthur's adventures, or so suggestive in his remarks, as to detain us profitably among Wallachian scenery and Hungarian wines. The description of the Boulevards or of the opera at the Austrian capital might possibly be of service for the latest edition of Murray's Guide-books. An anecdote of a young English lady who, while at an hotel at Brussels, nearly killed herself by stepping on a skylight, is irrelevant and unnecessary; and we hardly require to be told that a well-known general in the Turkish service, unlike Mr. Vincent Crummles, was by birth a Prussian. But there is nothing tedious, and a good deal both valuable and animated, in Sir Arthur Cunynghame's remaining narrative. He took for his summer and autumn tour a country which in point of conveniences, civilization, and development, is about midway between the beaten track where any one tourist, like hundreds of others, is pillaged by innkeepers or "done for" by couriers, and those wild steppes in which tents may be assailed by brawny Bedouins, and the firman of a Pasha be no sort of protection against the requisitions of a tribe of nomads and plunderers. We are still within a region where, after dismal experiences of vermin and mosquitoes, crowded steamers, hard boards for sleeping couches, Russian tea-urns, and Tartar saddles, the author lands us at a capital which boasts of a museum and an opera house, a number of fine bridges, a Parisian milliner, and a street of European shops. Sir Arthur, as might be expected from his service and position, journeyed under the protection of commendatory letters; and difficulties about post-horses and vehicles and times of departure were smoothed away, as we were prepared to hear, when a Crimean veteran was introduced to Grand-dukes and generals who showed him even more than the usual courtesy and attention of old antagonists. It is true that the writer made no attempt to ascend Mount Ararat, like Mr. Freshfield, and that he only looked at the snow-capped summits of Kasbek and Alburz, or Elburz, which this latter gentleman successfully assailed. But he has the eye of an old campaigner and of a genuine sportsman for the geography of a wild and picturesque region; he can bear with equanimity the hardships and inconveniences of a journey where the traveller is jolted in vehicles without springs, or rides long distances on horseback; his pages are free from flippancy, and his self-assertion is never offensive; while the concluding chapters contain advice and information well calculated to inform intending tourists of the best time and mode to visit the country, whether the object be sport, adventure, political knowledge, commerce, or scenery.

The real interest of the trip commences with the departure from Constantinople. We should mention that Sir Arthur was accompanied by his son, an undergraduate of Cambridge; and the two, after visiting Odessa, Nicolaeff with its arsenals and Boulevards, Sebastopol and Kertch, and Taganrog, determined on ascending the Don by steamer, and then, taking advantage of a short railway which unites the above river with the Volga, they came down the latter stream and saw Astracan and a settlement of Kalmucks in the neighbourhood of that port. Thence they sailed down the Caspian Sea for two hundred and thirty miles, and entered Eastern Caucasus by the port of Petrolvks. From this point they visited Gunib in Daghestan, the scene of Shamyl's last struggle, Bodlith, Vladicavcas, Tiflis, and Erivan, with the convent at Etchmiasin in the vicinity; then descended to the frontiers of Persia, but, instead of going on to Tabreez, as did Mr. Freshfield and his companions, returned by Borjome to Poti on the Black Sea. Thence, by the Turkish ports of Batoum and Trebizond, the return was easy to Constantinople, and so by steamer to Trieste. The time spent in this journey was just four months, and the expense was under 140*l.*

We select from this volume a few of the topics which either have some interest in themselves, or which show the writer's power of observation. Russian farms are said to be enormous in extent, and one gentleman, apparently residing near Taganrog, was believed to have forty thousand acres under tillage. The typical Dorsetshire peasant might sigh or rebel if he knew that Russian labourers at harvest time received from eight to twelve shillings a day, and that withal the profits to the corn-grower were "enormous" whenever there was a bad harvest in Western Europe. Provisions in Daghestan are marvellously cheap. At Grosnia the best meat was threepence, and bread a halfpenny a pound; pheasants a shilling a brace, and partridges ninepence. Black grapes, at the same place, were not quite a halfpenny a pound. Georgian artisans must, however, have a good deal of the Asiatic in their character and mode of work, if the following anecdote can be implicitly relied on. An English carpenter was backed against four natives to work at turning out oaken posts. They began at six A.M., and in ten hours and a-half the Englishman had finished thirty-four, while the natives had only finished thirty-one. We confess to be haunted by an apprehension lest this result merely conceals a tribute to that national vanity by which, in Nelson's time, our grandfathers were taught to believe firmly that one Englishman could thrash three Frenchmen. The trade in walnut-wood has, by the way, been monopolized by a French firm or firms, and this material, shipped to Marseilles from the neighbourhood of Poti, enables the manufacturer to sell veneered and polished work at a vast profit. On the other hand, let no man excite envy and hate by using skilled machinery of which all that the native can comprehend is that he is thereby ruined. A gentleman whose name is concealed, and whose nationality is not quite clear, set up a steam saw-mill near Tiflis, and naturally displaced the old-fashioned saw-pits. The sawyers took alarm, and one day quietly burnt down the new workshop. In some points the position of the Russians in Georgia is not very unlike our own in India. They have a Governor-General in the shape of a Grand Duke, who holds his Court at a civilized capital, enjoys a salary about three times that of the Indian Viceroy, and retires to Borjome during the heats of summer, just as Lord Northbrook has done, and probably will do, to Simla. It is only two years ago that the great leader of the Circassian patriots died at St. Petersburg, where, like many an Indian pensioner or representative of dethroned majesty, he was living as a political prisoner under honourable surveillance. In spite of a strong military force capable of overawing disaffection and holding the country, mountaineers till lately made raids into the plains, and even now they steal horses from the camp. Officers stationed at Peshawur were recently subject to the very same visitations, but the English sentries do not retaliate by shooting the thieves, as, according to Sir A. Cunynghame, the Russian soldiers had done in Grosnia just before his arrival. The statement recently published by Mr. Palgrave as to the exodus of Mahommedans from the countries which have passed under Russian supremacy is fully corroborated in the book before us. Sir Arthur ascribes the migration, not to heaviness of taxation, but to hatred of compulsory service on road-making. Of the fact there there can be no question, and from this movement it is not unfair to infer, for Islam, a more complete union and a latent capacity to resist aggression. All that Sir Arthur Cunynghame says regarding the facilities of the Caucasian country for a patriotic struggle, the straits to which the Russians were reduced previous to the capture of Kars in 1854, and our faulty strategy at that very period, is clear, if it be not absolutely convincing. With reference to Shamyl's perseverance we may quote an anecdote, not generally known, which exemplifies the readiness of the Persians in sarcastic repartee. When the late Emperor of Russia was making a tour in Georgia so far back as 1837, a high Persian dignitary introduced the heir-apparent of Persia to the Imperial presence. In the course of conversation, Nicolas, with reference to the designs then entertained by Persia on Herat and Afghanistan, observed to the Persian Ambassador—"Who are these Afghans that they should be allowed to laugh at your beard? Whose dogs are they to stand in the path of Mahommed Shah?" "Oh," answered the Amir, "they are an insignificant set of vagabonds, not worth naming; idle, ungodly scoundrels, very like those Lesghies and Daghestanies you have in the mountains." This reply would have been not unworthy of Palmerston or Castlereagh. We give the story as it was current some years ago at Teheran, where, of course, it redounded to the national credit.

For those who, wearied with the sameness of English sport, are content to rough it on something less than steaks and porter, the Caucasus and the seas in its vicinity offer an untried field. There are magnificent forests, tempting swamps, fine streams, and rocky defiles, with snowy ranges in the distance. Besides abundance of small game, the ibex is found at great heights, and deer of several kinds and wild boar can be had along the slopes and in the forests. Pheasants swarm in one tract: snipe and woodcock in another; wild-fowl in a third. The rivers are said to contain trout and salmon, or rather what appeared to General Cunynghame, by description, to be a species akin to the mahseer of India. Tourists and sportsmen will, however, recollect that the chase in these localities can only be followed by those who can live in small tents, who can bear alternations of sharp

cold and steamy warmth, and who will take due precautions against ague and jungle fever. The volume is enriched with twenty-eight excellent illustrations from the pencil of the author's son. They deal with a variety of subjects ranging from an Armenian church and a Mohammedan mosque to views of the deserted Sebastopol and the ruined Malakoff. We are bound to say that they evince very considerable artistic talent, and that the mountain scenes may fairly bear a comparison with the illustrations of Mr. Freshfield's work. In both instances Mr. Edward Whymper appears to have given his assistance to set off the rough materials of the artists to the very best advantage. One engraving at page 75 deserves a special mention. It is that of the brazen serpent from Delphi, afterwards in the Hippodrome at Constantinople, and now enclosed by a wall. We may be excused for reminding our readers of a summary of the historical evidence of this remarkable relic, as given by Gibbon in one of his pithy and incisive notes:—"The bodies of three serpents are twisted into one pillar of brass," says the historian in his text, and "their triple heads had once supported the golden tripod which, after the defeat of Xerxes, was consecrated in the temple of Delphi by the victorious Greeks." Then, in the note, we are told that the consecration of the tripod and pillar may be proved from Herodotus and Pausanias; that the Pagan Zosimus agrees with three ecclesiastical historians, Eusebius, Socrates, and Sozomen, in stating that the ornaments of the temple were removed to Constantinople by Constantine; that, amongst them, the serpentine pillar of the Hippodrome is particularly mentioned; and that all modern travellers, from Buondelmonte to Pocock, describe it as in the same place and in the same manner. Of course Gibbon could not refrain from remarking that the guardians of the most holy relics would rejoice if they could produce such a chain of evidence. A reference to the above passage would have been of service to readers who have forgotten Gibbon or had not the book at hand. But we shall be surprised if this tour, following on that of Mr. Freshfield, does not tempt several adventurers during next autumn to explore the defiles of Georgia, to test the respective merits of a Telega and a Tarantasse, to climb a glacier, to stalk an ibex, and to pay a visit to places so well worth seeing as Tiflis and Erivan.

SHELLEY'S EARLY LIFE*

MR. MAC CARTHY says in his preface that he ventures to offer this book to the public "as an honest contribution to those authentic materials out of which, sooner or later, a thoroughly trustworthy life may be written of Percy Bysshe Shelley." So much may be granted without hesitation. Mr. Mac Carthy has industriously gone over the early part of Shelley's life; he has carefully investigated the statements which have hitherto passed current with biographers; he has detected many errors; and he has discovered a few new facts which will have to take their place in future lives of Shelley. At the same time the book is interesting rather to Dryasdust than to the general reader. It is more in the nature of a running commentary upon previous writers than of an independent work. Mr. Mac Carthy does not attempt to construct a portrait from the materials which he has collected, and, to say the truth, the book, though short, is rather tiresome even to an admirer of Shelley. Few writers, indeed, could throw a charm over an elaborate discussion of petty details and exposure of the petty errors of their predecessors; and Mr. Mac Carthy is no exception. We fear, too, that his merits as an investigator are limited to industrious and accurate research. We are compelled to dissent from the inferences which he draws from his facts, though we cannot but be grateful for the pains which he has taken in providing us with the necessary data for forming our own opinion. Without following him into his various attacks on the accuracy of previous writers, and especially of poor Mr. Hogg, of whom he speaks with special indignation, we will briefly consider the two main discoveries which Mr. Mac Carthy conceives himself to have established.

The first of these is that Shelley wrote a poem which has completely disappeared, and of which the very existence has never been previously recognized. The evidence on the subject may be briefly stated. During Shelley's brief visit to Ireland, of which Mr. Mac Carthy has given a fuller account than had hitherto been published, an article appeared in the *Weekly Messenger* which, after an elaborate eulogy of Shelley's many virtues, concludes in these words:—"Mr. Shelly (*sic*), commiserating the sufferings of our distinguished countryman, Mr. Finerty (*sic*), whose exertions in the cause of political liberty he much admired, wrote a very beautiful poem, the profits of which we understand, from *undoubted* authority, Mr. Shelly remitted to Mr. Finerty; we have heard they amounted to nearly a hundred pounds. This fact speaks a volume in favour of our new friend." Finnerty had been imprisoned for eighteen months for a libel on Lord Castlereagh, and subscriptions had been opened on his behalf by Sir F. Burdett and other Radicals of that day. Mr. Mac Carthy has discovered Shelley's name put down for a guinea in a list of subscriptions in the *Oxford Herald*; the trial having occurred during Shelley's brief academical career. In the next number of the same paper —namely, on March 9th, 1811—is an advertisement of "A Poetical Essay on the Existing State of Things," by "A Gentleman of the University of Oxford." The essay is described as just published, its price is two shillings, and it is said to be for Finnerty's benefit. A motto is added from Southey's *Curse of Kehama*. Advertisements of the same poem occur in the *Morning Chronicle* of March 15th and 21st, and in the *Times* of April 10th and 11th, 1811. These are all the explicit references to the poem. Shelley himself nowhere speaks of it, unless it be identical with an "Essay on Love," mentioned in a letter to Godwin of January 16th, 1812. The word "essay," says Mr. Mac Carthy, "gives great probability to this supposition." We confess that no two subjects seem to us more unlikely to be confounded than "love" and the "existing state of things." However, our readers can judge for themselves. The only remaining fact bearing on the question is that Shelley sent to Godwin the article from the *Weekly Messenger*, but made no special reference to the statement about the poem. Mr. Mac Carthy infers that the statement must have been true. On the other hand, he admits that Leigh Hunt, who took a particular interest in Finnerty, and who afterwards became intimate with Shelley, says nothing about it; that no reference is ever made in the many subscription lists published to any sum received on account of the profits, and that Mr. Finnerty's relations knew nothing of it. "It is incredible," however, that Mr. Finnerty "would not have contradicted this statement of the presentation to him of the profits of a poem if it were not true." Still Mr. Mac Carthy admits the subject to be "full of difficulties."

That such a poem was published is probable enough. Indeed the advertisements quoted seem to prove it beyond all reasonable doubt. The one singular statement is that the profits were nearly 100*l.*, and indeed this statement is so singular that we altogether decline to believe it. The argument from the silence of Shelley and of Finnerty is palpably worthless. Shelley may have been silent because Godwin knew the statement to be false, as well as because he knew it to be true; or he may have overlooked it, or thought it unimportant; or he may have forgotten to notice it, when writing in a hurry; or he may even have regarded it as a pious fraud likely to be useful to the cause. Mr. Finnerty may have been a good man and a true patriot; but such is the weakness of human nature that political agitators, even when they are Irishmen, frequently forget to contradict inaccurate statements calculated to help their agitation. Meanwhile the reasons against accepting the assertion are obvious. In order to make 100*l.* by a poem sold for two shillings, it is plain that, even if we should assume that the poem was published for nothing, and that the author received the whole retail price, a thousand copies must have been sold; for a thousand times two shillings only makes 100*l.* Now, as these assumptions are manifestly extravagant, as is known to every body who ever published or bought books, we may safely say that to produce 100*l.* profit the poem must have gone through two or three editions. We may take a case which is oddly parallel. Goldsmith's *Deserted Village* was sold for two shillings; it went through five editions in less than three months; and there is a story—not very authentic it is true—that Goldsmith, on being offered 100 guineas by the publisher, refused it, as manifestly more than the poem could produce. Goldsmith knew as well as any one that publishers might be trusted not to ruin themselves by extravagant liberality to authors. It appears, however, that he received less than 100*l.* for the poem. Now, if Shelley forty years afterwards received nearly 100*l.* for a poem sold at the same price, we may fairly infer that it must have had a very large sale. In that case it would clearly have been advertised more than four times; it would, moreover, have been a perfectly unique case in Shelley's literary career, for even his best poems never obtained quick popularity; and, finally, it is impossible to believe that it could have utterly disappeared from the world, so that its very existence should have been forgotten for sixty years. Shelley would probably have mentioned it; and undoubtedly some of his admirers would have preserved it. The whole story, indeed, is so wildly improbable that it may be dismissed without further argument. We will merely add that, as Mr. Mac Carthy is constantly boasting of his accuracy, he should not have used the phrase, the poem "is said to have produced the sum of 100*l.*" It is only said to have produced "*nearly* 100*l.*"; and even this statement is introduced by the phrase "we have heard"; whereas the preceding sentence, stating that the poem was published, speaks of knowledge "on undoubted authority." The difference is significant.

The facts, as we should guess, are something of this kind—Shelley published a poem for Finnerty's benefit. Like his other early poems, it was probably trash; for few literary facts are more curious than that Shelley, who produced some of the finest poetry in the language before he was thirty, had written nothing but masses of rubbish, even on the showing of his most devoted admirers, till he was past twenty. Unlike Milton, Pope, and Keats, his early writings show scarcely a touch of his future genius. The poem did not sell; there were no profits, and Finnerty got nothing by it. But an Irish editor "had heard"—not a very unprecedented phenomenon—a totally inaccurate report about it, and neither Shelley nor Finnerty took the trouble to contradict him.

The second discovery made by Mr. Mac Carthy is that Shelley was potentially a great orator. It is known that whilst in Dublin he made a speech at a public meeting. Mr. Hogg says that it was a failure. Mr. Mac Carthy calls this a "reckless misrepresentation." He says that a witness, of whom we shall speak directly, "bears the most unequivocal testimony to the eloquence of the young

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* *Shelley's Early Life.* By Denis Florence Mac Carthy. London: J. C. Hotten.

speaker," and declares this testimony to be "decisive as to the probabilities of Shelley's success as an orator had he devoted himself to a political career." We do not call this a "reckless misrepresentation," for we are convinced that it is an excusable mistake; but we suspect that Mr. Hogg's account is far nearer the truth than Mr. Mac Carthy's. We will briefly give the evidence on the subject.

The speech is reported in three newspapers; all the reports are very brief; one says that "Shelley was received with great kindness"; and another mentions "loud applause for several minutes," as following Shelley's opening statement that as an Englishman he blushed for the crimes committed by his nation in Ireland. Besides this are two reports from persons employed by the police, and preserved in the Record Office. One of these is verbatim, as follows:—"Lord Glentworth said a few words, a Mr. Bennett spoke, also Mr. Shelley, who stated himself to be a native of England." The other does not even allude to Shelley. It mentions, however, a speech by "Mr. Wise, a young boy," as "of considerable length and replete with much elegant language." Shelley's speech, Mr. Mac Carthy thinks, has here been inadvertently given to Mr. (afterwards Sir Thomas) Wyse, the late English Ambassador in Greece—first because "a young boy" refers better to Shelley, who was only nineteen and a half, than to Wyse, who was twenty-one; and, secondly, because the account does not apply in some respects to the fuller reports of Mr. Wyse's speech. At most, however, this is a highly conjectural statement, and we have more direct testimony at hand. The late Chief Baron Woulfe, who heard him, described him in terms which, as Mr. Mac Carthy says, leave the impression that he was "a cold, methodical, and ineffective speaker." The description was given a considerable time afterwards, and when the describer was in bad health. Still, so far as it goes, it is direct testimony. Shelley, however, is the best witness himself. The impression made upon him by his own performance is shown in this passage from a letter:—"My speech was misinterpreted. I spoke for more than an hour. The hisses with which they greeted me when I spoke of religion, though in terms of respect, were mixed with applause when I avowed my mission. The newspapers have only noted that which did not excite disapprobation."

This testimony seems to us to be conclusive. Shelley evidently felt that he had made a failure. No young orator ever wrote in such terms after his first triumph in moving an audience. The newspapers in favour of his party naturally softened his want of success; but an orator knows when he is applauded, and Shelley clearly felt that he had not met with genuine sympathy. Mr. Mac Carthy, however, thinks that he has "decisive" evidence to the contrary. The witness to whom we have already referred is a certain anonymous "Englishman," who describes the speech in a letter to the *Dublin Journal*, which was then, we presume, a Government organ. He says that he was disgusted to "observe with what transport the invectives of this renegade Englishman against his native country were hailed by the assembly he addressed. Joy beamed on every countenance, and rapture glistened in every eye at the aggravated detail; the delirium of ecstacy got the better of prudential control; the veil was for a moment withdrawn;" and in short, the "Englishman" saw that the audience, though the orator spoke only of emancipation, thought of "separation and ascendency."

Mr. Mac Carthy, with all his pretensions to accuracy, calls this a description of Shelley as an orator, and says, as we have seen, that the letter bears unequivocal testimony to the young speaker's eloquence. Yet there is not in the letter a single word about Shelley's eloquence; and everything that is said is perfectly consistent with the newspaper reports, with Shelley's own letter, and with Chief Baron Woulfe's account. To what does it really amount? Simply that when Shelley, introduced as an Englishman and the son of an English member of Parliament, abused England for its injustice to Ireland, Irishmen applauded warmly. Does that imply that Shelley was an eloquent speaker, or that he would certainly have succeeded if he had adopted a political career? We will venture to say that the worst orator in England at the present moment might produce enthusiastic cheers by denouncing English injustice to Ireland at a Home Rule meeting. The "Englishman" and the papers alike suppress the fact that he was afterwards hissed for attacking Catholicism; the papers because they were on his side, and the "Englishman" because his only object seems to be to prove the disloyalty of the Irish. Shelley may or may not have had a potential orator within him; but we hold it to be quite clear, in spite of Mr. Mac Carthy's assertions, that he did not prove it at this meeting in Dublin. Mr. Mac Carthy's judgment on this matter is only on a par with his notion that Shelley showed political wisdom because he was more sanguine than Godwin as to the result of an agitation for Roman Catholic Emancipation and Repeal of the Union. Nobody else can read the story without seeing one more proof of the singular immaturity of Shelley's mind at this period of his life, and of that curious incapacity for dealing with the things of the every-day world which marked him throughout his career.

We shall not, however, investigate any more of Mr. Mac Carthy's statements. He has proved, as we think, that Shelley published a poem which is lost, and which probably deserved to be lost. He has found some additional evidence about Shelley's single speech; but, though he does not himself admit it, we think that he has only confirmed the substantial accuracy of Hogg's account. Whether Shelley might have been a good orator, and whether he may have added one more poem to the quantity of bad juvenile verses already known, are matters of no great importance; but biographers are an omnivorous race, and Shelley's biographers in the future will have to read Mr. Mac Carthy's pages and be grateful for his industry, if not for his acuteness. We will add that the two rare pamphlets which Shelley printed at Dublin, and two others almost equally rare published at Marlow, are also reprinted here for the benefit of the curious students of the bad writings of good authors.

DESCHANEL'S ELEMENTARY PHYSICS.*

THE value of Professor Deschanel's *Traité élémentaire de Physique*, published five years ago, has been amply recognized in his own country. It has been already adopted by the Minister of Instruction as the text-book upon the subject for Government schools. Systematically arranged, clearly written, and admirably illustrated, showing no less than 760 engravings on wood and three coloured plates, it forms a model work for a class in Experimental Physics. Far from losing in its English dress any of the qualities of matter or style which distinguished it in its original form, it may be said to have gained in the able hands of Professor Everett, both by way of arrangement and of incorporation of fresh matter, without parting in the translation with any of the freshness or force of the author's text. By the side of M. Guillemin's treatise which we noticed a few weeks back, and which goes over much the same ground, with a very similar distribution of subjects and an interchange of a large number of the same woodcuts and coloured engravings, M. Deschanel's volume may present a less attractive style of getting up as a drawing-room work—especially in the absence of the exquisite chromatic scales which so happily set off the *Forces of Nature*. But, appealing as it does to a more advanced class of readers, it goes at most points far more deeply into the truths of physics than M. Guillemin's manual, and is marked by greater exactness of treatment. The introduction of algebraic formulæ, without exacting any more severe exercise of thought than is involved in the differential and integral calculus, is of great value as giving the student a firm hold of those analytical processes without which no really scientific knowledge of nature is to be had, and in the use of which the science of modern days possesses an organon of inquiry wondrously in advance of that wielded by the geometricians of old time. In not a few instances the English editor has had it in his power to simplify or make clear the mathematical formulæ or proofs laid down by the author, as well as the statements of fact or chains of reasoning upon which later observation or more critical inquiry could be brought to bear. We miss from the edition before us the collection of problems, chiefly taken from the examination of the Faculty of Sciences in Paris for the bachelor's degree, which still stands as part of the programme of what is promised us in the author's preface. The insertion of these would have been welcomed, if for no other purpose than that of enabling us to compare the educational tests in use amongst our neighbours with those familiar to us at home, and to form a clearer estimate of our respective methods of scientific training.

In other respects every change has been, on the whole, on the side of decided gain to the English student. Quantitative statements of weights and measures have in general been expressed in British units, though in many cases the numerical values given in the original in terms of the metric system have been retained, with or without their English equivalents, as being extensively in use among men of science in all countries, besides affording peculiar facilities for scientific calculation. A complete table of metrical and British equivalents makes comparative reference at all times easy. Many additions have been thought to be called for by the special exigencies of physical education, or the course of philosophical discussion in this country, or, above all, by the advance which may here be fairly claimed in certain departments of experimental science. The strict and accurate method of treating electrical subjects which has been established among us by Sir W. Thomson and his coadjutors has not yet, as Professor Everett with justice pleads, been adopted in France, nor does the whole of Faraday's electro-magnetic work seem as yet to be thoroughly appreciated by French writers. A considerable portion of the third part of the present work has accordingly been recast, and two original chapters added, with an appendix upon electrical and magnetic units, making this the most complete and valuable part of the book. The former of these new chapters relates chiefly to "electrical potential and lines of electric force," of which no mention whatever is made in the original work; the second is descriptive of various kinds of electrometers, by means of which potential is measured. The elements of this branch of electrical theory are largely drawn from Professors Thomson and Tait's *Natural Philosophy*, and from the papers of the former able writer in the *Philosophical Transactions*. The reader will be prepared for this onward step in physical philosophy if he has carefully run up the preceding chapters on electrical induction, the duality of electricity, and the laws of attraction and repulsion, with the methods and results of measurement laid down by Coulomb. The law of inverse squares is rigorously verified by the experiments of Biot

* *Elementary Treatise on Natural Philosophy.* By A. Privat Deschanel, formerly Professor of Physics in the Lycée Louis-le-Grand, Inspector of the Academy of Paris. Translated and Edited, with extensive additions, by J. D. Everett, M.A., D.C.L., F.R.S.E., Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Queen's College, Belfast. London: Blackie & Son. 1872.

and Faraday, showing that electricity resides only on the external surface of a charged conductor, there being at the same time no electrical force in the space enclosed by this surface. Faraday even tested this fact by himself entering a cubical box charged by means of a powerful electrical machine, Biot having shown the same law to hold good in a hollow sphere. Now if the conductor be a sphere removed from the influence of external bodies, its charge must be distributed uniformly over its entire surface. Mathematical proof can thus be adduced to show that the fact of a uniform spherical shell exerting no attraction at any point of the interior space holds good in the case of the law of attraction being that of inverse squares, and in no other—the law, we need scarcely say, which governs universal gravitation. A series of experiments with the sphere, the ellipsoid, the cylinder, and the disk makes it clear that the distribution of electricity on the surface of a conductor is independent of the amount of charge, and is determined simply by the form of the conductor. The dissipation of electrical charges is found by experiment to follow the same law as that deduced by Newton for the operation of cooling in heated bodies, the rate of loss being simply proportional to the charge.

Although the great charm of the book lies in the clearness and vividness of its illustrations, which serve the reader to some extent in as good stead as the experiments of a laboratory, it is of even higher importance to him to reach in succession such points of generalization as those which we have selected for notice. In the absence of definite ideas as to what electricity is in itself, the best we can do is to lay down distinct and positive data along the line of progress, and, amid so much that is unavoidably empirical, to grasp wherever it is possible such truths as seem to be brought within the scope and the processes of exact science. How much has been done by way of mathematical deduction from such laws as that of the inverse squares may be seen in the case of lines or "tubes" of force, briefly explained by Professor Everett. It is deeply interesting to observe, as an instance of the harmony or unity which pervades all the forces of nature, the analogy which holds good between the intensity of force in a "tube" or flow of electricity bounded by imaginary lines and the velocity of a body of liquid in its passage through a tube or elongated channel. The product of area by velocity is the volume of liquid which flows past any section in the unit of time. Lines of flow are thus the analogues of lines of force. Lines of force are also proved to be the lines along which induction takes place, the total quantities of inducing and induced electricity being in every case equal, and of opposite sign, positive or negative. Coming at length to the relation between potential and work, we get the definition of the resultant potential at any point due to several different quantities of electricity, as $\Sigma \frac{q}{r}$, or the algebraic sum of the potentials due to the different quantities separately considered, $\frac{q}{r}$ being the whole work done by or against the force of an element q, in bringing a unit of electricity from infinite distance to a point at a distance r from the element. In the chapter on condensers, the application of abstract formulas or points of theory such as these to purposes of utility is made instructively manifest. In that on electro-motors, the most recent gains in the economy of telegraphs, light-mechanism, printing, and other machinery are summed up, the means of measuring electro-motive force being given by what is known as Ohm's law—that the current is equal to the electro-motive force divided by the resistance, and the resistance determined by Wheatstone's "rheostat," or his "bridge," or the apparatus of M. Jules Regnault.

On the subjects of heat and sound, as well as upon the general principles of force, molecular physics, and the laws of motion in fluids, M. Deschanel leaves little to be desired. It is chiefly in the section of thermo-dynamics that the editor has felt himself called upon to modify or supplement his author. The chapters on conduction of heat and on terrestrial temperatures have been nearly re-written, and much new matter has been added in connexion with hygrometry and weather tests in general, the theory of exchanges originally known as Prevost's theory, or that of the "mobile equilibrium of temperature," and the specific heats of gases. In the concluding part on optics, the chapters on the wave theory and the polarization of light are new, and many modifications have been introduced to bring this important section up to the latest and most advanced standard of knowledge. What we look for in a work of this class is not so much new and profound additions to what is known as the clear and systematic exposition of well ascertained results. If not so full or so striking as the sections on magnetism and electricity, this portion of M. Deschanel's work forms a good introduction to one of the most attractive, as well as the most rapidly advancing, of physical studies. The subject of spectrum analysis, with the boundless vista of promise opened by this most beautiful of recent discoveries in optics, will be found briefly but clearly treated, illustrated as it is by a well drawn and coloured sheet, exhibiting the lines and hues of the spectra of various sources of light, contrasting those of the solar disk and edge with those of the principal gases and elementary solids. The effect of pressure in forming a continuous spectrum, as proved by the experiments of Frankland and Lockyer, may be seen by comparing the varying breadths of bands in different spectra of the same gas, more particularly in the case of hydrogen. A further displacement of lines, not less connected with the undulatory theory of light, is that first traced by Doppler as a consequence of the motion of celestial bodies in space. A certain change of refrangibility was to be expected from the mutual approach or recession of the observer and the source of light, grounded upon reasoning that had been shown to hold good in the parallel theory of acoustics. Although inadequate to explain in full the different colours of the fixed stars, with which object it was first applied, this principle has proved of very important service in connexion with spectroscopic research. Displacement of a line towards the more refrangible end of the spectrum is found to indicate approach; displacement in the opposite direction to indicate recession; the velocity of either movement being calculable from the observed ratio of displacement. The changes in the straightness of the dark lines of the solar spectrum as the slit of the spectroscope crosses a spot in the sun's disk are no less to be taken as evidence of an up rush or down rush of gases in the sun's atmosphere in the region of the spot. The displacement of the line towards the red end in the spectrum of Sirius, made clear by the fine observations of Dr. Huggins, had been calculated to show an apparent motion of recession at the rate of 41·4 miles per second, reduced by consideration of the motion of the earth in its orbit to a real recession of 29·4 miles per second of Sirius from the sun. In a foot-note Professor Everett refers to a more recent paper, read while this volume was passing through the press, in which Dr. Huggins, as the result of observation with more powerful appliances, reduces the recession of Sirius to twenty miles per second. Arcturus is found to be nearing the sun at the rate of fifty miles in a second. Community of motion in certain sets of stars has been similarly established, and the general belief of astronomers confirmed as to the direction in which the solar system is moving with respect to the stars as a whole. Here, as throughout the book, we have evidence of the pains taken by the editor to give accuracy and finish to his work, as well as of the presence of those qualities which entitle it to confidence as a manual of elementary physics.

LABOULAYE'S POLITICAL LETTERS.*

WHEN the *Lettres politiques* of M. Laboulaye appeared in the *Journal des Débats* the first sentence of the Note to the Editor with which they were introduced seemed of itself to prove that they ought never to have been written. France, said M. Laboulaye, happy in being allowed to take breath, asks only silence and peace. The desire was so natural, the benefits to be derived from its gratification were so obvious, that any suggestion of a Constitution seemed out of place. If the truce of parties could be prolonged, there was at least a chance that they might come to understand one another better. M. Laboulaye's invitation to "examine the situation" with a view to the formation of a regular Government sounded like an announcement that the truce was at an end. By the time, however, that his letters had been collected into a pamphlet, this reason for finding fault with them had disappeared. With or without reason, M. Thiers has decreed that the Government cannot be maintained in the imperfectly organized state in which it exists at present. M. Laboulaye, therefore, may claim the credit of having foreseen the storm, and of having been the first to preach preparation for it. He does not include the issue between a Monarchy and a Republic among those which he describes as waiting for decision. In common with every reasonable French politician, he holds that events have virtually determined the choice of the country. The establishment of a Republic may be a *mariage de raison*, but the bride can bring as her portion union, peace, and liberty—a dowry three times richer than any that can be offered by her rivals. The most immediately important of the questions by him discussed are whether the Constitution, once made, shall be submitted to popular ratification, and whether, after it has been ratified, it shall be treated as open to amendment. The framers of the French Constitution of 1848 thought that they could lay down a fundamental law which the people should not be competent to alter. M. Laboulaye justly says that this is to rest the stability of institutions on the caprice of a particular legislator rather than on their intrinsic merits. The *Code civil* has lasted seventy years with no other protection than the wisdom of its provisions; of the Constitutions decreed to be eternal, not one has lasted five years. A Constitution is not a contract, it is a body of rules designed to promote the public welfare. If the nation is dissatisfied with it, it no longer answers its purpose. In what, then, does a Constitution differ from an ordinary law? In this, that the law is only intended to bind the citizens, while the Constitution is intended to bind the Legislature and the Executive. It follows from this that the Legislature, acting alone, neither ought to make the Constitution in the first instance, nor to alter it when it has been made. Otherwise the Constitution would be at the mercy of the very powers whose authority it is designed to limit.

Up to this point M. Laboulaye is altogether in the right. It is when he comes to the machinery by which the assent of the people is to be obtained, whether to the Constitution itself or to subsequent amendments in it, that we are forced to part company with him. In proposing to revive the *plébiscite*, he seems to forget that the objections to this mode of ratification do not rest only upon the evils which it is alleged to have brought upon France. It is probably true that the *plébiscite* is as innocent of the war of 1870 as of the re-

* *Lettres politiques; esquisse d'une constitution républicaine.* Par Edouard Laboulaye. Paris: Charpentier. 1872.

volution of the Fourth of September. It is certainly true that those who would organize democracy in France must frankly accept that popular sovereignty which is its essential condition. The vice of the *plébiscite* is not that it recognizes the sovereignty of the people, but that it provides the sovereign with the worst conceivable mode of giving expression to his will. To insist upon the submission of a Constitution to a popular vote is like forbidding a King to take the advice of his Ministers. In the ordinary business of life men are accustomed to refer all important inquiries to committees of some sort. They distrust their own judgment even in matters with which they are, in comparison with politics, familiar; and, left to themselves, they will distrust them at least as much in politics. M. Laboulaye is an ardent admirer of the Constitution of the United States; and he quotes the example of America as one of the arguments in favour of giving the people the right both of ratification and of amendment. It is to be wished that in this part of his scheme he had been content to copy his model more closely. The Fifth Article of the United States Constitution provides that amendments may be proposed either by Congress or by a special Convention called by Congress on the application of two-thirds of the Legislatures of the several States; and these amendments are to be valid when ratified either by the Legislatures or by Conventions in three-fourths of the several States, according as one or the other mode of ratification may be proposed by Congress. There is no approximation to a *plébiscite* here. There is great care to get at the real wishes of the people, and to guard against any approach to a catch vote; there is great consideration for the rights of minorities, for Congress is powerless if more than one-fourth of the local Legislatures, or Conventions specially substituted for them, object to a change; but there is no departure from the principle of representation. It would not be difficult to apply a modification of the same plan to France. If the preparation whether of the original Constitution or of changes in it were entrusted to the National Assembly, the ratification might in both cases be entrusted to the Councils-General, which are, in act, the local Legislatures of the departments. Or, if it were objected that the type of representative elected to look after local affairs might not be equally suited for voting on a project of a Constitution, the American plan of Conventions elected for this special purpose might be adopted. The main thing to be aimed at would be the certainty that the nation had not been taken unawares and committed by its representatives to a Constitution which in its heart it disliked. To secure this, it is essential that the popular consent shall be given to the Constitution, or to any alterations in it, after they have been reduced to shape as well as when they are only in the air. A people may elect a Constituent Assembly, and may even have some slight knowledge of the kind of Constitution which they wish the Assembly to frame. Yet when the result is actually published, it may be very different from the Constitution they expected, or they may have seen cause in the interval to change their minds on some of its essential features. If it has to be ratified by special Conventions elected for this sole purpose, the nation has an opportunity of giving effect to this change.

This, however, is only a reason for giving the preparation and the ratification of the Constitution to different bodies. A provision for a second Constituent Assembly to be elected the year after the draft Constitution had been published, and to have the right of accepting or rejecting it, would suffice to ensure the nation against being taken by surprise, or being made the victim of any interested coalitions among its representatives. But the American plan ensures even more than this. It breaks up the nation into its component fractions, and ascertains whether, when added together again, they really make up the apparent whole. It is true, no doubt, that the Federal character of the American Government supplies one main reason for requiring the consent of three-fourths of the State Legislatures. In this way the smaller States retain their equality with the larger, and the vote of Delaware neutralizes, as regards amendments of the Constitution, the vote of New York or Pennsylvania. But though this reason for submitting the Constitution to local Conventions does not apply to France, there is another advantage in the plan which makes it worth transplanting. It is important to make constitutional legislation visibly distinct from ordinary legislation, to make people understand that they are engaged in a more important business than that of an ordinary general election. The more conscious the ratification of the Constitution can be made, the less will be the probability of its being subjected to any hasty or capricious alterations. If the electors are simply summoned in two successive years to return two Assemblies, one to frame the Constitution and the other to ratify it, there is very little to bring home to them what it is that they are doing. The second election will usually be only a tamer reproduction of the first. But if the second election is invested with a distinctly local character; if, instead of eight or ten representatives returned by the department to a national Convention, every canton has to send its quota of members to a departmental Convention; if the vote to be taken in this departmental Convention is for the time conclusive, though liable to be nullified by the discovery that less than one-fourth of the other departments have voted in the same sense, the popular interest will necessarily be very much greater. The character of the deputies returned will often be different from that of the deputies returned to a National Convention. They will be men who have ordinarily but little time to give to public affairs, men who, though not in any sense professional politicians, are known and trusted by their neighbours. These would not be recommendations for membership of a Constituent Assembly. The framing of a Constitution requires a different class of powers. But they would be eminent recommendations for representatives charged with the duty of saying Aye or No to a Constitution already framed. A Constitution adopted by a large majority of local Assemblies composed of representatives of this type would have secured the best attainable evidence that it answered to the wishes of the French nation.

If a Convention for each department should be thought an over-large allowance, it would not be difficult to group several departments together. Almost all Frenchmen now admit that the abolition of the old provincial divisions has been only in part successful, and that, even where it has been successful, it is by no means an unmixed gain. For every one except the legislator Normandy and Brittany, Gascony and Limousin, have still a meaning. It is only in the administration of the country that the varieties of race, of history, of temperament, which these names represent, are ignored. The late Duke of Broglie has pointed out that, twelve years ago, the military divisions which France then contained reproduced with substantial accuracy the old provinces, and that by restoring to each division its old name and its old associations an effective local government might easily be created. This course might be taken for the purposes of the local Conventions which have been spoken of. The number of separate bodies whose business it would be to ratify or reject the Constitution would thus be reduced to nineteen, any five of which would be able to prevent ratification in the first instance and change afterwards.

ANOTHER WORLD.*

THIS is a very curious book, very clearly written, but the exact purport of which it is somewhat hard to understand. "Hermes," whose name appears on the title-page, is ostensibly the editor, not the author, of the fragments of which the work is composed, and which are all uttered by a sage who speaks in the first person, and who, we are to understand, was once, and perhaps is still, the ruler of a planet belonging to our solar system. How the editor received the communications of this mysterious person he does not profess to explain; but, either in solemn earnest or with grave sustained irony, he would urgently dissuade the reader from setting down any of the revelations to the account of a wandering imagination.

From what we have said, many readers in this table-rapping age will be inclined to think that we have here one of those spiritual manifestations which are fast taking a place among the bores of the period. But there is nothing in common between the random utterances of supposed spirits and the plain, matter of fact, and even minute descriptions given by the sage in his fragments. Though he himself, as it seems, organized the polity by which his planet is governed, and though his narrative consists in a great measure of a record of his own legislative labours, there is nothing rhapsodical or enthusiastic in his style; he talks about his kingdom of Montalluyah as a Japanese ambassador might talk about Japan. About a spiritual world he does not profess to discourse. The citizens of Montalluyah live longer than we do, but they are equally mortal—human beings to all intents and purposes, who, thanks to their legislator, have attained a degree of civilization superior in many respects to our own. In describing the manners and customs of this "other world," the narrator does not quit the topics to which earthly thinkers are accustomed. Health, education, marriage, the removal of disease, the prevention of crime, the employment of physical agencies, all come under consideration, and, however strange some of the "revelations" may be, they can seldom be called fantastic. "Hermes," indeed, far from wishing to be conspicuous as a dealer in the marvellous, seems to have published the words of his supposed instructor with a view of furnishing some useful hints to his less enlightened brethren, who, when they learn how things are managed in Montalluyah, may find reason for imitation:—

> Let all [he says in his preface] taste the fruit, though they do not behold the tree; profit by the diamonds, though they know not how they were extracted from the mine; accept what is found to be wholesome and fortifying in the waters, though the source of the river is unknown.

Montalluyah then, we may assume, is a Utopia, but the account of it differs herein from that of many other Utopias, that apparently it is almost entirely devoid of satire. Nor is it the sole, though it is the chief, object of "Hermes" to hold forth a model for imitation. He describes animals, plants, and minerals to which nothing corresponds among the objects to be found on earth, and the gravity with which the descriptions are given is most remarkable. If, while repeating the words of the narrator, the "editor" is laughing in his sleeve at the reader, it must be admitted that the use of the sleeve is most efficacious.

Let the book speak for itself. We set down what we gather here and there without the interruption of comment, accepting the narrator of the fragments for the nonce as a veritable and veracious historian. Montalluyah is not only the chief city in the world in question, but its name extends to the entire planet, in which there is but one kingdom governed by a Supreme Ruler, with the strange title "Tootmanyoso," and by twelve in-

* *Another World; or, Fragments from the Star City of Montalluyah.* By Hermes. London: Samuel Tinsley. 1873.

ferior kings.] In religion the people who inhabit it are rigidly monotheistic. In ancient times, it seems, the powers of nature were worshipped till a purer faith was introduced by a mythical sage named Elikoiah, who is only incidentally mentioned, but who was evidently the founder of such civilization as pertained to the inhabitants when the narrator of the fragments, raised to the rank of Tootmanyoso, began his work of reform.

According to mythological tradition the chief antagonist of the venerable Elikoiah was the hippopotamus, who in the early legends of Montalluyah plays a part not altogether dissimilar to that of the serpent in the Mosaic record. However, it was afterwards discovered that this original foe to the mankind of the planet was capable of being utilized to an indefinite degree, and during the reign of the reforming Tootmanyoso it became one of the most valuable animals in the kingdom. The method of training the hippopotamus is described with as much minuteness as if the planetary speaker had an eye to the manager of our Zoological Gardens. The reforms of the Tootmanyoso extended to every particular by which the moral or physical well-being of his people could be affected. Two principles mainly guided him. He settled within himself that in all cases of crime or disease prevention is better than cure, and also that for certain occupations certain persons were exclusively fitted. In these principles there is of course nothing novel; but the minuteness with which the account of their application is given is really surprising. Nothing is too great, nothing too small, for the solicitude of the Tootmanyoso. Now he constructs gigantic works compared with which the Egyptian pyramids are mole-hills; now he promotes the use of machines to prevent babies from hurting themselves by tumbling on their heads. No one can be more perfectly aware than the Tootmanyoso himself of the narrow frontier between the sublime and the ridiculous; but he answers scoffers by remarking that incalculable evil results from the neglect of "little things." Indeed the education of children on the principle that evil ought to be destroyed in the germ is with him an object of especial care; his whole proceeding being founded on the conviction that it is better to extirpate faults in the child than to punish crimes in the man. He founded a college of "character-divers," who by a natural gift, aided by a peculiar discipline, were able to penetrate into the dispositions of the young, and thus to eradicate faults, to develop good qualities, and to guide instructors as to the sort of training suitable to each individual case. He also established "amusement galleries," where in the intervals of study children were allowed to follow the bent of their own inclinations without restraint, thus facilitating the progress of the character-divers in their work of investigation.

The principle of putting the "right man" in the "right place" was pursued by the Tootmanyoso with a vigour which led to the minutest subdivision of labour. The profession of an oculist, for instance, extended, in his opinion, to far too large a subject for the exhaustive study of one man; and physicians were especially employed each in the care of some part of the eye, and so on in the various branches of medical science. One beneficial result of the minute subdivision of studies was an increased facility in the application of physical agencies, among which electricity holds a place so important that it is scarcely too much to say that an electric fluid circulates through all the institutions of Montalluyah. Men of science in that favoured land have discovered that every kind of body or substance, whether animate or inanimate, contains an electricity of its own, and that these different electricities stand in the most varied relations to each other:—

Some are diffused; some are concentrated; others are so tenacious of the body to which they belong that they are all but steadfast. Some are sympathetic; some antipathetic, attracting or repelling each other; some mingle gently; others, when brought into contact, cause violent explosions.

For what purposes these electricities—a large stock of which is preserved ready for use in a large "electric store-house"—may *not* be employed we cannot discover. By them bodies are lightened, the facilities of locomotion are increased, the germs of disease are eradicated, optical instruments are rendered more efficient, and musical instruments more delightful, flowers are made more beautiful, and photographic art is perfected. With such electricities as there are in Montalluyah, and with a Royal Society guided by such a Tootmanyoso, it is easy to believe that an antediluvian longevity is attained by nearly all the inhabitants, who at last die gently from old age. We can scarcely make out why they should die at all.

In illustration of one of the humblest uses to which electricity is applied we give the statement of a "fact" and its results:—

In my reign some interesting discoveries were made with regard to water. From a source situated in the midst of a lovely scene flowed a spring of remarkably pure quality, some drops of which, taken at a distance, presented, when viewed through a microscope, a true picture of the landscape close to the source from whence they came. Rocks, trees, shrubs, sky, were there faithfully delineated with their varied forms and colours, together with the resemblances of two persons, lovers, seated on the banks. As we afterwards learned, they had been attracted by the beauty of the scene, had sat for a long time in the same place, and their portrait was, as it were, fixed on the water. The electricity of the sun and light had thrown the shadow or picture of the scene on the fluid, whose electricity had been sufficiently strong to retain it, and bear it to the spot whence the drops of water had been taken. This circumstance, and our knowledge that the reflecting power of the water is the result in part of its peculiar electricity, led to a very interesting discovery. With the assistance of a powerful attracting electric machine we can produce, together with the surrounding landscape, the likeness of a person, or of a group, actually many miles from the machine, if near the water. The image is received on the reflecting mirror of the machine, and an artist immediately copies outlines and colours.

Even some of the spectacles presented in public for the amusement of the people are produced by electrical agency. The only art that does not greatly thrive is the dramatic. Innocent plays of a pastoral kind are indeed occasionally performed; but the tragic drama is extinct. Before the reign of the reformer there was probably a sort of Elizabethan era; and when he came to the throne plays based upon crime were commonly acted. But when, through the aid of character-divers, electricity, &c., crime had fairly been driven beyond the boundary, tragedy became nearly unintelligible, the new generation being scarcely able to understand a plot relating to passions almost foreign to their nature.

So curious and so unconnected are the subjects set before us, that any selection we make must be by a somewhat haphazard process. Perhaps, as being a narrative complete in itself, and not resembling anything we have met in works of Oriental fiction, we shall not do wrong in giving the history of the Allmanyuka. The people of Montalluyah, it seems, who are generally fond of good living, and have been encouraged even by the reformer in a taste for gorgeous costume, which is minutely described, were accustomed in the early part of the Tootmanyoso's reign to make liberal use of sauces seasoned with stimulating spice. An epidemic disease arose, and, by means of a microscope (which was of course electrical), was traced to the operation of unwholesome condiments. Not without misgivings, so generally was the taste for the spice diffused, did the Tootmanyoso forbid its use. The extreme heat of the climate rendered stimulants necessary, and there was no known fruit or vegetable that could be employed as a substitute for the prohibited kind. The injurious condiments were indeed secured in large warehouses, and placed under the charge of the inferior kings before mentioned; but the Tootmanyoso was aware that, unless some new stimulant were discovered, the serpent would have been scotched, not killed. He shut himself up in a little cabinet at the summit of his palace, and passed some hours in meditation and prayer. At last a light burst upon him, and, having provided his people with a temporary cordial, he gathered a vegetable which bears the name Japperhanka and has a rich creamy taste, and grafted it on a tree called the Klook, the fruit of which has a sour aromatic flavour. By this combination he succeeded in growing a small vegetable uniting the flavour of cream with the piquancy of lemon, but lacking the stimulating qualities of the prohibited article. Into the seed of this new vegetable, therefore, in which an incision had been made, were inserted particles extracted from the seed of every spice-plant, and the care of the preparation was entrusted to the principal gardener, who after a while came to his master with the intelligence that a little bud was bursting forth in the urn in which the seed had been sown. In about three years fruit made its appearance, and the first specimen was brought in by the gardener in a basket, beautiful even for Montalluyah, where basket-work is carried to extraordinary perfection. On perceiving the contents of the basket the Tootmanyoso uttered "such a cry of joy as might escape a parent on finding a long-lost child." The first cooking of this precious product was not to be entrusted to the care of an ordinary *chef*. The Tootmanyoso, having ordered a small bird to be got ready, made with his own hands the sauce on which so much depended. The success was beyond expectation. So exquisitely appetizing was the condiment, that an epicure (the word is known in Montalluyah) might easily be tempted to eat the vegetable without the addition of the meat. Afterwards the fruit was extensively cultivated, declared wholesome by the new infallible doctors, and relished by all the people, who were loud in their manifestations of gratitude. As for the great inventor, he betook himself to the harp and sang hymns of thanksgiving. The harp, it is to be observed, is in Montalluyah the chief of all instruments, and a very magnificent instrument it is:—

Around its framework most elegant and tasteful ornaments are executed with the minutest perfection—small birds of variegated plumage perched on graceful foliage of green enamel, with flowers in their natural colours, so executed as closely to resemble nature. The birds, flowers, and foliage are connected with the chords of the harp, and conceal from view small vases or reservoirs set in the framework of the instrument. From these with every touch of the chords a beautiful fragrance is exhaled, the force or delicacy of which depends on the more powerful or gentler strains produced from the instrument.

The instant the player strikes the chords, the little birds open their wings, the flowers quiver in gentle action, and then from the vases are thrown off jets of perfume. The more strongly the chords are touched, the more powerfully does the fragrance play around.

In tender passages the perfume gradually dies away, till it becomes so faint as to be appreciated only by the most delicate organizations. The result, however, is, that the sense is gratified, the heart touched, and the whole soul is elevated.

As the Tootmanyoso generally speaks with an eye to our earth, shall we hazard a conjecture that in the description of the fruit vegetable "Allmanyuka" he intends a parable for the edification of teetotalers, hinting that before they attempt utterly to banish alcohol, they had better invent some wholesome stimulant with which even the most ardent advocate of permissive licences would not presume to interfere?

When we conclude with stating that the chapters, forty-seven in number, describe (*inter alia*) a suspended mountain which threatened to tumble down and crush all Montalluyah, till the Tootmanyoso propped it up with a colossal mountain-supporter,

the extensive use made of the microscope, the detection of incipient insanity, the rules observed in regulating the choice of a husband, the marriage ceremony, the language of flowers, elaborated to a high degree of perfection, the means employed for the cultivation of babyhood, ships of swan-like form that are incapable of sinking, and the hippopotamus, we have said enough to show that this odd book possesses at least the charm of variety, and is likely to contain hints on a vast number of subjects of interest to mankind.

MEMORIALS OF THE REIGN OF HENRY VI.*

THE general plan of these volumes leaves little to be desired in point of illustration. The first half of the first volume consists of an introduction, with an appendix to the introduction, and a copious chronological table of letters and documents, in which every paper printed in both volumes has been carefully epitomized and chronicled; after which follow notes to the chronological table, in which the editor has justified some of the tentative dates assigned to letters either wholly without date or without any other clue than the subscription of the day of the month. We have then a further supplement to the introduction, and a comparative table of documents according to their sequence in the volume. Again, more than half of the second volume is taken up with an "appendix of documents," a "glossary of rare words, and index of places less commonly known," a biographical index, and a general index. What more, we thought, could possibly be desired? Still we are bound to say that upon closer inspection we did not find that the execution of the work quite fulfilled the expectations we had formed. It is, however, we believe, Mr. George Williams's first venture in this series, and while several points strike us as open to criticism, we by no means wish to depreciate his editorial work, or to have it inferred that there is any probability that a subsequent publication from the same editor's hands will not be everything that could be desired. We have to object to details of arrangement, and we must note various marks of haste in the getting up of these volumes. In the first place, the appendix to the introduction consists of documents which ought to have found their way into the body of the work, whereas the supplement to the introduction should have been incorporated with it, and the chronological table of letters and documents is considerably diminished in value by the fact that it is not chronological except as regards letters and documents which are dated and give evidence of their own. In the first fifty pages the papers are in their proper order; in the last twenty they are arranged in the table in the order in which they appear in the volume. The plea for this is that these letters are undated, or that their dates can only be doubtfully or approximately fixed; and yet the dates of the greater part of them are perfectly ascertainable as far as the year is concerned. Some even may be tied down to a particular month and day, and some have the date and address on them in full, whilst again several of those which appear in the chronological series have been placed there from conjecture. Again, we think it a mistake to class together a glossary of rare words and an index of places less commonly known; neither do we understand the editor's idea of "places less commonly known," if Agen, capital of the department Lot-et-Garonne, is to be ranked among them. Moreover the explanations given of some of the really rare words hardly satisfy us. For instance, the first word in the index—*Accaeteria*—is explained as meaning the exchequer. Now this is identical with the English word *accatry*, which is not the same with exchequer, but has usually a special reference to provisions, such as come under the province of a house steward. We may, in passing, observe that we have come across many misprints which are not noticed amongst the *Corrigenda*; and Mr. Williams is sometimes even too laborious in explaining the methods by which he reaches his conclusions. It must often happen that an editor has great difficulty in fixing the dates of letters, but when he is satisfied that there remains no longer any room for doubt, it is often a work of supererogation to put before his readers the whole process of investigation which has resulted in his own satisfaction. An instance in point occurs as regards the letters which passed between Bekynton, in the second year of his consecration, and the Abbot of Glastonbury, the date of which is fixed beyond all reasonable doubt by that of two other letters which appear in the appendix, and which, if they had appeared in the body of the work, instead of in the appendix, would have carried their own evidence of date with them. As one of them happens to be dated Sunday, August 22, there is scarcely any appreciable difficulty in assigning it to the year 1445, and the editor need not have complicated the matter by informing us that August 22 fell on a Sunday in 1456, after the Abbot, to whom the letter was addressed, was dead and buried. As regards the style of printing adopted, we have the same fault to find which we have so often before noticed in the volumes of this series. Latin words should be presented in the style in which they were usually written, and as they appear in the MS. from which they are printed, and not be spelled so as to accommodate them to the Latin of the Augustan age. If there were no other objection to the correction of such words as *dampnum* into *damnum*, the difficulty of correctly carrying out the practice would, we think, be conclusive against it. Instances may be seen throughout both these volumes. We may instance one such in the variation of the word that was intended to be *antidata*, which occurs twice. In the one instance it is given as in the MS. *antidoda*, and no notice of the error is taken (for in this instance it is a mere error of the scribe). In the second occurrence of the same word it is by another error of the scribe spelled *antitoda*, but here Mr. Williams has corrected the text, and added a note stating what the reading of the MS. is. When we have added that the introduction seems to us deficient in method, we have finished the series of complaints which we have to make with respect to these valuable volumes.

For, indeed, they are entitled to be called valuable, both for their contents and for the great pains bestowed upon them by one whose heart has evidently been in his work. Probably no one unconnected with Eton and with King's would have taken so much interest and spent so much time and labour in editing Bekynton's official correspondence. The introduction contains a full account of the sources from which the volume is derived, a life of Bekynton, who was the writer of the greater part of the documents contained in it, and two other sections illustrative respectively of the domestic history and of the foreign relations of England during the fifteenth century. The greater part of these volumes has been edited from a MS., on vellum, in the Lambeth Library, of the fifteenth century, and therefore almost, or quite, contemporary with the events detailed in it. This the editor supposes to have been compiled under the direction of Bekynton himself, part of it belonging to the time when he was Archdeacon of Bucks, and part to the time when he held the bishopric of Bath and Wells. By far the most curious document in this volume is a copy of a draft of the compact between the Dukes of Bedford and Gloucester that they will bear true allegiance to the King, and assist each other with all brotherly affection, and will enter into no other compacts without the consent of both parties. Towards the end of the document, in that part of it which is intended for the attestation of the witnesses, it purports to be an agreement between the two Dukes on the one hand and Catherine, the Queen's mother, on the other. It is printed in the order in which it appears in the MS., on folio 50–52, between two documents which bear date respectively 1441 and 1442. It is unfortunately not dated, and probably never was really executed; at least no tidings of any such stipulation have reached us from any other quarter; and no argument as to its date can be derived from its position in the Lambeth volume, which, though frequently following the order of events, occasionally also deviates from it. It is of course of a date many years earlier than its position would indicate, for the Duke of Bedford died in 1435. The editor has placed it in his (so-called) chronological table without any suggestion as to its date. We can only conjecture that it is very early, possibly in the very first year of the reign. But the allusion which it contains to the seniority of the Duke of Bedford, and the reverence due to him on that score from the Duke of Gloucester, leads us to suppose that the document is of prior date to the enactments in Parliament of the year 1422 that the former should be Protector during his residence in England, and that during Bedford's absence as Regent of France the Duke of Gloucester should enjoy the prerogative of Protector in his own right. And we will observe that, in common with all the other documents in this index, it is very fully analysed and described; the only fault we have to find with this index being that it contains about seventy letters placed in the order in which they happen to occur in the text, instead of being inserted as nearly as possible in their proper order of time.

We proceed to notice a document of about twenty years later date, when the infant King was about attaining his majority. The journal of Thomas Bekynton on his third embassy to Gascony in 1442 is printed from a MS. belonging to the Ashmolean Collection at Oxford. Wharton refers to this diary as being at that time in the register of Charles Booth, Bishop of Hereford. The editor thinks that Wharton only knew of this volume by report, because he speaks of the journal as having been written by Bekynton, which it plainly is not, and also because he makes no allusion to the rest of the contents of the volume. This latter argument falls to the ground, unless the copy from which this transcript was made is identical with that which was once in Booth's register. On this point we can offer no opinion. The loss of that volume, which contained the registers of Booth, Fox, and Boner, who were successively Bishops of Hereford, is much to be regretted, as there is good reason to suppose that no bishops' registers of that time were kept so well as these. How a journal of 1422 ever found its way into a bishop's register of a century later, we must leave to others to determine. But there this document, or another copy of it, certainly was when Wharton wrote the dedication to his *Anglia Sacra* in 1689. The present is the first publication of the diary in the original Latin; but a translation of it made by Sir Nicholas Harris Nicolas was published in 1828, and a French translation made from the English version appeared in the *Indicateur*, a Bordeaux journal, in 1842. The contents of it relate to a subject of which history has taken little notice—namely, the embassy sent in June 1442 to the Count of Armagnac to contract a marriage between Henry VI. and one of the Count's unmarried daughters. It was evidently

* *Memorials of the Reign of King Henry VI.* Official Correspondence of Thomas Bekynton, Secretary to King Henry VI. and Bishop of Bath and Wells. Edited from a MS. in the Archiepiscopal Library at Lambeth, with an Appendix of Illustrative Documents, by George Williams, B.D., Vicar of Ringwood, late Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. Published by the authority of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. 2 vols. London: Longmans & Co. 1872.

a piece of policy on the English side to cement an alliance with a native prince which might tend to render more secure the power of the King in the South of France, which was already tottering to its fall. But we learn from Bekynton's journal that the first motion came from the Count himself, and that the proposal was followed by the sending Sir Robert Roos, Sir Edward Hull, and Bekynton, recently appointed Secretary to the King, with a commission empowering them to contract the marriage with one of the three daughters of the Count, who, however, is not named. This commission is dated May 28, 1442, and Bekynton started from Windsor on his mission June 5, and after being joined by his colleagues, set sail from Plymouth on the 10th of July. The reason of the delay of the journey is sufficiently curious. The King, it appears, was afraid of being tied down to one particular lady whom upon seeing he might not fancy, and so issued fresh instructions to the envoys to the effect that they were to make their choice among the three young ladies. But whatever advantage was likely to accrue to the Count of Armagnac from the English alliance, the English soon began to cool in their project. Nothing was likely to be gained by a connexion with a family one part of which, including the Count's eldest son, the Viscount of Lomagne, was fighting with Charles VII. against England. Negotiations, however, proceeded for many months, and an artist was sent for from England to execute portraits of the three ladies from whom the King was to make his choice. Meanwhile the English were gradually losing ground in France, and it became plain that the alliance in a political point of view would be wholly unprofitable. So the ambassadors took their leave at the beginning of January 1443, and in the second week of February landed at Falmouth, and proceeded to inform the King of the entire failure of their negotiations.

The appendix of documents contains several contributions in illustration of the history of the period. But the account of the MSS. from which they are derived is sadly mixed up with the biography of Bekynton, and the discussion of the dates of certain letters. This is much to be regretted, for the introduction is full of instructive matter, which, owing to these constant dislocations, is propounded in a needlessly perplexing form. We cannot bestow too much praise on the unsparing trouble taken by the editor in getting up these volumes; and any one who will compare the document which we have been describing with the English version of the same, as published by Sir N. Harris Nicolas, will see some of the valuable results of the editor's diligence. Mr. Williams notices the mistakes in the proper names of places and persons which occur in this version, and modestly ascribes the superior accuracy of the present edition of the journal

to the happy accident which submitted the sheets when they were already prepared for publication to the revision of M. Francisque Michel, whose intimate acquaintance with the language and literature of France in the middle ages, joined to a minute knowledge of Bordeaux and its neighbourhood, acquired during a residence there of thirty years, enabled him to detect at a glance numerous inaccuracies, which had been too confidently copied from the pages of Sir H. Nicolas.

There is another document, in producing which Mr. Williams has done similar good service—namely, the extracts in No. CCLXXXV. from the *Dialogue in Praise of William of Wykeham*, from a MS. in the library of New College, Oxford. Several passages which are here reproduced had been previously printed by Henry Wharton in his *Anglia Sacra*, and, with an inaccuracy very uncommon in this accomplished and laborious scholar, had been mistaken by him as applying to Bekynton, whereas they really refer to Thomas Chaundler, Chancellor of Wells. Wharton printed from a copy in the Cotton Collection, and fell into several blunders from sheer inattention to the matter which he was copying; and many of these, we regret to say, because it detracts from Wharton's well-deserved fame, are scarcely excusable on the plea kindly set up for him by Mr. Williams —namely, "that the biographical notices of the Bishop and Chancellor are so mixed up with the philosophical disquisitions that it is not easy to disentangle them; and as he has brought together in a continuous narrative the passages relating to both, without any intimation of the *lacunæ*, the consequence of this omission of only a few words has been to fuse the two biographies into one."

In conclusion, notwithstanding the criticism which we have not scrupled to pass on various details of his work, we may offer Mr. Williams our thanks and congratulations for the valuable addition which he has made to the series of historical works published under the superintendence of the Master of the Rolls.

FALSE CARDS.*

MR. HAWLEY SMART is a writer whose novels are always welcome to the reviewer. He is not ambitious. He makes no especial pretension to a moral or a purpose. He writes primarily to amuse; very often he succeeds, and he is seldom or never dull. His aim is lightness and brightness. His style is easy without being slipshod. His knowledge of life is comprehensive if not profound, though in places it does remind us a little too much of Ouida and the author of *Guy Livingston*: and although he may be most at home among men and among the better classes of Bohemians, he can sketch attractive and womanly women. Yet we cannot say that as a writer he grows upon us; no one of his later books has equalled his earliest in freshness, and in our opinion *Breezie Langton* still remains by far his strongest title to reputation. There was much that was inartistic in it, as must always be the case when a clever man with a fertile fancy and without experience sets himself to tell his first story. Almost inevitably he dwells unduly on detail, or loses himself as he wanders into fascinating episode; he lets himself write much that is clever and misplaced, and then he has not the heart to retrench it on revision. But these sins against the stricter canons of the critics are very venial in the eyes of the reader, and, after all, it is his readers a writer writes for. If we are in really pleasant company we do not mind turning aside out of our way; we are supposed to be travelling through the book for pleasure, not hurrying along with an object. So, if *Breezie Langton* was somewhat discursive, we bore Mr. Smart no grudge on that account. He had kept us merrily on the move all along; we had had a good deal of "excellent fooling," and of pretty and rather touching love-making; and among the many distractions of some fictions that were better and very many that were worse, we retained pleasant memories of the author and his heroine.

We have met Mr. Smart more than once since then, and although he has always kept us in good humour, he has never quite fulfilled his first promise. Perhaps he raised our hopes unduly, but assuredly our prepossessions were all in his favour, and we took up his books prepared to laugh and to like. We cannot say that he has developed the originality of which we had suspected him; and if we are inclined to rank *False Cards* next to *Breezie Langton*, it is because the most telling points of this last novel seem to be borrowed from his first. The heroines, for instance, have a good deal in common in the circumstances of their lives as well as in their characters, and Lettice Cheslett reminds us agreeably of Breezie Langton. Lettice has her lot cast apart from her sex; she has learned nothing of the conventionalities of society, and in the frankest innocence compromises herself with its proprieties. She has enjoyed no more congenial companionship than that of an old and somewhat penurious grandfather. The instincts of her inborn delicacy are safe guides through many real dangers; yet they do not save her from becoming the victim of appearances, and her innocence and unprotected condition awaken our interest and appeal to our sympathies. It is the accident of a chance acquaintance she has formed that will decide her fate; and although we have a reasonable confidence that all will end happily, yet the subsidiary interest of the plot turns partly on her behaviour in trying circumstances, partly on that of the lover whom she has made the master of her destiny. Mr. Hawley Smart has evidently a strong artistic sympathy with the clever, good-hearted, somewhat reckless citizens of Bohemia. His writing plainly becomes a labour of love when he invites us to accompany Charlie Collingham to the office of the *Morning Misanthrope*, or takes us home to the room which that rising young journalist occupies in common with his friend the dramatic author. Perhaps even there Mr. Smart uses the privilege of the romancer and idealizes. At least we do not altogether believe in writers of real power turning out their daily tale of work with the phlegm and in the matter-of-fact manner in which a journeyman baker might draw his batch of hot bread from the oven. We suspect that few aspiring writers and dramatists are so happily thick-skinned as to be impervious to the most savage criticisms, and merely "take it out in tobacco smoke" when other men would be stung. Yet perhaps there is nothing intrinsically improbable in that fortunate blending of sensibility, stoicism, and epicurism; and Mr. Smart's literary gentlemen strike us as very real existences. We can scarcely say as much for Mr. Lightfoot, the professional scamp; yet although we believe Mr. Lightfoot to be purely fictitious, we must confess that the pains Mr. Smart has employed in his elaboration have created one of the most amusing characters in the volume. Mr. Lightfoot lives by his wits and the weaknesses of human nature. He systematically studies the advertisements in the daily journals in search of anything he may turn to his advantage. When in funds himself, he advertises under a variety of aliases, and figures in a Protean infinity of shapes, sowing broadcast that he may reap plentifully. His graceful and clever wife is a helpmate for him. For himself, he is a man of boundless resource and unfailing presence of mind. He has the tact of a man of the world, and bears the stamp of excellent society. He always says the right thing at the right moment, argues closely and logically, and is enough of a lawyer to give a shrewd guess at the lengths he may go without compromising himself with the authorities. Although playing a subordinate part, he figures perhaps more conspicuously than any one else. In the opening chapter we find him civilly baffling a bench of dignified magistrates who have him under examination, and who, after thinking they hold him fast, are disgusted to see him slip through their fingers. Mr. Lightfoot, indeed, is never so great as in moments of extremity, when he can display the fertility of resource and promptitude of resolution on which he prides himself. So when he turns amateur detective the shrewdest officer of the regular force is compelled to acknowledge him as his master. In short, Mr. Lightfoot is the Admirable Crichton of scamps and rogues; with his matchless gifts he might have shone in the Senate or led at the Bar; but if he is fantastically improbable, he is not the less amusing.

When he takes us out of Bohemia and Alsatia Mr. Smart leaves the ground on which he is strongest. In the world of respectability

* *False Cards.* By Hawley Smart, Author of "Breezie Langton," &c. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1872.

the story becomes comparatively commonplace and the characters tame, although there is a fairly solid plot, and a lady who makes all the mischief in her power. The scenes are laid between London and the small provincial town of Aldringham, chiefly in the latter. Two families figure prominently. One is that of Mr. Holbourne, the wealthy banker, who resides in an old-fashioned mansion in Aldringham. He has a son Reginald, a very handsome daughter Grace, and a niece Marion Langworthy, who, as we surmise at once, is to be the *deus ex machinâ* destined to work the mischief in the plot. The other family is that of the Collinghams of Churton Manor; and it likewise consists of four members. There are Sir John the father, a blind daughter Sylla, an elder son Robert, with whom we have little to do, and the younger one Charles, who figures with Reginald Holbourne as joint hero and leading lover. Charles is desperately in love with Grace Holbourne, and the young lady returns his passion. Reginald used to be in love with his cousin Marion Langworthy, and that designing and cold-blooded damsel still holds him to his engagement, although she is fully determined to throw him over should circumstances render it desirable. In the house where he lodges in London Reginald stumbles across Lettice Cheslett; he is taken first by her sweet face and girlish candour, and then drifts gradually into a warm attachment which is fanned by circumstances into a passion. The course of their true love could hardly have run very smooth in any case, for the old and pompous banker at Aldringham is not the man to welcome a daughter-in-law with neither money nor connexion. But the jealousy of Miss Langworthy, employing Lightfoot as her instrument, takes care to trouble it effectually, and condemns poor Lettice to very hard times and a long series of trials. Grace Holbourne and Charles Collingham have their anxieties too. There is a deadly breach between the young man and his proud old father, owing to an unfortunate misunderstanding which seems unlikely to be cleared up, and in the meantime Charlie has betaken himself to journalism for a livelihood. The couple of love stories are well told, and there is a good deal of incident to break the tender monotony of the billing and cooing. In either case Marion Langworthy figures as the evil genius, although her intrigues harry Grace Holbourne into an elopement and a happy marriage. Marion has approached her uncle by his weak side, until at last she has taught him to see with her eyes and hear with her ears. His daughter's position becomes so miserable that Collingham persuades her to trust herself to him while his prospects are still very precarious. Being moved by spite and jealousy, Marion's machinations against Lettice Cheslett and the faithless Reginald are even more audacious. It is jealousy, we may presume, that makes her forget her natural prudence, and be fool enough to trust herself and her reputation to the tender mercies of the unscrupulous Mr. Lightfoot. When she employs that intelligent gentleman as her agent, she at once makes him her master. So, again, there is an audacity foreign to her quiet scheming disposition when she presents herself to Lettice in Reginald's absence, and, by appealing adroitly to the girl's pride and to her fears for her lover, persuades her to take to flight, leaving no trace behind her. We are inclined to say that, had Miss Langworthy been reasonably consistent, she would have been guilty neither of the one imprudence nor the other. But the actions of a woman whose vanity is touched are even more unaccountable than those of a woman passionately in love. In any case we must admit that there is no violent improbability in the extravagance of behaviour which lends the story its excitement.

Having so much evil in her character, and more hardihood and decision than fortunately fall as a rule to the share of her sex, naturally Marion is the most sensational of the characters. She is far from being the most interesting, for she never engages our sympathies. She has no heart; we feel her to be cold and calculating. Not only has she no love for her cousin Reginald, to whom she is engaged, and towards whom she indulges in effusive outbreaks of sentiment when he appears to be likely to burst away from her fetters, but she cares nothing for the uncle who treats her as a daughter and loads her with kindness and gifts; nor for her cousin Grace, who has been used to regard her as a sister, until she finds her playing the cuckoo in the hedge-sparrow's nest and ousting her out of her father's affections. Lettice Cheslett, on the other hand, is in all respects the very reverse of Marion. Lettice knows little of the world even for her tender years; she has had no experience of what the world calls society; she is one of Byron's bread-and-butter misses. Yet we not only take a fancy to her from the first, as we might to a pretty, confiding child, but we learn to admire and respect her before we take leave of her. The nearest approach to genuine art in the story lies in the passages where Mr. Smart indicates the mutual influence for good of a man and a girl strongly attached to each other. Lettice is disturbed in the midst of the passionate pleasure she finds in the consciousness of being fondly loved by a man she has regarded as a demigod. While all the fibres of her heart are still thrilling to the shock, she sacrifices herself and her newborn passion to what she fancies to be his real interest. So sharp is the internal struggle that she nearly succumbs to it. Nor does her lover prove unworthy of her, for her devotion reacts upon him, and transforms and elevates him. Perhaps the transition is somewhat violent, which not only makes a selfish man unselfish of a sudden, but converts a light and irresolute character into one marked by unflinching determination of purpose. Yet we can conceive the thing possible, were the consciousness of the worth of a girl like Lettice to impress itself deeply on a susceptible nature terribly agitated by the dread of losing her. As for Grace Holbourne, she is a handsome, amiable, and very loving woman, and that is all. There is nothing marked in any of the other characters, although they are more than presentable as they flit about in the background. Perhaps the best is Mr. Holbourne the banker, with his pompous manners, his ostentatious deference to persons more highly placed than himself, and his rather vulgar consciousness of his own proud position as local magnate and millionaire. The one we like the least is Polly Meggott, a sprightly young female, who "does" for Charles Collingham and his friend in their rooms, relieving the monotony of their domestic retirement with "chaff" that must have jarred upon natures less irrepressibly cheerful. The plot, although slight, holds the story well together. The solution of the mystery that has weighed on the life of Charles Collingham is almost too simple, nor does retributive justice fall sufficiently heavily on Marion Langworthy, whose hatred and malice have caused so much unhappiness. But with its judicious mixture of the grave, the gay, and the tender, the book is to be recommended as one that may be run lightly through, with very little necessity for skipping.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

THE peculiar economical and social position of the United States, and the minuteness with which the Census registers at the close of each decade every particular of their development, render its records among the most interesting of statistical works, though far too cumbrous for popular reading. If the results were summarized in a small volume, with a few pages of text pointing out the most striking and significant features of the national stock-taking, accompanied by about a score of tables giving the chief particulars for the several States and Territories, with the totals for the Union at large, and in certain cases for each of its great natural divisions, we can conceive few economic records more thoroughly acceptable, or more likely to attract universal attention. As the figures are presented in the official returns—by far the greater part of the tables being made out by counties, or even smaller subdivisions which are scarcely known or heeded beyond the immediate neighbourhood, with a deficiency of totals and of summarized tables enabling the reader to compare the larger masses at a single glance—the volumes are matter for painful search and study rather than for that easy mastery of facts which best conduces to their rapid acquisition and convenient digestion. Thus the first volume*, now before us, gives in eight hundred quarto pages of small print, spread over lengthy tables and "meandering through" wastes of blank columns, information the real substance of which, so far as it concerns or interests the general public, might be concentrated into some forty or fifty pages of a handy size and convenient type. This elaboration of detail is doubtless necessary and proper; but surely the digest we desire might be placed at the beginning or end of each volume, and spare the ordinary reader the trouble of looking further, except perhaps to search the detailed records of his own State or county. The "historical notes" and other explanatory portions of the volume, though important and useful, in nowise supply the lack of such a compact and instantly available summary. But the materials, though imperfectly digested, are ample beyond precedent, and, if not complete according to the ideal of the census-takers, seem marvellously abundant to those who find, after sufficient search, almost any statistical information they can desire for any purpose, practical or speculative. In this, as in all other cases where the collection and diffusion of knowledge respecting their country is in question, the democratic Government of America shows no sign of that tendency to parsimony which seems to be an ingrained characteristic of English Liberalism; nor do the people manifest any of that jealousy of official inquiries, that antipathy to Government "intrusion into their private business," which is so marked a feature of the stolid conservatism of English daily life and English habits of thought. The figures of this volume, though confined to "population and social statistics," contain matter that might well furnish the theme of half-a-dozen careful articles. The traces of the war still linger in its pages, though less perceptible here than in those which register the decline of Southern wealth. The white population of some of the Southern States, like Alabama and South Carolina, has actually declined since 1860, and that of others remains stationary. This is not due to exhaustion of the soil, or it would show itself rather in the older States, like Virginia; nor can it be ascribed to the ravages of war, for the Border States, which suffered most severely, do not show the same loss of population. We are inclined to believe that misgovernment and negro supremacy have much to do with it, as the States which remain stationary or fall back are those in which the ascendency of Northern adventurers and native freedmen is most marked. The negroes do not seem to be very great gainers. Their numbers have increased in ten years by about ten per cent.; the natural increase, according to the Census

* *Ninth Census.* Vol. I. The Statistics of the Population of the United States, embracing the Tables of Race, Nationality, Sex, Selected Ages, and Occupations. To which are added the Statistics of School Attendance and Illiteracy, of Schools, Libraries, Newspapers, and Periodicals, Churches, Pauperism and Crime, and of Areas, Families, and Dwellings. Compiled from the Original Returns of the Ninth Census (June 1, 1870), under the Direction of the Secretary of the Interior, by Francis A. Walker, Superintendent of Census. Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1870.

authorities, should have been twenty-five. So far, then, as population is a test of the wholesomeness of institutions, the black race has not profited by emancipation. The process, or its consequences, may be regarded as answerable for a deficit of 600,000 lives in a population which should have reached five millions. In the North the foreign-born population is the element whose abnormal development influences the figures of the Census. We find the Irish-born, though far short of the monstrous estimates of some among themselves, the most numerous, reaching to above 1,800,000; the Germans come next with 1,600,000; then some 550,000 English. The Chinese, mostly confined to the Pacific Coast, and to particular districts there, only number some 62,000. It is worth notice that the excess of men over women is infinitely less than in even our older colonies, and less than might have been expected in a country where so large a fraction of the population are immigrants. Above ten years of age there are fourteen millions and a quarter of males, and almost fourteen millions of females. Another table, not without its interest, gives the churches, sittings, and property of each religious community. First come the Methodists, with six millions and a half of sittings and nearly seventy millions of dollars; next the Regular Baptists (largely negroes, we believe), with four millions of sittings and forty million dollars; Presbyterians, rather more than two million seats, and rather less than forty-eight million dollars; and the Roman Catholics, whose figures are about two and sixty respectively. The last, it will be seen, are thrice as rich in proportion to the number of sittings as most of the others; their churches will barely accommodate the Irish-born population. The Unitarians and Universalists, few in number, are also wealthy. The average, it will be observed, is about ten dollars per seat; but the Unitarians have forty, and the Universalists twenty-five. The Jewish ratio is one to seventy. The Episcopalians have less than one million seats, and more than thirty-six millions of endowments, being, as is well known, the richest of the sects whose numbers are at all considerable. The local distribution of sects, indicated in an earlier table, is a remarkable fact, and would afford scope for a good many historical and speculative inquiries. Altogether, there are few works more suggestive to the political student, as there are few more tedious to the careless reader, than the records of a Census, and, whether on account of the character of the facts, or of the fulness with which they are collected and set forth, no Census is equal in interest to that of the United States. The Census volume includes several useful maps, showing the density of population and the distribution of particular elements. We have also received in a separate form a complete series of the maps belonging to the Census; and they illustrate very clearly the distribution of races, of crops, of diseases, and of education. It is perhaps a defect that in showing the distribution of the different races—German, Irish, Black, &c.—they mark only the number on a square mile, and not the proportion to population generally, so that the parts most deeply tinted may be those where the proportion is smallest, and those most lightly coloured may mark a settlement almost exclusively German or Irish.

Next to this great volume in size and weight, and perhaps, of all the volumes on our list, furthest removed from it in character and value, is Dr. Dowling's History of Romanism * "from the earliest corruptions of Christianity" down to the proclamation of Papal Infallibility. The author has amassed a good many effective quotations from Roman Catholic and other authors, in proof either of charges of moral enormities which the accused, if they cannot deny, would be glad to palliate, or of doctrines which seem to him as bad or worse, but which Ultramontanists at least would accept and maintain as the boast rather than the reproach of their community. The way in which the two are classed together as of pretty equal atrocity, the bitter partisanship which manifests itself in every page, and assumes that the Church of Rome was from the first as useless and her influence as noxious as in ages when civilization had outgrown its leading-strings, the bias visible in each statement and each inference, and the manner in which such epithets as "anti-Christian" are scattered up and down through nine hundred pages, may gratify the author's theological hatred, and perhaps quicken the passions of those who feel as he does; but with those who have yet to acquire his prejudices, and especially with the young, the only effect of such a style must be to set them on their guard against the writer, and dispose them to a sort of antagonistic sympathy for the object of such wearisome and venomous attacks. The "Emblematic Title-page," and the preface which explains it, exhibit the temper of the author's school in no amiable light. The figures of two Reformers unveil a Papal cathedral menaced by celestial lightnings, while the Pope tramples on the Bible, encourages assassins, and sells absolution, and his mitred supporters hide their faces before the invectives of a black-robed Protestant preacher. This absurd frontispiece, which is evidently a subject of special pride to the author, reminds us of a picture of the Last Judgment, lately exposed in a London shop-window, in which a co-religionist of Dr. Dowling's had taken occasion to vent his own theological animosities in a similar manner, and to consign Popes and cardinals, monks and nuns, exclusively to the regions of despair on the left of the Throne.

Myths and Myth-Makers † is the title of a modest treatise of very unpretending dimensions, in which the "solar theory," as it is called, is explained in popular terms, and the alleged origin of the favourite legends of Aryan nations in celestial and meteorological phenomena set forth so simply that it can hardly fail to make an impression upon the minds of those who come fresh to the subject. The interpretation of some of the wildest and most weird traditions of German and Scandinavian folklore by reference to elemental phenomena, and to the phrases under which these have been personified, gives novelty and consistency to the solar explanation of classic mythology and mediæval legend. That the lightning is the mystic plant, rod, or serpent, which opens subterranean caves and admits the favourite hero to appropriate buried treasures—Ali Baba's *sesame*, and the original of the divining rod—is an ingenious and plausible offshoot of the general principle of elemental mythopoiesis; while in the case of the superstitions attaching to rats and mice, of which several are quoted, the author shows himself capable of seeking a sound interpretation outside the ordinary limits of his theory. Perhaps the weakest part of his book is that which relates to the wehrwolf superstition; for while he repeats the well-known explanation how the Greek "light-born" Apollo and his mythic relatives came, by a mere etymological blunder, to be figured as wolves, and the "bright" stars as "bears," he fails to find any relation between these and the parallel superstitions of Northern Europe, where no etymological confusion can explain the transformation of men and women into wild beasts, and especially into wolves. But altogether the book is a very readable popular treatise on an interesting subject, and the writer does not endanger his theory, so much as some of his predecessors have done, by forcing it into places which it cannot possibly fit, and using it to unlock mysteries of which it clearly does not supply the appropriate key.

The lady who recorded the experiences of an English Governess at the Siamese Court ‡ gives us in the "Romance of Harem Life" a series of stories of Siamese royalty and its *entourage*, the adventures of ladies attached to the royal harem, their errors and their punishment, which, whatever their other merits, are certainly as sensational as the most enthusiastic admirer of Miss Braddon could desire, and ugly and horrible enough to give the nightmare to those precocious *blasé* children of modern days on whom the simple horrors of the old ballads are powerless, and who can read the *Mysteries of Udolpho* or the *Castle of Otranto* without disturbing the rest of their nurses. False taste, false fine writing, false sentiment abound throughout. The stories themselves are professedly true in substance: and they may, for aught we can see, be a pretty fair reproduction of the tales that a foreigner, supposed by sex and by faith to sympathize with the fugitive slaves of the seraglio, might be likely to hear. Only when a Siamese lady enslaves herself and finally incurs a death of torture in order to procure for her husband the royal concubine on whom he had set his heart, we confess that our credulity is a little staggered. The book is not a pleasant one; but it contains some striking pictures of a life of which Englishmen know little or nothing, and of the condition of women under circumstances and laws among the most peculiar to be found even in the East.

Miss Edna Proctor's *Russian Journey* § is a series of sketches with pen and pencil—of which the latter are generally forcible, and sometimes decidedly good—of various scenes witnessed in the course of a somewhat hasty visit to Russia. The authoress shares that enthusiasm for Russian aggrandizement, Russian despotism, and the "manifest destiny" which ordains that the Romanoffs shall divide the world with the Yankees, which is so common among travelling Americans, and which makes their glorification of their own freedom and their contemptuous pity for the bondage of European nations so ludicrous in English eyes. When we came to find Alexander II. celebrated through several pages as "the Prince of the Free," we could not but look back to the beginning of the volume we had just laid down, where we read that the realms of the irresponsible despot of Siam rejoice in the title of the "Kingdom of the Free." It is true that Russians have a marvellous capacity for putting things in the best light before foreign visitors, and that American visitors have rarely the leisure or the opportunity to look below the decent surface which it suits their host to display. Yet we hardly expected to find a citizen of the Great Republic selecting as the especial theme of her admiration the freedom enjoyed by the subjects of the Czar.

We have to mention two books of very diverse appearance and pretensions on the same subject—the beauties of the famous Yosemite Valley of California ‖, with its mountain peaks, its lakes, its waterfalls, its rocks, and, above all, its "mammoth trees."

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* *The History of Romanism, from the Earliest Corruptions of Christianity.* With Chronological Tables, Indexes, Glossary, and numerous illustrative Engravings. A New Edition, with Supplements containing the History from the Accession of Pope Pius IX. to his proclamation of Papal Infallibility, and his Deposition as a Temporal Sovereign, A.D. 1870. By John Dowling, D.D. New York: Edward Walker. London: Trübner & Co.

† *Myths and Myth-Makers: Old Tales and Superstitions interpreted by Comparative Mythology.* By John Fiske, M.A., LL.B., Assistant Librarian and late Lecturer of Philosophy at Harvard University. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

‡ *The Romance of Siamese Harem Life.* By Mrs. Anna H. Leonowens, Author of the "English Governess at the Siamese Court." Illustrated. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

§ *A Russian Journey.* By Edna Dean Proctor. With Illustrations. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

‖ *Scenes of Wonder and Curiosity in California.* Illustrated with over One Hundred Engravings. By J. M. Hutchings (of Yo-Semite). New York and San Francisco: Roman & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

The one is little more than a guide-book of somewhat superior quality; the other * is a volume that might lie on any drawing-room table, containing a number of photographic views of the chief wonders of the Valley, splendidly got up, and accompanied by a letter-press of equally ambitious character. As books to be read, neither of the two has much to recommend it; but from either, by judicious skipping, the reader may gather some idea of the natural marvels of that beautiful scene—if by any chance, during the years through which they have been extolled with all the powers of American exaggeration, he has not happened to hear enough of them already.

We must not omit to notice another couple of volumes, each a curiosity in its way, on the favourite topic of American thought; elaborate rituals of the national dollar worship. *Money and How to Make It* † discusses at length the various occupations, agricultural, manufacturing, commercial, and professional, which are open to a youth wishing to attain that object of universal desire, and describes in detail the nature of each, the advantages and drawbacks it presents, and the conditions of success in it. It undertakes not only to assist his choice between different pursuits—on which the writer does not dwell very largely—but to instruct him in at least the elementary principles of each, and to furnish him with a variety of maxims, moral and practical, for his guidance therein; and, in short, is something between a Guide to Professions and an introductory encyclopædia of industry. *Getting On in the World* ‡ is a treatise of more moderate scope and more attainable purpose: its object being merely to indicate the general principles of practical prudence, the considerations that should govern a man's choice of a career, and the qualities and circumstances on which success in life generally depends. The author's mind is curiously divided between a desire to discourage belief in "luck" as a creed of mischievous moral tendency, and a firm faith in its reality which is proof even against algebraic demonstration and some acquaintance with the theory of probabilities.

Dr. Harman's *Journey to Egypt and the Holy Land* § is a work of the average quality of an American traveller's narrative, his own journal being the framework into which are inserted the quotations, reflections, and recollections, historical and other, that fill up the meagre skeleton to the dimensions of a moderate volume, and completely hide the dry bones of the ground-plan.

We do not often touch upon works purely theological, but we may just mention Mr. Collyer's volume of sermons, published under the title of *The Life that Now Is* ‖, as a very favourable specimen of that homely taste for practical illustration, that disposition to realize sacred principles by means of familiar images and ideas, which is characteristic of American, and especially of New England, preachers, and has led some of them very far astray. Mr. Collyer's homely simplicity is accompanied by true reverence and sound taste, and renders this volume as good a specimen of the practical type of American preaching as we have recently seen.

The works of fiction on our list are, as usual, more numerous than any other class of books. The author of *Camping Out* carries his boy-heroes through two more volumes ¶ of adventure, very readable, but hardly so lifelike or so real as the first series. *His Level Best* ** is the title of a short story which gives its name to a volume of wild, laughable, lively tales; and *A Comedy of Terrors* †† aspires to be at once sensational and comic, through about the usual length of a two-volume English novel.

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* *The Wonders of the Yosemite Valley and of California.* By Samuel Kneeland, A.M., M.D., Professor of Zoology in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. With Original Photographic Illustrations. By John P. Soule. Third Edition, revised and enlarged. Boston: Moore, Lee, & Shepard. New York: Lee, Shepard, & Dillingham. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

† *A Book for the People: Money and How to Make It.* Comprising the History of Money, the general Principles of Money-making, with definite Directions for successfully conducting nearly all kinds of Business; to which are added Money in the Professions; how Working-men may make Money; Woman's Part in making Money; a Talk with Boys about Earning and Saving Money; how Parents should mould the Money-getting desire in their Children; with Suggestions as to Lending Money, and the Expenditure thereof to meet family needs, &c., &c., &c. By H. L. Reade. New York: John P. Jewett. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

‡ *Getting On in the World; or, Hints on Success in Life.* By William Mathews, LL.D., Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of Chicago. Chicago: Griggs & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

§ *A Journey to Egypt and the Holy Land, in* 1869-1870. By Henry M. Harman, D.D., Professor of Ancient Languages and Literature in Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

‖ *The Life that Now Is.* Sermons by Robert Collyer, Author of "Nature and Life." Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Lee, Shepard, & Dillingham. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

¶ *Our Young Yachters' Series.* Vol. II. Left on Labrador; or, the Cruise of the Schooner Yacht "Curlew." As Recorded by "Wash." Edited by C. A. Stephens. Illustrated. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

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** *His Level Best; and other Stories.* By Edward E. Hale. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

†† *A Comedy of Terrors.* By James de Mille, Author of "The Dodge Club," &c. &c. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

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THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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THE COMING SESSION.

THE Ministers have made no secret of their principal plans for the Session, although it is probable that they may bring forward some minor measures which have not been formally announced. The nature of the Local Taxation and Government Bill is sufficiently explained by the recent republication of Mr. GOSCHEN's speeches and statistics of 1870. No Minister would proclaim on the eve of a Session that his own opinions on an important matter were unchanged unless he knew that his colleagues were prepared to reproduce his project of legislation. It is greatly to be regretted that Mr. GLADSTONE, Mr. GOSCHEN, and Mr. STANSFELD should not have paid any attention to the arguments against the Bill of 1870, which have never been answered. A readjustment of taxation which has not been demanded by the class which it is apparently intended to benefit must in almost all cases involve a gratuitous disturbance of existing relations. The rates are, with one exception which is about to be removed, at present administered by the representatives of those from whom they are raised. If owners are directly taxed, they will have practically no share in the management of local finance; for Mr. GOSCHEN's well-meant offer of a few seats at a Board containing a majority of occupiers would be wholly nugatory. Large proprietors indeed will, unless more sweeping changes are made to their detriment, be able to protect themselves against pecuniary loss, though not against the annoyance of being compelled to make new arrangements. Some of them may find compensation in the opportunity of buying up the lands of neighbouring small proprietors, who will in many instances be embarrassed or ruined by a wanton addition to their burdens. The collateral object of the Bill may perhaps be attained in the creation of an unfriendly feeling between landlords and tenants; but only a short-sighted Minister would wish to get rid of the county members who at present form the most solid part of the Opposition. Mr. GLADSTONE is quite strong enough in numbers; and if he could drive the Conservatives in a body from the House, he would, to a far greater extent than at present, find himself at the mercy of mutinous sections of his own party. Repeated threats of the secession of Nonconformists or extreme Liberals have again and again proved innocuous, because professed malcontents were not really disposed to help the Opposition into office. The agitators and the fanatics would become far more troublesome if a compact body of Conservatives were not at all times ready to support the Government against subversive measures. It is incredible that Mr. LOWE, Mr. CARDWELL, Mr. FORSTER, or Mr. GOSCHEN himself should wish to give additional strength to revolutionary factions. The Ministers are by this time aware that their plan is in the highest degree distasteful to all persons, of whatever party, who possess property in land. Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. GOSCHEN in two successive Sessions announced in ironical language their intention of gratifying the unwise demand for a readjustment of local taxation; nor were they careful to conceal their purpose of injuring a class which furnishes a large proportion of their political opponents. Perhaps they may derive some advantage in the course of the debates from the angry feeling which they have deliberately provoked. Country gentlemen with all their merits are not invariably distinguished by calmness of temper or by controversial tact. Those who guide their counsels ought to take care that resistance to a necessarily complicated measure should not be rashly indiscriminate. It is impossible to oppose with effect the establishment of County Financial Boards; and those who, not without reason, doubt whether the Boards will do any good, will act wisely in reserving their opposition for less plausible portions of the Ministerial proposals. It may be worth while to consider whether different rates could not be separately charged on owners and occupiers respectively, and be administered in either case by the contributors to the special rate. Opposition may perhaps be paralysed by the inability of county members to reject a boon offered to the majority of their constituents. Measures which are introduced in the fifth Session of a Parliament are unfortunately addressed to the prejudices of the electors as well as to the judgment of the House of Commons.

The question of Irish University Education will, irrespectively of the merits of any measure which may be proposed, present great, if not insuperable, difficulties. It is scarcely possible that any plan which can be devised should fail to cause a dislocation of party relations. It is easy to yield to sectarian clamour, and sometimes it is safe to defy it; but in this instance one of two intolerant sects must necessarily be disappointed. It is difficult to say whether the narrowness of English Nonconformists or the bigotry of Irish priests is the more respectable; but both are indispensable supporters of the Government, and the allegiance of one or both may be forfeited even by the most prudent and statesmanlike proposal. The Government will probably propose to create an Examining Board with the title of a University; nor is it easy to suggest a more plausible method of solving or evading the difficulty; but as soon as it becomes necessary to provide for the constitution of the governing body, or for the appropriation of endowments, the Roman Catholic hierarchy will prefer claims which will be regarded as inadmissible by English and Scotch Liberals, and probably by many members of the Conservative Opposition. On a question of this kind it is useless to appeal to the constituencies, because their various opinions will be faithfully represented by their present members. Although it is reported that Mr. DISRAELI intends to concentrate his efforts on the defeat of the Irish Education Bill, the leaders of the Opposition will commit a serious blunder if they take advantage of the inevitable complications which must arise to thwart any reasonable plan which the Government may propose. In this matter, if in no other, Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues can only be actuated by the desire of abating a practical grievance which affects some Irish Roman Catholics, and of settling an irritating controversy. If it were found possible to drive them from office by snapping a division, or by coalescing with any section of the majority, their successors would immediately find themselves in the presence of the same complications. As it is not unlikely that among the results of the struggle may be a more active agitation for Home Rule, it is especially desirable that the responsibility of maintaining the unity of the Empire should devolve on the party which throughout the vicissitudes of political fortune is intrinsically the strongest. In dealing with English elementary education the Government will occupy a strong position as long as it remains on the defensive. From this point of view it is unfortunate that Mr. FORSTER during the last Session intimated his intention of making the appointment of School Boards compulsory; and the Secularists and Dissenters will insist on the redemption of his pledge. Any Bill for the purpose will be rejected by the House of Lords, even if it passes the House of Commons. In rural districts, where education is supplied by voluntary schools, the ratepayers may now at their discretion elect School Boards; but they have the good sense to abstain in the majority of cases from establishing bodies which would have nothing to do except perhaps to send half a dozen idle children to school. Press of business or the necessity for further consideration may be conveniently alleged as an excuse for not meddling further in the coming Session with the legislation of two years ago.

Both Houses of Parliament will be required to devote a portion of their attention to measures for the improvement of the law. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL has promised to introduce a code

of evidence which may, if it is adopted, and if it is found advantageous, serve as an instalment of a code of the entire law. The Lord Chancellor, having long been assured of his eventual succession to the office which he has now attained, has enjoyed ample time for deliberating on the principles of the measures which he is expected to propose. There can be no doubt that any Bill which he may introduce will be submitted in the first instance to the House of Lords, where he can himself superintend its progress. In Lord Cairns and Lord Westbury he will have competent and perhaps not unfriendly critics, nor will the peers as a body be disinclined to promote any measure of reform which may bear an exclusively legal character. It will be less easy to secure their favour for essentially political schemes of alteration in the tenure of land. The Bill for the abolition of primogeniture in case of intestacy ought to be introduced in the House of Commons, where it will be accepted by the moderate members of the majority as innocuous and inoperative, and cordially supported by extreme Liberals as a step towards Mr. Cobden's scheme of compulsory subdivision. Any Bill for the simplification of titles to land will necessarily involve restrictions on the power of settlement and entail; and the landowners have not yet been convinced by the arguments which are adduced to prove that it is for their interest to facilitate the alienation of their estates. It may be confidently asserted that no comprehensive measure relating to land will be passed by the present Parliament.

There is no reason to anticipate any of the casual incidents which sometimes endanger Governments or precipitate dissolutions. No foreign complications are known to exist, nor is there any visible risk of grave administrative miscarriage. It is known from Mr. Lowe's recent statement that he has already annihilated, or appropriated to the payment of the *Alabama* damages, the surplus which might otherwise have required an embarrassing choice among various claimants for relief. To Income-tax repealers and to Malt-tax repealers he will return the cheerful answer of the proverbial traveller with empty pockets who sang in the presence of the highwayman. If the money which might have been applied to the satisfaction of the American claims has already been spent in reducing the funded debt, there is no more to be said. A respectable section of the House of Commons approves of efforts to reduce the debt, and the payment is effected in a more unobjectionable manner by direct appropriation of a casual surplus than by complicated conversions of Consols into Terminable Annuities. It is an unavoidable misfortune that the end of a Parliament should be foreseen. In the last Session of a Parliament or in the last but one, the most single-minded Ministers are exposed to a suspicion that the wares which they offer are only made to sell, or, in plainer language, to be exchanged for votes at the general election. There is much reason to fear that the measures of the present Government may be attributed by ungenerous adversaries to the corrupt motive of purchasing support, and of sowing dissension in the hostile ranks.

PRINCE BISMARCK.

PRINCE BISMARCK has taken an early opportunity of explaining to the Prussian Chamber the motives and the significance of his resignation of the post of Premier. The substance of his explanation is extremely simple. Rumours had been spread that he resigned because his policy had received a check, and the inference was drawn that a policy to which he was more or less opposed would be henceforth pursued by the Cabinet. His reply is, that he resigned, not because he had received any check, but because he was overworked, and he stated positively his belief that no change would be made in the policy of the Cabinet, and his resolution to resign office altogether if any important change were made. That a Prime Minister should cease to be Prime Minister, and content himself with the headship of a department, is undoubtedly to English notions a downfall. But Prince Bismarck pointed out that Germany was not like England, and that he had not descended in the scale of power. As Foreign Minister of Prussia, as the Chancellor of the Empire, and as supreme ruler, under the Emperor, of Alsace and German Lorraine, he still retains complete command over the conduct of affairs so far as they are common to Prussia and to Germany. As to Prussian affairs, he has succeeded in putting at the head of the Cabinet a man in whom he thoroughly confides, who will carry out his policy, and who would as instantly resign as he himself would resign if in any essential point his policy were contravened. What he has freed himself from is the onerous task, which he confesses he has found most trying to his nerves, of teaching his colleagues one by one what he wishes them to do. Each Prussian Minister is independent of his colleagues, and responsible only to the King. The Prime Minister has to educate his colleagues one by one when he wants them to get new ideas into their heads, for he cannot tell them that if they do not coincide with him they must go. Nor is there any pre-existing harmony of general opinions and principles on which he can rely. Men of different parties and divergent political traditions and opinions sit in the same Cabinet, and educating them is therefore a wearisome task for a man who has some novelty in his mind which he is bent on getting them to adopt. This task Prince Bismarck proposes henceforth to devolve on General von Roon, who, in his opinion, is quite capable of discharging it. If he could himself have gone on educating his colleagues by long and repeated and often daily discussions, Prince Bismarck would have been happy to do so. But health and strength are somewhat failing him, and when he considered what was the portion of his work which took most out of him with least advantage to the public, he decided that the function of lecturing and persuading his Prussian colleagues was the one which he had best abandon. No doubt he gives up something. General von Roon may be the other self of Prince Bismarck, may see through his eyes, and echo his opinions, but he cannot have the same influence; and it must be one thing to be lectured and persuaded by an honest old soldier, and another to have the process performed by one of the most eminent statesmen in Europe. The point for Prince Bismarck to decide, and on which he had to satisfy his hearers, was whether, in abandoning thus much of power, he retained enough to secure a position worthy of him and practically sufficient for the ends he has in view. He thought that he would retain all that was necessary, and the Chamber seems to have adopted the same conclusion.

The main test of his abiding influence in the Cabinet and of the continuity of Ministerial policy was the attitude assumed by General von Roon and his colleagues in the great ecclesiastical quarrel which has sprung up. Prince Bismarck, speaking to a Chamber aware of the intentions announced by the Government in this respect, might confidently appeal to his hearers to say whether they were not satisfied that his policy was the policy of the Cabinet, although he had ceased to be Premier. The Government measures are sweeping enough and strong enough to make it certain that the clerical party has gained nothing by the change of Premier. In the first place, the Constitution is to be changed in one or two points, so that the objection which is sure to be made to the proposed changes on the ground of their being unconstitutional may be first disposed of. Then it is proposed to enact, first, that any one may change his creed who pleases without trouble or hindrance; secondly, that all persons exercising a clerical function shall have received a lay and not especially ecclesiastical education; and thirdly, that the inferior clergy shall be legally protected against the caprices of their superiors. This is carrying matters with a very high hand, and an opposition will be offered to the proposals of the Government which will certainly be bitter and determined, and which possibly may be in the first instance successful. What Prince Bismarck asks is, whether, having secured so much of what he wants in the policy of the Government, he would have been wise in ruining his health by continuing to discharge the fatiguing duties of guiding and impelling each member of the Cabinet in his decisions on a score of questions of more or less importance. To this question there was an obvious reply; and this was, that, although the Prince might be taken to have shown that he could not have done better in the interests of the public than he has done if the existing constitution of the Prussian Ministry is to remain unaltered, he might have given a different character to the Ministry altogether, and at once saved his health and augmented his influence. While each member of the Cabinet is independent of the other, each has to be gained over in turn by an enterprising chief; but if a homogeneous Cabinet were appointed, if all who worked with him were his friends and supporters, this painful and laborious task of converting unsympathizing colleagues would have been spared him. According to the English system, the Premier chooses subordinates who will work with him, and if they at any time refuse to work with him, they must go out of office, and he can replace them as he thinks best. It was very natural that a critic in the Prussian Chamber should have objected, in answer to Prince Bismarck's

explanation, that the Prince had only to get a Cabinet of the English pattern appointed, and his whole difficulty would have been removed. To this the Prince made an elaborate reply, which deserved and commanded close attention, and which to foreigners is full of instruction as to the real political state of Prussia, and in a minor degree of Germany.

There are two reasons why the English Ministerial system cannot at present be introduced into Prussia. The first is, that the Crown is not ready for it; and the second is, that the people are not ready for it. The King in Prussia governs as well as reigns. The Ministers are really his Ministers. He sees that the work of each department is carried on to his satisfaction. This is not merely a theory; it is a fact. It was a theory, not a fact, that LOUIS XV. or LOUIS XVI. governed France; but it is a fact that the HOHENZOLLERNS since they had a kingdom to govern have governed it. Prussian society is based upon the expectation that they will govern. The notion that the King is the head of everything forms part of the thoughts of every ordinary Prussian. The aristocracy looks to the King as its head, the soldiery fight for and with the King. Of course a man of the KING'S age and habits cannot govern as much or perhaps as well as an experienced able sovereign in the prime of life could govern, but he holds his own, works very hard, and makes his weight felt and his views respected. For him to abandon the position he now holds, and to adopt the comparatively humble and unobtrusive position of a sovereign under the regular Parliamentary system, would be not only a great personal sacrifice, which he would scarcely make unless he were obliged, but it would also be a great political change. The nobility in Prussia are powerful, and it is the personal tie binding them to the Sovereign that keeps them in subjection of some kind to the Government. The army is accustomed to obey not a Minister, but the King, and the military position of Prussia forbids it to try sudden experiments on the temper of the army. Even in this ecclesiastical struggle it is the thought that the KING calls on his subjects to support him against a foreign Prince that contributes more than anything else to the firmness of the bulk of those who are ready to support Prince BISMARCK. Then, again, the Prussian people are not ready, in Prince BISMARCK'S opinion, for the change to pure Parliamentary government. The conditions under which this kind of government can be thoroughly successful are, he hinted, beginning to fail in England, and English Prime Ministers have begun to find that they cannot firmly adhere to any line of policy while in office. But at any rate there are two requisites of the success of Parliamentary government which are found in England and are not found in Germany, although Germany may be visibly getting nearer every year to having them. In the first place, there is not that amount of political education in Germany which makes Englishmen anxious and determined that the national interests shall be upheld and order and domestic peace preserved, although the conduct of affairs may be in the hands of those to whom they individually are opposed. That is to say, in England Liberals and Conservatives think more of the country than of party triumphs; and this may on the whole be said to be true, and it is no doubt one of the very best and latest fruits of a long political education. In the next place, England has a superiority which Prince BISMARCK puts in a very odd way. He says that in England, when revolutionary measures are to be carried, we are clever enough to put the Conservatives in office, because they may be trusted not to carry revolution too far; whereas, when repressive measures are to be carried, we put the Liberals in office, because they will not be too severe. This seems at first sight to be a somewhat hasty generalization from the history of the Reform Bill of 1867 and that of Mr. AYRTON'S recent Park Regulations. But it is quite true that each party is obliged to carry on the government, not only in accordance with party principles, but with the wants and opinions of the country. A Conservative Government is obliged to do more than it might wish, and a Liberal Government is obliged to do less; and this is mainly due to the spread of political education, not through the bulk of the English community, which has little education, political or other, but through an indefinite number of persons who have got too far on in political education to be the mere slaves of party. It is, amongst other reasons, because such a body of persons is only just coming into existence in Prussia, and cannot as yet be said to have numbers or weight to give it importance, that Prince BISMARCK thinks the introduction of the English system of Parliamentary government into Prussia would be at present premature.

THE NEGOTIATIONS WITH RUSSIA.

AMONG other secrets which must be wholly or partially revealed on the meeting of Parliament will be the nature and result of the recent negotiations with Russia. The satisfaction which has been expressed with the policy of the Government may perhaps be well founded; but it is difficult to appreciate facts which are at present unknown. Something has been said, and possibly something may have been done; and it is at least certain that the Russian Government attached great importance to the communications with England. The Governor-General of the Russian possessions in Central Asia delayed his departure for his province until the return of Count SCHOUVALOFF; but it is only known that the official journals have been instructed to announce that a friendly understanding prevails between the two Governments. It is added that the negotiations commenced three years ago, a statement which is probably intended to depreciate the importance of recent events. The assertion that a neutral zone has been established between the English and Russian territories is a mere conjecture; nor can greater weight be attached to the rumour that Afghanistan is to be permanently neutralized. The Persian Minister in London has formally contradicted the statement that a part of the national territory has been ceded by treaty to Russia. On the other hand, it is repeated that the SHAH made the cession by a simple decree, as if he had been a mulatto President of a Republic transacting business with American speculators. Mr. VAMBERY, whose authority on all questions relating to Central Asia is of the highest order, complicates, or perhaps solves, the controversy by the statement that the valley which the Russians seem to have occupied was at no time practically included in the Persian monarchy. Mr. LOWE not long since ironically defended the authenticity of a legendary grant of land at Oxford on the ground that, as the property had not belonged to the supposed donor, his liberality was not incredible. It is not improbable that the SHAH may have been more ready to part with the valley of the Attrek if it was inhabited, not by subjects of his own, but by independent Turcoman tribes. There may perhaps be other engagements between Russia and Persia, but it is impossible to penetrate the secrets of Oriental diplomacy. The publication of General DUHAMEL'S memoir proves that in 1854 competent judges thought that for a Russian army the best road to India lay through Persian territory. It is probable that the same opinion might prevail at the present day if an invasion were contemplated; but it would be the height of folly to go to war because hostilities at some future time are not impossible. General DUHAMEL'S plan involved a war between Russia and Turkey, which at that time was actually raging, as well as between Russia and England. It is not certain that in a future war Russia could reckon on a Persian alliance. The SHAH proposes shortly to visit Europe, for the purpose probably of forming a judgment of the comparative strength of rival Powers. If he shares the acuteness which is attributed to his countrymen, he will not undervalue the resources of England because he will see but a handful of soldiers in the capital.

Among other disquieting rumours are statements of movements among adventurers under Russian protection who bear Afghan names and titles. In two cases they are said to have given up their prisoners to the Russians, who have therefore probably instigated their incursions. It had been previously known that Afghan fugitives and malcontents, including some members of the reigning family, had entered the Russian service. The accounts of their proceedings are for the present so vague and uncertain that it is impossible to judge whether they possess political importance. It is highly improbable that the Russian Government should during the negotiations with England openly encourage or permit any attack upon Afghan territory. It is acknowledged on all hands that, either by treaty or by interference on the part of England, Afghanistan must be secured against Russian encroachment. If it had been known that Afghan exiles under Russian protection were promoting disturbances on the frontiers of their country, Count SCHOUVALOFF'S negotiation must have been hopeless. When it was thought worth while to object to the permanent conquest of Khiva, an attack on Afghanistan by dependents of Russia would have been regarded almost as a declaration of war against England. If Count SCHOUVALOFF has really undertaken that the expedition against Khiva shall be recalled when it has effected its ostensible purpose, it may be inferred that the Imperial Government had never intended to dethrone the present dynasty. A commercial treaty extorted by the menace of annexation will probably satisfy the wishes of the Russian Government, especially as means will be adopted for

enforcing the observance of its provisions. If the Oxus can be used for navigation from its mouth to the city of Khiva, the Russian flotilla on the Sea of Aral will almost alone secure the obedience of the KHAN. The various relations of the sovereign princes of India to the Supreme Government supply ample precedents for almost every form of protectorate and political superiority. In course of time the Russians may find it practicable to employ the turbulent warriors of Khiva as auxiliary troops who may be useful in making further acquisitions. It may be confidently asserted that no treaty which could have been devised by the joint ingenuity of Lord GRANVILLE and Count SCHOUVALOFF would have prevented the ultimate absorption of Khiva in the Russian Empire. It may nevertheless have been prudent to take precautions against dangers which are still at a distance.

The judgment of the English and Indian Governments will be subjected to a severe test by an application for a commercial treaty from the ATALIGH GHAZEE, or ruler of Eastern Turkestan. In no other quarter is there greater probability of an early collision with Russian interests and policy. The same potentate who is now anxious to form friendly relations with India was lately induced or compelled to enter into a commercial treaty with Russia. Among civilized States in Europe or America there would be no necessary inconsistency between two commercial treaties executed by the same Government; but it is scarcely possible that the engagements of an Asiatic ruler with Russia should leave him at liberty to enter into similar relations with England or with the Indian Government. An unfailing accompaniment and a chief object of Russian progress and aggression is the extension of the protective or prohibitive tariff of the Empire to new regions. Like the Americans, who will much sooner discover the error of their system, the Russians are bent on rendering themselves industrially independent of foreign countries; and they also resemble the Americans in their readiness to enlarge the limits within which they are to enforce prohibition. A strict and consistent Protectionist ought to recur to the ancient French system of Customs duties, impeding trade between neighbouring provinces. If the Russian Empire, like the Roman, included the whole of the known world, free trade would, in spite of inveterate prejudice, become at once universal. There is no reason why the same freedom of intercourse should not be equally advantageous while other States maintain their national independence; but it is impossible to convince Russian statesmen that markets are not necessarily connected with dominion. Russia is conquering Central Asia, partly in accordance with an ambitious instinct and tradition, and more immediately for the purpose of multiplying producers of raw material and consumers of manufactured goods. All the Asiatic territories and dependencies are condemned to deal exclusively with Russia, unless indeed Lord GRANVILLE has obtained a promise that Khiva or any other country in Central Asia shall retain its freedom of trade. A commercial treaty with the ATALIGH GHAZEE will necessarily involve the obligation of protecting him in his compliance with the terms of the bargain. A Russian invasion of Eastern Turkestan for the avowed purpose of excluding English goods from the market would almost amount to an act of direct hostility. Whether it is allowable to conclude a treaty with full notice that it will clash with previous engagements to another Power is a question that will require the gravest consideration. A war undertaken for the purpose of vindicating an exclusive treaty might be morally unjust; but it would be difficult to prove that it was not excused by a legal pretext.

One of the strongest reasons for a patient, and even a temporizing, policy is the certainty that sooner or later economic fallacies will be everywhere dissipated. Less than a century ago England was employed in conquering tropical islands, as Russia is now annexing Asiatic provinces, for the purpose of securing exclusive markets. It is now understood in England that it may be convenient to deal with a shop even though the customer may not own the ground on which it stands. Within thirteen years a large part, and perhaps a majority, of the French nation has made the same discovery; and the present generation will almost certainly witness the abolition by general consent of the preposterous American tariff. Truth, when it is of the theoretical, and more especially of the profitable kind, will inevitably prevail in the end, though the conversion of Russia may probably be remote. As soon as Russia attains the intellectual condition of England, or borrows the results of English experience, the barriers which are laboriously raised between producers in England and consumers in Central Asia will crumble down without the necessity of war. The political ascendency of a civilized Power in a barbarous region will probably be, on the whole, beneficial; but in the meantime barbarians have sounder notions of trade than half-taught societies governed by crude and erroneous theories. There is no reason to believe that even the universal establishment of Free-trade will put an end to war; but it will remove one of the chief motives and pretexts of aggression. The English, even if they should hereafter resume the warlike propensities of their ancestors, will never again go about the seas conquering sugar islands. Russia itself will hereafter buy English cotton goods if they retain their present quality and comparative cheapness.

THE LIVERPOOL ELECTION.

THE sudden death of Mr. GRAVES created a vacancy at Liverpool which was unwelcome to both the political parties there, not only because they alike regretted a member of more than usual fitness for his post, but also because they had no candidate ready, and saw before them the prospect of a contest at a very inconvenient time. No one much likes to come forward at the fag end of a Parliament to sit perhaps for a few months and then have to retire into obscurity. The result is that the two parties have been driven to fall back on candidates with little else to be said in their favour than that they live in Liverpool. The Liberal Committee did indeed aim at better things. After inviting in vain some Liberal merchants of local eminence, they thought that they would look out for a stranger to the town who would do them credit and justify their choice by having connected his name with some great work of public utility. Mr. FITZJAMES STEPHEN, who has shown practically in India that he knows what codification means, and who is now endeavouring to get something effective done in the way of codification in England, was the stranger to whom they addressed themselves; and the choice was equally creditable to them and to Mr. STEPHEN, who was selected, not because he was up in the usual Liberal phrases, but because he could do one thing well which Liverpool, as well as the rest of England, has a strong interest in seeing well done. It was not indeed much that they had to offer him. There was scarcely a hope that he would have been returned, for the Liberal party is in a minority, and the minor men of the party were apparently strongly averse to any but a local candidate. But they had something to offer, for they would have made the name of their defeated candidate widely known, and Mr. STEPHEN might thus have probably found a seat at the next general election, not perhaps at Liverpool, but for some humbler constituency. However, Mr. STEPHEN declined and the Liberal Committee were so much puzzled and disheartened, that they suddenly resolved to make Mr. CAINE, a highly respectable young ironmaster, their candidate. The minor Liberals immediately caught at the suggestion, for he was local enough to suit their warmest wishes, being, as they proudly declared, the son of a Liverpool merchant and the grandson of a Liverpool tailor. The Conservatives had pitched upon Mr. TORR, an elderly merchant who has been assiduous for many years in aiding churches, schools, and hospitals, who is a Protestant to the backbone, and has, as he informed his friends, six generations of ancestors lying in the same church —all of them Protestants to the backbone—who has long lived in a general belief that the Conservatives are the right party because they keep so firmly to their principles, and whose more definite political views appear to have leapt into existence towards the close of last week.

The candidates appear to be very well matched, and, except that one of them will vote as Mr. GLADSTONE bids him, and that the other will vote as Mr. DISRAELI bids him, there does not seem to be any tangible difference between them. They really think alike on almost every point. They both keep as clear of general politics as they can, for they know but little of them; and as to the local interests of the town, they both promise to protect them to the best of their ability. They both are very zealous friends of the labourer; Mr. CAINE thinking that the gas-stokers have been too severely punished, and that the legal relations of masters and servants should be changed; Mr. TORR vaguely offering as his view that Parliament should somehow set up a High Court of Arbitration between employers and employed. Neither of them has anything to say about Irish Education, or Local Taxation, or Law Reform, and Mr. TORR candidly confessed that he was not aware that there were any special subjects of importance with which the Government was going to deal this Session. He had, however, one definite suggestion to make, which shows how far respectable local merchants ordi-

narily trouble themselves with the financial problem of the nation; and this was, that without the public expenditure being increased, the English navy should be made equal to the navies of all other European Powers put together. But it is no use dwelling on what is said by local candidates selected simply because they are local, and because under peculiar circumstances better local candidates hold back. Their greatness has been thrust upon them, and they ought not to be judged as if they had claimed for themselves any special fitness to sit in Parliament for Liverpool. It is more interesting to see what, under such circumstances, are the points on which the election is likely to turn, and many members who now hold precarious seats will study attentively and with much personal interest the history of the Liverpool election. Since the present Parliament first met, it has created two points of difference which rend the hearts of constituencies, and as to which it is most doubtful what is the card which lovers of expediency ought to play. Beer and the Bible are now the causes of eternal discord. A candidate is either the friend or the enemy of the publicans. He is either a supporter or an adversary of the 25th clause of the Education Act. These are the questions for which those zealous people who control large masses of votes really care, and it is by judicious boldness, or adroit manœuvring, or impenetrable haziness on them, that candidates of the humbler type have to seek to win their elections.

Differences about beer do not seem to rage very fiercely in Liverpool at present. Mr. CAINE is a supporter of the Permissive Bill, and the Liberal publicans appear doubtful whether they can overlook so grave an offence; but the acrimony of the religious dispute is so strong that it absorbs to a great degree minor points of difference. It, if anything, will break up the Conservative majority, and the local Liberal papers have candidly owned that until its disruptive power was made manifest, their side had scarcely a ghost of a chance. At the last general election the contest turned on the disestablishment of the Irish Church, and then the vigorous Protestantism of the strong Orange party at Liverpool carried everything before it. But now things are different. The registered electors are said to number 53,000, of whom 13,000 are Catholics, mostly of course Irish immigrants. The Orangemen and the ordinary Conservatives would probably still beat the Catholics and the ordinary Liberals; but the Education Act has wrought a sudden dislocation of parties. The Catholics and the members of the Established Church are in favour of the existing system, which works to their advantage. The Orangemen, who are led by Presbyterians, are dead against it. The old allies of the Conservatives are, therefore, on the eve of quitting them, and their old enemies are on the eve of joining them. This makes the election very uncertain, for the Orangemen or the Catholics may go over to the other side, or may remain neutral and not vote, or may at the last moment sink their differences, and go with their old party rather than see the seat lost. At present the ultra-Orangemen are in great wrath. It was in vain that Mr. TORR avowed himself to be the strongest of Protestants, and evoked the shades of his Protestant ancestors. He seemed to have wavered at first, but ultimately he made up his mind that he would support the existing system, and then his Orange friends began to howl at him. Mr. CAINE is in an equal difficulty. He would naturally declare that the 25th Section should be altered so as to suit the views of the Protestant Dissenters, but then there are thirteen thousand Catholics, and it will not do to lose them. He has thus sought refuge in vagueness, and contents himself with hoping "to see some modification in the Education Act "which will remove all causes of strife from so sacred "an object as the education of our children in all that it "befits a Christian to learn." There is no harm in hoping, and Mr. CAINE is free to show himself the most sanguine of men. No one can say what he means, and it must be owned that he has managed to use words which commit him to nothing, and give persons of very different opinions an excuse for believing that he will be found to be of their way of thinking. All this is very poor work, and the result of the election cannot be more than a matter of the merest local interest. But it must be remembered that, although Liverpool may probably get a different type of representative at the next general election, many smaller boroughs will then be in very much the same position in which Liverpool is now, and there is a serious risk that the complexion of the next Parliament may be in a great degree determined by the issue of petty struggles on matters which, in comparison with the larger interests of the nation, are of a very trivial character

FRANCE AND THE RIGHT.

IT is difficult to follow the proceedings of the Committee of Thirty with that respectful interest which is undoubtedly due to a body so respectable in its composition and enjoying so largely the confidence of the National Assembly. In theory the Committee is charged with a most important duty; it has to sketch out the first draft of the next French Constitution. In fact, its work is to devise the best sort of knot by which to tie M. THIERS's hands. Even this limited commission is subjected to a further restriction. The knot must be one that is agreeable to M. THIERS, and by this time it is pretty well understood that the only knot which will answer this description is one that he can untie whenever he likes. Within the field thus marked out the Committee is free to consult its own pleasure. The result of its deliberations will have indeed to be confirmed by the Assembly; but M. THIERS has as good as promised that if its proposals do not fetter him, except in form, he will not oppose their adoption. The drawback to this modified liberty of action is the necessity of giving the recommendations an air of severity and decision. The Committee was appointed to harvest the fruits of a victory claimed by the Right, and before it can come back to the Assembly with any show of joy it must bring something like a sheaf with it. In these matters M. THIERS has an unpleasant way of carrying off the crop, and leaving his adversaries in possession of the field and of such gleanings as they can find on it. He has not altered his habits on this occasion. The Committee has come to be regarded by the public as a mere whetstone for M. THIERS's ingenuity. Whenever it has come to a resolution there is a momentary curiosity to know whether he thinks it worth resisting or evading. But, except on these occasions, the existence of the Committee seems to be forgotten. It is essential to its dignity, therefore, that its last act should be imposing in form, whatever it may be in reality. The knot must at all events have a good many twists in it. In the early part of the week M. BROËT's proposal seemed to combine all the necessary conditions. It provided an elaborate machinery for regulating the appearances of M. THIERS in the Assembly. A Minister had first to state his conviction that the occasion was one which demanded the intervention of the President in the debate. This conviction had then to be embodied in a formal motion, upon which the decision of the Assembly was to be taken. When the Assembly had voted, the result of the division would be communicated to M. THIERS, and if it was in favour of hearing him, M. THIERS would send a message to the Assembly announcing his intention to speak. Here were formalities enough to please the most exacting member of the Right. Yet inasmuch as in the last resort M. THIERS could always demand through his Ministers to be heard, and could threaten to resign if leave was refused, his position towards the Assembly did not seem to be radically changed. His sword was left in his hands, and a single application of it to the cords promised to leave his motions as free as ever.

It is now supposed that M. THIERS is not inclined to accept M. BROËT's proposal. It may be that it is too cumbersome, that it interposes too many delays in the way of his speaking when it may be essential that he should speak promptly. It may be that the appearance of restraint is too great, that he wishes not only to be able to throw off the cords, but that the country should see that he is able to throw them off. It may be that he thinks the Committee is growing presumptuous, and needs to be taught its proper place. At all events, he is said to have told M. DE LARCY that he should prefer a compromise founded on M. DELACOUR'S amendment to one founded on M. BROËT'S. M. DELACOUR'S proposal is that the President should have the right of speaking in debates on interpellations when the interpellations relate to measures which have been discussed in the Council of Ministers, and countersigned by the Vice-President of the Council. It is easy enough to divine why M. THIERS should prefer this way out of the difficulty. It virtually gives him the right of speaking on every interpellation which is important enough for him to care about. There is not a single Ministerial act which may not be made to conform to M. DELACOUR'S standard. Every step the Government takes may be made the subject of a formal Cabinet deliberation, and be recorded in a minute countersigned by the Vice President of the Council. It is a further advantage perhaps in M. THIERS'S eyes that the Committee has already refused by a majority to take this amendment into consideration, so that an implied slight is administered to it by selecting this particular amendment as the basis of the consultation to be held

next week. It is not quite so easy, however, to see how the majority of the Committee can make the adoption of this proposal consist with their dignity. If they succeed in the attempt, the defence set up will probably be that M. DELACOUR's suggestion is a direct recognition of Ministerial responsibility. The only measures of which it condescends to take notice are measures which have been discussed in Cabinet, and which have been countersigned by the Vice-President. There is something imposing about the very word "counter-"signed"; it seems to imply that M. THIERS's signature standing alone does not go for much. The Vice-President is thus raised to a rank approaching that of a Prime Minister, and made specially responsible for all the acts of the Government. On the other hand, the result of the proposal is more than ever to identify M. THIERS with his Ministers. If he is only allowed to speak in defence of measures which have been discussed and countersigned in this formal way, he may be trusted to take care that nothing shall be discussed or countersigned of which he does not fully approve. Considering that the one desire of the Right is to separate M. THIERS from his Cabinet, to make it possible to get rid of the one without getting rid of the other, this seems to be a strange mode of attaining their purpose. It is intelligible that they should wish to encumber M. THIERS with a Vice-President of the Council whose countersignature shall be necessary to the validity of any act of the Ministry. It is intelligible that they should hope to secure this end by shutting M. THIERS's mouth upon every act which is not so countersigned. What is puzzling is that they should not see how valueless this precaution is unless they also secure the right of appointing the Vice-President. With this loophole left unguarded M. THIERS will in reality be just as much his own master as before. He will continue to be his own Prime Minister, and he will take care that no one shall serve as his lieutenant who is not willing to back his chief's bills. Probably, if the Committee consents to M. DELACOUR's proposal, it will be attributable to the growing conviction of the members that their affairs cannot be wound up without loss of credit, and that the longer they wait the greater the loss is likely to be. The absurdity of trying to convert M. THIERS into a dummy, while proclaiming all the time that it is absolutely impossible to dispense with him, is becoming too patent to be endured much longer. According to one theory which has been suggested, M. THIERS is using the Committee as a barometer of public opinion. He is watching the opinion entertained of its deliberations in the provinces, and as soon as this becomes sufficiently hostile he will appeal to the Assembly to take the constitutional problem into its own hands. Whether this is true or not, the idea can hardly fail to have occurred to the members of the Committee. They have got hold of a burning question, and if they mean to drop it without apparent discomposure, they had better drop it before it gets too hot to hold.

The blindness of the Right has never been more conspicuous than in the line they are taking about the military contracts at Lyons. The raking up of these accusations against the Government of National Defence can but throw suspicion on the patriotism of those who bring them forward. The speech of M. LACOUR in Thursday's sitting was exceedingly damaging to the Right. This is true, quite independently of any charges which may be made out against the economy of the administration at Lyons. M. LACOUR may have made extremely bad contracts; he may have paid a great deal too much for what he got; but unless it can be shown that he was in league with the contractors, and that the proceeds of their frauds went into his own pocket, the charge is altogether worthless. It does not appear that the report of the Committee goes this length. It speaks of reckless and wasteful profusion, and of gross want of caution in the acceptance of tenders. M. LACOUR's answer in effect is, that in a war of resistance, suddenly improvised and carried on without the help of regular troops or of military stores, caution and economy were impossible virtues. The one thing to be done was to send as many men as possible into the field, and arms and clothing had to be found for them at any cost. The most extravagant contract may have to be accepted under these circumstances, because, unpromising as its terms may be, they supply a chance of getting what is wanted; and where so much is at stake even a chance ought not to be thrown away. Of course this reasoning is lost on the Right, who hate M. GAMBETTA more than they hate the Germans. But though they may deny the force of it in their own minds, it is exceedingly imprudent to lose sight of the force which it will have in the country. M. LACOUR's speech will be a storehouse of extracts for use in the next general election. Men who wish to be successful candidates should not give an ex-prefect the opportunity of complaining that two years after the fact he is accused of spending money too freely in equipping French troops to fight against invasion.

MR. LOWE AND THE DEPUTATIONS.

ALTHOUGH Mr. LOWE's readiness to receive deputations is the result of good nature, he probably derives a certain pleasure from the opportunity of confuting volunteer advisers. In one recent case he has been convinced by the arguments of the hotel and tavern keepers that they ought not to be subjected to a special tax on their assistants which is not imposed on any other class of tradesmen. To the shopkeepers who lately repeated their complaint against the co-operative Civil Servants Mr. LOWE had the satisfaction of pointing out the obvious truth that, while they disclaimed any objection to co-operation, they really objected to nothing else. Through so candid and intelligent a spokesman as Mr. W. H. SMITH the tradesmen could not complain that they were undersold by the Co-operative Stores which have no necessary connexion with the Civil Service; but, if all the clerks in the Government offices were prohibited from taking part in the management of the Stores, the grievance of the retailers would not be redressed. As Mr. LOWE aptly observed, it would be useless to stop up the little hole for the kitten while the large hole for the cat remained unavoidably open. If the agitation proceeds, it is possible that the Government may, for the purpose of abating a troublesome clamour, discountenance the employment of Civil Servants in the management of Co-operative Stores; but the shopkeepers must be well aware that they would gain nothing by the substitution of non-official managers. It is happily impossible, as well as unjust, that any Minister should interfere with the household arrangements of clerks in Government offices. In former times the farmer and the rural consumer were commonly bound to take their corn exclusively to the lord's mill; but no London householder can be compelled, even if he is a clerk in a public office, to buy his goods at the nearest shop, unless indeed he finds it necessary to avoid giving offence to a creditor. It was desirable that the question should be discussed between the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER and the representatives of the discontented tradesmen rather than in the House of Commons, because the strength of the agitation consists not in arguments, but in votes. Fortunately no political party is likely to pledge itself against the co-operation of the middle classes, especially as a suppression of the system would transcend the power of Parliament. Mr. LOWE's modified disapproval of the administration of stores by Civil Servants can only be justified on the assumption that they exhaust in their supplementary business a portion of the energy which ought to be devoted to the public service. It is possible that by working too hard out of office hours a clerk might be rendered less capable of discharging his official duties; but it seems impracticable to define by any peremptory rule the limits of voluntary exertion.

It was perhaps with a consciousness that he had used some questionable statements and arguments in the recent discussion on the Malt-tax that Mr. LOWE allowed a more anomalous deputation to reopen the dispute. The opponents of the tax were on this occasion almost exclusively represented by an oratorical farmer, who, after alleging that Mr. COBDEN and Mr. BRIGHT were great men, asserted that beer was food, and that taxes on food were forbidden by the law of GOD. Mr. LOWE probably appreciates the ability of Mr. COBDEN and Mr. BRIGHT, although both of them have attacked him with unscrupulous virulence when he has on various occasions ventured to dissent from their opinions. It is too much to expect that he should consider himself bound by the authority of his most bitter assailants on a question which he is quite as capable of understanding as either Mr. COBDEN or Mr. BRIGHT. On the introduction of his first Budget of 1870 Mr. LOWE strongly expressed his dissent from Mr. BRIGHT's project of relieving the poorer classes from nearly all contribution to the public revenue. Half a century ago COBBETT earnestly protested against the innovation of substituting tea for beer as the labourer's beverage; but when Mr. BRIGHT invented the phrase of a free breakfast-table he was probably not thinking of beer. In a certain sense beer may be called food, because it is undoubtedly nutritious; and it may be added that good beer taken in moderation is a wholesome as well as a palatable kind of food; but gin and brandy also possess nutritive properties; and yet it is not commonly thought that a tax on spirits is inconsistent with any divine law. A wrong-headed gentleman announced the other day that he would have disobeyed the law of GOD if he

had not committed a contempt of the Court of Queen's Bench. Experience shows that in popular rhetoric the law of GOD means neither more nor less than the favourite hobby of the speaker. It would be inconsistent rather with good taste than with accuracy to say that any mischievous arrangement is contrary to the law of GOD because it injuriously affects the welfare of men. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER has never attempted to deny that the Malt-tax, like most other taxes, does harm, inasmuch as it makes beer dearer, and the cultivation of barley less profitable; but, as long as a national revenue is required, all questions of taxation involve a balance of evils. When seventy millions have to be raised, the law of GOD only declares that the money must be obtained with the smallest possible injury to the community.

The insincere agitation against the Income-tax has of late been actively prosecuted, although the promoters have not demanded another interview with the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER. It is evident that the repeal of the Income-tax would render impossible either the abolition or the diminution of the Malt duty; and consequently the Associations for the repeal of various taxes judiciously abstain from noticing each other's proceedings. If Mr. LOWE were inclined to the indulgence of sarcastic humour, he might advantageously admit deputations against the Malt-tax and the Income-tax to a common audience. Every argument which could be used in support of either contention would tell against the opposite party, and in many cases the same authorities could be quoted in support of two inconsistent conclusions. There is one difference between the rival Associations which tells in favour of the farmers and the beer drinkers who really wish to get rid of the Malt duty. The opponents of the Income-tax, while they professedly denounce the whole impost, are exclusively concerned with one of the Schedules. A pawnbroker who has taken an active part in the movement formed by an odd coincidence one of the deputation of tradesmen to complain of the Civil Service Co-operative Stores; yet this indefatigable advocate of the interests of retail tradesmen gravely complained at a meeting at Bath of the pressure of the Income-tax on widows, on clergymen, and generally on owners of small fixed incomes. The Association proposes to increase the burden on the possessors of a humble competence; and some of its members would simultaneously prohibit the petty annuitant and the clerk from providing himself with articles of consumption at ready-money prices. The agitators undoubtedly expect that the repeal of the Income-tax in its present form would be followed by the imposition of an increased tax on realized property; and it would be impossible to distinguish between larger and smaller shares of the same kind of property, although, as at present, an abatement might be allowed to the poorest class of taxpayers.

As long as the institution of property is maintained, it is not the business of the financier to remodel the proportions in which wealth may chance to be distributed. No strong effort of imagination is required to assume that the whole cost of government might be defrayed from the rent of public domains. Many of the small German States were in former times administered by the Governments from their own revenues without the necessity of taxation; and at present the Prussian monarchy is enabled in the same manner to dispense with a Civil List. When the land revenue of India covered the expenditure, the country was, in the opinion of many economists, exempt from taxation; and if the plans of modern revolutionists at any time succeed, there will be no need of taxes, as there will be no property on which they can be levied. If a community which had been previously untaxed required an additional revenue, it would be the duty of a sound and equitable financier to raise the amount with perfect equality from all taxpayers. Every person would become positively poorer, while none would be relatively poorer or richer. A well-contrived Income-tax would be the cheapest and justest mode of providing the requisite amount; but experience shows that in practice exemptions must be allowed to the poorest classes, and perhaps abatements to some who are immediately above them. From the whole income of trades and professions, which is not less permanent than the rent of land or the interest of money, exactly the same deduction ought to be made as from the income of realized property. Any deviation from the plain rule of equality and uniformity evidently increases the comparative wealth of one class at the expense of another. Notwithstanding the undeniably vexatious nature of the tax, no alternative mode of raising a revenue is either so fair or so inexpensive. Duties on commodities necessarily tend to check industry and commerce; while the mischief of a direct tax ends with the simple exaction of money. If the financial reformers who advocate an extension of direct taxation were not perversely opposed to equality of assessment, their case would be stronger; but it seems hopeless to secure dispassionate consideration for the most fundamental fiscal questions.

HARCOURT AND LIBERTY.

IT is obvious enough, as Mr. VERNON HARCOURT says, that the decision of the Court of Queen's Bench on the Rules of the Parks, so far from having settled the question, has only opened a new campaign. And what sort of a campaign Mr. HARCOURT would like to make it, if he could, is pretty clear from his letter to the *Times*. It is a very fine letter in its way; only it is rather a speech than a letter, and reads somewhat coldly in big type. It reminds one perhaps a little too much of a rehearsal by daylight. It wants the gas, and an audience, and after-dinner enthusiasm to make it go off briskly. We must try to fancy Mr. HARCOURT surrounded by gay and festive Druids, glasses jingling, long clay pipes quivering with sympathetic emotion, bursts of laughter and cheering coming in to give point and emphasis to the orator's flourishes. It is a pity Mr. HARCOURT or his friend the Editor could not have spiced the address with a judicious handful of "cheers" and "laughter"; there is no mistaking the places where the speaker would have paused for the company to do its part in the performance. There are some good bits about the necessity for a "diurnal digest of Liberal coercion" and handy-books of Mr. AYRTON's decrees—"Every man his own Ayrton," two editions a day—and about the people of London having to walk out two and two like boarding-school misses, with a policeman on one side and a Ministerial duenna on the other, which might be trusted to set the table in a roar. Then there are what the reporters have a way of calling an "eloquent "tribute" to Mr. BRIGHT, and some thrilling sentences about "the great Common Law of English liberty" and "safety-valves "of property," which certainly require a chorus of cheers to give them their right ring. When the speaker went on to quote GROTIUS, and to talk about *temperamenta juris* and *temperamenta belli*, and usages of disputishable enjoyment, the Druids would have puffed very hard in awe-struck admiration. All that Mr. HARCOURT has to say about the Parks Bill, when reduced to its narrow literal meaning, is no doubt reasonable enough. He points out that there are two questions at issue, and that the decision in the Queen's Bench settles only one of them. The Judges have given their interpretation of the statute; but it has yet to be ascertained whether the statute thus interpreted is in accordance with the intentions of Parliament. And this is a question which Parliament alone can decide. Mr. AYRTON was understood to say at the close of last Session that no new rules would be enforced until Parliament had had an opportunity of considering them, and immediately afterwards he issued new rules and directed the police to enforce them. We shall not have long to wait for Mr. AYRTON's explanations as to the apparent discrepancy between his promise and his acts. It will be perhaps more important to know how the Parks are in future to be regulated, or whether it will be thought worth while to make any attempt to regulate them at all. Mr. HARCOURT, as far as we can make out, is against all kinds of rules and regulations on principle, and of course he has a perfect right to try to persuade Parliament to carry out his views. Whether meetings should or should not be allowed in the Parks, or, if allowed, under what conditions, are questions which may very properly be discussed. There is, as Mr. HARCOURT observes, an effectual means in a free country of getting rid of foolish and unjust laws, and that is, not by breaking, but by repealing, them.

All this of course is perfectly fair and reasonable. We may have our own opinion as to whether, in the interest of the community at large, the best use that can be made of the Parks is to turn them into happy hunting-grounds for roughs and agitators. But of course Parliament has just as much right to settle what shall be done with Hyde Park as to settle what shall be done with Kew Gardens or the British Museum. As long as the question is to be left for Parliament to decide we are satisfied. All we ask, or have ever asked, is that the people who want to hold meetings in the Parks will be good enough to obey the law as it is until they can get it altered to suit their wishes. Mr. HARCOURT professes to hold the same view; but his language is strangely at variance with his professions. The mischievous part of his letter consists, not in what he says in so many words, plainly and openly, but in what he hints, insinuates, and sug-

gests. "Respect the law, my good friends," he says; "if you "ask me what you should do, I advise you strongly to respect "the law." And then, in the same breath, he goes on to show what a wretched, rubbishy old scarecrow the law is, and how unworthy of respect, and how much superior moral rights are to mere legal privileges. Mr. HARCOURT is of course too good a lawyer to venture to dispute the law of the Parks as laid down in the Queen's Bench—at least to dispute it directly. But he tries to attack it indirectly, and to argue that something which he calls "the great Common Law of "English liberty" is entitled to much greater respect than judicial decisions or "the coercive Statute law of Household "Suffrage Parliaments." Let us admit, he says, for the sake of argument, that there is no legal right of meeting in the Parks. But, after all, what are legal rights? "The greater part of the "people of this country have very few rights, properly so called, "except the right to labour"; and then he quotes with approval Mr. BRIGHT'S "true and striking remark"—which we should say was rather more striking than true—that "the only right "which thirty millions of people have in the country which "they call their own is the right to walk on a dusty high road." We may here quote Mr. BRIGHT against himself; for he once went so far as to admit among popular rights the right to be buried, and if for rhetorical purposes he shut out of view various other rights, such as that of being governed by Parliament and not by an autocrat, and being tried by independent judges and free juries, it does not follow that those rights do not exist. Mr. HARCOURT went on to add on his own account:—"The truth "is that in law, with the exception of a very limited number "of persons, the English people are trespassers in England "altogether, save so far as they have occasional rights of "way." If all proprietors enforced their rights, he asks, what would become of the English people? We have a notion that proprietors as a rule—and proprietors belong to all classes of the population—do already enforce their rights pretty closely, and we fancy the English nation would go on very much as it has done. We believe that, in London at any rate, the right of way through the streets does not include the privilege of holding a public meeting in the back garden, any more than in the front parlour, of any house Mr. HARCOURT or Mr. ODGER may take a fancy to. Most parts of the country belong to somebody or other, and the fact that a bit of land is public property has not yet been held to confer a universal right of squatting. We are speaking now, however, only of law in the sense in which we know it. We were not aware, until Mr. HARCOURT published this remarkable letter, that there were so many different kinds of law in this country. We were acquainted with only one kind of real practical law —that is, the law interpreted and enforced by the Courts. But Mr. HARCOURT deals in all sorts of law which have apparently no connexion with any known courts of justice. The old-fashioned law expounded by judges is out of date, and we need new oracles to proclaim the "fundamental "principles of liberty, of justice, of straightforwardness, "and of common sense." We are afraid that some of Mr. HARCOURT'S systems of fancy law are only the Mrs. HARRISES of jurisprudence.

Mr. HARCOURT'S recent speeches scarcely prepared us, we must confess, for this pitiful and pernicious claptrap. The use of the word "Crown" in connexion with the Parks has created a good deal of confusion and misapprehension among ignorant people as to the relations of the public to this kind of property which Mr. HARCOURT might have usefully assisted in dispelling. The Crown, of course, in this instance is only another name for Parliament. The property belongs to the public, but to the public collectively and not individually; and it is the collective public which, through Parliament, determines to what purposes the property shall be applied, and in what manner its use shall be regulated. It is begging the whole question to call Mr. ODGER and his friends the public. They are only a part of the public, and the property is the property of the whole public, and not of a part of it. Many reasons might possibly be suggested why public meetings should be held under cover in the National Gallery instead of in Hyde Park. But at present the National Gallery is used, by the authority of Parliament, for an exhibition of pictures, and not for holding meetings in. According to Mr. HARCOURT'S suggestion, however, if the mob were one afternoon to break open the doors and hold a meeting in the gallery, they would acquire a "constitutional right" to use the building for the same purpose for ever afterwards at any time they chose. The Crown, says Mr. HARCOURT, is an august euphemism for Mr. AYRTON. Nobody knows better than Mr. HARCOURT that it is a synonym for Parliament, and that practically Mr. AYRTON has no authority except what he derives from Parliament. Mr. HARCOURT also observes that there is no resemblance between the proprietary authority over Knole or Chatsworth and over the Parks; and it is of course true that no private owner exercises the summary authority conferred by the Parks Act. The public in relation to the Parks is in the position of a private owner whose common-law rights have been supplemented by a special Act of Parliament.

THE RIVAL LEAGUES.

NO real friend to elementary education can look with any satisfaction on such meetings as those which have been held last week and this week by the Education Union and the Education League. There is no cause to question the zeal or the good faith of those who take part in these gatherings. But unhappily the zeal is in both cases untempered by discretion, while the good faith is too narrow to take into account more than one aspect of the question. Both Societies carry the word Education on their banner, but neither give it more than a secondary place in their programme. The League would to all appearance prefer that children should not be taught anything rather than they should be taught religion within certain hours or by certain persons. The Union would to all appearance prefer that children should not be taught anything rather than they should be taught religion except within the precise hours or by the precise persons to which the League object. That the State can have any interest above and beyond this particular controversy in seeing that no child shall grow up ignorant of the rudiments of secular knowledge does not seem to occur to either one or the other. Those who try to disentangle this paramount consideration from its religious or anti-religious accompaniments, cannot fail to be unpopular with both sides. But the cause they advocate is the cause nevertheless of the whole community, the cause of every one who knows that, whatever else children may learn or leave unlearnt, there is a certain amount of elementary instruction without which they can learn nothing, the cause even of those who, knowing this, persist in acting as though they knew it not.

Let us try to fancy a stranger unacquainted with the recent history of elementary education endeavouring to appreciate the actual position of the controversy. He would see a great number of voluntary schools doing thoroughly useful work at a very small cost to the State. If it were not for these schools, he would be told, the cost of elementary education would fall upon the ratepayers, a class already very heavily burdened and not as a rule animated by any keen enthusiasm for knowledge. At this point he would probably jump to the conclusion that the main thing to be considered was how to induce these voluntary schools to go on with their work instead of handing it over to the ratepayers. He would soon find out, however, that their managers are perfectly willing to keep their schools going provided they are allowed to include religion among the subjects taught. He would now think that he had got to the bottom of the difficulty, and that the opposition to voluntary schools must be prompted by the determination of their managers not to separate religious from secular instruction, or to allow of one being had without the other. By-and-by he would learn that this separation is already enforced in voluntary schools, that no child is obliged to be present at any religious lesson to which his parents or guardians object, and that, to make it easier to offer this objection, the religious lesson can only be given before or after the other work of the day. When, after this, he heard that there was a considerable section of politicians who think that to shut up these voluntary schools and leave the ratepayers to build and maintain schools out of their own pockets would further the spread of education and make it more generally popular, he would probably make up his mind that the ideas of so irrational a party were not worth further study. Let us now suppose this same stranger beginning at the other end of the story, and discovering in the first instance that there are a large number of Englishmen honestly anxious that the children of the poor should be educated, and, above all, that they should receive a religious education. Probably his first thought would be to suggest that, inasmuch as all parties are agreed that children should learn certain secular rudiments, though they differ as to whether any, or, if any, what, religious rudiments should be added, the simplest plan would be to teach the former in common and the latter separately. He would find, however, that those who want to teach religion insist upon having separate schools of their own in which a great part of the expense of teaching even the secular rudiments will fall upon themselves. He would next inquire

what advantage from a religious point of view this system of separate schools involved; whether, for example, the managers are allowed to make converts of children belonging to other religions, or to interweave religious instruction with the secular lessons. He would find that in both these respects the condition of a school manager under the Denominational system and under the secular system is precisely the same. In neither case can he teach religion to children whose parents wish to withdraw them, or at any time except before or after the secular work of the day. In both cases he is free to teach religion to all the children whose parents are willing to send them, either before the secular work has begun or after it is over. The result of this imaginary investigation would probably be to leave the conductor of it divided between wonder at the folly of the Secularist party in wishing to transfer a large part of the burden of secular education from the shoulders of willing and therefore liberal givers to those of unwilling and therefore stingy ratepayers, and wonder at the Quixotic generosity of the Denominationalist party in paying a large part of the cost of secular education, when their opportunities of giving religious instruction to the children would be just as good if they left the ratepayers to find the secular instruction themselves.

Both the Union and the League, therefore, seem to us to be strangely short-sighted. The Union declares that if the work of teaching religion to children is given to the clergy, or to voluntary helpers appointed by the clergy, instead of being given to a schoolmaster who is paid to teach other things and knows that his success in life depends on his teaching other things well, the whole fabric of national religion will be undermined, and Englishmen will be on the high road to communism and anarchy. The League declares that if the work of teaching children to read and write is given to a schoolmaster, who at another time of the day is engaged in giving a religious lesson, the State must shake itself free from the whole concern. The most sacred and venerable principles are invoked on both sides. The claim of religion to be an integral and essential part of a really sound education is set up by the Union, the inviolable sanctity of the individual conscience is set up by the League. Neither combatant is able to see that neither the one nor the other principle properly comes into the discussion; that, if the League had its way, religion might be taught to more children and with more effectual results than it is now; that, if the Union had its way, no ratepayer need pay a farthing towards the teaching of any religion in Denominational schools. This strange battle at cross purposes is perhaps best viewed in connexion with the Twenty-fifth Clause of the Education Act. The Union is shocked at the idea of a parent being obliged to send his child to a Board school, at which perhaps no religion is taught, or at most a religion which the parent thinks exceedingly imperfect, if not altogether mistaken. Its members forget that, under any circumstances, this very difficulty must eventually arise in a large number of parishes. If it is a hardship to make a Denominationalist parent send his child to a secular school, it must be equally a hardship to make a Secularist parent send his child to a Denominational school. Yet when compulsion becomes universal, as in one form or another it is sure to become before long, this latter hardship, if hardship it be, must be very generally inflicted if the Twenty-fifth Clause remains in force. Where there is only a single Denominational school forthcoming, then the parent belonging to another denomination, or to no denomination, will have no choice but to send his child to that school. If this would not be a violation of the parent's conscience—and under the protection of a conscience clause it certainly would not be—how can it be a violation of the parent's conscience to make him send his child to a School Board school under the same protection? The League, on the other hand, is willing that a parent who objects to secularism should, if necessary, be compelled to send his child to a secular school, even though he might send him to a school of which he approves at no greater cost to the School Board, because it is said the ratepayer's conscience, of the two, is more sacred than the parent's. Mr. DIXON tries to justify this by the plea that the conscience of the man who gives is more to be regarded than the conscience of the man who receives. But to this it may be answered that the conscience of the man who is dealing with his own flesh and blood is more sacred than the conscience of the man who is dealing only with money. We deny that either solution of the question involves any hardship; but any conscientious man must admit that, if there were any hardship in the matter, the position of the man who is obliged to send his child to a school which he thinks wicked is far worse than that of the ratepayer who is only obliged to pay for other people sending their children to schools which he thinks wicked. If resistance is noble in the latter case, how much more noble will it be in the former?

It is not, therefore, from either the Union or the League that any settlement of the educational controversy can be looked for. What hope there is must be placed on that great body of rational Englishmen who stand outside both. It is this body that we trust and believe Mr. FORSTER will have in view in any amendment he may propose in the Act of 1870.

CONTEMPT OF COURT.

AFTER the decision of the Court of Queen's Bench in regard to the TICHBORNE Claimant and Mr. SKIPWORTH, and Mr. Justice BLACKBURN'S very clear and positive declaration of the views of the Court as to the law of contempt, it may reasonably be assumed that there will now be absolute silence on all sides in regard to all matters connected with the approaching trial. Upon the very day that sentence was passed on Mr. ONSLOW and Mr. WHALLEY, Mr. SKIPWORTH at a meeting at Brighton attacked the Court, and especially the CHIEF JUSTICE, in most violent and unmeasured language. He asserted that the CHIEF JUSTICE was prejudiced, and unfit to try the case; he protested against the tyranny of the Court in attempting to suppress public meetings on behalf of the Claimant's defence, and he defied the Judges to do their worst with him. In Court Mr. SKIPWORTH admitted that an expression which he used at Brighton—"I hiss the CHIEF JUSTICE"—was not "happy," but he maintained his right to criticize and comment on the fitness of a judge for his public duties. Mr. SKIPWORTH, besides making speeches at various meetings, has written addresses to the QUEEN, the PRIME MINISTER, the Christian Knowledge Society, and the People of England. He represented to the Christian Knowledge Society that the present state of the TICHBORNE case was a greater proof of heathenism than anything that could be found at home or abroad; and he informed the People of England that Mr. GLADSTONE had been overheard saying to the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, "For GOD'S sake, do not deceive me with respect to "the TICHBORNE case," that the ATTORNEY-GENERAL had been seen with his arm round Serjeant BALLANTINE'S neck, and that editors of newspapers were bribed with cheques for 500*l*. The Claimant pleaded that he did not know he was committing any contempt of Court, and that he had no other way of defending himself against the attacks of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL and of the newspapers, who, with one exception, had all conspired against him, than by speaking at meetings. He urged that if the Court fined him they would be taking away the money for his defence, and that if he were to be imprisoned he would be unable to collect evidence and prepare his case. The Court, being willing to make some allowance for the peculiar position of the Claimant, bound him over for three months in recognizances, which were at once provided, not to repeat the offence. Mr. SKIPWORTH was fined 500*l*. and sentenced to three months' imprisonment. It was necessary that the Court should mark its sense of the gravity of the offence; but it is possible that even now, if Mr. SKIPWORTH were to apologize, and to retract his violent language, his punishment would be reduced.

Mr. Justice BLACKBURN was careful to explain that contempt of Court did not necessarily imply an attack on the personal dignity of the Bench, but that it consisted of anything which tended to prejudice the impartial trial in a suit. It might take the form of flattery, bribery, or intimidation, and might be directed against the judge, suitors, or witnesses. The Court was armed with summary powers for dealing with an offence of this kind, because it required to be promptly dealt with. In the present instance the Claimant and Mr. SKIPWORTH were guilty of contempt, inasmuch as they had endeavoured, not only to influence public opinion, but, by vituperative language, to prevent the CHIEF JUSTICE from taking part in the trial. Mr. Justice BLACKBURN observed that, though these efforts had proved ineffectual, it was necessary to vindicate the dignity of the law, and to put a stop to a public scandal. If such things were to be allowed, "a popular "person indicted for sedition or high treason might go about "the country addressing people, and in that case it might "require considerable nerve to resist the influence that might "be used." The CHIEF JUSTICE will preside at the trial at Bar, which the Judges are all agreed is the best way of trying the case, and there is no reason to fear that the Claimant will not have a fair and impartial trial. Till it is over we surely expect silence on all sides. It is, indeed, my

regretted that silence should ever have been broken. Justice is far more likely to be secured to all parties concerned by leaving the case to the Court of Queen's Bench than by any amount of discussion at meetings or in the newspapers. The Claimant is very angry with the press, which, he thinks, is leagued against him, and he seems to consider that the slightest reference to the former trial is an injustice to him. He complains that last week we treated him with "foul abuse." It is difficult to see how an article published on Saturday could furnish a justification for a speech delivered on the previous Monday; and it is scarcely necessary to say that our article contained no abuse of any kind. The reports in several of the morning papers attribute to us expressions which we never used. In incidentally referring to some of the issues raised at the former trial, we imagined that we were dealing with what might almost be regarded as history, and we had assuredly no intention of prejudicing the approaching trial. It appeared to us that we were saying nothing more than that the issue to be tried was in effect the resemblance of the Claimant to ROGER TICHBORNE. This seemed a very innocent and commonplace remark to make. The very name by which the "Claimant" is commonly known at once suggests the existence of the set of questions with which he is associated. And Mr. Justice BLACKBURN himself unavoidably directed attention to them in calling the Claimant "TICHBORNE, ORTON, CASTRO." During the whole time that the civil suit was in progress we never even alluded to it, and in commenting on its conclusion we were careful to guard ourselves against assuming anything as to the possible or probable result of the criminal trial that was to follow. We pointed out the inconvenience and impropriety of the Claimant's demonstrations when they first began, but we have not otherwise taken notice of him or them. The *Times* very justly observes that, while perfect impartiality may be demanded, it is hopeless to expect an impossible oblivion of all past evidence, and that no judge or juror can be found in the country who has literally no preconceived opinion as to the matter at issue. At the same time, there can be no question as to the supreme importance of keeping judicial questions out of the range of loose popular controversy; and for the sake of such a result journalists may reasonably submit to a little curtailment of their freedom.

PROFESSOR SEDGWICK.

ANOTHER veteran in science, with powers scarcely impaired to the last, has passed away from amongst us. Standing in the mathematical tripos at Cambridge in 1808 along with the names of Lord Langdale and Bishop Blomfield, the name of Adam Sedgwick has from that now patriarchal time held a prominent place not only in the comparatively domestic circle of college and University life, but in the annals of academical and scientific progress at large. In his own particular department of study his career serves as a span and measure of the very existence in this country of scientific geology—an existence due in no slight degree to his own labours. When in the year 1818 he succeeded Professor Hailstone in the Chair of Geology founded by Dr. John Woodward, what little was known or conjectured of the structure and history of the earth was divided in the main between the rival schools of Werner and Hutton. The primary outlines of the science as such had been laid down only about the beginning of the century—an achievement which won for William Smith the honours of the fatherhood of British geology. In the steps of this sound and practical observer Sedgwick from the first learnt to approach the secrets of nature. Patient accumulation of facts, and careful correlation of inferences, took the place of the more showy and ambitious methods which had rested upon *à priori* assumption. Personal intercourse and mutual confidence went far towards identifying the mental habits and the educational work of the elder and the younger student of nature. It was in the year 1821, in the course of his exploration of Westmoreland and Lancashire, that Father Smith had the happiness, as we have learnt from Professor Phillips he always deemed it, of meeting for the first time the enthusiastic young Cambridge Professor who had walked over the hills from Teesdale to Kirkby Lonsdale. In his speech on presenting the Wollaston gold medal, as President of the Geological Society, in January 1831, Sedgwick spoke in handsome and grateful terms of the practical lessons he had himself received from Mr. Smith. It was by tracking his footsteps, with his maps in hand, through Wiltshire and the neighbouring counties, where Smith had trodden nearly thirty years before, that Sedgwick owned himself to have traced out the bases of stratification, to have learned the subdivisions of the oolitic series, and to have apprehended the meaning of what had seemed to him at first but arbitrary and somewhat uncouth terms, but which had long since become engrafted into the language of English geologists, and through their influence had been in part also adopted by the naturalists of the Continent. Unobtrusive and singly bent, like his master, upon the cause of truth, Sedgwick was content to let many of his most fertile discoveries and original suggestions lie buried in "Transactions" and casual publications, nor did his name and his services to science ever command that publicity and prestige abroad which have been won by others, his coadjutors in the advance of British geology. But to every serious student of the science at home the consecutive series of his writings serves not only as so much gain to the store of geological facts, but as so many landmarks in the general progress of this branch of physics. It was at no time possible to say how much was due to him individually of the large works which were put forth under the joint names of Sedgwick and Murchison, though he never seems to have grudged the larger measure of honour which fell to the share of his more prominent colleague. His earliest acknowledged publication, a paper on the Geological Structure of the Devonian and Cornish Formations, read before the Cambridge Philosophical Society in 1820, embodied observations recorded and work done by him up to the year 1819. It was made clear that the fossil corals of the Plymouth beds were distinct from, and of older date than, those of the mountain limestone. To the stratification of Devonshire he is found returning fifteen years later in company with Murchison, jointly with whom he communicated a paper to the British Association, laying down the position and relations of the contorted and distorted deposits from Dartmoor to the North-Western coast of Devonshire, and proceeding in successive years to settle definitely the classification of all the older sedimentary formation of the South-West of England. Making his way for the most part on foot, in homely and independent fashion, with fossil bag and hammer on his back, he pushed his minute observations during a series of years not only through the greater part of the British Isles, but over considerable tracts of the Rhenish provinces and of the Alps. In this way, by the labour of his own hand, grew in great measure the noble collection of fossils of which Mr. Woodward's bequest formed the nucleus, arranged and classified by himself and his lamented coadjutor, Professor McCoy, whose systematic description of the series was incorporated with Sedgwick's splendid *Synopsis*. Among his latest public acts, on relinquishing the active duties of the chair which he had filled with efficiency and honour fifty years, was the presentation to the University of the valuable accumulations of his long life. Beyond the legacy of this rich and well-ordered repertory from the book of nature, beyond even the copious and suggestive expositions or comments which he brought by his pen to the understanding and the illustrating of the correlative physical truths, he has left his impress upon the large and earnest body of students whom he trained in his own exact and conscientious methods and kindled by his own warm and glowing spirit.

To give a summary of Professor Sedgwick's contributions to the scientific periodicals of his time would be to epitomize the progress of geological discovery for half a century. Conspicuous among these were his papers on the Magnesian Limestone of the North of England, on the Trap Rocks of Durham and Cumberland, with his description of the mountains of that district and the ranges adjoining, as well as those of North Wales, and on the fossiliferous strata of the North of Scotland, and of the Isle of Arran. The culminating point of his multifarious work was perhaps that in which he reduced to order and unity the entire geology of North Wales, making Cambria as distinct a conquest of his own as Murchison contemporaneously made Siluria. Efforts were made by him to secure for the word "system" a more definite and positive place in scientific nomenclature, restricting it to the threefold division of fossiliferous rocks, which on palæontological grounds were to be distinguished as palæozoic, mesozoic, and cænozoic. Of the Cambrian "series" he would speak as coming under the first of these systems. In the introduction to the most prominent and handsome of his independent publications, his *Synopsis of the British Palæozoic Rocks*, which contains the fullest available retrospect of his labours up to that period (1855), Sedgwick challenged with energy the propriety of the name "Silurian system," as applied by the great subjugator of the Southern principality, who had, moreover, as our Professor indignantly pleaded, swept into his new kingdom of Siluria the entire group of Cambrian rocks. The typical Llandilo flag had been put in a wrong relation to the Upper Bala group by a positive inversion of the sections, and it was put into no less erroneous a relation to the Wenlock group by a misconception of the sections, which did not show a consecutive and complete succession, but one which was broken and discordant. The true Silurian base was to be sought, argued Sedgwick, in the May Hill Sandstone. When he passed below this point, among the vast and complicated groups of Cambria, with which he was then imperfectly acquainted, the author of Siluria "neither rightly interpreted the Caradoc group, nor did he define even with approximate truth the place of the Llandilo group in the great Cambrian series." With what might be taken for jealousy or asperity of temper but for his known constitutional *bonhomie*, and the unbroken harmony of their friendship, Sedgwick proceeds to dispute his friend's identification of the older fossil-bearing rocks of Russia with the Silurian system. The new name Permian, from the ancient Russian kingdom so-called, jarred upon his prepossessions for all things English, besides setting aside in our own Palæozoic series what he considered a far more perfect type for comparison with the corresponding rocks of France and Germany. The Silurian system became in his eyes no longer a philosophic scheme worked out on principle and defined by admitted facts; but "Siluria became a region undefined and expansible—capable of absorbing within itself, right or wrong, all neigh-

bouring countries which had with it any community of character or language." This is now an old controversy which any one may see closed by reference to the later editions of "Siluria," or to the writings of Lyell, Phillips, or Ramsay. But for the study of character the episode is one which deserves to be kept alive. Another subject on which much independent light was thrown by Sedgwick's researches was that of slaty cleavage. In the same introduction he recounts the difficulties thrown by this intricate problem in the way of his analysis of the Palæozoic rocks. As a general conclusion he made out the cleavage planes to be the result of a crystalline, and not of a merely mechanical, motion. Modified as his views have been as well as expanded by later study of this class of phenomena, to him belongs the credit of having made good at least the basis of facts on which the problem rests for ultimate solution.

The bent of Sedgwick's intellect and will was towards the immediate and practical, rather than the theoretical and more remote aspects of natural phenomena. His energies were given to amassing the plain and solid facts which lay beneath his feet rather than to soaring to heights of speculation, or surveying in the aggregate, with more ambitious or imaginative students, the realm of universal nature. With what would seem to many a dull and plodding step, he trod in the path of patient observation and careful discovery, not exercising himself over much in great matters, but heedful of every point of detail. Cautious in every generalization, making sure of every stage in the process of induction, he worked his way to wide and substantial results by sheer effort of poising and setting down his foot upon every stepping stone of knowledge as he proceeded to test it and feel its solidity. Of jumping to conclusions by mere quickness of appreciation, or intuitive force of reasoning, he had a constitutional horror. Upon anything like mere theorizing in advance or in the absence of facts he had no mercy. With a kind of John Bullishness, he turned upon those who would make the hidden things or unknown tracts of nature the playground for a lively fancy, or the stage for showing off that nimbleness or versatility of mind which often passes for genius. This antipathy of his may serve in great measure to explain what might be thought the undue strictness, if not savageness, of an article upon the *Vestiges of Creation* in the *Edinburgh Review* which has by common consent been ascribed to Sedgwick's pen. This work, provokingly rash, and wanting in that seriousness and humility of mood in which matters of such depth and moment should in his view be approached or weighed, while it seemed clever and suggestive, was essentially crude and fanciful, and was resented by the reviewer as an offence to his rigid insistence upon facts, and as insulting the severity of his regard to truth by its lightness of heart in entering on the campaign of cosmical investigation. It is still worthy of note with what tenacity the authorship of the *Vestiges* has been kept a secret. It seems likely to go down in the long line of historic doubts along with the "Junius" mystery. The late Robert Chambers, who had seen the work set down to him in catalogues without number, yet had never uttered a word of protest or disclaimer, could, on his death-bed, be brought by those most near and dear to him who pressed him with the question no nearer than to reply, with a twinkle of that humour which had belonged to him through life, "So they all say!" Could the *Edinburgh* Reviewer have turned again to the subject with fresher powers, and with the light which later progress in research and thought has thrown upon the mysteries of biology, there are doubtless many points in the doctrine of evolution which would have been seen by him in a different aspect, and much that he deemed worthy of intellectual scorn and moral reprobation would have been allowed to call for more patient analysis and more philosophical respect.

With much the same blending of care for established landmarks and warm solicitude for the sound and progressive culture of his favourite physical studies, Professor Sedgwick put forth his *Discourse on the Studies of the University*, which grew from a College chapel sermon, preached in 1832, into a substantial treatise—the fifth edition, in 1850, extending over three hundred pages. In his later matter he returned to the controversy about spontaneous generation, transmutation of species, and similar points upon which the *Vestiges* had dogmatized with a freedom which seemed to him to war against Scriptural and moral truth; at the same time he stood up stoutly against what he considered fanatical objections to the study of physical science, and in favour of the entire harmony between natural law and the divine rule in nature and morals. With his attack on materialism in philosophy he combined strictures upon the utilitarian school of ethics, which gave occasion to as sharp a rejoinder from the pen of Mr. Mill, in the *London Review* for April 1835, reprinted in Vol. I. of his *Dissertations and Discussions*. Allowing his opponent to be no mere college pedant, nor a bigoted, albeit an intemperate, partisan of things as they are, Mr. Mill concludes himself to have proved by his criticism that the Cambridge Professor's name and reputation are his only claims to be heard on such a subject, disputing his definition of the utilitarian system, and making light of his powers of reasoning and expression. It cannot be said that philosophy in the broad or comprehensive sense of the word was the field for the true exercise of Sedgwick's talents. The powers of analysis, and of co-ordination of facts and principles, whether in physical or ethical speculation, were subordinate in him to the results got at once by common sense, or resting upon received and immemorial usage. If the stubborn conservatism of his nature lent some force to his critic's sarcastic saying that he was one of a class who never take the trouble to set before themselves fairly an opinion which they have an aversion to, it must be pleaded that the fault lay in no want of candour or of devotion to truth, but in the constitution of an intellect which was vigorous and clear rather than deep and many-sided. Solid more than brilliant, patient and accurate rather than quick and far-reaching, his intellect was of the class which furnishes good teachers in detail rather than master spirits over the upper realm of philosophy. In the chair which he held till his death, discharging its active duties with all but unabated energy till within the last two years, Sedgwick was emphatically in the right place. Clear and vigorous in exposition, kindling the enthusiasm of his class by the geniality of his manner and his evident love for his subject, unfailing in courtesy and attention to the dullest or most trying of his pupils, Professor Sedgwick has made for himself a memorial in the grateful recollection of generations of Cambridge men such as has been denied to many men of distinction in University life more brilliant or varied in their attainments, as well as more conspicuous in their fame.

AN ECONOMICAL PROBLEM.

A CONTROVERSY has recently been raging in the *Pall Mall Gazette* which illustrates rather curiously an economical fallacy remarkable for its extraordinary vitality. It originated in a reproof administered to Mr. Goldwin Smith by the able writer who uses the signature "W. R. G." Mr. Goldwin Smith spoke of a rich man "consuming the income of six hundred poor families." If this means anything, says "W. R. G.," it means that a nobleman who spends 30,000*l.* a-year consumes an amount of sustenance which would maintain six hundred families. "Of course," adds "W. R. G.," "Mr. Goldwin Smith does not really think this, or would not think it if he gave himself time for reflection." Reflection would show, in fact, that the nobleman by spending money on bread and meat maintains the butcher and the baker and all the labourers dependent upon them. After giving various illustrations, "W. R. G." asserts that, "whether a man of 30,000*l.* a-year spends his money lavishly or invests it sagaciously, it is equally and necessarily employed in remunerating labour"; and he ends by the assertion that these are "hackneyed as well as obvious considerations," and by expressing surprise that it should be necessary to suggest them to "so competent and accomplished a thinker as Mr. Goldwin Smith." Hereupon arose the controversy of which we have spoken, and which it is unnecessary to follow in detail. We have no desire to enter into the irrelevant question whether the conclusions drawn by Mr. Goldwin Smith were right or wrong, or whether his assault upon the rich man was justifiable upon moral grounds. But we will consider as carefully as our limits will permit the precise issue raised by "W. R. G."; for the doctrines which he advocates, whether fallacious or otherwise, are to be met with in a great variety of shapes, and a right understanding of them is of primary importance to any sound views of economical questions.

We begin, however, by remarking that "W. R. G." is radically opposed to the highest authority in Political Economy. He says, as we have seen, in so many words, that it makes no difference to the labourer whether a man spends his money lavishly or invests it judiciously. Mr. Mill, on the other hand—and Mr. Mill is followed by the great body of orthodox economists—maintains that demand for commodities is not demand for labour; or, in other words, that whereas a "lavish expenditure," by which we presume is meant an expenditure on luxuries, does no good at all to the labourer, a judicious investment is so much more put into the pockets of the labouring classes. Mr. Mill's doctrine seems to some people to have a paradoxical sound; and yet "W. R. G." certainly maintains a still more startling paradox. He appears to say that it makes no difference whether a rich man pitches his money to the dogs or spends it in making railways. The spendthrift, the man who distributes all his means in charity, and the judicious employer of labour are all precisely on a level; and this is, in "W. R. G.'s" view, a "beautiful arrangement of Providence." It sounds at first sight more like a very immoral fatalism. Surely it is no compliment to Providence to say that we are under an invincible necessity of producing the same good to our neighbours whatever our mode of managing our property. Are the nobleman who ruins himself by horse-racing, the nobleman who builds himself a sumptuous palace, and the nobleman who reclaims a waste province all to be reckoned, so far as economical considerations are concerned, as equally useful members of society? Surely this is a very hard doctrine.

We are indeed tolerably familiar with "W. R. G.'s" theory. It was frequently expressed by Pope. After describing the "lavish expenditure" of Timon, supposed to represent the Duke of Chandos, the poet adds:—

> Yet hence the poor are clothed, the hungry fed,
> Health to himself and to his infants bread
> The labourer bears. What his hard heart denies
> His charitable vanity supplies.

And Pope's doctrine, which is identical with "W. R. G.'s," was expanded by Mandeville into an ingenious sophistry which puzzled all the ablest thinkers of the eighteenth century. That doctrine, in its simplest terms, was that consumption was equa-

lent to demand for labour. Mandeville—whose ghost, by the way, has written a very clever letter to the *Pall Mall Gazette*—pushed this theory to its logical extremes. He says that, useful as the Reformation has been, he doubts whether it has done more good to trade than the invention of hooped petticoats; and he maintains that the fire of London would probably be found to have done as much good as harm, if we could compare the complaints of the sufferers with the rejoicings of the many masons, carpenters, and bricklayers whom it set to work. The argument was so perplexing that even the extraordinary acuteness of Berkeley could suggest no better answer than that in the long run virtuous people consumed more than the wicked. And the same theory crops up whenever the Royal Family is attacked by some democratic shopkeeper for not spending more money in "encouraging trade."

To explain the nature of the argument, we will venture to make a simple hypothesis. Imagine velvet to be edible, so that a certain quantity might either be worn by a nobleman as a state dress, or might be eaten for breakfast by six hundred families. Then, if the nobleman systematically spends a certain part of his income on velvet, he may either convert it to his own use, or distribute it amongst his dependents. In the first case he will be the only person benefited. The whole result of the labour of the velvet-makers will be to add a certain amount of splendour to a nobleman's costume. In the second case, the same labour will be employed in the same way to provide six hundred families with breakfast. Obviously, then, it would be a simple expression of the fact to say that the nobleman consumed the breakfast of six hundred families; and "W. R. G." could not deny that the expenditure in one case led to purely selfish pleasure, whilst in the other it provided the support of a considerable population. Now to adapt this case to the reality we have only to suppose that one nobleman pays a certain sum for luxuries, whilst another spends the same sum by distributing it amongst his dependents. In the first case a certain amount of capital and labour will be told off to produce the luxuries demanded by the nobleman; in the second case the same amount of labour and capital will be told off to produce the bread, bacon, or beer, demanded by the poor recipients of the charity. It is impossible to maintain that the labouring class does not benefit to the extent of the money which formerly caused luxuries to be produced, and which now causes the production of the means of subsistence. There is of course a third case, in which our imaginary nobleman does not give away his money, but employs those to whom it is given in some useful labour. In this case an addition is made to the capital productively employed.

Thus, so far from all modes of expenditure being equally profitable, there are three well marked stages. In the first, a certain part of the whole energy of society is employed in producing commodities destined to give pleasure to one man; in the next, the same energy is employed in producing commodities destined to support a number of idle people; and in the third, it is employed in supporting people who are themselves adding to the total wealth of the country. Whatever part of a nobleman's personal expenditure is devoted to maintaining servants or other dependents is of course added to the demand for labour, though of unproductive labour; but whatever part is devoted to mere luxuries is necessarily spent upon himself, and so far may be rightly considered as consuming what might otherwise maintain a certain number of poor people.

The ordinary fallacy arises from a very simple cause. People do not observe that everybody spends his whole income in one way or another—for we need not consider the old practice of putting money in a stocking. The Coventry riband-makers complain that the change of fashion leaves them unemployed. But they do not perceive that the money which formerly kept them at work now keeps somebody else at work. They are really asking, though they do not perceive it, that they shall be employed instead of, say, the bakers; and they therefore fancy that the interests of the labouring class at large are being injured, when the real fact is that the demand only changes the distribution of the funds employed in supporting labour, and not the whole amount of those funds. And hence it is inferred that to stimulate consumption is equivalent to encouraging production. The production remains constant, but in one of the above cases luxuries are produced, and in the other case, loaves. Still more natural and still more unreasonable is the complaint against saving instead of spending. Whatever is saved is spent, and is spent more usefully to the labourer. Whether it is directly invested by the owner, or left in the hands of a banker to be invested by him, saving means the employment of more labourers. The money is now spent in making railways, or draining land, or in some other productive expenditure. There is an additional demand for labour and an additional production of commodities. In short, in this as in almost every economical fallacy, the error consists in looking at the immediate result, and not tracing out the complex train of consequences which is set up in the whole intricate network of society.

"W. R. G.'s" attempts to escape these conclusions are not very felicitous. First, he asks if a rich man spends his money in gratuitous distribution, would he be "consuming the income" of the labourers? Certainly not. As we have just shown, such expenditure would be economically to their immediate advantage, however bad its ultimate results. And therefore Mr. Goldwin Smith should have said, not that the rich man consumes, but that the rich man and his personal dependents consume, the income of six hundred families. With this correction the assertion is perfectly accurate, and is not met by "W. R. G.'s" statement. "It may possibly be," adds "W. R. G.," that the rich man would spend his money more beneficially if he employed his labourers in reclaiming waste lands than in making carriages. We add that he would spend it more beneficially to himself if he employed them in making carriages than doing nothing; and more beneficially to the labourers—so far as the immediate results are concerned—if he employed men to do nothing than if he spent the money on luxuries. Finally, a writer signing himself "Catallacticus" asks whether national expenditure on an army be not a consumption of the means of the poor. No, says "W. R. G.," for an army is a necessary condition of the security of labour. This is quite true, and would be relevant if "Catallacticus" had proposed to abolish the army. But from a purely economical point of view "W. R. G.'s" argument is irrelevant. The question is simply whether, other things being the same, an expenditure on an army is not deducted from the means of the poor man. The answer on our principles is plain. The military expenditure is simply a case of expenditure on unproductive labour, using the word "unproductive" in an economical sense. That is, it is better for the labouring classes than expenditure on luxury, and worse than expenditure on productive labour. In so far as the taxes are raised from capital, or discourage the accumulation of capital, its immediate economical effect is injurious; in so far as they are raised from the expenditure on luxuries, it is beneficial to the labouring classes. An army, therefore, is, as common sense tells us, a burden on the country, though it is frequently a burden worth bearing. The United States would be poorer if they insisted on maintaining a million of men in arms, though it may perhaps be essentially necessary for France or Prussia to keep up such a force in view of ulterior consequences. But nobody can deny that the maintenance of the vast military establishments of the Continent is a severe drain on the resources of the countries which support them. Were "W. R. G.'s" principles well founded, it would make no difference whether the same sums were spent in making railways, or in keeping up armies, or in buying pictures.

We can only say, therefore, that "W. R. G.," in spite of his undeniable acuteness, has fallen into economical paradoxes greater and more pernicious than those of Mr. Goldwin Smith. And we may conclude in his own language, "All these are hackneyed as well as obvious considerations. It should not have been needful to recall them to the recollection of so competent and accomplished a thinker as" "W. R. G." In saying which, however, we neither deny nor assert that Mr. Goldwin Smith may have made worse use of his truths than "W. R. G." has made of his fallacies. Our only object has been to decide which is right on the abstract question, without asking what false inferences may be drawn by illogical people from true principles.

THE DIVORCE COURT.

THERE is an ancient fable that Jupiter made men and women in pairs like Siamese twins, but that they grew so powerful and presumptuous, and gave so much trouble to Olympus, that he had to cut them in two. Ever since each sex has had quite enough to do to keep the other sex in order. It would appear from the records of the Divorce Court that there are a considerable number of married couples in this country who are quite disposed to fall in with Jupiter's views. The Divorce Court has already used up a couple of judges. The second broke down under the pressure of his work only a few months ago, and now his successor is already crying out about the overwhelming amount of business constantly pouring into the Court. Sir J. Hannen says he really does not know how he will be able to cope with it. He is getting on so slowly that he has almost begun to despair of clearing off the list. It is like counting the sands, or filling up a bottomless pit. Every day fresh causes are added to the roll, and every term there is a longer and longer list. The Judge has done all in his power to economize time. He has cut down all superfluous forms, and works as fast as he can. He takes his seat earlier in the morning and sits later at night than either of his predecessors used to do. And yet he is able to make hardly any perceptible impression on the flood of business which is continually pouring in, and which fairly swamps the Court. The energies of a single judge cannot keep pace with the busy wickedness of the community. If things go on in this way, the Court will have to sit day and night, and there must be relays of judges. The double shift system would seem to be wanted at the upper end of Westminster Hall even more urgently than in the Welsh collieries. The present condition of this unhappy tribunal certainly deserves attention. Out of a list of 243 divorce causes without juries, only 50 have been disposed of, and there are 27 special jury causes and 44 common jury causes besides. As all the jury causes are contested they will necessarily occupy a good deal of time. And all this while new causes are continually being set down. The Judge, if his present fit of despondency continues, may perhaps be tempted to give up even the long vacation, which in a race with loose married couples certainly places him somewhat at a disadvantage. The Court is a kind of double-barrelled affair, combining probate and divorce business, and there is a good stock of probate work on hand. The new practice of giving costs out of the estate in almost every case of a disputed will can hardly fail to produce an enormous increase of litigation. It may be taken

as a fixed general principle that, when there is any property worth thinking about, no will that could possibly be devised will give universal satisfaction. There are sure to be some people left out, or others who think they should have had more; and disappointed relatives are always prone to suspect the sanity of the testator or the genuineness of the will. For the sake of social harmony and domestic peace, it is not desirable that litigation about wills should receive encouragement. If costs follow the decision, there is a certain check on rash and reckless suits; but if costs are, as a rule, to be paid out of the estate, there is no reason why every will should not be fought by somebody or other, there being always a chance, however slight, of getting something, and no danger of losing anything. The race of speculative attorneys is not yet extinct, and experts are always to be had when there is money to pay them with. With costs and fees guaranteed beforehand, the lawyers and mad doctors should have a nice time before them. An appeal will probably be made to the Government for an increase of judicial power for this Court, and it will be an appeal difficult to resist. Three judges for the Divorce, Probate, and Admiralty Courts would make the ordinary work comparatively easy, and would provide an efficient Appeal Court, instead of the farce which now goes by that name.

When the Divorce Court was first established it was calculated by distinguished authorities that perhaps there might be as many as from eighteen to twenty cases in a year. There were more cases than that to begin with; but this was supposed to be only an accumulation of old domestic troubles. There must be a good many wretched people, it was said, who could not afford the luxury of going to the House of Lords, and who would naturally be eager to avail themselves of the cheap and handy facilities of the Divorce Court. But when once these arrears were exhausted, the ordinary course of business would be found to be moderate enough. This pretty theory has long been blown to the winds. Year after year the number of causes has been continually increasing, and at last there is an utter deadlock of business, suitors are growing mutinous, and the Judge publicly confesses his despair. We can fancy the vast cloud of sinners and victims overflowing the Court, filling Westminster Hall, and stretching up Parliament Street almost to Charing Cross. It is an interesting question how far the existence of the Court and the facilities it offers for separation have had an effect in attracting suitors. The late Judge Ordinary did not hesitate to declare that in his opinion the possibility of freedom begets the desire to be set free, and that the great evil of a marriage dissolved is that it loosens the bonds of so many other marriages. There can hardly be any reasonable doubt that the Divorce Court has a tendency to provide itself with business in this way. When people feel that they are bound for life, they naturally try to make the best of each other, and to adjust the yoke in the easiest manner. But the possibility of release is apt to set the mind brooding and scheming on the hope of it. The number of cases in which the Queen's Proctor intervenes would seem to be increasing, and the appearance of the Queen's Proctor implies of course a pretty strong suspicion of collusion. Some light might possibly be thrown on the working of the Court if we knew the number of reappearances there. There are, we fancy, not a few cases of divorced husbands and wives trying their luck with other partners, and finding their way back to the familiar tribunal. Sometimes the same couple have got married again, and, making a fresh start, have fancied themselves the better for it. There is a tradition, belonging of course to quite other days, of a case where the reunited couple defrayed the expenses of a second honeymoon out of the handsome damages awarded to the injured but forgiving husband. One of the most touching passages of Thackeray's finest novel is a picture of the forlorn wretchedness of poor Lady Clara when she fled from her brutal husband with her only friend. All the sisterhood of friendship was cut off from her. She scarcely dared to look out of the windows of her new home upon the world lest it should know and reproach her. It may be doubted whether the *divorcées* of the present day have quite such a dismal time of it. There are almost enough of them to make a society of their own—a society which has its grades and circles, and holds up its head in its own fashion. It might be supposed that any one who had passed through the experiences which end in a decree of divorce would be disposed to hang it up, as the shipwrecked voyager did his dripping gown, to warn him from tempting fate in the same way again. It is probable, however, that in the majority of cases a new match has been arranged before the old one is broken off.

It would perhaps be too much to expect that, in the face of these unsavoury records, the British Pharisee should abate any of his self-righteousness or congratulation that he is not as other men, not as those wicked French people or those Free-love Americans. It is true we are still a good way behind Indiana, where divorces are said to be issued at the rate of some two thousand a-year. Our law is rather straitlaced as yet, and we have not got the length of authorising divorces for any cause which the judge may happen to think sufficient. Nor are we disturbed like those poor French folk with morbid controversies as to whether it is not better to kill an unfaithful wife out of hand. Very likely the Lord Chamberlain will object to "Claude's Wife" being shot on the English stage. We manage things, as we fancy, in a much more decorous, certainly in a much more business-like, way, though demands for damages are rather going out of fashion. The commonness of divorce may possibly in time have one good effect. It may somewhat check the trade in nastiness for which the newspapers find their materials in divorce trials. Divorces by the hundred must surely pall even upon the most morbid appetite. The chronicles of this unsavoury tribunal scarcely bear out the pictures of a certain school of fiction in regard to the comparative morals of the different classes of society. The hero of these scandals is not always a lord, or even a lord's second cousin. We do not find that the upper classes altogether monopolize the attentions of the over-worked judge. Certain newspapers, it is true, do not fail to make the most of any scandal of the great that may crop up in this way; and the peerage and baronetage enjoy the privilege of having their misdeeds and misfortunes, to say nothing of some other accidents, reported in detail for the edification of the multitude. On the other hand, the working classes do not trouble the Court very much. Divorces still cost more money than they can afford, and the marriage tie lies so lightly on semi-detached couples of their class, that it is hardly worth their while to ask the Court to undo it for them. The records of the Poor-law and of the police courts tell how frequently in this sphere husband and wife are found living apart; and too often their respect for marriage is shown in a weakness for bigamy. It is the middle classes, the respectable, sanctimonious middle classes, who mainly keep up the steadygoing business of the Divorce Court. We have heard Scotchmen argue that the statistics of illegitimacy in the North attest conclusively the superior chastity of the population, and we shall hardly be surprised to hear a similar explanation of the throng of middle-class couples in the Divorce Court. An expert in these matters is said to have pointed to drink and mothers-in-law as the chief agents in bringing about that condition of conjugal affairs which is apt to end in decrees *nisi*. A rough and ready generalization would perhaps lead us to the conclusion that disasters of this kind seldom happen without faults on both sides; but it is impossible to shut our eyes to unpleasant symptoms of a somewhat dangerous degradation of moral tone, and disposition to make light of the obligations of marriage and the sacred union which it involves. The operation of the Divorce Court may perhaps serve as a warning against the agitations now in progress for destroying the unity of marriage, in regard both to property and kinship.

THE ELECTION OF THE SWISS FEDERAL COUNCIL.

WE have marked with pleasure that more frequent notices of the affairs of the Swiss Confederation have of late been given in certain English quarters, and that a remarkable improvement has also been made in the degree of intelligence and accuracy shown in such notices as have been given. The telegrams, to be sure, remain hopeless; the general reader who goes no further will still be tempted to mistake the cantonal affairs of Geneva for the affairs of the whole Confederation. But, for two or three months past, very reasonable accounts of Federal matters have appeared in places where, to say the least, their appearance is quite a new thing. It would perhaps be rating ourselves too highly if we were to venture to hint that we may ourselves have had some hand in this happy reform. A gentle admonition, unpleasant as it may be at the time, does sometimes work improvement in the long run; and if the admonition should even go so far as to take the shape of a kind of metaphorical tunding, it may even be the more deeply impressed on the memory. Our wise forefathers grasped this truth, though the particular application of it might savour of injustice, when they caused boys to be whipped at the beating of boundaries, and sometimes also on other solemn occasions when it was wished that something should be specially kept up in the public memory. No doubt, when their turn came, they would have the satisfaction of handing on the tradition by whipping the boys of another generation; and we shall be neither surprised nor grieved if we should some day see the wholesome process which we cannot help thinking we have set on foot carried on a little further by the hands which have first profited by it. Anyhow we have a pleasure in seeing that the affairs of the one republican state in Europe, perhaps the most successful republican state in the world, the state where the oldest and the newest elements of political life may be seen working together side by side, are at last drawing to themselves some share in English attention. We shall not become less attached to the form of government which the events of our own history have given us, by studying the utterly different form of government which the events of their history have in the like way given to a kindred people. It need shake no man's loyalty to an historic monarchy of England if he learns that the citizens of a republic are not always engaged in cutting one another's throats, and that democracy does not, as a matter of course, carry with it the confiscation of private, or even of corporate, property.

It will be remembered that the elaborate scheme for reform of the Federal Constitution which, after debates throughout the winter, passed the two Houses of the Assembly last March, was thrown out both by the popular and cantonal vote in the *plebiscitum* of May; that is to say, the people gave the conservative vote, the vote that things should stay as they were. On this in the autumn followed the general election, and the general election issued in the return of a National Council in which there is a strong revisionist majority. There may at first seem to be some inconsistency in this, as if the Swiss people repented of their rejection of the scheme of revision. But the election of a National Council whose majority is revisionist proves nothing of the kind. What it does prove is how com-

pletely the last Assembly threw away its own chances of success by insisting that the popular vote should be taken *in globo*. Those who were absolutely opposed to any revision on any point must have been a small minority in the country as well as in the Assembly. What men did object to was to be called on to decide by a single vote on a heap of proposals on all manner of incongruous subjects, some of which they approved, and some of which they disapproved. Each of the various proposals, educational, legal, military, financial, and strictly constitutional, would have had a far better chance of being carried, if it had been put by itself, than the whole scheme had when it was put as a whole. All who objected to any part of the scheme naturally voted against the whole. But in so doing they in no way pledged themselves to oppose all revision in every shape, and there is therefore no inconsistency in a nation which has rejected a particular scheme of revision immediately electing a National Council the majority of whose members are pledged to a revision of some kind, but not necessarily to a revision of the same kind as that which has been thrown out.

The state of things at this moment is this. The National Council, by a majority which may be called unanimous, since only one member voted against it, has addressed the Federal Council, requesting them to bring forward a scheme of revision before the Assembly. That is all. The thing begins afresh; the Executive Government is requested to make what proposals it pleases, without any reference to what has passed. A moderate scheme of revision will be safe to pass the Assembly; and, if it is put in such a shape that men can vote separately on the several heads of the scheme, there seems little doubt that it will be accepted by the people also. But all this will not be done just yet. It is not likely that the Federal Government will propose anything till another session; so there is plenty of time for men to think calmly over the whole matter.

But what we wish specially to speak of now is, not the possible action of the Federal Council which has just been elected, but the Federal Council itself. The two chief Federal Commonwealths of the world were engaged about the same time in deciding in what hands the executive power of the Union should be placed for the next legal term; in the one case for four years, in the other for three. But the difference between the two processes, between the election of the American President and the election of the Swiss Federal Council, is as marked as may be. They agree only in this, that the executive elected must, under all ordinary circumstances, go on for a term fixed by the law, but cannot go on beyond that term without a fresh formal election. In this the two Federal executives are distinguished alike from Kings who stay on for the terms of their natural lives, and from Ministers whose term of power may be cut short at any moment, or may be prolonged for any length of time, according to the directly or indirectly expressed will of the Legislature. But, beyond this, there seems to be no likeness whatever between the way of appointing the executives to the two Confederations, and not much between their duties when they are appointed. The American executive is a single man; the Swiss executive is a Council of seven. Students of constitutional politics have pointed out how the Swiss arrangement at once hinders the Commonwealth from making the most of a great man, and saves it from the degradation into which it might be led by a small man. But, as things go on in the world in general, and especially as things go in a state so placed as Switzerland is, it is perhaps worth while to give up the chance of being ruled by a Washington in order to be quite safe against being ruled by a Pierce. Then again, a single-headed President must have something of a Ministry, because he cannot do everything with his own hands; and such a Ministry is apt to grow, in a sort of underhand way, into the position which the Constitution meant for the President himself. But in Switzerland the Federal Council is a Ministry ready made. The actual management of the departments of state is really in the hands of those whom the Constitution entrusts with power. But the main difference is in the manner of election. Every one knows that the American President was meant by the founders of the American Constitution to be elected in one way; but that, as a matter of fact, he is, without any change in the law, without any breach of the law, elected in quite another way. The founders of the Constitution thought that the Legislature or people of each State would really choose those whom they could best trust to elect a President, and would leave them freely to elect him. Experience has shown that the election of Electors has become a mere farce; that the choice of the President is really decided by the popular vote, and that the only result of the form of choosing intermediate Electors is—whether we think this a good or a bad thing—that a President, after all, may be chosen who has not a numerical majority of a people in his favour. Add to this the necessary consequences of a popular vote taken throughout a large country—namely, the party struggle in its extremest form, and the further consequences of caucuses and conventions, the strong chance that no party will find it convenient to bring forward its best man, the certainty that many men of every party will, for the sake of party allegiance, vote for some one whom they do not think the best man. And when the President is elected, he is, as being himself the result of a popular vote, as much the representative of the people as Congress is. The executive and legislative powers are set up, as it were, on two equal pedestals, as if on purpose to suggest the thought of rivalry with one another. In the Swiss system all these disadvantages are avoided. The founders of the Swiss Constitution, while they made the two Houses of the Assembly so closely after the American model, added an Executive wholly of their own devising. The Federal Council is elected, not by the people, not by the Cantons, not by special electors, but by the Legislative Assembly itself, the two Houses for this purpose voting as one body. And the mode of voting which is chosen is one that gives every member the fullest opportunity for voting for the men whom he honestly thinks the best. In England, we should probably have some proposing of candidates; each member would vote for a list of seven, the lists being in most cases lists arranged beforehand according to parties. In the Swiss way of voting, each of the seven seats in the Council is filled separately; and for a candidate to be elected he must have an absolute majority of the members voting. It is therefore possible that two or three votes may be taken before each vacancy is filled, and it is plain that, in the first voting for the first place, it is open to every member to vote for the man whom he personally thinks the best of all. If his favourite is elected, he has still his other votes for those whom he thinks next in merit; and if his favourite fails, he can judge from the result of the first voting whether it is worth while for him to vote for him a second time. Thus, at the late election, December 9, the voting for the first place gave an overwhelming majority for Herr Welti, the *Bundespräsident* of the last year. He polled 126 votes to 33 divided among twelve other candidates, among whom the highest number of votes given for any one was 9. Those 9 were given for Herr Scherer, a member of the outgoing Council, followed by 6 votes for Cérésole and 5 for Schenk. The election to the second place showed a warm contest between these three, the votes given being Cérésole 75, Schenk 43, Scherer 25, beside scattering votes. Here is no absolute majority, but on a second voting Cérésole comes in with 122 votes, with 26 for Schenk, and 11 for Scherer; the third voting brings in Schenk, the fourth brings in Scherer, the fifth brings in Knüsel, who had not appeared as a serious candidate till the fourth voting. It is evident that all this time there has been no serious party struggle. Members of the old Council, to none of whom there was any serious opposition, were re-elected, the only question being as to their relative merits, perhaps as to which was least opposed to the opposite side. But on the sixth voting there was a real stand-up fight between parties. M. Challet-Venel of Geneva, a member of the outgoing Council who had been strongly opposed to the late scheme of revision, was opposed by M. Borel of Neufchâtel, a revisionist. The first voting gave Challet-Venel a majority, but not an absolute majority; he polled 65 and Borel, 59; while 45 were divided between other candidates, the highest being Herr Anderwert, with 25. On the second voting Borel had 90, Challet-Venel 73, 5 only being thrown away. For the seventh place there was a struggle of the same kind between Näff and Anderwert, which ended in the election of Näff. There were a few members who went on to the end giving scattering votes which could not help any cause. The result is that the old Council is re-elected, with the exception of the substitution of M. Borel for Challet-Venel. The only other serious attempt to throw out a member of the old Council in the person of Herr Näff has been unsuccessful, and it is to be noted that the proportion between the German and the Romance-speaking members of the Council is kept by the substitution of a member from Neufchâtel for a member of Geneva.

This is an eminently fair way of voting, and it showed the good sense of the Assembly when it determined to cleave to it, and threw out a motion for voting by lists. In an Assembly where there are marked party divisions, the list comes to a mere voting for the Liberal or Conservative ticket; in an Assembly where party divisions are not strong, as in a Court of Quarter Sessions, there is a natural unwillingness to oppose a list except on very strong grounds; its proposer therefore has an unfair advantage, and may take the Assembly by surprise. But in the Swiss way—not that it is at all distinctively Swiss—each man who votes can vote purely according to his own convictions, modified by what the course of the voting reveals as to the chances of the candidates. If a few members steadily persisted to the end in throwing away their votes, it only shows that no Assembly is wholly made up of wise men.

But far more important than the mere way of voting, which can be altered at any time by the Assembly for the time being, are the relations which the constitution establishes between the legislative and the executive power. They are wedded to one another for three years without power of divorce: the Federal Council cannot dissolve the Assembly and the Assembly cannot turn out the Federal Council. So far their relations are the same as those of the American President and Congress. But then the President and Congress may easily become rival powers; they stand apart from one another; they never meet face to face; the President has a modified veto, which may lead to disputes between him and Congress. But the Swiss Federal Council is, as we have seen, chosen by the Assembly itself, and chosen in a way which makes it as likely as anything can be in an imperfect world that the best men will be chosen. The Federal Council has no veto on the acts of the Assembly, and its powers in several other respects are less than those of the American President; but, on the other hand, the Federal Councillors, though they cannot vote, may, and often do, attend and speak in either House of the Assembly. In this way the relation between the Legislature and the Executive seems to be thoroughly friendly and confidential. The Legislature is never tempted to vote this or that way, not because it is in itself the best, but because it is likely to keep in or turn out a certain Ministry. The Executive, on the other hand, cannot influence the Legislature by the threat of a penal dissolution. The friendly

relations between the two branches are shown in such cases as the present, when the Legislature, though each House is fully competent to take the initiative in legislation, asks the Federal Council to give it a proposal to discuss. This is the obvious thing to do, when the Assembly has itself chosen the Federal Councillors as being the most likely people to make proposals which will be worth discussing.

It is surely no small work for any Constitution to have brought two of the three branches of the Government into such harmonious working. The weak point of the Swiss Constitution lies in the third branch—the Judiciary. Any new scheme of *Bundesrevision* must specially deal with that, and it must, before all things, hinder the time of both Executive and Legislature being any longer wasted on matters which ought simply to go to a judge and a jury.

THE DUNGENESS COLLISION.

AMONG shipwrecks and disasters at sea the loss of the emigrant ship *Northfleet* will hold a foremost place. The awakening from secure sleep to imminent danger, the confusion, the devotion of some to duty, and the selfishness of others, the apparent nearness of help that came not, the burning of unregarded signals in a crowded roadstead—all these circumstances compose a picture of almost unequalled terror. It has been well shown how, if order had been kept, the ship might have been saved. The expedient of stretching a sail over a hole has carried many a damaged ship thousands of miles in safety, and in this case it was only necessary to check the influx of water for the few hours of night. The want of some signal specially appropriated for urgent danger has been remarked upon; but it has been usual, at least in poetry, to assume that gun firing, if not hostile, conveyed an appeal for help. The blue lights which were freely burned conveyed to the mind of a cruising pilot the idea that one of his craft was wanted very much, or, as he expressed it, that "something extra" was going on. The same idea seems to have faintly stirred the mind of the watch on board a ship which was anchored at the distance of only three hundred yards, but, not being a pilot, the watch troubled himself no further about the matter. Some help came, but not enough. The anchorage was full of ships and every ship had boats, and the loss of three hundred lives by drowning in such a place is as if a man were to die for lack of surgery in Savile Row.

It seems as if the proverbial dangers of the deep had not been diminished, but only altered in character by civilization. There are more ships at sea, and therefore the chance of mischief by careless navigation becomes greater. In a moment the captain of a trader may find himself called upon to display qualities which would adorn the brightest page of the history of the Royal Navy. Indeed the merchant captain has to contend with a special difficulty, for neither his crew nor passengers can be restrained under exciting circumstances from conduct which the discipline of a man-of-war prevents. It is a great support of the authority under which you are placed to know that you may die if you obey an order, but certainly will die if you disobey it. The occurrence of such a calamity, distressing as it is, may afford comfort to those alarmists who perpetually announce that our naval skill and spirit are extinct. Circumstances occur in the most tranquil times to call for the cool courage which formerly won battles, and the quality is usually forthcoming. The expression of Her Majesty's feeling at the death of the brave Captain Knowles may call to mind the lines:—

> Now God be with him, said our King,
> Since it may no better be;
> I trust I have within this realm
> Five hundred as good as he.

The modest figure which we believe occurs in the ballad might with truth be magnified. There are not only hundreds, but thousands, of men in England of unheroic aspect who are capable of dying calmly at their duty, either on sea or land. We need not be disturbed either at Russian civility or German rudeness if the old sterling metal of our race underlies its modern polish. The devotion of Captain Knowles impresses us more from the pathetic circumstance of his parting from his newly-married wife. He put her into a boat, and must have felt that he could hardly hope to see her again. Thus peace produces the incidents, but happily also the courage and endurance, of war. The scene on board the sinking ship was strangely compounded of heroism and meanness. Yet the "navvies" who struggled for places in the boats were capable under other circumstances of cool disregard of danger. If each man had had a distinct duty, he would probably have done it faithfully, and herein this mournful incident of peace only too truly represents what occurs in war. Why do men stand firm at one time and run at another? Is it not because they feel, or do not feel, that steadfastness is likely to serve some useful purpose?

On the evening of Wednesday week there were two or three hundred ships at anchor off Dungeness. The prevailing westerly wind was the cause of this large collection of ships. As trade increases it becomes a serious matter to consider whether these roadsteads, where shelter is necessarily sought, cannot be enlarged. The mate of the pilot cutter *Princess* says that it was "a squally, dirty, dark night." At times he could see the riding-lights of the vessels, but at other times the rain and hail which fell hid the lights. His attention was drawn to the *Northfleet* by her burning blue lights, which is the usual signal for a pilot. He noticed that she had a bright riding-light burning. When he first saw her signals he was about a mile distant from her. As he approached he saw, by the help of the blue light, the people screaming and struggling on deck. The ship was sinking, her boats were full, and there was no sufficient help at hand. The cutter sent her boat, but before it got up the ship had sunk. The boat's crew could see the ship settling down, and the people floating about, and could hear their cries for help. They took off ten men from the rigging, conveyed them to the cutter, and returned for more. Other help arrived, but none came in time to save the greater number of passengers, who perished when the ship went down. The signals ought to have been seen and understood by some of the vessels anchored near, and if assistance had been promptly sent many more lives might have been saved. But it must be owned that forty-five minutes was a brief time for help to come. It is difficult to believe that the steamer which did the mischief was not culpably mismanaged; and if she remained seaworthy, she could have saved the crew of the vessel she destroyed. If the offender was, as suspected, the *Murillo*, it is known that she was able to make her way safely to Cadiz. Steamers traverse the ocean as cabs drive along Fleet Street—that is, without any conception that sailing-vessels in the one case, and pedestrians in the other, have any right to be anywhere. It is matter of common knowledge that, with a heavy westerly wind, Dungeness Roadstead will be full of ships, and a steamer traversing that anchorage is bound to expect to find vessels in her path. It is possible that this question, like others, has two sides to it; but we should think that the steamer could not acquit herself of gross negligence. In proportion to the sympathy that has been excited for the victims will be anger aroused against the authors of this calamity if they disclose themselves. It is highly improbable that they will be able to avoid detection, and if they expected to do this by making off, they committed at once a foolish and wicked act. The reckless conduct of powerful steamers is a growing cause of danger to sailing ships and fishing boats, and no effort ought to be spared for the detection, and, if possible, for the punishment, of such offenders. A ship anchored off Dungeness ought in ordinary weather to be safe, and it is intolerable that danger unforeseen and inevitable should arise from the mere caprice of a steamer to whom all the sea is open for her course. It may not be practicable to do more than raise an outcry against those who ought to pay both in purse and person for the destruction of a fine ship and three hundred lives, but the common sentiment of humanity cannot be disregarded nor the voice of conscience stifled among those who have done this deed. If the captain of the offending steamer be alive, his existence henceforward is not likely to be enviable. How many times better to have died like Captain Knowles than to live like the captain of this steamer!

An incident unusual in our age and country occurred during the terrible interval between the ship receiving the blow and sinking. In order to enforce his order to save the women first, Captain Knowles drew a revolver, and not only threatened to shoot the men who crowded into the boats, but actually did shoot one of them. This man, having narrowly escaped a first ball in his head, received a second in his knee, and now lies at the Dover Hospital. He is a single man, and was going out to Tasmania as a labourer. When he felt the shock of the collision he came on deck, and worked with the other passengers at the pumps until they saw that the water was too strong for them. As hope vanished the confusion on deck increased. But amid all was heard the voice of Captain Knowles, who, having seen his wife into one of the boats, stood at the wheel giving directions for saving life. "The women first; I'll shoot the man that dares to get into a boat." The narrator of course alleges that he was not the first to violate this order; but when other men entered the boats he saw no reason why he should not follow. So he jumped into a boat under the Captain's eye, was ordered out, refused to obey, and received a ball in his knee. He was right from a selfish point of view in preferring the chance of being shot to the certainty of being drowned. So he kept his place in the boat and saved his life. He states that the Captain would have shot another man, but the pistol missed fire. Before he could offer further resistance the boat was filled and cast off, and rowed to a tug-steamer which had just come up. Hardly had the boat got alongside when by the red light which the steamer burned the figure-head of the *Northfleet* was seen to sink slowly under water. The crowded stern rose up in the sea, and with a rushing sound almost immediately disappeared. The tug picked up thirty-four people. If she had arrived earlier, it seems probable that she might have rendered efficient aid. But the tragedy was too rapidly accomplished.

We hear so much of international arrangements, that perhaps it may not be too much to expect that civilized countries will arrive at a common understanding as to the punishment of a new sort of piracy. When a steamer comes into collision with a sailing-vessel the usual rule is said to be "to make clear off." Many a "missing" vessel has thus been sent to the bottom, and none left to tell the tale. The captain of the steamer does not know the name of the vessel he cut down, and he is never afterwards absolutely certain that he has destroyed life, whereas he knows that he has preserved his own professional reputation. Until a stringent law is enacted by general consent, making it a serious offence to leave a vessel after collision without rendering assistance, such cases as that of the *Northfleet* will continue to occur, and British vessels, being the most crowded, will be the most dangerous. It is to

little purpose that we suppress piracy and kidnapping in the Eastern Ocean if we tolerate a more outrageous form of maritime atrocity within sight of our own coast.

MR. SPURGEON ON FOREIGN RELIGION AND ART.

MR. SPURGEON'S record of his foreign experiences appears to have become an annual institution at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. We can quite conceive that it forms a pleasing interlude in "the simple preaching of the Gospel," which he declares to be his peculiar "gift," and an appropriate sequel to "the gigantic tea-party which met in the afternoon in the lower buildings," and adjourned at seven o'clock to the Tabernacle to see the great preacher appear in the character of—we suppose we need not apologize for quoting his own account of himself—well, of "a goose." Mr. Spurgeon began by assuring his hearers that "to him to deliver a lecture was the sternest of all toil"; that he never contemplated it without pain, or began it without hesitation, or finished it "without thinking he was a fool to attempt it, and should be a greater fool if he ever attempted it again." Still he liked to do it now and then as an exercise of Christian humility; though his gifts lay entirely in another line. Whenever his hearers saw a goose flying they might say, "That is exactly like Mr. Spurgeon when he is delivering a lecture." In short, notwithstanding his love of Christian humiliation, "he never would have given the lecture at all, but that the placards announcing it and other arrangements were made in his absence"—we suppose we are to infer, without his sanction. It would be rude to contradict Mr. Spurgeon, even if we felt any temptation to do so, and it is only due to him to say that, whatever other merits his lecture may or may not possess, it certainly possesses the merit of justifying to a remarkable degree his own preliminary description of what was to be expected of it. But even this solitary recommendation he is too modest to lay claim to as exclusively his own. "Lecturing on one's travels nowadays, even if one was up to the mark, was rather a puzzling task, when you just got into a railway carriage, were whirled to the end of your journey and got out again, and that was all you knew about it." What sort of task it is when one is *not* up to the mark his hearers were left to infer from what followed. Probably some of them may have agreed with him, as certainly will many of his readers, that "it is most absurd." One chance of being able to confer some "sparkle and vividness" on his recollections had indeed for a moment suggested itself, but—for reasons which his explanations only render the more mysterious—it unhappily passed away. "He had been in hopes at one time that the brigands would have got hold of him, but" even that fond hope of possible assassination was cruelly dashed to the ground, for "troops accompanied the expedition, and as there was no chance of brigands, he refused to go." What expedition is intended, or why the troops accompanied it, is not very clear. It cannot mean the expedition to Italy, for Mr. Spurgeon was already there; and if he planned some particular expedition with a view to enlarging his experiences by a study of brigand life *au naturel*—as seems to be implied—one hardly sees why the military escort was not declined. Or are we to understand that the Italian Government insists on manifesting its new-born zeal for freedom of conscience and gospel truth by forcing a guard of honour on the illustrious pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle whenever he visits their country? Be that as it may, the desired encounter with brigands which might have supplied "something entertaining" did not come off; "everything was reduced to the commonplace level of a railway carriage, an hotel, and perhaps an omnibus, or a cab or two," from which we infer that, as a general rule, the train set down Mr. Spurgeon at the door of his hotel. With such materials to work upon what could be achieved? *Ex nihilo nihil fit.* Not even to the greatest orator is it given to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. And yet Mr. Spurgeon, as we have already observed, did make a very remarkable discourse—that is to say, a discourse which remarkably illustrated his own felicitous simile of the experiences of a flying goose.

The lecturer began by deprecating a severe rebuke administered to him on a former occasion by a learned writer for saying nothing about pictures and statuary, which it was assumed must be interesting to any person of education and taste. We must confess to a sense of bewildered curiosity as to who the learned writer can possibly have been who was anxious to hear Mr. Spurgeon's criticisms on the Italian picture galleries; and we cannot help thinking that the lecturer showed more wisdom than his critic, if less than his accustomed measure of Christian humility, in refusing to gratify so inexplicable a wish. Our opinion of his discretion would have been higher still if he had persevered in that refusal, without troubling himself to explain the reasons, the sufficiency of which would have been taken for granted by all who knew anything about him. However, he has explained them, and in a manner which fully justifies the closing comment of the *Daily News* reporter, that "his lecture was marked with all his old eloquence, humour, and force of application." More than all, we should have been disposed to say. It was possible, Mr. Spurgeon thought, to see too much of these things, and in fact he took very little interest in them himself. "After walking down more than twenty miles of picture galleries, one did not want to walk down twenty miles more; and after one had seen the portrait of a man twenty thousand times, it began to get rather stale." We have vainly racked our brains and our memory of the picture galleries of Europe to discover whose portrait Mr. Spurgeon can have seen twenty thousand, or even two thousand times, unless indeed his reference is one which, being on less familiar terms with sacred personages than himself, we had rather not specify. That he was "heartily sick of seeing just the same thing over and over again" we can quite conceive. Mr. Spurgeon's artistic eye is probably about as correct as the musical ear of the man who mistook "God save the Queen" for the "Dead March in Saul," and the twenty miles' promenade of Italian and Belgian picture galleries must have been a very vain repetition indeed to him. However, it supplied him abundant scope for that humour and force of application which so enchanted the reporter of the *Daily News*. Last year the lecturer was extremely forcible in his comments on "the Virgin's milk," and he has varied the application this year by some equally appropriate criticisms on "the Holy Families and Virgins" that he saw in different picture galleries. Unfortunately they did not enable him "to form any conception of what the "Virgin Mary was like," but, on the contrary, rather confused him. "He had seen her as a Frenchwoman, a Dutchwoman, a German, a Spaniard, an Italianwoman, and, last of all, he had seen her as black as soot"—an announcement received with loud laughter by his audience at the Tabernacle. And then follow some highly refined and appreciative criticisms on the flaying of St. Bartholomew, and Susannah and the Elders, and then a long comment on the martyrdom of "St. Sebastian, stuck full of arrows like a pincushion turned into a porcupine"; the weary iteration of whose portraits—we may presume in the churches at Venice—does not seem to have inspired Mr. Spurgeon with any admiration for Tintoretto, but only with a very strong feeling of dislike to the Saint, who, he evidently thinks, like Charles II., took much too long in dying. Indeed from his way of referring to Butler's *Lives of the Saints* he does not seem ever to have heard of St. Sebastian before, and evidently still considers him a very apocryphal personage. His general conclusion is, that there is not only a great monotony, but an utter want of talent, among the old masters. The two pictures which really did impress him, on which we might gaze and yet find them inexhaustible," were Paul Potter's Bull at the Hague, and "an excellent picture of a red cabbage," where and by whom is not stated. "So much for the pictures; nobody could now say he had neglected them." We hope the learned writer who wished for his opinion is satisfied with the flood of fresh light thrown on the subject.

After having disposed of the brigands whom he did not meet, and of the pictures of which he met with a good many more than he wanted, Mr. Spurgeon proceeds to make a series of discursive reflections, equally humorous and edifying, on various incidents of his journey. Thus, for instance, at the Brussels station he saw a carpet laid for the Queen of Belgium, who was going to travel by the same train with him, and he was quite ready to join in a hurrah for her; but, to his great surprise, there was no hurrah; whereupon he improves the occasion by observing that, as Belgians who are silent are as loyal as Englishmen who shout, so Quakers are not less devout than Methodists—including Baptists, we presume—but "the reverend gentleman feared he would not make a good Quaker himself, as he was rather too noisy for that." He travelled by night between Vienna and Munich, "and therefore had no opportunity of seeing the *Bremen* Pass," whatever that may be; but at Munich he was much interested—not of course with the frescoes and picture galleries, but with a moveable pulpit at the Basilica, which he thought "would be a capital thing for a Church of England edifice, as it might be placed in one position for the Ritualists, in another for the Evangelicals, and in another for the Broad Churchmen," so as to symbolize "the different sects and doctrines that flourished in the Establishment." The other object of interest at Munich was the statue of Bavaria over the *Ruhmes Halle*, of which he ascended the interior with a candle, but failed to gain "any distinct notion of the statue from inside." Most visitors to Munich will probably be more than satisfied with the very distinct notion to be gained from outside. But the lecturer draws the profound inference that theologians who go very deep into the heart of a subject are not likely to understand it nearly so well as those who contemplate it from a distance. It is no doubt by this judicious process of distant study that he has acquired his own knowledge of "certain theological antiquities, the Fathers," of whom he was forcibly reminded at Venice by seeing "some antiquities which had received their last coat of varnish the day before." And his study of modern languages is evidently conducted in the same admirable and expeditious method. "The German language might be, as some maintained [who had been foolish enough to go deep into the heart of the subject], very sweet; but to him who [having more wisely studied it at a distance] knew nothing about it, it seemed in the dead of night to consist of Yaw, yaw, and Hoch, hoch." Nor was German religion much better than the German language. "At Bautzen [Botzen?] on Sunday he saw two old women worshipping idols on the hills"—*i.e.* kneeling before a crucifix; "while the manliness"—Mr. Spurgeon is using the abstract for the concrete by a well-known classical figure of speech—"was practising with its rifle below." We found just now that Mr. Spurgeon had no very keen eye for Tintoretto's pictures, and was inclined to be altogether sceptical about St. Sebastian. It is only fair to say that he saw something else at Venice for which persons who do not study history on the principle on which he studies theology and language would look in vain; and that is "the particular spot in front of St. Mark's where the Pope of old put his foot on the neck of Barbarossa"—

a story which less accomplished schoolboys than Lord Macaulay's youthful prodigy know to be as purely fabulous as Mr. Spurgeon considers the history of St. Sebastian. However, it supplied him with a neat little Scriptural contrast between "Our Saviour and the present Pope," which we had rather not quote at length, though it provoked the hearty laughter of his audience. We pass over some rather rambling remarks on the decay of Popery at Rome and its revival in England, to come to the *chef-d'œuvre* of Mr. Spurgeon's lecture. It should be observed that its professed subject was "his recent tour in Italy and a visit to Pompeii." On the latter subject, however, he said that his memory altogether failed him, and he therefore craved permission to read a letter he had sent home at the time to Mrs. Spurgeon. All he could now remember was that the sight of Herculaneum and Pompeii reminded him irresistibly of the judgment which overtook Sodom and Gomorrah, the site of those cities "having been at one time a place of pleasure and sin." We could perhaps mention some other places of which the same might be said, but which have not been buried under ashes or lava. But it may be doubted if the Surrey Tabernacle can be considered exactly "a place of pleasure" by "any person of ordinary education and taste" while the bird who had flown to Italy is spreading his wings over the pulpit. Mr. Spurgeon's lucubrations on Christian art are undoubtedly striking, but, to repeat his own words, "it is possible to have too much of these things."

THE GUILD OF LITERATURE.

SOME correspondence in the newspapers has brought to recollection the Guild of Literature and Art, which, it seems, still survives. Many people will remember the name, but there was a general impression that the institution had long ago ceased to exist. It has a curious history, which may be briefly told. The Guild was established in that year of wonders and of all sorts of regeneration, 1851. Its object was to assist struggling or impoverished men of letters and artists, and to found an institution where "honourable rest from arduous labour shall still be associated with the discharge of congenial duties." Mr. Charles Dickens, Lord Lytton (then Sir Edward), and some others took the lead in this movement. Lord Lytton presented the brotherhood with a piece of land near Knebworth, and with a comedy in five acts. The land was to be used as a site for the new institution, and the play was to be acted in order to provide funds to build it. In accordance with this scheme Mr. Dickens led a band of amateur actors through the country, and a considerable sum of money was thus collected. But somehow there was a difficulty about getting the project into a practical shape. Here was the land and the money, but for a long time there was no institution. It was not till as late as 1865 that three houses were built at Stevenage on the ground presented by Lord Lytton. And after this there was again a hitch. Having got thus far, the Guild began to suffer from an odd kind of decay—a decay not of funds, but of objects on whom to expend the funds. The houses were intended for poor men of letters, actors, or artists, but none could be found who were willing to avail themselves of this snug retreat. Most Committees who have anything to bestow are embarrassed by the number of candidates pressing round them. But with the Committee of the Guild of Literature those familiar conditions were reversed, and they had to set to work to seek out persons who could be coaxed, argued, or bullied into accepting their favours. All their efforts, however, to find tenants for their houses, rent free, with a pension, and gas and water laid on, proved unavailing. Once or twice they had a nibble, but the fish always managed to get clear off. It would seem that the houses have remained untenanted during nearly the whole time they have been standing. The Guild continues to exist in the shape of a Committee, the members of which meet at intervals to condole with each other on the impossibility of discovering any necessitous authors or artists, and to see that their funds are safe in the bank. A proposal was made a year or two since to wind up the whole affair, and hand over the money to some other body, but nothing came of it.

It would, perhaps, be rash to conclude that the race of decayed authors and artists is absolutely extinct. When we look into the conditions of life in the Stevenage houses, we can have little difficulty in understanding the unpopularity of the establishment. It is a fault with many kindly, well meaning people that they do not care to make others happy except in accordance with some pet theory of their own. And this was one of the defects of the Guild of Literature and Art. It was a novelist's dream of a happy brotherhood of authors and artists. The poet and the painter, the novelist and the historian, the dramatist and the actor who had given life to his creations on the stage, were all to be gathered together, to spend their declining years, under the patronage of the more prosperous members of their various professions. "Honourable rest from arduous labour" was to be associated with the discharge of congenial duties. The brethren would have constant opportunities for genial intercourse. Occasionally some of the great men from town would drop in with their budget of gossip, kind remembrances from absent friends and flattering words for the old fellows on the shelf. The poet would quaver one of his ditties, the actor would give a recitation, the novelist would tell some good stories, and the artists would have some sketches to show. There would be a quick interchange of thought and wit, and so the days would pass in cheerful and dignified leisure, with just a touch of "congenial duties" now and then to disguise the charity. It was a very pretty notion, and one can almost fancy the sort of story which Bulwer or Dickens might have made of it. It was fitter, indeed, for a romance than for reality. The novelist in making up his book can move his puppets as he pleases. Living puppets are more troublesome, and so the promoters of the Guild discovered. The characters would not get into the pretty framework, or, if popped in for a minute, were out again directly. The truth is, the whole idea was an absurd anachronism. Nothing could be more fantastic or impracticable than a monastic settlement of poor authors and artists from London, planted among the meadows of Hertfordshire. The poor fellows to whom it was proposed to take up their quarters at Stevenage looked at the matter from a hard realistic point of view. It was several miles from a railway station, there was no late train from town, and railway travelling was expensive. They could not run up to town for dinner or the play and back again the same night. Lord Lytton and Mr. Dickens may possibly have persuaded themselves that, if it had been their fate, they could have passed their old age pleasantly enough in the Homes of the Guild, smoking their pipes together in the arbour, and clinking their glasses by the fireside. Successful men often have such fancies, and are scarcely able to make allowance for the void which is left in forlorn, broken-down existences. We cannot help thinking that it was just as well that the Homes should have stood tenantless and deserted. If they had been filled, just fancy what a colony it would have been! The members would all be men who had more or less failed in life. It would be only natural that they should owe the world a grudge for their misfortunes, and their chronic irritation would scarcely be soothed by finding themselves cut off from all their friends and acquaintances, and packed together and ticketed as a bundle of failures. The "poor authors" might possibly have become a kind of show in a dull neighbourhood, where there is little else to be seen; Knebworth on the one hand, and the almshouses on the other. If the money had been distributed in annuities, free from the tie of local residence, the poor old fellows could have lived with their friends and kept up some kind of quiet communion with the world of which they had ceased to be active members, and nobody need have been any the wiser. They would not have been made conspicuous by any badge or label, and would not have had the recollection of their misfortunes thrust upon them at every turn. It is obvious that if charity is to be given to artists and men of letters, it should be given in a delicate, simple, unostentatious form.

It may be supposed that, if the conditions on which the pensions of the Guild were offered had been less irksome and repulsive, there would have been a sufficient number of candidates for them. There must surely be some decayed literary men still left in the world, just as there are decayed lawyers and decayed greengrocers; but it may be taken as a proof of the general prosperity of literature that even its least successful professors should be too independent to accept assistance except on their own terms. It may be doubted whether there ever was any particular necessity for the Guild of Literature. One of its objects was to encourage provident habits and life assurance. But a provident literary man can do a great deal better for himself by insuring his life in some good office than by subscribing to a small class society; and it usually happens that those who require help are just those who have never subscribed at all. One of the difficulties of providing special help for destitute literary men is the difficulty of knowing what constitutes a literary man. The number of professional writers who write books or articles and who do nothing else is comparatively small. A great deal of writing is done by barristers, clergymen, soldiers, who have quite as much right to be reckoned literary men as the professional writers. The idea that men of letters and artists are less bound than other men to be steadily industrious and provident, and that, if they fall into distress, it is the business of other classes, as a matter of duty, to come to their relief, is happily disappearing. A claim of this kind cannot be substantiated, and to yield to it does infinitely more harm than good. A capable man may by hard work make a decent living in literature, as in other occupations, and a few grow rich. But it is well that literary labourers should understand that, as far as worldly rewards are concerned, the value of their work is just what it will fetch in the market, and that they have no right to expect to be maintained on any other terms. There is a remark, however, which one often hears, and as to the truth of which we are by no means clear. It is said that it is a happy thing for literature that it has been relieved from its obligations to private patrons. Unquestionably it is a good thing that poets and historians should be able to get a living without having to cringe to and toady rich boobies, but it is just possible that there may be a servility to the public which is scarcely more honourable or wholesome than servility to a patron. It is absurd to say that a good book will always find a publisher willing to buy it and print it. An author must consider what will please the publishers, and the publishers have to consider the taste of the public, and the taste of the public is not invariably of the highest and purest kind. A writer may not be appreciated till he is dead, and that is awkward for the writer, and especially for his family, if he has one. It is quite possible to conceive various kinds of literary work of great importance, but of an unpopular kind, by which a man could certainly not support himself if he had to depend solely on the public. There is no reason why a wealthy man should not order a book—a treatise, a history, a poem, or what not—just as he commissions a picture from a painter or a

bust from a sculptor. If the patron expected the man of letters to attend him in society, to cut jokes for him, and flatter him, and add to his importance by his puffery and servility, the connexion would of course be degrading and pernicious to both; but as long as the transaction was a simple matter of business, it is difficult to see why there should be anything dishonourable in a writer selling his work to a patron any more than to a printer. At any rate it is the class of men who devote themselves to the least profitable branches of literature who have the strongest claim on Literary Funds and Guilds of Literature.

THE OLD MASTERS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

III.

HAVING in two previous papers dealt with painters who belong to Southern Europe—that is, to the cognate peninsulas of Italy and of Spain—we now turn to certain art groups or schools which by race and by character of work pertain to Northern or to Western Europe. Indeed Holbein, who by the remarkable portraits here exhibited first demands our notice, approaches so near to our shores and comes home so closely to our sympathies as to be almost English. "The Two Ambassadors" (114), one of the noblest portrait pictures extant, was painted in England, and the sitters are English. Sir Thomas Wyatt, poet and diplomatist, in sumptuous apparel, looks from one side of the picture direct to the spectator; on the other stands in more sober garb some learned professor. The black cap of a doctor, and also the sun-dials, the celestial and terrestrial globes, and mathematical instruments ranged by the doctor's side, indicate his calling, just as the musical instruments may be taken to symbolize the Muses to whom Wyatt was devoted. The ambiguous creature in the foreground, which has confounded the critics, is apparently the bone of a large fish; a set of teeth can be made out. The hands are scarcely in the best style of the master; though finely drawn, and full of character, they are hard, and though unusually well coloured, they are wooden. The accessories strike the eye as wondrously realistic; yet the details show no touch of the brush—a method of handling which marks the old German school generally. It can scarcely be supposed that Holbein could find time to get through all this incredible amount of drudgery himself; and accordingly the picture shows the inequalities which are commonly incident to the division of labour. The panel has blackened and fallen into bad condition; the ten planks out of which this unusually large surface is constructed can be distinctly counted by the open cracks between them. This is the most important work by Holbein in England; the still more important composition known as "The Family of Sir Thomas More" being now pronounced a copy, the original of which has been lost. Also from Longford Castle, the seat of the Earl of Radnor, come two historic heads, the portrait of Erasmus (178), and of his friend Ægidius (175), a celebrated traveller of Antwerp. A doubt has been raised by Mr. Wornum whether these two portraits are by Holbein or Quintin Matsys, and as an indubitable picture by the latter artist, "The Misers" (188), hangs close by, no better opportunity is likely to occur of settling the controversy by direct appeal to internal evidence. On comparing these several works, it strikes us that the handling of the "Blacksmith of Antwerp" is heavier, broader, ruder, than the touch of Holbein. In contrast the heads of Erasmus and of his friend Ægidius, though not quite identical in style—for Holbein often differed from himself—are subtle in outline, delicate in modelling, refined, though keen, in intellectual outlook; indeed so perfect are they that they might serve as sample works of the painter at his best. Accordingly Dr. Waagen says that the portrait of Erasmus "is alone worth a pilgrimage to Longford Castle." In the year 1754 the picture was bought as genuine; the price given being one hundred and five guineas, while the companion portrait obtained ninety-one guineas. The smallness of these sums can have no bearing on the question of authorship, that point having been only recently mooted by Mr. Wornum, who may boast of having conferred on Holbein the singular service of robbing him of signal works which most authorities ascribe to him. Turning to the historic evidence, we incline to think that it tends, like the internal traits, to substantiate the claim not of the painter of Antwerp, but of the painter of Basle. The doubt could never have arisen had there not been two portraits of Erasmus to be found or accounted for. It is certain that the one was painted by Quintin Matsys, and sent to Sir Thomas More; it is equally certain that the other was painted by Holbein, who became himself the bearer of the gift to the same Chancellor. Sir Thomas More was thus the happy possessor of two portraits of his friend, and the question is which of the two now hangs in the Royal Academy. Herman Grimm, the well-known German critic, strenuously rebuts the assumption that Quintin Matsys is the author. He attempts to show that Mr. Wornum is wholly wrong in dates and in the reading of the inscription. In fact, the Erasmus portrait bears the signature "Johannes Holbein, 1523," which must suffice to decide the issue save on the supposition of forgery. Herr Grimm, however, is able to substantiate this signature by proof that in the year 1523 the portrait of Erasmus was actually painted in Basle by Holbein. Moreover the letter of thanks written by Sir Thomas More six years previously, on receipt of the Quintin Matsys picture, expressly states that Erasmus is depicted in the act of writing, which should at once settle the dispute, inasmuch as the picture from Longford Castle in no way answers to this description. The companion portrait of Ægidius, on a twin panel, has been long accounted a genuine work by Holbein, though the evidence, we admit, is not quite conclusive. The picture of Erasmus, all questions of authorship apart, is, we do not hesitate to say, the best of the many portraits with which we are acquainted at home and abroad. No face is better known; the scholarly head, the shrewd and searching eye, the sharply chiselled nose and chin, the firmly set mouth, and the quiet mien of this bookish reformer are familiar as household words wherever the Reformation has taken root.

"The Misers," or "The Money Changers," is a motive on which Quintin Matsys played several variations. The idea of the picture now exhibited by Lord Lyttelton is repeated in identical or analogous compositions at Windsor Castle, in the Munich Gallery, and in the Louvre. The Windsor Castle picture has cast its *confrères* rather unfairly into the shade, and yet of this work as well as of its replicas Dr. Waagen writes as follows:—"I am not disposed to consider this example, or others I know of the same composition, as the originals, but rather as repetitions, and chiefly by Quintin's son Jan." Perhaps it might be going a little too far to assert that the work in Burlington House is the original, yet we have heard the opinion expressed that the composition at Windsor is its inferior. Certainly in quality and mastery, in character and realism, the Lyttelton picture is of the painter's very best. No subject is more familiar to the public eye, and assuredly when once seen it can never be forgotten. The picture has the advantage of possessing a telling story which those who run can read; the title is borne out to the letter by the canny couple of usurers who greedily count over their heaps of gold and silver coin. The scene is true to the very life, and the literal and illusive mode of setting down the minutest circumstance adds to the reality. As a study of character there is nothing more graphic in the whole realm of art; Hogarth has never delineated nor Dickens described incidents more true to actual life. In the wrinkles of the faces may be read not only shrewdness but chicanery, not so much the caution and the calculation of the honest trader as the stealth and stratagem of the usurer. And yet the characters are not overdrawn as in the case of a favourite and oft-repeated subject, "The Dishonest Gamester" of Caravaggio. Quintin Matsys lies on the frontier line which divides sacred and secular art; his grandest work is the "Descent from the Cross" in the Antwerp Museum, and no less great in its way is this "Misers." The first quarter of the sixteenth century, to which this work probably belongs, is an early date for a profane subject. The period of Madonnas and Holy Families had not passed away. Teniers and his crew did not come till a century later. Next to the "Misers" happens to hang "The Ale-house Door" (187), by De Hooge, a work which, though little short of perfect in technique, serves to point to the absolute secularization of art in the second half of the seventeenth century. As some compensation for poverty or baseness of idea the Dutch school offers realism, naturalism, and individualism, as in a little gem by Gerard Dow, "A Geographer at his Studies" (76).

Albert Dürer and Jan Van Eyck suffer cruel injury by the panels which are made to pass under their several names. "The Holy Women at the Sepulchre" (171) can at most be but of the school of Van Eyck; the handling is alone sufficient to show the rude mechanic; that such a botch can pass muster for a masterwork says little for the authorities that rule in Burlington House. We have already denounced as spurious "A Triptych" (160), falsely ascribed to Albert Dürer; and scarcely more authentic is "The Procession to Calvary" (173). A similar, if not an identical, composition in Dresden is entered in the catalogue of the Gallery as "Die Kreuztragung Christi. Grau in Grau gemalt." But the Royal Academy apparently thinks to silence all suspicion by printing the words "Painted 1527—with inscription, and the artist's monogram." As if a copyist would not copy inscription and monogram as a matter of course, with special care. We appeal to any artist or any man of well-trained eye to say whether Durer could possibly have been guilty of these bungling touches. "A Portrait Unknown" (189) seems to be ascribed to Dürer on sounder data. We admit that a more repulsive head was never put on canvas, but that is rather the fault of the sitter than of the painter. Yet we have not been able to identify the work. Neither would it be easy to prove by documentary evidence that the portraits of "Luther and Melanchthon" (170), or of "The Electors of Saxony" (184), come directly from Lucas Cranach. These portraits are no doubt to be classed among the very numerous repetitions found in Nuremberg, Munich, &c. &c. In the Manchester Art Treasures there was a picture contributed by the Earl of Craven of "The Elector of Saxony and the Reformers." It is known that a multitude of portraits such as the four now exhibited were manufactured by mechanical journeymen, and that Cranach injured his good name by allowing his monogram to be affixed. More than doubtful also is "The Descent from the Cross" (159), here put down, like many other pictures, at a mere venture. Van der Goes, as a scholar of Jan Van Eyck, could not have been guilty of this handicraft. From what we have said it will be inferred that what Dr. Waagen terms "the Teutonic style" is badly shown at Burlington House.

Yet Rembrandt is strong; indeed "The Lady opening the Casement" (81), lent by the Queen, has for quality and fine elaboration few equals at home or abroad. The nearest approach to it we can recall is the portrait of the painter's first wife Saskia

in the Cassel Gallery. In works of this character, which would appear to belong to the artist's middle manner, it is instructive to study the consummate execution. Rembrandt's first style was comparatively thin, dry, and hard; his latest products, in contrast, are over-laden with pigments, and the surface and texture become somewhat botchy and rotten. The figure now exhibited just strikes the happy mean. The colours are glowing, liquid, and translucent; the face is painted solidly; the flesh tones are enhanced by warm and transparent glazings. The colour is so pitched that white would stand out as a crudity; consequently the white of the linen underdress is made almost golden, after the common practice of the Venetians. Lastly, we may note the dodgy way of painting details, such as a fan, a brooch, and earrings. The pigments are here loaded in positive relief; and this solidity is set in opposition to transparent tones and glittering high lights. But the imitation is above servility; the execution even of the smallest circumstance is broad and generalized. In its way there is scarcely a finer piece of painting in the world. Young artists will do well to analyse the different manipulations now to be seen in Burlington House. They might pass with advantage from this largely treated head by Rembrandt to the miniature "Geographer" (76), by Dow; then to the naturalistic "Woman making an Omelette" (92), by Velasquez; thence to the severe "Ambassadors" (114), by Holbein; afterwards to the stately "Cornaro Family" (146), by Titian; and, lastly, they might end with the highly wrought "Agony in the Garden" (176), by Raffaelle. Thus within the short range of three rooms is found an answer to the question, how representative masters and leading schools set down their facts and gave expression to their thoughts; how they arranged their palettes and handled their brushes; how execution was with them never an accident, but always the outward sign of an underlying law; how each touch was, in a manner, part of the artist himself. Handwriting, deportment, voice, are not more certain indices of character than the touch of one of these old masters on panel or canvas; though dead, they yet speak. We have dwelt on these somewhat obvious ideas because one chief use of a collective exhibition of miscellaneous master-works is to enable the student to take a comparative view of the wide field of art, to make a demonstration, as it were, in the comparative anatomy of art developments, and to determine the landmarks which divide historic schools. The present exhibition by its diversity and its even balance seems eminently well fitted to attain these ends.

The Italianized French school is represented by its chief masters, Nicolas Poussin and Claude Lorrain. "The Worship of the Golden Calf" (105), and "The Passage of the Red Sea" (155), both from the Earl of Radnor's collection, are said by Dr. Waagen to have few equals anywhere, even in the Louvre. These impetuous and somewhat lawless compositions may recall the singular terms used by the Italian poet Marino in introducing Poussin to Cardinal Barberini—"Vedercte un giovane che a la furia del diavolo." The pictures, as usual, suffer from the aggravation of the reds in a darkly primed canvas. The judgment of Reynolds on Poussin may be justly applied to these most characteristic works; there is "great bustle and tumult," "there is no principal figure, no principal light, no groups; everything is dispersed, and in such a state of confusion that the eye finds no repose anywhere." And yet these compositions prove the learned Poussin, who deliberately formed his style on the antique, to be studious in drawing and in character, and highly dramatic in action. We hope in a future year to see the painter's master-work, "The Plague of Athens." Also from Lord Radnor's gallery come two exquisite examples of Claude, the Rise and Decline of the Roman Empire (144-147), which have been respectively engraved by Mason and Woollet. The same title is given to two landscapes in the Grosvenor Gallery. The pictures before us are as enchanted visions; in the one the sun rises on the Bay of Naples; in the other the evening closes over Roman ruins, including the Arch of Titus and the Colosseum. These allegorical compositions may have set Turner's imagination to work in the direction of "Modern Italy" and "Ancient Italy." With the ideal treatment of Claude may be contrasted the literal transcripts of Vandevelde, the greatest marine painter of the Dutch school. "Vessels in a Calm" (79) is a fine study of greys in the sails, the sky, and the sea. We must not forget another masterly work which asserts its rare merit, though the panel is rent from side to side; "Dort; River Scene, with Shipping and Boats" (206), is by Jan Dubbels, an artist who is sometimes mistaken for Vandevelde and Backhuysen. It is said that there are but two examples of Dubbels in England—one in the collection of the Duke of Bedford, the other the luminous liquid and literal coast scene here contributed by the Duke of Northumberland.

Vandyck is represented by no fewer than eighteen portraits; he is only exceeded by Reynolds, who reaches a total of twenty-three works. The courtly manner of Vandyck is almost too familiar to need comment. One portrait, however, that of "The First Countess of Southampton" (111), lent by the Dowager Countess Cowper, calls for special mention as a supreme but meretricious effort. The lady is placed in mid air, borne up among clouds, and above her head descends a shower of golden glory; a globe is under her arm, and a skull lies at her feet. The drapery, though rather flaunting, is magnificent in the cast of its folds and in the lustre of its colour. Vandyck has here put forth all his power.

REVIEWS.

ZELLER'S HISTORY OF GERMANY.*

ONE may doubt whether any natural Frenchman is likely to be just now in a fit state of mind to write a history of Germany. And if a natural Frenchman is not likely to be in a fit frame of mind, an artificial Frenchman is still less likely to be so. If M. Zeller is not a German, we shall begin to doubt whether Mr. Smith is an Englishman. The name might have stood and looked quite in its place in the title-page of a History of Germany as truly German as anything written by Luden or Waitz. But M. Zeller is described in his own title-page as "Professeur d'histoire à l'école normale supérieure et à l'école polytechnique, ancien tuteur de Strasbourg." Here then is the key; it is the old story of the "Hibernis ipsis Hiberniores." M. Zeller, just because he is a French-minded German, is fiercer against his brother Germans than if he were a real Frenchman. Now of course we do not deny for a moment that an Alsatian who feels as a Frenchman has a fair case. He may argue somewhat in this way:—"I am German by descent, German by language; but the political associations of several generations have made me French in feeling; I look on Frenchmen as my countrymen; I look on German conquerors as I should on any other conquerors." All this is natural enough; from a certain point of view it is reasonable enough; and we can even go on to allow that it is only human nature that people in such a case, if they dislike an annexation at all, should more bitterly dislike it than those who stand towards the conquerors in the common relation of foreign enemies. But it is rather ridiculous when people in such a case try to blink the fact of their own German origin, and to represent all Germans from the beginning of things as being, simply as Germans, not only enemies, but monsters. Here is M. Zeller, a man evidently of German descent, whose forefathers, two hundred years ago, perhaps eighty years ago, could have been French only against their wills. A man who has a right to share in all German history up to some point of the seventeenth or eighteenth century feels aggrieved with the course which the last events have taken between Germany and France, and he therefore sits down to appease himself by writing a gigantic libel against Germans in general, from Ariovistus to Bismarck. And what makes it worse is that M. Zeller is not a mere illiterate babbler in some Parisian newspaper, but a scholar who has read his books; who, when his passions do not lead him astray, understands his books; and who can write very much to the purpose whenever his subject does not afford some irresistible temptation to abuse of Germans and Germany. To say that M. Zeller writes his German History from a wholly false point of view would be to use language far too mild for the fact. He writes of the earliest times of German history with all the fanatical partisanship of a man whom the last German victories have caused to be no longer "recteur," but "ancien recteur de Strasbourg." To him the Germans of Cæsar and Tacitus are barbarians delighting in blood and carrying havoc before them; and the Germans of all the ages since have been pretty much the same—men whose sole business has been to invade Roman and Gaulish lands, and, as far as in them lay, to root up their civilization. A man who writes from this point of view, and who stops almost in every page to revile the barbarism of Germans, old and new, is not likely to write early German history in a fair or trustworthy fashion.

But when we say that M. Zeller's way of writing is untrustworthy, we mean that it is his way of looking at things which makes his whole story unfair. We do not find that his actual narrative of facts is in the strict sense inaccurate, though it is so coloured by passion as to be something worse than inaccurate. M. Zeller, in short, is not a shallow blunderer, but a scholar blinded by political fury. The volume which he now gives us goes from the beginning of things down to Charles the Great, and his treatment of the last part of his period is perhaps the most curious thing in the book. M. Zeller rises high above all the mistakes and confusions of mere ignorance or of mere French vanity. He knows perfectly well that Charles—Karl as he constantly calls him—did not speak French, and did not reign at Paris. He knows perfectly well that the dominion of the Franks was not the dominion of modern Frenchmen. Nor does he at all go in for that other line of treating the subject which has been common among a certain class of French writers. We mean the doctrine according to which the Celtic people of Gaul were, down at least to the great Revolution, held in bondage by a Frankish—that is, a German—nobility. There is no trace of either of these two kinds of talk in M. Zeller's book. His view seems rather to be that, as much may be made of a Scotchman if he be taught young, so much may be made of a German if he comes to live in Gaul. Two sets of German savages, the first Merwings and the later Austrasian Karlings, with their several followings, pressed within the bounds of Roman or Gaulish civilization. They came only to destroy but Roman and Gaulish civilization was too much for them, and it changed the original destroyer into a useful weapon against the still unconverted German of the East. Now it is manifest that in all this there is a certain element of truth; the political, social, and religious state of modern Europe is the result of the coming together of Roman and Teutonic elements, and of that coming

* *Histoire d'Allemagne. Origines de l'Allemagne et de l'Empire germanique.* Par Jules Zeller. Paris: Didier et Cie. 1872.

together the Frankish Augustus is the highest symbol. It is to be noticed that in this part of his work M. Zeller gets far more quiet, far less abusive, than he is in the earlier parts. He of course writes everything from his own way of looking at it; he catches at everything which can connect Pippin and Charles with the Western rather than the Eastern part of their dominions; but the perversion is a perversion of colouring, not of mere narrative. He even avoids the fashion into which hasty and ignorant writers so commonly fall of talking about France and Frenchmen before the time. In the days of Charles himself it is still *La France future*. The Frank is in his eyes a German made useful for Gaulish purposes, a view not so much false as one-sided. M. Zeller, even when carried away by the most frantic bursts of modern political passion, still knows his history too well wholly to forget the obvious facts of the case.

The great sin of the Germans in all ages has, according to M. Zeller, been that they have been barbarians, savages, everything of that kind. They were so in the time of Ariovistus, and, in M. Zeller's eyes, they do not seem to be much better in the time of Bismarck. In both ages they are contrasted with the higher civilization of Gaul, which, in both ages alike, it was their chief object to overthrow. Now, if the Germans are barbarians or savages in the time of Bismarck, they are very much to be blamed; but we cannot see that it is at all to their shame if they were barbarians or savages in the time of Ariovistus. Of course a good deal turns on what we mean by barbarians or savages. Mr. Tylor uses each word as a technical term with a fixed meaning; he would on no account call a barbarian a savage, or call a savage a barbarian. More commonly the words are used in a vague way to express something disagreeable, something that we think not so good as we are ourselves, all the more if the savages or barbarians anyhow happen to conquer us. This last is of course M. Zeller's way of using the word, a way on which it is hardly worth while to say more than that it is a game at which two can play, and that no two words in any two languages more closely translate one another than *βάρβαρος* and *Wälsch*. We have heard something of this sort before, when M. Guizot long ago made his famous comparison between the ancient Germans and the Red Indians—a comparison which M. Zeller quotes with great glee. The fallacy was plain at first sight; the comparison was utterly unfair even upon the mere facts, and historically it was utterly worthless. Supposing the Germans at a given time, and the Red Indians at a given time, were actually on a level, still the accidental likeness would be good for nothing, inasmuch as the Germans have—we must venture so to think with all deference to M. Zeller—shown some power of rising above that level, while that level would seem to be the highest which the Red Indians were capable of reaching, even if they had not actually gone down from a lower level. The most patriotic German may fully admit that a German of the days of Ariovistus was, in all points of material civilization, very far behind a contemporary Roman, very far behind a Romanized Gaul, somewhat behind even a Gaul who was not Romanized. But this does not prove any incurable barbarism on the part of the German; it is simply the natural result of the causes, whatever they were, which gave the Roman and the Gaul the start of the German in their geographical position, and in their consequent appearance on the field of history. What the German was then, the Gaul had been some centuries before; it may even be that at some time before recorded history the forefathers of the Roman were not much better. Italian, Gaul, German, were after all only successive swarms from one common hive, some of which were by favourable circumstances enabled to get the start of the others. The whole thing is a question of time. The Romans of the age of Camillus looked on the Gauls very much as the Gauls of the age of Cæsar looked on the Germans. The Gaul in one case and the German in the other was a terrible barbarian of whom his more civilized neighbour stood in not a little dread. The German, according to M. Zeller, is an unquiet being who cannot be kept in his own country, but is always going about to conquer or to ravage the country of somebody else. We do not deny that there is truth in this; only, so far as it is true of the Germans, it seems to us to be equally true of the rest of mankind. It would be hard indeed to find any nation which, if it has had the chance, has not done something in the way of invading and dispossessing other nations. As Englishmen settled in Britain, we feel that we have quite as much to answer for on this score as any Roman, Gaul, or German ever had. We can only comfort our consciences by thinking that it was a long time ago, and hoping that on the whole it has been for the best. But we have remarked that M. Zeller always speaks very respectfully of that part of the Teutonic race which did its conquering and ravaging beyond sea. He hints, to be sure, that we got tamed and civilized by intercourse with the Celts of our own island. We are obliged to M. Zeller for not calling us names; only we think that there is no need for name-calling in the whole business. The Germans simply did what the Gauls had done some ages before them; if there was a *Völkerwanderung* of the Germans, there had been an earlier *Völkerwanderung* of the Gauls. It might perhaps be convenient to agree all round to say as little as possible about any troublesome Iberians or other non-Aryan people whom any of us found it for the general good of mankind to put out of the way. But anyhow we have the manifest fact that, in the fourth and third centuries before Christ, Gauls were going about in such respectable parts of the world as Italy, Greece, and Asia Minor very much in the same way in which the Germans were going about in the same countries in the fourth and fifth centuries after Christ. And we find further that the people of these countries at the earlier time thought of the Gauls very much as their successors at the later time thought, and as M. Zeller still thinks, of the Germans. The truth is, that all national invectives of this kind going up to very early times are altogether idle. We have all been barbarians—we say barbarians advisedly, for we should be inclined to cavil at any Aryan people being called savages—and there is no use in throwing stones at one another because any of us, when we were barbarians, acted like barbarians. The real question is, how any of us have behaved in times when we ought to have known better. It is no sort of blame to the Gaul now if one Brennus sacked Rome in the fourth, and another Brennus wanted to sack Delphi in the third, century before our era. The question is about the burning of Spoier and Worms in the seventeenth century after Christ, about the occupation of Rome and Lübeck and Saarbrücken in the nineteenth.

It should further be borne in mind that, getting the start, whether among nations or in anything else, sometimes cuts both ways. It is not wonderful that those who come to the front first should in their turn give way to others. It is simply a fact that the Southern races, which were once the very foremost in the world, have given way to others who have pressed upon them. Greece is very little positively; Italy is very little compared to what she once was. Now how about the Celts? The pure and proper Celts, both in the British Islands and on the mainland, have sunk into insignificance. The respectable part of them survive in the harmless character of antiquarian curiosities. Another branch of the race lives on as a standing political difficulty to its neighbours. But, on the other hand, we freely grant to M. Zeller that one of the foremost nations of Europe—for after all her present misfortunes, it is most unlikely that France should cease to be one of the foremost nations of Europe—is mainly Celtic in blood and mainly Celtic in character. To what then does it owe a greatness which has lasted so long, and which is likely to last longer? Clearly, because it has been strengthened by what it has borrowed from two successive sets of conquerors. France is mainly Celtic in blood and mainly Celtic in character. But her speech and literature are Latin, and we must add that her political being is Teutonic. France is Celtic as a nation; she is Teutonic as a kingdom. Unpleasant as the doctrine may be to M. Zeller, history can look on the kingdom of France only as a fragment which in the course of the ninth and tenth centuries parted off from the great German realm. No doubt the reason why it parted off, and why it was able to live on with a fresh and vigorous being, was that it represented the distinct Celtic nationality. Still, as a fact, it did so break off, and the fact that the political being of France was Teutonic has been as important in French history as the fact that its literary being was Roman. As the German poet sings:—

> Et simul a nostro secessit Gallia regno,
> Nos priscum regni morem servamus, at illa
> Jure suo gaudet nostra jam nescia legis.

Some remarks on M. Zeller's treatment of particular points of detail we must keep for another time. When he writes as a scholar, and not as a frantic partisan, he fully deserves such extended notice.

(*To be continued.*)

THE SPIRIT OF ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.*

ST. FRANCIS DE SALES is an intelligible Saint in contrast with many who—we have the best authority for saying it—are not intelligible. "Men like St. Alphonso Liguori," says Rome's most distinguished convert, "are on a level very different from our own, and we cannot understand them." We may assume the reader to be humble enough not to put himself on a level with St. Francis de Sales, yet, in the ordinary sense of the word, he understands him. There is nothing startling, nothing hyperbolical, either in the things St. Francis says or in his mode of saying them. He has no sympathy with extremes. He uses his own judgment, and appeals to that of his reader, who, contrasting him with other writers on similar topics, comes to regard him almost as an apostle of common sense; so much so as to be inclined to wonder at his title. We cannot indeed study the book before us and compare it with modern popular Roman Catholic theology without suspecting that, if the question of the canonization of the Bishop of Geneva had been postponed to this day, he would have remained plain Francis to the end of time. Not that he was not a most faithful, undoubting son of the Church into which he was born; his was not the questioning temperament. It is the part of ordinary common sense to make the best of things as it finds them. Linked with high moral qualities, this temper constitutes the wise man, who, accepting the outward framework of things, can regulate his own course, and direct others into safe paths, whatever tendencies or temptations external circumstances present. St. Francis neither was a great genius nor thought himself one, but he was endowed with a natural independence of character which he saw no reason to quench; he respected his own judgment, and saw things by its light. And it is this which makes his books—or books of which he is the subject—such easy reading. Our teacher and counsellor is no grave abstraction, judging our case by rule and line, subjecting all to the same measure; but a real man

* *The Spirit of St. Francis de Sales.* London: Rivington. 1872.

with the flavour of originality evident in his whole view of things. There is in him a clear enjoyment of the exercise of thought; he trusts himself, talks and writes as it were in good spirits; at times gently satirical, often playful, always unconstrained, and, to sum up, never bombastic, tedious, or prosy. In such points we may note a marked difference in the records of male and of female Saints. A strict devotional life does not quench wit in men as it does in women. The Saint repudiates less of his natural temperament than does his sister in sanctity; hence the memoirs of pious women are more ponderous, unrelieved reading than those of pious men. A weight of responsibility, of concern for others, and for her own soul's well-being, presses all intellectual play out of the consciously endowed with a mission. The nun's liveliness is uniformly depicted as a return to mere childishness. An unrelieved gravity is the common characteristic of all published memorials of feminine piety. All denominations have their saintly wit, or even wag; but, as far as we know, there are no feminine representatives of the class. St. Francis de Sales, as shown to us by the Bishop of Belley, was clearly as bright and lively a companion as many a sinner of witty reputation. He was a student of human nature on the highest grounds, but he used his knowledge for amusement as well as edification. Naturally we learn this from one of his male friends rather than from his female adorers. This friend is Jean-Pierre Camus, Bishop of Belley, author, we are told, of two hundred books—one only, however, still known to fame, the *Spirit of St. Francis de Sales*, which has fairly earned him the title of the ecclesiastical Boswell. The same gifts of tenacious memory, and enthusiastic admiration for pre-eminent endowments, moral and intellectual, qualified one as chronicler of the sage and the other of the Saint. And as no one can subjugate himself to the worship of a fellow-mortal without some damage to dignity and character, so the good Bishop of Belley is not without a touch of Boswellian weakness, or what in one instance may go by a worse name, except that the test he applied argues in him rather an absolute faith than an outrageously impertinent curiosity. It is while dwelling on the Saint's dislike of singularity in religious houses, calling it a "very pest," and on his advice to all good people to conform as far as possible to the manner of life usual among their equals, without any affectation, that he makes the following confession:—

> Certainly the Bishop practised what he preached, for during the fourteen years I was under his guidance, and studying all he did—his actions, even his slightest gestures and words—I never could detect the least appearance of affectation. I will confess one trick I played him. Every year he used to come and stay with me for a week, and I used then to watch him through holes bored in the panels on purpose, so as to see what he did when alone in his own room, whether in study, prayer, or meditation, writing, sitting still, or moving about, going to bed or getting up, and, in short, under all those circumstances when men are wont to feel most completely free from restraint. But I never saw him change his demeanour in the slightest degree; what he was among other men he was when alone, and the composure and evenness of his mind were reflected in his bodily movements. He was just as dignified when by himself as in the largest assembly, and when engaged in prayer you would have supposed that he was in the presence of all the saints and angels: he was always motionless as a pillar, and his countenance most full of reverence. I used to watch whether, when alone, he crossed his legs and leant upon his elbows, or the like; but no, he never varied in the gentle gravity of his external aspect, which inspired every one who saw him with love and reverence.

Unjustifiable as was the experiment, we may yet read the result with profit, and with the image of a noble character left more distinctly marked on our memory. It is in his relations with this ardent disciple, whose weaknesses were as transparent to him as he himself has made them to his readers, that the Saint's gaiety of character comes out. He snubs his devotee much as Johnson did Boswell, and with as little reserve. It came to his ears that the Bishop had taken to imitating his style of preaching, his action and pronunciation, and was exchanging a rapid delivery for a slow, sonorous one. "Apropos of sermons," he begins, "the last news is that you have taken a fancy to imitate the Bishop of Geneva." "Well, and after all he is not a bad example," is the reply. "Oh, if you come to that," Francis answered, "we will grant he is not amiss; but the worst of the matter is, that I am told you imitate him so badly that no one can tell what you are at, and that while you spoil the Bishop of Belley, you in no way succeed in copying the Bishop of Geneva." Going on, however, to regret his own slowness and difficulty in finding words—"I am always trying to drive myself on, but the more I try the slower I go. I toil and I sweat, and make no way." We may perhaps fairly attribute to this sense of effort some share of his objection to long sermons. One of his rules for preaching is brevity—"Believe me, I speak from long experience, the more you say the less people remember; and the less you say the more they will profit. When a discourse is too long, the end makes one forget the middle, and the middle puts out the beginning. Depend upon it, there is no more detestable quality a preacher can possess than tediousness."

St. Francis's sympathies, we are led to conclude, were with the secular rather than the technically called religious life. It was not his original intention in founding the Visitation to found a religious Order with vows; but the tendencies and spirit of his Church overcame his first design. As he himself said, "I am a pretty sort of man to be a founder and start a new Order: in fact, I have done what I wanted to undo, and undone what I meant to accomplish. All I intended was to establish a single house at Annecy for women, widowed or others, without enclosure or vows, whose work should be visiting the poor, destitute, &c.; and now we have a regular enclosed Order following the rule of St. Augustine, a thing altogether incompatible with my first scheme, according to which the Sisters lived for some years." When he was chosen to reform religious houses, he would not begin by adding new rigours to the rule, and he laid little stress on austerities and bodily mortifications (though he secretly used them himself), enjoining no fasts or similar acts of self-denial save those appointed by the Church, any more than dispensing with linen:—

> Francis was consulted once as to the propriety of going barefoot, as was proposed in a certain religious house. "For goodness sake," he exclaimed, "let them keep their shoes. It is their heads you must try to reform, not their feet."

His respect for others never went to the length of checking the expression of his own opinion; his reverence was never blind. His was a critical mind; he subjected everything to its judgment, and was jealous of conventional views. When bodily austerity was a popular test of holiness, he could liken the severe General of the Carthusians to a bad doctor filling the churchyards. In reading inscriptions in the cells of that Order, he had a qualification and a new reading ever ready. Thus, one having written "*This shall be my rest for ever: here will I dwell, for I have a delight therein*," his prompt comment was, "One must choose God as one's dwelling-place rather than a cell, if one would dwell therein for ever." "It is an unquestionable fact," he says, "that one ounce of humiliation and correction from another hand is more profitable than a hundredweight which is self-imposed"; and, dividing humility of the will into several degrees—loving it, wishing for it, and practising it, either by seeking occasions for humiliation or *accepting them willingly when they arise*—he prized chiefly this last; because there is more "abjection" in bearing what is unsought than in any we choose for ourselves, that which is self-chosen being always liable to the assaults of self-love.

It is forbidden by his Church to give the Bible to the laity as a manual; but his references to it are constant, and his illustrations much drawn from the Old Testament, which is fortunate, for his similes taken from nature are more curiously independent of fact or of the test of experiment than one often meets with. He strongly enforces the primary claim of the literal meaning of Scripture over all other modes of interpretation, allowing the mystical and moral to follow if not overstrained. He is, like all good men, emphatic on the awful reverence due to God's Word, and, like many good men, also permits himself a certain familiarity of application which might be open to criticism in hands guided by less judgment. Thus when "certain religious" complained to him of the ignorance and dulness of the Superior set over them, he first rebuked them for insubordination, and then reminded them that Balaam was instructed by his own ass—an illustration which would surely have missed its mark if it did not raise a smile.

We are not sure that the ladies, secular and religious—with the one exception of Madame de Chantal—who hung upon the counsels of St. Francis with so implicit a reverence, would have been altogether gratified by the tone held towards them in these intimate discourses. Celibates have naturally some relation to the tailless fox. The weaknesses and follies of the sex may well be a popular subject. "What do you mean to do," his friends asked, "with this congregation of women? Surely it would have been better to found an Order of men. The time you devote to teaching these women, who have to be told the same thing a hundred times over before they remember it, would be better spent in training ecclesiastics." The Father's defence is, that he leaves gold and silver to be handled by the jewellers; he confines himself, like the potter, to clay. Again, when women of the great world gather round him, his friend wonders at them; "for it seems to me you never say much to them." "Do you call it nothing," he answers, "to let them talk as much as they will to me? Most assuredly they care more for ears to listen than words to reply. They talk enough for us both, and probably they come to me because I am such a good listener; nothing is so delightful to great talkers as a patient hearer." When his servant consulted him on the question of marriage, the Saint advises caution, reminding him that "marriage is an order in which profession goes before the novitiate; if there were a year's probation we should see fewer professed."

He was a sayer of sayings; probably not all of them here recorded were designed by him for perpetuity; but all leave the impression of a peculiarly single-minded honesty. He "abhorred," for example, the whole system of equivocation, which he called "an attempt to canonize falsehood." In a similar spirit was his favourite saying that reason does not deceive us, but reasoning often does. He held himself cut off from all action in politics as knowing nothing of the arts of lying and dissimulation, "which are the mainsprings of diplomacy, and the most consummate points of worldly wisdom." He had no great respect for taciturnity as a virtue, though he granted that "nothing is so like a wise man as a fool who holds his tongue." He himself shone in society, was a teller of good stories, and evidently could not be in company without contributing his share to its entertainment. We are not sure that Joe Miller, who gathered flowers from every garden, has not perpetuated this of the Spanish pilgrim, who, being heavily charged at a certain inn, in his anger left the house for another inn exactly opposite, and noticing a crucifix between the two, vented his displeasure by exclaiming that as of old our Lord was placed between two thieves. The innkeeper with whom he had not lodged naturally inquired why he was to share so hard a condemnation; whereupon the ready wit of the pilgrim answered, "Hold your tongue, brother, you shall

be the good thief." The rule of patience which served him in his graver hours of intercourse, and taught him never to betray weariness or annoyance at the most ill-timed interruption—"While I am doing this I am not required to do anything else"—left him free to amuse or be amused in the hours of recreation.

It has been our aim to bring the Saint's character before the reader in its lighter aspect. Though he said of himself that his life was so happy that "sometimes I tremble lest God should have given me my share of Paradise in this life, for, in truth, I scarce know what adversity means," there is, we need not say, a reverse side of labour, self-denial, and bodily austerity. This peculiar happiness, we see, is due to the harmony of his whole nature; we detect no contradictory tendencies. As he says of devotion that it is a liquid which at once adapts itself to any shape, so, whatever might have been his calling, and, we will add, whether born in the Anglican or Roman communion, such qualities and graces would have found an exactly fitting and appropriate field.

DE CARNÉ'S LAOS.*

THE political troubles of France have delayed the publication of the formal labours of the Commission set on foot upwards of six years ago for the exploration of the valley of the Mekong or Cambodia River, with the view of reporting upon the geography of the little known interior of the Indo-Chinese peninsula and upon the prospects of trade with the Empire of China and the Eastern seaboard. The preparation of the report has of late, we are glad to hear, been taken actively in hand, under the direction of the Minister of Marine and the Colonies, by the surviving members of the exploring party. If the hope of making the Mekong the great maritime route of Indo-China, and Saigon one of the first naval and commercial ports of the world, has had to be given up, the great end of the expedition having thus been proved a failure, enough has been done by way of discovery in the field of geography and the material sciences to reward in great measure the enterprise of the French Government and the hardihood and skill of the adventurers. A series of papers in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* has at intervals during the last four years made the public acquainted with much of the main outlines and general results of this novel enterprise. They were from the pen of M. Louis de Carné, a promising young attaché to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, who had been specially appointed as secretary to the expedition under the able Chief Commissioner, M. de Lagrée. These papers—often no more than a literal reproduction of a journal written under the pressure of hardship and peril, at times on the bench of a canoe, or by night in a tent set up in the depth of the forest—were put together in such leisure as the writer could spare from the preparation, jointly with Lieutenant Garnier, hydrographer to the Commission, of the more formal re[port] which we trust ere long to have an opportunity of introducing to our readers. Cut off within the last two years, at the age of twenty-seven, by the effects of fever contracted amid the [swamps] of the Mekong, intensified by sympathy with the di[sas]ters of his country, the able and earnest writer was not [spar]ed for the superintendence and revision of the volume which now lies before us, prefaced by a short memoir from the pen of his father. Such faults as those of imperfect arrangement, want of condensation, and inaccuracy or weakness of translation, too often to be met with, are not therefore to be laid to his charge.

What little has been known in Europe of Laos—forming as it does a political or tribal rather than a geographical expression, extending to that part of the Indo-Chinese peninsula comprised within the river system of the Mekong from the border line of the kingdom of Cambodia to the Chinese territory, between the Annamite Empire on the East and the kingdom of Burmah and the Tenasserim provinces on the West—dates from the visit of the Jesuit Marini, whose history of Laos was published in 1666. About the same time took place the embassy of the Dutch under Van Vusthort, with a view to making [arrange]ments with the King of [Laos], penetrating as far as the capital of the kingdom, called by them "Winkyan," but, under the veil of dubious spelling so common in rendering Oriental names, [kno]wn to geographers in general as "Lang-Chang." Langione was the [na]me given to the name by Marini, who interprets it to mean "the town of the thousand elephants." Vien-Chang is held by the French Commission to come nearest to the native pronunciation. Captain (now Major-General) W. C. MacLeod, who, of our own explorers, has had most to tell us of both province and people, has mixed up this place ("Lantchiang" in his Journal of January 1837) with Muang-Luang-Prabang, the capital, as the French Commission found, of the distinct kingdom of Upper Laos. It was at Luang-Prabang that the daring and gifted Henri Mouhot, the [re]cent explorer of the pestiferous banks of the Mekong, yielded up his life to an attack of fever in the hot season of 1858. The name of the King we fail to gather from M. de Carné's narrative; but the kingdom of Luang-Prabang is described by him as the first of the native States along the valley of the Mekong which is to be regarded as a simple tributary of Siam, not forming in strictness a province or integral portion of that ambitious monarchy. The quasi-independence of this kingdom of Upper Laos was reflected in the air of hauteur or stiffness with which its monarch received the official letters commendatory from Bangkok. Inferior in fertility, this province gains by contrast with the plains of Lower Laos in the degree of attention bestowed upon agriculture, particularly in the irrigation of the land by means of canals, and in the resulting crops of maize and rice. Far greater animation was found to prevail in the capital, and the people are described as being less stolid or rude to visitors. In the matter of currency, however, Northern Laos is much behind the lower province. At Stung-Treng, the first town after crossing the Cambodian frontier, our travellers received from the natives in exchange for the Siamese tikal so many little bars of iron, varying from seven to ten to a tikal. On leaving Bassac the bars of iron were exchanged for one of copper, lighter and more convenient. At Phon-Pissaï copper money entirely disappeared, the only medium of exchange current at Luang-Prabang being white cowry shells, strung together like the sapecks of Cochin-China, twenty-five being worth a tikal, or about three francs. The Mexican dollars brought by our party were with difficulty got rid of, and then only as objects of ornament to hang round the necks of children. Tribute is levied in these shells by tax-gatherers, from royal, municipal, and private property alike, to be sent to the King of Siam. Gifts had been sent by previous rulers to the Chinese Emperor as well, but the revolt of Yunnan had encouraged the present sovereign to drop the practice. Sovereign power is nominally limited by an assembly of chief functionaries forming the royal council or *Sêna*; but, nominated as these are by the King, they can exercise but a delusive check. The system of di-archy prevails in Laos. Below the first King sits, as at Bangkok, a second King, with a title, but no real power. He it was who, at the time of the French visit, had gone to be present at the funeral of the second King of Siam.

The analogy of manners, customs, and above all of language, seems to point to a common origin for the Laotians and the Siamese. M. de Carné inclines to the belief with certain savants that the Siamese came from Laos. Whatever may have been the earlier state of the country and its people, it seems to be made out that they no more than their neighbours of Tonkin, the Siamese or the Cambodians, escaped the invasion of China, when the union of that vast empire was effected. Drawing themselves together along the banks of the Mekong into a kind of Republican union, the Laotians about the fifth or sixth century of our era drove out the Chinese; the State thereupon becoming monarchical, and the foundation of Vien-Chang, destined to become the brilliant capital of the most powerful Laotian kingdom, dating, M. de Carné considers, from that time. A Siamese dynasty was somehow set upon the throne. After a thousand years of rule, chequered by war with Burmah as well as China, and even by temporary subjection to the former enemy, Laos at some uncertain date, probably as the result of the war of 1777, became finally tributary to Siam. An attempt at independence at the close of 1827 was crushed by an invading force from Bangkok, as ruthless, writes M de Carné, as that which took Jerusalem. The Laotians were exterminated or carried off *en masse*, and their capital razed to the ground. The King of Vien-Chang, who had sought refuge in Hué, given up by the sovereign of Annam, was tortured to death at the Siamese capital. It is too much to say, with M. de Carné, that an entire people has thus been annihilated without a single echo of their despair having been heard in Europe. Still the entire aspect of the lower province is that of decay and desolation, from which it is hardly likely to be raised under Siamese domination. Whatever of life and independence is manifest among the Cambodians is due, according to our author, to their having come at the nick of time under the protectorate of France. His introductory chapter traces at some length the diplomatic wiles by which the intrigues and threats of the Siamese Government were baffled or mastered by the skill or the firmness of M. de Lagrée and the officers of the French mission, ending in the checkmate of Phnen-rat, the envoy from Bangkok, and the conclusion of the treaty of 1868, which placed King Norodom in security under the ensign of France, the flag of Siam being finally lowered in Cambodia. It is amusing to see, here and throughout the book, with what jealousy and suspicion the policy of England in relation to Indo-China is regarded by the writer. Our interchange of friendship with Siam is set down as the play of the cat before its fatal spring upon the mouse. "From Moulmein she already watches Bangkok, and, not being able herself to take Cambodia, she was willing to enrich a friend of whom she expects to be heir. No wonder she was annoyed to find in her way rivals whom she thought she had for ever driven away from Asia." Meanwhile she plots to have the French cooped up by enemies within their new settlement. To set aside then the predominance of Siam, to recover, if possible, the autonomy of the Laotian provinces, and to establish direct relations with China to the North, and through Tonkin with the Eastern seaboard, opened up a vista for French diplomacy and enterprise to which M. de Lagrée and his coadjutors set themselves with ardour and hope. Unhappily for their aspirations in the main respect, the Mekong, "Mother of Waters," was soon found to be too much broken by cataracts and other barriers to navigation for the fulfilment of their hopes of seeing it a great highway for the exchange of French for native produce. It is towards the Gulf of Tonkin, separated as it is by only seventy leagues of fertile country from the town of Luang-Prabang, that the trade of the Indo-Chinese peninsula may be expected to pass. The chief result of the mission of M. Lagrée was to establish the fact of the

* *Travels in Indo-China and the Chinese Empire.* By Louis de Carné, Member of the Commission of Exploration of the Mekong; with a Notice of the Author by the Count de Carné. Translated from the French. London: Chapman & Hall. 1872.

fine river Sonkoï, taking its rise in the province of Yunnan, being navigable to the sea. Traversing Yunnan, which showed everywhere the traces of the Mussulman war of independence, which seems by the most recent advices to be terminating in the more complete subjugation of the province under Chinese absolutism, the party pushed their way until the death of their energetic leader at Tong-Tcheou put an end to further progress. With the corpse of M. Lagrée in charge, the survivors succeeded in reaching the Yang-tse-Kiang at Sou-Tcheou-foo in May 1868, and from thence descending the stream to Shang-hai, found their way back to Saigon. During their chief's illness the opportunity was seized by M. de Carné and others of the party to penetrate to the West as far as Lake Tali, the geography of which region had been a puzzle to map-makers. The detailed charts of M. Garnier will enable us to fix with precision the position in latitude and longitude of the most important points in the course of the Mekong. To pursue this mighty river upwards towards its unknown source in the snowy range of Thibet had entered into the visions of our explorers. But it was not by them that the mystery was to be solved which Marco Polo seems to have come near to penetrating, and from which Mr. Cooper lately turned back when apparently on the eve of clearing it up. We are in the dark as to the authority upon which the latest Government maps from Calcutta carry up the Mekong and the Irrawaddy in parallel lines to a common water parting in the high range of Thibet, near lat. 31 N. But from the break in the Likiang range, whence it rushes to receive lower down the overflow from the Tali lake, the valley of the Mekong may be considered to have been now approximately surveyed. Much of the new information thus acquired has already found its way into Mr. Trelawny Saunders's latest map of British Burmah and the Shan provinces adjoining, and has from thence been incorporated into the Calcutta maps aforesaid.

To M. de Carné's lively and picturesque narrative we are indebted for many details of the physical aspect of the country, the ethnology and manners of the people, and in particular of the monumental remains which exist of races and dynasties long passed away. The grand ruins of Angcor, of Basse, of Vat-Phou, and of Vien-Chan, tell wonders of the old Khmer (the native name for Cambodian) civilization. The pagoda of Phâ-Kéo, as it was its ruined walls pierced with thousands of little [illegible] regularly built, in each of which squats a miniature Boudsha. It was calculated that there could be no less than twenty thousand of these. It is a veritable pigeon-house of gods. The unhappy Laotian who did the honours exhausted himself in bows and prostrations, from horror of the guardian genii of the ruins. "A spirit lives there, Tepada," said he; "he lemmade every one who draws near him to creep, and will stand no trifling on this point." Occasional difficulties with the natives beset the travellers' path, but worst by far were the physical and animal pests of this terrible Laos. Insects pierced through and through their barrels till the wine and brandy ran out. At times they were all but devoured by leeches. Tigers and other beasts of prey swarmed and roared round their encampment. Such were the damps of the Mekong that hardly enough flour could be kept from absorption to make the quinine pills on which life literally depended. In Yunnan so potent were the fumes of the poppy fields as to cause vertigo in the heads of the party and of their beasts of burden. On the whole, however, there was novelty and grandeur enough from first to last to atone for all kinds of privations, as well as to make a highly pleasant and instructive tale out of our author's reminiscences of travel.

THE OFFICIAL AUSTRIAN HISTORY OF THE WAR OF 1859.*

THE work of the new Military History Section of the Vienna War Office seems to us to increase in value with its experience. The volume before us is superior in clearness and general arrangement to those on the War of 1866, whilst in honesty of purpose and thoroughness it is not behind them; and there can be no greater praise as regards the latter qualities. That the treatment of the subject is somewhat cold and dry seems to have struck the compiler himself; for, in the preface with which he commends his labours to the judgment of his comrades, he points out that these conditions are almost inseparable from an attempt to regard the national disasters in a purely abstract and impartial light. He pledges himself at the same time that the reader will find no concealment of the causes which led to defeat in what Austrians still regard as a just cause, it being his duty to lay them bare unsparingly. And the work bears out this promise fully—that is, as fully as any one can possibly hope who remembers that the writer is serving under, and is possibly in constant communication with, the same monarch who lost the crown of Lombardy in the great struggle the details of which are to be unfolded. In fact, with this reservation, it is difficult to believe that any foreigner enjoying the same facilities would have written the story of 1859 in a more thoroughly independent manner. As to his accuracy, those who take the trouble to compare the work with the gaudy volumes put forth on the same campaign by the Imperial Historiographer of France in the days of the Second Empire will find good cause to regret, with us, the mistaken taciturnity which the Austrian War-Office until very recently made its rule. Had its labours in this direction begun half a century since, we in England might have been spared the discredit of military histories which reflect too faithfully, for want of the means of correcting them, the vicious partialities of a bad French school. Austria has herself to blame if the world has been ready to believe that the career of the revolutionary French generals was one of unbroken success during the long struggle to win the Rhine frontier for their aggressive Republic. The glory which should justly attach to her soldiers for Neerwinden, the Waterloo of the revolutionary wars, and for the rout of Pichegru's army before Mayence, which left that fortress German until Napoleon long after dictated peace on his own terms, has been robbed from them by the policy of silence once dear to Hapsburg rulers. Were it not that in the Archduke Charles there arose one as able to write history as to act it, we might have had English authors still representing Moreau's retreat through the Black Forest as a significant triumph, and Napoleon's bloody check at Aspern as only an unfinished victory. Happily this mistaken reticence has melted away with other traditions of personal government. The desire at Vienna now would seem to be to make full amends for lost time. And it must be confessed that in honesty and fulness the new series of Austrian Official Histories could not be surpassed, had the chronicles of 1859 and 1866 unbroken successes instead of constant defeats to record.

The volume before us begins with a brief but very clear summary of the political events and negotiations that preceded the campaign of 1859. It then reviews successively the resources of the three Powers, Austria, France, and Sardinia, which were to become engaged. There follows a detailed account of the means taken by the same Powers to bring their armies into the field of action in Italy, in which the time which each took, and the effect of the gain or loss on the subsequent operations, are clearly pointed out. Over one hundred pages of close print are devoted to these sections, and a few more to the concentration of Gyulai's army in Lombardy before war was actually begun. The remaining five hundred of the massive volume carry the story of the war beyond the battle of Magenta, and the consequent retreat from the rich plain of Lombardy which the Hapsburgs there lost for ever. No truly patriotic Austrian can regret that his country is parted from a possession which for long had been a growing source of danger and weakness; but it is natural that her soldiers should desire to see the reputation of their army vindicated. For the old spirit of gallantry and *comaraderie* clings to the Austrian service, despite repeated misfortune and changed administration; and those who would affect to trace in this merely the traditions of the Thirty Years War and its barbarous hirelings may learn from the very dryness of these pages to sympathize with the loyalty which fought in 1859 for a hopeless cause, and with the honesty of purpose which frankly tells the tale of defeat.

To the general reader no part of the work is more important than that which deals with the preliminary negotiations. A study of this first section will convince the most incredulous that the Bohemian war of 1866, far from being a sudden thunderclap of hostile feeling, was but one act in a long-continued drama, in which Austria and Prussia played the parts of rivals, and the minor States and neighbours of Germany were more or less mixed up. The writer of the Official History starts with the New Year's reception of 1859 at the Tuileries, and the sudden declaration of Napoleon III., which showed that the French sword was about to be thrown into the balance on the side of struggling Italy. It would have been more to the purpose of the story, if less consistent with official caution, to have gone back to 1850, and have painted the check then inflicted on Prussia by the superior readiness and boldness of her rival in the affair of Hesse. Owing to her lack of organization, and of the audacity which characterized the action of Prince Schwartzenberg, Prussia, after threatening hostilities, was publicly forced to what was in truth an ignoble political capitulation. The defeat rankled sorely in the minds of her statesmen. And when Napoleon suddenly avowed his hostility to the Austrian influence in Italy, and England looked on with undisguised sympathy for those whom he had resolved to aid, Prussia was not only still full of her old purpose of attaining the headship of Germany, but was especially embittered against the suzerainty allowed by the Bund to Austria, ever since her own humiliation, partly through its means, at the hands of Schwartzenberg. The conduct of the French Emperor gave her the opportunity she longed for, and every page of her share in the negotiation of the spring of 1859 shows her resolve to have been first of all to make full use of it.

Much caution was needed for this end; for the French threat against Austria powerfully stirred the German mind. From all parts of the Bund came indications that the spirit of 1813 only slumbered, and that a statesman of power was all that was needed to raise it in such a form of universal hostility to France as might have swept the political divisions of Germany away for the time, and concentrated its military strength—as we witnessed two years since—in the hands of the Power which stood forth as the national champion. But Austria had no Bismarck in her hour of need, and the timid yet arrogant policy into which she was forced by her mixed dread of French aggression and jealousy of Prussian leadership was just what was needed to give her old national enemy the advantage in the field, as her German rival won it in the Cabinet. Austria herself soon gave the ready means of quarrel to the latter. Her ancient pride made her insist on seeking the help of Prussia only in the character of a member of that Bund of which she was nominally the head. At Berlin, however, it was natural to insist on the right of the Government to treat and act solely as

* *Der Krieg in Italien 1859, bearbeitet durch das k.k. Generalstabs-Bureau für Kriegsgeschichte.* Erster Band. Vienna: Gerold.

the great Power for which it had long been recognized. So the proceedings of the Prussian Military Commissioner at Frankfort, General Dannhauser, who would have met the wishes of the Vienna Cabinet, were promptly disavowed, and he himself was declared to have gone beyond the limits of his powers in agreeing to arm the frontier fortresses and collect German troops in the Palatinate. It was announced by the Berlin Cabinet that the conduct of Prussia must needs shape itself according to the causes of the coming hostilities. Should these result from the efforts of Austria to maintain the special conventions which extended her influence in Italy, there would be no proper cause for Prussian intervention. It would be well to show that France and Sardinia used them as a mere pretext for assailing the integrity of the Austrian dominions, before the Prussian State could be expected to make itself responsible for the latter. Later on the direct complaint was made that the Vienna Cabinet took far too little account of Prussia's rights as a great Power to act independently, and for the present it was intimated that Prussia could do no more than refrain from any assurance which should cause France to reckon on her neutrality. On her part Austria obstinately struggled against these pretensions, and did her best to stir up the minor States to a proper state of anti-Gallic sentiment. But the broad result was that Prussia played the game of delay too skilfully to let her and be forced, and when the growing feeling in favour of joining in the war brought her troops and those of the minor States upon the Rhine, their movement was so late, and the power of organization—so terribly developed at the expense of Austria seven years later—was so incomplete, that Solferino was fought and lost before they were ready to take part in a campaign.

Little of this section of the history is absolutely new, but the whole sequence of events in that fatal spring has never been so clearly set forth before. And we may say this particularly of our own tardy and blundering meddling, so ill-aimed of itself in its evident disregard of Austrian interests, and so imperfectly communicated at Vienna, that it is no matter of surprise in looking back that the advisers of Francis Joseph lost patience before its conclusion, and gave the signal for hostilities. Into this, in fact, they were purposely goaded by Sardinia, which Power, the French troops once being certainly put in motion, desired nothing so much as a speedy decision for war. It is impossible for any candid judge to blame the young Kaiser for this step. Under the circumstances it probably would have been the very best chance of saving his dissolving dominions. But the hopes of doing this were nullified by the signal blunder of his Cabinet in regard to the true seat of hostilities. Clinging still to the fast vanishing prospect of making the struggle a German as much as a French one, the Austrian Ministry kept their armaments more directed towards the Rhine than the Po. So, what with this error in their general design, and the desire to save expense by deferring the calling out of the reserves till the very last, the month of April came and passed, and Gyulai's force was quite inadequate to the task he originally intended for it of driving the Piedmontese army upon Alessandria, in order to shut it off from the coming French succour.

Nothing in this work is more honourable to its authors than the complete vindication of that veteran's reputation for judgment. The present War Minister, Baron Kuhn, came at the last moment to act as chief of staff to the ill-fated general; and we can hardly doubt that the care with which this part of the work is presented shows that he has resolved, late though the opportunity be, to free the honour of his former chief from the stains unjustly left upon it by his superiors. Gyulai's foresight as to the events which were to happen, his energetic and well-directed counsels, and his carefully weighed yet boldly strategic designs, might possibly have turned the scale had they influenced his master at Vienna. But here the genius of the Aulic Council still prevailed. Whilst Gyulai sought for reinforcements sufficient to enable him to execute his proposed task of dividing the intended allies, he was answered with long memoranda on the military resources available elsewhere. Whilst he asked at least to have his own command promptly made up to a war footing, he was told of the possibility of Austria's having to encounter Russian intervention. When, with prophetic clearness, he wrote just before hostilities, "I am thoroughly convinced that if Napoleon begins the war in Italy, he will carry it on with his whole might, for he puts his crown upon the die," the Vienna Cabinet still held to their belief that the real struggle would be upon the Rhine. More remarkable still, and pregnant with lessons to other nations, is the fact that, although Gyulai was able with his imperfect means to discount the coming French aid to Sardinia at 130,000 men—an estimate not far from the truth—the Vienna Cabinet imagined its own calculation to be correct which fixed its maximum number at 85,000. So little did the War Minister of Francis Joseph in those days understand the art which Von Moltke's Bureau—as we lately pointed out (*Saturday Review*, 2nd November, 1872)—for the first time in history has fully developed, of accurately calculating the resources of the enemy before going to meet him. We have not space to follow this interesting volume further than the point here reached. Were it only for its courage in publishing this mistaken calculation and its other errors of thirteen years since, the Austrian Government would fully deserve the credit which no reader of the work will be disposed to grudge it.

HARE'S WANDERINGS IN SPAIN.*

THERE are three ways of seeing Spain, according to the tastes and powers of as many different classes of travellers. You may follow beaten routes, say from Irun to Madrid and Madrid to Cadiz, thence coasting backwards to Barcelona, after having slightly diverged to such salient objects of pilgrimage as Toledo or Granada. Or, keeping to railroads and highways, you may visit decayed and deserted cities, from which the ordinary tourist is scared by the thought of the discomforts and difficulties that must necessarily be encountered in reaching them. Or, finally, you may "do" Spain after the good old fashion of that old-fashioned country, and as it ought to be done if it is to be thoroughly seen and enjoyed. You buy or hire a horse for yourself, you mount a servant on another; and if do not positively court adventures like Don Quixote, at least you make up your mind that the chance of meeting them shall add another charm to your journey. We need scarcely repeat that this last way is infinitely the most enjoyable for men of sound constitutions who have no objection to roughing it. You are as nearly independent as any one can be. You follow your fancies, stopping where you will; you may penetrate into the recesses of the magnificent sierras, you cross mountain spurs by wild bridle paths, you explore those picturesque *dehesas* and *despoblados* which lie apart from the monotonously cultivated plains. You mix with natives of all classes in a familiar way which is impossible to the stranger aristocrat who visibly condescends when he seats himself in a third-class railway carriage. Nor need your material discomforts be very great. It is true that your night quarters may be of the roughest when you congratulate yourself on the discovery of some solitary *posada* or *venta*. But strength, spirits, and appetite develop with the exercise and the bracing buoyant air; you carry a tolerably supplied larder in your saddle-bags, and your servant is probably no mean cook, while he has strict orders to exclude garlic from his cookery, and to see that the oil is sweet before he uses it.

Mr. Hare made choice of the second plan, which, although it is perhaps nearly as satisfactory for an amateur of architecture, archæology, and the arts, certainly involves many more disagreeables, while it can never be nearly so exhilarating. You must trust yourself everywhere to the tender mercies of other people, and you are forwarded, housed, and fed as it may please the superb indifference and dilatoriness of Spaniards. Your fitful rest is broken by starts at most untimely hours, and dragging along in the darkness in a dull train is a poor exchange for that joyous start in the saddle in the brightness or crispness of the morning air. You are hurried over the flattest country from one melancholy town to another yet more woebegone; and the hours of enchantment passed among the remains of some mouldering triumph of mediæval art but indifferently compensate you for those which must be spent in blank ennui in your bleak whitewashed chamber. It is almost inevitable that the spirits of such opposite modes of travel should impress themselves on the pages that describe them. Accordingly in Mr. Hare's wanderings we miss the wild romance of Borrow's *Bible in Spain*, although both gentlemen travelled in troublous times, while the country was disturbed by the persevering followers of Don Carlos. Yet, in its own way and so far as it goes, Mr. Hare's book is admirable. We say so far as it goes, because with all his artistic appreciation of things Spanish, Mr. Hare scarcely does the Peninsula justice, and the reason is that he has left so much of it unvisited. Had he merely gone from Cadiz to Algesiras on horseback, instead of by coasting steamer; had he made the familiar riding trip from Gibraltar into the grand Sierra of Ronda, as he intended; above all, had he embraced Yuste in his wanderings, and made his way into the wild forests of Estremadura, he would scarcely have written so sweepingly as he has done of the lack of timber, shrubbery, and vegetation in general. It is true that Ford, who perhaps knew the country better than any Englishman living or dead, talks of "torrid and tawny Spain." It is true that you may travel for days under the prevailing and depressing impression of broad baked plains and brown treeless mountain ranges. But, as Ford tells us too, in many a place even in the South and centre, you may ride for a long day through hanging woods and dense copses, by mountain streams that go leaping down to freshen the verdure of the meadows which they wind through in the valleys. Even when Mr. Hare excepts from his general condemnation Monserrat and Elche, the only "two places where there is anything that may be called beautiful country" out of the Asturias and Gallicia, he must surely have forgotten for the moment spots which he had visited himself—the Alhambra and the Generalife, with their perennial waters and verdure; some of the "bits" he must have passed in his expedition into the neighbouring sierra; to say nothing of those forests in the mountain gorges through which the railway is carried in the neighbourhood of Vittoria.

Be that as it may, however, Mr. Hare is too ardent and judicious an admirer of all that he found admirable to have done injustice wittingly; and it is better that a traveller should keep on the sober side than that he should prepare disappointment for those whom he invites to follow him. And this we may say with truth, that few men are better fitted than he to undertake the difficult task of describing scenes and manners which repeated descriptions should have made familiar. Mr. Hare

* *Wanderings in Spain.* By Augustus J. C. Hare, Author of "Memorials of a Quiet Life," &c. London: Strahan & Co. 1873.

wrote a good and suggestive book on Rome, but to our mind his book on Spain is a better one. He has the happy art of assisting memory by distinctive description. In a few telling strokes he touches off the salient characteristics that constitute individuality. If his vivid pictures necessarily resemble each other, they never repeat themselves. He carefully suits his epithets to the locality, in place of drawing them at random from a stock of set phrases of admiration and sensation. So we acknowledge his fidelity, and we fancy we should recognize his manner anywhere. For he is an odd mixture of the prosaic and poetical, and one's curiosity is generally alive to know how anything in particular may strike him. Here, as at the Alhambra, he pays the ordinary tribute to the romantic genius of the place, although his raptures are toned and tempered by his judgment. Again, he is particularly hard to please; it would seem as if for the time he looked on desolation or decay with the eye of a farmer from the Lothians or an architect of trim suburban villas. We can understand that, to one waking in the railway train in the cold and gloom of a winter morning, the wilderness to the west of Tudela should seem "dismal and barren." But certainly we should never have dreamed of denouncing Valencia as "a concentration of dulness, stagnation, and ugliness." We should have fancied the quaint market-place, with its silk hall, and ancient houses with their Flemish-like gables or florid façades, would alone have sufficed to relieve it from the latter imputation.

But when Mr. Hare is impressed and disposed to admire, when historical and legendary associations add interest and charm to the grandeur of architecture in ruins, then he is a most captivating companion, and his pages are delightful reading. He is at his best perhaps on the occasion of his visit to Poblet; certainly no chapter in the book is more fascinating. It is partly perhaps because the place is so seldom visited, and because so little is known generally of its history. Strangely enough the latest edition of Murray cuts down to a few sentences the column and a half which Ford devoted to it in the older one. The site of the convent is sequestered, and the disagreeables which Mr. Hare and his party encountered in reaching it illustrate the drawbacks to expeditions by byways in Spain, when you have not a horse of your own to trust to. Dropped at Montblanch station as morning was breaking, the party was fortunate in discovering a man in the ragged group of idlers who was the proprietor of a *tartana*. The vehicle, indeed, though it was dignified by that name, by no means answered to the description. We doubt if it was covered; it consisted of a rude framework of open bars roughly nailed together and covered with carpet, while the bottom was of knotted rope. The road was in keeping with the carriage; bare rock alternated with profound pools of mud; and the occupants lurched and jolted along, as the mule was urged on by the shrieks and yells of the driver, until at last they were compelled to descend and complete the pilgrimage on foot. No doubt it repaid them, and the description of the picturesque approach is a good specimen of Mr. Hare's style:—

> The sun was just breaking through the clouds which had obscured the earlier morning, and lit up the lonely hollow of the hills in which the convent is situated. Venerable olive trees, their trunks gnarled and twisted into myriad strange forms, lined the rugged rock-hewn way; and behind them stretched ranges of hills, here rich and glowing with woody vegetation, where the sun caught their projecting buttresses, there lost in the purple mists of their deep rifts. The approach to a great religious house was indicated, first by a tall stone cross rising on a lofty pedestal, stained with golden lichen, and with myrtle and lentisk growing in the hollows of its grey stones, then by a strange group of saintly figures in stone, standing aloft amid a solitary grove of pillars at a crossway.

No remains elsewhere, he remarks, impress the visitor with the same sense of melancholy. The ruin is so recent, the rents, rifts, and fractures are so fresh and sharp; time has drawn no mantle of venerable vegetation over them; "violence and vengeance are written upon every stone." Founded by Raymon Berenguer in the middle of the twelfth century, on the spot where a miraculous light had revealed the body of a holy hermit who had fled from Moorish persecution, Poblet, as it was named after the Saint, was richly gifted and endowed by the successive monarchs of Aragon. They made it their last resting-place; princes and nobles aspired after burial in that hallowed ground; even the bishops of Tarragona and Lerida evinced their sense of its superior sanctity by quitting their own cathedrals for tombs in its transept. The abbot was a power in the State; it was with extreme difficulty that admission was obtained to the monastery, and the monks on entering renounced none of the pomps and vanities of the world. As they grew richer, adding domain to domain and manor to manor, they became prouder and more exclusive. From five hundred they reduced their number to sixty-six. Each candidate had to prove his descent as a grandee of Spain, and "the Chapter sat in solemn deliberation upon his quarterings." Each monk had his servants, and rode on a snow white mule, procured for him regardless of expense. It was said that, in the pride of the arrogance that was sanctified by religion, they cruelly abused their influence and power. There were whispers of missing men, and of dungeons that concealed stories of sanguinary cruelty. At last the day of reckoning came, and the pride of the convent had a fall as sudden as it was tremendous. The monks turned informers on each other when political animosity began to run high in the community during the Carlist troubles. The excited populace rose and broke into the convent. Doors were forced everywhere, and nothing was sacred to the intruders. The secrets of these mysterious dungeons were brought to light, and the discovery of bones and instruments of torture confirmed the heavy charges that had been brought against the community. For once the local authorities chanced to be strong and energetic, and they secured twenty-four hours' law to the monks, who saved their lives at the sacrifice of all their property. Since then it has been as much as their lives were worth to revisit the scenes of their former glory and luxury. Mr. Hare tells their story well; and indeed one of the charms of his volume is the number of legends and anecdotes that the traveller will seek in vain in the guide-books. We are sure that no one will regret making it the companion of a Spanish journey, and it is a book that will bear reading repeatedly when one is moving among the scenes it describes—no small advantage when the travelling library is scanty.

THE MORMONS AND THE SILVER MINES.*

MR. BONWICK is not a traveller of a very high order. He has no great power of style, nor has he anything very remarkable to describe. A great deal has recently been written about the Far West of America, and we cannot discover that he has enjoyed any unusual opportunities of observation. He speaks, indeed, as one who has had some experience in mining; and the chapter which he devotes to the geology and the economical conditions of the mining districts of the Western States may be worth notice by persons who think of embarking capital in the promotion of American industry. The subject, however, is rather too technical to be of general interest; and Mr. Bonwick presents himself chiefly as an observer of the strange religious developments of the United States. Though, as we have said, he tells us little that is new, and fails to place old information in a new light, he contributes something to a picture of a singular state of things. Mr. Bonwick probably represents the impression made upon an Englishman of average capacity, but of more than the average freedom from prejudice. The tone in which he speaks of the Mormons and of the strange sects which grow up in the Eastern cities suggests that whilst on the spot he sympathized with them to an extent of which he is now a little ashamed. After giving us a highly favourable account of the Mormons, he remembers that their peculiar institution is hostile to sound morality; and after speaking much more respectfully than we could wish of certain notorious female agitators in New York, he apologizes by declaring that the home which they attack is "something more than the bulwark of civilization"; and compares it to a desert flower, to the "morning rose-tint of Alps," and to various other beautiful objects. Perhaps, indeed, Mr. Bonwick may be ironical in some of the commendations which he bestows upon the anti-social agitators. Without settling that point it is as well that we should occasionally read descriptions of these social curiosities, not too deeply coloured by the disgust which they are apt to excite in well-regulated minds. Mr. Bonwick's tolerance does not lead him to any descriptions of an offensive kind; his book is perfectly decent—a fact which we regret that it should be necessary to state explicitly—and if he is not a philosopher, he may supply some food for philosophical meditation.

Few things, indeed, are more curious than these singular growths of modern superstitions which are essentially as grovelling as the old belief in witchcraft, and which yet are oddly tinged by stray scraps of scientific knowledge. We do not ask how large a place is held in America by Spiritualists, Shakers, "Christadelphians," advocates of Free-love, and adherents of a number of other more or less objectionable sects. Doubtless it is true that their prevalence has been very much exaggerated; some of them are of European origin, and others, like the Mormons, draw most of their recruits from this side of the ocean. Persons who trade upon indecency are apt to be noisy, and find their account in exaggerating their numbers and importance; and, in short, a traveller in America is apt to think that the phenomenon has been made much more conspicuous than it deserves. Still it is undeniable that the conditions of American thought and society are favourable to the development of certain morbid social and religious growths. The anarchical theory that one man's opinion is as good as another's leads all kinds of persons to set up as prophets who would be crushed by a sense of their own insignificance in a country where culture is more thorough, if restricted to fewer persons. The absolute tolerance which prevails encourages people to look with comparative indifference even upon theories which strike at the root of all morality. And anybody who has a gift for unctuous rhetoric and a slight tincture of scientific and metaphysical jargon can start as a reformer of the universe, and find plenty of half-educated people whose eagerness for novelty is developed out of proportion to their capacity for reasoning. A certain Dr. Thomas, for example, who died recently, started the "rapidly extending sect" of the Christadelphians. Dr. Thomas, we are informed, was "esteemed by the Rev. Dr. Cumming as a learned expositor" of the Apocalypse; and to be esteemed by Dr. Cumming is, it seems, enough to justify an American in founding a new religious sect. We are only treated to a few of his dogmas, which appear to have been reached by the Doctor's method of Biblical interpretation. He holds the soul to be mortal, whilst the Mormons hold it to be immortal, although material. Dr. Thomas says that "the Protestant abominations are all based upon immortal-soulism." He thinks, however, that the saints will reappear in mortal bodies which will have "pre-resurrectional consciousness

* *The Mormons and the Silver Mines.* By Jas. Bonwick. London: Houlder & Stoughton. 1872.

fleshed upon them." We are further informed that he holds that "electricity is the term science has bestowed upon what the Bible calls spirit," electricity being with ignorant people a general name for anything which they don't understand. He considers that the Mormons, who hold somewhat similar doctrines, are wretched imposters, and that their divinations are "only lying rhapsodies, the dark and malarious thinkings of nervous flesh rioting in the spectralia of musty theosophisms, talked into the Bible by the Gospel nullifiers and pulpit mar-texts of the chairs and sacred desks of Christendom." There is apparently some glimmering of sense in the earlier part of this beautiful sentence; but the Doctor was scarcely qualified to be the founder of an elevating religion. We have no reason, however, to suppose that he was as objectionable a person as some of the other teachers to whom Mr. Bonwick refers. Mr. Bonwick speaks, for example, with a certain respect of that notorious lady, or as an American journalist calls her, "that high old gal," Victoria Chaplin Woodhull, "perhaps the best female lecturer in the world." This lady, who is believed to "spend a part of the day in silent communion with the other world," and who in her *séances* "delivers orations of no mean order," has had a very singular career. She was married at fourteen to a Dr. Woodhull, who is "spoken of as something worse than ordinary human nature." Leaving him, she became a medium. She got a divorce and married a Colonel Blood, who, having called to consult her as a "spiritualistic physician," was surprised to hear her in a trance declare herself to be his other half. Victoria, however, induced him afterwards to consent to a divorce, in order that "they might live in a union upon its own merits." She and her "gifted sister Chaplin" have set up a stockbroking business, besides attending to politics, Spiritualism, and the Woman's Rights movement. She was aided by the spirit of Demosthenes in composing an address to Congress in favour of female suffrage. Her admirer, Theodore Tilton, declares that her ambition is stupendous. "She can ride like an Indian, and climb a tree like an athlete; she can swim, row a boat, and walk all day like an Englishwoman." Blood and Woodhull, her two former husbands, both lived in her house; and as this peculiar arrangement gave rise to scandal, Mr. Tilton exclaimed, in the words of Tennyson,

> Is thy white blamelessness accounted blame?

She has views on the currency question; she was proposed as a candidate to succeed General Grant; and the *Golden Age* says of her that "she beats her daily gong of business reform with notes not musical but strong, yet mellows the outward rudeness of the rhythm by the inward and devout song of one of the sincerest, most reverent, and divinely gifted of human souls." To all which we ought to observe there is an appendix not mentioned by Mr. Bonwick. Probably his book was in the press before the latest news of Victoria's performances. At present we have reason to suppose that she is beating her daily gong in a New York prison. She and her gifted sister published a paper called *Woodhull and Chaplin's Weekly*, of which Mr. Bonwick gives some account. The last number of this precious periodical succeeded in outraging the rather lax morality of New York to such an extent as to provoke the authorities. According to the New York *Nation*, the paper never paid, and Woodhull, Chaplin, and Blood had to discontinue its publication. But, "being in pressing need of some social reform, as they say, they resuscitated their paper after it had been some months dead, and published one number which was of an open and shameless rascality never before ventured upon by them." They were consequently prosecuted for the dissemination of obscene literature, and we can only hope that they may receive their deserts. The white blamelessness of the divinely gifted soul does not seem to have protected it from very unpleasant imputations. The fact is, that Victoria and her companions have done a great deal to provoke utter disgust towards the Woman's Rights movement in America amongst all respectable people, and we would hope that Mr. Bonwick was led to exaggerate the influence which it exercised amongst other classes.

The social peculiarities of the Mormons, though bad enough, are not of that revolting character which characterizes some of the obscure associations to which more than enough prominence has recently been given. Mr. Bonwick speaks, on the whole, much as other travellers have done of the external decency and apparent content of the Mormon women. One or two facts which he mentions help to explain why polygamy has succeeded so far as it has done amongst the Mormons. The fact is that wives are a very good commercial investment in a thinly-settled country. There are Mormons, we are told, who have "partners located in all the leading cities of the territory." A gentleman engaged in commercial pursuits thus finds a convenient home in his varying quarters. The ladies are expected to earn their own living and keep their children. A Gentile, says Mr. Bonwick, informed him that "these wives, judiciously placed out, would pay from twenty to fifty per cent. upon the outlay of capital, besides furnishing free quarters when the collector went his rounds." Some of the evils connected with the ordinary disproportion of the sexes in new colonies are avoided, though few persons will assent to Captain Burton's theory, which, if we remember rightly, goes the length of justifying the institution under these circumstances. A strict spiritual rule and an abundance of wives may doubtless keep things quiet and be favourable to industrial activity. But, in spite of the external tranquillity, we have no doubt that the price paid for the system in the long run is a heavy one. Its essential immorality is indicated by the extreme facility of divorce, especially when a bishop or other ecclesiastical dignitary is a rival of the husband; whilst, as Mr. Bonwick assures us, the Mormon schools are disgracefully neglected, and the rising population are in the habit of reading nothing but the most offensive trash published in New York. The whole community is endangered, not merely by the direct attacks of Gentiles, some of which, carried on under pretence of law, appear to be of the most unscrupulous kind, but by the facility now afforded for the growth of new sects. Mormonism has its dissenters, and they express themselves pretty freely. The Josephites, as we know, are opposed to polygamy, whilst the Godbeites, whom Mr. Bonwick compares to "our own Dean Stanley's school," go in for very rationalistic modes of thought. They believe in the right of private judgment, and sneer at Brigham Young's infallibility. The Mormons, says their organ, have

> their baptisms, confirmations, genuflexions, priesthood — apostolic and Aaronic; a brimstone hell, a purgatory, works of supererogation, and all the namby pamby fooleries of priestcraft, only to be tolerated in an Indian medicine-man, or in a leader of some rude hordes that can only be governed by an appeal to their superstitions or fears.

This strange caricature of higher religions has evidently its heresiarchs and its schisms as well as its Pope, and the Pacific railways make it impossible for the orthodox to apply those vigorous measures of repression which might have kept things together yet a little longer. The year 1890 is to be the beginning of their millennium, and the new Jerusalem is to be built in Jackson County, Missouri. Perhaps by that time this curious development will have shown unmistakable symptoms of collapse. We could wish that, whilst yet in its vigour, it had been investigated by some more competent observers. Mr. Bonwick, like his predecessors, seems at best to have had but a cursory and superficial glimpse of its peculiarities.

MAYOR'S JUVENAL.*

In its original form Mr. Mayor's *Juvenal* seemed, even if it was not, a voluminous mass of learned but ill-digested commentary. Perhaps our prejudice against it was partly due to its learning taking the form of foot-notes which often outran the page in which the word to be annotated occurred. But, in the form in which the work now reappears after an interval of nearly a score of years, so much has been done for it in the way of judicious rearrangement and of relegating the notes to the end of the volume, that a considerable addition of matter is carried off without producing an impression of prolixity or verbosity. While the editor elucidates a carefully considered text so as to leave no doubt about its sense, he has also illustrated every characteristic passage of the vehement satirist of the Empire by curious contemporary parallels from Seneca, Martial, Petronius, and many Latin writers of the silver age, so that in reading a Satire with the help of his notes we feel ourselves thrown back into Imperial Rome, and acquire an intimate knowledge of its characters, manners, and customs. In Mr. Walford's volume on Juvenal in Mr. Lucas Collins's series, life at Rome under Domitian is brought before us in a lively and striking series of word-pictures; but for the scholar, especially the young scholar, there is a mine of information and of solid profit to be derived from the study and digestion of such exhaustive and comprehensive notes as those in which Mr. Mayor sets before his readers the whole form and fashion of a Roman book (i. 6); the curious details of Roman horticulture (i. 75, pp. 124-6); the history of Tyrian dyes, from the time of the Exodus till that of Benjamin of Tudela, A.D. 1161; the tricks and profits of Roman informers; the mysteries of poisoning, of gourmanderie, of horse-keeping, and a hundred other features of Rome as it appeared to the stern gaze of the trenchant satirist. Indeed the matter brought together in any one of these and similar notes presents very much the same sort of interest as a chapter or section of Böcker's *Gallus;* with this difference, that in the latter a story is illustrated by the results of collateral reading, and the student is mostly sent away with a reference to parallel passages, of which he is apt to postpone the verification, while in the volume before us his curiosity is not taken for granted, and the annotator deems it safest to give him *in extenso* such quotations and illustrations as he thinks necessary. Nor are these exhaustive notes likely to be valuable only to young students at school or college. They contain a fund of materials for elder readers, and enable us to compare ancient and modern society. Even for mere gossip and curiosity it is pleasant to be posted up in such matters as the citrus-wood tables in fashion when Juvenal was writing his Satires, and to learn that the slabs most approved for their manufacture grew in Mauritania, and had tiger-like stripes, or panther's spots, or a wave-like curl in their grain resembling the eyes in a peacock's tail. This last fashion of festive board recalls the "Lectus pavoninus" of Martial, *Ep.* xiv. 85; and we have an impression that cabinet-makers still set a high value on the same appearance of grain in Spanish mahogany, which is an exception to the general rule of an undulating or wavy marking of the wood. We are told in a note on the *orbes*, or circular tables, so much in vogue in Juvenal's day, that, to suit their shape, semicircular couches called "sigmata" (from the Greek letter) were substituted for the rectangular "triclinia." "On such a *sigma* Elagabalus entertained eight bald, eight one-

* *Thirteen Satires of Juvenal.* With a Commentary. By John E. B. Mayor, M.A., Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. Second edition, enlarged. Parts I.-II. London: Macmillan & Co. 1872.

eyed, eight gouty, eight deaf, eight black, eight tall, and eight stout guests; the last company could not squeeze into the space." Passing from tables to the viands on them, the reader who cares to peruse Mr. Mayor's note on i. 141—"animal propter convivia natum"—will find something to retail to his gourmand friends with regard to the extravagance and expenditure in ancient kitchens. A story is hunted up from Plutarch of one Philotas, a medical student at Alexandria, who saw in the kitchen of Antony, amongst other provisions, eight boars a-roasting:—

He was amazed at the number of the guests. "Nay," said the cook, "the guests are not many, about twelve, but Antony must have his meat done to a turn. He may call for his dinner at once, or presently, or he may defer it. Hence it is necessary to prepare not one dinner, but several."

Such stories of the mad freaks and extravagances of Roman voluptuaries may be deemed by severe and austere scholars—who care for nought but comparison of manuscripts, and weighing one edition of a German editor's text against another—an excessive condescension to the appetite of the general reader for amusement; but we confess that we approve of Mr. Mayor's pleasant industry.

The two instalments before us represent about half of Mr. Mayor's projected undertaking. The First and a part of the Third Satire have been most copiously annotated, and in them are to be found most of those exhaustive notes of which we have been speaking. From that point to the end of the Seventh Satire—the limit reached in the Parts before us—the notes of the first edition are more sparingly augmented by new material, but the citations throughout have been taken anew from the original authors, and the whole labour bestowed is obviously genuine and at first hand. Nor, indeed, does the absence of a profusion of illustrations after the 182nd page, for which the editor apologizes, disappoint the reader, because in what has gone before so many subjects have been fully treated that a more sparing commentary might almost be deemed desirable.

For holding well in hand the thread of Juvenal's arguments as he declaims against the general luxury and licence and corruption of Roman life, the running commentary with which Mr. Mayor prefaces each new turn of thought will be found very serviceable. We think, too, that readers will discover in his notes a confirmation of his assurance that he has abstained from "consulting any English edition of Juvenal," for they are singularly free from hackneyed and re-cooked matter, and they constantly clear up a doubt or difficulty which other commentators have passed over in silence. We have rarely sought a solution of conflicting views from this edition without finding satisfaction and conviction. For instance, it is rather staggering, in the opinion of many commentators, that when the rich client goes with an empty litter to claim a double share of the sportula—

Ostendens vacuum et clausam pro conjuge sellam,
"Galla mea est," inquit; edtius dimitte; moraris.
Prefer, Galla, caput (i. 126)—

it is the butler or the "balneator" who utters the last words. It must strike every one that it is the husband who utters the whole speech. Macleane and Prior hold the former view, and Simcox, one of the most recent editors of Juvenal, is silent on the matter. Turning to Mayor, we find him agreeing with Jahn in referring the words to the husband, whose effrontery is thus enhanced and rendered more astounding. *A propos* of this device to get a second dole, Mr. Mayor has cited from Jerome the story of a sturdy female beggar who got a blow for a second dole:—"Pugnus porrigitur pro denario et tanti criminis reus sanguis effunditur." In the supposed speech of Umbricius, when he is leaving Rome because honest merit has no scope there, occur these words among other disqualifications:—

Me nemo ministro
Fur erit, atque ideo *nulli comes exeo*.—iii. 46, 47.

Macleane's interpretation of this passage—namely, that Umbricius complains of never being any great man's walking companion because he is no hand at thieving and peculation—appears singularly bald and unsatisfactory. But Mr. Mayor's solution recommends itself to confident acceptance:—"No governor takes me out to a province in his cohort, because I will bear no part in his extortions." Such a one wants a ready aide-de-camp and accomplice, a cool hand, clever and apt at tricks of theft and extortion. What makes this interpretation so certain is, as Mr. Mayor points out, the mention of Verres in the context. The "fur" and the "comes" are both represented in the lines

Carus erit Verri qui Verrem tempore quo vult
Accusare potest.—iii. 53, 54.

Again, in the passage about the dress of the spectators of country plays in an extemporized grassy theatre (iii. 177, &c.), there has been some confusion heretofore about the lines—

Æquales habitus illic similemque videbis
Orchestram et populum; clari velamen honoris
Sufficiunt tunicæ summis sublibus albæ.

Gifford, Macleane tells us, fell foul of Dryden over them. Yet Mr. Mayor brings out the sense sufficiently when he notes that "in the rustic crowd there is no distinction of the 'latus clavus' or 'angustus clavus,' nor any prætexta; the municipal senate who occupy the orchestra, as the senators do at Rome, are dressed like the rest of the spectators, in tunics." Upon the debated words "Iam quartanam sperantibus ægris" the interpretation of Mr. Mayor is the same with that of Macleane and others, who refer them to patients hoping that their disease will be turned at autumn-tide into a quartan fever, if not cured entirely; and this is certainly better than to take "sperantibus" with Ruperti for "apprehending the advent of" such a disease.

The same sort of help is tendered by this editor to those who hesitate between various readings. In the lying excuse for Galla not putting her head out of the sedan or litter to which we have referred above, the husband's last words are "noli vexare, quiescit," in most modern texts. But Mayor justifies the MS. reading "quiescet," and illustrates the idiom, which is English as well as Latin, by a parallel from the *Phormio* of Terence, where the words "Sic *erit* (you will find it is so), non temere dico," are a case in point. In like manner he supports, at i. 146, the less easy reading "plaudendum funus," as against the more obvious "plangendum funus." In iii. 240 he reads with much plausibility, "Ingenti curret super ora liburnâ," taking the last word for a kind of litter so called, and preferring its presence in the line to "Liburno," which would denote the bearer of such a litter. In iv. 3 he retains the reading of the best MSS., which appears to have been that also of the Scholiast, wherein Crispinus is characterized as

Ægro solâque libidine fortes
Deliciæ.

i.e., "a rake, feeble and resolute only in his lusts." Here again those who refer to the usually printed text will see that the latest editor has not chosen the least difficult reading.

In deciding upon questions of various readings Mr. Mayor has called in, in several cases, the acute judgment of Mr. Munro. This is always instructive, and, in the case of the annotations before us, not the smallest of their many recommendations. In the vexed question which arises at the opening of the Third Satire (vv. 12–20) as to the adoption or rejection of Jahn's transposition, which places vv. 12–16 after v. 20, ending with "violarent marmora tophum," Mr. Munro advocates a conservative policy, because else "In vallem Egeriæ descendimus" is too abrupt. He takes it that the lines, as they stand, represent Umbricius halting at the Porta Capena, and his after movements and remarks. *Hic* in v. 12 means simply "hereupon" or "upon this," and *ubi*, which begins a parenthesis continued to "camœnis," is equivalent to "illuc, ubi," "to where," the epexegesis of which is to be looked for in "In vallem Egeriæ descendimus." Thus, as he puts it, the sense will be, "Hereupon he and I went down to where Numa used to meet his mistress, but where now . . . I mean into the valley of Egeria." "Hic tunc," in v. 21, is taken as beginning a new sentence. In such arguments for resisting change we must profess ready acquiescence. Again there is the line in iii. 218:—

Phœcasianorum vetera ornamenta deorum;

Or, according to two MSS. which the Scholiast seems to have followed—

Hic Asianorum veteres, &c.

Even if we adopt the suggested emendation Hæc for Hic, the latter reads awkwardly. And the upshot of Mr. Munro's strong suspicion "that in some form or other 'phœcasia' should come in, as this word is not uncommon in Latin to express apparently some luxurious kind of shoe," is that Mr. Mayor adopts Roth's conjecture "Phœcasiatorum," which is a likelier form than "phœcasianorum," at the same time that, with his ever-ready apparatus of parallels, he gives chapter and verse for the use of "phœcasiæ" at Athens and Alexandria. One more glance at Mr. Munro's criticisms and we have done. In iv. 67 the Picenian fisherman, having taken his huge "rhombus" to the Emperor, exhorts him in a strange mixture of courtly and uncourtly language to have a feast of it. Before uttering the outrageous flattery that the fish had waited for Domitian's reign, and then volunteered to be caught (68–69), he has bidden him "propera stomachum laxare saginis." The last word so read conveys an intelligible sense, though some have proposed to read "saginæ." But "saginam" and "saginas" are unfortunately the best attested readings, and at the same time defy explanation. Munro's suggestion is an extremely simple and plausible one—namely, to read "saginans"—so that the sense may be "let your stomach out by cramming it"; "give yourself a good blow-out." Enough has been said to show the chief characteristics of Mr. Mayor's enlarged and improved *Juvenal*, without going into the other Satires annotated in the instalments before us. Young students are happy who, with plenty of leisure and a fair share of scholarship, become acquainted with Juvenal under the agreeable escort of Mr. Mayor.

WILSON'S MEMORIALS OF EDINBURGH.*

SOME twenty years ago the inhabitants of Edinburgh—especially those of them who affected literature or science—were familiar with the appearance of two men, rather of the rising than of the descending, or even the stationary, generation. They were brothers—Daniel Wilson and George Wilson. And, by the way, turning at this point, as people do who are not certain about dates or names, to the *Men of the Times*, letter W, we read, "Wilson, Daniel, LL.D., born at Edinburgh in 1816, is an elder brother of Professor George Wilson, the eminent chemist, and a nephew of Professor John Wilson—the Christopher North of *Blackwood*." This latter relationship would have amazed an Edinburgh citizen of the period, not only by its inaccuracy, but by its absurdity. Not

* *Memorials of Edinburgh in the Olden Time.* By Daniel Wilson, LL.D., Professor of English Literature in the University, Toronto; late Acting Secretary of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. Edinburgh: Andrew Elliot. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1872

that there would be any disparagement on either side in such relationship of uncle and nephew, but that, from the total difference in the cast of life, as it were, between them and the burly author of the *Noctes* with his jubilant love of society and field sport, the association in any way with the two studious slaves of the lamp has a touch of incongruity. Of the two brothers, Daniel was—and still is, let us hope—noticeable among men as tall, wiry, and erect. His brother the chemist was small, and so sickly and fragile in aspect that one had a nervous feeling, when he was present, as if some fit or worse might befall him; and yet, living, as his existence and capacity for work demanded of him, a hermit's life of abstinence, in company the genial spirit within him shone forth and made him as full of pleasant talk as any Hercules of the table who could partake of many courses and many bottles. He had the art of expressing scientific mysteries with singular clearness and attractiveness, and his eminence secured for him the distinction only given to the chiefs among men; a separate memoir of his life and labours proving a popular and successful book.

The elder brother, Daniel, gave himself to archæology and art. The drawings for the present work are his own. In 1853 he was tempted to leave Edinburgh, and became Professor of English Literature and History in the University of Toronto. This appointment was, to borrow an expression from physical science, a sad waste of power. Men who can lecture on literature, and go over the history of the world by useless abridgments, and still more useless reflections, are easily found. Wilson, however, was an archæologist, having taken for his subject, as all men should do, the place where he found his opportunities of research and exemplification, and that place was his native country, Scotland. That a man such as this should feel constrained to become an exile from the natural field of his instructive labours is a reproach to our public institutions, as not supplying, in the shape of professorships or otherwise, due encouragement for the acquisition and propagation of archæological learning. Archæology is essentially that element in history which, as being of the nature of a science, can be dogmatically taught. We may not believe in the chronological sequence of the Stone, the Bronze, and the Iron ages as an exact and exhaustive analysis, but it is a division admitting of a very instructive arrangement of the several known examples of early mechanism. It is as in geology—the phenomena of subsidence at one cosmic period, or eruption at another, set forth as the active phenomena creating the present crust of the earth, may be open to dispute; but the separation from each other of the strata so accounted for has afforded wonderful suggestions and facilities for the classification of the features appropriate to each. We need but glance at Worsaae's *Nordiske Oldsager*, with its treasure of ancient remains, conveying the fruit of the skilled labours of the archæologist to the popular eye, to see on the part of the Northern nations an example that should put us to shame in the matter of studying and teaching the existing witnesses to the habits and arts of our early ancestors. An enthusiastic archæologist whose wealth sufficed not only for his own pursuit of his favourite science, but for the help of less prosperous persons who might desire to follow it, lately left an endowment for a Chair of Archæology in Edinburgh. It happens that the funds for the purpose are not immediately available, and the Government, as we understand, when solicited to supply the means of interim support for the Chair, has declined to make the necessary advance.

Dr. Wilson is favourably known to the inquiring part of the world by his great archæological work, called *Prehistoric Annals of Scotland*. If that assumes the higher place in the library, the present volume, partaking of art and light literature, must take precedence on the drawing-room table. Each carries with it a mark of the local difficulties which the author had to contend with. Of both books the original edition was published before the author left Scotland. When a second edition of the "Prehistoric Annals" became due, he found that he could not do it justice without returning to Scotland to see it through the press. There can be no doubt that anything accomplished on such a hurried visit would give but poor results in comparison with the rich harvest of new matter that he might have garnered up at his leisure had he remained in the land of his sculptured stones, Picts' houses, and elf arrow-heads. The other work he did not consider of importance enough to demand such a sacrifice. But, living at a distance, he did not venture to make any improvements. It is consequently an exact reprint of the original book, and tells the reader that it is so. Time, however, which renders many things worthless, has enhanced the value of the book without its author's co-operation. It contains spirited and accurate accounts of old buildings, and also of social institutions, that have disappeared since it was first published in 1847. What is still more valuable, it contains the old engravings of the departed buildings, preserving the surrounding local conditions, which are now in many instances as thoroughly changed as the buildings themselves are by alterations and reconstructions.

The portly and somewhat gorgeous aspect of the book would not naturally suggest the nature of its contents, as a collection of traditions, anecdotes, and discourses on the localities of historical events, and on the dwelling-places and social habits of eminent men. Hence it is rife with the names and events popularly connected with Scotland—Queen Mary and the tragedies of her life, John Knox, Montrose, Claverhouse, Prince Edward and the Forty-five, the Covenanters, the Porteus mob, and Walter Scott. Where, among all, shall we select a characteristic specimen? Suppose we go out of this pleasant but terribly beaten path, and look for a person so little in the estimation of romance-lovers as Oliver Cromwell? Some notices of his abode in Edinburgh and of his dealings with Scotland will perhaps show that Dr. Wilson can appreciate the significance of things that may not have gained the sanction of vulgar popularity:—

On the 7th of September 1650, Cromwell entered Edinburgh at the head of his army, and took possession of it and of the town of Leith. The capital was now subjected to martial law; the most rigid regulations were enforced, such as, "that upone ony allarum no inhabitant luik out of his hous upone payne of death, or walk on the streets after top-tow, upone payne of imprisonement." Yet the peaceable inhabitants found no great reason to complain of his civic rule; justice seems to have been impartially administered, though often with much severity, and the most rigid discipline enforced on the English troops. "Upon the 27th of September," says Nicol, "by orders of the General Cromwell, thair wes thrie of his awin sodgeris scurged by the Provest Marschellis men, from the Stone Chop to the Neddir Bow, and bak againe, for plundering of houssis within the toun; and ane uther sodger maid to ryde the Meir at the Croce of Edinburgh, with ane pynt stop about his neck, his handis bund behind his back, and musketis hung at his feet, the full space of twa hours, for being drunk." The same punishment of riding the Mare remained in force, as a terror to evil doers, till the destruction of the old citadel of the town-guard, and all its accompaniments, in the year 1785.

The General again took up his residence in "the Earl of Murrie's house in the Cannigate, where a strong guard is appointed to keep constant watch at the gate;" and his soldiers were quartered in the palace, and billeted about the town, while actively engaged in the siege of the Castle. The guard-house was in Dunbar's Close, a name which it retains from the quarters it then furnished to the victors of Dunbar! and a tradition is preserved, with considerable appearance of probability, that a handsome old house, still remaining at the foot of Sellars' Close, was occasionally occupied by Cromwell. It is a fine antique mansion, which forms a prominent feature in the view of the Old Town from the north, having two terraced roofs at different elevations, guarded by a neatly coped parapet wall, and commanding an extensive view of the Forth, where the English fleet then lay.

* * * * * *

The siege of the Castle was vigorously prosecuted: Cromwell mustered the colliers from the neighbouring pits, and set them to work a mine below the fortifications, the opening of which may still be seen in the freestone rock, on the south side, near the new Castle road. The commander of the fortress had not been, at the first, very hearty in his opposition to Cromwell, and finding matters growing thus desperate, he came to terms with him, and saved the Castle being blown about his ears, by resigning it into the General's hands.

One of the earliest proceedings of the new garrison was to clear away the neighbouring obstructions that had afforded shelter to themselves in their approaches during the siege. "Considering that the Wey-hous of Edinburgh was ane great impediment to the schottis of the Castell, the samyn being biggit on the hie calsey; thairfoir, to remove that impediment, General Cromwell gaif ordouris for demolisching of the Wey-hous; and upone the last day of December 1650, the Englisches began the work, and tuik doun the stepill of it that day, and so continued till it was raised." We learn, from the same authority, of the re-edification of this building after the Restoration. "The Wey-hous, quhilk was demolesit by that traitour Cromwell, at his incuming to Edinburgh, eftir the feght of Dunbar, began now to be re-edified in the end of August 1660, but far inferior to the former condition." The cumbrous and ungainly building thus erected, remained an encumbrance to the street, at the head of the West Bow, till 1822, when it was hastily pulled down, to widen the approach to the Castle, preparatory to the public entry of George IV.

The following passage, if not so historically important, is perhaps more curious, and will surprise those readers who are accustomed to consider Cromwell as the tyrant of Scotland as he was of Ireland. The Scots did not like his method of coming to them in the disastrous affair of Dunbar, and it can hardly be said that he acquired popularity among them. There was a sort of surly sense, however, that his rule was salutary. He tried to give them a fair representation in Parliament. He opened to them the trade of England. He bridled the Highlanders and the Border rievers—those of England whose plundering ground was in Scotland, as well as those of Scotland whose depredations in England were not profitable to their countrymen at large. The industrious peasant in Moray, Aberdeenshire, Angus, or Selkirk felt himself in the hands of a genuine protectorate, and could sleep without disturbance from the thought that in the morning he might find his barns burnt and his cattle gone:—

So acceptable had the sway of the Lord Protector become with the civic rulers of Edinburgh, notwithstanding the heavy taxes with which they were burdened for the maintenance of his army, and the general expenses of the government, that they commissioned a large block of stone for the purpose of erecting a colossal statue of his Highness in the Parliament Square.

The block had just been landed on the shore of Leith, when the news arrived of Cromwell's death. Monk altered his policy, and the magistrates not only found it convenient to forget their first intention, but with politic pliability, some years after, they erected the fine equestrian statue of Charles II., which still adorns that locality. The rejected block lay neglected on the sands at Leith, though all along known by the title of Oliver Cromwell, till, in November 1788, Mr. Walter Ross, the well-known antiquary, had it removed, with no little difficulty, to the rising ground where Ann Street now stands, nearly opposite St. Bernard's Well. The block was about eight feet high, intended apparently for the upper half of the figure. The workmen of the quarry had prepared it for the chisel of the statuary, by giving it, with the hammer, the shape of a monstrous mummy, and there stood the Protector, like a giant in his shroud, frowning upon the city; until after the death of Mr. Ross, his curious collection of antiquities was scattered, and the ground feued for building.

NOT WITHOUT THORNS.*

WE are bound to take a woman's estimate of her own sex as worth something in the way of portraiture. It is to be presumed that she understands a little of what she is talking about,

* *Not Without Thorns.* A Story. By Ennis Graham. Author of "She was Young and He was Old." 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1873.

and that evolution from her internal consciousness has less to do with the subject than her positive knowledge and sympathetic experience. If a woman paints other women as fast or worldly, mannish or pedantic, sentimental or man-hating, we must believe that she has had models for her outlines; and that in the intimacy of the drawing-room and the boudoir she has learnt more of her sisters than can ever be vouchsafed to piratical man. Also we must believe that her nice women are really her ideals, and that she offers them as specimens of the best she thinks of her sex. We take, then, the female characters in *Not Without Thorns* as the author's deliberate presentations of bad and good women according to her ideas; and from them we learn something of the kind of person which seems to a sister amiable or unamiable, loveable or detestable.

Eugenia Laurence, the heroine, is one of those distracting creatures for whom blame is too hard and patience impossible. She is full of spiritual aspirations and uneasy sensitiveness; alternately swayed by the most pathetic virtues and the most egregious folly; thus offering the portrait of a sweet young person endowed with rare beauty and scant sense, big eyes and small wisdom. Beauchamp Chancellor, her husband, is the ordinary selfish and shallow man; but we do really think he is sufficiently tried by his lovely companion, and her untiring vagaries of feeling, to be exonerated from blame if he is at times irritated by her persistent state of moral porcupinehood, and fretted at the daily need of living with her, as he says, as if "treading on eggshells." An egg-sholl wife is a nuisance, however pretty and affectionate she may be; and the best of good fellows would find her so after a while. Eugenia is very pretty, and she looks specially pretty when her big eyes become dewy with rising tears. So Beauchamp Chancellor says in the beginning, and hastens to kiss them away with fond words and consoling assurances, and all the rest of the tender jargon befitting the first days of the love time. But a husband is not a lover; and a husband gets tired of the tears, when too often repeated, which the lover kissed away so rapturously. A young wife who cries on the smallest provocation, who has no natural surface cheerfulness to temper the cloying oppressiveness of her clinging fondness, who is always either worshipping or weeping, in a state of exaltation or a state of collapse, and who never can be brought to take a calm and rational view of life, is likely to make an easy-going, conventional, shallow-natured man impatient beyond good breeding. We do not wonder then that Beauchamp finds it impossible to restrain the petulant annoyance which would be only too natural under the conditions, and that Eugenia in consequence, sinking from disappointment to despair, should make herself as miserable as if she had rational cause for misery, and act like a maniac because she could not live like one of the blessed.

We lay stress on this character-painting of young wives in ladies' novels, for in it we see that tone of mind in the sex which is the cause of half the unhappy marriages afloat—those marriages which begin well and end ill, no one exactly knows how or why. So long as women think that marriage means only courtship consolidated and uninterrupted, and that it should mean this and nothing else, and so long as they are unable to enter into the prosaic arrangements of companionable friendliness, they must perforce be unhappy, even in those rare instances where they meet with a man as soft and sickly as themselves. For then the chances are that they will wish he was a little rougher, and did not hang about them so incessantly, watching every turn and look with such jealous solicitude as to be quite embarrassing and fatiguing. In the case of those women who sin against themselves, their husbands, and common sense by their own over-sensitiveness, we think the more experienced of their sex, and notably authors, should try to show them the mistake they make, and teach them a more self-respecting code and creed. Human nature does not live at high pressure for more than a few hours at most; and women who brood over love as the only thing in life, and courtship as the only form of love, run great chance of losing the very affections which they desire so passionately to keep always at boiling point. Like children who dig up their seeds to make sure that they are growing and in good condition, they spoil both the work of nature and their own chances. For this cause, *Not Without Thorns* is a book worthy of notice; though as a work of art it is scarcely satisfactory, while as a study of life it is weak and by no means loftily planned.

The character of Eugenia, the heroine, fails to interest us. She is, as we have said, sweet to sickliness, ideal to unreality. We long for just the saving pinch of common sense in her nature which would redeem her from her overwhelming morbidness, and give her what the Easterns term "salt." From first to last she is no more real than a pantomime fairy or a Pepper's ghost. Her very love is more silly than pathetic, even though she does lose her health in the struggle. But why has she so little self-control? We have heard that certain susceptible girls are given to falling in love at first sight, and that weak hearts may be won at a sitting by handsome men experienced in the ways of life and the art of love-making. We have not hitherto believed that these flowers of quick growth have deep roots; on the contrary, we imagined that the girl who let herself fall in love at first sight with A. would do the same by B. at the next opportunity, her affections being evidently not the result of choice, but of simple instinct more or less disguised. Eugenia Laurence, however, is not of this roving kind. "Wax to receive, marble to retain," she knows nothing about the "succession of crops" of which the hearts of most susceptible young ladies bear record. She plunges once and for all time into the bitter-sweet waters of passion for Beauchamp Chancellor; and, prepared as she is by her first act of self-surrender, because he dances with her once or twice and speaks to her kindly at a private party, she sinks only deeper and deeper until she gets nearly smothered before the end. Captain Chancellor, the Magnus Apollo of whom she becomes so passionately enamoured and on such small provocation, is one of those men whom women find irresistible. Handsome, gallant, shallow, making love and feeling none, flirting with every pretty woman who would flirt with him, but really caring only for Roma Eyrecourt, who does not care for him, he is essentially one of the wolves of society, a man marked dangerous, and of whom young lady lambs would do well to beware. He is a good fellow, however, in a way; and when he sees poor Eugenia pale, thin, and half-dying for his sake, he takes compassion on her, and, impelled partly by pity, partly by pique at Roma's unceremonious refusal of his hand, folds the pretty little love-sick maiden to his heart, and makes her blest in a fool's paradise of the most charming appearance. As Eugenia is excessively simple, and by no means rich, and as he is fastidious, worldly, and also by no means rich, their engagement is received with a chorus of disapprobation from his friends; his sister, Gertrude Eyrecourt, leading the choir. This Gertrude Eyrecourt is a perplexingly mixed character, as is also her husband's sister Roma. She is shown us as kind, selfish, insincere, affectionate, good-hearted, spiteful, clever, far-sighted, yet unintentionally lighting up such a fire by her indiscreet confidences as threatens to burn down the whole fabric of her brother Beauchamp's happiness. The reader must reconcile these opposing qualities in the best way he can. It was certainly quite natural that she should not like her brother's marriage with Eugenia Laurence. Clever and ambitious as she is, she is bound by the laws of her own nature to look askance on all the "wildflower" tribe, and to have preferred that Beauchamp should have chosen a wife with more money in the first instance, and, when his own fortune grew to be so lustrous, with more style and *savoir faire* than was possible in a little girl brought up in home seclusion, and given to ready tears and inconvenient demonstrations. But, being clever, she would also have accepted the inevitable, and have sought to make the best of it. Only weak and silly, as well as spiteful, women try to make the worst of an undesirable marriage when it is fairly accomplished, and their own self-respect is not involved in keeping themselves distinct, and perhaps trying to create a rupture which shall withdraw their male relative from bonds which, though legal, are not honourable. There was nothing of this here. Eugenia was silly, but she was good; and though not the kind of wife Gertrude would have chosen for her brother, yet she was a gentlewoman, and did not disgrace him. Hence Gertrude's childish dislike of the girl, and her pettish endeavours to estrange her brother from her, read sadly out of harmony with the main lines of her character; and we wish that the author had reconsidered this part of her work, and stuck more stoutly to her original idea of a sensible and far-sighted woman of the world. No one can be either sensible or far-sighted who does not consent to accept things as they are, and to make the best of the irremediable.

Roma Eyrecourt, too, is slightly hazy in her presentment. At first she seems to be simply selfish, hard, and worldly; but as time and the story go on she develops into one of the noblest and most beautiful of women. She and Sydney, Eugenia's sister, practical and sensible Sydney, a little atone for Mrs. Beauchamp Chancellor's sickliness; but we do not like Roma's love scene with Gerald Thornton; nor do we think that she too would have committed the folly of falling in love at sight, which she evidently does, though in a more restrained way than Eugenia. We are glad, however, that the book ends happily. It was more than might have been expected with the characters on hand. But, all the same, the *motif* is weak, and the keynote does not sound true; and on the whole we cannot say that *Not without Thorns* is any advance on *She was Young and He was Old* by the same author. We own to an infinite contempt for twaddle, both of speech and of sentiment; and *Not Without Thorns* is by no means free from a suspicion of twaddle and more than a dash of silliness both in the characters and the story.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. VILLEMAIN'S History of Pope Gregory VII.* has been announced for nearly half a century; it was begun during the last years of the Restoration, and the author was about to publish it by subscription when the political events of the day led him to reconsider his original plan. We need not say what was the attitude assumed towards the Bourbon Government, or rather towards the Villèle Cabinet, by MM. de Lacretelle, Cousin, Guizot, and Villemain; the liberal views strenuously and eloquently maintained in the Sorbonne lecture-room by those eminent men caused them to be superseded in their office, and it was only when Martignac was called to the head of affairs that the four champions of constitutional freedom were allowed to resume the position they had so ably occupied. Under these circumstances the publication of the *Histoire de Grégoire VII.* had to be delayed, and M. Villemain took advantage of the new

* *Histoire de Grégoire VII.* Par M. Villemain. Paris: Didier.

duties imposed upon him to revise, correct, and almost to recast the work which he always considered as his *monumentum ære perennius*. It now appears as a posthumous production, and although it can never obtain the success which the *Tableau de la littérature* enjoyed from the very first, still it will be regarded as an interesting work, displaying not only great brilliancy of style, but real erudition. M. Villemain's language is his strong point, though we must add that the polish of his sentences, their harmony, and their colouring weary us after a very brief acquaintance with any of his works. "C'est un style de décadence," as a distinguished critic once remarked to us. Of the book itself we will only say at present that the first chapter is devoted to an introductory account of the Papacy from the earliest time to the eleventh century.

M. Georges Perrot, Professor at the French École normale, is favourably known by several works, chiefly on Greek history and archæology. He wrote some years ago an amusing account of the island of Crete, and contributed to the history of jurisprudence a very valuable monograph on Athenian law. The volume now before us* may be looked upon as a sequel to this last-mentioned treatise, and in unfolding before us the splendid annals of political and judicial eloquence at Athens M. Perrot has taken for his text the saying of Cicero—"Studium eloquentiæ proprium Athenarum." By way of introducing the subject, he begins by showing how a passion for public speaking ever formed one of the leading characteristics of the Greek race. Even in the days of Homer muscular vigour and courage on the battle-field were not the only qualities looked for in men who had to take the lead amongst their fellow-citizens; eloquence was also indispensable, and Ulysses was at least as necessary to the Greek army as Achilles himself. M. Perrot goes on to describe in a general manner the eloquence of writers who were not professedly public speakers; he notes, for instance, how Herodotus and Thucydides helped on the progress of oratory, and he endeavours to ascertain from the best authenticated sources how Pericles understood the great art of addressing popular assemblies. The work itself consists of seven chapters, respectively devoted to Gorgias and the Sophists, Antipho, Andocides, Lysias, Isocrates, and Isæus.

André Chénier †, for the majority of readers, is only a poet—one of the most distinguished perhaps of the revolutionary era, but hardly anything else. The elegy so well known by the name of the *Jeune Captive*, which he composed for Mdlle. de Coigny, and the *Iambes* which he dashed off on the way from prison to the scaffold, are the only productions of his pen familiar to all but the few persons who have studied the history of journalism during the first period of the French Revolution. We have no hesitation in saying, however, that he was at least equally remarkable as a prose writer, and the volume now before us will, we doubt not, contribute to raise him in the opinion of competent judges. M. Becq de Fouquières is not the first critic who has published the political writings of André Chénier, but he is certainly the only one hitherto who has given them correctly and in a methodical order. The preliminary essay on the gifted author, considered as a politician, is quite exhaustive. M. de Fouquières has supplemented it by the insertion of Palisot's biographical notice and of a number of illustrative documents. With reference to the well-known accusation cast against Marie-Joseph Chénier by Royalist newspaper writers, M. de Fouquières shows that it was a gross calumny. It is absolutely untrue that Marie-Joseph sent his brother to the guillotine; but "if he committed no crime," says M. Roederer, "he professed all the bad principles which lead to the commission of crime; he did not murder his brother, but he was the friend of the murderer." A table and an alphabetical index terminate the volume.

Next to André Chénier let us place another writer belonging to the same epoch, and deserving to be better known than he is at present. The Chevalier de Pange ‡ is often mentioned in Chénier's works; he was his intimate friend, and shared his political opinions; but until quite recently it was impossible to form any idea of his merits as an author, except by diving into the endless collection of *brochures* on political subjects issued at the beginning of the French Revolution. Pamphlets written in 1789 and 1790, articles contributed in 1790 to the *Journal de la société de* 1789, in 1792 to the *Journal de Paris*, and in 1795 and 1796 to the *Nouvelles nationales, politiques et étrangères*—such is the addition made by the Chevalier de Pange to the polemical literature of his time. Our thanks are due to M. Becq de Fouquières for enabling us to become acquainted with a really distinguished representative of French journalism. André Chénier's friend died at an early age, but he left enough behind him to establish his fame as a moralist, and his reflections on mankind and society are the more striking because they were the result of political strife, instead of being quietly elaborated in seclusion and retirement.

M. Laboulaye's *Questions constitutionnelles* § now appear together in a compact and handy little volume, after having been published separately, as circumstances suggested, from time to time. The author remarks, with a certain excusable tone of bitterness, that hints thrown out and advice given in 1848 and 1851 bear repetition even now, when once more the French political edifice has to be reconstructed from top to bottom. He likens his fellow-citizens to horses which, galloping round a circus, seem to be advancing, whilst they are merely retracing their steps. At the end of every term of twenty years the building falls to the ground, and the same work has to be done over again which appeared to be completed twenty years before. M. Laboulaye tries to show that the origin of this deplorable state of things must be sought in the confusion existing in the minds of most people between the idea of liberty and that of revolution. Such being the case, it is certainly not to be wondered at that, on the one hand, monarchists should shrink when they hear the word "freedom" pronounced, whilst, on the other hand, ultra-Republicans are in a rage if any one talks to them about the power of the law, or hints respectfully something about political guarantees. M. Laboulaye aptly designates our modern demagogues as the Ultramontanists of the Revolution, and he has no difficulty in proving that the believers in the infallibility of Robespierre and Babeuf have done all they could to ruin the cause of true liberty.

Educational questions are quite as much the order of the day on the other side of the Channel as they are amongst us, and M. Jules Simon's circular is only the most recent manifestation of a change which must sooner or later take place. Before the old system has been swept away M. de Laprade steps forward ‖ to defend classical studies against the pretensions of positivist innovators. The two points on which he specially insists are the exaggerated merits ascribed to scientific education, and the undue importance, as he thinks, given to the reforms bearing upon primary education. With reference to this latter topic, M. de Laprade believes that, if elementary teaching requires such sweeping modifications, it is simply because superior education is radically bad. One of his chief objections against the French educationists of the so-called liberal school is that they look upon children as the property of the State, and thus aim at destroying family influence. It was Rousseau and his disciples who first popularized this idea, and the sooner it is done away with the better. As M. de Laprade observes, it is a great cause for regret that the men who talk most in France about education are stump orators totally destitute of intellectual culture, and having nothing but immorality, ignorance, and impudence to recommend them.

L'esprit public au XVIII^e siècle †† is an attractive title. If any epoch in the history of France has been especially rich in bold manifestations of public opinion, it was certainly the eighteenth century, when reforms of the most various kinds were openly preached, and the scandalous corruption of a weak though absolute Government was freely discussed. Public opinion found expression not only in the *Encyclopédie*, and the works of Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, Montesquieu, and Raynal, but in memoirs such as those of D'Argenson and Barbier, in newspapers, and in letters which, written exclusively for private perusal, were still more explicit than memoirs, and displayed a far greater freedom. M. Aubertin has aimed at describing, in this new volume, the state of public opinion in France on all sorts of questions from 1715 to 1789. The book is divided into four parts, corresponding to the Regency of the Duke of Orleans, the reign of Louis XV. till the Seven Years' War, the epoch extending from the battle of Rosbach to the accession of Louis XVI.; and, finally, the reign of that unfortunate monarch. The reader will find in this very interesting volume a number of curious details respecting Mathieu Marais, Madame Campan, Barbier, and also several memoirs and letters which are still unpublished.

The eighth series of M. de Pontmartin's *Nouveaux samedis* ‡‡ bears that militant stamp which characterizes all works composed during the late war; for, although the duodecimo now on our table bears the date of the present year, it consists of newspaper articles originally written in 1871 and 1872. M. de Pontmartin has had the boldness, some people would say the audacity, to expose the literary and political demerits of M. Victor Hugo, and for having done so he found himself roundly abused by the Republican press. In the eyes of our ardent revolutionists the *Année terrible* is the great work of modern times, and it is quite clear that those who do not acknowledge its transcendent beauty would fare very ill if the champions of democracy were in power. The critic of the *Nouveaux samedis*, it seems, has been served with threatening letters just like an Irish landlord who has ejected his tenants.

Count de Beauvoir §§ has already earned a reputation as one of the most accomplished of modern French tourists, and the new edition of his travels is sure to meet with a welcome from all readers. The maps and woodcuts which illustrate it are excellent, and add much to the usefulness of the volume.

Amongst the scientific works lately published by Messrs. Hachette, M. Delérain's treatise on agricultural chemistry must occupy a prominent place. ‖‖ It is to a certain extent a summary of lectures delivered by the author to the pupils of the Grignon School, where he had been appointed Professor ten years ago under

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* *L'éloquence politique et judiciaire à Athènes.* Par M. Georges Perrot. Vol. I. "Les précurseurs de Démosthène." Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

† *Œuvres en prose d'André Chénier.* Recueillies par L. Becq de Fouquières. Paris: Charpentier.

‡ *Œuvres de François de Pange.* Recueillies par L. Becq de Fonquières. Paris: Charpentier.

§ *Questions constitutionnelles.* Par Édouard Laboulaye, de l'Institut. Paris: Charpentier.

‖ *L'éducation libérale.* Par Victor de Laprade. Paris: Didier.

†† *L'esprit public au XVIII^e siècle.* Par M. A. Aubertin. Paris: Didier.

‡‡ *Nouveaux samedis.* 8^e série. Par A. de Pontmartin. Paris: Lévy.

§§ *Voyage autour du monde.* Par le comte de Beauvoir. Paris: Plon.

‖‖ *Cours de chimie agricole.* Par M. P. P. Delérain. London and Paris: Hachette & Co.

the administration of M. Monny de Mornay. The duties of his post obliged him to study the best French and foreign treatises on the questions he had to examine, and, having been requested to act as one of the *collaborateurs* to the Dictionary of Chemistry edited by M. Wurtz, he enjoyed a further opportunity of collecting materials for the volume which he now presents to scientific students. The first part of the book treats of plants and their development; in the second we have a description of arable land, its formation, and its qualities; the third division is given to the improvement of the soil, and the fourth to manure. Woodcuts are added whenever necessary, and the author has constantly aimed at giving to his work that practical character which will make it useful to all persons engaged in agricultural pursuits and in scientific farming.

"Those who have kept a faithful recollection of the events in which they had a share are bound to benefit history with the tribute of their knowledge." Such is the opening sentence of a fresh contribution to the account of the Franco-Prussian War; the title of the book * itself enlightens us sufficiently as to its contents, and Prince Bibesco's relations with General Douay give it almost an official character. The author has aimed at writing a detailed narrative of the operations carried on by the Seventh *Corps d'armée* from Belfort to Sedan. Marshal MacMahon, as it is well known, had to follow out a plan which he by no means approved; he wanted, in the first instance, to retreat towards Paris, and then, as a *pis-aller*, to march towards Mézières. Compelled to adopt the scheme devised by Count Palikao, then Minister of War, he should have done so with rapidity; instead of which he lost a considerable amount of precious time in hesitating, altering his plans, ordering and counter-ordering, until the fatal day of Sedan crushed at once the hopes of France. Prince Bibesco has related in a plain, simple manner the part performed by the Seventh Corps in this disastrous campaign, and the strategic maps drawn for the volume may be profitably consulted.

M. G. Monod's *souvenirs* † add a few interesting facts to those with which we are now all familiar, but they derive their principal value from the comparison which the author draws between the Germans and the French, as far as character, morality, and education are concerned. We need scarcely say that a Frenchman who assigns the superiority to the Teutonic race cannot be expected to meet with much sympathy from his fellow-countrymen. It would be idle, however, to deny that the corruption which has for many years eaten up society in France largely contributed to the issue of the late war. Writers belonging to *la grande nation* are the very first to acknowledge this, and to say with the utmost plainness of speech that no reform is possible so long as conceit, selfishness, and a thorough disregard of the simplest elements of morality are systematically encouraged.

The elegant collection of M. Lemerre's reprints‡ is now enriched by an edition of Beaumarchais's *Mariage de Figaro*. We have already on several occasions stated what we consider to be the true place in French literature of the amusing but unprincipled author of the *Barbier*, and we need not here revert to the subject. Let us, however, note how interesting are the prefaces of Beaumarchais as bearing upon the social life of the last century. When he wrote them he seemed to be still pleading before a court against powerful enemies who, in attacking him, were endeavouring *ipso facto*, so he thought, to put down the spirit of reform. It is amusing to see him compare the freedom which Molière enjoyed under the absolute rule of Louis XIV. with the restrictions which the police of Louis XVI. imposed upon such "harmless" compositions as the *Mariage de Figaro;* but he forgets that the circumstances of the times were entirely different; and, besides, it is very doubtful whether the *Grand Monarque* would have allowed the performance of any play touching, even indirectly, on political subjects.

The last *livraison* of M. Littré's splendid Dictionary is now out §, and thus has been brought to a satisfactory conclusion one of the most gigantic undertakings on record in the annals of lexicography. In taking leave of his readers M. Littré draws attention to the fact that he has collected a large number of materials for a second issue; and he already prints a few additions which suggested themselves at once, together with certain corrections and alterations, the necessity of which had been pointed out to him by his friends. A list of the authorities quoted in the course of the Dictionary, together with references to the best editions of their works and to the MSS. consulted in the case of a few mediæval productions, is also added. We cannot lay down the *Dictionnaire de la langue française* without giving a word of praise to the accuracy with which the printing has been done. In a work of this description, more perhaps than in any other, the utmost correctness is required; and when we say that each proof was read no less than seventy-two times before being struck off, the reader will have some idea both of the expense incurred by the publishers and of the anxiety they felt to produce a thoroughly good work. We would hope now that some competent scholar may be found to prepare for general use an abridged edition of M. Littré's Dictionary. Such a compilation, carefully done, would be of the greatest service to students who cannot afford to purchase the larger one.

M. Alexandre Dumas had always, it appears, intended to write a book on cookery as the *couronnement* of his literary edifice. The volume now comes forth posthumously—a bulky octavo, looking very scientific, very methodical, published in the shape of a dictionary, and illustrated with a portrait of the author. Dictionaries, however, are not all necessarily dry, witness Bayle's; and M. Littré's *chef-d'œuvre*, just noticed, is a great deal more interesting than many a novel. In like manner it might naturally be expected that the *Grand dictionnaire de cuisine* * would contain a good proportion of romance and chit-chat, mixed up with professional details. And such is the fact; nor do we think that any reader will object to such a combination of *utile* and *dulce*. Let M. Jules Gouffé carry off the palm for science, matter of fact, and culinary transcendentalism; M. Alexandre Dumas takes up the imaginative side of the subject, and no one will think the worse of his recipe for cooking *cailles au basilic* because a few pages afterwards they will find a song or an anecdote.

The title given by Madame Guerrier de Haupt to her collection of novelettes † shows sufficiently in what spirit they are written; we can recommend them as wholesome and sound reading. M. Chavette is also an author whose tales may be safely left on a drawing-room table. *Défunt Brichet* ‡ will be sure to please persons fond of adventure *à la Monte-Christo;* it teems with melodramatic incidents, impossible catastrophes, miraculous episodes, and affects a kind of semi-historical character by the appearance of Louis XIV., the Duke de Vivonne, Madame de Montespan, and other celebrities of the seventeenth century.

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* *Grand dictionnaire de cuisine.* Par Alex. Dumas. Paris: Lemerre.

† *Forts par la foi.* Par Marie Guerrier de Haupt. Paris: Didier.

‡ *Défunt Brichet.* Par E. Chavette. Paris: Dentu.

Belfort, Reims, Sédan. Le 7e corps de l'armée du Rhin. Par le prince Georges Bibesco. Paris: Plon.

† *Allemands et Français; souvenirs de campagne.* Par G. Monod. Paris: Sandoz.

‡ *Théâtre de Beaumarchais: le mariage de Figaro.* Paris: Lemerre.

§ *Dictionnaire de la langue française.* Par E. Littré. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

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The Assurance Fund, safely invested, is over £1,810,000
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The Reversionary Bonus at the Quinquennial Division in January, 1872 (amounting to £323,871) averaged 40 per Cent., and the Cash Bonus 20 per Cent. on the Premiums paid in the five years.

The next Division of Profits will take place in January, 1877, and Persons who effect New Policies before the end of June next will be entitled at that Division to one year's additional share of Profits over later Entrants.

REPORT, 1872.

The Annual Report just issued, and the Balance Sheets for the year ending June 30, 1872, as rendered to the Board of Trade, can be obtained of any of the Society's Agents, or of

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THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

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THE QUEEN'S SPEECH AND THE GENEVA AWARD.

THE QUEEN'S Speech might have been written beforehand by any person who had paid ordinary attention to current political events; and three persons out of four would have expressed their meaning better. When Mr. GLADSTONE disclaimed any intention of singing a paan in celebration of the Geneva Award, he might have confirmed his assertion by a reference to language which could not have found place in the libretto of any triumphant dithyrambic. It is strange that accomplished and scholastic statesmen should, year after year, ascribe to the QUEEN phraseology which might be pardoned if it were composed by a washerwoman. One of the strophes of Mr. GLADSTONE'S alleged paan is to the effect that acknowledgments are due to the German EMPEROR, who on this occasion is happily not mis-described as Emperor of GERMANY, and to the Geneva Arbitrators, for "the care bestowed "by them on the peaceful adjustment of controversies such as "could not but impede the full prevalence of national goodwill "in a case where it was especially to be cherished." It is not a defect in a QUEEN'S Speech that it should contain nothing new; but the course of the debate was altogether unexpected. Lord GRANVILLE indeed gave an explanation of the Russian negotiations which will afford general satisfaction, although it appears that Russia and England are not wholly agreed on the proposed line of demarcation. It would seem that in this case there is for the present nothing "to impede the full prevalence of "national goodwill," though Mr. DISRAELI'S invitation to the Russian Government to extend its inland dominions to the waters from which it is excluded may perhaps be misunderstood. There are no waters in Central Asia except the Caspian and the Sea of Aral, and both basins are already in possession of Russia. There is no reason to question the judgment which Lord GRANVILLE has displayed in the negotiation, as far as the course of transactions is at present known. The remainder of the Speech scarcely raised any discussion in either House, after the movers and seconders had displayed in the discharge of their functions unusual ability and promise. The Duke of RICHMOND justly censured various imprudent speeches which have been delivered during the recess; but on the whole Mr. DISRAELI'S contemptuous sneer at village agitators was more effective than any detailed comment. If one or two of the agitators happened also to be Cabinet Ministers, they will now have learned that Mr. DISRAELI had for the moment forgotten their exalted position.

Although Parliament has plenty of work before it, it was pleased on the first night of the Session to occupy itself almost exclusively with a matter which has passed beyond its control. As the House of Commons will be required to provide money for the payment of the *Alabama* damages, it was proper that the result of the Arbitration should be noticed in the Speech; nor can any reasonable objection be raised to the substance of the paragraphs which in style exceed the ordinary license of slipshod composition. It is remarkable that no reference was made in the debate to one of the most seasonable statements in the Speech. As the American PRESIDENT asserted in his Message to Congress that the Arbitrators had, in accordance with the wish of the United States, given their decision on the Indirect Claims, the English Ministers properly record the fact that their COURT "was enabled to prosecute the inquiry in consequence "of the exclusion of the Indirect Claims." There is no difference of opinion as to the propriety of the conduct of the Government in having evacuated the island of San Juan as soon as the German Emperor had delivered his award. The discussion which followed was long and animated, and scarcely in accordance with Parliamentary traditions. It has been generally supposed that controversies in which no practical result can be attained ought to be pursued in less authoritative Assemblies. The provisions of the Treaty have been put in operation, the Arbitration is at an end; and yet Lord DERBY, Lord SALISBURY, and Lord CAIRNS, Mr. DISRAELI, and Mr. HORSMAN, and a host of other speakers, denounced the real and supposed miscarriages of the Government and the Washington Commissioners as earnestly as if the adoption or rejection of the Treaty were about to be submitted to Parliament. Mr. BERNAL OSBORNE'S recommendation that "we "should do no more than pay our money and put our vexa-"tion in our pocket" was the more appropriate because, after all, the advice will necessarily be followed. Mr. OSBORNE himself could not refrain from expressing in the strongest terms the vexation which is nevertheless to be pocketed. In his opinion the Treaty was "unfortunate in its conception, "and more bungling in its conclusion, if possible, than in its "conception"; but on his own showing he might have refrained from uttering useless lamentations. Mr. GLADSTONE afterwards reminded the House that Mr. OSBORNE had a year ago censured the Government for not voluntarily paying 6,000,000*l.* as damages instead of resorting to arbitration.

The only practical question in the debate was suggested by Mr. DISRAELI. In the Treaty of Washington both Governments covenant not only to abide for the future by the new Rules of international law, but to bring them under the notice of other Powers, and to endeavour to procure their adoption. It was at that time hastily assumed that the Rules themselves would be understood in their obvious meaning; or, rather, the English Commissioners had not anticipated the course which was afterwards pursued in the litigation. The Arbitrators, with the exception of the only competent lawyer in their body, thought fit to interpret the Rules in such a manner as to impose an intolerable burden on neutrals. The English counsel, whose contention was approved by the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, endeavoured to show the unsoundness of the American arguments, and the impolicy of adopting their conclusions; but the authority of the Tribunal, such as it is, may henceforth be quoted by belligerents in support of the largest pretensions. Mr. DISRAELI properly inquired whether the English Government proposes, in accordance with the Treaty, to recommend to foreign Powers the adoption of the Rules, and, if so, whether the English construction or the Geneva version is to be recommended to their approval. Mr. LOWE'S answer is utterly unsatisfactory when he declares that the Rules will be submitted to foreign Governments without note or comment, so that they may, if they accept them, affix to the text any meaning which may hereafter suit their policy or satisfy their judgment. Such a course might have been adopted before the Arbitration, but now it would be at the same time illusory and discourteous. Diplomatic communications are not made in the curt and technical manner which is implied in Mr. LOWE'S suggestion. If Lord GRANVILLE were to direct his Ambassador at Paris, or Berlin, or St. Petersburg to submit the Rules to the Government to which he was accredited, the question whether the English Government accepted the Geneva interpretation would inevitably be asked, nor could the necessity of an answer be evaded. When it was explained that the Arbitrators had committed a grave error in judgment, and that the English interpretation was expressed in the judgment of the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, it would be an obvious remark that dubious and disputed rules of international law could not prudently be accepted. It would not be necessary to enter into the collateral squabble between Mr. LOWE and Mr. VERNON HARCOURT as to the more or less judicial attributes of arbitrators in general. Mr. LOWE is right in contending that the power of the arbitrator is limited to the particular case; and Mr. HARCOURT'S statement that the award may be set aside if

it is founded on a legal error, is at the same time too wide and not relevant to the immediate question. The Geneva Arbitrators were not content with awarding large damages, for they also explained the principles on which they supposed the decision to rest. Any Government which might be invited to accept the new Rules could not but be aware that in the only case to which they had been applied they had given rise to a grave difference of opinion, and to conclusions which are at least serious if not startling. England is, as Mr. Lowe truly declared at Glasgow, not bound in future to admit the validity of the gloss which was affixed by the Arbitrators to the Rules, but a similar result might perhaps follow from another litigation; and, on the other hand, the English Government could not as a belligerent consistently demand from a neutral concessions which it had in its own case resisted throughout the controversy. It seems impossible that the course to be pursued can be settled without further Parliamentary discussion. Mr. Gladstone's suggestion that there should be, if possible, an understanding with the American Government, will be futile in the highly probable case of a claim on the part of the United States, that the reasons as well as the results of the Geneva Award shall be admitted as binding and conclusive. The best mode of solving the difficulty would be to obtain the consent of the American Government to defer for an indefinite time the embarrassing communications required by the terms of the Treaty. It will be well if the elaborate debates of the first night of the Session are held to have exhausted the subject. Local taxation and land tenure will perhaps be found, if not more attractive, at least more pressing subjects of discussion. Nearly all the arguments against the Treaty and the Arbitration which were used in either House had long since been anticipated by writers who will now be better employed in dealing with projects of legislation than in reviving unsatisfactory reminiscences.

PROSPECTS OF THE SESSION.

THE Queen's Speech consisted, as Mr. Disraeli observed, of fifteen paragraphs, ten devoted to foreign and five to home matters. In the first division Central Asia and the Geneva Arbitration supplied topics of real interest, and secured full attention in the debate; while as to Zanzibar there was little to be said except what was said by Lord Derby, that he admired the objects of the mission of Sir Bartle Frere, but hoped it would not lead us into too great expense. Nor, as the details of the French Treaty are still unknown, is it possible to do more than to echo the wishes rather than the expectations of the Opposition speakers, that it may be found, in the words of the Speech, to rest on a reciprocal and equal basis. The mention of the Belgian Extradition Treaty elicited from Mr. Gladstone the satisfactory information that negotiations are being carried on for a similar Treaty with Spain, the story of the *Murillo* having drawn attention to the fact well known, especially in commercial circles, that Spain is the happy hunting-ground of English criminals, and especially of English fraudulent debtors. The paragraph describing the state of the country was criticized by Lord Derby as too rose-coloured, and it is quite true that there are elements of uncertainty in the future of English production which are enough to create grave anxiety; but still it is not going very far to say that the condition of the three kingdoms in regard to trade, pauperism, and crime may be pronounced generally satisfactory. At the same time the Speech informs us that the rise of prices will tell on the Estimates, although consumers of coal will be glad to learn, on the authority of the Cabinet, that the recent variations of price are of an exceptional nature. The list of measures to be introduced by the Government this Session had nothing in it to surprise any one, unless it were considered as significant of some change of purpose in the Ministry that the modifications which it is intended to introduce into the Education Act should be thought of sufficient importance to need notice in the Queen's Speech. The great effort of legal reform will be the creation of a Supreme Court of Judicature. This is a task of immense magnitude and difficulty, for it will determine for long years, and perhaps for centuries, the course which English law is henceforth to take. It is to be observed that the question of appeals is treated as subsidiary to the question of the constitution of a Supreme Court; and this shows that Lord Selborne is determined to work in a very different path from that of his predecessor. Not only is he a stronger man as a politician and as a lawyer, but the time is more favourable to him, and he has the advantage of Lord Hatherley's failures. Experience has shown that it is impossible to found a new Court of Appeal when the change stands by itself; for if the constitution of all other Courts is assumed to be satisfactory, the proposal for a new Court of Appeal practically degenerates into a discussion as to the efficiency with which the Law Lords perform their duties; and as the Lords decide the fate of the proposal, and the Law Lords guide the Lords, debates always end in the Law Lords voting that they do their duty to perfection. Lord Selborne has thus learnt that he has not much to lose by going much further, and trying to remodel the whole system of English judicature; for it is obvious that the proposal to establish a new Supreme Court involves the consideration of what is to be the relative position of all inferior Courts. The proposal also raises subsidiary questions of a very wide nature, questions on which there is much difference of opinion and much keen feeling, such as the advisableness of fusing Law and Equity, having one uniform system of civil procedure, and dividing the Bar into metropolitan and local sections. So many critics will be interested, so many opponents will be at once secret and bitter, so vigorous will be the open opposition, and so utterly uninformed is the public as to the merits of the question to be decided, that it may be safely said that, if in this Session Lord Selborne can carry the establishment of the Supreme Court, he can carry anything he pleases in the way of Law Reform.

The Irish Education Bill is to be the great measure of the Session. As Mr. Disraeli said, it has a paragraph all to itself, and every one knows what that means. This paragraph is framed in very unexceptionable language, for it announces that the object of the Bill will be at once to promote sound learning and to respect the rights of conscience. How this is to be done is a secret which the Government has preserved with judicious jealousy. All the speakers who in either House moved and seconded the Address touched on the subject, and it may be remarked that all the speeches of these four unknown speakers were good, while that of Mr. Stone rose to an unusual degree of [illegible]. Something also was said on the subject by subsequent speakers with whose names the public is more familiar, and Lord Dufferin, Mr. Disraeli, and Mr. Gladstone remarks which were not without significance. The general result of their remarks may be said to be that the difficulty of carrying a Bill which shall at once uphold sound learning and respect the rights of conscience are enormous, but that both parties are interested in seeing it carried, if possible. That the Ultramontane party should get what they want is entirely out of the question. It is not merely that they would, of course, like to get some form of concurrent endowment. They have not the slightest chance of getting it, and they know this, and may perhaps be content not to cry for the moon. But, as Lord Montagle justly observed, the State, in determining to promote sound learning, has virtually to decide what sound learning is, and the opinions of the Irish Ultramontane and the English Protestant are diametrically opposed on the question as to what sound learning means. The Ultramontane means by it learning which is in harmony with the teachings of his Church; the English Protestant means by it learning that embodies and promotes free, active, and serious thought. Half of the books which educated Englishmen habitually refer to as their standing intellectual food are on the Index, and to the Ultramontane mind time spent in studying them is time wasted or misspent in studying the writings of wicked or erring men. Mr. Disraeli also took occasion to foreshadow the action of his party on another of the standing difficulties of the subject when he said that he trusted that a famous University would not be sacrificed to the mechanical mediocrity of a Board of Examiners. If a number of calm, fair, and educated men, equally free from bigotry and from a cowardly fear of the priests, were to meet to frame an Irish Education Bill, they would find it exceedingly difficult to arrive at an agreement or opinion that would lead to a Bill really adapted to the exigencies of the case; but when we add to the inherent difficulty of the subject the difficulty of combating the fierce prejudices of thousands of ignorant fanatics on both sides of the Channel, we are not far from the state of mind in which Lord Derby was when he avowed his opinion that no satisfactory Bill on Irish education was possible. On the other hand, the Conservative party is as a party very much interested in not taking office with this vexed question remaining as an open sore. As Mr. Gladstone candidly observed, both he and Mr. Disraeli had already burnt their fingers with Irish education, and neither could wish to burn them again. The opponents of the Government are therefore sure to let the Bill pass if they possibly can do so without alienating their adherents, and

this is the strongest ground for hope that the Government possesses.

The controversy on the Irish Education Bill is sure to be so protracted and so warm that Mr. STONE hinted a doubt whether there would be time for anything else, and especially for the discussion of so intricate a subject as Local Taxation. Besides measures on these two main subjects to be introduced in the Lower House, and the Bill for the establishment of a Supreme Court to be introduced in the Lords, the Government suggest, briefly, and with evident apprehension of never reaching them, many minor measures, the nature and extent of which they are so little able to foresee that they vaguely describe them as various other Bills for the improvement of the law. This raises an alarming prospect of boundless legislation, and, as Mr. DISRAELI pointed out, a happy accident prompted the framers of the Speech to proceed at once to make the QUEEN express a hope that Parliament might receive a special blessing to enable it to do its work. It will need a very special blessing if, in addition to doing all that the Government asks it to do, it is to carry a variety of other Bills for the improvement of the law. The nature of these minor measures was disclosed by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL on the first night of the Session, when he asked for leave to bring in Bills to improve the jury system and to consolidate and amend the Law of Evidence. It is evident that the House of Commons is as ready to overwork and overtalk itself as ever. Sixty notices of motion were given on the first night, questions are to be asked on every conceivable subject, and the hobbies which private members disguise in the shape of Bills are innumerable. Mr. BRUCE is to take the dangerous question of the Rules of the Parks out of Mr. AYRTON'S hands, and possibly this may do something to mitigate the fierceness of the attack on Mr. AYRTON which is impending. Possibly the little tempest which Mr. AYRTON has roused may pass by, but what will be the character of the Session no one can say. It is certain that Parliament will do much less than it intends, and will do badly most of what it does; but whether the Session is to be a stormy one or not must mainly depend on the nature and reception of the Irish Education Bill.

ENGLAND AND GERMANY.

A DISCUSSION has lately been started as to the political and social relations of England and Germany, and some of the newspapers of both countries have been busy in explaining the reasons of the alienation of Englishmen and Germans which they assume to exist. The Germans have managed in an ingenious manner to connect the discussion with the Central Asia question, for they are pleased to suppose that the resolute attitude of England is in a great degree due to a wish on the part of Englishmen to show that they are not such poor creatures or so totally inferior to Germans as Germans might suppose. The air of unfriendly superiority thus assumed has led to remarks of corresponding unfriendliness on the part of English disputants, and at last the discussion got so warm that it was roundly asserted that Englishmen hate Germans, that Germans hate Englishmen, and that the main object of Prince BISMARCK'S foreign policy is to excite his countrymen to hate, despise, and thwart England. But an imaginary quarrel cannot always be kept at a white heat; and calmer observers have already begun to recall the disputants to the preliminary question, whether this hatred of which they are expounding the causes really exists. Englishmen can only speak for England, and no reasonable Englishman can doubt that there is no hatred whatever of Germans in England. No foreigners make themselves so much at home in England, are so freely welcomed, or are associated with the nation by so many family ties as Germans. But although there is no feeling against Germans in England, it may be said that there is a feeling here against Germans generally, and that this lack of sympathy is fully returned in Germany. To a certain small extent this is true. The Germans are very shrewd and keen in business, and there is some commercial jealousy of them. English travellers do not find travelling in Germany so pleasant as travelling in France or Switzerland, and they resent the arrogance and bluntness of German officials and their incessant attention to formalities. Many Englishmen are filled with pity for the victims of the war in Alsace and Lorraine who are made German subjects against their will; and others are frightened at the supposed aggressiveness of Germans, and believe that Germany is plotting to annex Holland, establish a navy that will rival ours, and found or purchase or conquer colonies that will be rivals and enemies of our colonies. The Germans are principally irritated against us because we furnished arms to France. With amusing candour they explain that they are not at all indignant with the Americans for doing exactly the same thing; and the reason they give is, that this is only what might have been expected of Americans, who do not affect high principles, but that England, to whom they long looked as a mirror of justice and high morality, might have been expected to lend no help whatever to a people like the French, who were waging a war monstrously and flagrantly unjust. Reasonable men in both countries talk differently, but it is the unreasonable people, the fussy traveller, the acute theorist with his warnings about Pondicherry and Java, the suffering parent or friend dwelling on the thought that the loved one died slain in France with an English bullet, who talk and use angry language, and will hear no reasoning that tells against them. From time to time such bursts of feeling will show themselves, but they soon pass by; for nations, except through the accidental follies of their rulers, are not guided in their substantial and permanent feelings by any but grave and deep considerations, and are not guided in their policy except by an attention to the large and abiding interests which they have to protect. As we think that the attractions of sentiment which unite Germans and Englishmen are of a very solid kind, and that the widest interests of the two nations are in many important respects identical, we do not much fear any breach of the friendship that unites them.

Religious and political similarities do not perhaps exercise so much influence in the world as they did in former times, but it is impossible to believe that this influence has died away, or is likely to die away, altogether. Germany and England have done and are doing so much for each other, and have so many points of religious and political sympathy, that they cannot be really hostile to each other, unless some very powerful dissolvent of their union should happen to be in operation. Germany gave us the Reformation, and England can never forget the debt. The two great Protestant Powers of Europe must necessarily have much in common. Nor do we fail in our generation to derive from Germany new fruits of the Reformation. The two great results of the Reformation were the adoption of the spirit of free inquiry in philosophy and religion, and the growth of physical science. At this hour quite as much as in the sixteenth century Germany is stimulating us in the path of free and laborious inquiry, and is devoting unwearied energy to the most minute and painful investigation of physical phenomena. Germany leads the van in the progress of lay as opposed to ecclesiastical education. On the other hand, England is rapidly teaching Germany the lessons of political freedom. It is to England that Germany looks as its mistress and model in free government, and it is only because Germany is not ready, although it is rapidly becoming ready for it, that Prince BISMARCK hesitates to introduce the English system of constitutional government into Germany. But this is not all. The two nations have a deep moral and intellectual kinship in another way. Both England and Germany, though with a distinct tendency towards liberty, have also a distinct tendency to conservatism, and have alike a fixed dread of anarchy. Both nations, although cherishing the spirit of free inquiry, have an abiding sense of the inextinguishable value of religion, and both have a strong tinge of unworldly enthusiasm. The epithets that describe the moral character of the one nation would with little alteration describe the moral character of the other. We should naturally speak of both nations as at once practical and poetical, earnest, grave, hard, domestic, charitable, reverent. Both are often unscrupulous, and both are prone to gushes of exuberant feeling. There are very few of the great interests of life which both do not substantially regard in the same way. War, for example, is looked upon very much in Germany as it is in England. Germany, like England, is ready to fight, and to fight hard, when occasion demands; but Germans hate war as much as Englishmen do. Neither nation has the military fever which has been the curse of modern France. It has been remarked over and over again that the conquerors of Sedan and Metz thought not of their victories, but of getting home. Neither nation has any scruple in appropriating the fruits of victory which it chooses to think too advantageous for it to forego. The Germans took and keep Alsace and Lorraine with the same imperturbable equanimity with which we took and keep Gibraltar and Malta. But neither nation likes to go to war for an idea, and neither nation can ever rid itself of the notion that to provoke war is to incur a terrible responsibility.

Still, however much the two nations may have in common, they may be stirred into wrath with each other by transient gusts of passion, and, however much their political interests may lie in the same direction, there might arise a divergence of interests, real or supposed, such as that which so nearly led to a rupture with regard to Denmark. But although we need not affect to think that Germany will always do as we could wish, always help us if we need help, or abstain from self-seeking and aggrandizement if too strongly tempted, it is nevertheless true that the interests of Germany and England are in the main the same. The only power in the Old World that we have to fear is Russia, and Germany is the only effectual ally against Russia that we could secure. If there is anything in Europe that we really wish to prevent, it is the absorption of Belgium by France, and the transfer to Russia of the command of the Danube. What we wish Germany wishes also, for the same reasons and with the same objects. This is the basis of our alliance with Germany—an alliance not very warm or demonstrative, but enduring, because it represents a permanent similarity of purpose. Each, too, needs the help of the other as far as the Eastern question goes. We can supply the fleet, and Germany the army, which a contest with Russia would need. Possibly for the present we better promote the substantial purposes of our alliance by not showing too much activity in each other's behalf. The Germans, for example, are often somewhat angry with us, because, in spite of the unjust war of 1870, we are very good friends with France, and have much sympathy with the misfortunes of that unhappy country. But in this we are really doing Germany a good turn. France is set, or thinks it is set, on a war of revenge. But the French know that a war of revenge would be madness unless some ally could be found to aid in carrying it to a successful issue, and the only possible ally that satisfies the necessary conditions is Russia. But a war in which France and Russia were arrayed against Germany would be so dangerous to the interests of England in the East that we could scarcely hope to keep out of it. The better friends we are with France, the more interests we have in common, the more intercourse and commerce bind Englishmen and Frenchmen together, the greater will be the indisposition of France to seek Russian aid in a war with Germany at the cost of forcing us to take the other side. Germany wants peace to be preserved, and England is always desirous that peace shall be preserved, and everything that England does to further the maintenance of peace is a gain to Germany. The imagination may of course be strained to invent situations in which the interests of Germany would run counter to those of England. It may be suggested that Germany will seize on Holland, that Germany will try to rival the English navy, that Germany will menace our Colonial Empire by founding one of her own. These are the merest vague possibilities. There is as little reason to believe that Germany would seize Holland as that it could all of a sudden invent a navy and colonies. To seize Holland simply because it might seem in some respects advantageous to do so would be as entirely opposed to the whole policy of Germany as to seize Egypt, which no doubt would be useful to us, would be opposed to English policy. Serious politicians cannot afford to wander in the path of vague surmises as to what would happen if a nation did something which it has apparently no intention of doing or got something which it has apparently no chance of getting. They must bear in mind only what is actual or reasonably probable, and if speculation is kept within this limit, the result of reflection can scarcely fail to be that Germany and England are too closely bound to each other by community of interest for momentary huffs and jealousies to keep them very far apart whenever the larger issues of European policy are raised.

MANCHESTER ANXIETIES.

THE discussion of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce at its annual meeting was not of a cheerful character. There have been many indications of an approaching decline or collapse of commercial prosperity, and it now appears that the staple trade of Lancashire is no longer in a flourishing condition. A rise of 120 per cent. in the cost of coal and of twenty per cent. in the cost of raw cotton forms a heavy deduction from the profits of the manufacture; and Mr HUGH MASON, President of the Chamber, denounced with passionate vehemence an agitation for a reduction of the hours of labour of women and children. Several of the speakers expressed a not unnatural feeling of irritation at the interference of strangers with the management of business with which they possess no technical acquaintance; and perhaps they may remember their own dislike to intruders when they are hereafter invited to sympathize with the supposed wrongs of the farmer or the agricultural labourer. Although it had been announced that the Chamber was studiously neutral in politics, Mr. JACOB BRIGHT in a purely political speech exhorted the Chamber to co-operate in the movement for the alteration of the tenure of land. Manchester manufacturers and merchants will be well advised in hesitating before they concur in disturbing any kind of property. The present agitation against landowners may, when it has accomplished its immediate object, be easily diverted into an attack upon capital; nor indeed are the leaders of the Trade Unions careful to conceal their designs on the property of the employers. In dealing with their own concerns the members of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce seem to be sounder economists than the South Wales ironmasters. The President admitted that a rise of wages in the cotton trade had been justified, not by an increase of the profits of the millowners, but by an extended demand for labour which had legitimately raised its price. The workmen in the cotton trade have not yet begun deliberately to restrict production in the hope of raising prices, and of consequently increasing profits to be divided between the manufacturer and the artisan; but in Manchester as elsewhere the relations between masters and men are unsettled and precarious.

The numerous protests which were uttered against the new Commercial Treaty with France were natural, just, and useless. It is perfectly true that M. THIERS's policy is retrograde and short-sighted, that a tax on raw materials is injurious to industry, and that the manufacturers of Rouen show no disposition to meet the English Free-traders in a spirit of reciprocity. It is vexatious that Frenchmen who to the utmost of their power exclude English cotton fabrics from their markets should have full liberty to buy cotton-wool at Liverpool, and to sell cotton goods in London; but all these matters are exclusively in the power of foreigners, except that it would be possible to practise retaliation, to the injury not only of the perverse French manufacturer, but of the innocent English consumer. As the Manchester Chamber of Commerce is not likely to recommend any return to the policy of Protection, it seems scarcely worth while to complain of the conduct of the French Government. One member of the Chamber regretted that the Treaty had been negotiated at the Foreign Office rather than at the Board of Trade; but it is difficult to understand what information or facility could have been commanded by Mr. FORTESCUE which has not been at the disposal of Lord GRANVILLE. The protective duties which are sanctioned and limited by the Treaty might have been imposed without limit or restriction if the English Government had refused to proceed with the negotiation; and probably the whole question is not regarded by the Lancashire millowners as one of primary importance. It would be desirable, if it were possible, to obtain free access for English cotton goods into France; but the competition of French fabrics in English markets is insignificant, and under Mr. COBDEN's Treaty the export trade of the district with France was comparatively trifling. English producers will probably find some compensation for the exclusive policy of France in the discouragement under a protective system of French fabrics in neutral markets. The scarcity and high price of raw cotton is a far more serious impediment to the prosperity of Lancashire than any obstructive tariff; but it may reasonably be doubted whether the admission of one or more Manchester manufacturers into the Indian Council would tend to increase the supply. It might perhaps be worth while to try the experiment, if it were distinctly understood that the permanence of the arrangement would depend on its practical result. There is reason to fear that Indian cotton is more likely to become dearer than to become cheaper. The rapid increase of manufacturing establishments on the banks of the Hooghly is not of good omen for the export trade of Lancashire, although the rising industry of India is at present employed on coarser substances than cotton.

Nearly all the members of the Chamber who took part in the discussion spoke with anxiety both of the agitation for a reduction of the hours of labour and of the high price of coal, which, according to one of the speakers, is equivalent to an extra halfpenny per pound in the price of cotton. The coal trade affords the most forcible and the most painful illustration of the tendency of high wages and short hours of labour to diminish production. In the Report for the second half-year of 1871 the Directors of the North Staffordshire Railway state that "the trade of North Stafford-"shire is most seriously affected by the diminished supply

"of coal. Although the price is excessive, and manufacturers "willing to pay it, the out-put of coal is so much lessened by "shorter hours of labour that potters and ironmasters are "working short time. . . . Coal, however, is now being "imported from other districts." The necessity for importing coal into a coal-field is a remarkable proof of the blessings which result from the reversal of the former relations between capital and labour. It is not surprising that manufacturers should feel but little enthusiasm in favour of projects for securing the working classes against the acts or defaults of employers. The Board of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce had proposed in their Report to petition Parliament for stringent clauses in the Masters and Servants Bill, for the purpose of ensuring the full payment in money of weekly wages. On a division the recommendation was rejected by the Chamber as an unnecessary interference with freedom of contract. By one of the proposed clauses employers were to have been prohibited from deducting from the wages any amount of rent which might be due. It may be presumed that there are plausible arguments for a suggestion proceeding from the directing Board of the Manchester Chamber; but, if the condition of workmen is such that they are entitled to exemption from the ordinary provisions of law, their advocates ought to understand that they have not established a charge of injustice when they have shown that workmen are in some respects subjected to special liabilities. Mr. CROMPTON has repeated, in an article in the *Fortnightly Review*, under the title "Class Legislation," the statements and arguments which he lately addressed to the Trade Unions' Congress at Leeds. He denounces as an intolerable grievance the provisions of the Masters and Servants Act by which breach of contract on the part of workmen is made punishable by imprisonment. The expediency and justice of any law are proper subjects of discussion; but the controversy is not settled by the allegation that the liability is not reciprocal. If the master improperly dismisses the workman, damages may be recovered by the injured party; but there is no use in bringing an action against a workman who has deserted his employment. Mr. CROMPTON indeed proposes "a juster law "for enforcing the payment of penalties against the poor"; but in many cases workmen, when they break their engagements, migrate to other districts; and the distress to which their families are reduced when labour is interrupted would generally render the recovery of penalties impossible. When the present law is put in force, only a few ringleaders are prosecuted; but the imposition of penalties, if it is to have any effect, must be indiscriminate and universal. If workmen require Truck Acts and Acts to enforce the payment of wages in money, they must be prepared for legislation to enforce their duties as well as their rights. One of Mr. CROMPTON'S proposals for the benefit of Trade Unions is that "no conspiracy to commit "an act for which a maximum penalty is already imposed by "statute shall subject any person to a greater or other "penalty than that which is so imposed." If Mr. CROMPTON means that the proposed enactment shall apply to all cases, it may be answered that a momentous change in the criminal law ought not to be introduced for the convenience of a single class which may be especially liable to engage in conspiracies. If, on the other hand, the provision is to affect only trade conspiracies, the proposal, whatever may be its merits, certainly partakes of the nature of class legislation. It is possible that the leaders of the Trade Unions may be mistaken in their belief that unlimited license, combined with exceptional privileges, would promote the interest of the workmen. The commercial and industrial greatness of England has grown up under conditions which the Trade Unions desire not to modify, but to subvert. It may well be that the profits which the workmen desire to share may be largely reduced, if not ultimately annihilated, by the destruction of industrial discipline and by the diminution of labour. In all quarters the disastrous consequences of the successful struggle of the colliers are causing distress and alarm. Sir WILLIAM ARMSTRONG at Newcastle and Messrs MINTON in Staffordshire show how the reduction in the supply of coal is sapping the foundations of the national prosperity by rendering production dearer or more difficult. The cotton workmen of Lancashire will perhaps soon be forced to recognize the injury to themselves which may be caused by the successful efforts of another class of workmen to reduce their hours of labour. It is no consolation to the general community to be assured that the coalowners have profited by the restriction of supplies which has been effected by the workmen.

FRANCE.

THE Committee of Thirty might lead a pleasant life if it were not for M. THIERS. They exercise for the time being all that constituent power of which the Assembly has shown itself so jealous. They are beyond the reach of furious debates, and in so small a body the majority can thoroughly realize that it is a majority. In the Assembly itself there is necessarily some uncertainty as to the result of even the best prepared division; but when there are only thirty members to be consulted, and twenty of them can be trusted to vote one way, there is a constant assurance of safety which must be inexpressibly soothing to storm-tost Conservatives. All would go well if they could only be dispensed from these terrible interviews with the PRESIDENT. He is externally polite and considerate; he expresses the utmost deference for the views of the Committee; he accepts with a few alterations here and there all the restrictions they wish to impose upon him; he is constantly protesting his desire to live in absolute agreement with them. But then these few alterations here and there have an unfortunate way of going to the very root of the matter. To be sure it is merely a question of introducing or omitting a word; only the word is always an important one. The draft comes out of M. THIERS's hands very little changed in form, but absolutely changed in substance. The interview on Monday was unusually bitter in this way. It seems probable that the Committee genuinely believed that M. BROËT's proposal would be accepted by the PRESIDENT. They had first, therefore, the annoyance of agreeing upon a compromise, and then the further annoyance of finding that their labour had been thrown away. Possibly M. THIERS feels his position in the Assembly stronger than it was a fortnight ago, and is consequently indisposed to submit to restrictions which, when M. BROËT's proposal was first talked of, he thought might not be intolerable. M. BROËT wished to save the dignity of the Committee by giving the Assembly a nominal right to refuse to hear the President, and as this right would have been exercised under the same terrible sanction as any other right which the Assembly claims against M. THIERS, it would certainly have been suffered to lie in abeyance. M. THIERS now declares in effect that even this appearance of restraint, this mere shadow of silence, is disagreeable to him, and accordingly he furnishes the Committee with a modified version of their Article on Interpellations. The draft of this modification, if it were set out in plain words, would be something of this sort. The President of the Republic communicates with the Assembly in writing; but he may communicate with it by word of mouth whenever, as often as, and on what subjects he pleases. The exception does not prove the rule; it is the rule. That which purports to be the rule is merely so much surplusage. It is as though the Committee had said in the first instance that M. THIERS must not call in person on the Assembly, but send in writing anything he wishes to say, and then in the next sentence had allowed him to call, provided that he always sends up his card instead of giving his name to the servant. Of course the form in which this is expressed is sufficiently decorous. The President is to be heard when the interpellations addressed to a Minister and the petitions addressed to the Assembly relate to foreign affairs, but not when they relate to home affairs. In the latter case each Minister will answer for himself. But if the Council of Ministers are of opinion that the questions raised relate to the general policy of the Government, and so involve the responsibility of the President, he is to be heard even upon home affairs. M. THIERS is willing to accept M. BROËT's amendment, provided that M. BROËT will recast it in this sense. Considering that the gist of that amendment, the one thing that gave it a right to exist, was the reservation to the Assembly of the decision when M. THIERS should be heard, and that M. THIERS now declares that he can only accept it on condition that the decision is transferred from the Assembly to the President, M. BROËT will perhaps not think it worth while to bestow any further trouble on it. M. THIERS is not now willing even to leave the Chamber as soon as he has spoken. He insists that he shall be allowed to remain till the debate is over, and to interpose such further corrections and explanations as he thinks necessary. After this clear enunciation of M. THIERS's views, the Committee will probably be anxious to bring their labours to an end as soon as possible. It seems to be understood that they have given up the idea of carrying the points at issue between them and M. THIERS before the Assembly. They know how certain the PRESIDENT is to have the advantage in that arena, and they wisely decline to court a useless defeat.

It appears from M. THIERS's speech at the sitting of the Committee on Wednesday that the Government is prepared with a scheme for the construction of a Second Chamber. M. THIERS's last theory on the subject is that the guarantees which are to secure the conservative character of this body are to be sought not so much in the electors as in the elected. The same persons who vote for the Assembly are to vote for the Second Chamber, but their choice is to be restricted to candidates who fulfil certain conditions. This combination of the ideas of an official Senate and a Representative Body is perhaps as likely to succeed as any other suggestion that could be made. The truth of the matter is that nobody in France except M. THIERS seems to believe in a Second Chamber, and that nobody quite knows why M. THIERS insists on believing in it. He has certainly taken pains that the members of it shall not be so distinguished as to overshadow the popular House. The electors, it seems, are to choose deputies who have been such for five years—after which time a man may be trusted not to wish to leave the Assembly, unless he has been more or less of a failure in it; members of former Assemblies—who have either failed to get re-elected, or have not felt confidence enough in themselves to try the experiment; Presidents of Tribunals and Chambers of Commerce—who rarely trouble themselves about politics; and men who have filled superior positions in public departments—and may therefore be trusted not rashly to oppose the Government for the time being. The elements of a distinguished Chamber do not seem to be forthcoming here in anything like dangerous abundance. A body so constituted may be of use in the practical business of legislation, but it will not have much chance of being listened to—perhaps it will rarely have time to speak—in those political convulsions in which the moderating influence of a Second Chamber is conventionally supposed to be valuable. The Committee is more really interested, no doubt, in modifying the law under which the First Chamber is elected than in providing a check to its action when elected. That some change will be made may be taken as certain, since M. THIERS has told the Committee that a new election cannot possibly be held with the law as it stands. The Radical journals are wonderfully constant in their support of the PRESIDENT, but they would hardly have declared themselves satisfied with this declaration if they had not felt assured that the alterations contemplated by the Government do not really effect any transfer of power. Nothing indeed can be more cautious than M. THIERS's own language upon this point. He frankly admits that he used to be very much afraid of universal suffrage, and he does not profess to have any very high opinion of it now. But the events which paved the way for the Empire have taught him that, if universal suffrage is a dangerous servant, it is a still more dangerous enemy. The law of the 31st May, 1851, put a weapon into the hands of NAPOLEON III. of which the authors of the Bill were the first to feel the force. If the Assembly had not reduced the number of the electors, it would have been difficult for the Prince PRESIDENT to put himself forward as the champion of universal suffrage against a factious and oligarchical minority. The fruit of the Assembly's policy was seen in the indifference with which the working-men of Paris at first regarded the *Coup d'état*, and in the ease with which a condonation of it was afterwards obtained. A Legislature which undertakes to restrict the suffrage confesses that it does not possess the confidence of a portion of the constituencies which in name it represents. Either this portion is an insignificant fraction of the electoral body, or it is an appreciable element of it. In the first case it can do but little mischief anywhere; in the latter case it will do more mischief outside the Assembly than it is ever likely to do inside. The recollection of the plébiscites still casts a certain halo round the memory of the Empire. Nothing would do so much to give this halo a revived radiance as a measure which should enable the Bonapartists to say that the Assembly, conscious of the Imperialist leanings of the French people, had tried to deny them the means of expression. Whatever reason educated politicians may have to distrust universal suffrage, they cannot do a less wise thing than seem to be afraid of it in a country where it has been in uninterrupted operation for two-and-twenty years.

THE LAST PROPOSAL OF THE EDUCATION LEAGUE.

A MEETING of the Education League in London just before the opening of Parliament may be considered as expressing the Secularist ultimatum. On this ground the resolutions adopted at Exeter Hall on Tuesday deserve careful examination. They set out the changes in the Education Act which the Government must propose if they do not wish to quarrel with the Nonconformist section of the Liberal party. These changes are the repeal of the 25th clause, the universal establishment of School Boards and of compulsory attendance at school, the abolition of school fees, and the application of public funds and local rates to the teaching of secular knowledge alone. Here is a perfectly consistent and intelligible programme. Let us consider what consequences are involved in the acceptance of it.

It may be well to say at starting that the proposals of the League are not in our judgment theoretically open to the objections on religious grounds which are usually brought against them. On the contrary, they might in their abstract form be accepted by the Denominationalists without any detriment whatever to the efficacy of Denominational teaching. The Church of England and every other religious body which cares to present the articles of its belief to the minds of young children would have substantially the same opportunities of doing so under the arrangement proposed by the League that it has now. The only difference would be that the zeal which the clergy now display in raising money to teach other things beside religion would then be altogether available for raising money to teach religion, and the effect would probably be seen in a fresh outburst of Denominational energy. If the League were given all that they ask, their Nonconformist supporters might before long regret that they had been so ill advised as to relieve the Denominationalists of so heavy a burden. If no other interests were at stake than those of contending educational theorists, the Secularists and the Denominationalists might safely be left to fight out their battle for themselves. If the Denominationalists won, they would keep what they have; if they were beaten, they would get more than they have. Either issue is one with which we should be perfectly well satisfied. But there are other interests at stake. The changes demanded by the League are too radical in their nature not to exercise a very decided influence for good or evil on the elementary education of the country. The repeal of the 25th clause of the Education Act, about which so much has been said, becomes a trifling matter when compared with the universal establishment of free schools. It has often been insisted that, if School Boards refuse to pay the fees of indigent children in attendance at Denominational schools, they must be prepared to build a school within reach of every such child. But if schools free to all comers are once set up, it will be impossible to stop anywhere short of building a school within reach of every child requiring elementary education. A free school for a few children chosen at random is an anomaly. The only means of insuring that no parent shall be forced to send his child to a Denominational school when he would prefer a secular school is to set up secular schools in sufficient numbers to take in the whole population falling within the school age. It is no wonder that, with such a design as this in his brain, Mr. DIXON should repudiate economy in education. He is ready to throw upon the community the whole cost of educating the children in elementary schools between the ages of five and thirteen. The money which is now derived from school fees, and the money which is now obtained from voluntary subscription, are to be alike sacrificed. The State, which now bears perhaps a third of the expense, is in future to bear the whole. Nor is it surprising that Mr. DIXON, having made up his mind so far, should further propose to throw a large proportion of this burden upon the Imperial revenues. It is his only chance of raising the money. To ask the ratepayers to educate every poor child in the country out of their own pockets would be tantamount to postponing the further consideration of the education question until after the people had been educated. Even as things stand now, with a great part of the work done by private energy, the difficulty of working the Education Act in country districts will often be very great. In many cases an unexpressed compromise has been arrived at by which the parson and the squire find most of the money, and in return have the control of the education given in the parish. It might not be difficult to disturb this settlement by stirring up the farmers to insist upon the control of the education being made over to them; but so far as they took up this cry, it would be under the influence of a hazy notion that the money would somehow go on being provided as usual. On the occasion of the rate-collector's next visit this little error would be set right, and the result of the correction would probably be seen in a bonfire crowned by Mr. DIXON's effigy, and in the return at the next School Board election of members deeply pledged to cut down the education rate. In theory of course the Education Department might make this

policy of no avail. It has ample powers to step in and do the work whenever the local authorities refuse to do it or do it inadequately. But it is one thing to take this course in a few flagrant instances, and quite another thing to take it as part of the regular working of the Education Act.

It argues a real advance in Mr. DIXON's knowledge of the subject that he should have discerned these difficulties in the way of paying for a system of universal free education out of the rates. Such progressive enlightenment gives ground for hope that when he has thought a little more he will see difficulties equally serious in the way of paying for it out of the Queen's taxes. A proposal to save an outlay from becoming unpopular by throwing it upon the Imperial revenue usually involves the assumption that the taxpayers will either not feel the additional burden, or will not distinguish the particular object for which it is imposed from the general mass of national expenditure. Within certain moderate limits this assumption is no doubt correct. This very question of education supplies an instance. Had the grant in aid of voluntary schools been raised by rates, it would never have gone on unchallenged for so many years. But it is impossible that such an outlay as that contemplated by Mr. DIXON should be kept within moderate limits. On the hypothesis that the burden would not be felt, there would be no check to its increase. Each district would understand that in proportion as it increased its school accommodation and raised its standard of education, it would be enabled to put its hand more deeply into the national pocket. A very few years of this process would raise the Education estimate to a sum which would entirely derange the customary calculations of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER. Either some very large item of our present expenditure would have to be cut off, or the public revenue would have to be permanently increased. The first alternative is all but impossible. So long as the state of the world remains what it is, there can be no considerable diminution in the military and naval estimates, and all suggestions pointing to economy on a large scale almost invariably imply a saving in one or other of these directions. The second alternative would therefore have to be resorted to. An additional fourpence in the pound of Income-tax might meet the need, at all events for some time. But as soon as the taxpayer thoroughly comprehended that this additional strain had been put on solely to satisfy the crotchets of the Education League, he would become quite as restive under it as the ratepayer. Turn it what way you will, the question in the end comes to this—Is the country to be educated on the existing system, with the Denominations finding a large part of the cost in return for certain not very important concessions, and with the parents of the children educated finding another large part? Or is a bran new system to be substituted according to which both these sources of supply are to be closed, and the whole cost thrown on the community? In point of symmetry, and even of economy—meaning by economy the proportion between expenditure and results—the latter system may have the advantage. But it has one disadvantage which in the eyes of unprejudiced persons will more than counterbalance this superiority. If elementary education were thus handed over *en bloc* to the community, the chances are that Englishmen would remain uneducated.

Still in the interests of educational progress it is greatly to be desired that the present controversy should, if possible, be amicably settled. There is not much chance that the League will formally withdraw the demand which it has formulated after so much preparation. But it may be that the members individually are more open to reason than the members collectively. In the hope that this may be the case, we venture to offer one suggestion. There is an intelligible distinction between Denominational schools regarded as vehicles of secular instruction and Denominational schools regarded as vehicles of religious instruction. There can be no objection to additional precautions being taken to insure that public money shall only be given them in the former character, equivalent precautions being also taken to protect the freedom of the religious teaching. If this object is not already secured, by all means let it be secured. Any proposals of the League or its members which point in this direction deserve, and would be sure of receiving, the careful attention of the Government.

SPAIN.

IF King AMADEO and his infant heir survive for a few years, it seems possible that the dynasty may at last be established. The King has no need of dividing that he may govern, for the division is ready to his hand. In Spain even more than in France no faction will, except for some temporary intrigue, either coalesce with another or submit to the decision of the majority. A few weeks ago a serious danger threatened the existing Government through the declaration of the Duke of MONTPENSIER that he had waived his own pretensions to the Crown in favour of his nephew. Some of the principal personages in the State and the army, including TOPETE and SERRANO, have always supported the claims of the Duke of MONTPENSIER, while a large party adheres to the cause of the exiled QUEEN and her son. Although the Conservatives are powerless in the present Cortes, they had a large majority in the last, and their leaders possess much social and political influence. Fortunately for the Government, before the fusion could produce any practical result, it had already burst asunder. Under some provocation which is not clearly explained, the Duke of MONTPENSIER has withdrawn his allegiance from Don ALFONSO, on the pretext that the expulsion of the QUEEN was caused by her personal and political misconduct. If the fusion had at one time a real existence, it seems a capricious proceeding to declare that it is at an end on grounds which were equally valid when the two Pretenders thought fit to unite their interests. Any attempt which might have been made to patch up the quarrel has been rendered useless by a violent answer returned by the QUEEN. Her opinion is, not that she was dethroned by her own fault, but that she and her son were the victims of her brother-in-law's irregular ambition. It has always been believed that the Duke furnished pecuniary aid to the promoters of the Revolution of September; and he would probably have succeeded to supreme power, either as Regent or as King, if PRIM had not assumed the control of affairs and overruled the wishes of TOPETE and SERRANO. The irritation of the QUEEN, though excusable, is highly impolitic, inasmuch as the hostility or neutrality of the partisans of the Duke of MONTPENSIER might seriously affect her chance of success, if, in the conflict of parties, there were any opening for a BOURBON restoration. The Duke can scarcely be regarded as a competitor for a throne to which he has no hereditary claim. As a foreigner he is unpopular; and his reputed love of money has not tended to dissipate Spanish dislike. The utmost that he can do will be, with the aid of his personal followers, to impede or to further the pretensions of his nephew. Perhaps his motive for producing a rupture with the ex-QUEEN may have been a desire to release himself from the dangerous liability of conspiring in favour of a restoration. For the present he has rendered the only service in his power to King AMADEO, who perhaps shares with the Republicans the satisfaction of watching the squabbles of the hostile Royalist factions. It is possible that the birth of a son in the palace at Madrid may diminish the popular prejudice against an alien. A Republican orator lately drew an absurd comparison between King AMADEO and JOSEPH BONAPARTE, whose personal merits, as he said, never reconciled the country to the dominion of a Frenchman. It was not thought worth while to remark that JOSEPH's title was exclusively founded on the dictation of NAPOLEON, who had made himself temporarily master of Spain by a series of acts of unprecedented violence and perfidy. King AMADEO would never have set foot in Spain if he had not been invited by the representatives of the nation, who had a short time before been elected with the express mandate of selecting a prince to fill the vacant throne. The reasons against preferring Don ALFONSO or any other Spaniard were deemed by the Cortes conclusive, and it therefore only remained to look abroad for a King. By universal admission King AMADEO is personally superior to any of his rivals; and he may now perhaps profit by the accident which has made his infant son a native-born Spaniard.

The chronic insurrection of the Carlists in the Northern provinces has once more commenced. It is stated that the leaders rely on the unpopularity of the Government which has arisen from the recent enforcement of the legal conscription, and that they also rely on the embarrassment which may be occasioned by Republican disturbances in the great towns and in the South. It seems a mistake on their part to have waited till the late revolt of the extreme Republicans at Malaga and other places had been suppressed; but the Carlist bands seem to be unusually numerous, and they have in many places intercepted communication. San Sebastian, no longer a fortress, was thought to be in danger, though it is highly improbable that irregular troops would attempt permanently to occupy a peninsular position where their retreat might be cut off by an inferior force acting in concert with two or three vessels of war. There seems to be no doubt that in parts of Biscay, and of one or two other Northern provinces, there

prevails a feeling of attachment to the male line of the Bourbons, combined perhaps with a stronger distaste for modern innovations and new forms of government. That with the aid of irregular bands, commanded in many cases by warlike priests, the Duke of Madrid should establish himself on the throne of Spain seems to be wholly impossible; but his party is evidently strong enough to give much trouble to the Government at a time when there is elsewhere an extraordinary drain on its military resources. If the adherents of Isabella and Alfonso have any definite plans, they probably rely on the defection of a portion of the army rather than on a popular enthusiasm for their cause which has certainly no existence. In her letter to the Duke of Montpensier the Queen openly avows her determination to encourage any conspiracy or movement in her favour which may seem to offer a reasonable prospect of success. The partisans of her family at Madrid are scarcely more reticent; and they lose no opportunity of reminding the King by personal slights that they no longer recognize his title. The present Ministers exhibited excessive indulgence when one of their number boasted in the Cortes that any member was at liberty to declare his preference either for a rival dynasty or even for a Republic. Every Government ought, as long as it exists, to assume to itself a sort of divine right, by treating all dispute of its title as a political offence. The Duchess of Torre, wife of Marshal Serrano, lately refused to act as godmother to the infant Prince of Asturias, on the offensive ground that, belonging to a Creole family in Cuba, she could not countenance a Sovereign who menaced the institutions of her native island.

In the meantime Zorrilla's policy is consistent with prudence as well as with principle. In prosecuting his scheme of emancipation he has temporarily rallied the Republicans to his side; and it may be supposed that intelligent and patriotic Spaniards can appreciate the difference between a great and beneficent public measure and the wretched and selfish objects which are pursued by the various sections of the Opposition. In one of the most famous and most statesmanlike of his speeches Demosthenes reproved the Athenians for following, after the manner of an awkward boxer, every blow after it had been delivered by guarding the place against which it had been directed. Sound policy required that they should resolve beforehand on their political and strategical plans, and choose their own points of attack, instead of servilely following the movements of Philip. Although an Alfonsist lately asserted that by abolishing slavery in Porto Rico the Ministers were providing recruits for the Carlist forces, the true method of weakening the adversaries of the dynasty is to prove that the Government can be vigorous in legislation for the colonies even while it is harassed by factious disturbances at home. In spite of the clamour of partisans and the invectives of their journals, it can scarcely be doubted that the abolition of slavery will be popular in Spain, if only Zorrilla can remove the suspicion that he is acting under foreign dictation. There is reason to hope that Mr. Fish's characteristic diplomacy has failed in its effect through excess of astuteness. The publication of the despatch of October 29, which had never been presented at Madrid, was too transparent a contrivance. Mr. Banks, as Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee in the House of Representatives, has for a similar purpose introduced a string of resolutions urging the President to interfere in various ways with the domestic administration of Cuba. Prudent Spanish politicians, instead of gratifying the hopes of their American advisers by angrily rejecting their counsels, will appreciate the necessity of depriving them of their latest pretext for coveting the possession of Cuba. The passage of the Emancipation Bill through the Cortes will be greatly facilitated by the announcement that the project has been favourably received in Porto Rico, where the slaves will probably be liberated during the present year. It is reported that even in Cuba the proprietors of slaves have begun to consider the expediency of immediate emancipation. They cannot but prefer a liberal compensation for the loss of their property to the total loss which has been suffered by their neighbours in the Southern States of the American Union. If their island were forcibly annexed, they would be inevitably exposed to the same fate; nor is it absolutely certain that they will be able to rely hereafter on just and liberal treatment at the hands of the Spanish Legislature. If the extreme Republicans were unfortunately even for a short time in the possession of the Government, fanatics who propose the wholesale expropriation of landowners and capitalists would not be disposed to offer compensation for the emancipation of slaves. Whatever may be the result of the present movement in Cuba, it is impossible that the colony should for any long time refuse to follow the example of Porto Rico. If Zorrilla succeeds in relieving Spain and the Colonies from a scandal which is at the same time a danger, he will deserve, and he will probably receive, the gratitude and esteem of his countrymen.

CANADA.

THERE is a curious infatuation which sometimes leads people to go out of their way to touch on subjects which for every reason had better be left alone. There is a well-known story of Charles Lamb visiting the relations of a lady on the day she was to be hanged. He had been expressly cautioned not to allude to the circumstance even in the most remote manner, and he was particularly anxious not to do so; but its magical influence was too strong for him, and in the midst of conversation he could not help suddenly looking at his watch and blurting out, "Ah, well, I suppose it is all over "with poor Miss Blandy now." Everybody must have noticed something of the same kind in private life; how people with the strongest personal reasons for avoiding particular topics are almost certain to rush straight at them as if impelled by an irresistible destiny. It is difficult to explain the recurrence of the *Times* to the question of Canadian independence except as an aberration of this sort. Anybody who happened to recollect that a few months ago the *Times*, in an odd fit of reckless and rather brutal cynicism, had published an article telling the Canadians that it would be well for them and for us to part company, and urging them to take measures accordingly, must have thought that, of all subjects in the world, this was about the last that the *Times* would be desirous of bringing into recollection. The article had been a three days' wonder. What was said about it on all hands showed plainly enough how little it reflected the actual opinion of the country, and it naturally excited surprise that such a prudent and circumspect journal as the *Times* should have been led astray in this manner. There was nothing very novel in the argument of the article; it had been heard in other quarters often enough before, and was remarkable only for the place where it appeared; like the fly in amber, it made one wonder how the devil it got there. In these days, however, the world moves fast, and even *Times'* articles are speedily forgotten. What evil spirit prompted the *Times* to rake up again this luckless article? Mr. Tennyson, it is true, in an ode to the Queen, had referred not very respectfully to "a strain to shame us" which had lately been heard concerning Canada:—

> "Keep you to yourselves;
> So loyal is too costly! Friends, your love
> Is but a burthen; loose the band and go."

But the Laureate mentioned no names, and there was no need for the *Times* to fit the cap on its head, and to cry "That's me." When a mistake has been made the best course is either to apologize promptly or allow the error to be forgotten. Unfortunately the *Times* not only revives the memory of its slip, but tries to justify it.

It is hardly worth while to inquire how far the account which the *Times* now gives of its opinions on the question accords with the strong language and painfully clear and obvious meaning of the incriminated article. It would have been well if the *Times* had been prepared, not merely to soften and qualify, but to retract altogether, the advice which it presumed to offer to the Canadians in the name of England. The *Times* assures us that all it has said, or intended to say, was that, as Canadian interests were not done justice to during the Anglo-American negotiations, it was time for the Canadians to look after their own interests for themselves. Canadian Ministers hang too much on the lips of English statesmen, and the Dominion suffers from complications from which it would be freed if it took up its independence. Therefore the *Times* repeats its former counsel:—"Take up your freedom; "your days of apprenticeship are over." "A Canadian" has answered these arguments in a very able and moderate letter. He challenges the statements of the writer of the article, and disputes his conclusions. It appears that the Canadians are under the impression that they already enjoy freedom, and they have a difficulty in understanding what is meant by apprenticeship. In the discussions between the Colonial and Home Governments in regard to tariff legislation, the negotiations with the Hudson's Bay Company, provisions for colonial self-defence, arrangements for coinage, registration of shipping, tonnage-tax on American fishing vessels, patents, copyright, and similar subjects, Canadian Ministers, so far from hanging servilely on the lips of English statesmen, have always struck out an independent line for themselves and adhered to it steadily.

The spiritless subserviency of Canadian Ministers is probably about the last complaint that is likely to be made against them by the Colonial Office. It cannot be denied that the refusal of compensation for the Fenian raids was an injustice to the Canadians; but the fault lay with the Americans, and not with the English Government. The question for the Canadians was whether they would refuse all the benefits of a settlement of disputes between the English and American Governments for the sake of a demand which they knew perfectly well the American Government could not or would not concede. In all negotiations there are points of greater and less importance, and statesmanship is shown, not in rigidly insisting upon every item, but in securing a balance of advantages. The desire of the English Government to dispose of the American claims was not a purely selfish desire. It was dictated quite as much by anxiety for the welfare of Canada as by any apprehensions of future danger to England; and the Canadians, on their part, were wise enough to see that their own interests were involved in a settlement just as much as ours. They felt, as "A Canadian" says, that they needed capital and population, and that they could not obtain them while these difficulties were impending; ten years of peace would consolidate their institutions, develop their resources, and double their population and national power. The interests of Canada required the establishment of friendly relations with a neighbour with whom she must have continual intercourse, and with whom she carried on a brisk and growing trade. For the sake of such an object, the waiving of an indemnity for the raids was after all a small affair. Apprenticeship, if it means anything, must mean the relations between an apprentice and his master, but it is absurd to talk as if Canada occupied this position in regard to England. A master orders about his apprentice as he chooses, gives his commands, and expects to find them obeyed. The stipulations of the Anglo-American Treaty were not imposed on Canada under the pressure of superior authority; they were submitted to her to be accepted or rejected as she chose, and she thought them worth accepting. The Canadian Parliament ratified the Treaty by a majority of 73 in a House of 177 members, and it is expected that in the new House of 200 members the Ministry which was responsible for the Treaty will have a majority of from 30 to 40.

It is difficult to understand why the *Times* should be so extremely anxious that the Canadians should part from us. The Canadians themselves know perfectly well that if they desire to go they have only to say so. Nobody supposes that we should go to war to compel them to remain with us. They are free to choose for themselves, to go or to stay as they think for the best; and there is no possibility of doubt as to the nature of their choice. The vehemence with which the *Times* argues with them that it would be so much better for them to be independent shows that they are still disposed to hold fast by the old ties, or of course there would be no need for these passionate appeals to them to go away. It is equally certain that there is no desire in this country for a separation. Indeed it is impossible to see why there should be such a desire on either side. Whatever may have been the origin of the union, it has now come to be a purely voluntary alliance, which adds to the greatness of the Empire without involving any serious sacrifices. Canada is practically a democratic Republic, without the nuisance of Presidential elections and the widespread corruption which they engender. She is not liable to be handed over every four years to the tender mercies of a fresh body of hungry and unscrupulous jobbers and place-hunters. The Canadians have an honest administration, an untainted judiciary, moderate taxation, and constitutional freedom in the fullest sense. How would they be likely to better their condition by throwing in their lot with the United States, or by starting, if that were practicable, which may be doubted, as an independent Republic? Would they be much happier if their railways were at any moment liable to be seized upon by Mr. JAY GOULD and the fraternity of Wall Street? But then, says the *Times*, the connexion with England exposes Canada to the risk of unpleasantness on the part of the United States. It might be answered that the Canadians are quite competent to take the measure of this risk, and that it is for them to say whether it is too much for them. The *Times*, however, answers itself. Canada, it says, is strong enough to hold her own ground; but in any case, even if she were independent, we should be bound to stand by her in the event of her being attacked by her powerful neighbour. Then what is to be gained by separation? If Canada is able to defend herself without our aid, she will be rather a strength than a weakness to the Empire; if, on the other hand, she happened to require assistance, we should not the less be bound to assist her because she had taken up her independence. What the *Times* has to say about Canada requiring the "education of self-reliance" would seem to be either nonsense or impertinence. Canada, as far as her domestic affairs are concerned, is a perfectly independent and self-governing community, as any Colonial Secretary who was rash enough to try the experiment of meddling with those affairs would quickly discover. It is true that Canada has not yet set up a foreign policy of her own, and perhaps this is what the *Times* means when it suggests that Canada should "teach something to her great neighbour," and should take up a position as a "great people." It is perhaps hardly worth while for Canada to embroil herself with her great neighbour by a course of spirited teaching, in order to oblige a crochetty journalist who seems anxious at all hazards to make mischief in this quarter. Perhaps the most important lesson that Canada can teach is that a people may be great by their high-minded simplicity of character, unassuming manliness, loyalty, integrity, respect for law, and personal honour, without striking an attitude and swaggering in the face of the world.

DR. HESSEL AND THE POLICE.

THE proceedings in connexion with the Great Coram Street murder bring out very clearly the defects of the present system of public prosecutions. The question is sometimes argued as if what was wanted was an increase in the number of public prosecutors. In reality the mischief is that, such as they are, there are at present rather too many of them. The administration of justice is blundered and thwarted, and made to look imbecile and ridiculous, by being left to a vast body of prosecutors, acting quite independently and irresponsibly, and, as a rule, with about as much fitness for their work as an elephant has for dancing on the tight-rope. This of course is quite of a piece with the silly shabbiness which characterizes our criminal system. Duties of the gravest kind are thrown upon ignorant and incompetent amateurs just because the Government will not pay for the services of competent agents. It will be seen at once that there are two things of the utmost importance in regard to public prosecutions—first, that they should not be lightly or rashly undertaken; and secondly, that, when once commenced, they should be carried on in a thoroughly efficient manner. In both respects the present system of prosecutions is deplorably at fault. It is notorious that a great many guilty persons are acquitted because the Treasury, with perverse and reckless parsimony, cuts down the costs of prosecutions; and on the other hand it would appear that an innocent person, against whom there is absolutely not a tittle of evidence, may be arrested and imprisoned for a week or more at the whim of a Superintendent of Police. Dr. HESSEL is a German clergyman, who was on his way, with his wife and a party of emigrants, to South America. The ship in which they were embarked ran on the Goodwin Sands, and had to put into Ramsgate for repairs. Dr. HESSEL and some of the other passengers took the opportunity of spending a few days in London. The suspicions of the police happened to fall on WOHLEBE, one of the emigrants, as having been concerned in the murder of the poor woman in Great Coram Street, for no reason apparently except that he was a German, and looked like one. He was arrested at Ramsgate, and witnesses were sent down to identify him. Dr. HESSEL proposed that a number of the other emigrants should put on rough coats and long boots such as WOHLEBE wore, and should be in the room with him when the witnesses came; and the chaplain himself set the example. It was a joke among them all. Mrs. HESSEL jested with her husband on the chance of his being picked out. The captain had his joke too, and there was a burst of laughter when the two witnesses, overlooking WOHLEBE altogether, singled out the chaplain. The chaplain smiled, and at once said, "I was sick in bed in London on Christmas-eve at "such an hotel; send there and you will hear all about me." It would have been the simplest and easiest thing in the world to ascertain the truth of this statement; but the police took no notice of it whatever. They carried off the chaplain to London, and charged him with murder; and he had to spend more than a week in prison before he had an opportunity of proving his innocence. He had no sooner produced his witnesses from the hotel than the magistrate said there was absolutely no case against him.

Of course it is monstrous that this should have happened. It would have been monstrous even if it had been only an accidental blunder; but unfortunately it is worse than that. There is really nothing accidental about it. The police seem

to have acted in the most deliberate manner, and the arrest of Dr. Hessel was only the natural and necessary result of the sort of way in which they are in the habit of going about their work in such cases. A murder had been committed, and the murderer was supposed to be a German, or at least a foreigner. "A man with a moustache and a dirty face," and with a rough voice—this seems to have been the nearest approach to a definite idea of his appearance which had been arrived at. We do not say that it was the fault of the police that they had no better clue to go by; but they might at least have been expected to understand how very slight a clue it was, and how little to be trusted to. However, there they were, watching the seaports and keeping a sharp look-out for foreigners with moustaches and dirty faces. If the police really thought themselves entitled to arrest anybody who happened to answer this description, they must be commended for their moderation in arresting only three or four. There seems to have been no other reason for seizing Wohlebe except his supposed resemblance to this vague portrait; and it was probably the merest chance in the world that the witnesses taken down to identify Wohlebe picked out the chaplain instead of one of the other emigrants. No doubt the police were bound after this to detain the chaplain until they had ascertained how and where he spent Christmas-eve; but there were several strong and obvious reasons which rendered it highly improbable that he should be the man. He was identified in a dress which he had put on in order to resemble Wohlebe, and which was not his usual dress, and it was a dress which it was most unlikely he would wear on a visit to London. He was a clergyman, lately married, and was accompanied by his wife. He had taken the lead in collecting a number of emigrants to stand with Wohlebe, and to be confronted with the witnesses; and, when singled out, he gave his explanations in the clearest and frankest manner. On the face of things it was in the highest degree improbable that Dr. Hessel should be the murderer, and inquiries at Knoll's Hotel would have at once removed any doubts on the subject. Why did the police not go to Knoll's Hotel? The answer, we fear, is painfully simple. They had got what they wanted—somebody to whom their scraps, or at least one of their scraps, of evidence applied, and whom they could put on trial. Carrying on a criminal investigation is dull work without a prisoner. It is like playing cards with a dummy; and the police appear to have looked at the matter quite as if it had been a game in which they were on one side and anybody they chose to fix upon as the accused represented the other side. There were two sides to the game, and as long as each side had fair play that was enough. The theory seems to have been that it was the business of the police to bring up all the evidence they could get against the prisoner. The defence was the prisoner's own affair, and they knew manners too well to meddle with it. There could hardly be a more striking example of the way in which the police apply themselves to investigations of this kind. They must start with a theory and work it out, and they find it easier to work it out if they concentrate their attention on all the evidence that seems to make for it, and shut their eyes to everything that suggests doubts or difficulties on the other side. They have the weakness of the ostrich family, and think that whatever they do not see with their heads buried deep in sand nobody else can see. Nature abhors a vacuum, and the moral nature of the police abhors the empty place where the accused person ought to be. Their great object seems to be to discover the guilty person of course if possible, but at all events to get somebody or other who can be put on trial. In this instance it never seems to have occurred to the police that they had themselves in the first instance a quasi-judicial function to perform before they decided on making a charge of the gravest kind, and that they were bound to weigh the explanations of the accused as well as their own evidence.

Within a short time there have been several brutal murders of women which have utterly baffled the police. There was the Eltham murder, in which a poor girl was found horribly mutilated in a country lane, and at the trial it came out that the police had kept back certain evidence because it did not exactly fit in with their case. Last July two women were murdered in a shop in the broad daylight in a frequented thoroughfare at Hoxton, but the police could find no clue to the murderer. And now there is this murder of Harriet Buswell. A year or two back there was a murder of a very similar character—that of Emma Jackson in Bloomsbury—and here too, though there were people in the next room and in the room below that in which the woman was killed, the police could find no trace of the murderer. The Road murder will occur to many persons as another instance in which the police, having allowed themselves to be carried away by a false theory, which never had much to support it, and which involved a great many difficult assumptions, utterly broke down. Publicity is the great snare of the police; they imagine that the eyes of the country are upon them, and that they are bound to show that they are extremely active and doing all they possibly can. Every little inspector and superintendent thinks it necessary to justify himself in the eyes of the world. It is not enough that his superiors should be satisfied; he must conduct his own case before the public. He assumes that he is on his trial, and that he has a right to show how clever and energetic he is. If he cannot catch the murderer, he thinks he has at least a right to show how he tried to catch him. Perhaps we can hardly be surprised that a coroner's jury should pass a vote of thanks to a police superintendent for an entertainment of this kind, prolonged over several weeks, and enlivened with racy, though utterly irrelevant, evidence raked up from the night-houses of London. It is difficult to understand how far a divisional superintendent in such a case is allowed to act entirely on his discretion, but it is pretty clear that all important cases should be taken up at head-quarters, and that every step should be guided by competent legal advice. Charges of murder against innocent persons are perhaps comparatively rare, but the police, we suspect, frequently trip into similar blunders in smaller matters. We have often thought that there should be a staff of magistrates or legal advisers some of whom should be always on duty to assist the police in determining whether charges should be taken up, as well as magistrates to hear the charges when publicly made. In any case it can hardly be doubted that the police are at present very weak from a legal point of view, and that the services of such a man as, say, Sir T. Henry, would be invaluable to the executive of the force as an adviser and director in difficult matters. It is of course very proper that Dr. Hessel should have compensation from the Government for the outrage of which he has been the victim; but it is not a pleasant reflection that if he had happened to be, not a countryman of Moltke and Bismarck, but a subject of Queen Victoria, he would have been unable to obtain any redress whatever. The hardships and indignities to which Dr. Hessel was subjected in prison have naturally directed attention to the manner in which prisoners awaiting trial are treated. It is of course obvious that prisoners must be kept in a prison, and that the arrangements of a prison must necessarily involve a good deal of discomfort and even hardship. But it is difficult to see why a man who is presumably innocent, not having yet been put on his trial, should be compelled to clean his boots and his mess tin, and wash and scrub the floor of his cell, and sweep down the walls, and do other menial offices; and the comfort of prisoners appears to be also much neglected in other respects. The worst of the hardships incidental to imprisonment is, however, a small thing compared with the hardship of being imprisoned at all, and hence the importance of guarding by every means against the arrest of persons on trivial and inadequate grounds.

FORCE IN LITERATURE.

A CURIOUS paper might be written on the singular errors made by men of high reputation in their critical judgments. Something of the kind was lately done in one of the magazines. Instances of such blunders abound since people first began to cultivate the art. When, for example, we read the critical sentences of the last century we are amazed at the inconceivable blindness which they seem to imply. Goldsmith, to take a case at random, was undoubtedly a man of fine taste; he tells us, *à propos* of Waller's ode on the death of Cromwell, that our poetry was not then "quite harmonized; so that this, which would now be looked upon as a slovenly sort of versification, was in the times in which it was written almost a prodigy of harmony." In the same place, after praising the harmony of the *Rape of the Lock*, he observes that the irregular measure at the opening of the *Allegro* and *Penseroso* "hurts our English ear." We can only wonder at the singular change of taste which induced our grandfathers to fancy that "harmony," of all things, was their strong point, and that Pope's mechanical monotony was to the exquisite versification of Spenser and Milton as Greek sculpture to the work of some self-taught mediæval carver. The same incapacity for perceiving what to us appear almost self-evident truths is as obvious in a wider kind of criticism. When Voltaire called Shakspeare "a drunken savage," it was a mere outbreak of spleen; but Voltaire in his sober moods, and he is followed in this by Horace Walpole, speaks still more contemptuously of one of the two or three men who can be put beside Shakspeare. He marvels at the dulness of people who can admire anything so "stupidly extravagant and barbarous" as the *Divina Commedia*. These monstrous misunderstandings are to be explained by the natural incapacity of

the subjects of one literary dynasty for judging of those of another. But the judgments of contemporaries on each other are not much more trustworthy. The long-continued contempt for Bunyan and Defoe was merely an expression of the ordinary feeling of the cultivated classes towards anything which was identified with Grub Street; but it is curious to observe the incapacity of such a man as Johnson to understand Gray or Sterne, and the contempt which Walpole expressed for Johnson and Goldsmith, whilst he sincerely believed that the poems of Mason were destined to immortality. Nor, again, can we flatter ourselves that this narrow vision was characteristic only of a school which has now decayed. We may find blunders at least equally palpable in the opinions expressed by the great poets at the beginning of this century. Such, for example, is the apparently sincere conviction of Byron that Rogers and Moore were the truest poets amongst his contemporaries; that Pope was the first of all English, if not of all existing, poets; and that Wordsworth was nothing but a namby-pamby driveller. The school of Wordsworth and Southey uttered judgments at least equally hasty in the opposite direction. Many odd instances of the degree in which prejudice can blind a man of genuine taste are to be found in the writings of their disciple, De Quincey. To mention no other, he speaks of "Mr. Goethe," as an immoral and second-rate author, who owes his reputation chiefly to the fact of his long life and his position at the Court of Weimar. With which we may compare Charles Lamb's decided preference of Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus* to Goethe's immortal *Faust*. Our grandchildren, it may be feared, will find equal reason for revising the judgments which now pass current amongst us. How, they will ask, could people be found to mistake the secondhand pedantry of —— (we leave the name to be supplied according to the taste of our readers) for genuine inspiration, or to overlook the productions of the immortal Smith and Brown, which were then read only by the unlearned or by some small circle of true believers?

If criticism should ever rise to the dignity of a science, such mistakes will be impossible. We shall discover some infallible gauge of literary merit, which will immediately detect lurking genius in the most improbable disguises. One of the axioms that will lie at the foundation of the future science will probably be expressed in some such formula as this, that the one real virtue is force, though it may appear in many manifestations. Mr. Herbert Spencer maintains that the laws of every phenomenon throughout the universe, including all spiritual and intellectual as well as physical phenomena, may be ultimately stated as corollaries from the primary laws of force. By applying the principle of the conservation of forces, we discover that the fall of a given weight through a given distance is equivalent to the development of a given quantity of heat. In like manner we should discover that the same force when converted into intellectual activity will generate a given quantity of poetry or philosophy. And, conversely, we may compare the merit of two literary productions by determining how much force was consumed in their production. If, for example, Shakspeare's brain did an amount of work equal to ten foot-pounds in composing the soliloquy of Hamlet, and Goethe's did an amount equal to five of the same units in composing Mignon's song in *Wilhelm Meister*, then the merit of the soliloquy is precisely double that of the song. We lay no particular stress on this theory, which has, as some people may fancy, a rather materialist sound, but it may serve as an illustration of our proposed principle. To compare the merits of any two writers, decide which exhibits the greater amount of force, and as a rule you may safely pronounce him to be the greater.

Thus the quality which chiefly serves to distinguish talent from genius is originality. The man who produces a new idea capable of germinating in the minds of his readers is so far a greater man than he who is merely the channel for transmitting ideas already expressed by some original thinker. This is the one great quality which distinguishes the few leaders of the world from the great mass of dealers in second-hand opinion; and it is due simply to an excess of power. Anybody can follow a beaten track, but to strike out a path for yourself involves an amount both of intellectual and moral force which falls only to the select few. Wherever it is found, we may say that its possessor is by birthright one of the immortals, though circumstances may stifle his powers of utterance; and every one knows what a strange influence he possesses even when his remarks, though original, have been anticipated by some one else. A man who speaks from his own mind is so far a new force, and therefore affects us in a manner essentially different from the ordinary writer, who can be considered merely as the surface upon which external forces have impinged, in order to rebound. Within the same class, again, it is easy to accept the theory that the merit of a writer is proportional to his vigour. The difficulty begins when we endeavour to compare writings differing in species as well as in merit. There are some writings in which force shows itself, as it were, naked, and is obviously the secret of the influence which they exert over us. Such, for example, is that masculine and nervous prose of which we have so many masters in English literature, and which sometimes looks so easy when it is really so difficult. The clear compressed reasoning of Hobbes, the manly common-sense of Locke, the incomparable energy of Swift, and the comparatively coarse dogmatizing of Cobbett have all a kind of family, or rather national, likeness; and, fortunately, we are not without some modern examples of the same style. Lovers of a more florid rhetoric are apt to despise the simple downright vernacular of the writers we have named, and even to fancy that it must be easy to express such plain thoughts in plain words. Nothing can in fact be further from the truth; because the quality which makes such writing possible is just that intensity of mind which belongs only to powerful natures. The direct expression of the thoughts of a feeble person is simply insipid. On the other hand, the gorgeous rhetoric of Burke or Milton or Jeremy Taylor is also good so far as it is a symptom of force taking a different direction. The energy which in one case displays itself by a strong grasp of a few leading principles displays itself in the other by overlaying them with a vast variety of illustrations and applications. The same amount of intellectual power may be displayed in Swift's attack upon Wood's copper coinage, and in Burke's on a regicide peace. Swift's power appears in the kind of bulldog tenacity with which he throttles his antagonists; and Burke's in the versatility with which he perplexes them by every conceivable mode of assault. To decide which is the greater, we must wait for that new calculus of the future which will enable us to estimate the total expenditure of force in either case. Hasty critics, as a rule, happen to find one variety of expression more congenial to them than the other, and fail to observe that it is a question, not of the essential power, but of the mode of application. In some cases a concentration, and in others a diffusion, of force may be most appropriate; and it is a great, though a very common, mistake to apply the same measure to all.

There is another variety of literature in which the principle does not seem to apply at first sight. Many of our poets, for example, appear to owe their success to a weakness rather than to strength. The more accurate statement, however, would appear to be that great strength of any one faculty is apt to throw a man off his balance. The very greatest men, the Dantes, Shakspeares, or Goethes, are men of thoroughly healthy and equable development. But the second-rate men, the Popes or Shelleys, are apt to be morbid because some of their talents are developed at the expense of the rest. Pope, for example, had, as Atterbury said, a *nervus curva in corpore curvo*. But his greatness was owing, not to the distortion, but to the marvellous quickness and keenness, of his intellect. He abounds in the most brilliant flashes of thought, but is unable to maintain a steady pressure. He is a poet therefore by fits and starts, and has composed innumerable couplets of wonderful merit, but scarcely one satisfactory poem. He is an example therefore of intermittent power; which is to the sustained power of healthier writers what a series of explosions by gunpowder is to the continuous expansion of steam. So Byron said of himself that he was like a tiger who would make but one spring, and if he failed went grumbling back to his den. The force is the same in all cases, but it may vary indefinitely in its mode of action. The morbid poets have an extraordinary sensitiveness to certain emotions and perceptions; and sensitiveness of all kinds is a symptom of an active intellect and of strength of feeling. The man who can perceive the most delicate variations of colour or temperature is not in ordinary parlance so strong as the man who can raise a hundredweight with his little finger. But he has a finer touch, a more delicate instrument in his physical organization. The value of his work will depend, not upon the degree of his perceptive faculty, but upon the strength of his feelings and his power of expressing them. The fineness of his organs determines what kind of materials he is to use; but the merit of the work depends entirely upon the vigour with which he turns them to account. The man of very delicate sensibility produces, it may be, a rarer variety of work: his fabrics are spun of gossamer instead of cotton; but though more interesting to the connoisseur, they do not possess more intrinsic excellence than those of the man of coarser organization but equal intellectual and emotional vigour. Shelley's poetry is more exquisite than Byron's, but it is not therefore more admirable.

Critics of young authors should therefore judge the performances of the novices by the energy they display. What is called good taste is generally a very questionable symptom in a young man: for it is too often symptomatic of a docility resulting from deficient vigour. The advice to a youth to cut out his finest passages was all very well with a view to the propitiation of ordinary critics and as a way of recommending vigorous self-discipline. But it is infinitely more important that there should be something to cut out than that the excision should be performed; and a superfluity of energy, whatever faults it may produce at starting, is the best of all symptoms. Unluckily faults of taste do not always or generally proceed from an excess, and may easily arise from a deficiency, of vigour.

RELIGION AND PATRIOTISM.

WE are not going to revive the controversy about the comparative loyalty of English Ultramontanes evoked by Archbishop Manning's recent deliverance at Sheffield. It is clear at a glance that the Archbishop's theory, even as modified by his subsequent explanations, leaves a very wide loophole for political disaffection; while, on the other hand, the criticisms upon it in the *Times* and the *Pall Mall Gazette* no less clearly imply that nobody who is not a Protestant, and a pretty advanced Protestant too, can be at heart a loyal Englishman. And this at once opens out an interesting inquiry quite independent of the merits or demerits of the Sheffield address or of the politics of English Catholics, on which we propose to offer some remarks. What are the relations of religious belief to loyalty

or patriotism? Are the two, when properly understood, in essential harmony, if not absolutely synonymous with each other, as the writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* seems to suppose, or, if not, which has a right to claim precedence when they clash? Is every divergence of religious from national sentiment to be branded as disloyal, or is every one who subordinates religious to political considerations to be considered an indifferentist or a sceptic? It is obvious at first sight that, unless the spheres of political and religious life are not only separable in theory, which may at least be questioned, but are assumed in the teeth of all experience to be always kept separate in practice, collisions of the kind must occur from time to time whenever a nation is not all of one faith. Indeed it is quite conceivable that ecclesiastical and political interests might point in opposite directions, and thus divide popular opinion even in a country not rent by internal feuds of rival sects and Churches. The attempts of the Popes during the century after the Reformation to form a sort of Catholic League against the growing power of Protestantism were constantly foiled by the conflicting interests or jealousies of particular Catholic States. But we may confine ourselves here to the very common case of countries of divided religious belief, and ask whether it is or is not to be expected that the theological divergence will have any influence on political sentiment? Surely the question answers itself. So keenly was this difficulty felt when the religious unity of Western Europe was first broken up by the Reformation, that the notion of tolerating heresy—that is, of tolerating any other than the established faith—would have seemed to statesmen of all persuasions as absurd, to quote Sir James Mackintosh's language, as it would now be thought to propose the impunity of murder. Of course the prevalent conviction of the sinfulness of erroneous belief had something to do with this view; but politicians are seldom guided exclusively by abstract principles of right and wrong, and no European sovereign of that period doubted that the toleration of dissent would endanger not only his salvation, but his crown. A century and a half later, when the exigency of facts was compelling the adoption of a less rigid policy in several quarters, Louis XIV. deliberately sacrificed the commercial interests of France to the same theory by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Nor can it fairly be denied that there was a good deal to be said from a purely political point of view for this repressive system, though the rapid advance and consolidation of religious dissent ultimately rendered it abortive. The Catholics were a very disturbing element in the Government of England under Elizabeth, and the violence of the Huguenots almost threatened at one time to disintegrate the French monarchy. These, it may perhaps be urged, are extreme cases. But even so they are good illustrations of the principle. And if Catholics and Protestants have learnt since then to live peaceably side by side under the same rulers and the same laws, it is only because they have come practically, though not in words, to acquiesce in the existing lines of demarcation as a settled fact. But the acquiescence has its limits. Any fresh attempt to disturb the balance by throwing additional weight into either scale, as, for instance, by furthering the interests—or what are supposed to be the interests—of Protestantism in Italy, or of Catholicism in Ireland, is sure at once to provoke bitter jealousy, if not open resistance. Ultramontanes were inevitably out of harmony with the national sentiment about Cavour and Garibaldi, and a large section of English Protestants are fanatically hostile to any settlement of the University Education question which will satisfy the Catholics of Ireland. Thus much is obvious on the surface, but it may be worth while to look a little deeper into the matter.

We observed just now that it was only possible for religious and political loyalty to go always hand in hand where the nation was of one faith. We might have gone a step further, and added that this result would never be completely and universally secured except when a nation's faith is simply part and parcel of the national life. Under the Hebrew theocracy, and in the old Pagan States, this identity was realized. When the Prophet speaks of rebellion being "as the sin of witchcraft"—once a favourite text with the upholders of divine right of kings, though in fact Samuel was not speaking of civil insubordination at all—we must remember that for a Jew rebellion meant more than it can ever mean in any modern State. For him to defy the authority of Judges or Kings was to defy "the God of Israel." Church and State were not merely co-extensive, but identical; to be a bad citizen was to be a half-hearted believer, to disobey the law or betray the national cause was to be an apostate. And if, to use modern language, the political life of Judaism was a function of the ecclesiastical, Paganism arrived by an opposite method at a precisely similar result. The Gods of the Egyptians and the Amorites were opposed to the God of Israel. The Roman Empire, from which, according to Bishop Temple's once famous essay, we have inherited "the moral force and the moral sentiments which lie at the back of all political life," and especially "the duty of patriotism," was not indeed, like the Hebrew Commonwealth, a theocracy; but its religion, such as it was, was exclusively national, and was indissolubly bound up with the whole framework and the daily incidents of national life. To a citizen of Palestine or of ancient Rome there could be no temptation to a divided allegiance. To be loyal to their country was also to be loyal to their faith; in the one case because the entire civil and moral code was based on a divine revelation, in the other because the national religion was simply the expression and creature of the national mind and will. Christianity, among many new ideas, introduced into the world for the first time the startlingly novel principle of a universal religion which recognized no local limits and no rival claims. And it thereby introduced, for the first time, the possibility, which soon became the certainty, of a collision between political loyalty and religious faith. This conflict of duties was at once brought out in its extremest form under the Roman Empire. Not only did the early Christians find themselves necessarily and utterly out of sympathy with the whole tone of the heathen society around them, but they were in numberless instances compelled to choose between fidelity to their religion and obedience to the law. When Dr. Arnold says that they were persecuted, not because they might hereafter prove dangerous to the Empire, but because they broke its laws, he is suggesting a false antithesis; for their conduct soon made it evident that the whole social fabric of the Empire would be undermined if Christianity got the upper hand. Still it is quite true that they did disobey the law, and were obliged to do so if they remained faithful to their creed. The duty of submission to "the powers that be" was indeed peremptorily enjoined by St. Paul and by the Church after him, but then it was limited by the very important reserve of whatever trenched on the faith or moral standard of the Gospel. Christians were to obey the Emperor, but not to worship him; they were bound to fight, if called upon, in the Roman armies, but on no account to throw a grain of incense on the altars of the Roman Gods. And accordingly, as might have been expected, one of the first and most frequent charges against them was that of disloyalty to the State. In one sense it was perfectly true; in another it was false. They gave their lives for the State in battle, and, with certain indispensable reservations, they practised an absolute submission to its laws. But an unreserved submission they persistently refused, and their outward obedience was divorced from any inward sympathy. Their strongest convictions, their deepest feelings, their most cherished hopes and aims, were out of all accord with those of their Pagan fellow-subjects. And it was not long before the Pagans had the acuteness to perceive as much. If loyalty is the legitimate measure of religious belief, the early Christians were in the wrong.

It is always convenient to take a crucial example of a principle, and therefore we have dwelt on the position of the Christians under the Roman Empire. In modern States, where the contest is not between Christianity and heathenism, but between rival forms of Christianity, there cannot of course be the same fundamental antagonism of political and religious ideas. There is much in common after all in the theological belief, and still more in the moral standard, of Catholics and Protestants; the leading Christian ideas which were so abhorrent to the Pagan sentiment of the day are accepted by both alike. Yet the patriotism of a Christian whose religion is more than skin-deep can never be quite the same thing as the patriotism of a Roman or a Jew, and that for the simple reason that it cannot be an absorbing and exclusive passion. The love of country and the love of creed are consistent but not identical, and even when they harmonize they do not coalesce. The nearest approach to it occurs when circumstances have tended to identify the faith of a nation with the history of its greatness or its sufferings. Thus zeal for orthodoxy became a badge of Spanish patriotism after the long struggle, first with Arians, and then with Moors, and the Inquisition may be called an indigenous product of the soil. In like manner Catholicism has been branded into the national heart of Ireland and Poland by the sufferings they have endured from the enemies of their race and faith. But the coincidence in all these cases is accidental and temporary. In Spain the divorce of ecclesiastical and national sentiment is almost complete already, and the spread of Feniauism attested its commencement in Ireland. Protestantism, in the broad sense of the word, is an English tradition; but Protestantism itself has many subdivisions, and it only includes a considerable majority of the subjects of the British Crown. There is nothing as a rule to prevent the Roman Catholic minority from being equally zealous for the power and greatness of their country; still less would they feel any inducement to overt acts of disaffection. But so far as the national policy and character are moulded on Protestant ideas, they are disloyal in the same sense, though not in the same degree, as the early Christians were disloyal to the Empire of Rome. Nor is there anything in this peculiar to Roman Catholics. Unless the State exercises the absolute moral sovereignty which Dr. Arnold claimed for it, but which is incompatible with the existence of any independent religious organization, and is in fact a dream, there will always be room for this counter action of religious and patriotic sentiment. Thus, for instance, at the time of the Crimean War, putting aside the Peace Society and the Quakers—who might also in a sense be called disloyal—there was a small but very decided minority who, if they did not exactly side with Russia, felt no sympathy with the arms of England, and no pride in her victories. They would perhaps have admitted, or would not have cared to dispute, that it was our interest on political grounds to support Turkey, and to check the advance of Russian influence in the East. But they thought that the fact of the former being an infidel Power, while the latter represented a venerable and orthodox section of the Christian Church, should override all such considerations. Clearly they had a perfect right to maintain that view if they pleased, but it placed them in direct antagonism to the patriotic enthusiasm of the day, or, in other words, exposed them to the stigma of disloyalty. Many similar cases, often of more practical importance, will occur to any one who takes the trouble to look for them. Religion, when it is more than a name, is inevitably exact-

ing, and will not consent to take the second place. You may make patriotism into a religion to the exclusion of any rival claims, as was professedly done by the Romans of old, whose example has not unfrequently been followed without being professed in later days. But if any other religion be admitted, a potential limit is at once placed on political loyalty. In ninety-nine cases the right of dissent or resistance will lie dormant, but in the hundredth, where perhaps national feeling is peculiarly sensitive, it will peremptorily assert itself. And then either faith must be sacrificed to loyalty or loyalty to faith.

BALZAC'S MONSIEUR DE MORTSAUF.

IT may be interesting, at a time when the Legitimist party in France possesses more importance in the National Assembly than in the country generally, to study a Legitimist nobleman in Balzac. The portrait is not to be taken as a representative one in every sense, for Monsieur de Mortsauf has great faults of character, which belong to the man rather than to the Legitimist; but he has at the same time the marks of his party and his class, and the determination to regard everything from their peculiar point of view. This indeed is a habit common to all French parties, but it strikes one more in the Legitimists than in the others, because their principles are less capable of adaptation to the tendencies of the day. An Orleanist or a moderate Republican may be just as strongly convinced as any Legitimist can be that his own party is the sole possible salvation for the country; but Orleanists and Republicans, being more in harmony with the spirit of the present day, are not so much tempted to lay emphasis upon every detail of their political and social creed. The true Legitimist, who is always at the same time, if not religious, at least an ardent supporter of Catholicism, carries into his politics the uncompromising temper of his faith, and the disposition rather to harden than to obliterate the boundary lines between himself and the political heretics that surround him. It may be observed that the same temper or policy, if it is a policy, which has induced the Vatican to affirm with unprecedented energy the doctrines which most clearly separated it from modern principles, has its exact parallel in the disposition of the French Legitimists to make more and more evident the gulf that lies between them and every species of Liberalism. There is in both a certain *aigreur* natural to declining causes and to disappointed or unhopeful men. They have fallen upon evil days, and can but reiterate the expression of their fixed convictions to an age that is moving rapidly in quite a different direction.

The idea suggests itself as probable that, when Balzac drew his Legitimist nobleman, M. de Mortsauf, and made him a personage whose past life had been full of errors and imprudences for which he now endured the penalties, and which produced great morbid irritability, the novelist may have had in view something like a suggested parallel between the past of French Legitimacy and its present. And the children of M. de Mortsauf are represented as beings for whom in this world the chances of life are doubtful, owing to ancestral errors. This certainly reminds one of the effect of those royal vices which did so much to bring about the great Revolution and its endless chain of consequences. However this may be, the personal past of M. de Mortsauf enabled the novelist to paint a figure in perfect harmony with its situation:—

> I looked at the Count with an endeavour to guess his character, but was sufficiently interested by some dominant features to rest contented with a superficial examination of his physiognomy. He was only forty-five years old, but appeared nearly sixty, so rapidly had he aged in the great shipwreck which closed the eighteenth century. There was a half-circle of hair at the back of his bald head which ended about the ears, and came up to the temples in grey tufts mixed with black. Il is face bore a vague resemblance to that of a white wolf with blood about its muzzle, for the nose was inflamed like that of a man whose life is fundamentally disturbed, whose stomach is weakened, whose humours are vitiated by past diseases. His flat forehead, too broad for his face, which ended in a point, crossed by irregular wrinkles, announced the habits of a life in the open air, and not the fatigues of the mind—the weight of a permanent ill-fortune, and not the efforts made to overcome it. His cheeks, projecting and brown, in the midst of the ashy tones of his complexion, indicated a structure strong enough to assure him a long life. His eye, clear, yellow, and hard, fell on you like a ray of the wintry sun, luminous without heat, disturbed without thought, distrustful without an object. The mouth was violent and imperious, the chin was straight and long. Thin and tall, he had the bearing of a nobleman leaning on conventional values, who knows that he is superior to others by law, but inferior in fact. The liberty of a country life had made him neglect his exterior. His dress was that of a rustic in whom both peasants and neighbours respect only a landed estate. His brown sinewy hands showed that he wore gloves only to ride on horseback or on Sunday to go to mass. His feet were roughly shod. Although ten years of emigration and ten years of agriculture had had their effect upon his person, there remained in him some traces of nobility. The bitterest Liberal would have recognized his chivalrous loyalty, would have admired his religious conviction, his passionate devotion to his cause, his frankness in political antipathies. He was incapable of serving his party personally, but very capable of ruining it, and without any knowledge of affairs in France. The Count was one of those straightforward men who adapt themselves to nothing, and resolutely impede everything; ready to die at their post, yet stingy enough to give their life rather than their money. If he condemned himself, he refused to others the right to judge him. Bitter like a power which knows that it is in fault, but not having grandeur or charm enough to compensate the sum of pain which he had thrown into the balance, his private life probably betrayed asperities which one might guess from his angular features and his incessantly disquieted eyes.

M. de Mortsauf received as his guest the young gentleman by whom the story is told, and began to express his fixed opinions at the very opening of their acquaintance:—

> "Modern education is fatal to children," resumed the Count. "We stuff them with mathematics, we kill them with science, and use them up before their time. What a century this instruction of all classes is preparing for us if the evil is not forestalled by putting education into the hands of the religious corporations!"
>
> These words prepared me well for what he said one day at the elections, when he refused his vote to a man whose talents might be useful to the Royalist cause. "Je me défierai toujours des gens d'esprit."

How precisely this represents the same class at the present day, with its dread of public education in general, and its notion of making it safe—since public education there must needs be—by putting it into the hands of *les frères ignorantins!* Indeed, nothing is more curious in French society than the persistence of the pure Legitimist tradition on all points. It is not widely spread, but it remains perfectly intact in the small class which preserves it, and one of its most cherished convictions is the dislike of any popular education which is not directly under the control of the priests. The order, too, in which the ideas are expressed is carefully true to nature. The most genuine Legitimist does not eagerly desire even clerical public instruction in itself, but he thinks it may be useful to forestall that of the University.

M. de Mortsauf lived in the solitude of a mediocre fortune at his house of Clochegourde, in Touraine. He kept a family cabriolet and farmed his own land, which was not particularly extensive. This sort of country existence is not uncommon in France, and is as pleasant as need be when it is not poisoned by jealousy or pride. Unfortunately for M. de Mortsauf's peace of mind, he was as proud as a Legitimist Count well can be, and his sentiments of jealousy were kept in inflamed activity by the immediate neighbourhood of a château much larger than his own, surrounded by ample domains, and peopled by many servants. Jealousy, however, was not the only cause of his solitude. He was curiously ignorant, having received, indeed, the first half of a French nobleman's education, the superficial tutoring which was supposed to prepare a noble boyhood, but having from untoward circumstances unfortunately missed the second and more important education of the Court, the world, and high office. He had emigrated at the very time when this second education ought to have commenced, and instead of getting another to supply its place, had believed in the immediate re-establishment of the monarchy in France, and so passed his exile in the most fruitless idleness. On the dispersing of the army of Condé, in which he had given proofs of devoted courage, he had expected to return shortly under the white flag, and had not attempted to increase his means by industry of any kind. During these years his poverty had been of that most serious and extreme kind which a Frenchman calls *la misère*. His French gaiety had broken down under these ordeals; he had become morose, had fallen ill, and been nursed by charity in some German hospital. His disease had been an internal inflammation of a kind frequently mortal, and which often leaves, in those who escape from it with life, a strong disposition to hypochondria. After twelve years of exile he returned to France, permitted by a decree of Napoleon. His position contrasted painfully in everything with the promises of his infancy. He had been born rich, and in a rank to command a regiment or occupy some considerable post in the State; he had been born sound and robust. On his return to France, he found himself poor, ill, ignorant, and a nobody. Reaching at last the part of the country where his family property had been, he discovered that one farm had been kept for him by the farmer, who in the confusion that succeeded the Revolution had caused people to believe that he had purchased it from the Government. A great family in the neighbourhood, hearing of his return, had invited him to stay at their house till a habitation could be built for him on his own land, and a daughter of this family, Madlle. de Lenoncourt, became his wife. This young lady had an aunt, the Duchess de Verneuil, who made her a present of a country house called Clochegourde, so that the newly-married couple might have a home to go to.

In this quiet life M. de Mortsauf indulged at first in hopes of something like happiness, which however were rapidly blighted by the miserable health of his children and a constant anxiety as to the possibility of bringing them up. The care of his little recovered property, and the necessity for close attention to money matters, had gradually developed in his nature the germs of avarice. As his wife came to know him better, she was compelled to recognize the chilling truth that his character required from her the sacrifice of almost everything that makes life agreeable to a woman in the prime of life. His avarice imposed privations which she had to bear without a murmur, his suspicious disposition (he suspected everybody of trying to overreach him) required to be treated with the most watchful care, his morbid irritability needed soothing. She perceived that a temper like his was altogether unfitted for society, and so she lived with him in the solitude of Clochegourde, where he reigned absolutely, as he believed; but this absolutism was tempered by the feminine artifices of his wife, who made it her study to influence his capricious will, so far as it might be influenced for good. She succeeded in hiding his peculiarities from the world, and lived by his side the existence of a sister of charity who nurses some troublesome and thankless patient.

A visitor who knew M. de Mortsauf better than his neighbours thus describes him at this period of his life:—

> I found in this man an irascibility without cause, a promptitude of action in a desperate case which frightened me. Sometimes there were sudden returns of the *gentilhomme* who had been so brave in Condé's army, some

flashes of that decision which, in serious circumstances, can burst in the political world like bombshells, and which, by the chances of straightforwardness and contrast, change a man condemned to vegetate in his country-house into a D'Elbée, a Bonchamp, a Charette. In presence of certain suppositions his nose contracted, his forehead brightened, and his eyes emitted lightnings which were extinguished immediately afterwards.

The Count, like most idle men in the country, played a game to pass his evenings. His game was backgammon. His guest, at first ignorant of this scientific amusement, studied it in a learned treatise in a neighbour's library, and shortly became proficient enough to amuse his host, proficient enough even to irritate him:—

In a few days I found myself in a position to beat my master; but whenever I won his temper became execrable; his eyes flashed as if he had been a tiger, his face contracted, his eyebrows played like the eyebrows of nobody that I have ever seen. His complaints were those of a spoiled child. Sometimes he threw the dice away, put himself in a rage, hit his dice-box, and insulted me. These violences came to an end. When I began to play well I managed the battle as I liked, and arranged matters so that towards the close of the game the chances should be evenly balanced, letting him win during the first half and re-establishing the equilibrium during the second. The end of the world would have surprised the Count less than his pupil's rapid superiority—but he never admitted it. The uniform ending of our games gave him a new subject for reflection. "Decidedly," he said, "my poor head is soon wearied; you always gain upon me towards the end of the game, because then my abilities leave me."

This habit of playing at backgammon with his guest led M. de Mortsauf to betray himself on one occasion in a crisis of irritability of a kind which reduced his wife's existence to a perpetual exercise of patience. They had taken a walk with Madame de Mortsauf and the children on some heights in the neighbourhood of Clochegourde, and they arrived on a moor where nothing could grow. The earth was stony, dried up, without any covering of fertile soil; nevertheless there were a few oaks and bushes, but instead of grass there was a carpet of wild mosses on which the feet slipped. The Count struck this desolate, unproductive earth with his cane, and turning round suddenly said to his guest with horrible emphasis, "Voilà ma vie!" As this made his wife turn pale, he hastened to add, though too late, "Oh! mais avant de vous avoir connus."

M. de Mortsauf remained in the same gloomy and bitter state of mind till they got back to Clochegourde:—

We came back to Clochegourde talking *à bâtons rompus*. When we were in the drawing-room there was an indefinable uncertainty between us. The Count was plunged in an armchair absorbed in a contemplation which his wife took care not to disturb, for she knew the symptoms of the disease and how to forestall its attacks. I imitated her silence. If she did not ask me to go away, perhaps she thought that the game of backgammon would amuse the Count and dissipate the fatal nervous susceptibility whose outbursts were so trying to her. Nothing was more difficult than to induce the Count to play this game of backgammon, which he always eagerly desired. Like a *petite maîtresse* he liked to be entreated, compelled, so as not to have the air of incurring an obligation, probably because he knew that he did incur one. If after an interesting conversation I forgot for a while the expected importunities, he became quite out of humour, rude, saying things that hurt us, and showing his dissatisfaction by contradicting everything that was said. Warned by his ill-temper I proposed a game to him; then he began to coquet. "In the first place," he said, "it is too late, and then you don't care to play." Then he began to feign this thing or that, like women who end by deceiving you as to their real wishes. I humiliated myself, I supplicated him to practise me in a science so easily forgotten when discontinued. This time I had need of a wild gaiety to decide him to play. He complained of giddiness which prevented him from calculating, he said his skull seemed squeezed in a vice, he heard whistlings, he suffocated, and made prodigious sighs. At last he consented to sit down. Madame de Mortsauf left us to see the children put to bed, and have family prayers. All went on well during her absence. I arranged matters for M. de Mortsauf to win, and his luck soon produced a favourable alteration in his looks. The sudden transition from a sadness which had drawn from him sinister predictions about himself to this joy of a man intoxicated, this wild laughter, disquieted and chilled me. I had never seen him in an attack so plainly manifested. Our intimate acquaintance had produced its fruits, and he no longer treated me with ceremony. Each day he tried to include me in the circle of his tyranny, to ensure to himself a new pasturage for his ill-temper; for it really seems as if moral maladies were creatures having appetites and instincts, and which would increase the space of their empire as a proprietor would augment his estate. The Countess came down and approached the backgammon table to see her work better, but she sat at her embroidery-frame with ill-disguised apprehension. A most unfortunate move, which I could not hinder, changed the Count's expression. It had been gay, it became gloomy; the face had been red, it became yellow; the eyes vacillated. Then came a new misfortune that I could neither foresee nor repair. M. de Mortsauf himself brought about a cast which settled his fate. He immediately sprang to his feet, threw the table on me, the lamp to the ground, struck the *console* with his fist, and jumped about the drawing-room—I can hardly say that he walked. The torrent of insults, of imprecations, of incoherent phrases which poured out of his mouth would have made one believe the man possessed with a devil, as in the middle ages. I left the room, but he did not perceive it. From the terrace I heard the bursts of his voice coming from his chamber. Through the tempest I heard also the angel's voice, which at intervals rose like the song of a nightingale when the rain is about to cease.

The plain truth was that M. de Mortsauf went out of his mind occasionally, but his madness was mainly due to the absence of self-control in the ordinary habits of his life. Many men who are perfectly sane feel, in certain circumstances, that it would be decidedly a relief to swear hard and smash lamps or upset tables, but they refrain from doing it, partly because to act in that manner would have the effect of lowering them in the opinion of others, but especially because it would lower them in their own. M. de Mortsauf represents a class of men not confined to France, yet certainly, from the national character and the political history of the country, more common in France than elsewhere, who become bitter because circumstances have debarred them from the sort of career which in youth their prospects authorised them to expect. The blighting of expectations from great political vicissitudes has been common in France ever since the first Revolution, and active natures which cannot (or fancy they cannot, which amounts to the same thing), on account of their noble birth, find an outlet for their activity in trade, often grow bitter in some solitude like that of Clochegourde. In the case of M. de Mortsauf, Balzac united the different causes which usually tend most directly to produce bitterness. M. de Mortsauf had spoiled his health irretrievably by early excesses, his manly ambition was completely frustrated by the fall of the party to which he belonged, his fortune was gone, except just enough to allow him to vegetate in idleness, and he had no intellectual occupation to give dignity to his retirement and raise him in his own esteem. Under such circumstances, notwithstanding the beneficent influence of a charming and devoted wife, a man not endowed with much more self-control than is commonly found in Frenchmen would accumulate irritability, which from time to time would burst forth like the Icelandic geysers in sudden jets, hissing hot, and very noisy whilst they lasted. If it is madness, it is a sort of madness to which in circumstances equally trying we should most of us be greatly exposed. M. de Mortsauf had missed the most wholesome discipline of life, that of a worthy career, yet had suffered from life's hardest trials. Who can say what he might have been in times more propitious to men of his class and character? He had had dauntless courage, an unswerving loyalty, a firm faith, and his strong prejudices would have had all the effects of virtues in an earlier state of society. Speaking of his infirmities to their guest, his wife had a glimpse of that better life which might have been:—

Combien de maux a causés l'émigration! Combien de belles existences perdues! Il eut été, j'en suis certaine, un grand homme de guerre, l'honneur de son pays.

STONE ARCHITECTURE IN THE TENTH CENTURY.

IN the last number of the *Archæological Journal* Mr. J. H. Parker has again stirred up a very old controversy which we really thought had been pretty well settled. We had really thought that the notion that "the Saxons" could build nothing at all, or could build nothing but wood, was by this time sleeping quietly in the same limbo as so many other odd superstitions about the early ages of English history. We remember very well when, if any man hinted that King Harold and Earl Leofric could have found masons capable of putting stone and mortar together, he was at once told that, according to Bæda, the Saxons could do nothing better than build churches of logs of wood and cover them with thatch. When a stone church was by some odd chance built among them by a stranger, they wondered at it as something to which they were quite unaccustomed. To be sure when the man who heard all this turned to his Bæda, he found that Bæda was not talking about "Saxons" at all. The people who built the church of wood and covered it with thatch turned out to be Scots of the seventh century, and the people who wondered at the stone church turned out to be Strathclyde Britons of the sixth, and a very obstinate objector might perhaps murmur that these facts could not prove much as to the building powers of Englishmen in the eleventh. The people who argued in this way would have thought it very odd if a statement about the architecture of France in the time of Louis the Eleventh had been thought to be set aside by a statement about the architecture of England in the time of Edward the Confessor, because in such an argument as this the ordinary laws of time and space would have been felt to be of some account. But when it came to the "Saxons," considerations of this kind were no longer thought of. Among the barbarous people who lived in this island before the coming of William the Norman, a difference of four or five hundred years could not be of much importance. It mattered little when they lived, or whether they talked English, Welsh, or Irish, just as little as it mattered at what time they kept Easter, or in what way they shaved the heads of their priests. Nay, as a good many people have believed and put in print that William the Conqueror was sent over hither by Gregory the Great, it might even be thought that among such uncouth people as "Saxons" it could not make much difference whether they worshipped Christ or Wodon. But if any one had got so far in those distant times as to venture to hint at any of these little difficulties, he was at once made short work of by being told that the "Saxon" word for *to build* was *timbrian*. *Timbrian* must have something to do with *timber*, and a people who called building a thing *timbering* it were shown by the very evidence of their language to have built of wood and of nothing else. In those days perhaps few might have been found to answer that *timbrian* is cognate with *δόμος, domus, dominus, dame*—explaining perhaps that mysterious German word *frauenzimmer*—and the *domes* of St. Sophia and St. Paul's. It might have been answered that, if an English church of the tenth or eleventh century was proved to be of wood because it was said to be *timbered*, the minsters of Köln and Milan might be equally proved to be of wood because they were severally called the *Dom* and the *duomo*. Nobody then perhaps was sharp enough for this; but even then people sometimes ventured to hint that the meanings of words did sometimes change, that you could not always strictly infer the meaning of a word from its etymology; but, as they had sometimes heard of a white blackbird, as, in the technical language of architecture itself, they had sometimes heard of "plain Decorated" and "late Early English," so it did not seem absolutely impossible that, by the like caprice of language, a

stone building might be said to be *timbered*. We are talking of times, if not "sixty years since," at least thirty years since. Since then history, and architectural history as part of it, has been more scientifically studied. Professor Willis, to speak of only one name out of many, has, in his histories of Canterbury and Winchester, shown what great works were done in those churches in the tenth century by Odo and Æthelwald severally; and he has shown how at York it is not unlikely that some small fragments of the stone church of Eadwine and Paullinus still abide among the manifold changes of the crypt. The early history of England has been cleared from the darkness which hung over it, and the working of two little sums has thrown no small light on several matters. Instead of the popular belief that all "the Saxons" lived at the same time, a few minutes' handling of the Arabic figures showed that between Augustine and Harold as long a time passed as between Harold and Henry the Eighth, and that between Hengest and Harold as long a time passed as between Harold and Charles the Second. The history of Romanesque architecture has been studied with special care, and has been made perfectly intelligible. The so-called "Saxon style, instead of being looked on as a sort of unaccountable *lusus naturæ*, now takes its place as one variety of Primitive Romanesque, surviving from the days when all Western Europe drew its models from Italy. All this is now well understood. We had thought that the dream that "the Saxons" could build only in wood had gone after the kindred dream that "the Saxons" went naked and stained themselves with woad; we had thought that the belief that Beda and the verb *timbrian* could prove something about English architecture in the tenth or eleventh century had gone the way of the kindred belief that, when Caractacus and his family were brought before Claudius, the Emperor remarked that they were "non Angli sed angeli."

We were therefore a little surprised to find so distinguished an antiquary as Mr. Parker, the chief master of English mediæval domestic architecture, taking the opportunity of a description of the church of St. Mary at Guildford—a building containing some work of Primitive Romanesque—which he has just written in the *Archæological Journal*, to put forth views about this matter which we thought were dead and buried. We must surely, we thought, be listening to the people who went to the Alfred Millennary, or to the people who were so surprised at the *Tellsage* being called a myth, and not to a man of research like Mr. Parker, when we read in 1872 exactly the same sort of thing that we might have read in 1842. Speaking of the tower at Guildford Mr. Parker says:—

> I am aware that many well-informed persons consider the tower as of the time of King Alfred, and this involves the whole question whether the English people were in the habit of building in stone before the eleventh century. I have long since come to the conclusion that they were *not*, and I see no reason to change my opinion. The Anglo-Saxon for the word to build is *tymberen*, which implies that they were accustomed to build in wood only.

For *tymberen* we suppose we should read timbrian, and the *timbrian* argument we think we are pretty well done with already. It comes to much the same as if one were to argue that, among the people who used the mysterious wooden verb, every Ealdorman must have been a man of venerable years, and that no Thegn could have been anything more than a mere servant.

Mr. Parker then goes on to say:—

> I have never been able to find any remains that I could fairly place earlier than the first half of the eleventh century (with a very few exceptions, and excepting the remains of Roman work). Beda's account of the building of Benedict Biscop at Yarrow, and Monks' Wearmouth, in Northumberland, show that they were quite exceptional buildings *in the Roman manner*. The small remains that we have of them are just enough to show that the existing buildings are not of that period, but have been rebuilt in the time of William Rufus, as recorded in the "Durham Chronicle," published by the Surtees Society, and edited by the late Mr. Raine. The construction of the present buildings agrees with that period, and there are some small portions of the earlier building used as old materials and built in.

All this is a little amazing; every one knows that in 676 Benedict Biscop brought masons out of Gaul to build him a stone church after the Roman fashion. But it is rather leaping to a conclusion to make this prove that stone churches were exceptional for the whole time of more than three hundred years afterwards. To go no further, what does Mr. Parker make of the still earlier stone church at York which Eadwine began and which Oswald finished? What does he make of the building of Wilfrith at Ripon, which was of stone and something more?—"Basilica polito lapide a fundamentis in terra usque ad summum ædificata, variis columnis et porticibus suffulta." What about Ealdhelms church at Bradford, which is alive to speak for itself? Then about the churches of Benedict Biscop, we cannot guess where Mr. Parker has read their history. We do not know the *Durham Chronicle* edited by the late Mr. Raine; but we do know Simeon of Durham's History of the Church of Durham, which the Surtees Society is going to publish, but which as yet we have to study in the "Decem Scriptores." There will be found the whole account of the buildings reared by Eadwine, not under William Rufus, but under William the Conqueror, and of those buildings we have had occasion to speak in more than one topographical notice in our own columns. Instead of there merely being "some small portions" of the earlier building used as old materials, there are large portions of the work of 676, and other large portions of the work of 1074, the distinction between which is as plain as any distinction can be. But Mr. Parker is not satisfied with uprooting the earliest buildings of England; he goes on to uproot everything for the space of five hundred years throughout the whole world:—

> In the long interval between the years 500 and 1000 (in round numbers) it appears to have been the general custom in most parts of the world to build in wooden houses, and to use wood almost entirely for other buildings also. In the tenth century we are told by contemporary writers that it was the general belief of the people that the world would come to an end at the year 1000. This led them to erect temporary buildings only, but immediately after that year, when they believed that the world was to last another thousand years, they began vigorously to build in stone, and that very substantially, though rudely at first. There were no masons—no skilled workmen, the people had everything to learn from imitating the Roman buildings then remaining.

Mr. Parker's chronology is beyond us. "The long interval between 500 and 1000"—between Theodoric and Otto the Third—in which men "used wood almost entirely," takes in the building of St. Vital and most of the other buildings at Ravenna; it takes in St. Sophia itself, it takes in Romainmoutier and Lorsch and Aachen; it takes in the beginnings of St. Mark at Venice. These are, to say the least, somewhat important exceptions to the rule by which wood was used almost entirely. The notion that all the Kings, Popes, and Emperors from 500 to 1000 could find nobody to build anything in stone, and that after 1000 men began again to build in stone as a kind of newly recovered art, is about as amazing as anything we ever heard of. But it is almost more amazing when Mr. Parker, after complaining of the badness of the masonry during the first half of the eleventh century, adds,

> These early buildings were for the most part swept away by the Normans.

Mr. Parker in no way confines this sweeping process to England, Apulia, and Sicily. It would seem that through "most parts of the world" the Normans set forth on this errand of destruction. Once, during the reign of Henry the Fourth, "Willelmus Bostar, Rex Anglorum" was certainly looked for at Aachen. We must now suppose that he got there, and that he did a good deal of mischief on the road.

Mr. Parker's notions about the tenth century, as a time when, as he adds in a note, "the art of building in stone had almost died out, and all the other arts were at the lowest possible ebb," sound very funny to one who remembers that these were the times of the Saxon Emperors in the West, of the Macedonians in the East, and in our own land of Æthelstan the Glorious and Eadgar the Peaceful, and when the marriages of Edith and Theophano tied Europe together from Winchester to Constantinople. When Mr. Parker thinks that nothing could have been built, Dunstan was building at Glastonbury, Odo at Canterbury, Æthelwald at Winchester; it was the time of great works at Ely, Ramsey, Worcester, Wells, Fécamp, Beauvais, Koln, Soest, and Aachen—we simply write down names which occur to us without research—buildings many of which were doubtless swept away by the Normans, but which once existed all the same:—

> μόνον γὰρ αὐτὸς καὶ Ζεὺς στερίσκεται
> ἀγίνητα ποιῶν ὅσ' ἂν ᾖ πεπραγμένα.

The whole thing is a dream; the facts are all one way, but Mr. Parker has a theory another way. The only authority that he quotes is the well known passage of Rudolf Glaber, who does not say that nothing was built in the tenth century, but only that a great deal was built in the eleventh. He says that about the year 1003 people began to rebuild the churches, though the existing ones were very good, and did not need to be rebuilt. "Contigit in universo pene orbe, præcipue tamen in Italia et in Galliis, innovari ecclesiarum basilicas, licet plerasque decenter locatio minime indiguissent." His words show that it was a mere fashion, a change of style, a fancy for making things bigger; they quite upset the notion of stone building coming in as something new. Never was a passage more utterly turned away from its natural meaning to support a theory.

The facts of the case are perfectly plain. Buildings are built of such materials as are to be had. In a woody country, wood remains long in use; in a country rich in stone, stone soon supplants it. In Cnut's day a "minster of stone and lime" was remarkable in Essex; a "lignea basilica" was remarkable in Somerset. The like would have been the case long before and long after Cnut's day. Paullinus built a stone church at York; he built a wooden one at Campodunum. At Wilton a stone church supplanted a wooden one in the eleventh century; at Manchester the like happened in the fifteenth. Stone and wood have always been used side by side; but as woods are cleared, as skill increases, wood goes out of use and stone and brick take its place. Stone building never died out; it was not begun again as a new thing in the eleventh century, though the eleventh century was a time of a most remarkable development in point of architectural style.

We should not have gone into all this at length, had not the old dream turned up again in such a quarter as the *Archæological Journal* and in the hands of such a man as Mr. Parker. Mr. Parker in his own line, as the expounder of English manor houses, is hardly inferior to Mr. Clark as the expounder of English castles. But it is plain that he has not made any study of the general history of the world, or of the special history of architecture as part of it.

PROTESTANT PROPAGANDISM IN ROME.

THE bitterness of recent Papal Allocutions may be explained, if not excused, by an aggression which is as novel as it must be provoking, but for which the known zeal of British propagandists ought to have prepared us, if it had not prepared the Papal Court. It was hardly to be expected that, when the civil terrors of the ecclesiastical Government were once repressed, and its authority supplanted, the multiform emissaries of Exeter Hall would deny themselves the luxury of a free excursion into the long-forbidden domains of the Scarlet Woman. But perhaps only Protestant propagandism of a sanguine type ever ventured to anticipate the time when Exeter Hall should be morally transferred to the city of the Popes, and the Vatican itself echo the clamorous assaults of Little Bethel. Pius IX. has suffered many misfortunes and some affronts, but it may well be questioned whether any sorrow or humiliation is comparable to the infliction of witnessing, without the power of resistance or the right of protest, the petty aggressiveness of a Protestant clique within the walls of Rome. Yet it is to this complexion that things have now come. Middle-aged English gentlemen who have ceased to care for the tombs of the Via Appia or the ruins of the Forum, and middle-aged ladies who regard Rome in the same simple light in which it is regarded by Mr. Spurgeon—*i.e.* as the seat of St. Paul's preaching and suffering—hold their little councils together, and proceed to threaten the Papacy with their squeaking penny trumpets. Amid the rattling of tea-cups and the effusiveness of feminine chatter, pet missionaries recount the success of their onslaught on the votaries of the "Man of Sin." In such descriptions, it is needless to say, decency, courtesy, and taste are sacrificed to the exigencies of traditional invective. Moderation is treason to the cause of truth, and a tone of courtesy implies a paltering with the Mystery of Iniquity. The usual strain of anathematization is adopted, and provokes the usual quantity of self-complacency. In this country we know well the flavour of Evangelical rhetoric, but the novelty of its echoes under the walls of St. Peter's is startling, not only to those who remember the former *régime* of Rome, but also to those who have not forgotten the amenities of theological discussion among civilized nations. Last year witnessed a dispute which it was indeed strange to listen to in Rome; but neither the priests nor the Protestants who debated the question of St. Peter's visit to the Eternal City forgot the obligations of mutual civility and good breeding.

On the duty of maintaining even towards obdurate Papists a courteous and tolerant demeanour it would be useless for us to enlarge. But it is not superfluous to point out the impolicy of carrying the virulence of an ignorant Spurgeonism into the schools and lecture-rooms of Rome itself. The cause of Italian education, to say nothing of Italian conversion, is a very grave and interesting cause. It is impossible to exaggerate its importance or its difficulty. And just in proportion as it is difficult and important do the operations of the Protestant zealots seem to be unseasonable and ill-advised. We are not, indeed, aware that there is *prima facie* a special call for them to convert Roman Catholics at all. For, under all circumstances and in all places, the subversion of one kind of faith is more easy than the substitution of another. Many of those who yield a willing ear to Protestant ridicule or denunciation do so because they like to hear the Catholic religion laughed at, not because they desire to put Protestantism in its place. Of the Italian opponents of Romanism a far greater number are actuated by a hatred of all religion than by zeal for a pure religion; of the Italians who last year assembled in Rome to listen to the advocates of ecclesiastical reform, the majority were attracted by the hope of hearing priests and cardinals denounced. Nor would it be difficult to collect a large male audience, from a class far above the lowest, eager to hear the doctrine of supernaturalism derided and the worship of the Virgin scoffed at. But such an audience would have as little faith in the general scope of revelation as it has in modern miracles or the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin. It simply hates and despises the belief of the Catholic and the belief of the Protestant with equal intensity. Now it is such a class as this which listens with unfeigned pleasure, though not with unmixed sympathy, to the teaching of Protestant zealots. It hates priests, and it applauds the denunciation of priests. It disbelieves in the Divine Son, and therefore it scoffs at the Blessed Mother. It echoes the sneers at Papal infallibility, because it disbelieves in Popes, priests, apostles, and evangelists. Such disciples are hardly worth the breath which is spent in flattering their prejudices and their bigotry. But the declamation and the vituperation which tickle the ears of the Italian infidel deeply wound the religious sentiment of the Italian believer. He stands aghast and horrified at the ribald jest which assails the sanctity of the sacraments and the divinity of the Virgin. His whole life has been coloured, his every feeling permeated, by the influence of the supernatural and the unseen. From his infancy he has gazed upon the heavenly beauty of the Mother of the Lord, limned by reverential and cunning hands. He has seen her smile upon his prayers, and felt her protecting power in sickness and sorrow. To tell such a man that he has been worshipping idols, and that the object of his adoration was a mere ordinary woman, differing from other women only as being the accidental vehicle of a new revelation, is to outrage his religious feelings beyond all measure. And yet such is the strong food which the Protestant propagandist expects him to digest. The disgust of the pupil is in proportion to the harshness and crudity of the lesson taught.

Were the only results of Protestant propagandism to abet the infidel tendencies of one class of Italians and to irritate the religious susceptibilities of another, the obvious conclusion would be that the sooner it was discontinued the better. And this would be the true conclusion in this case, were it not for a certain other consideration which gives a wholly different character to the question. There does happen to exist among Italian Catholics a class of persons who, while professing loyal adherence to the general tenor of Catholic doctrine, are alienated from the Church by the mechanical formalism of its rites, the ignorance and irreverence of many of the priesthood, the hateful effects of a sacerdotal polity, and the utter want of spiritual religion among professed believers. These men, less rationalistic than German and less literal than English Protestants, wish to blend with the forms of their own Church some of the more thoughtful and spiritual principles of the Reformed Churches. They wish to diffuse among the people some knowledge of the books which embody the precepts and early history of Christianity, and to substitute for the superstitious acquiescence in existing worship a reasoning and reasonable religion. They wish also to have a higher standard of clerical character and attainment in the priesthood. These men, more common in Northern than in Southern Italy, and approximating more to Teutonic than to Southern sentiment, are possibly the germ of a renewed, if not a new, Catholic Church. If supported and strengthened, they may perhaps eventually do for the Roman Catholic religion that which it was at one time supposed that the Newmans, the Mannings, and other English converts might do, but which they have notoriously not done, in the way of correcting abuses, raising the tone of opinion, and crushing the corrupt formalism, or more corrupt power, of the priesthood. If they succeed in such an enterprise, they will prolong the existence of the Church centuries beyond the date at which it now seems likely to succumb to the forces of hostile scepticism and internal indifference. In such an enterprise they deserve the support of all serious and thoughtful men who believe that religion is not a mere sentimental luxury, and that nations cannot live without a faith. But this support will not come from the ranters of the Tabernacle or the blatant heralds of ultra-Protestant sectarianism. Humility and courtesy are as much as ever the accoutrements of the Christian ministry, and illiterate brawlers no more find now than they did in the days of St. Paul powers of persuasion and conversion in the license of rude and vulgar abuse.

It is to be hoped, then, that the new movement may yet find in its Protestant abettors wise and temperate auxiliaries. There is much to be done in Italy, and not least in Rome, for the education of the people. There are districts where the inhabitants are more savage than they were in the days of the Cæsars. There are districts within no long radius from Rome, wherein boys and girls grow up in a state of barbarism not very unlike that of an African village; and the province of Naples exhibits a condition infinitely worse than that of Rome. It is a grave and unpardonable scandal that an all-powerful Church, which numbered its ministers by tens of thousands, and possessed great social influence, should have allowed so large a portion of its members to vegetate for centuries in such horrible savagery; without belief, without reverence, without humanity, without honesty, without cleanliness, in the blindest ignorance and the most grovelling superstition. This state of things can be rectified only by the efforts of the Church itself; and no successful effort in this direction will be made until a new spirit has created a new organization within its pale. It is competent for earnest and laborious men of catholic sympathies to assist those who, inside the Romish Church, are anxious to reform its abuses and extend its beneficial influence. And, to enable them to do so, it is especially desirable that their efforts should not be cramped by perverse zeal and violence of temper or language. Should their efforts prove fruitless, it will indeed be a sad prospect for Italy. With more than half of her male urban population avowedly infidel, and the bulk of her rural population steeped in barbarous superstition, she will offer only too palpable facilities for the experimental tricks of Communists and Jacobins. With us an uprising of the infidel and anarchical classes would not be without danger in certain centres of population; but the trained intelligence and religious education of the middle and of a section of the lower classes would, together with the traditionary influence of the upper classes, reduce this danger to the narrowest limits. But in Italy, where the Church has lost its hold on the educated men of the upper and middle classes, where the monarchy is new and exotic, where the nobility has no political influence, where the masses are tainted with Mazzinism and scepticism, there are few elements of resistance strong enough to stay the downward impulse. One possible element of safety exists in the devotional tendencies innate in the Italian people. These, often insulted and outraged, and finally estranged, by the ignorance or presumption of priests or by the audacious pretensions of the Vatican, it would still be competent for the enlightened teachers of an uncorrupted faith to revive and enlist in a powerful defence of civilization, religion, and orderly government. But such an effect will not be produced by the prating of self-constituted apostles or the braying literalism of a presumptuous Spurgeonism.

SNOW IN LONDON.

IT is scarcely possible to conceive a more pitiable spectacle than that of a great city like London, with all the appliances of wealth and civilization at command, in a state of abject and miserable degradation and helplessness in consequence of a fall of snow. If snow were an utterly unknown and unprecedented phenomenon, one could perhaps understand it. If London woke one morning to find that an earthquake had shaken open a great gulf between Piccadilly and Charing Cross, or that an avalanche was thundering down Ludgate Hill and blocking up Fleet Street, there might be some reason for surprise and bewilderment. But most of us have a recollection of having seen snow once or twice in our lives. We have ourselves a notion that there are few years in which there is not at least one fall of snow. Yet whenever the snow comes, it seems to be always received as if it were something perfectly novel and never before heard of, and nobody knows what to do with it. Householders are required to clear away the snow from the pavement in front of their houses, and the police appear to be pretty sharp in keeping people up to their duty in this respect. The police can summon disobedient householders, but they have no power over the local authorities who are responsible for the roadways. The snow from the pavement is shovelled into the road, the carts and carriages churn their way through the middle of the highway, and huge banks of snow and mud are thrown up on each side, a terror to pedestrians, and, if they happen to freeze in the night, a danger to wheels. A good deal of snow fell on Sunday last, and all locomotion in the metropolis was almost instantly arrested. The omnibuses and tramways gave up at once, and by midday the cabs also had retired from the hopeless struggle. Next day the greater part of London was still impassable. No man who respected his horses would send them out to plough through the dismal quagmire of dirt and snow. Cabs made a desperate effort to get about with extra horses attached tandem-fashion, but double fares scarcely repaid the wear and tear of horseflesh and vehicles. Happily a quick thaw came to the rescue. If the snow had not melted away of its own accord, there is no saying when it would have been removed. Very likely we shall have some more snow, and if we do, we shall of course have a repetition of the same disgraceful incidents. The management of the roads is one of the darkest mysteries of local government. Important thoroughfares are blocked up for days and weeks, while a little handful of labourers dawdle, with frequent intervals for refreshment, over a bit of work that could easily be finished off, if undertaken in earnest and with a proper staff, in ten or twelve hours. Work of this kind should be done at night or in the early morning, and done as quickly as possible. But somehow contractors are omnipotent and vestries submissive. It would be interesting to know whether the contractors who are paid for cleansing the streets are exempted by a special clause from attempting to do anything in very wet or snowy weather. At ordinary times there is a certain show of doing something; but directly bad weather sets in, and the streets require special attention, they are fairly left to themselves. Day by day the mud or slush accumulates, the slough deepens, and the only hope of relief is a kindly shower. The contractors are evidently fair weather friends; in our time of greatest need no trace of them is to be found. No doubt the snow is a very troublesome thing to dispose of. A correspondent of the *Daily News* has gone into an alarming calculation as to the number of carts that would be required to carry off so many cubic feet of snow. To cart away every particle of snow would certainly be a formidable task; but there is an obvious difference between making a clean sweep of the snow and letting it alone. Even if it is impossible to get rid of it altogether, it might be within the scope of human effort to get rid of a little of it; and for small mercies in that way we should have reason to be thankful.

It is easy to grumble about these things, but it would be too much to expect that any amount of grumbling will bring about a reform. The local authorities are beyond the reach of criticism, and every year there is a monotonous repetition of the old scandals. The amount that is spent by private householders in sixpences and shillings for clearing the snow from the pavement in front of their dwellings would more than suffice, under proper management, to pay for clearing the roadway as well and carting the snow away. All that is wanted is a little organization. A heavy fall of snow produces simultaneously two results. It puts a stop to labour in one direction, and creates a demand for labour in another direction. A great many men, such as bricklayers, navvies, &c., are thrown out of work, just at the moment when the services of such men are wanted to clear away the accumulation of snow from the streets. The poor fellows would be glad of a job, and the public would be glad to incur a moderate expenditure in order to be relieved from an intolerable nuisance. All this has been pointed out over and over again. Every year the old homilies are preached, and it is shown that charity could hardly take a more useful form than the temporary employment of destitute labourers in this manner. Yet somehow nothing is ever done. Here are supply and demand side by side, as if made for each other, and yet there would seem to be no means of bringing them together. One of these days there may possibly be such a thing as a regular system of local government established in London, and it may be hoped that then this matter will receive attention. But all that needs to be done might be done at once by the existing bodies if they had a mind to do it. The town should be divided into districts of reasonable size, each under the charge of an official told off for the purpose. The workhouses would undertake to supply a certain contingent of able-bodied paupers, and if it were known that labourers out of work could obtain a job by putting down their names at the workhouses or the police stations, there would be certain at such a season to be no deficiency of hands. The different gangs would be told off to their work in a systematic manner, the routes they should follow having been carefully considered and decided beforehand; and by midday the town would be, if not absolutely clean, at least in a state of decent order. Part of the snow would be carted away, and the rest would be collected in little heaps at convenient intervals. The expense of the operation would be comparatively small, certainly not more than the separate payments of householders at present; the money thus spent would be a valuable boon to unemployed and destitute labourers; and the health and comfort of the population at large would be greatly promoted. Nothing could be simpler or easier than this; but of course it is much too simple and easy and obvious ever to be done, at any rate in our time. It has been observed that the continuous rains of last autumn and winter helped to cleanse the streets and to keep down the mortality. It might be thought that, for so important an object, London was rich enough to be able to afford a regular supply of water, independently of the rainfall. With the Thames at hand, it should not be very difficult to give London a good washing down every morning before the rush of traffic begins to pass over it. Asphalte streets, well watered, would reduce to a minimum the dissemination of dust and accumulations of dirt, as well as the irritating and wearisome noise of the rolling traffic. Now that Baron Haussmann is at leisure, it is a pity his experience cannot be turned to account in the English capital. The management of the chief thoroughfares of Paris in the Baron's time was certainly as nearly perfect as anything that can be imagined. The luxury of clean streets is one that London would find well worth paying for. As it is, a modern Gay might sing

> The toils, the perils of the wintery town,

and have no difficulty in obtaining materials for a second "Trivia."

The snow-fall of Sunday brought with it one rather startling result, which did not tend to restore the cheerfulness of the community. To turn from the dismal and depressing scene out of doors, the heaps of dirty snow, the slough of slush and mud, the staggering horses and shivering pedestrians, to the bright and clear fire, was a natural impulse with such as had fires to turn to; but the contemplation of the grate was deprived of much of its pleasantness by the sudden and tremendous rise in the price of coal. Eight shillings a ton is rather an alarming advance in a single day. Coals which not long ago were twenty shillings a ton are now forty-eight, and it is doubtful whether even this high price may not be exceeded. To some extent the increased cost of delivering coals when the ground is thick with snow justified a rise in price; but the principal reason was simply that the coal-owners had absolute command of the market, and could do as they liked. Snowy weather always produces a greater consumption of coal; and it was probably foreseen that an advance of prices, so far from checking the demand, would be likely to stimulate it, by creating a sort of panic, and frightening people into buying coals at once lest the price should go up still higher. There can be no doubt that the calculation was a sound one, and showed a shrewd knowledge of human nature. A moderate rise would have had little effect, but a jump of eight shillings all at once has fluttered the community, and filled it with vague fears of an approaching coal famine. There is of course a bitter outcry against the "extortions" of the coal-owners and dealers, and a demand has been raised for an official inquiry into the causes of the scarcity and dearness of coals. As far as the dealers are concerned, they are, we suspect, not altogether to be envied. These sudden changes of price disturb all their calculations, and make the trade risky and uncertain. It appears that it is not usual to keep large stocks of coal in London, and the dealers are therefore at the mercy of the owners, and are liable to suffer from unexpected fluctuations of price as well as their customers. The losses of the last week or so must, however, have been a small set-off against the large profits which the dealers have been previously making. The colliery owners, of course, are simply exercising their legal right to get the best price they can for their goods. They have a right to conduct their business in their own way, and it would be absurd to have an official investigation into circumstances the nature of which is sufficiently plain and obvious. The recent strikes have given the colliery proprietors a partial monopoly of the market supply of coal, as little is coming from the pits, and the market is fed mainly from stocks on hand. This limitation of the supply is for the moment akin to that which would be occasioned by an exhaustion of the coal measures. It seems to be not improbable that the disturbance of industry through the strikes of the miners will lead to the substitution of machinery for manual labour to a great extent in mining operations. A machine for coal-cutting, invented by Sir W. Armstrong, has had a year's practical trial, and is pronounced satisfactory. It will be more useful for the public to consider what it can do for itself in the way of economizing fuel than to expend its vexation in idle denunciations of any class of tradesmen. It is admitted that the ordinary English fireplace is wasteful and extravagant in the consumption of coal, but there is naturally a perplexing difference of opinion

as to the best kind of grate or stove to be substituted. And in any case a domestic revolution of this nature is not to be accomplished all at once. Even if householders could make up their minds what to do, only a small minority of them have power to carry out their wishes in the houses in which they live, and which usually belong, not to themselves, but to their landlords. The dearness of coal may possibly give an impulse to the manufacture of artificial fuel, in which coal-dust can be utilized with other materials. It is doubtful, however, whether there is anything more really economical than good coals, if carefully used in a fireplace of proper construction.

CRIMINAL LIABILITY FOR COLLISION.

THE Spanish Consul has appealed to the generosity of the English people, and has asked us to suspend our judgment upon the captain and crew of the *Murillo* until the facts of her alleged collision with the *Northfleet* have been thoroughly investigated. It might be answered that England will be generous in the expectation that Spain will be just. Let the truth be ascertained, and let the universal law of humanity be applied, and then not only England, but all the civilized world, which has an interest in this matter, will be satisfied. It may be remarked, however, that the circumstances to which the Spanish Consul has particularly adverted do not seem favourable to his clients. The "special features of the locality" are, or ought to be, tolerably familiar to all ships which frequent English ports. The *Northfleet* was anchored in a berth suitable for her size, and it is notorious that in such weather the roadstead in which she was lying is likely to be fully occupied. A ship which approaches a well-known anchorage at night is bound to use caution. It is like the act of letting off a gun at random, which would be harmless on an open common, but culpable in a crowded street. Undoubtedly circumstances combined to render the collision particularly disastrous, but it is therefore all the more to be lamented that the authors of the calamity did not do their utmost to mitigate it. If perfect order had prevailed, the boats of the *Northfleet* might have been utilized to their full capacity. But one of them pushed off in such a hurry that a plug-hole was left open in her bottom which nearly sunk her. The question asked last week as to the omission of signal guns has been answered. There was a gun on board, but the sponge stuck in it and the screw which should have extracted the sponge broke. But perhaps guns would have obtained no more attention than rockets. From various accidents the help which was not far distant did not come in time, but that is no excuse for the means of help which were actually on the spot being withdrawn.

In order to ascertain what may be reasonably expected from a foreign court of justice, it may be useful to inquire how our own courts would deal with such a case as that of the running down of the *Northfleet*. Now common sense and law agree in this, that there may be a culpable neglect of duty which would amount to what the law calls manslaughter. Thus a manager of a mine neglected to cause an "air-heading" to be put up, and an explosion of fire-damp occurred. The jury in that case were told that if they were satisfied that it was the plain and ordinary duty of the prisoner to have caused an air-heading to be made, and that a man using reasonable diligence would have done it, and that by the omission the death of the deceased occurred, they ought to find the prisoner guilty of manslaughter. In another case the prisoner was an engineer, and his duty was to manage a steam-engine employed for the purpose of drawing up miners from a coal-pit; and when the skip containing the men arrived at the pit's mouth his duty was to stop the revolution of the windlass, so that the men might get out. He deserted his post, leaving the engine in charge of an ignorant boy, who declared himself incompetent to manage it. The boy superintended the raising of two skips from the pit with success; but on the arrival at the pit's mouth of a third, he was unable to stop the engine, and, the skip being drawn over the pulleys, one of the men was thrown down the shaft of the pit and killed. Lord Campbell, who tried this case, declared his clear opinion that a man might, by neglect of duty, render himself liable to be convicted of manslaughter. In another case, the prisoner was a bankman at the top of a shaft of a colliery, where there was an engine and ropes to send down bricks and materials in a bucket. The buckets were run on a truck on to a movable stage over half of the area of the top of the shaft, and then the bucket was attached and lowered, the stage being removed. The prisoner had omitted to put the stage on the mouth of the shaft, and in the absence of the stage a bucket with a truck ran along the tramroad, fell down the shaft, and killed a man. The prisoner was found guilty of manslaughter. Lord Campbell said, "It was the duty of the prisoner to place the stage on the mouth of the shaft, and the death of the deceased was the direct consequence of the omission of the prisoner to perform his duty." In an earlier case it had been said that, in order to make the captain of a vessel guilty of manslaughter in causing a person to be drowned by running down a boat, proof of a mere omission on his part to do the whole of his duty is not sufficient. But there is no authority for the position that without an act of commission there can be no manslaughter; and, "on the contrary, the general doctrine seems well established that what constitutes murder being by design and malice prepense, constitutes manslaughter where arising from culpable negligence."

Cases decided forty years ago may not be trustworthy guides as to what would be held to be sound law at the present day. But it is useful to see how facts have been viewed by judges and juries, and therefore we will refer to the trial of a captain and pilot of a steamboat at the Old Bailey in the year 1835 for manslaughter of a person who was on board a smack by running the smack down. The running down was attributed to improper steerage of the steamboat, arising from there not being a man at the bow to keep a look-out at the time of the accident. It was proved that there was a man on the look-out when the vessel started, about an hour previous to the accident. According to one witness, the captain and pilot were both on the bridge between the paddle-boxes. According to another witness, the pilot was alone on a paddle-box. It was held that, under these circumstances, there was not such personal misconduct on the part of either the captain or the pilot as to make them guilty of felony. "It is difficult," said one of the judges, "to make felony out of a negligent act of omission, unless the party is bound by law to do the act omitted, as providing food for a child of tender years." This difficulty, as we have already shown, has been to a great extent surmounted by judges in more recent years. But still there is much force in the remark of the judges who tried the case to which we are referring. "Supposing," said one of them, "the captain had put a man at the bow and gone to lie down, and the man had walked away, do you mean to say the captain would be criminally responsible?" The collision occurred within an hour after the steamer started, but still the judges admitted that the captain might lawfully take repose. "A captain cannot be personally active himself for the whole twenty-four hours." It is not intended to suggest that a prosecution of the captain of the steamer which ran down the *Northfleet* would end as this prosecution did, but only to indicate the difficulties which are likely to arise.

Our knowledge of the circumstances of this collision is hardly sufficient to enable us to determine how far the principles above enunciated would be applicable. It was said at the Old Bailey nearly forty years ago, in a case to which reference has been already made, that if there be sufficient light, and the captain of a steamer is either at the helm or in a situation to be giving the command, and does that which causes the injury, he is guilty of manslaughter. There are cases in which the responsibility must either be divided between the captain and the pilot of a ship, or the whole of it must be transferred to the pilot under whose charge the ship has been placed. But we hear nothing of a pilot being on board the *Murillo*. The officer in command of her was a Spaniard, and it may be suspected that he was not thoroughly acquainted with the English coast. If he was on deck, and if the *Northfleet* carried her riding-light, as the witnesses say she did, it would be difficult to acquit him of that degree of culpable negligence which in law constitutes the crime of manslaughter. But it might turn out that he had gone below; and even if we assume that he ought to have been on deck, yet he could hardly be criminally responsible for that which happened in his absence. It is not like the case of the man who left a steam-engine in charge merely of a boy. The captain of a ship is clearly not bound to be always on deck. It is of course possible that criminal liability, if thus avoided by the captain, might devolve on somebody else. But we thus enter upon a wide inquiry. The matter which has affected the public mind is not so much the collision, which after all might turn out to be an example merely of gross carelessness involving civil liability, but the neglect of the offending ship to render assistance to the sufferers. There is a clause in the Merchant Shipping Act of 1862 which provides that, in case of collision between two ships, it shall be the duty of the person in charge of each ship to render to the other ship such assistance as may be practicable, and as may be necessary in order to save them from any danger caused by the collision. If the *Northfleet* had been run down by an English ship and left to her fate, the captain of that ship would have been liable to the modest penalty of losing his certificate. This apparently is all the punishment that could be inflicted on him by our law, and we could hardly complain on finding that the law of another country is not more severe. The breach of a statutory duty is generally a misdemeanour punishable by fine or imprisonment, but here the penalty of loss of certificate which is imposed appears to exclude any other. Parliament will probably consider whether some more severe punishment ought not to be appointed for any British captain who should imitate the conduct of the destroyer of the *Northfleet*. We ought at least to do as much ourselves as we expect from others.

IRRIGATION IN NORTHERN INDIA.

OUR surest title to Indian empire must rest in the willing acquiescence of the masses subject to us, and it will be the best safeguard against agitations fomented by our neighbours should we persuade the native races that they are distinct gainers by our rule. It is very likely that intelligent natives are better informed as to the progress of works of public utility in India than ordinary English politicians. Hindus and Mussulmans are keenly alive to all that goes on around them; Englishmen are inclined to fancy that things in Hindustan are very much as they used to be. The English in India were too long inactive in this direction. A merchants' Company based a policy of consistent aggression on extremely plausible pleas of self-defence. A series

of quarrels and their consequences were perpetually extending an elastic and ill-defined frontier line, and a Government that was generally at war had little time or thought or money to spare for the works of peace. We established order, to be sure, together with a system of justice which was an infinite improvement on any that had preceded it. So far the people found themselves in easier circumstances, and the increasing revenues which they were called upon to contribute pressed far more lightly on them than the larger exactions of earlier times. Yet Hindustan still preserved its old traditions, and, above all, its primitive methods of farming its scorched soil. There was wanton waste in the magnificent forests; teak and sahl trees which could not be replaced in the course of generations fell indiscriminately before the axe of the villager. Tanks that had been built by the munificence of Mogul Emperors, or by such of their more enlightened feudatories as lavished treasure beyond the precincts of the palace and zenana, were suffered to fall into disrepair. The ruin of the tanks, with the diminution of the rainfall consequent on the wholesale devastation of forests, seriously aggravated the scarcity of water which had always been the bane of India. The public works we had undertaken in our fighting days were undertaken mainly from a military point of view, and the country owed the vast improvement in its means of communication chiefly to strategical considerations. Latterly, however, the Government has taken wider views of its responsibilities; admitting that the prosperity of its subjects is indissolubly bound up with its own, it has committed itself to an enlightened policy of "permanent improvements." The forests have been placed in charge of regular commissioners, whose subordinates are carefully trained in schools of forestry formed upon German models. Above all, attention has been directed to economizing and regulating the water supply by the construction of works of canalization and irrigation on a grand scale; and the other day Colonel Greathed, chief engineer of irrigation to the North-Western provinces, read an exhaustive paper on the subject before the Institution of Civil Engineers.

Although minute in its details as to the irrigation works completed, in progress, or in contemplation, the paper was very comprehensive in its range and exceedingly picturesque in its manner of treatment. Not only did Colonel Greathed explain the conditions of climate and soil in Hindustan generally, indicate the average amount of rainfall in the various zones or districts, and dwell on the available water supply that might be obtained by utilizing the river system; but he presented a graphic sketch of the severe struggles of the native cultivators to gain their living and raise their crops in the face of difficulties that are often insuperable. Yet, with all its darker shades, his picture would have been far more gloomy had he not been able to contrast the past with the prospects of the future. It seems strange that we should hitherto have done so little to remedy such a state of things, when the remedy might have been applied so easily and so much to the advantage of an embarrassed treasury. For, if India suffers from scarcity of water, it suffers too from its occasional excess. The famines that depopulate provinces, bringing terrible epidemics in their train, succeed sometimes to inundations as well as to protracted droughts. The duration of the annual rainfall varies greatly, from the Eastern shores of the Bay of Bengal where rain is abundant to the remoter inland plains on the Ganges where the climate is exceptionally dry. It is often possible to store the rain in sufficient quantities to provide against the ensuing drought; and where that is impracticable, water enough may be drawn from the rivers that have their sources among the melting snow-fields of the Himalayas. Unhappily, when nature is left to herself, those melting snows for the most part run to waste, and the Ganges and the Jumna are at their lowest during the driest season of the year. In the months of April, May, and June, during the prevalence of the warm Westerly winds, "vegetation of unwatered plants seems to be suspended." The peasants wait with impatience the advent of the South-West monsoon, when the rain clouds come travelling slowly up the course of the Ganges. Undue delay means injury, and possibly absolute ruin, to all the hopes of the year. Even the hardier Indian corn and millet, which form the staple food of the population, depend in great measure on the early arrival and on the abundance of the rains. On the great North-Western plains, where the whole rain of the year sometimes comes down in a fortnight, the ordinary crops are often utter failures, while the more valuable ones, such as sugar and indigo, depend entirely on artifical irrigation. Even those who live in the immediate vicinity of water can derive but little advantage from their situation; a single landowner can hardly water his own portion of land to much purpose. We are informed, for example, that fifteen lakes in Bundilcund only irrigate at present 1,300 acres. Elsewhere the cultivators depend almost entirely on the primitive plan of well-sinking. On the plains water is usually to be found at a depth of from ten to fifty feet. Where the springs are near the surface, the wells may be sunk cheaply, and may be kept open, although only lined with brushwood. When driven to more considerable depths, brickwork must be used for the lining, and the cost, rising from 15*l.* to 30*l.*, becomes practically prohibitory. But when water from the great rivers can be led in a variety of channels all about those arid plains, it will often turn the baked and crumbling sand into rich and productive loam; it will secure to the husbandman a return which has hitherto been worse than precarious, and will save him money and money's worth, although he should pay a very considerable price for the water provided him by an irrigation Company. When this water is once made sure to him, he need never have a succession of lean years to swallow up the profits of the fatter ones, and he may select the most profitable crops in place of falling back upon the hardier products which are best fitted to withstand protracted droughts. The Government, on the other hand, by undertaking works which can only be carried out on a fitting scale by means of combination and ample capital, reclaims semi-deserts that support with difficulty a population of paupers, and covers the land with a contented and industrious peasantry. Above all, while providing cheap facilities of transport for produce and persons, while drawing off superfluous water that might otherwise come down in floods or stagnate and generate malaria, it provides against the periodical recurrence of famine; and, finally, it makes the whole thing pay very handsomely. This last important point being placed beyond all dispute, there seems no reason why a beneficent and remunerative system of irrigation should not be carried out almost indefinitely.

Already in those North-Western provinces which have come specially under Colonel Greathed's supervision irrigation has made highly satisfactory progress. We shall not attempt to give a catalogue of the various systems contemplated or carried out, of which the Ganges and the Jumna are to be the chief feeders. But we may state briefly what Colonel Greathed says of one or two of the leading canals, as indicating the scale on which these irrigation schemes are undertaken. Works consisting mainly of excavation are scarcely likely to be so lasting as massive constructions in stone or brick; yet the Great Ganges Canal might almost take rank with some of those mighty memorials which the Roman Empire has left behind it. The full capacity is 6,500 cubic feet of water in a second; its width of bed on the Solani Aqueduct, eighteen miles from its head, is 164 feet, while its depth is 10 feet. We may remark that the breadth of the Suez Canal is 162 feet; that of the New North Sea Canal 165. The main channel is 348 miles in length, and is navigable throughout; the branches are 306 miles; the distributories 3,071 miles. A carriage road, shaded by timber trees, is kept up along the banks of the main and branch canals. The canal irrigates three-quarters of a million of acres, supplying upwards of five thousand villages; in other words, an area of 320 miles by 50. It is estimated that a water system which shall irrigate the whole country between the Ganges and Jumna may be completed for 5,000,000*l.* sterling, and will return twelve per cent. on the capital. The Agra Canal, intended to irrigate the districts on the Jumna below Agra, will be completed in the course of the present year; while an Eastern Ganges Canal, to be constructed for the benefit of the plains to the east of the great river, will supply, it is calculated, a district of 450,000 acres. The undertakings we have referred to are far from exhausting the list given by Colonel Greathed, although we may have said enough to give some idea of what is being done for Northern India. Broadly speaking, the Government schemes may be said to embrace the whole upper country, extending to the kingdom of Oude and to the Punjab. Taking the year all round, there is water enough in the rivers to irrigate the vast area of their basins; and even from the point where the canals are made to tap them, there is fall sufficient to enable the engineers to command the water with comparative ease. We should imagine that greater hydrostatic difficulties will be encountered where the necessity for intervention is most urgent—in the deltas formed by such unbridled torrents as the Mahanuddy, which flood the low lands by the sea in famine-haunted provinces like Orissa. There the territory has been devastated from time immemorial; much of it lies under stagnating backwater or great deposits of *débris*, and the rivers are absolutely unnavigable. Very possibly the cost of the necessary works would hardly pay a moderate interest. Yet the Government will doubtless feel it urgent to deal with these districts, subordinating pecuniary considerations to more pressing ones; and a return of twelve per cent. obtained elsewhere should furnish the means without any undue strain on the Treasury. Increased harvests in the Upper Provinces will bring little benefit to isolated districts like some of those in Orissa, unless facilities are provided for transporting to them the superabundance of more favoured regions. In the last famine there was abundance of grain in Bengal, could it only have been delivered where the people were starving. But as the Indian Government has shown itself so much in earnest, and as its schemes promise so well pecuniarily, we may give it credit for resolution to persevere. Perhaps we may best estimate its enterprise and energy by contrasting what it has undertaken among Orientals with whom it had to take the initiative with the backwardness of the authorities in the countries of Southern Europe. We need not go so far as Greece or Turkey. Spain and Italy have much in common with our Indian dominions. They have their short but heavy rains, and their long dry seasons. They have rivers and torrents which would make invaluable servants, but which are suffered to become arbitrary and tyrannical masters. This very winter some of the richest districts in Italy have been submerged because there had been unusually heavy rains in the plains and a warm season had melted the snow in the mountains. Next summer the water that has been permitted to break loose would have done excellent service, had it only been stored or held in reserve. Yet irrigation has been sufficiently practised in Lombardy to encourage its development in a country that counts upon its natural resources for relieving its embarrassed finances. So in Spain, where the Cuban war is draining the exhausted treasury, the irrigation concessions granted to foreigners previously to the last revolution have been permitted to lapse in consequence

of other preoccupations. Really when we compare the lot of our Indian subjects with that of the people who live under the boasted civilizations of Europe, we may say, "O fortunati nimium si sua bona nôrint."

SOCIETY AND POLITICS IN FIJI.

THE blessings of civilization, including newspapers, are abundantly enjoyed by the white and coloured subjects of King Cacobau. We are happy to learn that in distant Fiji the contest between the *Times* and the *Gazette* proceeds exactly in the manner of polemical journalism in England. The community of which Levuka is the capital desires to become subject to Queen Victoria, but we hardly see how its condition can be improved by annexation. It has nearly everything that we have, and the identical advertisements with which we are too familiar at home occupy a prominent place in the *Fiji Times*. All the people of any consideration have "Esq." after their names; a supply of Worcester Sauce is kept at a store in the town, and the Ladies of Levuka are organizing a grand charitable fête. There are many Conservatives in England who honestly believe that Mr. Gladstone holds office simply because he would starve without his official salary; and we find that the politics of Fiji are viewed from an equally personal point of view. A correspondent states that the Chief Secretary took office under pledges of retrenchment and reform, but "his aim was the 500*l.* per annum." His plantation being a failure, it was necessary to his very existence to grasp a Ministerial salary, and to sacrifice the best interests of his country for the sake of his pocket. Let us hope that the Chief Secretary does not regard this kind of thing any more than Mr. Gladstone. The correspondent strongly urges annexation to England as a means at once of shelving the Chief Secretary, and of obtaining "substantial and immediate benefit and prosperity to all" in Fiji. We should feel more flattered by the compliment conveyed to England if we did not apprehend that England would have to pay for it. But obviously one of the first consequences of annexation would be the introduction of a Fiji loan upon our stock-market. It is not wonderful that Fiji should desire to share the benefit which is so freely bestowed on Australia and New Zealand. "Our credit would be increased if we had a really powerful government." It is thus that annexation is recommended, and the argument has considerable force. Trade is depressed, and the cause is said to be an absence of confidence in the stability of the country and in the security of investments. There is not sufficient capital in Fiji, and trade languishes for want of it. If this be a true description of the country, the settlers in it may reasonably desire to be annexed to England, and English statesmen might perhaps incline to gratify the desire. We express no opinion as to the expediency of annexation, but we venture to say that the possibility of incurring an annual outlay ought not to deter us from it. This country owes something to the world, and if civilization is really likely to be promoted by our help to Fiji, we ought not to withhold it. If the civilization it now enjoys is not altogether a lovely spectacle, we ought at least to own that it too faithfully reproduces many features of our own society. The existing Government, after a year and half of trial, have not succeeded in creating that sense of security which would invite enterprise and capital. Immigration has fallen off, and the price of land does not advance. Under English rule banks would be established; the planter could get advances in cash on the security of his produce, and could thus pay off the storekeeper and buy afterwards in the cheapest market. The soil and climate are good, but capital and labour are greatly wanting. As regards capital, it can hardly be doubted that it would be attracted under English rule; but the importation of labour might occasion difficulties. We all know that the ideas of Fiji planters on this subject are not quite in harmony with our own. But as the importation of so-called free labour is certain to proceed, this country would perhaps do well to assume the power to regulate it creditably.

On the whole it appears possible that annexation may take place, and perhaps it is in view of this eventuality that His Majesty King Cacobau occupies such a very subordinate place in the columns of the newspapers of his capital. We had looked through several numbers of the *Fiji Times* before it occurred to us to observe that it contained nothing similar to the "Court Circular" among ourselves. The insecurity of property on plantations and the imbecility of the King's Ministers are the topics on which the *Times* enlarges. But perhaps if we had the *Gazette* at hand we should learn that property is safe, trade lively, and the Ministers all that Mr. Gladstone appears in the columns of the *Daily Telegraph*. We might even be able to learn from the organ of the Government what has become of the King. The only reference we have found to him is a paragraph which mentions that a great number of his subjects residing in his immediate neighbourhood are unable to pay their taxes. It appears that these defaulters are liable to be hired to planters for compulsory labour. But the local authority has no native police adequate to arresting five or six hundred men, and it is recommended that white police should be sent from Levuka for the purpose. If this be a fair sample of the condition of the country, the time has really come for intervention, if any Power can be found to intervene. Here in England we have contemplated an enlargement of our gaols for the reception of offenders under the Licensing and Ballot Acts. But it appears that in Fiji the bulk of the native population require attention from the police. It is stated that in certain districts the natives refuse to work for the white men unless they are paid in coin. "They will not take paper money on any account." They have not made any effort to get money ready against the time when the tax-collector shall go round, "and they appear quite careless and indifferent on the subject," as we should think they might safely be. The local government of Levuka seems as unsatisfactory as the general government of the country. "A deputation waited upon his Worship the Mayor to ask him to resign." His Worship promised to give an explanation to the ratepayers. "After the customary amenities to the Mayor, the deputation retired." We must express our unqualified admiration of the manners of Fiji, and indeed as regards politeness we fear that even a Governor selected from the aristocracy of England could teach them nothing. To invite a Mayor to resign and at the same time to pay him the "customary amenities" would seem to require the refined courtesy which is said to be almost extinct among ourselves. With a bankrupt treasury, an incompetent Ministry, and all the natives except the police deserving to be put in gaol, it is certainly rather hard upon the people of Fiji to receive weekly "warnings" in a style with which we are familiar. But in every newspaper that we have seen Dr. Smith of Victoria has a column to himself. If the physical constitutions of the people are going to the bad so rapidly as Dr. Smith represents, it can really matter little whether their political constitution is likely to last a few years more or less. A curious advertisement appears under the title of "lawyer's arts," which may be reckoned with quack medicines among the blessings of civilization already enjoyed by Fiji. The advertiser desires to remark upon an advertisement which has already appeared, that it is distinguished by that mendacity which is characteristic of the advisers of the person whose signature it bears. As soon as leisure will permit, the advertiser will thoroughly expose the barefaced falsehood of what we should call in England "the other side." These perhaps are the kind of "amenities" that were offered to the Mayor.

The exposure of the weakness and insolvency of Government is renewed in almost every page. A correspondent writes that the present concern cannot stand. To contend that it can is like arguing that a steam-engine can work without fuel. There is no money in the Treasury and no means of getting any. "A friend of mine presented a dollar-note to the Treasurer a few days since, and could not get the silver for it. The Treasurer and his clerks declared that there were not four shillings in the safe." We cannot help thinking that, if this be so, the Chief Secretary has been unjustly accused of sticking to his place for the sake of a salary which he is very unlikely to get paid. When it comes to dishonouring a dollar-note, the suspension of cash payments had better be definitively announced. As the correspondent puts it, much more forcibly than we could do, "If the Treasurer of a nation cannot jingle four shillings together, it is pretty near time to put up the shutters." It occurs to us that the kingly office, however honourable, can scarcely be lucrative in Fiji, so perhaps King Cacobau would be prepared to accept moderate compensation on its abolition. "No money in the Treasury, no means of getting any, the country flooded with useless paper, the natives and whites all over the group refusing to pay taxes, the bubble must burst." We should think it must; but if there is another side to this picture, we should like to see it exhibited in the columns of the *Gazette*. The provincial collectors of taxes have no boats, the rugged nature of the country forbids walking, and, as the correspondent forcibly puts it, the Government cannot expect them to swim, even if they were likely to catch defaulters by that method of pursuit, which we think improbable. It might be interesting to hear the opinion of the highest authority, Mr. Lowe, on this difficulty of the Fijian Chancellor of Exchequer. If there is any balance at the command of that officer, it is manifestly a floating one. The natives laugh in derision when the collectors speak of taxes, and indeed, if they are prepared for swimming, they might recall to the mind of a despairing collector the proverbial difficulty of taking breeches off a highlander. In one case an "enterprising and generous" settler offered his own boat to the collector "to try a last hopeless experiment of getting a few pounds from the natives," but the natives carried away the boat, and the owner of it has a claim for the value of it upon the Government, which may be described as a particularly bad debt. All things considered, it is difficult to believe that, unless help comes from without, society will not soon resolve itself into its pristine elements in Fiji.

THE OLD MASTERS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

IV.

WE have received a letter from Mr. Crowe on behalf of himself and his fellow-labourer, M. Cavalcaselle, which states that since the year 1864, the date of the English edition of the *History of Painting in Italy*, they have seen "The Assumption" (191), by Sandro Botticelli, and accordingly have been able to insert a full description of the picture in the more recent German edition of their work now in course of publication. We have further to

attention, with Gregorio Schiavone, a disciple of Squarcione and a companion of Mantegna. The name "Mosca" in the Academy Catalogue is taken solely from "a fly" painted on the picture, and supposed to be the artist's monogram.

We have reserved for a concluding paper "the deceased masters of the British School." We confess that it was not without some misgiving that we found four years ago our English artists placed in immediate competition with the greatest painters of all time. A safer, though a more timid, course would have been to keep them apart in a separate room. We have now every reason to be satisfied that the bolder line was taken, and that our modern art was placed in immediate juxtaposition with the old. The challenge thrown down has not been followed by defeat; neither side is seriously worsted; indeed the contest for supremacy ends as a drawn battle. In many points the ancients have the advantage, but in some directions the moderns win. For instance, there can be little doubt that within the present century the literal study of nature has been pushed further than at any prior period. Thus landscape painting has found novel developments in recent times. But the chief reason why English art suffers so little in competition is that the leading masters of our school, especially in its early stage, have modelled themselves on great historic examples, and have fashioned their works according to the immutable laws which govern all art alike. Thus the pictures of Wilson and the earlier landscapes of Turner show no antagonism to the compositions of the Italian masters. For like reasons the portraits of Reynolds make themselves quite at home among the sitters of Vandyck, Titian, and Antonio More; indeed Reynolds, Romney, and Gainsborough form a triad which has never been equalled at home or abroad since the time when Vandyck, Rubens, and Velasquez were contemporaries. There are, too, some minor considerations which favour our earlier painters; the notion, for example, had not died out that dark canvases are grand, that deep shadows have a mysterious meaning, that classic columns and massive draperies are stately. Modern pictures composed on such ideas are sure to agree sufficiently well with the old masters; they are in fact not too modern, and frequently the change in fashion and costume, as well as the sobering tones which time sweeps across a canvas, serve still further to remove the figures from that immediate present which cannot but clash harshly with the shadowy past. But the very reason why certain modern pictures are not bad company for works more than twice their age may be taken as a warning not to admit products unmitigated in modernism. Thus it would not be politic to multiply indefinitely such span-new canvases as "Beatrice knighting Esmond" (202), though the work is one of the very best that the late Augustus Egg ever painted. The preceding apology for our English school would be unfairly onesided did we not candidly confess that modern art again proves in these annual competitions inferior to the older schools in reach of imagination, in grasp of intellect, in philosophic insight, and in religious aspiration. Occasionally it is true that Fuseli, Barry, and even Reynolds made futile efforts to soar to high art, but evidently the authorities in Burlington House have a wholesome dread of proclaiming the incapacity of their deceased brethren. The English school is strongest when it is simplest, and the selection has wisely been made accordingly.

The portrait of Mrs. Hogarth, the daughter of Sir James Thornhill (40), lent by Mr. Heugh, recalls the anecdote that one day, when the lady was sitting to her husband, she remarked, "It is one thing, my dear, to scribble about beauty, but quite another to paint it." Which reference to Hogarth's *Analysis of Beauty* gave occasion to Garrick's smart repartee, "I suppose he writes from his own ideas, and paints from his wife." A portrait of Mrs. Hogarth, also by her husband, was lent by Mr. Adye in 1867 to the Exhibition of National Portraits. Neither work is quite at the artist's best.

Walpole pronounces as "most admirable" Sir Joshua's least unsuccessful attempt at high art, "Count Ugolino and his Children in the Dungeon" (46). Northcote remarks that this painting assumed its historic aspect by accident. A study from White, a well-known model, was seen in the studio by Burke and Goldsmith, who at once were struck with its fitness for the Ugolino of Dante's *Inferno*. Reynolds immediately had the canvas enlarged—a fact now of easy verification in the Academy—in order to make space for the starving children. The picture was finished in 1773, when Reynolds had entered on his fiftieth year, and the work formed a chief attraction in the fifth Exhibition of the then newly created Academy. The surface is cracked, and the colours have darkened; but, compared with the ruin that has overtaken other of the artist's works, the canvas has suffered little. The fault of this eminently tragic scene of starving despair, which haunts one like a nightmare, is its want of dignity and elevation; the figures do not rise above common nature, and thus the style belongs to the period of decadence; in other words, it is founded on the Carracci, who are known to have exerted undue influence over Reynolds. The execution, too, is far from the artist's best, as may be judged by comparison of the clumsy handling bestowed on the starving Ugolino and his sons with the delicate touch and exquisite gradations of tones in the portrait in the adjoining room of "Lady Elizabeth Keppel" (88). There can be no doubt that the painter's true sphere was portraiture. The head of Ugolino is unsatisfactory because imagination does not transmute the portrait of White, the beggar-born model, into a Dantesque creation; the same model served for "The Banished Lord" in the National Gallery, but the beggar always remained. Much more in the artist's true line is a portrait exhibited in the Academy in 1772 of "Miss Meyer" in the character of Hebe (39). This graceful little girl, guided by the eagle, glides up a rainbow path towards the sky. Reynolds had a pretty fancy; indeed his works might serve in illustration of the oft-made distinction between adaptive fancy and creative imagination. In the painting of children, where fancy with taste and tenderness has free play, he is almost without compare. Gainsborough, who in these exhibitions always runs close upon his rival, is scarcely an equal in a "Rustic Portrait of a Young Lady" (53). Yet perhaps Reynolds is never quite so simple and unsophisticated; for instance, he would scarcely have ventured to delineate, as here, without added graces, "a young lady" as a poor peasant girl gathering sticks; and he certainly would not have thrown in as her surroundings so truthful a transcript of field and wold. How sensitive an eye Gainsborough had for nature, when simple and unadorned, may be seen in a "Landscape, with Cattle" (51). Neither Crome, Cotman, nor Cuyp was ever more warm and liquid in sunset glow. Burlington House contains several noteworthy examples of the distinctive ways in which landscape was made to bear upon portraiture by the three great portrait-painters of the period—Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Romney. "Mrs. Abington the Actress" (3), "The Portrait of Miss Leigh" (59), and "The Portrait of Mrs. Powis and her Daughter" (103), all show Reynolds fertile in resource. By his backgrounds alone he may be known. Gainsborough is more grey, Romney more florid, while Reynolds has the distinction of being always right; the trees which he throws into companionship with his figures reflect the colours of his draperies and complete the lines of his compositions. Thus "Miss Leigh" (59), in the act of carving her name sentimentally on a trunk in a wood, bends her figure gracefully as the trees grow; animate and inanimate nature move with kindred life and sensibility. Reynolds produced between two and three thousand works—a startling fact, which may account for the ever-recurring surprise that his genius, however copiously displayed, remains inexhaustible. Among many recurring and familiar moods we cannot refrain from calling special notice to "The Portrait of John Hunter" (158). Reynolds as a courtier and a man of society approached sitters according to their individual sympathies. He had a military method, dark and terrible, suited to the warlike Major-General Keppel (109) and Captain Augustus Keppel (199); he had also a fashionable, dressy manner, as in the ladylike and lovely "Portrait of Mrs. Stanley" (112); and then he could assume a grave and philosophic mien of sober greys, as in this strictly student portrait of Hunter the anatomist, painted in the pause of inspiration, pen in hand, and books loading the library table.

"Reynolds and Romney divide the town," said Lord Thurlow; "I am of the Romney faction." Romney, indeed, became the favourite of fashion, and certainly his style was well calculated to allure the eye by its grace, its witching beauty, its romantic sentiment, and its showy, not to say its meretricious, colour. "The Countess of Warwick and her Children" (26), included among "National Portraits," in 1868, exemplifies the master's merits and defects; the colour is more than usually silvery, the reds are not so obnoxious as often, the white satin rivals the sheeny dresses of Terbourg, and no one will forget the beseeching gaze of the little girl looking lovingly into her mother's face. This happy attitude the artist repeats in another graceful composition, "The Countess of Albemarle" (108). Reynolds, too, reflects the same thought in a group emulous of Romney's grace—the family portrait of "Mrs. Powis and her Daughter" (103). Romney fell into routine; it is no wonder that his effects are conventional, and his execution hasty and slight, when we remember that in his prosperity he painted on an average at least one portrait a day. And yet "Mrs. Drummond Smith" (15) is beyond the reach of criticism. Pearly greys and blushing pinks delicately blend, and a wondrous hat, large as an umbrella, is so managed as to enhance the charm. Yet it must be admitted that Romney's art was often an artifice, that his alluring treatment was sometimes but one remove from a charlatan's trick.

Gainsborough compared with Romney was the child of nature—simple, true, and honest. His art, too, was the growth of our English soil. Gainsborough, unlike his contemporaries Reynolds and Romney, wanted the opportunity of raising his style and of enlarging his vision by Italian travel. The eight pictures now exhibited show art but as a second nature. Especially would we point to the portrait of "Miss Linley" (35). This lady, who won all hearts, was painted as St. Cecilia by Reynolds; we know also of two portraits by Gainsborough besides the picture now exhibited—of the one altogether lovely Miss Linley and her brother, half-length as children; the other done at a later period, a full length standing in a landscape, at the time when the fascinating daughter of a musician in Bath had refused a coronet to share love in a cottage with the penniless Sheridan. The portrait before us represents the lady seated on a grassy bank, surrounded by trees. The wind which blows across the landscape ruffles her hair; the impersonation is altogether *spirituelle*: the young wife whose song was an enchantment appears in the picture graceful as a sylvan sprite, beaming as a gleam of sunlight. Yet the artist's intention is better than his execution. Gainsborough's flesh is apt to be waxy; his draperies are sketchy, scratchy, and chalky; he had but one touch for trees and grass, for costume and hair. Gainsborough fritters his detail, Reynolds subordinates each touch to the general effect.

The Academy, with a generous wish to give in succession an inning to each of its deceased members, opens its rooms this season to a remarkable display of the obscure genius of Robert Smirke. Some persons there may possibly be who have scarcely realised how much the arts of our country are indebted to this facile yet conventional book illustrator. Eleven performances which range

from the sublime to the ridiculous now attest his services. Some persons have seen points of contact between Smirke and Stothard; at any rate, the two artists, belonging to the same time, shared like influences; but the grace and the poetry of Stothard degenerated in Smirke into weakness and commonplace. To realize the difference between the two Academicians, it is only necessary to contrast "Venus and Adonis" (28), by Robert Smirke, with "Venus Rising from the Sea" (31), by Thomas Stothard. A fellow-Academician, Mr. Richard Redgrave, in *A Century of Painters*, makes apology for the defects of his brother of the brush when he writes "Robert Smirke, R.A. (born 1752, died 1845), is better known as a designer than as a painter, for though he painted many works from the poets and dramatists, they were designed with a view to engraving, and were most of them engraved; he also made many book designs." Stothard, whom we have just named, presents points of interesting analogy with Flaxman, whose classic bas-reliefs are exhibited in the "Octagon Room" with the plastic works of other Academicians.

The history of our English landscape art in its rise and development is slightly sketched in a few representative works of Wilson, R.A., De Loutherbourg, R.A., Constable, R.A., Turner, R.A., Crome, Cotman, and Muller. The supremacy of our native school is further enforced by a roomful of water-colour drawings from the easels of Varley, Robson, Girtin, Cozens, De Wint, Copley Fielding, David Cox, Turner, &c. Once more Turner astounds the world, no less than Reynolds in another sphere, by his endless resource and infinite variety. "Dunstanborough Castle" (16), exhibited in the Academy 1798, and "The Lock on the Mill" (69), show the painter in his nature-loving ways ere his eye was troubled by wild frenzy; and yet what glory of colour is here! The public, having had a satiety of Turner's intoxicated manner, here gladly reverts to his temperate moods. "Old Crome and the Norwich School" have seldom been in greater force. Crome's "Slate Quarries" (47) is a work, write Messrs. Redgrave, "founded on Turner's early versions of Poussin; somewhat unfinished, yet with great local truth of colour and a fat impasto of execution." "The Yarmouth Water Frolic" (42), also set down to Crome, must be transferred to the later date of Cotman, inasmuch as the small steamer here seen on the river could have no existence in the lifetime of "Old Crome." The picture is of such rare merit that the question of authorship is not a matter of indifference. The liquid sea, the sunny sky, the rich hues reflected from brown and golden sails, have never been surpassed even by the delicious tones of Cuyp and Du Jardin. We would willingly dwell longer on these and other examples of the English school, which serve to prove how earnest and truth-seeking have been our artists in the study of nature.

In conclusion, an amusing incident may be recorded—the withdrawal from the Academy of a picture entered in the Catalogue "Landscape with Cornfield; water in the foreground (30) by John Constable, R.A." This measure became imperative when Mr. Wainewright, a living artist, claimed the picture for his own. Mr. Wainewright says, "I think it only right to state that I painted that picture in the year 1853, and that the original water-colour sketch (a view near Starcross, Devonshire) which I made for it is still in my possession." It will be remembered that a similar mistake was made two years ago, when a picture by another of our living artists was hung conspicuously on the line as a masterpiece by Turner. Such laughable instances would of course be indefinitely multiplied could the Old Masters visit the Academy and disavow the rubbish which heavily weighs on their historic reputations.

REVIEWS.

HAYWARD'S BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL ESSAYS.*

MR. HAYWARD'S essays, among many merits, have the distinguishing quality of being eminently readable. Although they originally appeared in periodical publications at various times, they rather gain than lose by reproduction in a collective form; for the reader becomes accustomed to Mr. Hayward's mode of treatment, which is characteristic, though it is exempt from mannerism. While his judgment on literary questions is entitled to respect, his critical faculty seems to exercise itself by preference rather on the curiosities and puzzles of history and tradition than on controversies relating to style or to principles of composition. An essay on "the Pearls and Mock Pearls of History" is devoted to a subject which must have had special attractions for the writer. Mr. Hayward shows that nearly all the celebrated sayings of ancient and modern times are apocryphal; and he might perhaps have included in his sceptical conclusions the residue of similar utterances. It happens unluckily for the collectors of anecdotes that even with the wittiest of heroes and statesmen a great crisis is not conducive to the delivery of opportune epigrams. "Shenstone," says Mr. Hayward, "defined good writing to consist in or of 'spontaneous thought and laboured expression.' Many famous sayings comprise these two elements of excellence, the original writer or speaker furnishing the thought, and the chronicler the expression." A pitched battle, or the crisis of a revolution, is not favourable to laboured expression, and scarcely to spontaneous thought, except for immediately practical purposes. Marshal Ney's famous flourish at the close of his trial, about preferring death to acquittal, on the ground that he was by birth a Prussian, was really delivered; but both the thought and the expression had been previously drawn and settled by his counsel. In the majority of instances the original speaker has not even supplied the thought, though his actions or his fortunes have suggested it to later biographers. Some of the good things which are attributed to Talleyrand, and nearly all the recorded sayings of Lord Melbourne, are genuine; but the wit of one statesman, and the admirable humour of the other, were not generally displayed on important occasions. The famous question or comment which was said to have been addressed to Talleyrand on his deathbed is evidently fabulous. Mr. Hayward gives some specimens of celebrated sayings which have derived all their point and notoriety from wilful or careless perversion of the meaning of the speaker. "Sir Robert Walpole was accused of the worst cynicism of corruption on the strength of his alleged maxim, 'All men have their price.' What he really said was, 'All *these* men have their price,' alluding to the so-called 'patriots' of the Opposition." In consequence of the same common tendency to inaccuracy, nearly all the scraps of Latin which are proverbially used in England are invariably misapplied. "Cui bono," "Cadit quæstio," "Exceptio probat regulam," have acquired a popular sense which is wholly at variance with the real meaning. "Si sic omnia," which originally referred to the contrast between Cicero's doggrel verses and his eloquent orations, is habitually quoted as if it had expressed a wish that his poetry might have resembled his prose.

Two of the most elaborate essays in the compilation deal with severer subjects; but even a scientific discourse on whist is relieved by many anecdotes of past and present whist-players. Mr. Hayward expresses the paradoxical opinion that memory has little or nothing to do with the real understanding "or finest points of the game." "Of course," he contemptuously admits, "a certain number of rules and maxims must be learnt; but it is not more difficult to learn these than to learn the Catechism." In both cases, it might be added, the lesson is never likely to be learnt at all unless it has been learnt in early life; and *Hoyle* or *Cavendish* is, like the Catechism, easier to learn by heart than to illustrate by practice. Memory is required at whist, not to remember rules and maxims, but to remember the cards which have or have not been played, and the indications which have been afforded by the players. It is probably true that the most accurate memory needs the aid of skill and judgment; and, on the whole, Mr. Hayward, like Imlac in *Rasselas*, will probably convince the ordinary reader that it is impossible to be a whist-player. No other accomplishment commands greater respect among the votaries of the game; yet it may be suspected that Mr. Hayward has studied the science quite as much on account of the associations with which it is connected as for its intrinsic value. Some of the stories with which the essay concludes are told in his happiest manner. Here and elsewhere Mr. Hayward conveys the impression that he is a conscientious narrator, although he would probably not in all cases vouch for the actual truth of his stories; but he always seems to select the best reading of an anecdote, and in many instances he must have taken much trouble to record it in its neatest or most authentic form. Sometimes the newest version is the best, as in an anecdote told *ex relatione* S. P., one of the best players of the new school. "One night, turning very faint, I struggled through the rubber, then got up, and left the room, and fell on the landing with a crash that brought the other three players to my side. As I was recovering my senses I heard one of my late adversaries say, 'He never can have played the hand through without a revoke,' and I saw him steal away to see. *His* partner followed to aid in the examination of the tricks, and *mine* to see fair play, leaving me stretched as I fell."

Although the second desertion is not satisfactorily accounted for, the story is preferable to the old joke of the bet on the recovery of the man in front of the window of White's. The more serious essay on the authorship of Junius has been formerly noticed. The case against Francis has never been more forcibly argued, although the adherents of the popular faith still remain unconvinced. It is fair to admit that Lord Aberdeen's statement as authenticated by Mr. Arthur Gordon has, since the original publication of the essay, supplied Mr Hayward with additional, though not conclusive, evidence against Francis. Lord Aberdeen's statement that Pitt professed to know the name of the author has apparently diverted Mr. Hayward's preference from Lord George Sackville to Lord Temple. The controversy is too abstruse to allow of incidental discussion.

The range of Mr. Hayward's essays is not inconsiderable, extending from Richard III. to Sir Henry Holland and M. Van de Weyer. The character of Richard, like the authorship of Junius, probably interested him by the conflict of evidence which had previously attracted the curiosity of Walpole. In general Mr. Hayward is rather inclined to occupy himself with recent or modern history, and especially with the personal or biographical part of the subject. One of the essays consists of a concise and comprehensive Life of Marie Antoinette, and there is a singularly amusing account of the wonderful career of Marshal de Saxe. No other period offered the same opportunities as the first half of the eighteenth century to high-born adventurers; and Maurice of Saxony was the most brilliant and the most successful of the class. An athlete, a profligate, a man of genius, and a great

* *Biographical and Critical Essays.* Reprinted from Reviews, with Additions and Corrections. By A. Hayward, Q.C. New Series. London: Longmans & Co. 1873.

soldier, he resembled rather a hero of one of Dumas's romances than an illegitimate cadet of an actual reigning House or an historical Marshal of France. His passing fancies of making himself King of Madagascar, or of establishing a Jewish kingdom in Central America, were only a little more extravagant than his all but successful attempt to become sovereign Duke of Courland. In those happy days it was not necessary to have either a definite country or any particular religion. Count Maurice learnt the art of war in campaigns against the French, whose armies he afterwards commanded. He could never spell or write French with any approximation to correctness; and it is not known whether he could write German at all; but he was the finest specimen of the type of character which was then chiefly admired in France and in Europe. It is not surprising that he was admired by Voltaire, who nevertheless falsified history at his expense by attributing the victory of Fontenoy to another celebrated reprobate. The Duke of Richelieu was as licentious as the Marshal de Saxe, but he was wholly destitute of military genius; and Mr. Hayward conclusively proves that the celebrated charge on the English column at Fontenoy was executed in accordance with the original plan of the Commander-in-chief. It is surprising that there could be any doubt of the result of a battle in which the Duke of Cumberland was opposed to the Marshal de Saxe. In accordance with his usual custom, Mr. Hayward corrects Voltaire's famous story of the civilities which were supposed to have been exchanged between the English and French Guards. Lord Charles Hay, instead of politely requesting the Frenchmen to fire first, expressed an ironical hope that they would stay to be shot at; after which he turned round and "speeched his own men," probably in language not complimentary to the enemy. No historian of future wars fought with arms of precision will be able to record or even to invent a similar exchange of banter in the field. One anecdote reported by Mr. Hayward illustrates the tendency of special skill and knowledge to create a professional conscience even in the least scrupulous of men. The Marshal, who set all the ordinary rules of morality at defiance, was by calculation, and perhaps by feeling, remarkably tender of the lives of his men. When one of his subordinates in command recommended a movement by the argument that it would only cost the sacrifice of eighteen grenadiers, Marshal de Saxe answered, "Eighteen grenadiers! If indeed it were eighteen lieutenant-generals!" On the whole perhaps it is better that an army should be commanded by a prudent and skilful general of lax moral principles than by a model of propriety who exposes his men to unnecessary risks.

In his just appreciation of the merit of Alexander Dumas Mr. Hayward misapprehends a playful criticism in which Thackeray noticed the voluminous novelist's peculiarities. In other passages Thackeray expresses the warmest admiration for Dumas, who excelled all competitors in fertility of invention. The charge of having affixed his name to books written by his assistants is properly rejected by Mr. Hayward; but there is internal evidence that Dumas abused the privilege of great artists to employ pupils and journeymen on furniture and draperies. In some of his novels there are chapters after chapters of elaborate episodes which have evidently been composed by inferior writers without reference to the main current of the story.

While Mr. Hayward has learnt much from books, it is easy to see that his proper study, if not that of mankind, is contemporary man. It may be collected from casual and unobtrusive remarks that he has enjoyed unusual opportunities of social experience and observation for many years. His biographical notices of Lord Lansdowne, of Lady Palmerston, of Lord Dalling, and others are founded on personal knowledge; and he has evidently been acquainted with almost all the conspicuous members of French and English society during an entire generation. His review of Sir Henry Holland's autobiography is rather a supplement than a criticism, for the reviewer was fortunately not bound by the professional obligation to suppress the most interesting parts of his experience. The theory that history is a science, or that there is a so-called philosophy of history, may be supported by many plausible reasons; nor can it be denied that the causes and results of great political changes are more important than the peculiarities of the statesmen who may have promoted or opposed them; but for many minds biographical details and illustrations of manners have a remarkable fascination. St. Simon, Horace Walpole, and Boswell will outlive many laborious exponents of the reasons why events could not have been other than they have happened to be. Mr. Hayward has a taste for characteristic anecdote, and this collection of essays furnishes abundant proof that no one tells them with better effect. One or two stories, which are perhaps slightly hazardous, are properly veiled in the semi-transparency of a foreign language. It is too probable that hereafter cultivated society and politics will occupy distinct regions in England as in the United States. A new *couche sociale* may probably rise to the surface; and the refined and intelligent classes may find that they have no longer any influence on public affairs. Reminiscences of a mode of existence which will have become obsolete will then acquire historical value; and it is well that the want should be supplied in advance by those who have ability and opportunity for the task. Mr. Hayward would earn the gratitude of many readers if he would, before it is too late, write additional biographies of some of the eminent persons whom he has known. He may probably have been acquainted with Lord Melbourne, and he has certainly been intimate with many of Lord Melbourne's friends and associates. It is greatly to be regretted that the peculiar vein of humour which marks Lord Melbourne's reported sayings should be forgotten for want of sufficient record. His humour was evidently not a mere intellectual amusement, but the expression of an original character; and a mere collection of his more remarkable paradoxes and epigrammatic phrases would have a biographical interest. It would be easy to enumerate other subjects for Mr. Hayward's future essays; but he may probably not require officious advice; yet the most genuine proof of the goodness of a culinary or literary composition is the fact that it produces a wish for more.

EWALD'S LIFE OF ALGERNON SYDNEY.*

IF, as will be readily conceded, there are few remarkable ages which fail to produce remarkable men, so it is not in many instances the fortune, good or ill, of remarkable men to live in what would be falsely described as remarkable times. The latter fact has long since been discovered for the use of that large and growing class of biographers who, while unwilling to apply to a hero the treatment so much resented by the guests of Procrustes, yet seem compelled by the influence of some dire necessity to fill two volumes with materials which would scantily furnish forth one, or to make a subject fit for an essay serve their fixed purpose of composing or compiling a book. To judge from Mr. Ewald's *Life and Times of Algernon Sydney*, we should conceive him capable of expanding the life of any Englishman of repute into matter for any given number of pages, so long as he were not denied the right which every Englishman possesses of quoting at will from Macaulay and Hallam, and of filling up the interstices of argument by occasional notes on the political phenomena of the present day. The art in which this biography proves its author to be no common proficient has been sometimes called the art of bookmaking; and doubts have been expressed whether its exercise be worthy of the historical, or of any other, scholar. Mr. Ewald in his preface conscientiously and candidly enumerates his main authorities, and admits that his own researches among the State Papers have remained without an adequate result for increasing the materials of his biography. In truth it adds nothing new by way either of fact or argument to our knowledge of Sydney's career; but it may be welcome to those to whom the two collections of the *Sydney Papers* are unknown or inaccessible, or to those who esteem it a tribute to the rhetorical genius of Sydney that the facts of his life should be presented to them embedded in the copious political reflections of his biographer. It is a pity that the ready pen of Mr. Ewald should not have been used to better purpose; for the most useful part of his book is perhaps its concluding chapter, which contains an excellent summary—precisely the kind of work by which a biographer is likely to earn the best thanks of the reader whom he should most desire—of Sydney's *Discourses on Government*. We regret not to have begun, like ladies on opening a new novel, at this end of the book, instead of conscientiously commencing with the ominous sentence—

> A few miles from the fashionable little watering-place of Tunbridge Wells, and approached by a drive through scenery as charming as any which the fair county of Kent can offer, stands a handsome quadrangular pile on the brow of a gentle eminence—

and going over the "almost hallowed ground" and the almost hackneyed quotations once more.

Prolixity, which ought to be a venial fault, at least inasmuch as it usually brings with it its own punishment, and which in the case of so ardent a lover of the existing British Constitution as Mr. Ewald may perhaps almost be thought a virtue, is not however the only charge which we are bound to make against him. Well acquainted with the main matter of his book, and familiar enough with a great age of the past to have a genuine sympathy with many of its most significant currents, Mr. Ewald is not saved by the dignity of his subject or by his appreciation of its dignity from faults of taste which are too glaring to admit of being passed over. We have already noticed his apparently uncontrollable tendency to drag in references to politics and politicians of the present day of whom he wishes to signify his disapproval. "Sydney was a Republican—not a Democrat." We may grant the proposition without requiring to have it illustrated by the assertion that "the League and the International would have entirely declined his services," and "Citizen Dilke would have found in him no ally"—an assertion weakened rather than strengthened by the mysterious remark that, "had Algernon Sydney lived in this our time, he would have been content with being a philosophical Liberal." That "Sydney was a sincere Christian, and no disbeliever," might have been accepted as a true, if tautological, statement, without its being pointed by the defiant declaration that "with the atheism of Mr. Bradlaugh and his followers he would have had no sympathy." "The miserable men who call themselves the Republicans of the nineteenth century," as they are elsewhere paraphrastically termed, might surely have been left to continue in peace to call themselves by a name combining with political presumption what is undoubtedly chronological accuracy. But Mr. Ewald cannot resist the temptation to allusions which would be regarded as stale and unprofitable by most experienced penny-a-liners; he talks of Sydney having been

* *The Life and Times of the Hon. Algernon Sydney, 1622–1683.* By Alex. Charles Ewald, F.S.A., of Her Majesty's Record Office. 2 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1873.

"in his lifetime regarded by many as a 'Rabagas'"; while his own style seems occasionally to be modelled upon the very species of eloquence which he so praiseworthily abhors. To find a sober historian speaking of "a trinity of Republicans" and "a trinity of ambassadors" is sad enough; to read his description of Queen Christina of Sweden as "erotic and erratic" is necessarily excruciating; but pain gives way to astonishment when we read of "religious toleration" as "dead and buried in the days of Charles II., and "*the Five Mile Act dancing over its grave.*" This is indeed a prize metaphor, of which the use should at once be made over to the Civil Service Examiners.

Apart from the excrescences which Mr. Ewald has allowed to deface his text, and the long "connecting" passages, partly consisting of quotations from historians in everybody's hands, by which he has lengthened out his narrative, it may be questioned whether Sydney's life is an appropriate subject for any biography extending beyond the modest limits of an essay. His cruel and unjust death has established him in the position of a political martyr; and though at his trial he sought to evade responsibility for the composition of the writings on which it was sought to found an untenable charge, a nation as well as a party justly identifies his name with the cause to which his life, if not his death, bore direct testimony. But it was his hard fate to be able to contribute to the victory of the cause of free popular government little besides the example of his single-minded devotion; to be excluded, partly by the rigour of his principles and partly by the circumstances of the times, from any active influence upon the national history as a politician or a legislator, except on isolated occasions of secondary significance. The main ends of his political life he had in the period of his manhood to endeavour to advance by intrigues in which he failed, and in which success itself would have been a most doubtful gain. And yet, though sprung from a race of high intellectual gifts, nature had not bestowed upon him a genius able to embody his opinions in immortal words of kindling enthusiasm, and thus to cause posterity to regard him as the prophet sacrificed for his too early knowledge of the truth. It is his death rather than his life which has consecrated his memory; and it is rather isolated points in his career, above all its close, than its often dreary and painful course, that seem to call for the comment of the historical writer who appeals, as the historical writer on such a subject justly appeals, to popular national sympathy.

On one or two of these points we propose to touch. We have no quarrel with the general tenor of Mr. Ewald's estimate of his hero and of his hero's opinions. That Sydney was no fanatical devotee of a political Utopia of his own creation, that his ideal of government was no other than that to which the English Constitution as re-established and developed by the Bill of Rights reasonably corresponded, his *Discourses*, which Mr. Ewald has most appropriately summarized, remain to show. His bold and manly refusal to make himself responsible for the condemnation to death of Charles I. gains rather than loses by his subsequent maintenance of the theoretical justifiableness of the principle which he had refused to help to carry in practice to its extreme consequences. An aristocracy with a popular basis and a monarchical head was Sydney's conception of a Republic; and the right of resistance was to him the palladium of national freedom. The time has long passed for any party to be able to claim a monopoly of the principles which he consistently asserted; but until the nation at large has abandoned them, his figure has a right to stand among those of the illustrious witnesses who line the path to the meeting-place of a national Parliament.

It is a strange coincidence that Algernon Sydney should, like another Whig statesman whose name is of even greater significance in the annals of his party, have found one great opportunity of attempting to realize among Englishmen, though far beyond the borders of England, the principles of government which he acknowledged. Shaftesbury, with the aid of Locke, was the author of the stillborn constitutions for Carolina; Sydney was consulted by Penn on the frame of government for Pennsylvania. We should have been grateful to Mr. Ewald if, instead of drawing a long parallel between the concessions which Sydney advocated for the Pennsylvanians in 1682, and those which in 1867 and 1872 the British people has gained, or "almost gained," "thanks to Conservative tactics" or otherwise, he had given us some of the details, if ascertainable from the MSS. at Penshurst, as to the alterations effected by Sydney in Penn's original draft. He indeed quotes Mr. Hepworth Dixon to the effect that it was Sydney who prevented Penn from introducing a fixed body of constitutional law, and thus repeating Locke's and Shaftesbury's fatal error. In the elasticity of the Pennsylvanian constitution lay the secret of its endurance, as to which its admirer Frederick the Great was so sceptical; but it may be pointed out as worthy of observation that the constitution originally gave to the Governor and Council the initiation of all laws; and that when this proviso was modified by the Pennsylvanian Assembly so as to give to itself an equal right of initiation, a veto, or what amounted to such, was allowed to the Governor on any law. Thus, as Mr. Bancroft admits, Pennsylvania fell short of being a representative democracy, and the principles consistently advocated by Sydney in theory were carried out into actual practice in the only instance in which he had an opportunity of applying them. It is this which makes the framing of the Pennsylvanian constitution one of the most significant facts in his political biography.

In foreign policy he took high credit to himself for the result of his mission to Denmark at the close of the Commonwealth period. Sydney seems to have had high qualifications as a diplomatist. Besides much power of observation of persons (of which his excellent letters from Rome, quoted by Mr. Ewald at the close of the first volume, give abundant evidence), he seems to have possessed a clear insight into the aims and ends of conflicting parties, and to have followed with vigorous persistence instructions the spirit of which he thoroughly appreciated. On his Danish mission this object was the conclusion of peace between Denmark and Sweden, whose mutual hostility, the parent of many bitter wars, was once more, as it had been in the earlier part of the Thirty Years' War, a serious stumbling-block to the Protestant interest. The mission of Sydney and his colleagues was designed to patch up the war which had again broken out after the Peace of Roeskild, and in this he was successful, chiefly in consequence of the death of the ambitious Charles Gustavus, of whose very remarkable character Sydney sends to his father an appreciative sketch. The same letter contains a curious reference to the action feared on the part of the eccentric daughter of Gustavus Adolphus, Queen Christina, who, Sydney "is apt to think, will now turn Lutheran again." He afterwards, when in exile, saw her at Hamburg, and satisfied himself that nothing serious was to be apprehended from her, as she had "a great deal of wit"—enough to recognize the importance of her position—and in fact only availed herself of the situation to seek the settlement of her yearly revenue. The whole of these transactions forms a very curious passage in a very interesting chapter of European diplomacy. Sydney was an excellent agent of an excellent policy, of which the main merit of course belongs to Cromwell. The Swedish alliance was one of the cardinal points of his foreign system, and though this connexion afterwards proved a broken reed in the war of 1666, it was again secured in the days of the Triple Alliance, and helped to produce the immediate effect which was the result of that famous achievement of English diplomacy.

With the Restoration, which put an end to Sydney's brief diplomatic career, begins the period of his life which possesses most interest for those who honour his name. Mr. Ewald has not, indeed, been able to add any new facts of importance or arguments of weight to those which are already familiar to all readers of English history; but his sympathy with his subject, and the numerous extracts from the two collections of the Sydney Papers which he has inserted in his narrative, sustain the interest of the reader through the greater part of the second volume. Unfortunately, little or nothing is known of the life of Sydney during his exile in France; and as much is known of what occurred in England meanwhile, Mr. Ewald gives it us instead. Yet his account of the foreign policy of the Cabal is perfunctory and inaccurate, as, *e.g.*, where the negotiations which led to the Secret Treaty of Dover are apparently viewed as the *consequence* of its advice. But we have only space in conclusion to dwell briefly on the most critical point in the latter part of Sydney's career, on which Mr. Ewald, with more gallantry than success, has ventured to confront the most eminent authorities with a bold demand for the acquittal of his hero from the charge which is usually regarded as the one blot upon his fame.

That already about the year 1665 (Mr. Ewald has an inconvenient way of eschewing dates), Sydney, after in vain attempting to bring about a Dutch invasion of England, to be supported by the Republican exiles and malcontents at home, made a similar offer to Louis XIV., is acknowledged by Sydney's biographer, and indeed, as he shows, is proved by the testimony of the French King himself. This abortive attempt is of no importance except as furnishing a very sufficient reason for the special suspicion with which Sydney was regarded by the English Court. For the manœuvres in which Sydney, together with the other heads of the Whig party, engaged at a later period have nothing in common with the desperate scheme of an isolated exile. In those transactions Louis XIV. and the Whig leaders each pursued their own ends; both parties desired to bring about the dissolution of a Parliament adverse to their views and interests, and each only intended to use the other so long as necessary. But Louis was in the stronger position; for while he might at any time return to his former policy as soon as the English Government showed itself willing to return to its former submissiveness, the Whig leaders were incurring the utmost risk by embarking in so perilous an intrigue. He had, what they had not, an alternative policy, and he was risking nothing, while they were risking all. Both parties to some extent gained their object; but though the Whigs, as events proved, had no cause to repent of their intrigue as a political manœuvre, they were unable all to come stainless out of the transaction. For though as a body they may at once be acquitted of any motives of a base description, yet in the case of some among them there remains an irremovable charge of personal corruption.

Among these Algernon Sydney is included on the direct and explicit testimony of the agent who administered the bribes, the French ambassador Barillon. Neither Macaulay nor Hallam ventures on resisting a charge which rests on such evidence; but Mr. Ewald has not one, but three (indeed four) pleas to urge on behalf of his hero; or, as he oddly puts it, Sydney's conduct may be judged from three points of view. In the first place, though Sydney lived in an age when "men of honour and position freely accepted bribes and presents without any sense of self-reproach or degradation," still, if Sydney "accepted money for himself in order to advocate the views of France, even though those views were in conformity with his principles, it was conduct unworthy

of a man of his ancient race and hitherto stainless honour." As this is meaningless if it amounts to more than urging everybody to "bear in mind" what no reasonable man is likely to leave out of sight, we pass on to the second "point of view." This is that, if Sydney accepted 1,000 guineas, he expended them "in distribution to followers for the purpose of organization, and not for his own private needs, then the honour of the Republican does not suffer in the least." On this it is only necessary to observe, first, that nothing is known on the subject, and secondly, that nobody ever supposed that Sydney took the money to buy horses and plate. Mr. Ewald's notion of the ethics of bribery seems to be that, if a bribe is spent for patriotic purposes, it is no bribe at all. The same argument might be applied to certain other pecuniary transactions—simony *e.g.*—with singular felicity. But the third "point of view" makes the second of little importance. "Did Sydney receive any money at all?" There is no evidence but the assertion of Barillon. Now Barillon was "avaricious, unscrupulous, sensual, and luxurious." Madame de Sévigné says that he spent 50,000 francs in one year, but that "*il sait bien où les prendre.*" Now "the diplomatic agents of Louis *were allowed to pay themselves out of the money entrusted to their care.* Nothing would have been easier than for Barillon to quietly pocket this secret service money," and concoct a list by way of account. And the list which he did concoct shows that he pretends to have given small sums of 500 and 300 guineas to men of fortune and probity such as Hampden. "Why was no money given to Shaftesbury and Howard, both of whom were determined opponents to Charles, and the latter an abandoned man who sought only to gratify his own interest and ambition?"

Everything is possible, no doubt; but Louis XIV. was not so badly served that we can without a jot of evidence assume his ambassador to have proceeded on a plan of such exquisite simplicity. Bribes mean in this instance presents or compliments which bind without securing the receiver. The gift to Hampden was doubtless not intended to purchase him, but to place him under a distinct obligation. As to Lord Shaftesbury, Barillon may have justly hesitated before seeking to fetter by such means a man of whose ability to withdraw from amicable relations when it suited him the French Government had had sufficient experience in the days of the collapse of the Cabal; while, as to Lord Howard, he may not have thought him worth the money. But all such suppositions *pro* and *con* are alike futile; there is no sufficient reason to suspect Barillon's good faith to his master in a matter of high political importance because of the vague gossip of the excellent Madame de Sévigné; and Mr. Ewald seems to feel the weakness of his position, for, as a fourth and last resource, he permits himself to suppose that the sums granted by the ambassador "never quitted the clutches of his agents."

We fear that all this wealth of conjecture will do little towards relieving Algernon Sydney's name from the suspicion of a grave indiscretion. A more prudent politician—and he was the reverse of such—would have shrunk from so doubtful a transaction as that of placing himself under the obligation of accepting a pecuniary compliment from a foreign sovereign. The case needs not, we think, to be put more emphatically than this; and so we leave it. Into Mr. Ewald's account of Sydney's trial and death we cannot follow him; but he is here on safe ground; and few will reperuse in his pages the narrative of these "detestable" proceedings (to use Fox's epithet) without understanding why the great Whig statesman thought fit, when stigmatizing Hume's remarks on the trial and execution of Sydney as the most reprehensible passage of his whole work, to rebuke in the eminent historian that spirit of adulation of deceased sovereigns which is the best safeguard of tyrants. Sydney's present biographer, discriminating between Sydney's defence and Sydney's cause with straightforward earnestness, is at his best where his subject rises to its height; and we only wish that he had, in the execution of his entire task, either contented himself with less or braced himself to attempt more.

RAMBLES.*

THE art of travelling without crossing the Channel is in some danger of being forgotten. By travelling we mean travelling for pleasure; for, of course, the art of locomotion was never before carried to such a pitch of perfection. England for such purposes resembles the conception of matter which has been accepted by some philosophers. It consists of a number of detached points, separated from each other by a vacuum. From London, or as Cobbett called it, the "Wen," we make but one stride to some watering-place or commercial centre, and are sublimely ignorant of all the intervening points. One historic town is to us nothing but a place where we ought to change carriages, and another nothing but a bar where our throats may be scalded with hot tea and our digestions tried by hideous outrages upon all culinary principles. And yet England is a country which is really worth seeing. There are some interesting specimens of mediæval architecture in different parts of the country, and every now and then there are fragments of picturesque scenery. Patricius Walker, who describes his "rambles" in the pleasant little volume before us, proves by example that a man of cultivated mind and poetical sensibility may do worse than spend his vacations in making acquaintance with this unfamiliar part of Europe. The conveniences of travel are indeed so great that we are inclined to wonder that the practice is not more common. Railways are plentiful and have indirectly done much good. Not only do they put you down at the best starting-point, but they drain off that more offensive variety of traveller which is apt to tread on our toes in the beaten routes. And thus there are innumerable districts in England where one can be at once transported backwards for a century or two and enjoy the perfection of the good old sleepy rural existence. Riverside inns still abound which recall the pleasant conversations of Piscator and Venator; there are districts where, at every turn of the road, one expects to meet Tom Jones on his walk to London, and villages where, as Patricius Walker shows in a pleasant chapter, the spirit of old Herrick still seems to be murmuring

> of brooks, of blossoms, birds and bowers,
> Of April, May, of June, of July flowers.

The England of the nineteenth century, it is true, is gradually encroaching upon the England of the past. Gipsies are becoming rare, even in the New Forest, and are condescending to marry the children of the Gentile. Mr. Borrow would have some difficulty in discovering a secluded dell where he could set up his tent in peace, after the preliminary ceremony of a few rounds with "blazing Bosville or the flaming tinman." The rural police would order him to move on, or possibly he might find that an Enclosure Act had led to the destruction of his little fragment of common. And yet more remains than might be imagined by the hasty observer. Even within the circle defined by the daily ebb and flow of London men of business, there are many patches of unbroken country where the pedestrian may fancy himself to be, if not quite on a Scotch moor, yet on the verge of a really wild country.

Properly to enjoy these remnants of the old world, the traveller should follow the example of Patricius Walker, and, having settled himself in some prominent centre, should make a series of excursions on that conveyance which Patricius describes as the "Irishman's tandem," and which is more generally known as Shanks' mare. If he finds it necessary to carry a knapsack, he will be regarded with a certain amount of suspicion; the British rustic being, as a rule, but dimly awake to the existence of such a variety of the human race as the genuine tourist. He will have to put up with very indifferent imitations of bitter beer, and probably become rather tired of the constant consumption of eggs and bacon. Yet he will have his reward, if he brings with him the necessary powers of perception; and will not unfrequently enjoy the pleasure of being the first discoverer, and, in a poetical though not in a legal sense, the sole proprietor of many lovely nooks and corners never visited by more ambitious travellers.

To enjoy such pleasures presupposes a certain amount of education, and we do not know that a better teacher could be suggested than Patricius Walker. He has the right capacities for appreciating English scenery. He has not indeed—and we decline to say whether this peculiarity should be counted as a defect or a merit—any particular desire to kill anything. His description of the New Forest begins in a manner calculated to arouse our suspicion. "A meet of foxhounds," he says is there "a pretty enough sight"; but we are happy to add that he declines to proceed to the conventional description of a run. He takes his pleasure after a different fashion. He describes the grand old oak called the "Queen's Bower," which stretches huge limbs across one of the rare forest brooks; and recommends us to recline beneath its branches, after the fashion of Jaques, and watch the trooping insects that play in the rays of sunshine or form dancing parties on the surface of the water. Thence we may ramble further to stumble upon a gipsy encampment, and discuss with the natives the difficulties that have dawned upon a totally uneducated race in the study of the first chapter of a Bible presented by some wandering missionary. What, by the way, is to become of these curious outcasts when compulsory education is universal? What legislative net will be close enough to entangle them in its meshes, or will they be swept out of existence or into respectability? Meanwhile, as we wander through the Forest, we are pleasantly reminded of William Gilpin, vicar of Boldre in these parts, and author of *Forest Scenery*. Here he lived through the final quarter of the last century, industriously making sketches—drawn with a reed pen and brownish "iron-water" ink, and "toned" with a yellow wash—which he sold for considerable sums. One collection produced 1,200*l.*, which he invested for the benefit of the school at Brockenhurst, and to increase the endowment he made another series of drawings at the age of seventy-eight, which were sold at Christie's for 1,625*l.* His drawings, such as they were, and the books which he published, were amongst the first symptoms of that growing love of the picturesque in nature which was so marked a tendency of the period. Three tall trees—a plane-tree, a yew, and a maple—still flourish in Boldre parish to recall to memory the good simple old vicar who first celebrated their beauty. He was an admirable specimen of that charming variety of the English country gentleman of which White of Selborne is another instance, and which has earned the gratitude of all lovers of rural scenery. A little anecdote reported by Patricius Walker is characteristic of the man. In Boldre churchyard, not far from the tomb where the old vicar and his wife rest beneath his favourite maple, is a headstone with this inscription composed by the vicar himself:—"Here rests from his labours William Baker, whose industry and frugality, whose honesty and piety, were long an example to this parish. He was born in 1710 and died in 1791." Mr. Gilpin, it seems, had found this pattern

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Rambles. By Patricius Walker. London: Longmans & Co. 1873.

rustic eating his humble dinner in a retired cottage during one of his walks. Baker was old but athletic; a fine sturdy peasant, full of shrewd common sense, well versed in the Bible, with a little store of pithy maxims, and of blunt and independent character. Mr. Gilpin was charmed with his visit, which he frequently repeated, and after the old man's death not only composed his epitaph, but published an account of his life. But there is a sad conclusion. Some time after the decease of the lamented Baker, Mr. Gilpin was undeceived, and "had the sorrow rather than the mortification to find that Baker had been through life a worthless and flagitious character; that age, instead of curing, had only altered the nature of his vices, and that by all, except the pastor, he had ever been known and despised as a consummate rogue, an oppressive extortioner, and a base hypocrite." These words, however, were not added as an appendix to the epitaph; otherwise they might have thrown some light upon Charles Lamb's childish inquiry as to the place where the bad people were buried. The old sinner retains his posthumous compliment; but we agree with Patricius Walker that he is probably not included in the charitable but guarded expectation inscribed on the good vicar's own tomb, that it will be "a new joy to them" (that is, to Mr. and Mrs. Gilpin) "to meet *several* of their good neighbours who lie scattered in these sacred precincts around them." The italics are not in the original.

It is pleasant to believe that, in spite of hypocritical Bakers, there are yet many English clergymen and English peasants leading innocent and beautiful lives, "far from the madding crowd's inglorious strife," and adding fresh associations to the charms of our rural scenery. Patricius Walker visits other places which are consecrated by similar memories. Mr. Barnes is fortunately still amongst us to describe English country in an English dialect. George Herbert, whom, however, he appears to regard as a little too respectable, and too much idolized by his affectionate biographer, rests under the altar of Fugglestone Church, and receives due honour from this pilgrim of the nineteenth century; and that sly, humorous, double-chinned, and rather indecent old Devonshire vicar, Robert Herrick, who laid his Pagan bones, for Pagan he was in spite of his Christian veneering, lies in the churchyard of Dean Prior, amongst the flowery lanes that wind up to the purple ridges of Dartmoor. He was rather a disreputable old person, it is true, and scarcely a fitting companion for Herbert or for Gilpin; if the triers of the Commonwealth had turned no better men out of their livings, the Church of England would have counted but a very questionable list of confessors in those troublous times; and yet we cannot but love him, if only for the sake of the exquisite songs, "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may" and "Fair daffodils we weep to see." A genuine lover of old English poetry may find many wayside shrines in which to pay his devotions beside the world-famous centre on the Avon. We half regret that Shakspeare's immortal curse has not received a wider acceptation. Many memories which are now lost in the crowded aisles of Westminster Abbey would have given fresh interest to scattered country villages, and have there gathered associations far more closely personal and more harmonious. Few people in comparison would visit the sacred places; but a man would surely prefer that his tombstone should be approached once in a generation by a traveller coming in the spirit of Patricius Walker than that it should be daily trampled under foot by a herd of wild verger-driven tourists. Much might be said on the subject; but we must be content with repeating our full adherence to the infallible authority of Shakspeare. We never can be grateful enough for the anathema which has hitherto defended his remains against prying Yankees and money-making Britons.

We must hasten to take leave of Patricius Walker; but we cannot conclude without saying that we have confined ourselves to one vein of reflection out of many that might be suggested by his pages. His rambles are not strictly confined to rural England; he has something to say of Irish scenery, where indeed he speaks with the authority of long familiarity and of native birth; he gives us many pages of excellent criticism and biography—as, for example, a notice of Cobbett of much interest, though, in our opinion, rather too lenient; he enjoys our cathedrals, and denounces most righteously the destruction wrought by ignorant zealots under the mask of restorers; moreover, though a poet and a man of fine literary taste, he has a liking—with which we confess that we sympathize very imperfectly—for attending meetings of the British Association. The theories of scientific professors suggest to him many reflections upon which we have not space to dwell; but we may say generally that he discourses agreeably enough upon this and other topics to convince us that the American tourists to whom he once acted as guide were singularly fortunate in their selection. We hope that, although he does not act in that capacity in the flesh, his book will serve as at least an imperfect substitute for personal guidance to the numerous Englishmen who fail to appreciate the varied beauties and interests of their native land.

HAYMAN'S ODYSSEY.*

SIX years have elapsed since Dr. Hayman published his first instalment of a complete English commentary upon the Odyssey; and these years have been to him years of such eventful change and unforeseen distraction from the calm pursuits of literature, that had the second part, now put forth, fallen short in merit of the first, no just critic could have failed to make allowance. But no such allowance is needed. It speaks a great deal at once for Dr. Hayman's philosophic habit of mind, and for the sedative and constraining charm of classical research, that, amidst trials of which we forbear to speak because we here take account solely of his literary labours, he has worked in this interval faithfully and fruitfully at his Homeric task. The result is a volume of high intrinsic value as a textual and illustrative commentary, with a preface so logical, elaborate, and exhaustive as to be calculated to give a quietus (if commentators can see when they are beaten) to the modern "craze" that Homer represents a comparatively late poet, coeval, it is averred, with Herodotus and Antimachus. Dr. Hayman has conferred a weighty obligation on those who have a leaning towards reasonable probability and old beliefs by coming to the front, like one of Homer's heroes, to meet exorbitant demands with a lance of sharpness and precision. We are much mistaken if in England, as already in Germany, a reaction to the old faith in an embodied father of poetry, the author of the Iliad and the Odyssey, is not destined to follow from the skilful array of arguments with which, in the pages of his learned preface, he has weighed *seriatim* the windy postulates of Mr. Paley and his followers.

These indeed are not to be confounded with the views of the "chorizontic" *Edinburgh* Reviewer, whom our author more summarily despatches. It would be hard to find a more complete disproval of the arguments urged for a separate authorship of the Iliad and Odyssey than is contained in the first seven pages of the preface. Several of these arguments, whether based on language or on internal evidence of manners, are shown to be worthless, inasmuch as the alleged diversity does not exist. The Reviewer denies the use of *θόρη* in the singular in the Iliad. Dr. Hayman cites it from Il. xxiv. 317. The Reviewer urges that in the Odyssey there is no trace of a belief, which exists in the Iliad, that the Olympian Gods were wont to be present at feasts instituted in their honour. But lo! says our author, in the very first council of the Gods in the Odyssey (i. 22-5) Poseidon's absence is accounted for on the ground that he is gone for this very object to the distant Æthiopians. Again, the Reviewer makes out the "peplum" to be Asiatic in the Iliad, and infers a different authorship from its use in the Odyssey by Greek women of rank. But he is reminded that the ground on which some have suspected the chief passage where it occurs in the Iliad (vi. 271) of spuriousness is no other than its specially Attic affinities; and, even assuming it to have been Asiatic, we are reminded that Homer was an Asiatic Greek, and that Helen, who in the Odyssey gives a peplum to Telemachus, was also a Greek princess who has long sojourned in Asia. Thus we have confirmation resulting where contrariety has been searched for; and it is the same in divers other cases which Dr. Hayman crumbles up with an ease that betokens reserve of power. On the general question of difference of manners in the two poems, he suggests the perfectly satisfactory explanation that the manners of the Iliad are what one would expect of "men abroad in a state of war," those of the Odyssey characteristic of "men at home in a state of peace." It is, as he happily illustrates, the difference in "habits and equipments of our Guards in the Crimea from the same in their barracks or in society at home."

Mr. Paley, as is just, receives at Dr. Hayman's hands fuller and ampler consideration of his peculiar views on the chronological question of Homer's date. The high respect which this able scholar has won by his editions of Æschylus, Euripides, Hesiod, &c., entitles him to no common deference, even where the views which he propounds are most novel and startling. Indeed we can conceive that not a few younger scholars would accept as conclusive, without more ado, his *ipse dixit* on such a matter, *e.g.*, as the argument from language, that our Homer was later than Archilochus, Theognis, Æschylus, Pindar, and Simonides. On this very account it is matter of rejoicing that he has met with an antagonist who copes with him in detail, and that successfully and exhaustively; arguing with him severally the fifteen points of his argument, and rebutting, sometimes to the full extent of a *reductio ad absurdum*, claims which would have no plausibility at all were they not stated by a scholar of great repute and research. Thus the argument for a modern date which Mr. Paley deduces from the fact of archaisms, symptomatic of an early period of the language, being intermixed with a comparatively modern style of diction, is met in Dr. Hayman's preface by a challenge to show that the bulk of the diction is more recent than the date of Archilochus; and in an eloquent and convincing note (p. xi.) the occurrence of so-called archaisms is accounted for by Homer's wielding, like Shakspeare, as a poet of the people, a mass of language and vocabulary and word-forms greater than any other poet of his country. The objector would also argue a late date from the details of the Homeric armour. But where, asks Dr. Hayman, are the details of early armour wherewith to compare these? Besides which, as he shows from Hallam, fashions of war have a strange fixity and long continuance. Sieges and siege works hardly varied from the Roman epoch till the invention of gunpowder. And it speaks volumes that the Homeric weapons and panoply had a basis of copper (*χαλκός*).

A favourite ground of argument with Mr. Paley is that which may be labelled "altered treatment"; his theory is, that unwritten poems so ancient and popular must have been cooked and hashed for the tastes of successive ages, and therefore liable to be superseded by a still later written, even if anonymous, composition.

* *The Odyssey of Homer.* Edited, with Marginal References, various Readings, Notes and Appendices, by Henry Hayman, D.D., late Fellow of St. John's College, Head-master of Rugby School. Vol. II. London: David Nutt. 1873.

Thus he would take the νεῖκος of Achilles and Ulysses sung of by Demodocus in Od. viii. 75, *seq.*, as an "altered treatment" of the μῆνις of Achilles in the Iliad; and he would regard in the same light the episodes of the Cyclopes and Laestrygonians, and of Circe and Calypso in the Odyssey. Dr. Hayman shows, with regard to the first instance, in a detailed examination which our limits forbid us to reproduce, that the parallel goes no further than Fluellen's "the situations, look you, is poth like." As to the second, he asks whether there is anything in the alleged resemblances inconsistent with their being distinct and original tales of adventure, and repetitions of types of savagery not improbably culled from travellers along the Mediterranean coasts—repetitions, too, in which the elements of a king, a polity, a city, a palace, and a road traversed by waggons, in the later instance, sufficiently distinguish it from the case of the Cyclopes, where there are none of these. And with regard to the third instance, Circe and Calypso, we are constrained to agree that it is "Fluellen again," and "Macedon and Monmouth"; suggesting naturally to Dr. Hayman's mind Archbishop Whately's *Historic Doubts*, and to our own Sir G. C. Lewis's "Egyptological Method of Writing History," wherein St. Peter's at Rome and St. Paul's in London are shown to be "altered treatments" of one and the same fact, in that both are in a city, both on a river, both built by an architect, and both named after an apostle. There is perfect fitness and force in our author's plea that by parity of reasoning Virgil might be convicted of repetitions, because Anchises's ghost in the Third Book of the Æneid is but "another version" of Hector's ghost in the Second; and because the end of Palinurus and that of Misenus are both by drowning. But really the point is too inconsiderable to waste words upon, although it is in the interest of common sense that it should be disposed of in arguments softened and brought home by the introduction of humour and pleasantry; just as where our author, in dealing with Mr. Paley's plea for the modernness of Homer drawn from the absence of *direct* reference to Homer in Pindar and the Tragic poets, and in showing that the importation of "ipsissima verba" savours of parody and burlesque, takes an instance from the *Ingoldsby Legends*, and, on the basis of an only approximate quotation, maintains that a parity of reasoning would make Barham to have had before him a text of Shakespeare not commonly known when he quoted or introduced words from *Coriolanus*.

Although it is by no means conceded that the great Tragic writers for the most part ignore Homeric themes and subjects—and indeed evidence to the contrary is satisfactorily adduced—it deserves attention that the cause assigned by Dr. Hayman for the greater indebtedness of the Tragics to post-Homeric and Cyclic writers is the more pathetic development of the Homeric heroes in the works of the latter. This would obviously be more attractive, available, and popular material to work upon; but as surely would it assist a conclusion as to the early date of the Iliad and the Odyssey of our Homer. It is not alleged that the Tragics did not avail themselves of intermediate legends, but that there was quite enough in Homer for them to work upon had no Cyclical steps ever come into play; and this is shown by pertinent reference to Shakspeare and his treatment of the Chronicles wherein he found his plots. "And if," says Dr. Hayman, "our Homer is shown to be later than Æschylus, because the latter borrowed from the Cyclics, he is for the same reason later than even Apollonius, Rhodius, and Virgil." *Solventur risu tabulæ.*

The three chief lines of evidence on which Dr. Hayman, beyond any of his compeers, relies for the early date of the Homeric poems are, first, that of the vases and vase-paintings in the British Museum and elsewhere; secondly, the argument as to language deducible from the greater or less coincidences of thought and word in the poets from 800 to 500 B.C. with Homer; and thirdly, that, on which he insists with great plausibility, arising from the very rudimentary character of the geography of the Iliad. As to the first, there is yet more, we suspect, to be made of it; and we shall await with considerable interest the result of the researches and observations of Professor Heinrich Brunn, which it is to be hoped will be made accessible to English scholars. Meanwhile we think that Dr. Hayman's inferences from an analysis of the scenes on the chest of Cypselus, which may be as old as 600 B.C., and which was, when Pausanias saw it, a very ancient Greek carving, satisfactorily point to the craftsman's knowledge of Homer, but not of the Cyclic poets. Pausanias recognized on it five (probably designed) illustrations of Homer; he does not, as he might have done had an early Ἰλίου πέρσις of the date of the chest existed, refer to a Cyclic poem the incident represented thereon of Menelaus chasing Helen with a drawn sword, which appears in Euripides and on a vase in Millingen's ancient monuments. "So far," concludes Dr. Hayman, "as the chest of Cypselus can show anything, it shows that our Homer was when the Cyclics were *not*." Again, the result of a comparison of the vases with the poems, as regards horse-riding, is curiously in favour of the antiquity of the latter. The rare tokens of equestrian performance in Homer are a subject large enough for separate illustration and scrutiny. One thing is quite clear; it was unknown in Homeric warfare. Yet, if the oldest Greek vase in the Museum exhibiting the human figure has equestrian forms upon it, and if the vases dating from 700 B.C. to 550 B.C. present frequent instances of horse-riding, it is obviously presumable that the Iliad and Odyssey belong to a date prior to the former of these dates, or at all events to the mean between them. But we cannot here go further into our author's researches into the question of the vase-pictures; enough perhaps will have been said when we state, as a general result of it, that in one important private collection, that of the Count of Lamberg, the proportion of Homeric to non-Homeric subjects is ten to three.

Dr. Hayman is on yet firmer ground when he rebuts the charge of modernism on the faith of coincidences, often lying half-hid in a key-word, between our Homer (not Mr. Paley's) and his successors. Even in Theognis, although his poetry is so little akin to that of the objective epic, there are many likenesses as curious as that which occurs between the Megarian poet and his epic father in poetry, wherein the former welds into this pentameter, ἰχθυόεντα πεφὼν πόντον ἐς ἀρήγετον, two distinct Homeric combinations—namely, πόντον ἐπ' ἰχθυόεντα, and πόντον ἐπ' ἀρήγετον. Then, too, as is shown lucidly in pp. lxiv.–v, the correspondence of language between the *Supplices* of Æschylus—a play without Homeric affinities in plot, scene, or character—shows nearly as many Homeric words and phrases as the parallelisms which Mr. Paley has reckoned up between Homer and Herodotus. Equally striking is the specimen group set in array from Pindar's Nemean Odes in its family likeness to Homer; and as to the transitive middle verbs, which to Mr. Paley have a savour of modern cookery, Dr. Hayman caps them by fifteen instances from Hesiod and six from Archilochus. It seems to follow that, if word-forms relied upon to fix the lateness of Homer's date occur also in the poets who range from Hesiod and Archilochus down to Pindar, the old bard is at any rate in precisely the same predicament *qua* imputed modernism as those poets with whom Mr. Paley seeks crucially to compare him.

We can but glance at the geographical and topographical argument; but really the giant to be vanquished is here a mere stuffed straw figure. Compare Homer's geography with that of Æschylus and Pindar (in the early fifth century), and say then if his barrenness can possibly be coeval with their wealth. Great ignorance of Western geography; no hint of Cyrene, which Pindar celebrates in such glowing legends; only the faintest allusion to the yet insignificant Dorian and Ionian races; the very narrowest ideas of travel as compared with the geography of Hesiod; an utter ignorance of names for local seas—all these particulars are notes of a most primitive poet, as well as of geography in its infancy. In short, to avail ourselves of Dr. Hayman's forcible way of putting it, "to ascribe to the Homeric poems a date posterior to Æschylus and Pindar is like trying to roll all human knowledge backward, and making the river reascend to its course." Much more certainly "do the Tables in Spruner's Atlas, 'Orbis ad mentem Homeri,' 'ad mentem Hecatæi,' 'ad mentem Herodoti,' as clearly mark successive strata of knowledge as the fossils in geological formations attest so many successive deposits of the earth's crust" (pp. xcvi.–vii.). We cannot help adding that, if the eyes of modern scholars are to be freed from the glamour which has of late years obscured them as regards this old-world faith, the result will have been mainly due to the steady, unflinching position which Dr. Hayman has maintained in this matter; and that not with the obstinacy to which superficial observers might ascribe it, but with a tactician's readiness to surrender assailable and unimportant outposts, such as textual discrepancies referable to the original author's own fugitive memory, the omissions and interpolations of the rhapsodist, and the frailty in judgment of the early Alexandrine critics.

The careful commentary which succeeds this exhaustive preface presents so many aspects of value and importance that it can scarcely even be glanced at in the remainder of the present article. One of these is subsidiary to the argument for unity of authorship. In a note at vii. 172, on the ceremony of the χέρνιψ, according to Athenæus finding no place in the Iliad, we recall Dr. Hayman's distinction between *camp* life in the one poem and *home* life in the other. Upon viii. 131–2, where, of five games proposed, four are despatched with the briefest mention, he notes that this brevity may be the poet's way of recognizing his fuller previous treatment of the subject in Iliad xxiii., and so may represent a link between the poems. Upon viii. 313–5 we find a note on the ethical likeness of the sensitive Hephæstus of the First Book of the Iliad to the same God in the lay of Demodocus. Nor are these insignificant anti-chorizontic notes. In viii. 553, οὐ κακὸς οὐδὲ μὲν ἐσθλὸς—epithets reversing the order of "gentle and simple," and referable, as Dr. Hayman notes, "to the estate and condition of the child born"—are words which suggest an obvious addition to the coincidences of language between Homer and Theognis, who uses these epithets constantly in a kindred sense.

Sound taste distinguishes Dr. Hayman's choice between alternative interpretations in such cases as where, in vii. 105–6, ἠλάκατα στρωφῶσιν | ἥμεναι οὐλά τε φύλλα, κ. τ. λ., is explained by him of Areto's maidens "combining rapid motion in working with a fixed position at work." The simile he takes to express, not the idea of their sitting "close as leaves on a poplar," but like as "the leaves of the poplar tremble and show both sides, yet without quitting their hold on the bough." In the next verse καιροσσάων is rightly read and explained, though perhaps the full form should have been given καιρόεσσων in the note. For lucid and full interpretation we may refer to the sufficiently intricate passage about Alcinous's vineyard and the successive stages of nature's process in it (vii. 123–8); and for copious illustration to the note (viii. 475) on ἀποπροταμών, which deals amply with the whole question of "heroic" feeding. Dr. Hayman, too, is very happy in rendering epithets—*e.g.*, πάλιν ἰφθιμην, "the *lovely* city" (*i.e.* socially pleasant, *cf.* ἴφανος), or ἑλίπαδας βοῦς, "the shuffle-gaited oxen." For such epithets he has ever

a parallel from English poetry; indeed his ready use of illustrations from modern literature is one of his happiest gifts. A young student may have his fancy profitably turned to comparative folklore when, in plodding through the story of the Lotus-eaters in the Ninth Book (94-9), he finds a parallel legend cited from Miss Frere's *Old Deccan Days*.

If our space allowed, we could say much more about this volume as evincing rare and many-sided erudition. In dealing with other new editions of the Odyssey, or of parts of it, we may have an opportunity again to examine the commentary, as well as the learned and valuable appendices. At present we must be contented to express our conviction that Dr. Hayman's Odyssean labours cannot fail to enhance his repute as a scholar both at home and abroad.

ZELLER'S HISTORY OF GERMANY.*

(*Second Notice.*)

THE different parts of M. Zeller's book, of the general nature of which we have spoken in a former article, differ widely according as he writes in the character of a scholar or only in that of an angry man. In the first part, the "Introduction à l'Histoire d'Allemagne," the latter character prevails, while, in the last part, where he deals with the course of Frankish history, the scholar's point of view prevails over that of the wrathful man—shall we say of the renegade? In the Introduction M. Zeller's wrath boils over; it is really little better than a libel on Germany and the Germans in all times, past and present. His great point is that Cæsar says that the Germans saw no shame in robberies done beyond the bounds of each man's own tribe. This charge is over and over again cast by M. Zeller in the teeth of all Germans from Cæsar's day to ours. Now we should be very much surprised indeed if the charge were not true of the Germans of Cæsar's day. The only question is, Is such a state of things in any way peculiar to Germans, and therefore in any way specially disgraceful to Germans? Is it not equally true of all nations at a certain stage of their national being? Nay, if we enlarge the limit, if, instead of the tribe, we take something wider—men of the same language, of the same religion, of the same colour, or wherever else the line may happen to be drawn—is it not very largely true of all nations at a stage of their culture very far advanced beyond the Germans of Ariovistus? It was only late in the last century that it began to strike modern Europeans that there was any shame in robberies committed on black men. This was simply the same doctrine, only with the area of the tribe extended so as to take in all Europe, all Christendom, or whatever the limit was held to be. It is foolish in a man like M. Zeller, who can write sense when he chooses, to write in this silly sort of way, which can do nothing but provoke an endless *tu quoque*. Then M. Zeller goes on to tell us that Germans in all ages have made war only for the sake of gain, while France alone makes wars for ideas, whether in the days of the Crusades or in later times. Yet we think that we have heard of sacked towns where the cry of *ville gagnée* was heard as loudly as any Teutonic equivalent; and as for making wars for ideas, the Germans might perhaps answer that the results of such warfare are themselves apt to be somewhat ideal. Those who now fill the Professor's chair at Strasburg might perhaps remind M. Zeller that, though there was much talk, much fighting for the idea of the liberation of Venice in 1859, yet the thing itself, in its practical, and not its ideal, shape, came only from quite another quarter in 1866. We are quite ready to see German history treated from a French as well as from a German or English point of view; but M. Zeller should really remember that nothing whatever is proved as to the rights and wrongs of disputes between one nation and another by simply showing that all have gone through the same stages, and that some nations have gone through them earlier than others.

The Introduction is followed by a map, and, when it comes to drawing a map, the higher of M. Zeller's two characters prevails over the lower; we get more of the scholar and less of the angry partisan. We say more and less, because it is as easy to turn a map into an engine of polemics as anything else; still the process of making a map is in itself a scientific one: it can hardly be done without some thought, some attempt at accurate representation; it cannot, as an introduction may, sink into a mere outpouring of angry words. M. Zeller gives us what he calls "Carte de l'Allemagne physique," where we have nothing to say against the way in which the rivers and mountains are laid down, though we might now and then make a gentle murmur as to the places occupied by some of the names. "Scandinavie," for instance, should surely not come south of the Eider; nor do we quite understand about "Allemagne Occidentale," something distinguished between both "Haute" and "Basse," the letters making up the name of which creep up the right bank of the Rhine in a very remarkable way. Then, on the other side, we have the letters of the name "France" arranged in a sort of broken semicircle; the F, the R, and the A seem to keep dangerously near to the Belgian frontier; the N gets east of the Vosges, but, as if it did not find itself at home there, the C and the E turn away with a sudden angle in a south-easterly direction. We are comforted however by finding the name *Bourgogne*—we may add privately that vague rumours are afloat that, by the use of a strong geographical telescope, an eleventh Burgundy has lately been brought to light—set down in the region of the Saone and the Doubs; we should have had nothing to say against M. Zeller if he had carried it further to the east. But all these things are trifles; there is nothing of any moment to say against M. Zeller's map, nor yet against the map later on in the book which is headed "Carte de la Germanie ancienne." To be sure we again get "Scandinavie" coming down into *Saxonia Transalbania* and in the eastern part of the maps the "race finnoise" and the "race slave" seem to divide things among them in a way which leaves hardly any room for our old friends the Lithuanians and Old-Prussians. We must say, once for all, that we cannot have the last bison or the last verb in —mi put upon by any man, French, German, Russian, or anything else. But throughout it is not for anything as to the mere statement of facts that we have to find fault with M. Zeller; it is the way of putting them, the inferences he makes from them, and the utterly irrelevant matter which he drags in, which forms the ground of our quarrel against him. What, for instance, is proved by bringing together a great number of instances to show that the Germans are called by different names among different nations? M. Zeller points out this undoubted truth with an air of triumph; we see nothing in it but a fact common to the Germans with many other nations. To trace out the different historical causes why a people call themselves by one name, while their neighbours very frequently call them by another, is often most curiously instructive as a matter of history, but it really proves nothing for or against any of the nations concerned. We confess that we are rather pleased than otherwise when the Briton calls us a Saxon, and when the Englishman beyond the Ocean calls us a Britisher. It is quite certain that the Germans are at this day, and have been for a long time past, called by four or five different names, while the French are everywhere called by some form of the name which they give themselves. But we do not exactly see in what way this is to the discredit of the Germans, and it is quite possible that the argument might be turned the other way. Why is the greater part of Gaul now called France? Because the Duchy of France has step by step swallowed up most of its neighbours. By this process the name of a part has been transferred to the whole. But the names *Germani, Deutschen, Allemands*, and the Slavonic name meaning dumb, which we had rather not take on ourselves to spell, are at least names, whatever they mean, which are meant to describe the whole nation; nobody speaks of Germany as "Prussia," "Austria," or "Saxony," in the same way in which we do speak of the more part of Gaul as "France."

In the department of ethnology proper M. Zeller does not strike us as strong. Or perhaps he is only anxious to make out the barbarous Germans to be as barbarous as possible by mixing them up with all manner of uncouth nations to the east of them. To be sure we have in some sort brought this upon our own heads. Jornandes and Grimm have identified Goths and Getæ; so it is perhaps to be borne in patience if M. Zeller goes on somewhat further in the same path. Still this game also may be played on two sides. If later Greek writers speak of Goths and other Teutonic nations as Scythians, Dion Cassius constantly speaks of the Germans as a whole as Celts. Such a lack of discernment on the part of a Roman Senator and Consul must be not a little grievous to M. Zeller; for our own parts we can stand being called anything, except perhaps Semi-Saxons. And a feeling of neighbourhood, if not of kindred, makes us crave of M. Zeller that he will not write *Kimrys* when we guess that he means *Cymry*. And, if Lord Strangford were still among us, he would have something to say about rash identifications of *Cymry* with *Cimbri, Cimmerians*, and what not. But the *Kimrys* are perhaps only an extension in a Celtic direction of the tendency which troubles M. Zeller—or his printer—like everybody else, or everybody else's printer, who writes about Teutonic matters in the French tongue. We have often and in vain tried to find out why it is that no Frenchman or French-speaking person, from the time of Domesday onward, has ever been able rightly to copy any Teutonic word, German, English, or Scandinavian, even though it be set before him printed in Roman letters. We are used to "Willians Pitt" and the "Wighs"; we now, by an opposite process to the latter, get the *whergeld* nearly, if not quite, every time that it is spoken of, to say nothing of "Herminn (guerrier)," which looks like a jumble of the two rival explanations of the name of Arminius. Words are written in so many ways that we cannot dogmatically assert that *Heretoga* or *Herzog* may not, in some time or place, have been written *Hecrezoghe*, but it is, to say the least, an odd form to pick out. And it is going beyond the bounds of bad spelling when M. Zeller tells us how certain people, by a ceremony in the Assembly, formally cut themselves off from all relations with their families or with the tribe in general:—

> Ces malheureux ou ces indomptables rebelles sont proscrits rejetés de la société, poursuivis par elle. Ils se rassemblent quelquefois par bandes sous le nom de warang (*warg*), d'*out law* (hors la loi), rendent guerre pour guerre à la société et ajoutent au désordre général.

We of course feel flattered at seeing the modern English form *outlaw* carried back into such early times, but does M. Zeller fancy that *warg* and the *Warangians* have anything to do with one another? This is really the nearest approach to a meaning which his words suggest to us.

Against the greater part of the narrative as a narrative we have very little to say; it is a good enough account of the migrations and invasion, and of the general Merovingian history in Gaul. It is almost wholly the colouring against which we protest throughout. But when he gets into Italy he is less lucky;

* *Histoire d'Allemagne. Origines de l'Allemagne et de l'Empire germanique.* Par Jules Zeller. Paris: Didier et Cie. 1872.

it is better to leave Theodoric alone than to slur him over, and we should greatly like to have a reference for the following account of Odoacer with which M. Zeller favours us:—

Maître alors de Rome, *il annonce au sénat qu'il prend le titre de roi d'Italie*, des terres pour les siens, et il lui ordonne de renvoyer à Constantinople les insignes de l'empire d'Occident décidément renversé. La Germanie du dehors et celle du dedans avaient vaincu; par violence et par trahison, elles avaient réussi; l'empire romain n'existait plus; les barbares pouvaient se donner la main ou se battre sur les ruines.

After this, on the principle that "de minimis non curat lex," we are not inclined to be hard on M. Zeller, especially as he is so civil to us here in our island, for quartering Winfrith, *alias* Bonifaco, in Essex instead of Wessex, and for further High-Dutching him into Win*fried*.

M. Zeller has clearly read the original writers and worked at them; he has also clearly read his Waitz, and he has understood him whenever it was not inconvenient; in short, if M. Zeller had been inspired by something better than the wildest frenzy of political hatred, he might have written something worth reading about the time that he has taken in hand. It is a time which it is well to have looked at from the French point of view as well as from the Roman, German, English, or any other. But the way to do so is not to write a libel on a whole nation and all that it has done for nineteen hundred years.

We will wind up with an extract from M. Zeller's last page, which we could quite well understand in a mere vulgar chatterer, but which is astounding in one who knows perfectly well that Charles the Great did not reign at Paris. He has spoken of the Roman coronation, and adds these words:—

Mais cette œuvre éphémère et peut-être chimérique de sa vie appartient moins à cette période qu'à la suivante, au moins pour l'histoire de l'Allemagne. Même, en effet, en s'affaissant bientôt sur lui-même, parce qu'il n'était point viable, cet établissement politique rendit possible en Allemagne la création de cet empire germanique qui fut un long et ambitieux plagiat de l'empire carlovingien, comme aujourd'hui le néo-empire allemand que nous voyons se relever à la fin du xix^e^ siècle, est un plagiat, funeste pour l'Europe, de l'empire napoléonien deux fois tombé en France.

WHERE IS OUR COAL?*

A FEW years ago, discussions as to how much coal was to be found, and how long it was likely to last, in this or that country, were matter of interest only to a limited clique of geologists or to a few mining capitalists and statisticians. The progress of events has now, somewhat abruptly, enlarged the circle of those for whom such questions have a meaning and a value. We shall indeed hardly find any householder, rich or poor, who, when called upon to pay for his domestic or his engine coal, does not ponder on the amazing price of that necessary of life, and marvel what on earth—or rather under the earth—has become of those stores of fossil fuel which we used to hear, in England at least, called practically inexhaustible. When Sir William Armstrong in 1863, at Newcastle, announced his fear of the rapid exhaustion of the Northern coal-field, it was not without good evidence contributed by local authorities as to the quantities already made away with and the quantities still available. But for years before his warning the extent of the coal-producing power of that district had been more accurately gauged than that of any other of our numerous British coal-fields. Nor were there wanting experienced mine-agents to put forward their estimates that, at the then moderate rate of consumption—less than half what it now has risen to—a period of from 350 to 360 years would exhaust the whole region. Mr. Hull, collecting into one focus all the materials which he could obtain, some of which as a Government surveyor he vouched for by his personal examination, ventured in 1860 to publish not only a description of the features of each separate district, but a calculation of the actual tonnage, from which it resulted that a sum-total, for the United Kingdom, of 79,843 millions of tons of coal were stated to exist in reserve. This amount would, at the then rate of consumption, suffice for about one thousand years. But an uncomfortable suspicion haunted the author that the quantity raised per annum had been doubled every twenty years; and that if this galloping consumption were to be continued, the whole stock of the entire country would be finished off in 172 years. Whether or not this particular hypothesis as to the rate of the unmistakably increasing drain on our resources was well founded is quite open to doubt; but, in order to get rid of the depressing effect of such an inference, we must overturn it either by showing that the progression is really more moderate, or that the total amount in store in the depths of the rocks is greater than had been allowed; or, again, both these debateable conclusions might be a good deal modified. This, in fact, is what has been done by the Royal Commission on Coal, which lately published a Report giving the principal results of its labours. The annual increase in the quantity raised would appear to be between two and a half and three millions of tons; but the total quantity upon which we have to draw is, according to the Commissioners, nearly double of the estimate of Mr. Hull, being no less than 146,480 millions of tons, within workable distance from the surface.

Our author has now published a third edition of his work, no longer an unpretending little book giving in the main his own conclusions, but a bulky volume, in all the glory of numerous maps and large type, "embodying the Reports of the Royal Commission." He shows fairly enough how the discrepancy between the two estimates arises—namely, in part from the Commissioners having elected to include a number of coal-seams thinner than he believes ought to be considered workable; and, secondly, from their adding an enormous area, which, being concealed under newer formations, must remain matter of much uncertainty until actually explored. Several indeed of these gentlemen appear to have been fired with a patriotic ardour to make the most of the several districts on which they had to report; and one of their number is even sanguine enough to suggest that a large tract beneath the German Ocean may be worked through the instrumentality of shafts to be put down miles away from land in the midst of those stormy waters. It is difficult to resist the impression that some of the reporters may, in making up their liberal totals, unconsciously have felt, as it is natural for coalowners to feel, that such an abundance of fuel in reserve would operate as an argument against any future interference with the export trade, which, to the chagrin of some of our home consumers, now amounts to above twelve millions of tons per annum. In the estimates now before us we have the larger figures of the Commissioners, somewhat reduced by the author's deduction for the thinner seams.

The first part of the work treats of coal very generally, and a variety of peoples and tongues are brought into play with reference to the early history and the names of the material in question; but it is scarcely creditable that amid such a blaze of linguistic pretension the pages should be spotted with so many inaccuracies. The well-known passage of Theophrastus is very unliterally rendered, and the quoted terms λιθὶς (*sic*) ἀνθρακας, and καθάπερ οἱ ἀνθρακες (*sic*), are almost as shaky Greek as Kara-on (*sic*) and Kara Denghoz are wonderful Turkish. In the same way of misspelling foreign words and names, we read further on of the valley of the *Rhur* for Ruhr, and of the basin of the Plauenschen Grund*es*. But these blunders in words, with such expressions as "tracts (*sic*) of marine worms," and even the describing of certain phenomena as on the Southern, instead of the Northern, side of the Welsh coal-field, are venial in comparison with startling errors in those very quantities on which the estimates pretending to scientific accuracy are founded. We are told that the production of Scotland, which in 1859 was 10,300,000 tons, in the year 1870 was no less than 21,273,000 tons; whilst, according to the official returns of Mr. R. Hunt, published by Government, we find it was actually 14,900,000. The amount raised in France for 1870 is stated, p. 416, to be 6,550,000 tons; whereas we read at p. 333 that the field of St. Étienne alone yields six millions per annum, and the published statistics show for the whole of France a total of thirteen millions. The annual production of the Forest of Dean is set down at 500,000 tons, whilst the official returns give for the same year, 1870, 907,000 tons. Again, we read that the number of iron furnaces in blast in South Wales in 1870 was, in the bituminous coal district, 45, and the quantity of pig-iron made 500,950 tons; but the same authority—Mr. Hunt, F.R.S.—specifying the details, gives the number of furnaces as 105, and the production of pig-iron almost the double of what the author has stated. It is inseparable from the nature of many of the estimates of the vast quantities which are brought under our notice that no high degree of exactness should be attained, but it is inexcusable that such mis-statements should occur among the figures which confiding readers may take for the basis of calculation and comparison.

In his later chapters, on the temperature of deep workings and on the duration of the coal-fields, Mr. Hull has brought forward a number of important observations contributed by various colliery viewers, and has rationally examined the subject with the aid of the fuller light which has been thrown upon it by further and deeper operations, and by the views of several authors who have also been quoted by the Royal Commission. But we believe that in drawing parallels between our own country and others, sufficient stress has not been laid upon the fact that our great commercial success, so far as it depends on our stores of coal, has been attained by the enormous amount we have been able to raise, good in quality, and low in price. Compare Belgium, France, and Germany in this respect with Great Britain, and you have a sufficient illustration of the great natural advantages which our manufacturers have enjoyed. But when we once have to work, in any large proportion, deeper and thinner and dirtier seams, and can only put them on the pit-bank at a higher price than heretofore, we must lose our former vantage ground, if only other nations can so far economize their resources as to be less affected by the same evils. It is thus not mere quantity in reserve nor rate of consumption that has to be taken into account, and it now becomes too evident that other agencies are at work, the potency of which was before last year not fully appreciated. The coal is abundantly proved to exist in such quantity as to supply the increasing demand with ease, and yet we are all suffering from famine prices, which in certain branches of industry are almost prohibitory. Plenty of coal is at hand in our pits, but a year of unexampled inflation of the iron trade has sufficed to cause such a pressure upon the insufficient amount raised to the surface as to induce purchasers to give twice or three times the prices to which we had been accustomed. The colliers, participating in the prosperity of the trade by the high wages they receive, insist on limiting the out-put by working less and less. We have it on the best authority that in Northern districts a pitman earns with 6½ hours' work from 8*s*. to 10*s*. In the Midland districts men are obtaining wages which

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* *The Coal Fields of Great Britain.* By F. Hull, M.A., F.R.S. London: E. Stanford. 1873.

give them 150*l.* or 200*l.* a-year; and in the part of South Wales where a gigantic strike is reducing to misery a large population beyond the circle of their own families, the colliers have been getting an average of 30*s.* to 36*s.* a-week, and at the steam-coal collieries 39*s.* to 40*s.* Liberal as are such wages for mere pick-work, in comparison with the modest incomes of industrious clerks, young officers of the army and navy, curates, and a host of others who contrive by thrift to keep themselves and families in a respectable position, no one would grudge them to the pitmen did they but seek to do their best. But when we find them only intent on shortening their hours, spending all that they get, and with their Unions and "Amalgamations" interfering at every turn with the masters, determined to exclude others from working, and to limit the out-put according to their own sweet will, the condition of things becomes simply intolerable. It happened to us not long since, on crossing a river in the North, that, asking the meaning of an unusual crowd of pleasure boats, we learnt that they belonged to the pitmen of the neighbouring colliery, who were pleased to pass their afternoons in the harmless pastime of sailing and fishing. Who were the owners of the wager-boats skimming the stream? The pitmen. It was here like the old story of the Marquis of Carabas. Who were the dwellers in the neat cottages pleasantly ranged near the shore? The pitmen; paying in some cases a nominal rent, in others having them free. For whom those spacious school-rooms? For the pitmen's children to frequent free of charge. Who were they that composed the dense mob thronging the railway stations whenever there was to be a pleasure trip, or a race, or a launch, or a swimming match? The pitmen. We have too long been accustomed to regard this class from a sentimental point of view as ill-used innocents, ground to the earth under hard task-masters. And when we now find them, under the leader-ship of paid agitators, striving against the established principles of political economy, and seeking by aid of absurdly exaggerated prices to limit the supply of what we know to exist in rich abundance, we can no longer rejoice in the high wages that engender such license. And if they maintain the determination, by unduly consulting their own ease, to pinch the whole community, and jeopardize the commercial prosperity of the whole country, they may be assured that they will rouse the adverse opinion of all right-minded men in the country.

LÜBKE'S HISTORY OF SCULPTURE.*

THIS book is better worth the pains bestowed upon it by the translator than the dismal platitudes of Herr Grimm's *Life of Michael Angelo*, to which the same name (we know not whether male or female) was affixed. We shall indeed presently have to indicate heavy deductions from our praise, yet these two handsome volumes may be accepted as filling for the time a serious gap in the library of the English student of art, and as containing materials of value for some writer better qualified to deal with the subject. The book is also handsomely illustrated, and although woodcuts,—unless handled with far greater skill than is here generally shown, let all the finer elements of sculpture escape, yet, if simply looked on as diagrams, they carry the reader's mind with them through the otherwise tedious details of narrative, and form at least a kind of pictorial index, pointing out where he should look for matters of interest. The translator's work, so far as we can judge without referring to the original, has been executed with care and clearness. Nothing, indeed, can impart liveliness to so characteristically Teutonic and heavy a writer as the learned Professor; but we feel little doubt that he is considerably more readable in this version than in the original. A few misspelt names (Perithous, Epigonoi, Poseidipp, and the like) should be corrected in a second issue; and a perplexing interchange of the present with the past tense, in describing matters lying wholly in the past, should be avoided. Scrupulous fidelity to the diction of the original, it should never be forgotten, is no virtue in translating German prose.

The work begins with three chapters which, in the brief space of sixty pages, dispose of the whole sculpture of India, Egypt, and Asia, together with an introductory chapter on the theory and development of the art. This introduction is in that style which lays claims to the title of "philosophical." Great principles and high-sounding general phrases are in the field throughout, and, as in many other German works, this style is so consistently sustained that the reader, if inexperienced, will at first be apt to say, "How deep and thorough is this treatment compared with the superficiality of the French, or the irregular handling of such a subject common in English writing!" The difference between architecture and sculpture, we read, "is the *subject* of their works. While architecture exhibits in its just harmony the beautiful in inorganic nature, sculpture has no other aim than the complete physical representation of the animate and organic form"; and so on, through many well-balanced paragraphs, in which the author describes the different modes of sculpture—the group, the relief, &c.—points out the aim of Christian art as compared with classical, and winds up with the usual thanksgiving to that revival of the antique through which "the plastic art by strict discipline recovered her healthfulness," until, having now "invested the exact impress of the individual character with the breath of the ideal and the imperishable," we learn, with a very agreeable sense of surprise, that she has "attained her aim of manifesting in finite forms the presence of the Infinite."

Far be it from us to imply that this style of disquisition, upon which the authority of Goethe and Schiller is supposed in some quarters to have set an eternal sanction, is without meaning to the writers, or may not convey to readers of a certain class ideas of real value. But we must own to a strong conviction that this general treatment of a subject so full of individuality and technical elements as art is a very perilous thing, and, except in the strongest hands, sure to lead to nothing but high-flying emptiness. It was so, too often, in the case of one at least of the two great poets whom we have named; Goethe's criticisms on individual works of art making a wretched contrast to his eloquent dogmatism on first principles. What a display of the feeblest conventionalities on painting is made in his *Italian Journey!* What an exhibition of pomposity and inappreciativeness do we find in his relations to Beethoven and Mendelssohn! Dr. Lübke is by no means a man of genius, or (as we should infer from this book) of taste; hence the result, where these qualities are required from a historian of art, is tame and unsatisfactory. But taste and vivid feeling for art as art are gifts so rarely found amongst Dr. Lübke's compatriots that their absence from German criticism must be readily condoned. What might, however, have been remedied is the ignorance which we trace everywhere in regard to the technical side of the writer's subject. His remarks on drapery, on low and high relief, and the like, are thoroughly vague and empty when stripped of those ample folds in which the professorial style rejoices; they bear no relation to the actual necessities under which the sculptor works; they give the reader no definite or useful rules of judgment. A greater contrast between modest taste and knowledge and this pseudo-philosophic pretentiousness cannot be found than by comparing Sir C. Eastlake's Essay on the Elgin Frieze with these portions of Dr. Lübke's performance.

The history opens, as we have said, with a brief sketch of Asiatic and Egyptian art. This is fairly executed, although the space allotted is insufficient to trace more than an outline, especially as the races reviewed have been precisely those amongst whom the "plastic art," so far as they could carry it, has been more fertile than amongst any others, the Greeks perhaps excepted. Dr. Lübke's plan of beginning each school with a philosophical sketch, intended to place the art to be reviewed in relation with the history of the race and the feelings of the period, has also wasted some pages. Such summaries may be of use to uneducated readers; the educated will know the absolute impossibility of reciting within a few paragraphs the circumstances which governed the hieratic art of Egypt, or which rendered possible the sculpture of the Parthenon. Greek art comes next; and here the author, following a vast number of careful investigators, to whose merits he does just and candid honour, has given a really valuable condensation of the little which, unhappily, is all that can now be recovered. Passing from generalities, he reviews with some skill the Hellenic schools, claiming for them in all substantial points an independent and "autochthonic" development, and confining any impulse from the East, perhaps a little too strictly, to simple technical elements. Greek sculpture is here divided into four main periods:—from its obscure beginnings to Phidias; thence to the end of the Peloponnesian war; then the brilliant and fertile age down to Alexander's death; lastly to the Roman conquest of Hellas. The after school, down to the transfer of central government to Constantinople, is dealt with under the head of Italian sculpture. We regard this as the most successful portion of the book; the discriminative criticism, if not marked by genius, is a fair summary of established opinion, and few persons would not find it an advantage to have such a manual in their memories when exploring the scattered fragments of that glorious art through the weariness of galleries and museums. Only here we must regret that Dr. Lübke's zeal has led him, in common with most who have written on this attractive subject, into giving an appearance of knowledge upon it for which we have in truth no adequate materials. This is that spurious "thoroughness" which, highly as we honour the real thing, is the curse of the modern German literary mind. To judge by the detailed criticism on the style of the great Greek masters and schools which this and similar books present, one would think that we were reading about this year's Exhibition, with plentiful and authentic examples of every artist before us. But what are the facts? We have literally (taking as one work every collected group) not above six examples throughout the whole range of genuine Greek sculpture to which we can with certainty ascribe the sculptor's name. Among these only one rated by the ancients in the first class is found, although in this case it is, happily, the greatest of them all. Even the list of marbles certainly belonging to the four periods specified by Dr. Lübke is excessively small; beyond our Museum, which contains incomparably the largest number, three rooms as large as the Elgin room would, we believe, lodge them all. The vast majority of antique sculptures are copies of no assignable date, and generally of no assignable value in reference to their lost originals. How then, it may be asked, have we this and so many other elaborate histories of Greek sculpture? The sad truth is that the bulk of these books, excepting their catalogues of names and subjects, is theoretical. The criticisms of the ancient world, comprising notices by men of the most different ages and powers of judgment, supply one part; the writers, anxious to fill up their wretchedly defective material, quote them all as authorities, Pliny's remarks

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* *History of Sculpture from the Earliest Ages to the Present Time* By Dr. W. Lübke. Transla. d by F. E. Bunnett, with numerous illustrations. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1872.

figuring on the same level with a notice by Plato, just as Mr. Buckle puts Thucydides and Zonaras, or the like, on an equality as historical witnesses. Another part is supplied by the copies just mentioned. A particular Aphrodite, let us say, praised, not by Romans—whom, on art, we find little above intelligent Turks—but by the Greeks themselves as divine, is conjecturally identified by a tiny outline upon a coin. Statues presenting the attitude thus identified are then assumed to be copies of the original; the insoluble question, how near the copy is to the original, is tacitly dropped, and forthwith the statue figures in the pages before us as the work of Praxiteles or Scopas. We do not deny that in this process of identification there is much of interest and of value. It does bring us nearer to a lost masterpiece. But that insoluble question, *how near?* is precisely the only one which is of vital moment. The rest is archæology; it is history; it is not art. We will give an example in which the existence of an original enables us at once to test how wretched are the data upon which the bulk of criticism on the Greek sculptors rests. Suppose Raffaelle's "San Sisto" were known to us only by such versions of it as we may all have seen in a cottage woodcut or a Christmas card. We might learn thus the subject of the picture, and something of the colour and the arrangement. But the approach which we should thus make to the real matter—the supreme beauty and majesty of the picture—would be small almost to infinity; and our criticism of the work would be meagre and conjectural in proportion. Yet this is a more favourable example than Greek sculpture can afford; our primary identification of the original and the copy being here assumed as beyond question.

With the sculpture of the middle ages we enter a field where the historian's task becomes very different. Several centuries pass before the art disengages itself from architectural exigencies and from its employment, with painting, in absolute deference to the practical purposes of religious edification. And until this period has passed there could be little place for that expression of individual feeling and thought which is of the very essence of the fine arts. Individuality, no doubt, was silently at work throughout, and many a *pictor* or *sculptor ignotus* may have put his best into his work, and animated his scholars with all the energy or ambition of a Titian or a Michael Angelo; only the bounds set by the age could not be overleapt. Dr. Lübke has taken great pains with this portion of his work, and has collected many long-obscured indications of the early workmen and their ways. Yet, except as a piece of history, we think most readers will find his patient enumeration of the German and Italian early schools very tedious. The circle of sculptural subjects was inevitably small, and, although points of great merit may be discerned here and there, yet we must own at the end that mediæval sculpture was throughout sadly inferior to the architecture which it decorated. Excepting, of course (though not to the degree which some recent admirers require), the famous Italians of the Renaissance before 1500, there is also this great drawback from our interest in these early naïf artists, that their art came to no climax of perfection, but from the fourteenth century onwards really died away into affectation in France and England, into indescribable ugliness in Germany. Mediæval sculpture generally reminds one of Goethe's saying in the old German picture gallery at Cologne: "I see the flowers, but where is the fruit?" Dr. Lübke's labours in this field deserve our gratitude; but the work of really sifting and arranging the mediæval sculpture, so far as the work is desirable, can hardly be performed until much more trouble has been given to the subject, and until the materials are also much more completely assembled. Even parts of Italy have been little examined; Spain, we suppose the richest mine, is almost wholly passed over in this History—an immense deduction from its claims to thoroughness.

The rest of the Professor's work we can but briefly notice. In regard to the Italians of the great age his account, resting again on those antecedent labours without which no one man, however diligent, can hope to succeed in such an encyclopædic task, is pretty full; although we cannot say that his criticisms on Michael Angelo strike us as of any value. Coming to later times, the author is again oppressed by the multitude of sculptors of varying orders of merit. Here also a natural, but by no means philosophical, prejudice in favour of his own countrymen becomes curiously prominent—we might say predominant. No Frenchman would accept for a moment Dr. Lubke's meagre history of French sculpture; whilst for Englishmen it is enough to say that Flaxman, of all modern sculptors incomparably the most fertile in exquisite and appropriate design, is dismissed in a few lines to make room for the inevitable laudation of Thorwaldsen, whose hollow and pretentious pseudo-antiquarianisms we have on a former occasion sufficiently exposed. But Thorwaldsen worked under very learned German influences, and wasted considerable technical gifts in the attempt to re-embody legends mostly lifeless except to the very learned. Could anything be more alien from the spirit of the real Greek art, that absolute expression of the whole national mind and of every one's common interests, than this? Yet we read that in Thorwaldsen "the antique seemed to revive with new glory." When we read such a sentence we should be disposed to question Dr. Lübke's capacity to write upon sculpture at all, did not his book contain many pages entitling him to the praise of having produced a work which, with all its faults, we may still recommend to the English public.

MINOR POETS.*

IT were much to be wished that the Poet Laureate had a monopoly of all Court versification, and was not only allowed, but even required, to prosecute any one who ventured to write in metre about the Queen or any member of the Royal Family. Nay, we would go even further than this, and would give him the exclusive privilege of writing poetry about any Royal personage who has died within these hundred and fifty years. He alone should lament the "late lamented" Prince Consort; while other melancholy bards who felt courtly disposed should be forced to content themselves with writing dirges on the death of Queen Anne. After all, there is nothing unreasonable in this. For if Alexander could publish an edict that no one should put him in a picture but Apelles, we might surely allow our gracious Queen to direct that no one should put her in a poem but Mr. Tennyson. No one, except perhaps the critics, would be so much a gainer by this arrangement as the Queen; for she would be free from those poetical offerings which are almost daily bestowed on her because there is no one else found good-natured enough to accept them. It would seem to be the case that the more exalted any one is the more he is troubled with the songs of the most contemptible of poets, just as it is the loftiest trees that sound most with the croakings of the crows. The author of the *Bright Spot near Osborne House, and other Poems*, thinks it necessary to inform the reader of the chief reason that has induced him "to make this short poem determine the title of the book." His readers—if, that is to say, he gets any—will, he may rest assured, be utterly indifferent to the title; and when once they have satisfied themselves with laughing at his tediousness, and at his arrogance in bestowing it all on Her Majesty, they will not be moved by learning that it has "obtained the Queen's most gracious acknowledgment." The Queen's state is indeed melancholy in this, that no sooner does Fate begin to shower upon her its blows than all the poets begin to shower their verses. The ancients believed that whenever a monarch had gained the height of prosperity, then the jealousy of the gods would give him a trip. They never, however, added insult to injury, nor imagined that in his fall the Muses would vent their spite by bringing upon him the worst of versifiers. Women too often have to mourn over the death of a husband and the illness of an eldest son; but all of them save one are allowed to mourn alone, and are left unpestered by that consolation which is administered by the help of a rhyming dictionary. It is most unfortunate too for our Sovereigns that *King* and *Queen* are such tempting words for the poets, and, by the abundance of rhymes that can be found for them, are in themselves almost equal to an inspiration from the Muses. *King* perhaps had been almost worn threadbare by the hymn-writers, but *Queen* till within the last thirty-four years had been but little worked. In the first poem by "Glowworm" we have it rhyming with "seen," "been," "between," "serene," in addition to "sheen," which we find in the following verse that opens the poem:—

> One Crown alone of regal state
> Can deck a nation's sheen;
> One brow alone of Monarchs great
> Doth wear it like our Queen.

We think that Her Majesty, troubled as she is with such nonsense as this, might share her ancestor's hatred, if not for "Painters," at least for "Poets." We must do the poet the justice to admit that he does not confine his muse entirely to the precincts of the Court. In one touching poem he tells us how

> The sceptic's heart began to melt,
> The fountain real'd broke out in tears.

It would seem that, while

> his child of tender years
> Lay dying in a dismal room,

the sceptic, not merely content with directing him to

> renounce the creed
> Imparted in the Sabbath school,

wrote with chalk upon "the barefaced wall 'God is nowhere.'" Why he chose chalk to write upon a barefaced wall, which we presume is the poetical manner of describing a white-washed wall, we are not told. The child, however, read the sentence "*God-is-no-where*" with the happiest result in the instantaneous conversion of his infidel father. We only wish that as rapid and as easy a cure could be found for the poet as for the sceptic.

Mr. Herbert Randolph, the author of *So Far*, seems to have some suspicion that his poems, after all, may not be of the highest order of excellence. At all events, he thinks it needful to state, by way of preface, that "they are the result of much enforced leisure":—

> Leisure is the couch of the mind, and to work at leisure is to work when lying at full length. Such work is of necessity unstable and unequal, fitful with hasty power and sudden feebleness. Half-successes which are whole-

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* *The Bright Spot near Osborne House, and other Poems.* By Glowworm. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1872.

So Far. By Herbert Randolph. London: John Camden Hotten. 1872.

Nuova Italia, or Tours and Returns through France, Switzerland, Italy, and Sicily. A Poem in Ten Cantos. By Nomen Nescio, F.R.G.S. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1872.

Rheingold. A Romantic Legend in Eight Cantos. By John Baldwin Fosbroke. London: Provost & Co. 1872.

faults, are as apparent in this book, to the author, as they can be to any one. Violent writing is almost unavoidable by a youth who, after a course of most *frigid* education, first tasted of liberty of thought and action in southern Italy.

When Mr. Randolph has published a few more poems he will not waste in a preface such a choice conceit as that "leisure is the couch of the mind." There is many a poet who, if he had got hold of such a thought as that, would have soon expanded it into a sonnet. How naturally, for instance, might be added "and poetry its coverlet," and how with a little thought a dozen conceits equally good might be invented! The story is told of an old epicure who groaned over the folly of a young fellow whom he saw wasting a fine appetite over a piece of mutton. With equal reason might an old poet groan over Mr. Randolph wasting such a fine fancy over a preface. While we are ready to go so far with the poet as to admit that there is a good deal of "feebleness" and a great many "whole-faults" apparent in this book, we cannot allow that the one is at all "sudden" or that the others are in any way "half-successes." There may be enough of "violent writing" in all truth, but feebleness and violent writing very well go hand in hand together. It is something new to find a poet asking for indulgence for his poems on account of the frigidness of his education. What Mr. Randolph means by a frigid education we do not pretend to know. If we might hazard a guess, we should surmise that his whole attention at school had been limited to the composition of nonsense-verses, and that when he talks of "liberty of thought and action" he refers to the liberty he now enjoys of being as nonsensical as ever, though not under compulsion. We are sorry to learn from another part of his preface that he does not "intend to give up writing." Mr. Toots, we remember, in Mr. Dickens's story, used to write long letters which no one ever read but himself. We much fear that Mr. Randolph, unless by a long course of prose composition he attains the difficult art of writing sense, will find that, even if he does not intend to give up writing poems, no one else intends to begin reading them. Who that gets to the second verse on the first page of *So Far* will not exclaim, when he reads such folly as we will now quote, "It may be So Far, but by heavens! it shall be no further!":—

> Who shaped each lid-lash in angelic spites
> To a sting of love sprayed forth from lids of cream?
> Doth young Love keep his mouth there much o' nights,
> Sly of the sting, and pay for drink with dream,—
> Slow crystals with the far shown fair, loosed through the stream?

As for Mr. Randolph, if he is tired of his "enforced leisure," and suffers from the defects of "a frigid education," we would respectfully advise him to return from "southern *Italy*," and to see if he can apprentice himself to some business where his literary tastes might still be gratified, and where at the same time a little sense might be gradually cultivated. When a man has gone so far as to write about "a swift-blown twilight now by dainty ear," "a sea-plunge is thine hair behind," "Moon-maiden, of the wild star distance-tame," "the checked sea's very beard," "blare wind, flare sun, and let the green trees sprout," and all the rest of it, it is high time that he should be called upon, now that he has acquired the art of expressing his meaning, to see if he can acquire some meaning to express. If happily there should chance to be a vacancy in Mr. Bradshaw's office, we think that Mr. Randolph might get rid of a good deal of nonsense, and at the same time find his aspirations as a man of letters not altogether unsatisfied, if he were for a year or so to find work there in the composition of the Railway Guide. To fill up any "enforced leisure," he might give the world a metrical version of the alphabetical list of steamers. He would be certainly more usefully employed than in the composition of such a song as the following:—

> Blind, blind,
> Gilden rind
> No bird shall peck, agree?
>
> Say, say
> Shall she stay
> The Love-bird in Life-tree,
>
> Peck, peck,
> Sleepy-neck,
> The gilden fruits that be?

The author of *Nuova Italia* informs us that "he lately left Italy standing statue-like, triumphant, amidst the ruins of empires, principalities, and powers, temporal, spiritual, and eternal." Without pretending to know whether it is Italy that is temporal, spiritual, and eternal, or the empires, principalities, and powers, or the ruins, we are glad nevertheless to learn that he left her in such an upright position. Her posture is all the more creditable to her as she has only just come forth from "struggles to shake off the constricting coils of superstition and oppression that threatened to strangle her," in which she had, however, the gratification of knowing that one English poet was "watching her." After such struggles as these she might surely have been excused if, instead of "standing statue-like," she had stretched herself on that "couch of the mind" which Mr. Randolph, who has also visited Italy, tells us of. Should any other of our poets shortly visit Italy, we should be glad to hear that she had got a little cramped in her statue-like position, however triumphant it might be, and had come down to look after a few abuses which, whether temporal or spiritual, seemed destined unfortunately to be eternal. Before the brigands or the floods are quite got rid of, we fear we should be more than resigned to learn that the one or the other had carried off all the English poets who happened to be within their reach. We do not know if we are quite hard-hearted enough to desire the destruction of the poets themselves. It might be sufficient if the floods swept all their manuscripts down into the Adriatic, or the brigands turned them to some good account every time they lighted their pipes or their fire. If ever, indeed, it is pleasant *e terra magnum alterius spectare laborem*—how doubly pleasant it must be when we know that it is a poet who is in danger on the flood, and that he bears all his poems with him. We may justly feel more aggrieved with Italy than with any other country for allowing two such poets to escape her; for a glorious example was once set in her capital of tearing a poet to pieces for his bad verses. How the author of *Nuova Italia* and Mr. Randolph escaped while poor Cinna was torn to pieces, we can only explain on the supposition that a "statue-like" position, however triumphant, is not favourable for action. There are indeed certain whitewashers of humanity who, vindicating the character of the mob, as others have vindicated the characters of Tiberius, Henry VIII., and Robespierre, maintain that it was not Cinna, but Cinna's verses, that were torn to pieces. It was only, they go on to say, the indignation of some poet who feared that his works might justly suffer a like treatment that led to the perversion of the history of what was in reality an act of the most righteous vengeance. As for ourselves, we shall not pretend to decide so knotty a point, nor shall we pretend to think it of much importance, so long as something is torn to pieces, whether it be the poet or his poems. The author of *Nuova Italia*, if he is no poet, is at all events a conscientious narrator. He does not think it right to sing of Italy, whether new or old, without telling his readers how he went there and how he returned. He cannot either leave London or return to London without singing of "the smoke and sooty blacks," and urging his countrymen "a new Smoke Act to shape." We cannot follow him in his careful descriptions of the whole route through Paris and Geneva to Italy. He hopes that his poems "will add to the enjoyment of many a leisure hour at home." If our readers, after reading the two following stanzas, which we have selected almost at random, find them to their taste, we are happy to be able to inform them that there are some eight hundred more or so all after the same pattern:—

> Behold the great Napoleonic way!
> That model masterpiece of engineering,
> Fit for the heaviest gun, or largest dray;
> Triumphant, o'er the Simplon pass careering;
> Proof against landslips, storms, and avalanches,
> Or falling pine trees with their roots and branches.
>
> * * * *
>
> Whilst like a Triton leader in persistence;
> A spermaceti whale begins to snort
> His bright parabolas, far in the distance,
> And looms just like a jolly-boat, in short,
> And lightning flashes 'neath the dark horizon,
> On which the weather-wise all set their eyes on.

Rheingold, as we are told in the preface, "is the principal produce" of Mr. Fosbroke's "twenty-first year." We hardly know which of the two to admire the more, the luxuriance of the growth of that particular season, or the utter worthlessness of the produce. Mr. Fosbroke does not inform us why he lays before us this chance bit of personal history. It may be that he wishes to set us thinking, if he can write so well at the age of twenty-one, how well he will write when he has reached the advanced age of say twenty-five. He may also wish to lead the calculating reader to estimate how many lines he will write should his life be as much lengthened out as his first poem. An examiner in arithmetic might found some interesting questions on this subject which would present an agreeable variety in the next paper he sets. He might ask, for instance, if Mr. Fosbroke produces six thousand lines in his twenty-first year, how many lines at the same rate will he have written if he lives till he is fourscore? and if Mr. Fosbroke for every thousand lines he writes has one reader, how many readers will he have had by the end of his life? Our only apprehension for him is lest, long before he reaches that period, he may, as Alexander had to weep because there were no more lands left for him to conquer, in his turn have to weep because there are no more subjects left for him to write about. A man who at the advanced age of twenty-one "seeks to illustrate the great problem of why evil should exist," will, long before he is fifty, find nothing worthy of his pen. Perhaps, however, by that time he may have had an attack of the gout; and, instead of troubling his head with the question why evil should exist in the universe, will have all his faculties fully employed in wondering why it should exist in his gouty toe. At present we have no doubt Mr. Fosbroke is blessed with the best of digestions and the rudest of health; for we have noticed that they who speculate most on the origin of evil are those who suffer from it the least. We must do him the justice to admit that he does "not pretend to throw any new light" upon this great problem, but is contented with "suggesting some cheering reflections thereon." Cheering reflections are very well in themselves, but then six thousand lines of them! He would seem to be a kind of homœopathist in his treatment, for he tries to cure our sufferings by making us suffer. But then he should remember that the homœopathic treatment requires the smallest of doses, and will never allow the drug that is to excite symptoms similar to those of the disease to be admin-

istered in such quantities as to increase by tenfold the original suffering. Long as *Rheingold* is, it is only one in a series. "Let the public," the poet says, "give but some encouragement, and they shall speedily be presented, not only with its predecessor, but with its successors both in prose and verse." The public has fair warning, and if it is weak enough to give any encouragement, it knows what it will bring on its own head. Unfortunately—and this is a part of the great problem of evil—it does not suffer alone, for it is on the innocent critic that, after all, the chief burden falls. As perhaps the public, however, would never have known of Mr. Fosbroke's existence save from our columns, we may be to a certain extent to blame. If, after reading the six lines which we will now quote, it feels inclined to give any encouragement, we hope that it will first read the rest of the six thousand before it complies with its inclinations:—

> This knight was German, and the banks of Rhine
> Beheld his deeds, his tourneys and his wine.
> —But being German on the German Rhine,
> No destiny could possibly confine
> His life within the boundaries material
> Of mortals born in regions less ethereal.

Mr. Fosbroke says, "I leave it to my readers to determine whether I have any claim to the title 'poet.'" As we doubt whether he will have any readers, we think it best to leave the decision to our readers.

GRACE TOLMAR.*

CLEVER and careful as *Grace Tolmar* is, it has a curious undertone of imitation running through it, reminding one partly of Owen Meredith, partly of the analytical school of French novelists. Perhaps the theme of unlawful love demands a fixed kind of treatment which creates a certain family likeness among all the expositions thereof. Details of passion have to be carefully suppressed, yet the fact of an overwhelming passion has to be kept steadily before the reader; an incessantly recurring moral and mental analysis must throw a subtle air of fate over the various stages which lead down into sin; and the purity of the original nature of the woman must exculpate her from blame, and whitewash her questionable life. Then there must be certain accessories. The woman's wondrous beauty of an enthralling and spiritual type excuses the man; the man's marvellous powers of mind, coupled with the humblest worship and the deepest devotion, excuse the woman. They must be persecuted by evil-minded people who have inconvenient prior claims; and hampered by cruel laws which do not recognize free love. If the scene is laid in Hungary or in Italy, the local colour gives an additional charm, at least to us dull islanders. The one place is so far away that we scarcely feel our morality responsible for what happens there; the other has been so long the prescriptive domain of love and adultery that we naturally look for a repetition of the old tale, and know beforehand to what the scents of flowers and moonlight skies are sure to lead. Still, in spite of its well-worn theme, *Grace Tolmar* is by no means an ordinary novel; and for all its undertone of imitation, it has been both boldly conceived and sharply executed.

One thing, however, strikes us as untrue; Grace is not English. Neither in character nor person has she a trace of her nationality, and we think that part of her charm was lost in describing her as of our race. She is too subtle, too indefinite, and, we would add, too metaphysical, for an Englishwoman. We do not say that the sinuous, subtle, introspective British matron is impossible; but it is not the national ideal; and Grace Tolmar would have been more harmoniously nationalized had she been described as French or Italian. Neither would the circumstances of her life have impressed an Englishwoman so powerfully. She would not have felt the impossibility of freeing herself from them as Grace did. A young woman who had been entrapped into a marriage with a hoary-headed villain whom she has always loathed, who has a child by him, and then discovers that she is not really married to him, he having committed the playful offence of bigamy, would not have felt herself bound by such indissoluble ties as those which Grace Tolmar suffered to fetter her, and on which she therefore founds her excuse for falling into sin. And when we remember that the Marchese, her pseudo-husband, has been forced to make himself dead to escape the consequences of some crime—not confided to the reader—we can only wonder at the self-torturing perversity which causes her to hold herself unable to marry any one else. We wonder still more why she does not fling herself into the arms of her lover when he opens them to her, and begin life afresh as Robert Pole's wedded wife. She does not denounce her pseudo-husband's infamy, she says, because of the stain of illegitimacy which would thus rest on her little daughter. Granted. But when the Marchese is civilly and socially defunct, why is she so weak as to allow him to threaten, persecute, spy after her? He could not claim her child. Both as an illegitimate father and a dead man his powers were absolutely *nil*; and he could not have broken his agreement to pay a large proportion of the revenue of his estates into Madame Tolmar's hands, as he must then have declared himself alive, when he would have to be punished for the crime he had committed against society and his wife; which contingency his making himself dead was to avoid. We would ask, however, as a matter of curiosity, by what means he managed still to receive the revenues of his estates? We had an idea that land was held in Italy on somewhat the same conditions as in England; and that when the holder of large estates was supposed to be dead, the revenues would pass into the keeping of the lawful heir, whoever he might be, ghosts not being eligible as landowners.

Mr. Dangerfield is fond of working on shadows which have no substantiality, and of weaving his tangled web of life out of spider's threads which a single honest breath could blow away. His hero, Robert Pole, contents himself with appearances and inner convictions, and never seems to think it necessary to have practical demonstration that what he imagines is true. If Grace looks pre-occupied or paler than usual, he understands the whole direful line of thought and action that has led to this heart-breaking result; and he does not stop to make sure that his suspicions of treachery, loss of love, and universal cataclysm of hope and life, are well founded. He is a restless, self-torturing kind of person, introspective to a distracting extent, and unable to accept anything with simplicity; an eminently uncomfortable man to deal with, and sure to wreck himself on shoals and rocks which, had he been of a healthier nature, he would have avoided. Madame Tolmar and he play a curious game of cross-purposes throughout. Now he is uncertain of her love, and breaks his heart against the doubt he has set up with his own hands; now she is sceptical of his, and because he has business in England, assumes that this is only a ruse to get rid of her. Whereupon she takes to flight on her own account, crosses over to London, and hides herself from her lover to save him the pain of an open desertion. Finally, however, they get this great question of doubt so far settled that they come together again by chance and with rapture; and so are happy for a time. But their happiness is always of that vague, trembling, uncertain kind, which carries no peace, because no security, with it; and which one longs to see consolidated by free speech and frank confession. Doubt, which the unhealthier sort of lovers swear is inseparable from true love, and which the nobler kind repudiate as a sort of high treason to loyalty, is the ruin of Madame Tolmar and Robert Pole. They can bring themselves neither to trust nor yet to confide. Madame Tolmar's whole life is a mystery which she expects Robert to accept with unquestioning faith; but she has not enough trustfulness on her own side to put herself frankly into his hands, and make him her confidant as well as her lover. Consequently evil days befall them, as it is easy to foresee; and it is only after the one is dead that the fair fame of the other is cleared. The author must forgive us if we confess to a certain impatience with this kind of portraiture. We do not deny its cleverness, the opportunity it affords for a thousand subtle and ingenious touches, and the skill required to give so much consistency to all the obstructive shadows which steal about the plot and get into the way of everybody's happiness as shall preserve our interest while damaging our tempers. But, in spite of the technical cleverness demanded, the result is not pleasant; and, for our own part, we prefer the tragedies which come from the fateful tyranny of circumstances to those which are made to spring from mistaken doubts and morbid feelings. The cruel power of the one is intelligible; but when a single frank word, a single moment of self-surrender and confession, would blow the others to the winds, it does chafe us to find that no one has the honesty to tell the truth and throw light into the dark places; and that consequently people live in pain and die in sorrow all because of absurd mistakes and baseless misunderstandings.

The villain of the book who comes to the front is Count Rehden, though the Marchese Tolmar, the heroine's husband, is the main rascal of the story. But he never appears. The description of the Count is a good piece of work:—

> He was a man of not ignoble sentiments, manners or appearance: a tall, well-built, fair man of between twenty-five and thirty years. A face not, to me, particularly attractive in its expression, but singularly handsome; of the fine North-German, blue-eyed, flaxen-haired type. What I chiefly liked about Count Rehden was a certain resolute, frank, military set of the features—an expression to which the German type lends itself not unkindly.
>
> There is a class of men of few but not feeble emotions, whose judgment of things is so clear, whose reasoning is so just, whose whole conduct is so logically deducible from their characters, whose feelings and whose reason are so nicely balanced, that the world has agreed to accept their class of character as the most perfect type; but their judgment is clear only because it is not apt to be distorted by their feelings, their reasoning is just because the sphere of their arguments is narrow. No counteracting impulses hinder their resolves; no weakness of purpose nor violence of passion moderates the severity of their judgment.
>
> Such was Count Rehden; a man of blunt sensibilities, and therefore of limited, but so far as they extended, not seemingly unkindly sympathies: logical in his conclusions, but by his very nature harsh and inexorable in abiding by them. He classified the weaknesses and emotions and passions of human nature as a botanist classifies his plants, and his limited mental vision never permitted him to reverse a decision which the whole force of his mind had been employed to arrive at; never perceiving that all human actions were not caused by motives as simple as the machinery of his own ideas and sensations.
>
> What community of thought or feeling could there be between this man and me, whose former experience is thrown aside as every fresh event occurs: whose judgment is a painful weighing of each various and varying impulse, whose conclusions, even when formed, are reversed on the slightest grounds?

In this last sentence we have the key to the character of Robert Pole, and all the disasters which accumulate on his head; and in

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* *Grace Tolmar.* A Novel. By John Dangerfield. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1872.

the character of the Count, though there is not a line as yet hinting at the villany which develops as the story proceeds, we can see how baseness once adopted would be persevered in, and how no scruples of conscience would come to torment a mind which neither questioned nor doubted. "In politics an absolutist, in philosophy a materialist, in religion nearly a sceptic," he was sure to do evil if the temptation came in his way, and his selfish appetites were aroused. But is it quite like life to say only "nearly a sceptic"? We would have said entirely. Had he possessed any kind of vital faith, save in a man's own strength of will and self-assertion, he would have had so much of a conscience, and he would scarcely then have played the shameful part assigned him. Indeed, as it is, cynical, conscienceless, sceptical as the man is, we question the truth of his action. He might have betrayed his friend; men do that every day; and to win the woman he loved, in the way in which such men do love women, he might have condescended to any act of treacherous strategem, to any falsehood both of word and deed that would further his object. But before this, before he had begun to love Grace, would he have lent himself to the husband's baseness as he did? A man like Count Rehden is a villain on his own account: but he does not make a good tool, absolutism and subserviency not running well together. This we think a grave oversight in Mr. Dangerfield. Also we demur to the theory of the Count's cowardice. We know well enough that there are pumpkins among men—creatures who look the very essence of magnificence, and are in reality the very essence of meanness. But they are difficult to portray. Those shifting kaleidoscopic views of character are as impossible to give in literature as it is impossible to give the transitoriness of action in sculpture. We understand the typical qualities in the one, the lines of arrested motion in the other; but not the complex diversities which produce harmony in the living man, nor the attempt to convey the idea of actual, fluent, unstable motion in the other. Nevertheless, with all its mistakes and shortcomings, *Grace Tolmar* is a noticeable work, and shows considerable power in the author. There are touches in it of real mastery, and we hope to see sterling work from Mr. Dangerfield before we have done with him.

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OF

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THE ABDICATION OF KING AMADEO.

ONE more unprecedented event has occurred in an age of surprises. Sovereigns have often abdicated before, as in the famous case of the greatest of Spanish Kings; but King AMADEO has abdicated not only for himself and his descendants, but on behalf of all competitors for the throne, and for Royalty itself. When his ancestor, the first of the House of SAVOY who bore the kingly title, abdicated, his son succeeded in due course of inheritance; nor indeed would a community in which sound constitutional and national instincts prevailed allow any functionary, high or low, to abolish his own office by a personal withdrawal from the discharge of his duties. If Spain preferred a Republic, a foreign Prince ought not to have been invited to fill the throne; and the maintenance of the monarchy should not depend on the judgment or caprice of any single person. The expediency of monarchical institutions was only three years ago affirmed by a Constituent Cortes. The Legislative Assembly of the present time derives its authority from the Constitution which it has now in a precipitate panic summarily set aside. It is true that the circumstances were embarrassing, that the majority of the Assembly was pledged to resist the claims of the various Pretenders, and that the result of the late experiment is not encouraging to the choice of any foreign candidate for the throne; yet it would have been at the same time dignified and prudent to revert in the first instance to the provisional mode of government which lasted from the dethronement of Queen ISABELLA to the arrival of King AMADEO. Unfortunately Spanish politicians have since the murder of PRIM been like sheep without a shepherd. ZORRILLA and his colleagues, though they had been supported during their tenure of office by a large majority in the Cortes, had no guidance to offer to their followers, and shrank from responsibility and risk. When the Cortes, under the pressure of necessity, assumed supreme power, the Ministers of their choice tamely resigned their offices to successors who had courage to seize the opportunity. The great Republican orator CASTELAR, who undertakes the charge of the Foreign Office, is probably the real chief of the Government. Señor FIGUERAS attributes his own appointment as President of the Council to the absence of Señor ORENSE; and he endeavours to reassure himself, his colleagues, and the frightened Assembly which has called him at random to power, by the expression of a hope against hope that the Republic may be established for ever. It was still more premature to prophesy that other nations of the Latin race would follow the example of establishing an institution which in Spain, or rather in Madrid, had lasted for a few hours. It is not impossible that the Spanish Republic may survive the vice of its origin; but an unpremeditated revolution caused by the personal act of the late Sovereign is an ignominious transaction, boding little good in the future.

King AMADEO was an honest and capable man, but he has declined the part of a hero. After he had accepted the throne of Spain he ought to have established his dynasty, or in a persistent struggle to have demonstrated to the world that his task was impossible. The difference with his Ministers which immediately furnished a pretext for his resignation would probably have increased his popularity with the army. General CORDOVA, who resumes his office in the new Republican Cabinet, had thought fit to appoint to a high command a certain General HIDALGO, who had given offence to the army, and especially to the artillery, by a so-called massacre which he was said to have formerly perpetrated. Many Spanish generals have had occasion to massacre or shoot mutineers; but in this case the KING concurred in the objection to the appointment, and he was overruled by the Ministry. Among many slights and mortifications which the KING had been compelled to endure, the disregard of his wishes by the MINISTER of WAR seems a wholly inadequate reason for abdication. It may be conjectured that the birth of his son, an event which might perhaps have consolidated his power, may have been his true motive for withdrawing from a country in which assassination is a common political weapon. The KING's personal courage has been proved on several occasions; but perhaps he may not have wished to expose his wife and child to a perpetually recurring danger. That his own position was in the highest degree irksome and painful was sufficiently obvious. The mob was taught to revile him, the nobility refused to frequent his Court, the priests cursed the Liberal son of the profane King of ITALY, and the politicians who had created the vacancy which AMADEO was regularly invited to fill resented the preponderance of their opponents in the Ministry and the Cortes by studied rudeness to the KING and QUEEN. He had no friends in Spain, and he knew that every action of his life would be misconstrued; but before he entered on the warfare of Royalty he ought to have counted the cost. Unless the Prince hereafter finds for himself a career in Italy, he disappears henceforth from history. His short and insecure reign throws a retrospective light on the ludicrous nature of the quarrel which the Imperial Government of France with the consent of the nation fastened upon Germany. It was to prevent a disturbance of the balance of European power by the elevation of Prince LEOPOLD of Hohenzollern to the tottering throne afterwards occupied by AMADEO that the French Government amidst universal applause thundered out its defiance to Prussia. Prince LEOPOLD's fate could not have been more inglorious than that of his substitute; but his influence on the affairs of the Continent, if he had become King of Spain, would have been wholly imperceptible.

The prospects of Spain are more interesting than the fortunes of an amiable and spirited Prince who has proved himself unequal to a difficult enterprise. At present the most sanguine of Spanish politicians can scarcely fail to anticipate disaster. The Cortes, in their fright and confusion, have proclaimed a Republic before it was possible to ascertain the wishes of the country; and they have not ventured to distinguish between the two Republican types which are respectively advocated by opposing factions. The centralized Republic of the French kind is believed to be more unpopular in Spain than the federal Republic which has served as a pretext for more than one insurrection. A cross division separates the comparatively moderate Republicans represented by CASTELAR from the Socialists and Jacobins who have lately invented the appropriate title of the Republic from Below, or the Republic of the lowest. The property and intelligence of the country are hostile to Republics of every kind, although they may probably side for the moment with the moderate party, in the hope of protection against the extreme revolutionary faction. As might be expected, the vultures are gathering to the scent of the carcase. It is reported that former members of the French Commune are hurrying to Madrid from Paris and Brussels and Geneva. It is not surprising that they should persuade themselves that an opportunity has arisen for the organization of anarchy and plunder. In a certain sense France can afford to make revolutions, because the machinery of administration is never altered under successive forms of government. The hereditary or elective Chief of the Executive governs the country through the Home Office and the Prefects, whether Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity are painted up at the corners of the streets, or society is for the time saved by the army. Nevertheless the French Government regards with undisguised anxiety the overthrow of constitutional monarchy in Spain. In that country there is no definite or recognized depositary of supreme power when an existing Government is overthrown. After the

last revolution a resolute soldier conducted the Government for a time with considerable success; but PRIM has apparently left no successor; nor has any statesman or general the recognized authority which would command willing obedience. It is possible that universal uneasiness may secure for a short time the maintenance of order. The results of revolutions often show themselves not on the morrow, but on the day after. The present catastrophe proves that the expulsion of the BOURBON dynasty was a fatal error. The personal demerits of the QUEEN affected the expediency of hereditary succession of the Crown as little as the good intentions of King AMADEO. A Government which is at the mercy of a mob or of an accident is unfit for its functions.

The hopes of the Pretenders and the activity of foreign enemies will be effectually stimulated by the collapse of the SAVOY dynasty. The Carlists, who had previously appeared in large bands, will be justified in assuming that the attention of the generals and officers of the regular army will be distracted by the political occurrences of the capital. Prince ALFONSO has been despatched in haste from Vienna to Paris that he may be ready to profit by a possible demonstration in his favour. If a Carlist Government is formed in the Northern provinces, the Republic will in popular estimation be held responsible for the temporary disruption of the State. It is also probable that the latest revolution may lead to new foreign complications. The American papers already combine with their exultation at the establishment of another Republic the expression of a hope that the change may lead to the freedom, or, in other words, to the annexation of Cuba. The characteristic candour of national selfishness in the United States has never been more cynically displayed. The cosmopolitan philanthropists of America resemble a man who, while he congratulates his friend on an act of generous imprudence, calculates that on the impending bankruptcy he will have an opportunity of buying a picture which he had long coveted without a hope that it would be brought into the market. If the Republic is maintained even for a short time, its supporters will not fail to profess even a more enthusiastic patriotism than that which was displayed by their predecessors. In their earliest utterances they have expressed a confidence that the integrity of the Empire will be preserved; and it is clear that their language refers exclusively to Cuba. The Republican party is pledged to the abolition of slavery, and therefore to the removal of the excuses with which the Americans have lately thought fit to defend their desire for the annexation of Cuba; but the Spaniards have now received notice that the sympathy of Transatlantic Republicans has no tendency to allay or to suspend territorial cupidity. A still more urgent reason for anxiety is uncertainty as to the intentions of the army. It is not known that any of the military chiefs have become converted to Republican doctrines, nor was the MINISTER of WAR himself a Republican a week ago. It is at least possible that the considerable force which is engaged in the harassing struggle with the Carlists may think it pleasanter to return to Madrid; and though SERRANO and TORRE have announced their resolution to concur in the preservation of order, they may perhaps afterwards assert their claim to a share in the determination of the future form of Government. Even if the army submits for the time to the Republic, its demeanour when it is required to suppress disturbance and to support the actual Government will excite serious anxiety. The abdication of King AMADEO is a just retribution for the unsteadiness and impracticable obstinacy of all Spanish factions. If the extemporized Republic lives and thrives, the well-wishers of Spain will experience an agreeable disappointment.

THE IRISH UNIVERSITY BILL.

THE Irish University Education Bill is not unworthy in point of comprehensiveness to take rank with the Irish Church Act and the Irish Land Act. Like the speech by which it was introduced, it bears evident traces of Mr. GLADSTONE's passion for detail, and of the positive enjoyment which he finds in providing for all imaginable contingencies. Whatever other objections may be brought against the Bill, it certainly cannot be said that it is hasty or ill considered. Fault may be found with the way in which this or that difficulty is got over, but it will not be easy to point out a difficulty which has not been foreseen.

The subject of endowments has been dealt with in the way which has all along seemed to us to be at once the simplest and the most satisfactory of the alternatives which were open to the Government. They are all, so far as they are created by the Bill, to belong to the University, and not to any particular college. Fellowships, exhibitions, and bursaries may be held by any matriculated student of the University who fulfils the requisite conditions of residence and examination, whether he be a member of an affiliated college or an unattached student. By the side of the endowments of Trinity College the provision looks somewhat poor. A yearly average for the whole University of two fellowships, six exhibitions, and twenty-five bursaries, is hardly more than is provided at Oxford or Cambridge by some of the smaller colleges. The fellowships will not be rich, but they will be rich enough; 1,000*l.* in five annual instalments is a sufficient reward for the trouble of receiving a good education. It might be well to reserve some power of appropriating a further portion of the ecclesiastical surplus in case the endowments provided in the Bill should be found to be inadequate. There is no object to which the alienated funds of the Irish Church could be more appropriately applied than the promotion of the higher education. In the matter of endowments Trinity College comes off exceedingly well. Considering the very unnecessary reference to some future taxation of the colleges at Oxford and Cambridge for University purposes which Mr. GLADSTONE, with a characteristic want of statesmanlike tact, introduced into his speech, it would not have been surprising if the Bill had applied this principle in a much more sweeping manner. As it is, the great bulk of the endowments of the College will be preserved to it. This gain has been evidently purchased by the very frank acceptance of secularism by the authorities of Trinity College. It would have been plainly impossible to allow one Denominational College to retain any public endowments unless others had been admitted to the enjoyment of similar benefits. Trinity College had virtually the choice between keeping her tests and keeping her revenues, and by adopting Mr. FAWCETT's Bill she chose the revenues. Having done so, she naturally renounced all claim to a Theological Faculty. This is, very fairly and properly, to be handed over to the religious body with which it has always been exclusively connected—the Disestablished Church of Ireland. If Trinity College had elected to cast in her fortunes with the Disestablished Church, this severance would have been unnecessary and inexpedient. The voluntary secularization of the great Anglican College leaves the Government no choice but to reduce the Theological Faculty to the level of an ecclesiastical seminary.

The provision for the rights of conscience made in the Bill is in all respects ample. Whether it will satisfy Roman Catholic complaints is another question. The Bill gives them the means of obtaining a University education and a University degree for their sons without in any way perilling their religious belief. It does this, first, by allowing the present Roman Catholic University to affiliate itself as an independent college to the reconstituted University of Dublin; secondly, by allowing students, not members of any college, to matriculate and reside in the University, and to enjoy all its privileges; thirdly, by various provisions against any conflict between University teaching or examinations and theological belief. The Roman Catholic students will have as large a share of the University endowments as their abilities will enable them to carry off; indeed, inasmuch as by a very fair provision holders of fellowships or scholarships in Trinity College may not hold fellowships or exhibitions in the University without resigning their college preferments, it is probable that the University endowments will be mainly carried off by Roman Catholics. The teaching in their own college will in no way be interfered with. The necessity of passing the University examinations, and the natural wish that their men should stand well in examinations for exhibitions and fellowships, will no doubt suffice to maintain a good standard of secular scholarship, but to this may be added as much theological teaching as the authorities think fit. The examinations in the University will be conducted by examiners chosen by the governing body or Council of the University. The composition of this Council has always been one of the greatest difficulties in the way of an Irish University Bill. When the reconstituted University has got into working order—subsequent, that is, to the year 1885—the vacancies in the ordinary members of this Council will be filled up alternately by the Crown, by the Council itself, by the Professors, and by the Senate. At first the ordinary members will be appointed by Parliament, and vacancies occurring previously to 1885 will be filled alternately by the Crown and by the Council. Of course, if the appointment by Parliament is found to make the passing of the Bill easier, that is a very fair reason for adhering to the proposal. We should think, however, that it would be more likely to

lead to irritating party divisions as to particular names; and it cannot be said to be a good proposal in itself. Either the appointment by Parliament is merely another name for appointment by the Crown, or it is an appointment by a body which is singularly unfit for the purpose. How many members of either House of Parliament can undertake to say who is best qualified by special knowledge and experience, by ability, by character, by capacity, by influence, to guard and promote the work of University education in Ireland? Yet these are the titles to a place on the Council which Mr. GLADSTONE very properly proposes to recognize. It is quite true that some intermediate process of appointment is necessary because the ultimate mode of appointment cannot be applied until the institutions which it postulates have been created. But unless the confidence of Parliament in the Government is lessened to an extent which would make the passing of the Bill hopeless, it might certainly be extended to the nomination of twenty-eight eminent Irishmen. A provision which cannot fail to excite considerable opposition is the exclusion of Philosophy and Modern History from the subjects taught in the University as distinct from the colleges. As regards the latter of the two, it ought no doubt to be possible for Roman Catholics and Protestants to come to an entire agreement as to the facts, however much they may differ as to the inferences to be drawn from them. But we are still a good way on the wrong side of this academical millennium, and until it is attained Protestants will probably dislike having their sons taught the history of the Reformation by a Roman Catholic as much as Roman Catholics will dislike having their sons taught the history of the Popes by a Protestant. As regards Philosophy, the difficulty is more fundamental, and is likely to last longer. Proper views as to the method of historical investigation even now occasionally bring Protestant and Roman Catholic scholars into substantial agreement, but the distinctions between different schools of philosophy admit of no reconciliation, and the teaching of Atheism is none the less disliked by persons of definite religious belief because it comes from a philosophical, not a theological, chair. It is possible, however, that some solution of the difficulty may yet be discovered. The exclusion of a great subject from a University course must always be matter for regret. In some mixed Universities in Germany the difficulty has been met by the institution of double chairs in certain studies, and possibly there might in the University of Dublin be two Professors of Philosophy and two of Modern History, both chosen by the Council, but one always a Catholic and the other a Protestant.

Anything like a complete examination of the scheme must be reserved until the Bill itself is in our hands. At present it is enough to add to these incidental criticisms an expression of hearty satisfaction that the proposed University is to be a teaching as well as an examining body, and that, with some exceptions which we should be glad to see removed, residence as well as examination are to be exacted from all students.

THE NEGOTIATION WITH RUSSIA.

LORD GRANVILLE'S assertion that the result of the Russian negotiation would be satisfactory to Parliament and to the country is fully justified by the correspondence which has since been published. The discussion, which was conducted throughout with perfect courtesy on both sides, ends with the unqualified acceptance by Russia of the original proposal of the English Government. The general principle of the arrangement had been previously settled. In Prince GORTCHAKOFF'S words, which seem to be tacitly accepted by Lord GRANVILLE, Afghanistan had been chosen as the "intermediary zone" which was to prevent the English and Russian territories from coming into immediate contact. It only remained to determine the limits of the dominion which should be recognized as belonging to the Ameer of CABUL. The Russian Government declined to "accept as a basis "the territorial extension" which Afghanistan had attained during parts of the reign of DOST MAHOMMED, who is by an oversight described as the founder of the Afghan State. It was consequently agreed to include only those territories of DOST MAHOMMED which are now in the possession of SHERE ALI. General KAUFMANN had been instructed to collect all necessary information; but his report had not been received when the recent negotiations began. General KAUFMANN himself states that he was unwilling to make inquiries through officers of his own in the disputed districts, because even a scientific mission "might have created a panic in "Afghanistan, and would have awakened suspicions and "apprehensions on the part of the Government of India." General KAUFMANN adds that in all his communications with Khokan and Bokhara, as well as in letters to the Ameer of CABUL, he has "applied himself to dispel this bugbear of a "conflict between the two Great Powers." In a memorandum he gives reasons for disputing the boundary which Lord GRANVILLE had assigned to Afghanistan. The English Government held that Badakshan with Wakshan, from the Lake of the Woods on the east to the junction of the Kokcha river with the Amoo or Oxus, and Afghan Turkestan, including Balkh, down to a post called the Khoja Salee, belonged to the Ameer of CABUL. To the north-west, the sovereignty of Cabul extends over various districts between Afghanistan proper and the desert which is inhabited by independent Turcoman tribes. Prince GORTCHAKOFF contended that, although the Ameer of CABUL had at various times interfered in the affairs of Badakshan, he had not exercised there the rights of sovereignty. The country was governed by native functionaries, the taxes were not collected by Afghan officers, and, as may be readily believed, the chiefs of Badakshan regarded themselves as independent rulers. It was not, in the opinion of the Russian Government, expedient to assume for the purpose of the arrangement with England the Afghan title, which was in itself disputed or denied. Badakshan was too insignificant to quarrel with its neighbours, whereas the Ameer of CABUL, if by his possession of Badakshan he were brought into immediate contact with the Northern Khanates, might be tempted to encroach on Kashgar, Khokan, and Bokhara. Prince GORTCHAKOFF also disputed the actual possession by the AMEER of the districts on the North-Western frontier enumerated by Lord GRANVILLE; but he admitted that the annexation of the region between the AMEER'S territories and the desert would be inconvenient or unobjectionable.

According to General KAUFMANN'S memorandum, during the reign of DOST MAHOMMED one of his sons had compelled Badakshan to pay a tribute, and SHERE ALI now receives a small annual payment from the chiefs of the province whom he had assisted in an attack on a previous ruler. It is added that SHERE ALI with difficulty keeps up a show of authority in Badakshan; and that a recognition of his title by England and Russia would encourage him to interfere in the affairs of Bokhara. Wakhan, a remote district on the sources of the Amoo, is a dependency of Badakshan, but General KAUFMANN states that it has no direct relations to the Ameer of CABUL. The subsequent course of the negotiation suggests the conjecture that the Russian objections were advanced for the purpose of being at a later period gracefully withdrawn. It must have been obvious to both parties to the controversy that the legal or practical claim of SHERE ALI on an outlying province had little bearing on the settlement which was to be made between the two great Powers. It was the object of the English Government to interpose Badakshan and Wakhan between the Khanates under Russian influence and Afghanistan, and the Russians were not unwilling to accept the principle, although they raised objections in detail. In answer to General KAUFMANN'S statement, Lord GRANVILLE explains that the AMEER had, in the exercise of his discretion, arranged that the taxes of Badakshan should be collected by native officials, to be transmitted to himself through a local Governor whom he had appointed. The AMEER expressly reserved the right of altering this arrangement, and of amalgamating the revenues of the province with those of the Afghan State. Such was the ostensible answer to the Russian argument, but it was more to the purpose to explain that the object of the English Government in subjecting Badakshan to the sovereignty of Cabul was not to encourage any disturbance of the peace in Central Asia. The English Government, on the contrary, undertakes to restrain the AMEER by all the influence which it can exercise from any attempt to extend his dominions. Relying on this assurance, and "considering the greater facilities which the "British Government possesses for collecting precise data, and "above all considering our wish not to give this question of "detail more importance than is due to it," the Russian Government accepts the line of boundary laid down by England. Prince GORTCHAKOFF states that his Government "is the more "inclined to this act of courtesy as the English Government en- "gages to use all its influence with SHERE ALI in order to induce "him to maintain a peaceful attitude. This influence is indis- "putable. It is based not only on the material and moral "ascendency of England, but on the subsidies for which SHERE "ALI is indebted to her." The despatch is dated January 31, after the result of General SCHOUVALOW'S mission was known at St. Petersburg. No correspondence with the special envoy is published, probably because he bore the character of a personal

representative of the EMPEROR. The assurances as to the Khiva expedition which were quoted by Lord GRANVILLE in the House of Lords were probably verbal.

It appears that the supposed designs of Russia on the independence of Persia formed no part of the subject of discussion. In the official *Journal of St. Petersburg* it is accurately stated that the independence of Persia is guaranteed by express treaties between Russia and England, nor was this subject matter directly connected either with the proposed expedition to Khiva, or with the determination of the boundary of Afghanistan. Everything for which Lord CLARENDON and Lord GRANVILLE had been contending has now been conceded by Russia; and it is not a sufficient objection to a diplomatic agreement that it does not cover or preclude all possible causes of future difference. It is something to have obtained an undertaking that Russia will not seek to interfere with Afghanistan as long as the AMEER abstains from encroaching on the territories of the Khanates. SHERE ALI has always shown that he understands the value of English support; and his successors will be fully aware that by meddling with Bokhara or Khokan they would forfeit the protection of England. There is no danger that any English or Indian Government will adopt the rash suggestion that Cabul should be permanently occupied by English troops. The Russians would not unreasonably regard such an operation as inconsistent with the recent understanding; and in case of war they would at once be welcomed as liberators by half the population of Afghanistan. The protest of zealous writers against the policy of confiding in Russia is both ungracious and unreasonable. There is no reason why English statesmen should be lulled to sleep, but it is neither dignified nor courteous to take the present occasion for betraying offensive suspicions. If it is true that the strength of the Russian army in Asia is exaggerated in popular belief, there is the less ground for apprehension. It would be but reasonable to wait for some fresh menace or cause for alarm before the English Government is urged to take additional precautions. No reference is made in the correspondence to Eastern Turkestan, where it is possible that political or commercial rivalry may hereafter arise. The supremacy of Russia in other parts of Central Asia is not formally recognized, though it is perhaps taken for granted in the correspondence. It is not necessary to anticipate the possible claim of Russia to exclusive influence in a country which is nearer to India than to the existing Russian possessions. The vigilance which has been shown by the English Government will be appreciated by Russia. It will be clearly understood that any dangerous approach to India will be summarily resisted, unless a friendly arrangement obviates the risk. It is on the whole convenient that differences should be amicably arranged; and that, even while they exist, they should be discussed in temperate and courteous language. The Russian journals are in some degree to blame for the irritation which prevailed in England before Lord GRANVILLE made his recent statement. The Russian Government on the other hand has thrown no impediment in the way of a friendly solution. It is not the moment for recapitulating in hostile language all the grounds of jealousy which may exist between England and Russia.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR'S PLAN.

ONE more LORD CHANCELLOR has grappled with the subject of the consolidation of our Courts of Justice, and the fusion, as it is called, of Law and Equity. Nothing could be more lucid than Lord SELBORNE'S sketch of the past attempts which have been made to cope with this thorny subject, or more satisfactory than his statement of the objects to which such a reform should be directed. But it is in the nature of the subject that the success of any measure, and indeed its very meaning and essence, must depend upon the machinery adopted for giving it effect; and until the actual Bill, and what will be much more important, the schedule of rules which it is proposed to annex to it, have been produced, it would be premature to pronounce any definite opinion as to the sufficiency, or even as to the tendency and character, of the changes which Lord SELBORNE proposes to introduce into the administration of justice. The speech in which the LORD CHANCELLOR introduced the subject said, and for the most part said clearly and well, all that could be looked for in a preliminary explanation; and yet it would be quite possible for two draftsmen to frame two Bills with schedules of procedure each of which should faithfully follow the lines laid down in the opening address, though the result might be to produce two schemes of reform, not only widely differing from one another, but in the most direct and startling antagonism. We shall wait therefore till we have seen the Bill before venturing on any detailed consideration of the CHANCELLOR'S project, and indeed it would be equally unwise and unfair to attempt to criticize a statement the meaning of which cannot possibly be grasped without reference to the scheme which it is intended to recommend.

There is one point, however, on which we need not defer our congratulations. Mindful of the dangers which proved fatal to his predecessor's Bill, Lord SELBORNE has determined to introduce a complete Bill dealing with the whole subject of procedure, and not to evade the real difficulties of the case by delegating to any judicial or other Committee the function of remodelling the administration of justice. In other respects we can scarcely as yet do more than guess how far the measure now introduced will differ in substance from the Bills of 1870; but we are glad to see that Lord SELBORNE emphatically adopts the view for which we then contended—that it was the duty of Parliament itself to effect this great reform, and not to entrust legislative powers of a revolutionary character (not using the word in any bad sense) either to the entire body of Judges, or to a Committee to be selected by the Chancellor. But for this unfortunate defect the Bills of 1870 might have led to the reform into which Lord SELBORNE'S measure may—with the assistance which Lord HATHERLEY, we trust, will soon be able to render—ultimately ripen, and it is satisfactory to know that the risk of shipwreck on this rock, at any rate, is not again to be incurred. What the CHANCELLOR says upon this point will commend itself to men of every school of opinion:—

"In the Bills which Lord HATHERLEY introduced in 1870 he adhered to a main outline of the recommendations of the Commission, and did not attempt to fill up that outline, or show how the general scheme laid down was to be put into operation. That was to have been done by rules framed by an authority which itself was the object of much criticism; but the discussions which took place in reference to those Bills showed, that, while there was a favourable disposition towards the formation of a High Court, it was felt that in a matter of such importance it was absolutely necessary to know how the scheme was to be worked out, and that anything in the nature of a skeleton scheme could not be regarded as satisfactory. It was felt that it was not desirable to delegate to an external authority—even were that authority itself beyond criticism—the making of rules to work the scheme out. That criticism commended itself to every one conversant with the subject."

We rejoice in this declaration as removing—once for all, let us hope—the most serious peril to which our institutions could be exposed, that of being handed over to be refashioned *ad libitum* by any select bodies invested for the purpose with despotic powers. With this pledge, we may rest satisfied that whatever changes are contemplated will be openly proposed, and no doubt fully discussed, before they receive the stamp of legislative approval. Nor will the discussion be without fruit; for, as might be expected from the known type of his mind, Lord SELBORNE recognizes, more fully perhaps than some of his predecessors would have been disposed to do, the necessity of basing legislation upon well matured public opinion. "It is," he rightly says, "probably a universal law—certainly a general law—concerning all legislative matters of importance in this country, that they depend on the gradual formation of opinion founded on experience, and if that is proved in any class of measures, it is emphatically proved in those measures called improvements or amendments of the law. . . . . Time is required—and on the whole I think it is good that time should be required—to bring opinion on these subjects to the maturity necessary for sound legislation." A man of Lord SELBORNE'S power, approaching his task in the spirit indicated by the passages we have cited, and indeed by the general tenor of his speech, ought ultimately, if not immediately, to succeed in harvesting that crop of law reform which has been gradually growing and ripening under many seasonable, chequered by not a few unseasonable, influences. Whoever may have the honour of introducing the Bills which may some day pass, the credit of maturing the measure will belong, as Lord SELBORNE justly and gracefully acknowledged, to all the eminent men whose labours have contributed to the disentanglement of our tangled skein of judicial administration.

Perhaps, in accordance with what we have already intimated, it would be as well to abstain from all remarks at present upon a scheme which is not yet fully before us, and what we have to say must be taken as subject to

large possible modifications after considering the Bill and its schedule. But there is one point on which the CHANCELLOR'S speech is singularly provocative of inquiry. He points at "the fusion of Law and Equity" as the grand object of the whole project; and yet it is difficult to gather the sense in which he understands these often misused words, or to guess how far the fusion is to be nominal and how far real, or whether we are to look for anything more than the sort of mock fusion which is exhibited in the County Courts, where two entirely distinct systems of jurisprudence are administered with no more connexion than is derived from the fact that the local Common Law judge of Monday happens to be the person who on Tuesday fills the role of a local Vice-Chancellor. Doubling a part is not the same thing as fusing two characters, and is perhaps the most mischievous form which a desire for theoretical or apparent unification could take. We do not suppose that Lord SELBORNE is blind to this, and we expect to find in his Bill that the proposed fusion is to be something more than nominal. At the same time, the justice of his observation, that some of the distinctions between Law and Equity represent realities which cannot be ignored or confounded, is one which, though well recognized by all who are familiar with the subject, has been too much overlooked by frothy declaimers on the defects of our jurisprudence. The same Court may in future recognize the possessory ownership of the trustee and the beneficial ownership of the *cestui que trust*; but the two kinds of ownership must continue to exist for the convenience of society, though we are not quite sure that it will be desirable to maintain the old designations of legal and equitable estate. This, however, is a detail as to which a good deal might be said on either side; but it is well to see a plain recognition of the truth that the fusion of Law and Equity means something more than a hocus-pocus transformation scene effected by a vague section in an Act of Parliament.

There is another danger which we also hope Lord SELBORNE will be found to have escaped. Nothing would be easier than to satisfy the cry for theoretical symmetry in the law by a mere transfer of jurisdiction. For example, an Act of Parliament might simply abolish all Courts of Common Law as administering an inadequate and obsolete jurisprudence, and enact that for the future Courts of Equity should exercise jurisdiction over all subjects, using their own accustomed methods of procedure. Or, on the other hand, a similar enactment might abolish Courts of Equity and direct Courts of Law to administer all equitable relief. Either of these methods would be only a mock fusion, for long experience has shown that the transplanted principles will not readily take root in an alien soil. The principles of the Common Law, and to a still greater degree the principles of Equity, rest in the traditions of the respective Courts. For many years Courts of Law have enjoyed a large share of equitable jurisdiction, and Courts of Equity have been allowed to employ the Common Law method of trying causes by *viva voce* evidence with the assistance (as it is supposed to be) of twelve unprofessional assessors. But little or nothing has come of it. The best equitable pleas in the world have ended in failure partly because the machinery of Courts of Law was unsuitable to equitable relief, but to a much greater extent because Equity doctrines and Equity authorities lost their essence and their force when presented to a Common Law Bench. So in Courts of Equity the practice of taking evidence *viva voce* never fully established itself, partly because it was found to occupy three or four times as many judicial hours as the Court of Chancery could dispose of without doubling or trebling its staff of judges, and partly also because the Bench showed very little inclination to encourage the unaccustomed practice. Any error of this description would be the most fatal that could be committed. The first condition of any successful fusion must be to see that the parent stock, whether of Common Law doctrine or Equity doctrine, is not mutilated or destroyed before the transplanted offshoot has fairly taken root.

AMERICAN SMARTNESS.

THE *Alabama* question, now happily converted into a domestic controversy in the United States, has assumed a form which is both amusing and instructive. It might have been supposed that the distribution among the claimants of the damages awarded at Geneva was an easy and simple transaction. The American counsel and agents succeeded in satisfying the Arbitrators by evidence that the claims, including interest, amounted to about 3,250,000*l.*; and their statements must have approximately shown the separate items due to every claimant which collectively constituted the total sum. By the provisions of the Treaty of Washington, the Arbitrators might, if they had thought fit, have left the amount to be determined by a Board of Assessors, which would in that case have been "appointed to ascertain and determine what claims are valid, and what amounts shall be paid by Great Britain to the United States on account of the liability arising from failure [in fulfilment of duty] as to each vessel." The Arbitrators chose the alternative of awarding a sum in gross, which was evidently intended both by the framers of the Treaty and by the Tribunal to correspond with the amount of valid claims. The Senate of the United States has accordingly passed a Bill appointing a Commission for distributing the amount to be paid under the Geneva Award; but it has appeared to the leaders of the majority in the House of Representatives that the agents of the United States had not during the litigation exhausted the possibilities of sharp practice and litigious perversity. General BUTLER, as the organ of the Judiciary Committee, has reported to the House a Bill which practically affirms that the English Government was cheated, that the Geneva Arbitrators were tricked, and that the persons who had suffered injuries from the inculpated cruisers ought now to be deprived of the fruits of a fraud to which they may perhaps have been parties. The object of the Bill is to secure for the Treasury of the United States a portion of the damages which were, in accordance with the contention of the American counsel, awarded for injuries inflicted on private American citizens. It must be admitted that General BUTLER is probably not influenced by patriotic cupidity in his attempt to secure for the Treasury a portion of the spoil. The amount awarded was, as he perhaps correctly argues, larger than the total sum proved to be due for Direct Claims, and therefore he contends that the surplus was after all granted by the Arbitrators in satisfaction of the Indirect Claims which they had never taken into consideration, and which had been formally withdrawn by the American counsel before the commencement of the inquiry. That the damages demanded for losses by American citizens were considerably larger than the sum awarded is a consideration which was not likely to weigh with General BUTLER. He probably thinks that a deliberate and successful attempt to delude an international Court of Arbitration redounds to the credit of any lawyer by whom it may have been practised. That a trustee should obtain damages and then refuse to pay them over to the person beneficially entitled on the ground that they are exorbitant in amount, and that they were obtained by misrepresentation, is a proceeding which General BUTLER could not fail to appreciate and approve. It is well that the English nation and Government are wholly unconcerned with the latest aftergrowth of American smartness. It would be interesting to learn Mr. ADAMS's opinion on a proposal which implies that he and his colleagues were either parties to or victims of a fraud.

Some members of the House of Representatives and of the Senate will be at present too much occupied with the defence of their private conduct to enter heartily into the prosecution of General BUTLER's ingenious project. Some of the most eminent Republican politicians have unfortunately suffered by the exposure of a system of pecuniary corruption which is probably not an isolated experiment on the virtue of Congress. Mr. OAKES AMES, a member of the House and an active promoter of the Union Pacific Railway, appears some time since to have sold, on unaccountably favourable terms, shares in an undertaking called the Crédit Mobilier, to twelve conspicuous politicians in the House and the Senate. Congress had assisted the Railway by grants of 12,800 acres of land for every mile of line, and also by a subsidy or loan of 16,000*l.* per mile in the mountain districts, and of 3,300*l.* in the plains. The promoters afterwards found means to persuade Congress to issue bonds for the cost of the undertaking with a first charge upon the revenues. By this operation they practically converted the Government loan into a free gift, and they then proceeded to form themselves into a financial Association, called the Crédit Mobilier, for the purpose of providing funds for the construction of the line. By the sale of the land and of the United States securities which had been granted to the Railway Company, the Crédit Mobilier was enabled to divide in one year 1,505 per cent. on its capital, and it was naturally thought expedient to secure so profitable an enterprise against inconvenient investigation. For this purpose Mr. OAKES AMES, as agent to the Company, assigned to several virtuous and prominent members of the Senate and the House, at par, shares in the Crédit Mobilier carrying dividend to the amount of fifteen times the nominal

price. In some cases the purchase-money was deducted from the dividend, so that the share and the residue of the profit were handed over without pecuniary consideration. The discovery of the corrupt bargain seems to have been due to the acuteness of Liberal opponents of the Republican party during the Presidential contest; but in the midst of universal calumny and vituperation a well-founded charge is naturally attributed to the malignity of partisans. The members of Congress who were accused unanimously and positively denied the truth of the statement; and it is satisfactory to find that one of their number, Mr. BLAINE, Speaker of the House of Representatives, has been able to establish his innocence. Among those who have been less fortunate, the most conspicuous are Mr. SCHUYLER COLFAX, late Vice-President of the Republic, and Mr. HENRY WILSON, actual Vice President. As their original defence, consisting in a direct traverse of the charge, has been found untenable, the inculpated patriots now fall back on the argument that their acceptance of gifts cannot be shown to have affected their political conduct. It is perhaps impossible to prove that they have honourably performed their part in a dishonourable transaction. They had the power of conferring on the Crédit Mobilier Company and the Union Pacific Railway large benefits at the public expense; and one or both of those Corporations thought it worth while to offer large bribes, which were accepted probably without any distinct promise of services to be rendered in return. In such a case the misconduct of a judge or legislator is generally inferred from his acts, and if the delinquents intended rather to defraud the bribing Company than to abuse their legislative powers, the moral estimate of their character and conduct will not be materially altered. It is interesting to remark the natural connexion between unscrupulous political subserviency and liability to direct pecuniary corruption. Mr. SCHUYLER COLFAX was the Speaker who formally welcomed the Fenian conspirators on the floor of the House. Votes and popularity were to be obtained by a gross violation of international courtesy and public decency, as money was to be acquired by a prostitution of the influence of the second public officer in the Republic. Disinterested foreign bystanders will share the amusement which the exposure of the Crédit Mobilier fraud has caused in the United States, though some of them will suffer a vicarious remorse on behalf of a community which seems to repudiate all responsibility for the acts of those whom it delights to honour with official promotion.

It is worth the while of English advocates of democratic change to study the operation of universal suffrage under the most favourable conditions. In the United States the system is a necessary result of the structure of society; and the bulk of the constituency is, as Mr. DISRAELI once said, not a mob, but a landed democracy. In the rural districts of the more settled States it would probably be impossible to buy a vote at an election, even if the great number of the electors were not in itself sufficient to prevent direct bribery. The majority of the electors are personally honest, and on the average they are probably better educated than the population of England or of any European country except Northern Germany. Their fault is that, having no upper class to lead them, they are indifferent to character and station in their choice of legislators; and it is their misfortune that they are helpless in the hands of professional managers of elections. Corruption begins with the agents who organize primary assemblies and who draw up lists of candidates, and it culminates in the purchase of members. It is thought easier and cheaper to buy a State Assembly or Senate, or even to give bribes to members of Congress, than to waste money on elections. At the abortive trial of TWEED in New York, one of his dependents stated that he had been in the habit of carrying large sums to Albany on behalf of his employer for the purpose of buying votes. The culprit himself is a member of the New York Senate, having been elected by a large majority after the public exposure of his frauds. It is absurd to claim for Englishmen a higher moral condition than that which prevails in corresponding classes in the United States. The difference between the two countries is that equality and universal suffrage bring the scum to the top. Respectable citizens refuse to associate in private with the reprobates and swindlers who may be their representatives in a State Legislature, or who may sit on the judicial bench; but either they suffer no shock from the exposure of successive scandals, or they are powerless to prevent the mischief. The journals, which in some degree supply the place of more healthy institutions, unfortunately confine their denunciations to members of the party which they may respectively happen to oppose. Mr. COLFAX will escape the censure of orthodox Republicans; and the invectives of Liberal or Democratic critics will be explained by political hostility. The story of the Crédit Mobilier and the Union Pacific Railway illustrates, and in some degree explains, the character of the Bill for the distribution of the *Alabama* damages which has been framed by the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives.

THE PARLIAMENTARY NOTICE-PAPER.

THE notice-paper of the House of Commons at the beginning of a Session produces the same repulsive impression of staleness which is suggested by a street hoarding or the advertisement board at a railway station. As it must be assumed that advertisers know their own business, there are probably persons who are attracted by force of incessant repetition to the shops, the theatres, or the newspaper offices, which proclaim their own merits on the most flaring placards. Ambitious members of Parliament rely on the same tendency of commonplace human nature for the disposal of questionable or noxious wares. There is fortunately little chance of the adoption during the present Session of the more mischievous schemes which have already been proposed by private members; but experience shows that notoriety and reiteration are among the conditions of Parliamentary success, and in the vulgar apprehension change is equivalent to progress. In the long list of motions and of questions to be addressed to Ministers are included several judicious and rational proposals: and Mr. FAWCETT'S Bill for altering the constitution of Trinity College raises an issue which must be decided by Parliament when it deals with the most important business of the Session. Sir JOHN LUBBOCK'S Bill for the preservation of National Monuments can provoke no party opposition, and, if it be judiciously framed, it will but formally and nominally affect private rights. There ought to be no delay in taking precautions against the caprice or neglect which may at any moment inflict irreparable loss on the country. Mr. PLIMSOLL can scarcely fail to obtain a Commission of Inquiry into the condition and practice of the mercantile marine. In general it may be said that a private member is usefully and meritoriously employed when he applies his energies with the aid of special knowledge to the correction of a definite abuse, or to the improvement of some public institution. Measures for the alteration or overthrow of the Constitution, and embodiments of the clamour of noisy sects and factions, may sometimes be prompted by patriotic or philanthropic motives; but a country which has within six or seven years doubled the constituency and destroyed, by the introduction of the Ballot, the influence of property, can for the time dispense with new projects of political and social revolution. It may be doubted whether even Mr. MITCHELL HENRY'S modest Bill for the protection of miners from fraud will at the present moment command enthusiastic support. Miners, like other persons, are protected by the ordinary law from fraud; and their advocates are declaiming loudly against the class legislation which they are nevertheless constantly demanding. When coal no longer costs fifty shillings a ton, and when colliers condescend to do a fair day's work for high wages, any special grievances which may affect their calling will be candidly considered.

One of the inevitable debates of the Session has happily been disposed of. Mr. RYLANDS had considerately provided Mr. AYRTON with his best chance of immunity by proposing to move a vote of censure on his conduct. In matters of this kind the House of Commons, like other Assemblies, is sometimes tempted to judge of the merits of a motion with some personal reference to the mover. Mr. RYLANDS is a zealous and patriotic reformer who proposes to abolish the diplomatic profession, to impose a tax of twenty per cent. on landed property, and to adopt other improvements for which Parliament is not fully prepared. If Mr. AYRTON was to blame, it would have been felt that Mr. RYLANDS was scarcely a fit representative of those who disapproved of his official indiscretions. It was on the whole better that the subject should be incidentally discussed than that a formal vote should be taken on Mr. RYLANDS'S motion. Mr. VERNON HARCOURT, having by his impetuous assault secured to Mr. AYRTON immunity and triumph, will probably not think it necessary to bring in a Bill to assert the supposed rights of the people by depriving the Crown of its proprietary control over the Parks. Mr. LOCKE KING cannot be blamed for reintroducing for the twentieth or perhaps the thirtieth time his Bill to alter the law of succession to landed property. The Government has adopted the principle of his measure, and in this or the next Session it

will probably form the subject of a serious attempt at legislation. It is possible that the abolition of primogeniture may be one of the legal changes vaguely indicated in the QUEEN'S Speech, or that it may form part of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S Bill for facilitating the transfer of land. A whole generation has passed since Mr. LOCKE KING provoked Lord JOHN RUSSELL into an indiscreet declaration which accelerated by some years the progress of constitutional change. His perseverance in his preliminary scheme for altering the devolution of real estate seems likely to be rewarded by similar success. Mr. RICHARD'S more chimerical scheme for a permanent and universal system of universal arbitration was virtually disposed of by the debate on the first night of the Session. Mr. GLADSTONE is now aware that the submission to the different European Governments of the three Rules of Washington will not be a simple or pleasant transaction. A formal proposal of universal arbitration would be an ill-bred jest. If Mr. RICHARD has ever passed even in thought beyond the region of phrases and abstractions, it is difficult to understand how he can think it possible to arbitrate between France and Germany, or between Russia and Turkey. Mr. HOLMS'S motion for exempting private property from capture at sea is at present almost equally unseasonable, although it may be supported by plausible arguments. The law or practice of blockades, which it is not proposed to abolish, is closely connected with the liability of merchant vessels to capture.

It may perhaps be well that the condition of South Africa and the expediency of annexing the Fiji Islands should be discussed in the House of Commons; and Mr. EASTWICK and other members who have served in India will be able to give valuable information on the affairs of Central Asia. No useful purpose can be served by a motion or debate on the connexion between the mother-country and the colonies. The one perverse journalist who obstinately insists on the separation of Canada corresponds in England to the solitary advocate of annexation whom the Correspondent of the *New York Herald* professes to have discovered in the Dominion itself. The mother-country and the colonies are at present on excellent terms, and it is highly undesirable to analyse the grounds or the intensity of their reciprocal affection. Mr. WHITWELL'S Bill to facilitate the transfer of land for the erection of dwellings for the manual labour classes ought to be superseded by the more comprehensive Government measure; but in this instance also it is interesting to watch the systematic claim of the working men or their advocates to special or class legislation. It is hardly necessary to observe that Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN once more introduces his Burials Bill, and that the deceased wife's sister occupies the usual place on the list of amateur measures. Sir WILFRID LAWSON will probably find that the minority in favour of the Permissive Bill is still further diminished in the near prospect of a general election. Many members who care little for the liberty of Englishmen to do as they like will have reflected seriously on the electoral power which the licensed victuallers and their customers have proved themselves to possess. The coalition at Liverpool of the Irish Roman Catholics with the Welsh Dissenters might perhaps have prevailed, if the advocates of the Permissive Bill had not joined their ranks. The voters who assert their right of drinking in moderation appear for the present to outnumber the scrupulous enthusiasts who fear that they or their neighbours may be tempted to drink too much. Mr. VERNON HARCOURT will make an eloquent speech in support of his motion for the reduction of public expenditure; but no ingenuity will suggest any novelty either of fact or of argument. The House will certainly decline to reduce the strength of the army and the navy; and Mr. HARCOURT may settle with his ally Mr. DIXON the question whether it is desirable to add five or six millions to the expenditure on primary education. The substitution of a Secretary of State for the Board of Admiralty would, in Mr. SEELEY'S opinion, tend to promote administrative efficiency; and proposals of this kind are so far serious that they relate to the conduct of public business. Mr. JACOB BRIGHT'S annual Bill for giving votes to women, and Dr. DALRYMPLE'S amiable scheme for reforming habitual drunkards, may be dismissed as sentimental fancies. Mr. NEWDEGATE'S favourite project for inspecting monasteries and nunneries represents only a harmless and honest delusion.

The most objectionable notice on the list is that of Mr. TREVELYAN'S Bill for extending household suffrage to counties. As a professed advocate of extreme democracy, Mr. TREVELYAN is perfectly consistent in his desire to subject the counties to the absolute control of the farm-labourers, or, in mineral districts, of the colliers and iron-workers. The practical disfranchisement of wealth, education, and intelligence will not be complete as long as either landlords or agricultural capitalists are represented in the House of Commons. The extension of household suffrage is almost avowedly designed as a step to the establishment of universal suffrage; and unfortunately Mr. GLADSTONE has with astounding levity more than once expressed his approval both of the intermediate and of the final measure. But for his sanction, Mr. TREVELYAN'S proposal might be regarded without uneasiness; but a demand which has been recognized by the PRIME MINISTER as just cannot be regarded as wholly impracticable. In consequence of the high industrial civilization of England, the proportion of people living on weekly wages is far greater than in any other country in the world; and it follows that promiscuous suffrage involves greater danger than elsewhere of interference with the rights of property. In the United States universal suffrage has hitherto produced no worse effect than to concentrate all political power in the hands of unprincipled jobbers, and to encourage shameless pecuniary corruption among the members of the various legislative bodies; but America is, happily for itself, not really governed either by Congress or even by the Senates and Assemblies of the several States. The House of Commons is the only really sovereign Legislature in the world; and the consequences of a further deterioration of the constituency which returns it are wholly incalculable. Mr. TREVELYAN and his friends are probably sincere in their belief that a political revolution would be advantageous to the country; but only those who share their aspirations will be justified in voting for Mr. TREVELYAN'S motion. It is especially desirable that the tenant farmers should understand that the same politicians who offer them concessions at the expense of the landowners at the same time propose to deprive them of all electoral power. The leaders of the working classes may claim the merit of exemplary candour in their open avowal of the purpose to which they propose to apply their political supremacy.

THE COMMITTEE AND M. THIERS.

IT is not, after all, upon the question of interpellations that M. THIERS and the Committee of Thirty have parted company. The Committee have not indeed given the PRESIDENT all the freedom of utterance he demanded, but they have consented to his speaking on interpellations relating to home affairs whenever the Council of Ministers, after a special deliberation the result of which has been communicated to the Assembly by the Vice-President, shall declare that the questions raised relate to the general policy of the Government. The inconvenience of this provision will be extreme. It will clearly be better, from M. THIERS'S point of view, that he should speak on questions which do not call for his intervention than that he should be reduced to silence on questions which do call for it. The consequence will be, that the special deliberation prescribed by the resolution of the Committee will be held on all subjects which do not unmistakably proclaim their own unimportance. The plan is one to make it necessary for M. THIERS to speak on occasions when he would rather remain silent, not one to impose silence upon him on occasions when he would rather speak. The common sense of the Assembly may be trusted to see the futility of such legislation as this. The object of the Committee in imposing so foolish a restraint is probably to prevent M. THIERS from getting up a Ministerial crisis at the very short notice which he has occasionally found sufficient for the purpose. They do not want him to catch votes or to shield an unpopular Minister by a sudden threat of resignation. But they forget that the Deputies upon whom this pressure is exercised are men who really want to know how M. THIERS wishes them to vote. They have got, it may be, political views of their own, and in quiet times they attach some importance to them, and are glad to have opportunities of giving them effect. But the last thing they would wish is to give them effect when the result of doing so would be to turn M. THIERS out of office. If by the operation of the rules proposed by the Committee they were to be prevented from finding this out, they would feel naturally and reasonably aggrieved. Their desire is to support M. THIERS, and to enjoy as much freedom of action as is consistent with a due regard for that paramount condition. To prevent politicians of this type from making themselves acquainted with the PRESIDENT'S intentions, whether these intentions be formed before a debate begins or late in the day on which it closes, is not to relieve them from a burden—it is rather to impose a new burden on them. They have no taste for unchartered freedom, they only care to remain on the side of M. THIERS.

They may wish that he were not so ready to take a side; they may even cherish an unintelligent preference for that pale shadow of constitutional monarchy which is the Committee's notion of a strong Government. But if this is unattainable, if M. THIERS is to remain Prime Minister—and the scheme of the Thirty concedes this as completely as the PRESIDENT could desire—they want to know how to steer their course. A Ministerial crisis with M. THIERS out of the Chamber would be like a storm at sea in the intervals when a revolving light is not visible. The majority of the Deputies may be trusted to prefer a steady blaze, however heartily they may wish that there were no dangerous coast for it to shine on. Consequently, if the point comes before the Chamber, there is little doubt which way it will be decided. The Thirty would have done better for themselves if, on finding that they were not resolute enough to impose an effective check upon M. THIERS's oratory, they had elected to impose none at all. It is emphatically a case in which half measures are only an evidence of conscious weakness.

The present schism between the Committee and the PRESIDENT relates to a quite different matter. M. DUFAURE has proposed that, after a short delay, special laws shall be framed as to the composition and mode of election of the Assembly which is to take the place of the present Assembly; as to the composition, mode of election, and functions of a Second Chamber; and as to the organization of the Executive during the interval between the dissolution of the present Assembly and the meeting of these two new Assemblies. The introduction of the words "after a short delay" seems to have thrown the Committee altogether off their balance. They seemed to them to be big with forebodings of an immediate dissolution. It was to no purpose that M. DUFAURE offered to strike them out. They had appeared, and that was enough. Nothing that the Government could say would alter this fact. Whether, if the Committee had not been thrown into this state of terror by the very first line of M. DUFAURE's motion, they would have shown themselves so impracticable as to its details, is not quite clear. The provisions which the Committee propose to substitute for M. DUFAURE's are to this effect. The Committee remains charged with the duty of preparing and ultimately laying before the Assembly a Bill for the institution of a Second Chamber. The new electoral law will be submitted to the Committee as soon as it comes from the hands of the Special Committee by which it is now being prepared. It will be seen that, according to this plan, the Committee of Thirty will practically remain in session as long as the Assembly itself. The Thirty might be trusted not to finally settle the composition of the Second Chamber and the details of the coming election until they had made up their minds that a dissolution could be no longer postponed. Either they feel that they cannot trust the Assembly to be as true to conservative ideas as they know themselves to be, or else, having once enjoyed power, they are unwilling to lay it down again. Whether the Assembly itself shares this view is another matter. The majority were ready to appoint a Committee to prepare certain measures, but it does not follow that they are prepared to leave all their work to the Committee until the closing weeks of the Assembly's existence. Life at Versailles must be very much duller since the Committee has been in session. There are no field days in the Assembly except when M. JULES SIMON is good enough to provide a little sport. If the proposal of the Committee were to be adopted, this state of things would be prolonged indefinitely. An Assembly which has shown itself so jealous of its own power as regards its constituents is not likely long to surrender that power into the hands of a delegacy.

A more serious difference still between the Committee's proposal and M. DUFAURE's is the omission from the former of all mention of the interval between the dissolution of the present and the convocation of the next Assembly. M. THIERS's authority dies with the Assembly, so that if a dissolution comes without any arrangement having been made for carrying on the Government, the elections must be held in a time of absolute anarchy. It is quite certain that the Committee do not intend that this should be the case; their refusal to make such an arrangement must therefore be taken as evidence that they mean the elections to be held while the present Assembly is still sitting. It is difficult to understand the immense importance which the Committee and the Right generally are believed to attach to this provision. It is intelligible that they should wish the conduct of the elections to be in their own hands rather than in the hands of M. THIERS; but the mere prolongation of the present Assembly's life will not by itself have this effect. As long as the Assembly remains the President will remain, and it has been pretty well established by this time that as long as the President is M. THIERS the conduct of affairs will continue in the hands of the Executive. If it has been so while the Assembly was in the full flush of its authority and reputation, it is not likely to be otherwise when it is merely a pale ghost which is only waiting for the elections to be over to vanish into empty space. If M. THIERS pays too little deference to the majority now, how much is he likely to pay when that majority has but a few more days to live? If he has contrived to get his own way when the Assembly was sovereign in fact as well as in name, what chance is there that he will abandon this tradition when a term has been set to its power of annoying or thwarting him? There are rumours occasionally of a *coup d'état* to be attempted by the Right, and they have certainly thus much of foundation, that their wishes cannot be attained without resorting to something of the kind. But a *coup d'état* is essentially the expedient of an Executive at war with a Legislature, not of a Legislature at war with an Executive. Besides, for this purpose the Right would not even command a majority in the Chamber. Assemblies may not always be wiser than their wisest man, but this particular Assembly will certainly be wiser than its thirty wisest men. As yet M. THIERS has given no sign of the course he intends to take when the report of the Committee comes before the Assembly; but it is more than ever probable that, whatever that course is, it will obtain the consent of the majority.

DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER.

ONE of the busiest and most experienced agitators of our time is reported to have once given a short hint to an ambitious pupil. The best way, he said, to get people to believe anything is simply to keep on repeating it over and over again, without taking the slightest notice of contradictions or exposures. The contradictions will either be forgotten, or it will be supposed from your confident reiteration that you have effectually answered them on some former occasion. The COMMON SERJEANT appears to have learnt this lesson, and in advocating his Bill for legalizing Marriage with Deceased Wives' Sisters, he certainly acts upon it with an audacity and recklessness which are rather startling to those who are able to discriminate fact from fiction. On Wednesday he gravely asserted in the House of Commons that this notorious measure has been approved by sixty-three divisions in the Commons, and six times rejected by the Lords. The impression he sought to convey was of course that the House of Commons has for many years been continually sending up the Bill to the House of Lords, and that the House of Lords, in contempt of the Commons, has persistently rejected it. This sort of thing might perhaps pass without detection at an indignation meeting in St. James's Hall, but it requires a peculiar kind of courage to misrepresent the proceedings of the House of Commons in quite recent years in a speech addressed to the House of Commons itself. Perhaps Sir T. CHAMBERS imagined that the memory of the House does not go back beyond the last general election. But what are the facts? The Bill has been five times—with intervals of years between—sent up to the Lords and rejected, and twice it has been introduced in the House of Lords and rejected. But the Bill has also been four times thrown out in the Commons; so that there are four rejections in the Lower House against seven in the Upper; and for eleven whole years, from 1859 to 1871, the Lords never even heard the subject mentioned. The COMMON SERJEANT concocted his list of sixty-three divisions by counting in all the trifling divisions on details which have taken place in Committee. The House of Lords has been consistent in its treatment of this proposal; but the House of Commons has sometimes been for it and sometimes against it. In 1866 the Bill was summarily snuffed out on the second reading. Three years later there seemed to be a momentary turn of the tide, and the Bill passed the second reading by a majority of 99; but this majority has been gradually dwindling in successive years, and now the very utmost that the COMMON SERJEANT and his friends can do, after elaborate and eager preparations, in a desperately whipped division—snatched at the very beginning of the Session, when the Scotch and Irish members, who almost to a man oppose this tampering with the sacredness of marriage, have not yet come to town—is a poor majority of 39. The value of this result must be measured by the violence of the efforts made to obtain it. It will perhaps be time enough for the House of Lords to consider whether on this question it will yield, against its better judgment, to the House of Commons, when it has been made quite clear that the House of

Commons knows its own mind, and really represents the genuine and settled opinion of the country. The flourish about petitions from all parts of the country and other manifestations of public opinion in favour of revolutionizing the marriage law is plainly a mistake in tactics, for it betrays its hollowness. We are asked to believe that the country is wildly anxious and impatient on the subject, and that, in fact, there is quite an excitement about it out of doors. Of course, if the petitions and resolutions of which such a parade is made really represented the actual state of public opinion, and not the results of an artificial and factitious agitation, we should find on every side traces of excitement. The matter would be talked of whenever two or three people met together; there would be public meetings about it, and flaming placards on the walls, and strong articles every day in the papers. It would be the great question at the elections. Is Mr. So-and-So sound on deceased wife's sister? would be the test of parties. Vote for JONES and No Affinities! would be the rallying cry of popular candidates. But somehow this excitement, if it exists, is kept very quiet. Except in the voluminous publications of the anonymous Society which ambuscades behind the name of "JOSEPH STANSBURY, M.A." and a brass plate in Parliament Street, and the annual debates on the Bill, nobody ever hears a whisper of this passionate and universal desire which is supposed to be consuming the country for leave to marry deceased wives' relations.

No doubt there really are people who want to marry, or who have married, their wives' sisters or nieces, just as no doubt there are sisters who would like to marry their brothers-in-law, and possibly mothers-in-law who would have no objection to console their deceased daughters' husbands by marrying them themselves. But how many of them are there? And what sort of people are they who demand that the most sacred and delicate of domestic institutions should be torn to pieces in order that they may lawfully gratify their peculiar appetites? It is rather an odd thing that the people who petition for the abolition of affinities are always anxious for the change, not on their own account, but on account of somebody else. As far as we are aware, the gentlemen who compose the anonymous Society in Parliament Street have never petitioned Parliament in their own names, stating their age, address, occupation, and religion, and the particular relatives they have married or want to marry. It used to be argued some years ago that this was a poor man's question; but a Royal Commission, appointed at the instance of the revolutionists, looked into the matter, and could discover only some forty cases among the poor. It is sufficiently notorious that the people who keep Mr. STANSBURY'S Society going, and who provide the funds which are spent so lavishly on deceased wife's sister novels, pamphlets, and other modes of agitation, are only a few rich men who, having wilfully defied the law (as the agitators did in Hyde Park the other day), would like it to be altered to suit their convenience, and to have the penalties remitted. Mr. BRUCE has stated in the case of the Hyde Park rioters that, whether a law is a good or a bad law, while it exists it must be obeyed.

There are two points of view from which this proposal for the abolition of affinities may be regarded. There is first the question whether it is desirable that all marriages within these degrees should henceforth be legalized; and there is secondly the question whether, if that is conceded, a retrospective immunity can be justly demanded by those who, while agitating for an alteration of the law, have taken the liberty of breaking it. As to the first question, Mr. HEYGATE, it seems to us, summed up decisively the arguments against the Bill when he said that it settled nothing and unsettled everything. The Bill is confined to marriage with a deceased wife's sister, but of course the change cannot stop there, and the blow is practically aimed at all relationships by marriage. Hitherto the marriage system has been based on a distinct and intelligible principle; the forbidden degrees have included relationships both of consanguinity and affinity. A wife's relatives have been regarded by her husband as if they were his own, and all our social and domestic habits and feelings have grown up around this principle. Touch that principle, and all these habits and feelings will be at once subverted. The sister-in-law will become like any other marriageable woman, and will be driven from the bereaved home to which she might otherwise have carried comfort and consolation. She cannot remain, if she considers her own character, unless it has been decided in the very moment of death and desolation whether the funeral meats are to furnish forth immediately a new marriage feast. And this cruel and heartless decree is to be enforced for no other object than to enable a few unscrupulous and reckless men to indulge their passions and caprices without restraint. The COMMON SERJEANT, whose incendiary meeting at St. James's Hall has probably not been forgotten, is apparently prepared, not only to sacrifice any part of the Constitution that may seem to stand in the way of these selfish and shameless marriages, but, if necessary, to revive the Mosaic, or perhaps any other, dispensation that might happen to suit his purpose. It is true that the Jewish law sanctioned the kind of marriages which Sir T. CHAMBERS has so much at heart, but it also tacitly tolerated polygamy, and not only permitted but compelled a man, under penalty of ignominy, to marry his deceased brother's widow. The truth is that Judaism treated the wife pretty much as a chattel; the Gospel proclaimed the identity of the husband and wife, bone of one bone, and flesh of one flesh. Of course Sir T. CHAMBERS is at liberty to think, if he chooses, that Christianity is wrong in this respect; but when he proposes a revival of Judaism, he should be a little more explicit as to how far in this direction he is prepared to go. As far as the House of Commons is concerned, the question is rather a social than an ecclesiastical one; but, when we come to the retrospective action of the Bill, it has also a political aspect. We have no desire to defend the retrospective effect of the Act of 1835. All that can be said is that the law was then in a confused and anomalous condition, and that there were perhaps plausible grounds for not declaring absolutely void marriages which had been contracted on the understanding that they were only voidable. But since 1835 there has been no room for misconception, and all who have married within the forbidden degrees have done so with their eyes open. If Parliament should at any time agree to pass an indemnity for these illegal unions, it will be giving a dangerous encouragement to the theory that laws are binding only on those who happen to approve of them.

THE SURRENDER OF THE PARKS.

THE conduct of the Ministry with regard to the management of the Parks—for we have now, it seems, to deal, not with the blundering of a subordinate official, a mere "clerk," as Mr. AYRTON calls himself, but with the deliberate action of the Cabinet—reminds one strongly of the old caricature of the Englishman standing naked, and wondering what raiment he will wear:—

> For now I will wear this,
> And now I will wear that,
> And now I will wear—
> I don't know what.

One suit after another has been tried on, and discarded, either because the cut of it was not liked, or because it was found to be uncomfortable. The last suit was a trifle too fantastic and provocative, and led to the wearer being mobbed by the rabble. For the present the Government seems to think the safest course is to go bare. Mr. BRUCE'S new Park Rules afford about as much covering as a fig-leaf; and the fig-leaf is a sign of conscious shame, without being an effectual effort at decency. The new Rules are in fact only a pretence, a sham, and about as binding as a Highgate oath. Practically the Parks are surrendered to the mob, and the Government might as well have said so plainly. In the new Rules for Hyde Park it is provided that meetings shall not be held except within certain geographical limits, but these limits are almost the limits of the Park itself. Meetings are to be confined to the "open part" of the Park, bounded by the horse-ride running from the Marble Arch to Victoria Gate, and thence to the powder-magazine and by the carriage drive running from the powder-magazine along the Serpentine to Hyde Park Corner, and so back again to the Marble Arch. In other words, the whole of Hyde Park north of the Serpentine is handed over unreservedly for the purposes of rowdy agitation. All that the Government has ventured to do is to forbid meetings in Rotten Row. But there is yet another clause, and it is very severe and formidable. "No assembly of persons is permitted in "the Park unless conducted in a decent and orderly manner." What is to be done with a vast, promiscuous gathering of people from all parts of the town if they fail to observe decency and order remains to be seen. The nuisance of these meetings consists, it must be remembered, not so much in the rubbishy speeches which are delivered, and which are harmless enough—indeed nobody hears them—but in the noisy and mischievous rabble which is thus drawn together, the mock-Litany men who bawl their blasphemous chants, the roughs who insult and assault women, knock off hats, trample down shrubs, and destroy the trees, and the thieves of all

kinds who here discover or contrive opportunities for plunder. Hitherto the police have apparently found that, when once a meeting took place, they were helpless to prevent its disorderly and disgraceful consequences. They were, in fact, outnumbered, and could do nothing but look on and try to see as little as possible. If it is now intended seriously to enforce this new rule about decency and order, it can only be done in one way, if at all, and that is by withdrawing the police from their local duties in different parts of the Metropolitan area in order to concentrate all their strength upon Hyde Park. In other words, London is to be left bare and unprotected whenever Mr. Odger or Mr. Bradlaugh may choose to summon the scum of the town to meet him in the Park.

The question of allowing public meetings to be held in the Parks is a very plain and simple question, and it is necessary to avoid being diverted from its practical issues by rhetorical flourishes about the rights of the people and constitutional privileges. It is purely a question of public decency and public order. It is sometimes assumed that those who object to tumultuous gatherings of this kind are afraid of political agitation. In reality Mr. Odger straining his voice in a vain effort to make himself heard *sub Jove* in Hyde Park is not a whit more terrible than Mr. Odger speaking comfortably and audibly in the snug shelter of the "Hole in the Wall." It is known, however, that these meetings are invariably attended by large numbers of disorderly and disreputable people who really care no more for Mr. Odger than for Mr. Gladstone, and who have come out solely in hopes of mischief. The two things, judging by experience, would seem to be inseparable. The meeting and the mob go together like light and shadow. If we could have the meeting—just Mr. Odger and his little knot of followers, without the mob—it might not perhaps matter very much; but then the mob is sure to come too, and to take its pleasure after its own fashion. For our own part, we are not in the least afraid of any amount of speechifying in Hyde Park; but London is rather a big city, and there is a good deal at the bottom of it—what Mr. Bright would call the residuum—which had perhaps better not be stirred up more than is absolutely necessary. As it is, the police are not too many for their work, and it is as well not to go out of our way to increase their labours and responsibilities. Not long ago, when a fanatical lecturer who had a craze about the Pope and the wickedness of Roman Catholic priests, went through the country delivering violent harangues which constantly led to disorder and sometimes to bloodshed, Mr. Bruce, in the exercise of his authority as Home Secretary, thought it necessary to do what he could to put a stop to this tour of conflagration. Mr. Bruce interposed, not because Murphy spoke disrespectfully of the Pope, but simply because Murphy's lectures led to unpleasant results. And it is on precisely the same grounds that we object to the meetings in the Park. Prevention in such a case is better than cure; in other words, it is easier to deal with the people who get up meetings than with the mobs who follow them about. The promoters of an illegal meeting can be quickly summoned before the magistrate and fined; but a mob which has to be dispersed by force is difficult to manage. We are led to the conclusion that it is not desirable to encourage meetings in the Park by a very simple train of reflections. In the first place, they are not held for purposes of discussion, but simply and solely—as is avowed and boasted—for purposes of intimidation. Those who organize the meetings put themselves to great inconvenience in going so far out of their way as Hyde Park, and they do this simply because they think it will annoy and perhaps frighten people who live in that neighbourhood. In the next place, a meeting, especially a Sunday meeting, draws together a violent and dangerous rabble who can be kept in order only by withdrawing the police from their ordinary duties, and even then it is doubtful whether the police will be found to be equal to the task if they apply themselves to it, as they have never yet done, in earnest. It is hardly fair that Clapham and Highgate should be left at the mercy of the burglars whenever any foolish or malicious demagogue chooses to convoke the mob in a West-End Park.

It was on every ground a mistake to convert what should have been a censure on the Government into a personal attack upon Mr. Ayrton. Mr. Ayrton has proved, in a variety of ways, his grotesque incapacity for the office he is allowed to fill, but in this instance it is not known that he acted without the sanction of his chiefs. The impression which is produced by reading the report of Monday's debate is that, though it was perhaps a very pretty example of smart Parliamentary manœuvring in order to avoid an inconvenient expression of opinion, the Ministry would really have been less seriously damaged if they had frankly acknowledged their error, and endeavoured to put things in proper train for the future. The early history of the Rules is wrapped in an obscurity which it is perhaps hardly worth while to seek to penetrate. The first set of Rules was no sooner drawn up by Mr. Ayrton than it was cancelled by the Cabinet, who substituted a general regulation that the Parks were to be enjoyed by the public as they had previously been enjoyed; and the House of Commons dispersed under the impression that no new Rules would be enforced until they had been submitted to Parliament. The language of Mr. Ayrton and Mr. Gladstone at the close of last Session justified this impression; but there is of course no reason to suppose that they were guilty of a wilful mystification. In October Mr. Ayrton, to the surprise of every one, issued a third set of Rules of the most fantastic and impracticable kind. And now we come to the really mysterious part of the story. Either this third edition of the Rules was or was not approved by the Cabinet. If it was approved, why has it now been set aside? If it was not approved, why was it not at once cancelled like the original draft? Mr. Ayrton's new Rules were issued in October, and provoked a noisy agitation. Their authority was openly challenged by a Fenian meeting, and there were proceedings before the police magistrate and an appeal to the Queen's Bench. All this time the Government seemed to think that the Rules were very nice Rules, and that they must be maintained at all hazards. It is not till Parliament meets, four months afterwards, that the Rules are withdrawn, suddenly and without a syllable of explanation or apology. It would be interesting to know at what moment the Government became convinced that these Rules were objectionable. There was of course no necessity for waiting till Parliament met in order to cancel them; that could have been done any day, and the Judges of the Queen's Bench might surely have been spared the trouble of determining the validity of Rules which the Government had already condemned and privately abandoned. To complete the chapter of blunders and inconsistencies, Mr. Bruce has explained that the fine exacted from the agitator Bailey will not be returned, because his offence was committed, "not in honest ignorance, but in wilful and ostentatious "defiance of the law and those who administer it." We agree with Mr. Bruce that this is a very serious offence, and that it ought to be punished; but why, then, are Odger and the other offenders not to be punished as well as Bailey? The Ministry have assumed the responsibility of Mr. Ayrton's acts; but we can hardly wonder that Mr. Ayrton should decline to be responsible for the vagaries of the Cabinet. They have certainly contrived with disastrous ingenuity to leave nothing undone that could tend to destroy respect for the law, and to inspire contempt for those who are charged with the duty of enforcing it.

MEMORY.

SHOULD we be gainers if the memory of the world were strengthened so that everybody could always recall at will all the things he wishes to recall? Most people will probably be disposed to think that this would be a questionable boon, unless indeed an access of memory brought with it at least an equal access of judgment and sympathy. Many persons lament their defective memory, and wish they could tell you things—"but my memory is so bad"; and we secretly settle with ourselves that "it is best as it is," for the tax on our attention will be the less. Unquestionably attention becomes more fastidious as the world grows older; we are more chary of it than our forefathers. Hence it may be observed that memory does not now hold the place it once did as an accomplishment. Nowadays a good memory meets with as little envy as any quality that can be named; where it exists it is not thought worth while to dispute it. The way is rather to magnify the wonder while denouncing it as, in injudicious hands, a dreadful engine of social oppression. A good memory is to be kept out of sight like a woman's learning, and only aired when you are quite sure of your company. It was not always so; people used to vie with one another in exercises of recollection; opportunities were devised for its display; friends recorded extraordinary feats. In the summary of qualities in old biographies memory takes a prominent place; its triumphs are enumerated, the injurious surmises of adversaries and suspicious doubters are disproved. But perhaps people discovered that when memory was cultivated as an art it was rarely put to its best uses. The elaborate compliments gabbled over so correctly by Thomas Thafoirus were a satire on a system that did not always put the wisest foremost. Men of thought and learning were baffled and kept back for the want of verbal memory or of nerve to use it. Those lights of the Church, Hammond and Sanderson, each suffered from this cause. What might seem to be for all useful purposes a sufficiently good memory would not pass muster

in either case. Hammond's memory was serviceable, not officious; faithful to things and business, but unwillingly retaining the contexture and punctualities of words; so that it was harder for him to get one sermon by heart than to pen twenty. What was hard for him utterly bothered his brother divine, owing, as he said himself, to his unmanly bashfulness. Their quaint biographer relates how the friends repaired together to a small rustic church, Hammond holding the sermon which the other was to declaim verbatim from the pulpit. The attempt was a dolorous failure, even discernible to many of that plain auditory. As the two walked homewards Dr. Sanderson said with much earnestness, "Good Doctor, give me my sermon, and know that neither you nor any man living shall ever persuade me again to preach without my books." To which the reply was, "Good Doctor, be not angry; for if ever I persuade you again to preach without book, I will give you leave to burn all the books I am master of."

The real importance of verbal memory of this sort sank when the art of printing came in and reading became a common accomplishment, though its prestige lasted some time longer. People therefore are right in valuing memory now according to the use it is put to, for its practical services to its owner, or for restoring to us what is otherwise beyond our reach. What a memory retains is the sole test of what it is worth. In its moral aspect the memory may sometimes indicate an unusual warmth, tenderness, and tenacity of affection; but, on the other hand, there are vindictive memories which retain only provocations, or impertinent memories which treasure up precisely the things born to oblivion, or which we should choose to be forgotten. And so, too, there are frivolous memories which retain only trivialities, and entangle the mind in a maze of nothings. To have a verbal memory like Dick Swiveller's, infested with taps of verse and cues of rhyme, is, somebody has said, as vulgar, as destructive of any train of thought worth the name, as the stable-boy's habit of whistling easy airs upon the mere mechanical excitement of a bar or two whistled by some other blockhead in some other stable.

To the man himself any strength of memory which does not hinder reflection and excuse the labour of thought is valuable; but the memory which is worth most to the world is that which keeps us supplied with a knowledge of things that would otherwise be lost. Books and newspapers tell us a great deal, and enable us often to dispense without much inconvenience with the exercise of memory; but there is one branch of study which owes more to faithful, retentive memory than to all the books in the world. We mean the memory that retains in living freshness the sayings and doings, the look and aspect, of a past generation; that can set before us, as it unfolded itself, a scene all the actors in which are dead and gone, and bring to our ears with just emphasis the very words of feeling or passion spoken years ago. How rare this is we know from the difficulty of getting precise information as to persons or events after a brief lapse of time. The incidents that give excellence to biography Dr. Johnson found the most difficult of all things to obtain from survivors. Such incidents are of a volatile and evanescent kind; they soon escape the memory, and are rarely transmitted by tradition. Still there are memories that do their best to rescue a character from oblivion, that delight to renew its life in truthful description. It argues, no doubt, a disengaged, unselfish attention to note the incident at the time as telling and expressive, and this quality stamps itself on the narrative and inspires confidence in the hearer. Those who have patience to listen to these chroniclers are at once performing a pious work and accumulating a store of the best knowledge, which serves them in good stead as opportunity arises. There is no pleasanter talk than the gleanings of a student of character among the memories of the various circles and classes he has mixed with. We leave his company feeling human nature to be a livelier, cleverer, more impressive thing than we had been in the way of finding out for ourselves. Mere invention, expending itself on a past state of things, commonly falls flat; but the reproduction of the actual life of fifty or even twenty years ago is an invaluable contribution. Memory that performs feats commonly expends itself on the laboured efforts of the human understanding. Memory of the higher sort distinguishes for itself what is memorable. To repeat what another has said because it was characteristic of him is a more useful exercise of the talent than to commit pages of the same man's writing to memory. Perhaps too it is a more difficult one.

In these cases the value of memory consists in its literal, even verbal, truth. There are many personal anecdotes which we feel are most probably false—if not wholly false, yet enough so to destroy their use as evidence of character. There must be a stamp of genuineness which only verbal accuracy can supply. Such memories imply habitual conscientiousness; they are respectable as well as brilliant possessions. For few memories are entirely truthful. We many of us find them false mainly to our own cost or inconvenience. We are *sure* we put a missing article where we did not put it, that we read a passage in the middle of a right-hand page when it turns out to be at the top of the left; the eye of memory has the most distinct recollection, and yet it is not true. The most disinterested witnesses at a trial contradict one another because each is sure of what he neither saw nor heard exactly as he thinks he saw or heard it. Nobody is willing to attach any moral taint to these involuntary errors, though a certain steadiness of observation, an habitual holding self in check, and putting positiveness to the test, might have preserved us from it. Again, certain ideas, certain forms of expression, slide into the memory unawares, and pass current for original thought, and betray people into involuntary plagiarism. We suspect that a great many persons assume to themselves a faculty of invention when they are only cheated by their memory introducing itself as an original conception, and performing its feats in disguise. Not many suffer under the reverse deception, of which Charles Lamb accuses himself when lamenting the strange fatality through which everything he touched turned into a lie; relating how he once quoted two lines from a translation of Dante which Hazlitt very greatly admired, and quoted in a book as proof of the stupendous power of that poet. But no such lines were to be found in the translation searched for the purpose; whereupon he adds, "I must have dreamed them, for I am quite sure I did not forge them knowingly. What a misfortune," he plaintively concludes, "to have a lying memory!" On the other hand, a correct memory is the most necessary of all aids to the liar, as we are reminded by a hackneyed proverb; and it also prompts to lying in unprincipled hands. Wood tells a story of Hoskyns the Winchester boy who, having neglected to write his verse exercise, glanced for a minute or two over the shoulder of a more diligent schoolfellow, and upon the master calling him up, said he had lost his paper, but if he might be allowed he would repeat without book the twenty verses he had written; which he was permitted to do. The other boy was called next, and showed the verses which Hoskyns had just repeated, and, being taken for the thief, was sorely whipped.

Next to the lying memory, and far more common, is the treacherous memory that fails us at a pinch, hiding itself in darkness, leaving us cognizant of its existence but eluding our grasp. Nothing is more tantalizing than this state of mind. The man who feels the fact or word or name flitting just out of his reach is a misery to himself and everybody else. Very few people have philosophy enough to give in; to reflect that what they search for in such restless persistence matters to nobody; for the time being they have lost part of themselves and worry after it; for

> Memory frets
> When words that made its body fall away
> And leave it yearning dumbly.

This fretting is a bore, but it is also evidence of the universal regret at the failure of memory. It is one of the most pathetic facts of life, to which no use reconciles us, that so much of the prime and flower of its thought and wit should pass utterly away while still ringing in our ears; that words which range themselves in noble, touching, solemn order should slip out of our thought, never to sound with the same rhythm again; that sayings and incidents, each a revelation of personal character or of deep human nature, should have no witness capable of recording them; that each generation should know so little of its predecessors. This is the memory which men yearn after, for the want of which conversation is disappointing, and history and biography so imperfect; but in desiring which we know not what we ask. Life, in fact, has not room for such memories.

INVECTIVE AS AN ORNAMENT OF DEBATE.

WHEN Mr. Disraeli said that "invective was a great ornament of debate," he was doubtless thinking of the weapon with which he himself had fought his way to the leadership of the Tory party. It was not for the strength of his arguments that the country gentlemen chose him to be their gladiator, nor was it the keenness of his logic that they saluted with frantic cheers. It was the savage strokes that he dealt at the Minister who, as they thought, had basely betrayed the party which had given him place, power, and honour. The fierce, unscrupulous invective which he flung at the renegade made them drunk with joy. Colonel Sibthorp and his friends saw the rhetorical flaying of Peel with some such delight as a band of Red Indians would view the torturing of a famed and dreaded captive. Nor did they too curiously ask what were the motives of the torturer. They forbore to inquire why he had been so quickly filled with a zeal for Protectionism, and why he had so speedily forgotten the Free-trade logic to which he had given the light cogency of wit in his novels. It was enough that the reputation of a traitor was torn to pieces; that the man whom they had once saluted as a paragon of statesmanship was pulled down to the level of commonplace humanity; and that he was accused of having lived on the beggary of other men's intellects. The most stupid of squires doubtless know that Sir Robert Peel was not the compound of pretence, hypocrisy, incapacity, and treachery which was painted in the lurid hues of Mr. Disraeli's perorations. And the more dignified foes of the Minister were doubtless half ashamed of the witty satire which they cheered. But that did not prevent Mr. Disraeli from reaching a first position in the Conservative ranks at a bound by his mastery over invective. When he had once taken his place beside the leaders of his party, he did, it is true, display a rich store of unsuspected qualities, and notably such a power of leading men against their wills into strange paths as eclipsed the personal influence even of greater Parliamentary chiefs. But he might have sat for years on the back benches, and in all probability he would never have been Prime Minister of England, if he had not been a consummate master of satire, and if he had not been audacious in the use of burning epithet. Nor did he sheath the weapon when place had come to him, and

power, and the official privilege to be dull. His later speeches, as clearly as his earlier, are essentially pieces of invective, and his oratory would fill a small space if it relied on the sober qualities of fact and reasoning. In fertility of illustration, in swiftness of argumentative statement, in the union of academic brilliancy and homely force, they lie far behind those of Macaulay. In power of advocacy they do not compete with the harangues of Mr. Bright, or in lucid argumentation with those of Mr. Cobden. Nor in mastery of detail and subtlety of view do they rise to the same dignity as the defective oratory of Mr. Gladstone. They draw their fascination from the fact that the chief passages are essentially personal. Dull and almost commonplace so long as they deal with matters of fact, they are full of point so soon as they fly at character. Who that heard the rhetoric will forget how Mr. Disraeli has again and again lashed out at Mr. Gladstone, or how, on a certain famous if not decorous occasion, he turned aside from the dry details of Parliamentary Reform to paint Mr. Lowe's rich capacities for hate. He has brightened Parliamentary life by the glow of his satire, and cast into the language a crowd of sparkling phrases or epigrams on the follies of his foes. For him sarcasm has thrown so widely open the gates of place, power, and fame, that, if his pride did not disdain the trivialities of heraldry, his crest would be a dart, with the motto "I pierce." It is no wonder that he believes invective to be a great ornament of debate.

The same value might have been attached to poisoned or loaded words by Canning, for his statesmanship was the late flower of a short life, and he made himself formidable in youth chiefly by such qualities as shine in the *Anti-Jacobin*. Sydney Smith contemptuously said that he was no more than a writer of squibs. Pitt knew that stronger stuff lay in the brain that played with its unforced leisure by penning witty lampoons, and that threw the House into convulsions of laughter by the clever levity with which it treated grave themes. But Canning could never cast aside the habit of using his old weapons. A satirist when, with easy conviction and high ambition, he held briefs for Pitt, he was a satirist when the death of Pitt left him the most brilliant debater in the House, and a satirist when, as Foreign Secretary, he penned against Minister Falck the rhyming despatch:—

> In matters of commerce the fault of the Dutch
> Is giving too little and asking too much.

Canning was trained in a time which gave to invective as high a place in the armoury of political discussion as we give to statistics. It is, in fact, startling to compare the ablest political utterances of seventy or eighty years ago with the most powerful of our own day. Burke was unquestionably the most commanding intellect in the Parliament of his time, and he was not the least quick to distrust theories or to see the value of facts. Indeed he waxes fanatical in his contempt for the dreamers who draw the materials of constitutions from the depths of their moral consciousness, and who fancy that they are equipped for the government of a State when they have rhetorically mastered a few windy principles about the rights of man. Although essentially a philosopher, he seemed to grovel at the feet of practical men as if he were half ashamed of his own faculty for generalization. Yet his writings are the most eloquent of practical commentaries on the text that "invective is a great ornament of debate." His *Reflections on the French Revolution* is a piece of invective from the first page to the last. Although a pamphlet in form, it is a speech in reality; and it is the most passionate and most brilliant speech ever addressed to the English people. The coolest mind cannot read it calmly or prosaically. Nowhere else in English literature are such richness, such picturesque force, such point, and such wealth of invective crowded into the same space. Even the passionate malignity and the epigrammatic skill of "Junius" fail to coin a like multiplicity of epithet. The mint of Burke's literary genius was furnished with an indefinite number of dies. And each struck a new impression, so that his pages glow with images of scorn and hate. If Mr. Disraeli were to offer frank counsel to young rhetoricians, he would parody the eulogy which Johnson applied to Addison, and say, "Whoever wishes to attain a Parliamentary style, passionate but not coarse, and picturesque but not flowery, must give his days and nights to the writings of Burke." At least that has been done by Mr. Disraeli himself, just as certainly as it was done by Macaulay. The picturesque epithets, the pointed phrases, the passionate dislike of commonplace words, the Oriental richness of imagery, by which the speeches of the Tory rhetorician charm, amuse, and amaze, recall at every turn the qualities of Burke. They are the reduced copy of a great original. The likeness is so striking that it is difficult for students who are familiar with Mr. Disraeli's peculiar intonations to read aloud some passages of Burke without falling into a mimicry of the living rhetorician's voice. Nor did Burke stand alone in giving a chief place among the weapons of debate to invective. Sheridan's only claim to the honour of statesmanship lay in a rich armoury of personalities. Nor was Fox ever a calm reasoner. He thundered out his arguments with a fury that sometimes made him almost inarticulate, and he was really less eager to make good his case in a calm court of logic than to blazon forth in burning hues the incompetence, the folly, and the perfidy of the right honourable gentlemen opposite. If the prosaic and statistical calmness of living debaters might have been expected from any of Burke's brilliant contemporaries, it might seem to be from Pitt, who had become a statesman before he had ceased to be a youth, and who brought to the House of Commons the principles of Adam Smith and the facts of finance when Fox was ostentatiously ignorant of the economic laws that regulated the commerce of England. And the speeches of Pitt are certainly more like those of our own day than any other speeches of Pitt's time. Their stately frigidity has as certainly been a model to Mr. Gladstone as the Asiatic luxuriance of Burke has been a model to Mr. Disraeli. Yet Pitt's most potent weapon was his power of sarcasm, and he used it unmercifully. As ready for a war of personalities as of facts, he would have used the epigrams of "Junius" if nature had not denied him the faculty of condensing invective into barbed and poisoned epithet.

Such was the place that invective played in debate three or four generations ago. But a wonderful change has come over the House of Commons. Mr. Disraeli is the only debater who keeps alive the old practice with a power worthy of old days. Mr. Bernal Osborne is too light a lance to form another exception when we are speaking of chiefs. Mr. Bright has often flung epithets at his opponents, and his sarcasm on the Cave of Adullam won high success; but the literary merit of such sallies has been enormously exaggerated in a time of strange rhetorical barrenness, and the vigorous stream of invective which Mr. Bright turns upon all who do not agree with him is too vague and general to possess an artistic value. Lord Salisbury strikes a note which is more like the old sound. And Lord Westbury might have become a master in the art if nature had as richly gifted him with oratorical utterance as with bland malignity. Mr. Gladstone often betrays by tone and gesture a wish to wound, but the artistic form of the menacing words does not match the accompanying modulations of the voice, and so they sound like decorous commonplace next morning. In print they would be effective only if they were illustrated by a pictorial sketch of the gesture with which they have been propelled. The reader would then see why the House laughed loudly when Mr. Disraeli said that Mr. Gladstone had given him such a look as to make him glad that there was a solid piece of furniture between them. But gesture is not invective.

There is one obvious cause of the fact that invective fills so much smaller space in the debates of our day than it did in the discussions of a past generation. Although Mr. Miall has been vigorously prompting us to commit political arson, we hardly know what is meant by "blazing principles." Our great party fights would have seemed so many squabbles in the street to the England which was rocked to and fro by the tempest of the French Revolution. We have fallen on a time of prose. Sir Robert Peel—we mean of course the great Sir Robert—put his finger on its real character when he recommended young members of Parliament to leave the windy strifes of foreign politics alone, and go for lessons in statesmanship to the Railway Committees. There they would find few principles and many facts. There they would learn to become masters of detail. And this is essentially a time of detail. The House of Commons gives a specimen of its real ability only when it deals with matters of detail. It often displays a consummate power of practical criticism when it examines the several clauses of a Bill in Committee of the whole House; when every chairman of Quarter Sessions and every country squire brings the experience of a lifetime to bear on any scheme for the readjustment of local taxation; or when heavy members from the City fling down piles of tabulated figures and facts to turn aside the ploughshare of a Budget. But heroic oratory is as distasteful as "heroic remedies" to an age in which Cobden made himself the idol of the middle class by a large and vigorous arithmetical faculty, by contemptuously pushing aside all theories that were too subtile to be comprehended at a glance in the counting-house, and by speaking in a style which was a model of clearness, which did not contain one eloquent sentence or one far-reaching thought, and which did not let fall a single phrase felicitous enough to be remembered a generation hence. Mr. Cobden's audiences were so eager to get at the facts of the subject before them, and they were so little troubled by a fastidious culture, that they did not complain because the statement was not spiced with invective. But there is a less flattering reason why invective now plays a small part in debate. It is a difficult weapon to handle. Mere abuse is not invective; it is only an expression of rage. Very often it signifies only that the author of it would wound if he could. Nor is the feeble and monotonous blasphemy of the streets the invective of art. It is only the round general terms that betray confusion of thought, and an inability to find a phrase of accurate description. It bears the same relation to invective as the crying of an infant bears to the articulate complaints of its future years. But artistic invective stands on an altogether different plane. Its aim is to do the work of argument by means of a sentence or a phrase. It should paint the victim as such a fool or such a knave that what he says must seem incredible, or ridiculous, or the offspring of a wish to dip his hand into the public purse. Such invective as will tell on the House of Commons must, on the other hand, be so free from any taint of vulgarity, or of cant, or of vague abuse, that it must be able to bear analysis at the hand of educated gentlemen. It must be descriptive, it must condense an argument into a phrase, or it must in some other way give a criticism in shorthand. It is nothing if it is not epigrammatic. And, if it is epigrammatic, it will be pardoned for being false. When Mr. Disraeli said that Sir Robert Peel's life had been "one great appropriation clause," Lord George Bentinck and the howling phalanx of squires did not believe the phrase to be literally true; but it had a basis of truth, for Sir

Robert Peel had an assimilating rather than an originating mind, and the words were a witty exaggeration of the fact that he had to cast about for ideas. Such satire can be minted, however, only by men of literary power. It is common in France, which is more richly endowed than any other nation with the faculty of artistic expression, and it is to be seen even in the degenerate Assembly which mirrors the passions rather than the intellect of a country that shows symptoms of decline. It was common in England when Burke, Sheridan, and Fox all framed their oratory on a high literary model. But it is vanishing from a House of Commons which represents before all things the select vestry and the counting-house. There has seldom been a House so poor in all the higher, subtler, richer graces of culture and literary capacity as that which has again begun to legislate and speak. Its "great debates" seldom bring forth one great speech of the old stamp. Such greatness as it does display comes from a command of detail; and in that respect Mr. Gladstone has seldom, if ever, had a superior in the House of Commons. The power may be somewhat Churchwardenish, and it is whispered that Mr. Disraeli once apologized for his own lack of it by saying, with an air of grand sarcasm, "My intellect was never parochial." At least it is the power which comes most readily to a commonplace mind, and it offers the dullest and most ephemeral of all reading. No chance of living belongs to speeches which are only masses of detail. Those alone live which rise from detail to general principles, which deal with truth that does not perish with the day, or which clothe fact, argument, and feeling in language that has the true touch of literature. And such speeches are now so seldom heard in the House of Commons that a generation hence this Household Suffrage Parliament will be remembered only for what it did, not for what it said. It betrays the reign of the *bourgeoisie*. And the young members of the House display so little power of raising the standard of oratory, that we may have to wait long for a revival of the power to give reason and feeling the utterance of artistic grace. But when culture shall come back to the House of Commons, and with it political passion, invective will again be a great ornament of debate.

EUTHANASIA.

A CURIOUS controversy in which we were more or less concerned shows symptoms of breaking out afresh. The original cause of the discussion was an essay which formed part of a volume published by the Birmingham Speculative Club. Mr. Williams, its author, suggested that persons dying of incurable diseases should be mercifully put out of the way, as we shoot a favourite dog or horse under similar circumstances. There was undoubtedly, in a sense, something attractive about the proposal; and, moreover, the essay in which it was set forth showed considerable literary power. The author belonged to the small class of systematic pessimists; he held that, on the whole, pain greatly predominates over pleasure throughout the knowable universe, and that all that was left to us was to diminish its amount within the narrowest possible limits. Without sharing so appalling a creed, we admired, from a purely artistic point of view, the vigour with which it was proposed as a basis for action. Mr. Williams indeed seemed to prove too much; for if humanity is really in so pitiable a state as he imagined, we ought all to be classed amongst the incurables. There would be a presumption in favour of killing anybody; and our only logical course would be to join the Shakers or the Russian sect which thinks that the process of increasing and multiplying should be summarily stopped. Limiting ourselves, however, to the narrower question, we could not deny that Mr. Williams rested his case upon an undoubted basis of fact. There are many cases in which cruel suffering is endured for days or weeks without the smallest prospect of ultimate relief. The friends of the sufferer feel it to be their duty to keep life in the body as long as it can possibly be preserved, though life means merely a prolongation of torture. To put an end to the victim in such a case would undoubtedly be, so far, to diminish the total amount of human suffering; and if that were the whole of the question, we must, on utilitarian principles, admit the cogency of Mr. Williams's argument. A curious passage has been quoted from Sir Thomas More's *Utopia* which shows that that amiable philosopher had been impressed by the same reflections. The clergy in his ideal country encouraged their flocks in the discharge of this melancholy duty. A writer in the *Fortnightly Review*, who has just taken up this proposed reform in our morals, apparently in sober earnest, and in the spirit of an eager proselyte, adopts the suggestion. He thinks that, to provide a due guarantee against the possible abuse of a practice which certainly would have its dangers in careless hands, the clergyman of the parish should be always present on the occasion of the proposed *Hari-Kari*. Future novelists will have to paint the white-haired vicar, summoned from his repose at dead of night, not in order to soothe the dying hours of his parishioners by spiritual consolations, but to kill them offhand. A good deal of trouble will be saved both to vicar and parishioners, but to our uneducated minds the priestly character seems to be scarcely in harmony with ministrations of this kind. We can, indeed, produce a close parallel. Mr. Charles Buxton suggested, in the posthumous book which we lately reviewed, that old and imbecile persons should be shot by the bishop of the diocese. We are inclined indeed to suspect that Mr. Buxton was not quite serious, and therefore that he differed a little from these very earnest advocates of the new mode of lightening the heavy burden of humanity. However, in Utopia it is possible that this and other applications of the same principle may be carried out. When we are a little more enlightened we shall perhaps take upon ourselves the responsibility of pruning mankind as we now prune a garden. Such a scheme, carried out systematically and with adequate knowledge, would provide the solution of many difficulties. Mankind might be allowed to multiply as fast as they pleased; all children would be allowed to grow up, say, to twenty-one; it would be determined by law how many conscripts were required for the service of humanity, the finest specimens would be selected for the purpose, and the inferior would be put to death with all possible kindness. Not only physical, but moral or intellectual, infirmities, such as a tendency to kill, or rob, or bore one's neighbours, or an incapacity for arithmetic, would be considered as reasons for plucking, which in this case would mean killing, the unfortunate candidate for life. These speculations, however, as we are anxious to repeat, apply strictly and solely to Utopia. We should most strongly oppose a Bill for giving effect to our suggestions if Mr. Gladstone should introduce one in the next Session of Parliament. We are speaking merely of that imaginary region where the laws of society will be laid down on mathematical principles, and morality ground out by a calculating machine. That we have not yet arrived at that consummation cannot be too distinctly announced, for it seems to be a prevalent notion with many modern zealots that whatever would be true in Utopia is true of England in this nineteenth century. There could not be, in our opinion, a more fatal mistake, and the proposal of which we are speaking is a curious illustration of the fact. Whether admissible or not amongst the "Coming Race," or in "Erewhon," or some other land of the future, we protest against it altogether when proposed as a practical innovation at the present day.

Without examining the religious aspect of the question, a simple utilitarian view seems to give quite sufficient answer. The proposal, briefly put, is to legalize suicide in certain cases. In order to support this doctrine, it is said that the absolute prohibition of suicide sometimes causes great and unnecessary misery. That is true, and is indeed little more than a truism; it is equally true of almost every other moral law that can be mentioned. Casuists have invented any number of cases in which the discharge of a duty involves a great amount of suffering, and they have generally decided that, in some extreme cases, the duty ceases to be binding. Such, for example, is the hypothetical case of telling a lie to prevent a murder. The mischief done by adherence to the law may conceivably be so great and palpable as to overbalance the mischief always done by breaking the law. In like manner, in the case under consideration it is possible to suggest instances where the suffering is so fearful and so obviously useless that few persons would condemn with severity the man who should on his own responsibility break the law. But moralists have very rightly been shy of making a definite exception to the law, even whilst admitting that in some extreme cases obedience may become impracticable. There is an enormous difference between saying beforehand, The rule against suicide has such and such definite limitations, and admitting that in some indefinite cases the palliation of the offence may almost amount to an excuse. There are some cases in which murder turns into excusable homicide; but it would be very rash for the Legislature to attempt an exhaustive definition of them beforehand. The question is better left to the jury and to the authority with whom the power of pardon remains. And thus, whilst admitting that exceptional cases are conceivable, we altogether decline to admit that the rule against suicide should be relaxed in a definite set of cases. Our objection rests on a very simple principle, as indeed we explained when previously discussing the subject.

It is of primary importance to inculcate a regard for the sanctity of human life. The reluctance to take life is indeed often pushed to an extreme by the opponents of capital punishments. But nobody can say that the mass of the population have as yet pushed their tenderness to the verge of effeminacy. A little story related for a different purpose in the *Fortnightly Review* illustrates very prettily a sentiment which is not so uncommon as might be desired. A sensible Scotchman watching by the bedside of his dying wife became impatient at the poor woman's anxiety to express her last wishes, and civilly requested her to "get on wi' her deeing." Now amongst the poorer classes, where the inconvenience inflicted by people who "take an unconscionable time in dying" is necessarily felt much more keenly than with people in a different rank, it is to be feared that this delicate hint is frequently followed up by some practical remonstrances. "They pinched his nose beneath the clothes," as Barham says, on the authority of a real occurrence, "and the poor dear soul went off like a lamb." Suppose, in fact, the case of a small cottage, where the invalid has become a heavy burden upon his family instead of a support, where the expense of providing medicine and attendance is most seriously felt, and where the sick room is also the only dwelling room, must there not frequently be a strong temptation to give him a quiet push or two along the downward path? If it were understood to be the law that invalids might be finished off when the case was hopeless, would not the temptation be frequently overpowering? Yes, it is replied, but the doctor and the parson must be present. That is all very well, but if the practice became common the people would quickly learn to take the law into their own hands. For it is to be observed that this is one of the cases where nobody could tell tales. A man on the verge of death does not require to have

his throat cut or a dose of arsenic administered. A judicious shake, an omission to cover him properly, or the exhibition of an over-dose of laudanum, will do the business effectually, and no possible proof remains. Once allow that such things may be done with due precautions, and the precautions will soon be neglected as troublesome formalities. Why bother the doctor and the parson, why ask the sick man's consent, when the case is so clear? Of course the system need not be openly mentioned, but it would be speedily understood to be a highly convenient practice. The advocates of the scheme admit that the precautions of which we have spoken are absolutely necessary to prevent abuse; and we may add that it is simply impossible to enforce their observance. The practice itself once sanctioned, nothing is clearer than that people could, if they chose, carry it out in their own methods. No practice, again, could be more directly destructive of any strong persuasion of the sanctity of life. We need only read a few police reports to understand how great is the existing tendency to violence of all kinds. Infanticide, as we know, prevails to a terrible extent, and wife-killing is not much less popular. Admit that the slaughter of invalids is also right under certain limitations, and it is easy to guess the consequences. The devotion which the poor display in cases of sickness is often amongst the most touching and amiable features of their character. In spite of the temptations we have noticed, they will often make noble sacrifices for the comfort of their dying relatives. Tell them plainly that they are rather fools for their pains than otherwise, and that they had better suggest suicide to the sufferer at the earliest opportunity, and you do your best to encourage, not merely suicide, but the cruel murder of a helpless man. A deathbed, instead of being the scene for calling forth the tenderest emotions and the noblest self-sacrifice, will be haunted by a horrid suspicion; the sick man fearing that his departure is earnestly desired, and his friends inclining to the opinion that killing is not murder, but kindness. The agitation of the question what is the proper moment for smothering your dying father instead of soothing him is not favourable to the development of those sentiments and the inculcation of those lessons which we generally associate with a sick-bed. In fact, the plan which certain eccentric philanthropists have advocated with such queer enthusiasm has a direct tendency to make men greater brutes than they are, and they are quite brutal enough already.

A LOCAL PAPER A HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS BACK.

WE have lately come by chance on one of those smaller relics of past times which perhaps bring those past times before us in a more vivid way than the more dignified sources of history. A will, a journal, a private or local document of any kind, will often, in the hands of one who knows how to make use of it, prove even more than a state paper. Here we have before us a local newspaper, at least the reprint of one, a hundred and fifty years old. The *Reading Mercury* has, it seems, just reached that venerable time of life, and it has wisely commemorated the fact by giving its subscribers a facsimile of the number of the paper which appeared on February 1st, 1723. The outward form of the paper is widely different from that of a local paper of our own day, and its matter is no less widely different. It has the air rather of a pamphlet than of a newspaper, consisting of eight small quarto pages, the first of which is wholly taken up by a title-page, made up mainly of a symbolical picture. If we turn to the contents, we at once feel that the paper is meant for a class of readers quite different from those for whom local papers are now meant, and for a much higher class. We have no special knowledge of the *Reading Mercury*, but we will suppose it to be an average specimen of the higher class of the ordinary country paper. We of course put out of comparison papers like some of those published in Manchester, Glasgow, and others of the great Northern cities, which, though not published in a capital, are really something more than local. Comparing our Reading paper of 1723 with an ordinary respectable county paper of 1873, our first feeling is that the standard of taste and culture must have stood higher in Reading and the coasts thereof a hundred and fifty years ago than it does now. The paper is printed at Reading, but the affairs of Reading and its neighbourhood take up only a few lines of its seven pages; all the rest is devoted to matter of national and even of cosmopolitan interest. But we should be greatly mistaken if we thought that this at all proves that the inhabitants of Reading have gone back in cultivation since 1723. That the paper has in some respects a higher character than a local paper has now is simply because many more people can read now than could read then. We must of course bear in mind that in those days the society of a county town stood, though not positively, yet relatively, higher than it does now. Reading in 1723 would not have lost the character of a local capital, of which a few places like York and Exeter keep some traces still. We may be sure that a class of people lived there then whose descendants most likely do not live there now. But notwithstanding this, we may be sure that the standard of culture in Reading or in any English town is higher now than it was in 1723. The real difference is that the local paper of those days was addressed to the highest standard in its own neighbourhood, while the local paper now is, not exclusively but mainly, addressed to a standard far short of the highest. Those who now form the great body of the readers of a local paper would in 1723 have read nothing at all, and those for whom the paper of 1723 was published would now, to say the least, read London papers as well. In 1723 the *Reading Mercury* was doubtless, if not the only, yet certainly the chief, means of communication with the outer world which was open to the reading public of Reading and its neighbourhood. As such, it appeals not to their lowest but to their highest tastes; it conceives them as taking at least as much interest in the doings of his Czarish Majesty as in their neighbour who was knocked down and bruised by two footpads. No doubt a modern local paper has its general and foreign as well as its local news. But then the higher class of its readers hardly look at those parts of it; they get their knowledge of those matters from other sources. It is only a lower class of readers to whom the local paper is really the means of giving knowledge about the affairs of the world in general. In 1723 this class did not exist; it was only the more cultivated part of the inhabitants of Reading who read anything at all, and, as far as the current events of the world were concerned, most of them could have had no means of learning anything except from the *Reading Mercury*.

The local paper of 1723, besides the difference in its size and shape, differs from a modern local paper in two very marked ways. It has nothing at all like a leading article; it states facts without comments, or with such comments only as were supplied by the sources whence it got its facts. And it is written throughout in straightforward English; there is not the faintest approach to fine writing, there is not the feeblest shadow of a joke, from one end of its seven pages to the other. The chroniclers of current events in those days, just like the travellers in those days, simply said what they had to say, and did not think it any part of their business to bring in a hop, skip, and a jump in every sentence. We may also mark another thing; the title-page announces that the paper is printed by D. Kinnier, whose name sounds like that of a Scot who had come to enlighten the Berkshire men; and it is added "of whom may be had Land-tax Receipts, Assessors Warrants, Funeral Affidavits, and by whom Advertisements are taken in." To judge, however, from the paper itself, it would not seem that any advertisements were taken in; at least there is nothing like an advertisement in the paper, unless we reckon half a page of "Books published in London, this week." These amount to four, the first of which is no other than Burnet's Travels through Switzerland, Italy, some parts of Germany, &c., a book which it is instructive to compare with any modern book about the same countries. Burnet did not go up the mountains, and he did get up the constitutions. Another is a Mr. Whiston's *Proposals for Printing by Subscription, authentick Records concerning the Jewish and Christian Religions.* Several places are mentioned where subscriptions are taken in, but all are in London; it does not seem that the great monoganist had any agent in Reading. This comes on the second page along with the weekly bill of mortality for London; there is in the last page a weekly bill of mortality for Reading. At Reading, if we rightly understand, only three persons died in the week, and that was an increase of two on the burials in the week before. All three died of "the convulsions," unless indeed we are to raise the deaths to seven and suppose that the word "Ch rined," which we took to mean "christened," really stands for some kind of disease. Certainly some of the causes of death in the London report seem strange enough. Of the 761 burials no less than 308 are those of people who have died of "convulsion," which, plural at Reading, becomes singular in London. Four died of "headmouldshot," two of "livergrown," one of "purples," and two of "rising of the lights." Two are entered as "chrisoms," which ought to mean while still in the white robe of baptism, but which we believe had, in the language of bills of mortality, got to mean unbaptized children. Besides these there are, as in Sir Richard Baker's Chronicle, the "Casualties" "Drowned in the river of Thames at St. Paul at Shadwel 3. Found dead at St. Margaret in Westminster 2. Murder'd at St. Olave in Southwark 1. Overlaid 3."

The London exports and imports are given, and the prices of corn in Reading market. Several elections of members of Parliament are recorded, and several ecclesiastical preferments. Among the former we find that "George Morton Pitt, Esq."—the only person mentioned in the paper who has a double name—"one of the Representatives of Old Sarum, having since his Election accepted of the place of Regis*ter* [*sic*] of his Majesty's Revenue of the Excise, is rechosen a Burges of the said borough." The election for Kingston-upon-Hull is described at much greater length, and the Reading paper copies seemingly from the London *Evening Post* the exulting words of a Hull informant, how George Crowle, Esq., was elected "to the entire Satisfaction not only of this Town, but of the whole Country round about us; who heartily joyn with us in giving all possible demonstrations of joy upon our having chosen a Gentleman of the most unblemish'd Character, being sincerely Loyal to his most Sacred Majesty, a Zealous Asserter to the Just Rights and Privileges of his Countrymen, more especially of his Fellow Burgesses, and a true Lover of our present happy Establishment in Church as well as State." This is the finest political flourish in the paper. For the rest, we hear of a few cases of robbery, one of them of a clergyman in a chariot in High Holbourn, of the taking of a pirate sloop in the West Indies, how "Saturday last Sir Richard Steele, Kt., Member of Parliament for Wendover, arrived in Town from Bath in good health," and how "the Corpse of William Lowndes, Esq., late Coadjutor Secretary with Horatio Walpole, Esq. to the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury," was to lie in state successively

at two houses of his in Buckinghamshire. Of anything like private gossip the only bit runs thus:—

> We hear, that a treaty of Marriage is on Foot between John Mydleton, Esq., Brother of Robert Mydleton of Chirk Castle in the County of Denbigh, Esq.; and the only Daughter of Mrs. Liddel, of Bedford Row, a young Lady of a very considerable Fortune.

Happy 1723, when a treaty of marriage was "on foot" and not "on the tapis." Of anything like a Court Circular there is not a trace; there is no account of any personal doings of the King or any of the Royal Family. Only we do hear that at Newcastle-upon-Tyne "his Majesty's Health and the Health of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the Royal Family were drank with the utmost Loyalty, and the Evening concluded with ringing of Bells, and other Demonstration of Joy." But this was because "William Carr, Esq., our Representative in Parliament, deliver'd to the Mayor, Matthew Featherstone, Esq., his Majesty's Licence and Pardon to this Corporation, for having some time ago made a considerable Purchase of Land contrary to the Statute of Mort-Main." The account of these rejoicings at Newcastle is followed by a paragraph saying "We hear, that a Proposal will be laid before the Parliament, to reduce the Duty on French Brandy, to prevent the Smuggling of it." The article before the word "Parliament" has now quite gone out of use, as has the addition of "Esquire" to the names of persons bearing the prefix of "Honourable." But as "Honourable" is an adjective and "Esquire" a substantive, and as peers' younger sons are Esquires, the custom is perfectly reasonable.

But perhaps the most taking part of our *Reading Mercury* is to be found in its notices of foreign affairs. The year 1723 was not an unimportant point in European history. Some of the entries read almost as if they belonged to our own time; only the titles of "Emperor" and "Imperial Majesty" are reserved to their proper owners, and the sovereign of Muscovy, though the Great Peter himself, is pointedly distinguished as "the Czar" and "his Czarish Majesty":—

> Mr. Dierling, Resident of the Emperor [at Constantinople] had an Audience of the Grand Vizier; who 'tis said, declared to him that the Grand Seignior seeing that notwithstanding the Remonstrances of the Porte, the Czar goes on with augmenting his Troops on the side of Persia, with an intent, it seems, to subdue Part of that Kingdom, his Highness has thought proper to send some of his Forces towards the Frontiers of Russia, to oblige his Czarish Majesty to desist from his Enterprize, which, if carried on, would certainly prove very prejudicial to the Ottoman Empire. That, however, the Grand Signior will always be disposed to preserve Amity and Friendship with the Czar, provided his Czarish Majesty, abandons his Conquests on the Caspian Sea.

In another part is a curious account, coming in letters from Lisbon, of the disputes between different Christian sects at Jerusalem, how a Franciscan friar "proselyted a Grecian Priest and endeavour'd to do the same by his neighbours and acquaintances," how the Greeks "wrote to Court, complaining bitterly of the Innovation," and how "the Sultan, willing to oblige the Greeks, decreed, that those Monks should neither preach nor enter the House of any Laymen, whether Romanists or others, and that all the new Converts *should return to their old Principles upon pain of Imprisonment.*" The Franciscans then send two of their own body to the Sultan, praying that the decree may not be carried out, "but till they hear further they are forced to perform the Offices by Night, and with the utmost Secresy, for fear of the Greeks."

Lastly, there is much about the resignation of the Crown of Spain by Philip the Fifth, and "how we hear that the late Queen of Spain would very willingly have diverted his late Catholick Majesty from his Resignation, but she came to the knowledge of it too late, so that finding no Remedy and perceiving the Spanish Grandees jealous of her Authority and, uneasy at her favouring Italians, she quitted the Throne with all apparent satisfaction. Everybody is expecting the Consequences of an Event so very surprising." In the same extract from the *St. James's Evening Post* we find that Cardinal Alberoni "receiv'd his Hat."

Altogether the Reading people got no bad supply of news in 1723; but they had to comment for themselves.

THE PROTEST OF THE PRUSSIAN BISHOPS.

IT was of course not to be expected that the Prussian bishops would pass over in silence the proposed ecclesiastical legislation to which we recently called attention. They could not but feel, as one of the German newspapers expresses it, that a sufficiently strong leverage has been applied to disintegrate the whole fabric of hierarchical and Ultramontane ascendency in the country. And they have accordingly issued what is on all sides understood to be not so much a protest as a menace, but a menace the true value of which had been pretty well discounted beforehand by the Government, as is clear from the brief and somewhat contemptuous comment of the semi-official *Provincial Correspondenz*. One or two obvious criticisms are indeed suggested by a first cursory glance at the document, and before entering on any detailed examination of its verbose and interminable paragraphs. In the first place, it is worth observing that, while the protest is presented to the Cabinet by the two Archbishops "in the name of the rest of the Episcopate," we have no intimation of its having received their signatures, from which we may perhaps infer that some at least of the body felt shy of committing themselves too definitely. Not indeed that their signing an official protest would have proved much as to their real sentiments. All the German bishops subscribed the recent protest against the expulsion of the Jesuits, but it is said that two of the best known among them, one of whom was appointed after the Vatican Council, freely express in private conversation their satisfaction that the Jesuits are got rid of. And then again there is the important point, of which the Government organ has not failed to remind them, that these very bishops protested at Rome against the action of the majority of the Council on the express ground, among others, that it must inevitably lead to conflicts between Church and State, in the responsibility of which they desired to disclaim all share before God and man. Still more explicit, we may add, was the language of Archbishop Kenrick of St. Louis, in his published *Concio de Pontificiâ Infallibilitate* (quoted in Lord Acton's *Letter to a German Bishop*), where he says, "Qui Concilii decretis obsequi vellent, invenient se maximis in difficultatibus versari, Gubernii civilis eos tanquam subditos minus fidos, *haud sine verisimilitudinis specie*, habebunt." The Archbishop had, in fact, predicted accurately enough what has since occurred in Germany, where the undisguised political disaffection of the infallibilist party has led the Government to take up a decided attitude. Another general remark is suggested by the mingled complaints of persecution and ostentatious aspirations for martyrdom—except indeed in the unromantic form of pecuniary fines, which alone are threatened—so freely indulged in throughout the episcopal memorial. The prelates appear to forget that the State only interferes with their freedom of action so far as it accords them its support. The new laws apply to the two established and endowed Churches of Germany—the Catholic and Evangelical—and to those alone. The appeal to the absolute freedom enjoyed by Catholic bishops in England and North America, where they are simply regarded by the State as ministers of one out of many unestablished sects, is therefore illusory. If the German bishops like to purchase immunity from State control by resigning their civil privileges and endowments, they can do so to-morrow. But, in spite of their brave words, it is highly improbable that they will do anything of the kind, and it is tolerably certain that many of them have as little genuine desire to be taken at their word as they had genuine affection for the Jesuits.

The memorialists are determined to begin *ab ovo*, and their protest, said to be the composition of Bishop Ketteler, starts with a minute and long-winded exposition of the rights possessed by the Church in Prussia on grounds of Catholic doctrine, the laws of nature, common law, statute law, and Concordats. The first and most essential of these rights is that of maintaining full communion with "the Pope, who is by divine institution the foundation (*Fundament*) and supreme pastor of the Church." The second is the absolute independence of the bishops of all authority except that of the Pope. And then we are told that the three great duties of bishops, which are inalienable from their sacred office, are to proclaim and guard the Catholic doctrine, to select, educate, and commission their clergy, and to suspend and excommunicate all obstinate offenders; all these rights and duties the new laws "violate and annihilate." First comes a complaint of the claim of the State to interfere with clerical appointments, though only on civil and political grounds, and though such a claim is admitted to exist and to be allowed in other countries. On this it is enough to observe here that any priest may be ordained and open a church if he or the bishop can build or get it built themselves; but if he is to hold an endowed benefice, the State claims a veto on the appointment. The bishops soon pass on, however, to what was sure to be the main topic of their jeremiade; for it touches most closely on their moral influence and the whole tone and spirit of the future clergy of Germany—we mean the laws on clerical education. Here again they begin by appealing, not exactly to the laws of nature, but to the precedent of eighteen centuries, forgetting apparently what is admitted in their very next paragraph, that the separate system of seminary training which they are anxious to preserve at all hazards is at most barely three centuries old, having been first established—to meet a special emergency—by the Council of Trent. Nor is it easy to understand, except indeed in connexion with the infallibilist controversy—for there is hardly a Theological Faculty in Germany that has not protested against the new dogma—their vehement dislike to the University education of their clergy, which has been the general rule hitherto in many German dioceses. Still less intelligible is their objection to the clerical students being subjected "not only to a matriculation examination, but to a final examination at the close of the three years' course," which, by the by, they are quite wrong in saying is not required of any other class. There are various civil offices in Germany for which the State insists on a University degree. Complaints are sometimes made of the rigour of many English bishops in refusing to ordain candidates who have not taken their B.A. degree. What would be thought of their insisting on the rule that residence at Oxford or Cambridge could only be permitted to candidates for orders on condition that they never entered the final schools? Yet this is what the German bishops claim as a sacred right—again, we presume, from their knowledge that nearly all the professors, secular or theological, are anti-infallibilists. The objection to the closing of the seminaries or clerical colleges at the Universities is less obviously unreasonable. But it must be remembered that these establishments are supported by the State,

and if the bishops choose to found and endow colleges of their own, there is nothing to prevent their doing so; still less is any restriction placed on such theological training as they may like to bestow on their students after the general University course is completed. Whether the boys' colleges, which are also to be closed, are State establishments we are not aware; but there can be little doubt that the separate training of students intended for the priesthood from early childhood is a mischievous and irrational system. No doubt the real ground of the extreme soreness of the bishops is revealed in the paragraph where they speak of "what people are fond of calling"—and, we must add, rightly calling—"the Ultramontane spirit dominant among the clergy," which the present method of education is carefully calculated to foster. And this feeling is still more unmistakably betrayed in their comments on the restraint put by the new laws on the infliction of ecclesiastical penalties.

It may seem strange at first sight that Christian bishops should put in the forefront of the most sacred rights and duties of their office the right of depriving, suspending, and excommunicating all who resist their authority. But this is of course to be explained by the crusade at present being waged by some of them against the Old Catholics. We say advisedly by some of them, for it is well known—and probably to no one better than to the Imperial Chancellor—that in this matter there is no unity of opinion or practice among them. It is true that nearly all the German and Austrian bishops have promulgated the Vatican decrees, but in many cases this amounts to no more than announcing publicly the fact that the Council has assembled and that certain decrees have been issued, without professing or attempting to insist on the acceptance of the new doctrines. This course has been pursued, for instance, by Cardinal Rauscher and Cardinal Schwarzenberg, and the latter prelate still maintains the most friendly relations with Schulte, Professor of Canon Law in his cathedral city, who presided both in 1871 and 1872 at the Old Catholic Congress, and who continues as heretofore to frequent the regular worship and sacraments of the Church. Take again the case of Bishop Hefele, who himself made a formal submission under strong pressure, but who has so little attempted to enforce the dogmas in his diocese that he has never asked for the adhesion of Dr. Kuhn, the first dogmatic theologian of Catholic Germany, and the rest of the Theological Faculty of Tubingen, who are known to be anti-infallibilists to a man. Not long ago one of them was offered a chair at Rome, and declined it on the ground that he would be excommunicated if he went there by the Archbishop of Cologne, who is now one of the few thoroughgoing infallibilists among the German bishops. Another eminent and learned bishop, who has made a formal submission, nevertheless tells every one that the present difficulties in the Church must be settled by drawing a broad line between the doctrines ruled before the division of East and West, which all Catholics are agreed upon, and those defined since; and this is precisely the contention of the Old Catholics. If we turn for a moment to France, Bishop Dupanloup, who, as it has been said, "has made not simply a submission, but a prostration," to the decrees of the Council, is well known to make no scruple whatever of administering the sacraments to professed recalcitrants. It was indeed publicly affirmed by several speakers at the Cologne Congress last autumn that no difficulty whatever was generally made about admitting Old Catholics to the sacraments. At Munich, where the movement first took shape through the suicidal indiscretion of the Archbishop in giving it the most influential leader that could have been found in Catholic Germany, or in the Catholic Church anywhere, all interrogatories in the confessional were dropped directly an Old Catholic church was opened to receive the dissidents. On the whole it may well be doubted whether the excommunicating zeal of the protesting bishops is to be taken seriously as regards a good many of them; and this doubt is increased when we find them gravely complaining of the prohibition to publish their sentences from the pulpit as hindering "the main end of excommunication," for such publication was already forbidden by the existing law of libel. But we have no doubt at all that they are quite in earnest in their protest against the legal protection henceforth secured to the clergy against their own arbitrary authority, and as little that they are wrong in assuming that "the whole Catholic clergy of Germany will feel no sort of gratitude to the authors of this law." Those who are best acquainted with the German clergy tell a very different tale, though it is of course very possible, under the crushing pressure of discipline, that many of them may be induced to sign petitions against it. And when it is remembered—to quote but one instance—that a priest was deprived of his cure not many years ago for expressing disbelief in the genuineness of the Holy Coat of Trèves, we shall be able to appreciate the value of the bishops' assertion of their extreme "love and gentleness" in their "very rare" exercise of penal discipline. They wind up with a solemn assurance, which may be taken for what it is worth, of their resolve never to acknowledge the new tribunal for ecclesiastical affairs now to be established, and to defend to the last "the very least of their ecclesiastical rights." And then follows a broad hint of the resistance of "the many millions of Prussian Catholics," who have, however, themselves as yet maintained a significant silence on the subject, and an assurance that it is a moral impossibility for any Catholic bishop to obey these laws, "the forcible execution of which will bring untold misery on our Catholic people and our beloved Fatherland." Certainly, as one of the speakers said the other day at the Cologne Congress, "the ecclesiastical question has become the chief and most burning question of the day, even in a political point of view," in Germany, as also in Switzerland. It is clear that the Old Catholic movement on the one hand and Ultramontane intrigues on the other are rapidly bringing matters to a crisis. And if there is any truth in the report, which is not improbable in itself, though we do not vouch for its correctness, that Prince Bismarck contemplates appointing Reinkens, or one of the other leaders of the movement, to the next vacant bishopric, the real strength of the rival parties in the Roman Catholic Church will soon be rudely tested. The ultimate result must depend largely on the attitude of the Catholic laity, and there is every reason to believe that the great body of them are on the side of the Government.

COALS, COLD, AND CLIMATES.

ALTHOUGH our climate can scarcely be called a genial one, perhaps on the whole we suffer less from cold than some of our neighbours who live to the south of us. It is our way to talk of sunny Italy, and sunny enough it is in the sunny season. But those who have tried wintering in an Italian summer resort generally pick up some new ideas as to the atmospheric conditions of the country. The cold may never be so intense as in England, although we should be very sorry to assert as much; but then the usual means of protecting yourself from cold are lamentably inadequate. The best houses, with their best rooms facing to the north and east, are carefully constructed so as to escape every ray of sun; under the arched galleries outside your windows you obtain the temperature of an icehouse, with the flavour of a family vault; none of the numberless windows shut, and all the innumerable doors fly open; your romantic villa becomes a palace of the bitterest winds; probably there is but a solitary fireplace in your ample suite of apartments; the only fuel is wood, sold by the pound; you heap all your spare wardrobe on your bed of a night, and, if you are wise, you never stir in your corridors without carrying a charcoal hand-stove for company. You speedily discover that the lungs of the invalid of your party are by no means receiving the soothing treatment which the doctors recommended, while even the comfort of the robust is so seriously compromised that in all probability you decide to make a premature flitting. But if you are miserable in spite of your hardy English training and your stores of English woollen garments, what must be the lot of the unlucky peasants who live higher up the hills? For about nine months in the year they are used to bask about upon their glowing slopes like their own lizards. Their dress as a rule is about as light and scanty as a citizen's of Timbuctoo, and you may be sure they have few spare suits. They go as ragged as the thatch of their huts, and the openings which in their dwellings do duty for windows stand absolutely exposed to the air, or are closed with warped and cracked shutters. They cannot burn their olives or almond trees, and the neighbouring copses are strictly protected by the guards of the proprietors or of the village authorities. It is easy to read their wretchedness in their pinched faces; they limp down to the market and home again, crumpled up like half-frozen partridges. But if the sufferings of these Italians are sore, they are more tolerable than those which must often be endured in Spain. In mountainous Italy the huts have usually shelter from some quarter, while fuel of some kind is obtainable in certain quantities. On some of the lofty *plateaux* of central Spain there can be positively no shelter at all, and the winds iced in the distant Sierras may blow and bite as they list. These plains are cultivated, so there is a tolerably numerous population, and, being cultivated, trees and shrubs and every sort of covert have been scrupulously cut down and grubbed up according to the practice of Spanish high farming. They are seldom visited by strangers in the winter; indeed, they have small attractions at any time, and it must remain a mystery how their inhabitants contrive to keep their blood circulating at all, or to find the means of setting the contents of their pipkins simmering. What we know is that the cold there must be much more severe than at Madrid, and at Madrid the warmly clad sentries before the palace gates have been found of a morning frozen to death in their watch-boxes. We believe that happily no class in England has to support such sustained suffering as those unlucky denizens of Southern climes, for even our tramps and our beggars may occasionally thaw themselves in the close warmth of our casual wards. Nor, on the other hand, are such appalling visitations conceivable with us as the storm that recently swept down on Minnesota. We do occasionally hear of wayfarers who have sunk down and slept their last sleep in a snowstorm; of shepherds smothered with their flocks in the drifts of the Northern and Western hills. This season the ordinary number of accidents of the sort has been multiplied, owing chiefly perhaps to the almost unprecedented suddenness of the change in the weather. But, capricious as our weather is, its capacity for surprising us is limited, nor is it physically possible that we should be the victims of such atmospheric phenomena as produced the catastrophe of last month in Minnesota. It is only in a new and sparsely settled prairie country, driven by storms from the boundless ice and snow fields of the North, that we can imagine the simultaneous destruction of almost all the people who chanced to be abroad and about their business in a district that was perfectly familiar to them.

We suffer, or we have suffered hitherto, less from cold than some of our neighbours, because, never knowing how long

our winter may last, we are in the habit of providing ourselves against the worst. Our clothing, our architecture, and we may add, our diet, reflect the characteristics of an inclement climate. All who can afford it wear warm clothes; our working-men dress in substantial fustian and moleskin; our field labourers make an effort to clothe themselves suitably to their occupations; they wear friezes down in the damp of the Irish bogs, and wrap themselves in heavy plaids up among the mists of the Scottish hills. Dress descends through society, after serving its original owners; and if our beggars are in tatters and rags, the rags are generally thick ones. Our dwellings, cheaply as they may be constructed, and unscientifically as they may be planned, are at least primarily designed for purposes of warmth. Whether or not gluttony be one of the national vices, as our enemies say it is, we all live as well as we can afford; while as for drinking, we may appeal to Sir Wilfrid Lawson as to the facilities afforded in that respect. The towns and the country are covered in their length and breadth with hotels, inns, gin-palaces, beershops, whisky-shops, shebeen-houses—in short, with every sort of establishment providing every variety of stimulant that is supposed popularly, if erroneously, to generate caloric. Above all, the Providence that planted us in a damp and chilly climate seemed to have bestowed on us by way of compensation abundant supplies of fuel. In the highlands and the moorlands, where the drip of the ceaseless rain is only relieved by the whistle of the cold wind, the soaking soil was all combustible. If you could only manage to dry the turf in the occasional gleams of sunshine, you had the means of keeping up a roaring fire. Elsewhere, in the South and in the cities, where labour was better paid and the people were better off, coal was tolerably cheap. Paupers might shiver, of course, but that was only an inevitable item in the catalogue of sorrows that are the appropriate penalties imposed upon vice or poverty. The better-to-do classes, tradesmen in a small way of business, clerks, and comfortable working-men, rather looked forward to the chilly season with pleasure than otherwise. It set them up, and braced them for their business; they might grumble over the coal bill as they grumbled over the rates or the house-rent, but the one item was as much a matter of course as the others, and was calculated for by prudent people who carefully struck an annual balance between expenditure and income. On all these classes, prudent or imprudent, the coal prices of the present season must have come like a catastrophe. Peat there is little or none, because there has been no weather to dry it in, and we fear it would be very difficult to estimate the amount of suffering among persons hitherto unaccustomed to suffer. The pressure, as is always the case, is aggravated in an inverse ratio to the means of the sufferer. Not only are very poor people in no position to economize by watching the fluctuations of the market and making their purchases accordingly, but they are most unfairly mulcted when they buy retail, as they often must do. Dealers who charge four shillings and sixpence a sack to customers who purchase by the ton demand five shillings of the family that can only take a sack at a time, and no doubt prices increase proportionately for those who get their coal by the bushel. It is bad enough for any one in weather such as we have recently experienced to sit over a blank fireplace and weigh coals out by the ounce. But there are always degrees in suffering, and we shall not be suspected of under estimating the sorrows of the very poor if we say that they are less to be pitied than those who belong to the classes immediately above them. The majority of our working people, we fear, are not unused to periods of insolvency and short rations; they have learned the art of tiding them over, or at least of supporting them with a certain equanimity. To them privations are nothing new; neighbours struggle and help each other; they have often travelled the road to the pawnbroker; they are not above being assisted by the parish or by private charity. It is altogether another thing with a clerk or a curate who has a large family and a small income. Each shilling of that income is allotted to its purpose in advance, and what is to be done when he has to pay fifty shillings for the coals which he used to buy for twenty? We call fuel a necessary, and so in a sense it is; yet, necessary or superfluity, he must contrive somehow to retrench in it. Probably he lives in the isolation of a great city, and cannot arrange like the working-man to make up a party to huddle together over a single fire. The constitutions of city-bred families like his are peculiarly susceptible to sudden changes and privations. He has to choose between leaving those who are dearest to him exposed to chest complaints and consumption, enfeebled as they are by having to live poorly, and running himself into debt if there is any one to give him credit. The death returns have been lately rising at a rate which promises soon to bring up the mortality of the winter to an ordinary average, in spite of the reduction shown during months of extraordinarily mild weather. We should be glad to think that the effects of the present coincidence of dear coal with a low thermometer would not long outlast the unfortunate conjuncture. But we greatly fear it will leave its consequences behind in the shape of chronic complaints and clinging embarrassments.

It is difficult to write otherwise than dismally of a subject so essentially dismal. Yet it is not unreasonable to hope that we may learn some profitable lessons from the sharp crisis which we are passing through, now that the community has been fairly frightened and hurt. Hitherto we have been wasting our coal, and—what some people may think of more consequence—our hard-won money in the most unconscionable manner. Other nations which have to burn wood or turf, or to import all the coal they use, have had recourse to all manner of economical contrivances. We are no admirers ourselves of foreign stoves, but there is no reason why we should have gone into the opposite extreme, and should combine the very minimum of warmth with the maximum of waste. It is absurd that families who look most carefully to sixpences in most things should arrange their fireplaces as if they desired to keep their chimneys warm and their rooms cold. Then, although posterity may have done nothing for us, with the patriotism we profess we might certainly consider posterity, especially when the consideration would not only cost us nothing, but would put a good deal of money in our pockets. It is strange that the simple improvements which have been tried so successfully in certain instances should not have been more universally adopted; and that the consumption of coal in our steamers and great manufacturing establishments should not have been reduced by an enormous percentage. Now that society, to say nothing of capital, is so much at the mercy of organized labour, it seems odd that it is only yesterday we should have heard for the first time of the coal-cutting machines which, as report assures us, are miracles of economy and efficiency. We are told that, although coal in the nature of things must ultimately come down, there is no immediate prospect of a material reduction. Were the existing suffering not so severe, we should be inclined to wish that it might be prolonged until it had thoroughly impressed us with the lessons that might prevent its recurrence.

POLICE MAGISTRATES.

A Committee of the House of Commons reported in 1838 that, looking at the circumstances under which the police magistrate had to perform his difficult and important duties, they did not think it consistent with justice or good policy that this should be among the worst paid of judicial appointments. They therefore recommended that the salary attached to the office should be raised to 1,200*l.*, in order to bring it up to something like a level with the emoluments of other legal appointments of similar rank. Sir Robert Peel, who is not supposed to have been unduly lavish of public money, and Mr. Joseph Hume, whose fanatical worship of economy has passed into a proverb, were members of the Committee, and concurred in the recommendation of an increase of salary, as well as in the expression of a general opinion that "Judges' salaries are of all others the least proper objects of rigid economy." Seventeen years passed before this recommendation was carried into effect; and the salaries of the police magistrates of London still remain at the point at which they were fixed in 1855, that is to say, 1,200*l.* a-year each, with an additional 300*l.* for the chief magistrate, who has special duties to perform in connexion with the Home Office. During this time other legal salaries have been gradually rising. The County Court judges, who may be ranked beside the police magistrates, although their duties are of a lighter and less anxious nature, now receive 1,500*l.* a-year. The income of the Chief Commissioner of Police, including allowances, is nearly 2,000*l.*, and the salaries of the rest of the staff of the police have also been increased in recent years. The police magistrates occasionally find it necessary to explain that they are not a branch of the police force, and perhaps they may have reason to regret it. Even the Receiver of Police has obtained an addition of 400*l.* a-year, and the constables did not fail to profit by their threatened strike. But the police magistrates are left exactly where they were eighteen years ago, except that their duties have been enormously augmented. Life, as Mr. Ayrton was good enough to explain to the House of Commons, grows more intricate and complex as population multiplies, and the cares and responsibilities of the magistrates naturally increase with the expansion of the metropolis. Last year they had to dispose of some hundred and thirty thousand cases; and the legislation of each Session is continually extending their jurisdiction, and adding to their perplexities. The Education Act has created an entirely novel class of offences, and the Licensing Act would almost seem to require a special body of police and a special staff of magistrates to do justice to its peculiarities. Ordinary petty larceny cases have become the least part of the magistrate's work. Important commercial cases, important cases under the Masters and Servants Act, grave questions affecting the public health, all go before the police-court. Moreover, the magistrate is expected not only to administer the law, but to play the part of confidant and counsellor to the world at large. Everybody who finds himself in a little difficulty and cannot at the moment think of anybody else to consult takes the liberty of popping in upon the police magistrate and asking his advice in a friendly way. He sits like the Kadi in the gate, and every passer-by may have a word with him. The reports in the newspapers, which are necessarily confined to a few remarkable and important cases, give a very faint idea of the number and variety of applications on all sorts of subjects which are daily addressed to the sitting magistrates. Looking at the composition of the Committee of 1838, it may be assumed that their estimate of what was then a fair salary for a competent magistrate was by no means excessive; and if 1,200*l.* was the proper figure in 1838, it must be very much indeed below the proper figure in 1873. On the one hand, prices have risen and money is of less value than it used to be: on the other hand, the duties of the magistrates are much heavier and more important, and entail both more fatigue and more responsibility than formerly. Mr. Norton in a very temperate and judicious letter to the *Times* has proposed that the salaries of the police

magistrates should be placed on an equality with those of the County Court judges, and this appeal is surely too reasonable to be resisted.

We do not care to follow Mr. Norton in his calculations as to the balance between the expenses of the police-courts and the returns in the shape of fines. The question is, not how much the public can afford to pay, but how much it is necessary that it should pay, in order to secure the services of competent and trustworthy judges. It may be said that there is no reason to raise the salaries of the police magistrates, inasmuch as there is always plenty of candidates for the office at the present rate of remuneration. Of course it is notorious that the Bar is just now sadly overstocked. Every year several hundred young men are added to the profession, and though the legal business of the country increases, it does not keep pace with the multitude of counsellors who are waiting for business. If all judicial appointments were to be given to those who would take them at the lowest salary, a considerable saving might probably be effected, but the economy would be more apparent than real. Besides, if this principle is good for anything, it is applicable to all branches of the public service. There are hundreds of gentlemen who would be delighted to discharge the duties of the Chancellor of the Exchequer without any salary whatever. The question is, what is a fair and reasonable price to pay for the services of a competent lawyer who has to give his whole time to his work? A police magistrate need not perhaps be a very profound or subtle lawyer. He may be deficient in some of the qualities which secure success at the Bar. He may not be a glib orator, or a dexterous pleader. He must, however, be a sound lawyer, within certain limits; there is a considerable body of law with which he ought to be familiar; and he should also have had some experience in actual practice. Nor is it enough that he should be a tolerable lawyer; he should be something more than a lawyer. He should be, if possible, a man of the world, with strong common sense, and some knowledge of human nature. It will be seen from this statement of the qualifications for the office that the magistrates should be chosen from the middle ranks of the profession, from those who have shown that they have some stuff in them, although they may not have been successful in gaining a large practice; and there can be no difficulty in determining what, looking at the average of professional incomes, would be a fair salary to offer to a man of this stamp. It should certainly not be less than 1,500*l.*, or, at least, if it began at 1,200*l.*, it should quickly rise to the former sum, with a prospect at the end of so many years of service of rising above it. It would be a great improvement if one or more of the senior magistrates were constituted into a chief court, to which all very important or difficult cases could be transferred. The daily routine work of each court is already quite enough for the sitting magistrates, and when a very long or difficult case occurs, it either throws all the other business into confusion, or has to be heard in snatches, with repeated postponements. What would have happened if the Claimant had been taken before a police magistrate? A chief court would help to simplify the arrangements of the police, as well as the work of the magistracy.

London is the greatest and richest city in the world, and, as its existence becomes more multitudinous and complicated, it necessarily requires more careful regulation; and this regulation devolves to a great extent on the police magistrates. The police are guided by their decisions, and they help to give tone to public opinion. Very few people except lawyers and their clients trouble themselves about the doings of the superior courts, but everybody reads the police reports. It is of the utmost importance that the magistrates should be strong men, with confidence in themselves, and not afraid to do their duty even in an unpopular way and in the face of public clamour. It is impossible to exaggerate the amount of mischief which one or two weak magistrates might do in a time of popular excitement; and those who have observed the symptoms of social and political life in the metropolis, and the dangerous drift of certain habits and practices, will understand that there may be difficulties in the future which will require the firmest handling. On every ground it is desirable that every thing should be done to get the best men that can be obtained for an office of so much responsibility. It has always seemed to us that something more than a mere increase of salary is required in order to do justice to the position of the police magistrates. It would be well if something were done to make the administration of justice in the police-courts a little more dignified—we had almost written more decent. As a rule, the magistrate is at present shut up in a small, dingy, dirty, foul-smelling court, the atmosphere of which is enough to poison a dog. The whole place has a shabby, sordid, huddled look. The magistrate wears no robes; but there is an usher in a rusty gown, and one or two policemen as a bodyguard. And in this packed, stifling den public justice is administered. A philosophic mind can grasp the idea of a Lord Mayor apart from his furred mantle and golden chain, but the world is not exclusively composed of philosophers, and some vanities are not altogether vain. We do not know that it matters very much whether a magistrate sits in plain clothes like any other elderly gentleman, or whether he wears a wig and gown; but if it is thought worth while to make the judges in the higher courts look impressive by artificial means, there is at least as much reason for doing the same thing in the lower courts. However that may be, the magistrate should at least have a decent court to sit in, and a reasonable supply of fresh air. Mr. Norton has referred in his letter to the *Times* to one of the great deficiencies of the police-courts—the want of a respectable and competent Bar to assist the judge. The character of the Bar usually depends in some degree on the scale of fees, and the sort of people who make their appearance in the police-courts can seldom afford to spend much in this way. This difficulty, we suppose, will always exist; but the unpleasantness and degradation of having to enter such a dirty, poisonous hole as the ordinary police-court have also their effect in driving away respectable practitioners. Judge, lawyers, witnesses, prisoner, policemen, and the general public, are all huddled up together like cattle in a railway truck. At one of the courts not long ago a prisoner took it into his head to make a dash at some papers which had been produced in evidence against him, and which were lying on the table, and instantly there was a free fight all over the place, and the magistrate had to seek safety, or at least dignity, in flight. It is disgraceful that the accommodation of a police-court should be so inadequate as to admit of such a scene being possible. We can only repeat the observation of the Committee of 1838, that the public interest is always badly promoted by any saving which injuriously affects the public service, and judicial expenses are, of all others, the least proper objects of rigid economy.

FREE LIBRARY CATALOGUES.

WE have received from the Librarian of the Liverpool Free Public Library, Mr. Samuel Huggins, a copy of the Catalogue recently compiled by him of the collection of books under his control. We were not surprised to find it arranged on a plan new to us, though Mr. Huggins states in his preface that the merit of its "general principle of distribution" belongs not to him, but to an American librarian, Mr. C. C. Jewett of Boston. For it is precisely one of the miseries of readers whom circumstances of one kind or another compel to use different libraries, that there are hardly two catalogues in existence arranged on exactly the same plan, and that while old catalogues are generally comparatively useless, the use of new catalogues requires at the outset the mastering of the new "principles" on which they have been drawn up. We may, for instance, picture to ourselves a student residing in some place half-way between Liverpool and Manchester, and dependent for reference to books upon the Free Libraries of these two cities. Both are doubtless excellent of their kind, and are institutions of which the two communities are justly proud; but their stores of books are accessible through the catalogues of two librarians who have very different schemes, of the supreme excellence of which they are respectively equally satisfied. If Mr. Crestadoro of Manchester, whose Free Library Catalogue has a more than local celebrity, is in the right, Mr. Huggins of Liverpool must be to some extent in the wrong. If Mr. Huggins has discovered the true thread through his labyrinth, Mr. Crestadoro must have been leading his readers a way which is not the shortest through his. And possibly the shortest way may not always be the best; for while students use libraries, it is one of the objects of libraries, and of those for popular use above all, to make students; and not even a librarian can point a royal road to knowledge.

It is a very old question which thus incidentally crops up once more, and which, as institutions of this kind increase, must necessarily from time to time crop up again. We have not the slightest intention, however, of reviving the Battle of the Books which was fought in a Committee-room of the House of Commons by such heroes as the late Mr. Hallam and Lord Stanhope and Sir A. Panizzi. The Catalogues of the British Museum Library and of similar giant collections shall be sacred from our touch; but it may not be out of season to venture a few hints on the management of libraries of a humbler size and of less national significance. There is so little in most of our provincial towns to leaven the lump of devotion to merely material interests that it is hardly possible to overrate the importance of such institutions as libraries open under the necessary conditions to general popular use. Between the class which is content with Mr. Mudie's books of the season and that which delights in *Reynolds's Newspaper* there is a growing multitude requiring the means of study which Free Libraries and similar institutions can alone supply. What books to buy for this public is the first question; the second is, in what way to enable them to find the books they need. Lenglet du Fresnoy is said to have made a calculation that nobody could read more than nine hundred folio volumes in a lifetime. An ingenious American bibliographer, to whom we owe the quotation, concludes that, roughly speaking, the same scale would allow every mortal man a choice of either 2,700 quartos, 8,000 octavos, or about 16,000 duodecimos, during his earthly course. He and another enterprising American, the well-known publisher Mr. Putnam, accordingly prepared a short list of books worth reading, in which they marked with an *a* the cheap books and with a *b* the more expensive books, and under the important head of Novels distinguished by an asterisk, single or double, the relative excellence (as established by the best recent criticism) of the several works. Thus Goethe furnishes * *Elective Affinities* and the *Sorrows of Werther* and ** *Wilhelm Meister;* in Smollett *Roderick Random* has * and *Peregrine Pickle* ** attached to his naughty name; of Bret Harte you ought to read * the *Condensed Novels*, but you *certainly* ought to read ** the *Luck of Roaring Camp;* and you may be relieved to know that, while ** the *Minister's Wooing* calls for

an immediate application, you may make yourself comparatively easy about obtaining the same gifted authoress's "*Pink and White Tyranny*. It is not, however, such guidance as this that is required from the officers of the freest of Free Libraries, any more than that which we once heard a bookseller offer to a customer and a novice, to whose demand for "a book" the ready-witted Sosius on the spot recommended *Robinson Crusoe*. This, by the by, was in defiance of the advice of Mr. Fred. B. Perkins, one of the authors of the above-mentioned American Book-guide, who is of opinion that in forming the foundation of a private library it will be upon the whole safe to procure books in the following order:—1. The Bible. 2. Webster's Dictionary (the Pictorial unabridged, if possible; if not, the largest edition you can afford). 3. Shakspeare, &c. Heine, we remember, gladdened the heart of a minor poet who hoped the author of the *Book of Songs* would read his humbler friend's offering of verse, by saying that he proposed to retire to the island of Heligoland, with nothing but the volume in question, the Scriptures, and Tacitus. But libraries cannot proceed on such principles of condensation.

It is usually assumed that when a library has been formed nothing is required but to furnish a list in which any reader desirous of finding a book can with the smallest expenditure of time and trouble find it accordingly. Assuming for the moment such to be the case, the best kind of catalogue would be the alphabetical, which gives the author's name where a book bears an author's name, and, where it is anonymous, gives the title. But, simple as this may seem, every reader knows that nothing is more perplexing than the search for a book by its title. In his instructive *Memoirs of Libraries* Mr. Edwards recalls the famous tradition of Sir Boyle Roche's motion in the Irish House of Commons, "that in future all anonymous books should bear the authors' names upon their title-pages." Pending the adoption of such a law, the difficulty of cataloguing anonymous books is all but insuperable. Mr. Edwards gives some excellent examples of titles from which it would puzzle most experienced librarians to select a catchword. We fully agree with the conclusion at which he arrives, that it is an "indispensable condition of a good catalogue, on any plan of alphabetical arrangement, that it should keep entirely distinct the names of authors and the headings which may be chosen for the titles of anonymous works." Mr. Huggins, in his Liverpool Catalogue, goes some way towards this rule by printing the names of authors in a different type from that in which he prints the titles of books, anonymous or otherwise.

But the more important question remains behind. The ordinary reader comes to a public library to find a particular book; if he cannot find it, or finds it "out," he thereupon goes empty away. The better instructed reader, who reads with a purpose, would like to obtain the next best substitute; but he is perhaps ignorant of the name of any second authority, and has at best to depend upon the courtesy of a frequently overbusy officer. His alphabetical catalogue has merely pointed him to the shelf on which the desired book is not reposing; and even if he is lucky in his demand, he has obtained nothing beyond the one book which he for the moment desired. In a classified catalogue, on the other hand, he has, if not the opportunity of finding another book which may serve his purpose equally well, at all events that of seeing what the library can offer on, or in connexion with, the subject in which he is interested; while, which is of the utmost importance, the librarian himself by the same means becomes more easily acquainted with the resources and the defects of the collections under his control.

To classified catalogues two kinds of objections are usually made. One is, that readers will not use them. To this it has only to be answered, that every library should possess both an alphabetical and a classified catalogue, so that the reader may take his choice. The former should be as short and concise, the latter as full and explicit as possible; for it is the latter which, though indolence will prefer the former, will be of the most real use to those who will avail themselves of it. This applies more emphatically to the libraries of colleges and schools, but even in libraries for general popular use it is possible gradually to educate the public for its own advantage. The second objection lies in the difficulty of establishing a system of classification which shall be at once logical, complete, and easy for reference. Mr. Edwards, *e.g.*, enumerates not less than nineteen principal systems, to which he adds one of his own. We have before us a number of catalogues of the classified kind ranging through a wide variety of methods, out of which it would be a task of no small difficulty to select that which seems most fully to meet the necessary demands. That, however, a system of classification equal to the purposes of a library of all but the very largest dimensions can be devised, we have convinced ourselves in practice as well as in theory. The danger lies in attempting too much. The Catalogue of the St. Louis Public School Library, *e.g.*, divides the literature of the world into books on Science, Art, and History. Science again is subdivided into Social and Political Sciences on the one hand, and Natural Sciences and Useful Arts on the other. The former heading comprises Jurisprudence, Politics, Social Science, and Philology. Social Science is bisected into Political Economy and Education. Education comprises five classes of books; and of these classes, one is that of Elementary Text Books, which are again of eight kinds. The first of these is that of "Primers and Spellers"; so that the St. Louis matron who wishes to get at a particular spelling-book has to go through six stages of classification before she reaches the desired end. Now, even admitting the principles of this classification to be sound, their application is evidently preposterous. The degree of minuteness of the classification ought to be adjusted to the character of the library and of its presumable readers. In a Free Public Library it need not seek the precision which may be more nearly approached in that of a college or library for a more select class. But it is not difficult to find a mean between the exactness of a German University Lecture-list and the looseness of a good foreign bookseller's classified catalogue. It will certainly necessitate some hard thinking on the part of the librarian, some additional trouble on the part of his assistants, and some little mental labour on the part of the reader. But in no case will the effort be thrown away. The objection is futile, that when a classification has been made, it is impossible to bring all books decisively under this or that class. Everybody knows the meaning and the use of cross references, a free use of which is only objectionable where a catalogue is in several volumes.

We are so thoroughly convinced that a classified catalogue, together with a brief alphabetical catalogue of authors, and another of the titles of anonymous works, is desirable in every library of moderate dimensions, such, *e.g.*, as the Liverpool Free Library, that we find it difficult to examine with patience an attempt to remain satisfied with less. Yet Mr. Huggins has probably spent far more time and labour in the production of his own Catalogue than he would in that of two catalogues of the kinds indicated. He has sought to combine an alphabetical list of authors and anonymous titles with an arrangement of books belonging to one subject under that subject in alphabetical sequence. But he does not arrange his subjects according to the entire science or art to which they belong—"the Honey Bee," *e.g.*, as he says, comes neither under "Natural History," "Zoology," nor "Entomology," but under "Bees"—or, in the case of historical subjects, according to the country to which they refer; *e.g.*, "History of England under the Stuarts" will come, not under "England," but under "Stuarts, House of." Poetry, Painting, and certain other subjects form separate groups, which are subdivided, while numerous cross references are supplied. But there is no index of these subdivisions so far as we can see. Again, Poems are subdivided under various heads if they are English; but if they are foreign, they must be sought for each under its own title. These seem, in part, more or less arbitrary principles; but the proof of a catalogue is in the use thereof; and it may be that Mr. Huggins understands the measure of classification upon which he can venture at Liverpool better than we do. To us his Catalogue seems a very uncertain step, not precisely in the right direction, but at all events praiseworthy, if for no other reason, for the consciousness which it betokens of the insufficiency of the alphabetic principle. An earlier attempt of a half-way description has already undergone the test of several years. The Catalogue of the Manchester Free Library (Reference Department), which has been in approved use since the year 1864, is excellent of its kind; its principle being that of giving, first as "Principal Entries" the full titles of the books, according to the alphabetical sequence of their author's names, and then an alphabetical list of so-called "Subject-matter Entries," expressed in short titles, and consisting of the author's name, the subject, and the imprint of the book, concluding with the number referring to the corresponding principal entry of the same book; as thus:—

United States. Democracy. Tocqueville. 4 vols. Lond. 1840. 8vo. 23717.
Prayers. S. Johnson. Lond. 1796. 8vo. 12829.

The system is the most convenient that could be devised for readers who know what book they want or on what "subject" they require information; and it has, we believe, proved as successful at Manchester as, according to Mr. Crestodoro, the so-called "British Catalogue," compiled on the same principle, did from the first in the reading-room of the British Museum. Still we cannot abandon our contention that the use of a classified catalogue must bring with it in the long run advantages not to be secured by any other means; and that, wherever the use of a library is designed to help to educate its public *ambulando*, the introduction of such a catalogue cannot be dispensed with. Nor, though we have promised to abstain from any remarks on libraries of still greater size than these admirable Free Libraries, can we suppress our conviction that there are large libraries where the absence of a classified catalogue is a matter beyond all doubt to be regretted. University Libraries at least, if they cannot classify their old possessions, should classify their new acquisitions, after the fashion in which the librarian of the University of Göttingen (thereby rendering a service to all historical students) classifies the historical literature of every year. To know what is not in a library is often next best to knowing what is in it. The time may come when there will be a general English interest in, and perhaps an English word for, *Bibliothekwissenschaft*.

THE COMMITTEE ON THE ENDOWED SCHOOLS ACT.

THE Government have decided to refer the operation of the Endowed Schools Act of 1869 to a Select Committee of the House of Commons. The advantages of this course are sufficiently obvious. The wheels of the Commission have begun to drive heavily. There is a great deal of ignorance on the subject of secondary education which has still to be enlightened, and a great deal of prejudice which has still to be overcome or borne down. The principles on which the Act is founded stand in need of frequent re-statement if they are to maintain even that degree of popular

acceptance which they enjoyed in the first instance. There are many persons probably who, while heartily approving of the Report of the Schools Inquiry Commission, have nevertheless been startled by the application of the doctrines laid down in it to their own neighbourhood. They see the positive good that a particular endowment does; they see that to reconstitute it implies the displacement of men whom they know and respect; they are offended possibly by what looks like neglect of their suggestions on the part of the Commissioners. If they had as clear a grasp of the principles upon which successful organization must proceed as they had when they first studied the question, they might see that the drawbacks which now seem so serious are but the inevitable accompaniments of any large measure of reform. The appointment of a Select Committee may have the effect of reviving these older and more comprehensive views. Doubters may realize once more how impossible it is to reorganize educational endowments upon any considerable scale without sometimes bearing a little hardly upon particular foundations. Even a faulty system can be so administered as to produce many useful results, and where this is the case the substitution of a better system will seem like an unfair reflection on those who have worked to such excellent purpose. This view leaves out of sight the far larger number of instances in which the faulty system has produced nothing but mischief, and the probability that these exceptional persons who have brought good out of evil would have brought still greater good out of good. It is only by a large comparison of cases that this fact can become impressed on that section of the public which is interested in secondary education. At the time when the Endowed Schools Act was passed the Report of the Schools Inquiry Commission had recently furnished the material for such comparison, and the Report of the Committee and the evidence which will be given before them will yield a fresh supply of the same kind. The result of such a provision will be seen, it may be hoped, in a renewed interest in the development of secondary education, together with a more intelligent appreciation of the measures which are needed to ensure its improvement and extension.

A second reason for referring the whole question to a Select Committee is the doubt that exists in many quarters whether the Commissioners have not interpreted their duties under the Act in too narrow a spirit. Suspicions of this sort are constantly found associated with a very hearty desire to carry out the purposes of the statute. It is not the enemies of the Commission who entertain these doubts so much as their friends. The Commissioners have naturally been led, in the course of their work, to lay down certain general rules by which they intend to guide themselves in the administration of educational endowments. There are some who think that these rules have been framed in too rigid a spirit, and without sufficient allowance for the peculiar circumstances of individual cases. There are others, again, who think that the rules, though sound in themselves, have been adhered to in a too mechanical temper. Either way the result, it is said, has been that dangerous hostility has been needlessly provoked, while valuable aid has been needlessly rejected. According to this view, the Commissioners have not shown themselves sufficiently alive to the importance of securing local co-operation. They have sometimes forgotten that a scheme has not only to be made, but to be worked, and that in this aspect the most ideally perfect organization may not be the best suited to the persons who have to administer it. It is possible of course that these mistakes, supposing them really to have been made, are attributable not to the voluntary action of the Commissioners, but to the directions given them in the Act. No doubt the duty of a Commission of this character is to carry out the purpose of the Legislature, not to substitute for that purpose another which they think to be preferable. Into the points thus raised it will be the business of the Committee to inquire. They will review the intentions of the Act and the proceedings of the Commissioners in executing it. If they think that experience has shown the former to require modification, they will state the reasons which have led them to this conclusion, and the benefits which may be expected to follow from frankly recognizing it. If, on the other hand, they think that it is the Commissioners rather than the law, that are in fault, they will point out instances in which a less rigid adherence to the letter of the statute would have enabled them to carry out its substance with greater success. Some ambiguities there certainly are in the Act, and to these, as a matter of course, the Committee will call the attention of Parliament. Some points there are again upon which subsequent legislation has thrown fresh light, and these the Committee will naturally reconsider with the additional experience thus afforded them. It will be a further duty to examine whether the Commission ought to be reappointed; whether, after the year has come to an end, its work ought to be transferred to the Education Department; whether a division of endowments may be effected, and the larger ones be left in the hands of the Commission, while the smaller ones—as concerned with schools little, if at all, above the rank of elementary schools—are reclaimed by the Government. In connexion with this part of the inquiry the Committee will perhaps deal with Mr. Leatham's proposal to make at least one Dissenter an *ex officio* member of the Commission; unless indeed the House of Commons has already disposed of a motion so strangely at variance with the received theories of Liberalism on educational subjects.

To ensure that the Report of the Committee shall be thorough and exhaustive upon all these matters, it is of great moment that the inquiry itself should be proportionately comprehensive in its scope and area. The Committee ought, for example, to go minutely into all the more important instances in which the proposals of the Commission have been rejected by the trustees and other administrators of the endowment to which they relate. At what stage of the negotiation did the difficulty arise? Did it apply to the whole scheme, or only to some one part of it? Was the part to which it did apply an essential or only a subordinate feature of the scheme? Was there any alternative proposal which the trustees would have accepted? If there was such an alternative, what reasons did the Commissioners give for not substituting it for their own proposal? Ample means of answering all these questions must exist in the correspondence which has taken place between the Commissioners and the trustees, and in the recollection and memoranda of the trustees and the Assistant Commissioner through whom the negotiation was in the first instance carried on. If this field is properly worked, the Committe will know the causes of the failure in each case, and will consequently be in a position to pronounce with reasonable confidence whether these miscarriages could have been avoided, or whether they must be accepted as part of that inevitable percentage of failure which must be allowed for in all calculations which have human beings for their subject-matter. There will be no need of course to extend this sort of investigation to every scheme which has encountered a successful resistance. A typical selection may be made without much difficulty. It is important, however, for the Committee to bear in mind that only a small part of their work will have been done when they have heard the Commissioners tell their own story, or enumerate the instances in which reorganization has gone on without let or hindrance. It is to the other side of the shield that the largest part of their attention should be turned.

AUTHOR AND CRITIC.

AN action by Mr. Charles Reade against the proprietors of the *Morning Advertiser* for libel has ended in a verdict for 200*l.* damages. Mr. Reade complained of a notice of the play which he founded upon Mr. Trollope's novel *Ralph the Heir*, without, it should be said, Mr. Trollope's knowledge or consent. This play was produced under the name of *Shilly Shally* at the Gaiety Theatre on Easter Monday last, and the alleged libel occurred among the descriptions of Easter amusements which appeared in the defendants' newspaper the next day. There was one passage of the play on which the critic particularly remarked, and some general comments which he made were probably suggested by this passage, and must be tried by the same test as the particular remarks. We understand Mr. Reade's case to be, that he used the words complained of innocently in their ordinary meaning, and that he is not responsible for any interpretation which may have been placed upon them by persons of impure mind. It is possible that this may be so, but if neither Mr. Reade nor the manager was aware before the performance that any words in the play were liable to misconstruction, they could hardly have remained in the same happy ignorance after the first night. The verdict of the jury must, we suppose, be taken to indicate their opinion that there was no shadow of foundation for the complaint, and we can only say that, if that be so, we are much surprised. There appears to be no question that words were spoken by Mr. Toole in the character of Neefit which the critic partly quotes. He says that he forbears "for decency's sake" to quote the whole, and this reticence was perhaps considered by Mr. Reade more offensive than anything actually uttered. Yet we believe that the critic would carry with him the approval of the majority of playgoers. Suppose that you were reading the scene to which the words belong to a circle of friends, including ladies, would you speak the words or leave them out? We say again that it is perfectly possible that Mr. Reade or anybody else might use them innocently, but we say also that a person accustomed to prepare carefully for dramatic reading would be likely to notice and avoid them. Some of us perhaps remember the Adelphi Theatre in very old days. The words spoken by Mr. Toole bear a strong, but perhaps accidental, resemblance to the sort of thing that used to be commonly heard there. We should have thought that if this had been pointed out to the manager of the Gaiety Theatre he would immediately have desired that the words which excited remark should be omitted. It appears that several other newspapers concurred substantially with the *Advertiser* in complaining of this passage, and if it struck them all in the same way, their unanimity of protest surely deserved attention. At the same time, if Mr. Reade denied that he had any ill intention in using the words, everybody would believe him; and if he had caused them to be struck out of the play, there would have been no occasion for critics or anybody else to say anything further on the subject, and certainly we do not think that it need have occupied the attention of a court of law.

It is not, as we understand, disputed that the words partly quoted and partly indicated by the *Advertiser* were really spoken, nor can it be denied that, if spoken, they would suggest to many minds the idea which the critic considered them capable of suggesting. As the defendants' counsel urged, "there was the fact, staring the jury in the face, that all the gentlemen representing different papers which had been mentioned had had their minds affected in a similar way by hearing the drama played for the first time." Let us consider critics for the moment merely as representatives of the average sense or folly of mankind. There are a good many silly

people among the audience at theatres, and authors and managers ought to consider, and usually do consider, the opinions or fancies which these silly people are likely to entertain. Several gentlemen whom we will regard for the moment as mere "foolometers" have had their minds, or what they are pleased to call their minds, affected in the same way as the representative of the *Advertiser*. According to Mr. Reade, the *Daily Telegraph* was "not so outrageous" as the paper of which he complained, but its remarks tended in the same direction. Mr. Reade thinks it necessary and desirable to explain that the criticism in the *Telegraph* was written "by a rival playwright whose piece was displaced to make room for mine." He seems to think that nobody could suggest a fault in anything that he wrote except under an interested motive for depreciating his work. It is lamentable that a man of talent like Mr. Reade should entertain these suspicions. We are not particularly pleased with any part of this case, and the least agreeable feature of it was the plaintiff's appearance in the witness-box. The *Times* was mentioned as having written in the same strain, and Mr. Reade answered that the usual representative of the *Times* was not in the house. "This was written by some little scrub they had there." It is possible that the *Times*, like other journals, is open to the remark that its criticisms are sometimes written by gentlemen who themselves write plays. We have yet to learn that this practice is necessarily objectionable, and certainly we shall not hastily adopt the opinion of Mr. Reade that no playwright can be an impartial critic. Mr. Reade appears to assume the existence of a sort of trade confederacy which discourages and writes down all plays which are not written by its members. But we do not see that the dramatic author has to contend with greater difficulties than beginners in other walks of life. There is always much occupied ground, and the public is slowly persuaded to believe that anything new is good. But still talent and perseverance will make their way. We should say that the fault of dramatic criticism in England is, not that it underpraises good work, but that it overpraises middling or poor work. Let a young author compose a really meritorious play, and we believe that managers will be glad to hear from him. Putting aside for the moment the controverted passages, we are inclined to think that this play called *Shilly Shally* got quite as much praise as it deserved. Mr. Toole in the character of Neefit asked his daughter, "Did you ever hear of the little article called a father's cuss?" It is needless to say that Mr. Trollope did not write this. He drew his characters with consistency and propriety, and would not condescend to put into their mouths anything merely to raise a laugh. It is true that Mr. Trollope's novels are not easily adapted to the stage, and we ought to make some allowance for the difficulty under which Mr Reade laboured. But still he need not have stooped to such very poor and small devices for the production of which is, after all, very dreary fun. Thus he calls the sea "the briny," and makes a wretched pun upon the proverb "Give an inch and take an ell." Almost the only mitigating circumstance is that the speech containing this pun was omitted after the first night, because, as Mr. Reade says, "they were such weak lines." The Attorney-General, in addressing the jury on behalf of Mr. Reade, said that "it was a singular thing that this comedy had never been played in the provinces from the day the article appeared until the present time." But we do not find this fact at all surprising, and we should greatly doubt whether it could be properly ascribed to the criticism of the *Advertiser*. Indeed it is to be feared that some provincial managers would be rather attracted towards a play which contained passages capable of bearing a double meaning. At any rate, the passages in question are either harmless, or, if by any stretch of fastidiousness objectionable, they could be easily omitted. It is possible that managers might be influenced by the concurrence of the London journals in representing this "comedy" as rather poor stuff. By the help of Mr. Toole's drollery and the "father's cuss" it was made tolerably amusing, but we suppose there are few playgoers who would desire to see it again; whereas the novel on which it was founded might be read pleasantly more than once.

Mr. Reade has obtained a verdict for 200*l.* damages, but we cannot help thinking that he is much indebted to skilful advocacy for his success, particularly as the jury could hardly have been favourably impressed by his eagerness to denounce a supposed combination among critics to write him down. Mr. Lee, who wrote the notice in the *Advertiser*, was called as a witness for the defence, and he was cross-examined as to his own adventures in the field of dramatic literature. The suggestion, we suppose, was, that having once offered a piece to the Gaiety Theatre which was refused, he could not be expected to criticize fairly any piece that might be accepted. But we think that a literary rival of Mr. Reade might regard the success of *Shilly Shally* with equanimity. It is but poor work to dramatize another man's novel, even when the work is done with more skill than Mr. Reade has exercised. We think that the plaintiff's counsel went to the furthest point on behalf of his client when he said that only "a perverted and unfair animosity" could have dictated a criticism such as had been brought before the jury. We grant that the critic was mistaken in attributing to Mr. Reade an improper intention in using the words that have been referred to. But still, if an author cannot take account of the stupidity of mankind, there ought to be a reader, or manager, or somebody capable of assisting him. When the King of England said "Honi soit qui mal y pense," he was doing an act which, in a less exalted personage, might have been liable to misconstruction. We are bound to confess that, hearing Mr. Toole's words, and taking them simply as they were spoken, we should have been disposed to say that at a theatre desiring to maintain a first-class character such words had better be omitted. We do not think it would have been difficult for the defendants to produce persons, not possessed of the ingenuity or malice of critics, who would have testified that they disapproved these words. Any one of these persons, possessing the faculty of writing and a newspaper to publish his effusion, might have expressed himself, not perhaps as strongly, but to the same effect, as the critic of the *Advertiser*. Indeed, if one is not allowed to comment freely on what is actually spoken in a theatre, the liberty of the press, which fine writers delight to call a "palladium," is little better than a swindle. It ought not to be forgotten that something depends upon the manner in which words are spoken, and the author is not responsible for that, although the manager may deserve to be called seriously to account. We think that in the present case an occurrence which was possibly accidental has been made the most of by the critics in the first place, and afterwards by Mr. Reade and the jury.

REVIEWS.

THOMSON'S ELECTROSTATICS AND MAGNETISM.*

THE casual papers on subjects connected with magnetism and electricity contributed for a number of years by Sir William Thomson to various scientific serials are of too solid and permanent a value to be left buried in the comparative oblivion which is the lot of periodical writings in general. It is therefore with much satisfaction that we welcome the reprint in a collective form of a series of articles upon electrostatics and subjects mathematically allied thereto, which during the last thirty years have appeared in the leading scientific journals at home, in Nichol's Cyclopædia, and in Liouville's *Journal de mathématiques*: fresh matter to the extent of about a quarter of the whole having been added with a view to roughly filling up gaps in the collection, and imparting to it as the result somewhat of the unity and continuity of a systematic treatise. The chronological order of arrangement has judiciously been made subordinate to the logical sequence or cohesion of subject matter, so that the reader is presented without much break or disconnexion of ideas with a kind of summary of the most recent progressive gains in the mathematical theory of electro-magnetism. The volume comprises, we are told, as nearly as may be, all that the author has hitherto written on electrostatics and magnetism. He has excluded from it electrical papers prominently devoted either to thermo-dynamics or the kinetics of electricity, with the view of including these in a further series, to be made up, we are promised, of all his other papers already published.

Three years in advance of the date at which his name stood in the Mathematical Tripos as Second Wrangler and First Smith's Prizeman, a paper appeared anonymously in the *Cambridge Mathematical Journal*, February 1842, which was reprinted in the *Philosophical Transactions* (1854, first half-year), with the name of William Thomson attached as author, upon the uniform motion of heat in homogeneous solid bodies, and its connexion with the mathematical theory of electricity. This article, remarkable for the promise it displayed on the part of one so young, a promise since abundantly fulfilled, stands at the head of the volume before us. It is no great disparagement to the merits of a paper so marked with talent that the author, as he was not long in discovering, had been anticipated in many, if not most, of the ideas which he thought new and independent, by M. Chasles. The first of these ideas were those by which he was led to the determination of the attraction of an ellipsoid, given in the latter part of the paper. He soon afterwards found that he had been anticipated by the same author in his enunciation of the general theorems regarding attraction; and still later he came candidly to confess that both an enunciation and demonstration of the same general theorems had been given by Gauss, appearing shortly after M. Chasles' enunciations. Finally it became known to him that these theorems had been laid down in the most complete and general manner, with rich applications to the theories of electricity and magnetism, more than ten years previously, by George Green. Avowals of this kind—which have to be made by many a young author, and are here made with so good a grace—become indeed additional reasons why we should have regretted the omission of the paper, original as it is in many of its suggestions and lines of proof, as well as differing in most of its methods from those of M. Chasles, which are all but entirely geometrical. The general conclusions, as summed up by the author in a foot-note, go to show that the laws of electric or magnetic force in any case whatever must be identical with the laws of distribution of the lines of motion of heat in certain perfectly defined circumstances. With the developments and applications supplied by the next paper in the series on the elementary laws of statical electricity, they may claim to constitute a fairly full theory of the characteristics of lines of force experimentally investigated by Faraday. Completing as they do the analogy with the theory of the conduction of heat, they form attractive

* *Reprint of Papers on Electrostatics and Magnetism.* By Sir William Thomson, D.C.L., LL.D., F.R.S., F.R.S.E., Fellow of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, and Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Glasgow. London: Macmillan & Co. 1872.

illustrations of the unity and harmony which pervade the working of all the forces of nature. A further point in which the author found the able treatise of Green (published in 1828) to have been beforehand with him, is the demonstration by direct integration (a year later than his original paper) of a theorem which he had arrived at in the first instance independently, to the effect that, if a surface be described round a conducting or non-conducting electrified body, so that the attraction on points situated on this surface may be everywhere perpendicular to it, and if the electricity be removed from the original body and distributed in equilibrium over this surface, its intensity at any point will be equal to the attraction of the original body on that point divided by 4π, and its attraction on any point without it will be equal to the attraction of the original body on the same point. Almost contemporaneously with this demonstration appeared one to the same effect by M. Sturm in Liouville's Journal. It is, however, no mean proof of analytical power to have arrived independently, towards the close of the paper, at a series of integral expressions for the attraction of an ellipsoid upon a point both within and without it, identical with one found by Pontecoulant by direct integration, through a method discovered by Poisson, showing at the same time how readily by a comparison of the first and second equations Ivory's theorem may be deduced.

Some distinguished experimentalists had of late years begun to doubt the truth of the elementary laws established by Coulomb, as being incompatible with certain newly discovered phenomena. Researches upon this point were undertaken independently of each other by Sir W. Snow Harris and Faraday. All the experiments made by them with direct reference to the distribution of electricity in equilibrium were, however, at the same time held by Sir W. Thomson to be in full accordance with, and in fact confirmatory of, Coulomb's theory. In proof of this proposition, he communicated in French to Liouville's Journal, and shortly after inserted in English in the *Cambridge and Dublin Mathematical Journal*, Nov. 1845, the paper placed second in the present series on the "Mathematical Theory of Electricity in Equilibrium." Coulomb had so expressed his theory that it could only be attacked by proving his experimental results to be inaccurate. Sir W. Thomson shows, by analysis of Harris's experiments, that certain precautions expressly laid down by Coulomb had been neglected by that gentleman, the results being accordingly unavailable for the accurate quantitative verification of any law, on account of the numerous unknown disturbing circumstances by which they were affected, while as qualitative illustrations they amply fulfil the law. Faraday's researches on electrostatical induction were undertaken to test an idea which he had long held, that the forces of attraction and repulsion exercised by free electricity are not the resultant of actions exercised at a distance, but are propagated by means of molecular action among the contiguous particles of the medium surrounding the electrified bodies, which he therefore called the dielectric. So far as his experiments might seem incompatible with Coulomb's theory, the difference could only arise, our author made it clear, from the different method of stating and physically interpreting the same laws. Either method, carried far enough, might be made the basis for a mathematical theory which would lead to the elementary principles of the other as logical consequences. This theory would thus be the expression of the ultimate law of the phenomena, independently of any physical hypothesis which might from other circumstances be adopted. Coulomb, for instance, although his laws naturally suggest the idea of material particles attracting and repelling one another at a distance, most carefully avoids making this a physical hypothesis, confining himself to the mechanical effects which he observes and their necessary consequences. In our ignorance of what electricity is in itself, we cannot be too careful to distinguish between what is empirical or matter of hypothesis, and what is arrived at by processes of mathematical reasoning independent of our tentative and shifting notions of the physical essence or properties which underlie the phenomena of electricity. As an experimentalist, it is interesting to observe how careful Faraday ever was to guard himself against confusion on this point. Nor is it of less interest to trace how, in the absence of mathematical training, which he was himself the foremost to deplore, his experimental results led him, not to confirm merely, but frequently to anticipate, the results of mathematical analysis, which, as in the instance in question, had seemed destined never to be perceived except as truths of mathematics. In later portions of his book Sir W. Thomson adduces other instances in which this true philosopher, without mathematics, divined the results of mathematical investigation, and, what has proved of infinite value to mathematicians themselves, has given them an articulate language in which to express their results. Thus the whole language of the "magnetic field" and "lines of force" is Faraday's, and was greedily accepted, writes our author, by mathematicians, who have ever since been most zealous in using it to the best advantage. Scarcely less fertile in consequences have been the discovery and the name of specific inductive capacity, determined experimentally by comparing the capacities of conductors, alike in other respects, but differing in the materials employed as dielectrics. It may be interesting to compare his determinations with the analytical results enunciated in Sir W. Thomson's articles on the measurement of electrostatic and electromotive force. In the table of different potentials producing sparks in or across different thicknesses of air between parallel metal plates, measured by the absolute electrometer, an unexpected and a very remarkable result becomes apparent—that greater electromotive force per unit length of air is required to produce a spark at short than at long distances. When it is considered that the absolute electrification of each of the opposed surfaces depends simply upon the electromotive force per unit length of the space between them—or, which, says our author, is the same thing, upon the resultant electrostatic force in the air, and occupying that space—it is difficult even to suggest an explanation. What we are forced to recognize is the fact that a thin stratum of air is stronger than a thick one, whether measured against the same "disruptive tension" in the air, as Faraday would express it from his view of the condition of the air on transmitting electric force, or measured against the same "lifting electric pressure from its bounding surfaces," on the view of the eighteenth-century school represented by Poisson. The same results are given by the portable torsion electrometer. Whatever may be the explanation of the *modus operandi* in nature, the result is that of a real mechanical force, and can be measured in terms of balance weight, or by so many grammes per square centimetre; whether this force be regarded as a repulsion in the old-world view, or an attraction effected by tension of the air between the surface of the conductor and the conducting boundary of the air in which it is insulated, as it would probably be considered by Faraday. Some most valuable materials, as well experimental as analytical, bearing upon this and numerous allied problems, will be found in the British Association Report for 1867 on electrometers and electrostatic measurements, which forms perhaps the most conspicuous paper in the first part of the present compilation.

Sir W. Thomson heads the second series of his papers with one presented to the Royal Society in June 1849 on "A Mathematical Theory of Magnetism," in which he shows the fallacy of the theory first laid down in a complete form and adopted in a modified shape by Green and Murphy, resting on the hypothesis of two magnetic fluids. The writer's object was to prove that not only was no physical evidence to be adduced for such an hypothesis, but that the most recent discoveries, on the contrary, especially in electro-magnetism, render it extremely improbable. A complete mathematical theory of magnetism could be established without assuming the existence of those hypothetical fluids. This theory might be made to rest upon the sole foundation of facts generally known, and of Coulomb's special experimental researches. The positive elements of proof would be in agreement with those of Poisson's mathematical theory; and the fundamental formulæ would consequently be the same. Whatever conception we may form of the imaginary magnetic "matter," possessing as it does none of the primary qualities of ordinary matter, and being consequently in no sense to be called either a solid or "fluid," or "fluids," all we know it by in a physical sense is its force, or its property of attracting or repelling magnets or other portions of matter of its own kind, according to certain determinate laws. The determination of these laws is the function of mathematical theory, allied with and resting upon experimental data. The synthetical part of the theory, the paper goes on to explain, has for its ultimate object to determine the total action between two or more magnets when the distribution of magnetism in each is given. With sufficient data in any case, Coulomb's laws of magnetic force are sufficient to enable us to apply ordinary statical principles to the solution of the problem, determining the resultant of the attractions or repulsions exerted between the particles of two groups of matter, in obedience to the law of force which is universally met with in natural phenomena. Upon the problem of the distribution of magnetism an insertion of much importance has been made in this paper (in 1850), in which Sir W. Thomson introduces new and more definite terms to express the different modes of distribution or forms of magnetized matter. The first of these modes is the "solenoidal" (from σωλήν, a tube), suggested by the term "electro-dynamic solenoid," applied by Ampère to a certain arrangement of galvanic circuits in the supposed form of a tube. A magnetic solenoid is an infinitely thin bar of any form, longitudinally magnetized with an intensity varying inversely as the area of the normal section in different parts. The other mode is the "lamellar," when the magnet is supposed to be divided into an infinite number of magnetic "shells," or infinitely thin sheets of any form, plane or curved. The calculation of the magnetic potentials in either case is derived from a theorem due to Gauss, which is followed up by analytical formulæ for determining whether, under certain conditions, a distribution of magnetism is solenoidal or lamellar. Having arrived in the first instance at a definite formula in the case of a lamellarly magnetized magnet, the writer was led by the analogy which exists between the two states to test a similar formula for solenoidal distribution. An analytical view of the problem presenting itself in preference to the synthetical, he succeeded by the process of partial integration in deducing a series of expressions for the potential of distribution in an infinitely thin shell, coinciding with the surface of the magnetized body, as well as for its direction, which is proved to be at every point of the surface perpendicular to the normal. The conclusions thus arrived at are carried on further in a series of postscripts, extending to the end of last year, comprising theorems of great clearness and beauty. Another series of papers of singular value relates to the use of "hydrokinetic analogy," as first perceived by Euler, for the measurement of magnetic force. Defining this principle generally in an earlier article (xxvii.), the author in the last two papers (xli., xlii.), applies it to the case of the magnetic influence of an ideal extreme diamagnetic, and to the general case of induced magnetism. There are curiously close

analogies between some of the circumstances of motion in continuous fluids of different densities, and the distribution of magnetic force in a field occupied by substances of different inductive capacities. We have, indeed, to conceive the case of an ideal fluid, frictionless and incompressible, although denser in some parts than others, as well as that of an infinitely porous solid to be permeated by such a fluid. Yet such hypotheses, unreal as they are in nature, have their counterparts in the conception of magnetic matter itself, as a medium akin to the ether which forms the hypothetical basis of light—vibratory motion being the property which they manifest in common. Such aids to science will not in the hands of scientific inquirers be mistaken for ultimate facts. It is especially to the mathematician that we look to guard the processes of science against the intrusion or the persistent establishment of ideas which are but temporary makeshifts—tentative, empirical, and fluctuating. In an age which is only too apt to be dazzled and misled by the power and beauty of experiments, it is most satisfactory to find the interests of science subject after all to those who, like the author of this remarkable volume, possess in the knowledge which alone can be called exact the key to the only absolute and ultimate truth.

SIR JOHN BURGOYNE.*

THE late Field Marshal Sir John Burgoyne was born in London in 1782. He was an illegitimate son of General Burgoyne, who died when he was ten years old, leaving him without provision. The charge of his maintenance and education was undertaken by his father's friend, the Earl of Derby. He was educated at Eton and went thence to the Royal Military Academy. He received his first commission in the Royal Engineers in 1798, and he went on active service to Malta in 1800. He was employed in the Mediterranean, in Egypt, and in Sweden, but saw no very remarkable service until 1808, when he did much hard work under Sir John Moore in Spain. Returning to England with that portion of the army which retreated on Vigo, he was sent back next year, and remained in Spain serving continuously until 1814. He took part in the passage of the Douro, and thinks that if our army had marched as fast after the French in 1809 as they marched away from them in the previous year, Soult would not have escaped as he did from Oporto into Spain. His journals contain many valuable criticisms, and he sometimes puts military operations in a different aspect from that which they bear in received histories of the period. On the whole, he does not seem to have been an enthusiastic admirer of Wellington's tactics. He says that Marmont had the best of the game in 1811, and again next year, until Wellington turned the tables on him completely at Salamanca. But it must be remembered that Wellington had always to contend with many difficulties caused by others, while his successes were due chiefly to himself. Burgoyne was present at the battles of Busaco, Salamanca, and Vittoria, as well as at many minor affairs in the field, but his special distinction was that he had borne part in all the sieges which Wellington undertook.

The taking of Badajoz was indispensable to any movement into Spain, and the success of the assault was largely due to Burgoyne. It shows what soldiers will do under leaders who inspire confidence. The 3rd Division of the British army, under General Picton, took the castle by escalade while the 4th and Light Divisions were losing their best men in vain attempts to enter at the breaches. The 3rd Division was conducted to the assault by Burgoyne, who was assisted by Captain McCarthy of the 50th Regiment. This officer has left an interesting description of the assault. It was his duty to guide the division to the point of attack, and he felt the weight of the charge. At one moment he feared he had gone wrong. "General Picton, emphatically expressing himself, said that I was blind, he supposed, and going wrong, and, drawing his sword, swore he would cut me down. I explained, and he was appeased." Soon they arrived at the very spot in the first parallel where Burgoyne was waiting. Five ladders were placed by Captain McCarthy, under a fire so heavy that "it was impossible to twinkle the eye on any man before he was knocked down." Four ladders with troops on them, and an officer on the top of each, were broken successively near the upper ends, and slid into the angle of the abutment. On the remaining ladder was no officer; but a private soldier at the top, in attempting to go over the wall, was shot in the head, and tumbled backward to the ground, when the next to him upon the ladder instantly sprang over. This man belonged to the 45th Regiment, in which his name ought to be remembered. Burgoyne gives no account of his personal share in this assault, but it is evident that the success of Picton's division was largely due to his skilful guidance. The two divisions which assaulted the breaches unfortunately got mixed together, and, although they showed great courage, their efforts were not made with the regularity essential to success. Burgoyne has recorded his opinion that an attack by battery on the castle would have brought the siege to an earlier termination.

The employment of whole divisions entails serious losses, but success is worth the price. At Badajoz, and afterwards at St. Sebastian, heavy columns were engaged, but at Burgos the assaults were made by small bodies of troops and they failed. Burgoyne attributed his own failure before Burgos, not so much to the deficiency of artillery and stores as to the unusual parsimony of Wellington in supplies of men. It appears that Burgoyne, both in Spain and afterwards in the Crimea, displayed an inconvenient faculty for plain speaking. It was the regular official practice to speak in the highest terms of the bravery of the Portuguese troops, but when Burgoyne was told that they were to be employed in an assault, he candidly explained that he would prefer to have at least a portion of English soldiers for the difficult work he had in hand. An officer was so foolish as to send to Wellington a complaint against Burgoyne for speaking disrespectfully of Portuguese valour, but Wellington answered that he quite agreed with Burgoyne. "It was rather hard," he said, "that we should be losing frequently the best men in the army because the Portuguese would not do their duty, and then should not be allowed to say so, but, on the contrary, be forced to compliment them." As the siege of Burgos became more critical the besieging force was reduced, in order to make head against the French armies which were gathering strength after the defeat of Salamanca. Finally the siege was raised, and the British army made an uncomfortable retreat to the frontier of Portugal. Burgoyne never shrank from avowing that he had represented to Wellington that the place could be taken with the means at his disposal, and he always remained of opinion that it would have fallen if powerful assaulting columns had been employed to storm it as at Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz. He sums up his criticism upon his own performance with the remark, that "an attempt with inadequate means, unless used with great vigour, is almost certain to end in failure." Burgoyne mentions a curious example of the courtesies of war which occurred during this siege. As he had much to do and few assistants, he began early to try to save his time by taking the liberty of crossing the open from one part of the trenches to another. This he did very cautiously at first, till by degrees the enemy became accustomed to him, and would allow him to do what they would not permit to others. Among his comrades the compliment thus paid to him by the French was attributed to a particular coat reaching to his heels which he wore, being "a new and outrageous fashion just arrived from England."

The campaign of 1813 began pleasantly for Burgoyne, as by invitation of Sir Thomas Picton he was attached to the 3rd Division, to which he had shown the way at Badajoz. He anticipated a second and more arduous siege of Burgos, but the French, having omitted to provide properly for the defence of the place, blew up the works and abandoned it on Wellington's approach. In the battle of Vittoria Picton's division was particularly distinguished. The journals of Burgoyne reflect his impressions at the time he wrote, and he seems to have fancied that neither Picton nor himself was a favourite of Wellington. Yet it is manifest that Burgoyne's merit was fully appreciated by Wellington, although at the close of the war he received less public recognition than his services deserved. As regards Picton, the whole army knew, and therefore its leader was not likely to forget, that as a fighting general he was unsurpassed. At Vittoria Burgoyne mentions that several orders which Wellington sent had been anticipated by Picton. He does not state, but we may infer, that he suggested much that Picton did. He probably assisted Picton as Jomini did Ney in the most brilliant period of that Marshal's command of a corps under Napoleon.

At the siege of St. Sebastian Burgoyne served under Sir Richard Fletcher, who was killed in the assault. The difficulties of storming this place were very great, nor did Burgoyne think it would have been carried if an explosion had not occurred behind the breach. Burgoyne remarks that Wellington, after the failure of a small force at Burgos, recurred to the heavy columns which had succeeded at Badajoz, and gained his object, but at heavy cost. Considering the reputation which Burgoyne had acquired in these sieges, his subsequent career was disappointing. The arrival of an officer senior to himself deprived him of the chief command of engineers to which he might reasonably have hoped to succeed on Sir Richard Fletcher's death. Wellington, wishing to compensate him for this disappointment, named him to the command of engineers in the expedition to America which followed immediately on the termination of the Franco-Spanish War. Thus Burgoyne was sent on a service where little glory was to be gained, and he returned just too late to be included in the first arrangements for the campaign of 1815. So it came to pass that he served at New Orleans and did not serve at Waterloo. But whatever was the result of the particular operation in which he might be engaged, his professional reputation steadily advanced. He admitted freely his own errors, and never sought to extenuate miscarriages in which he was concerned by laying blame on others. It is manifest that he thought that he could have taken Burgos if Wellington had allowed him plenty of men and left him to himself; but he was too loyal to say or even to hint that this was the true cause of failure. At New Orleans he thought that the enterprise ought never to have been undertaken, but after the first assault had failed with heavy loss, he advised that a second should be made, and gave good reasons for expecting that it would succeed. But the attempt hastily begun was hastily abandoned. We seem in thus reviewing the early years of Burgoyne's career to be anticipating the remark which would be appropriate to his share in the Crimean War. His opinion as to the failure before Burgos is singularly applicable to the operations against Sebastopol. The attempt was made with inadequate means, and it was not followed up with the vigour which alone could give hope of success. We shall see when we come to the second volume of Burgoyne's *Life*

* *Life and Correspondence of Field Marshal Sir John Burgoyne, Bart.* By his Son-in-Law, Lieut.-Col. the Hon. George Wrottesley, Royal Engineers. 2 vols. Vol. I. London: Bentley & Son. 187[illegible]

that he understood better than his French colleagues the conditions of the problem which lay before the allied army. As regards the attack on New Orleans, we entirely subscribe to the opinion of Burgoyne's biographer that it would be difficult in the whole range of English military enterprise to find a more injudicious operation. He attributes the idea of it to Admiral Cochrane, who perhaps, like sailors generally, undervalued military difficulties. A portion of the troops had disembarked, and were in presence of the enemy before their General, Sir Edward Pakenham, arrived. Nothing was known of the position or force of the Americans until the works were reconnoitred by him and Burgoyne. The enemy were found to be posted too strongly to be overcome by open attack in front, and "the folly of the enterprise became apparent." However, the Admiral proposed an ingenious scheme, which, if perseveringly followed up, might have led to the capture of the place. This consisted in cutting a canal from Lake Pontchartrain to the river, and passing over a body of men in boats to the opposite side of the Mississippi, in order to take possession of an American battery on the right bank, which enfiladed the lines covering the town. It was intended that this attack should precede that on the main works of the enemy. The attack was made and proved successful, but the troops having been delayed in making it, the English General gave the order for the assault on the main works too soon. That assault was made and failed, and Sir Edward Pakenham was killed. It was then reported that the American works on the right bank were in our hands, and in a council of war held on the ground Burgoyne strongly urged a renewal of the attack, but his opinion was overruled. Thus a fine body of soldiers and much reputation was sacrificed because there was at first too much boldness, and afterwards too little, in the counsels of their leaders. This is very nearly an anticipation of the Crimean War. Burgoyne returned to England, and found that another officer had been appointed commanding engineer with the army in the Netherlands. He applied to Wellington, who answered that he would be very happy to have him with the army, but official routine prevented his joining it till after Waterloo. Sir Thomas Picton, passing through London, applied for leave to take Burgoyne as his aide-de-camp, but this application was refused. We may be sure that if Burgoyne had spent the night of the 17th June with Picton, he would have taken care that the farmhouse of La Haye Sainte, which lay in front of Picton's position, should be put into the best state of defence possible. It is evident that there could be no reason satisfactory to anybody except a Horse Guards' clerk for not allowing Burgoyne to go with Picton. With Napoleon in front, there was surely a call for all the talent we possessed. But Fate and the Horse Guards are alike irresistible by the British army.

(*To be continued.*)

OLD-FASHIONED ETHICS AND COMMON-SENSE METAPHYSICS.*

MR. THORNTON has in this book left the field of politico-economical speculation in which he has previously earned a considerable reputation, and ventured on the more difficult ground of metaphysical and ethical inquiry. The title of his book indicates in some degree its general tenor. It is a remonstrance against various heretical opinions which have, as he thinks, been gaining more acceptance than they deserve. In the combat which he provokes Mr. Thornton shows the qualities with which we are already familiar. He writes with remarkable candour; he always endeavours to meet his opponents upon their strongest ground; his style is flexible and occasionally eloquent, and he has a fertile supply of ingenious illustrations. It must, however, be admitted that the attempt to answer metaphysics by common sense is one which generally excites our suspicion. It too often implies a spirit similar to that in which Johnson gave his well-known refutation of Berkeley. It means that a man summarily dismisses difficulties because he does not appreciate their true bearing. The Scotch school of metaphysicians, for example, are generally considered to have shown less acuteness than audacity in their assault upon Hume's scepticism. Mr. Thornton, who has inherited their shibboleth, speaks at times with a dogmatism which reminds us a little too much of his predecessors. True, it is a dogmatism curiously tempered by an amiable modesty. Yet, in his unpretending way, Mr. Thornton lays down the law with a confidence which sometimes appears to us to be hardly justified by the depth of his knowledge. He speaks with something like reverence of Mr. Mill, and yet he accuses Mr. Mill of a number of fallacies so transparent that, if Mr. Thornton be right, they could be detected by Lord Macaulay's schoolboy. He writes with a frank contempt of many of Hume's speculations, till we wonder with him that Hume was ever taken for an acute thinker. He tells us what is right and what is wrong in Descartes and Berkeley and Professor Huxley, though, in spite of his "common sense" tendencies, he ultimately rests in a doctrine nearly identical with that of Berkeley. He sits in judgment with equal confidence upon Mr. Darwin, and he confutes Comte's celebrated theory of the three stages—though he candidly admits that he has not read the original—in a page. Few writers show such genuine candour as Mr. Thornton, and yet very few venture to express themselves so confidently upon points which have exercised the ingenuity of the keenest reasoners that have ever lived. We cannot, of course, follow him into many of the vast inquiries which his book might suggest. Generally, we may say that he is an opponent of materialism and atheism, though we must add that we think him a little rash in imputing those evil principles to some of his opponents. We shall, however, confine ourselves entirely to his first two essays, in which he treats of Utilitarianism and of "History's Scientific Pretensions." They are not, in our opinion, the best part of the book, but they are the only essays of which we can here speak freely.

In speaking of the pretensions of historical philosophers, Mr. Thornton does not, like some writers, assert that the will acts independently of causation:—

> Men's motives [he says] are the results of antecedents. Equally undeniable it is, that a knowledge of all the antecedents and of all the laws of their movements would enable us to foresee the results; for this, supposing the laws referred to to have any real existence, is merely equivalent to the self-evident proposition that if we perceived certain causes, and knew exactly how they would act, we should know beforehand what would be their effect.

Mr. Thornton, then, seems to concede the primary assumption of all who believe in the possibility of a science of history, though it must be added that he is in some sense a believer in Free Will. "But," he proceeds, "what if there be no such laws? What if, on the showing of Mr. Buckle himself and his associates, there neither are nor can be?" Then indeed a science of history is simply impossible, as we may fully admit that it never has been, and from the exceeding complexity of the circumstances in all probability never can be, constructed.

To show that there are no such laws Mr. Thornton has a simple argument. "A scientific law," he says, "is simply a record of the uniform recurrence of consequences." Now in human affairs, as is admitted by Mr. Mill and Mr. Buckle, and all believers in progress or in evolution, the same combination of circumstances never does or can recur. Therefore in human affairs "there can be no scientific laws." As Mr. Thornton spends much energy in enforcing this theory, and in dissipating (not without need) the various equivocations produced by the use of the deceptive term "law," we presume that we cannot be mistaken in his doctrine. Let us try to apply it. The most familiar instance of what is called a scientific law is that formula which asserts the force of gravitation to vary inversely as the square of the distance. A knowledge of that law enables us to predict the course of the planets. Knowing that the law holds in all cases which we have observed, we infer that it will apply also in cases which we have not observed. From the fall of the apple we reason with more or less confidence to the orbit of a planet; and gradually we attain that certainty which enables us to map out the course of a new comet or to discover Neptune. If Mr. Thornton should deny the validity of this inductive process, he would of course reduce all science to simple observation. From the fall of the apple we should infer that another apple would fall under identical circumstances; but we could learn nothing about the moon. From the past phases of the moon we might infer that the same phases would recur in the same order; but the discovery of a new planet would be impossible, because law is "simply a record of the uniform recurrence of circumstances," and we have to deal with a new combination of circumstances. Of course Mr. Thornton admits the process of scientific induction to be valid; but, if valid, the scientific historians have all that they want. If they had discovered that the marriage rate varied inversely as the price of corn, they could foretell the influence of a famine upon marriage, though the same circumstances might never have presented themselves before, just as the astronomer predicts the course of a newly discovered planet. The complexity of the facts, and not the absence of law, makes the calculation impossible. Or, to take a different instance, if Mr. Herbert Spencer's theories should be demonstrated, we could prophesy with perfect confidence that a century hence a greater "differentiation" will have taken place in the social organism, and that certain rules will be spontaneously obeyed instead of enforced by Government. In short, the case of social science is the same in principle as that of chemistry or astronomy. Mr. Thornton considers scientific prediction to be possible only if all events move in cycles according to the theory expounded by the carpenter in *Peter Simple*; whereas the very essence of science, according to its ordinary exponents, lies in the possibility of reasoning from the known to the unknown, and applying the "law" which has been observed in some cases to an infinite number of other cases in which it has not been observed. Mr. Thornton quotes Mr. Mill's statement as to a progressive change in the character of the human race as an argument against the possibility of scientific prediction. Surely Mr. Thornton can see that there may be a law of progress, that it might be a law that men should be always growing fatter or thinner, or more intelligent or more stupid, and that, if so, we are just as much entitled to predict as though the law were that human nature remained stationary. That the constant change renders the problem excessively difficult, we fully admit; and, if that is all that Mr. Thornton means, not only should we agree with him, but Mr. Mill and Mr. Spencer and Comte himself would be on his side. But he means—if we do not misunderstand him—that the problem is not merely insoluble by reason of its intricacy, but insoluble by its intrinsic nature. And thus we regret to say that his argument appears to us to be worthless.

We turn to his assault on utilitarianism. Mr. Thornton claims credit, and we willingly admit the justice of his claim, for a candid desire to put utilitarianism in its strongest light. If we do

* *Old-fashioned Ethics and Common-sense Metaphysics.* By W. T. Thornton. London. Macmillan & Co. 1873.

not think him successful in his endeavour, it is not for want of good will. We must observe, however, that "utilitarian" is a word which covers many different phases of opinion, from Locke and Hume to Paley, Bentham, Mr. Mill, and Mr. Bain. These writers differ radically from each other on the most vital points; but the utilitarianism which Mr. Thornton attacks is different from any doctrine which has ever been maintained by any writer with whom we are acquainted. Mr. Mill is his chief authority, but he arrives at his most singular conclusions by adding to Mr. Mill's doctrine certain inferences which he conceives to follow logically from Mr. Mill's principles. Those inferences would certainly be repudiated by all utilitarians; and we confess that the logic by which they are deduced is in our opinion of a very questionable kind. Utilitarians have generally been accused of upholding the selfish theory of human nature; and such writers as Paley, Tucker, or Bentham are fairly obnoxious to the charge. Mr. Thornton inverts the accusation. Virtue, he says, in the utilitarian sense involves the subordination of our own interest to that of others; and the pleasure which it directs us to seek is the pleasure of attending to the pleasure of others instead of our own. Nay, he goes further. Since it is amongst the highest achievements of virtue to sacrifice your own to secure another's happiness, the virtue will be greater rather than less "if you sacrifice more happiness of your own than you secure to another." Thus utilitarianism proves that we ought to act in such a way as to diminish the total sum of happiness. The answer to this strange interpretation is obvious. Mr. Thornton is confounding the criterion with the motive. That conduct is best, say utilitarians, which secures the greatest amount of happiness. But the greatest amount of happiness is secured by each man attending chiefly to his own interest. Therefore utilitarianism is compatible with, as it has frequently been connected with, the doctrine of enlightened selfishness. Mr. Thornton's error is in the assumption, which to say the least requires much proof, that the general good should be not only the test, but the conscious end, of all moral conduct. And even then the appearance of inconsistency which he imputes to utilitarians is simply produced by his forcing upon them a test radically opposed to that which they adopt. Again, Mr. Thornton declares that utilitarianism measures the morality of actions not only by their tendency in the long run to promote human happiness, but by the particular consequences of each action. Thus a murder might be wrong on one showing and right on the other. Of course a utilitarian who adopted the two principles as independent tests of morality would be a fool. But the very essence of utilitarianism in its later developments is to assert the necessity of acting on general principles, and not on particular calculations. Finally, utilitarianism asserts that the ideal standard of perfection is also the only practical standard. It makes duties of perfect and imperfect obligation equally binding, and confounds generosity and justice. This seems to us to be as strange a misconception as any that has preceded, but it appears to be that which has most impressed Mr. Thornton, and which has induced him to construct a theory of his own. Without discussing its value, we will briefly notice this rival doctrine, simply observing that if utilitarians really hold the doctrines which Mr. Thornton imputes to them, or opinions from which those doctrines are fairly deducible, they must be weaker creatures than their worst enemies have hitherto suspected.

Mr. Thornton's theory is that there are two absolute rights from which all others may be inferred—the right, namely, to deal with oneself as one pleases, so long as one does not injure others; and the right to dispose on the same terms "of the product of one's own honest industry." Let us take the first right. Mr. Thornton says explicitly that we have a "right" to retire to our own rooms, and "make beasts of ourselves to our heart's content." He adds that we should be doing very wrong, but that nobody would have a right to interfere. We presume therefore that Mr. Thornton is giving a theory, not of virtue generally, but only of the particular virtue of justice. We should be glad to know how he proves that the supposed indulgence appears to be wrong, for it would clear up his general theory of morality; but we must confine ourselves to the proposition he has stated. In the first place, then, his "absolute right" is not a right at all. Mr. Thornton would not allow a child of his own to make a beast of itself because it did not hurt anybody but the child. He must therefore amend his statement, and say that all people of sufficient age and understanding have a "right" to do as they please. But as soon as he introduces this qualification, he admits the utilitarian theory; for by what principle can he determine the age at which liberty should be conceded, except by discovering the age at which it will do more good than harm? But, further, the right in any sense is not self-evident. It is disputed by many men of the highest ability—for example, by Mr. Carlyle, for whom Mr. Thornton has a great reverence—and by all people who propose legislation for the suppression of drunkenness. How then would he answer them, except by again appealing to utilitarian principle? If unbounded liberty in self-regarding actions does more harm than good, why should we preserve a mischievous right? To this Mr. Thornton, who denies that he is an "intuitionist," answers by quietly assuming as notoriously true a most questionable principle. "No obligation, be it remembered," he says, "can arise except through some antecedent act of one or other of the parties concerned. Either a pledge of some sort must have been given, or a benefit of some sort received." In fact, Mr. Thornton appears to found justice upon some form of the social contract theory. That theory has been abandoned by all competent thinkers, and Mr. Thornton's quiet assurance "be it remembered" should be supplanted by "it was once held." At any rate, the doctrine being disputed, Mr. Thornton is bound to allege some reason in support of it. This supposed bargain between society and individuals is generally treated as a mere figment of no real validity. The only approach to an argument in favour of what is certainly not a self-evident proposition is contained in a subsequent passage. "Why is it," asks Mr. Thornton, "that every one has a right to fulfilment of engagements, to have faith kept with him, to have promises observed? Solely, as it seems to me, because whatever was promised to any one becomes eventually due, and because whatever is due, or owing, ought to be paid." This is obviously mere tautology. Mr. Thornton evades it in appearance by using the word "due"; but due means simply that to which any one has a right. And his answer to the question, Why is it right to keep promises? is simply that it is right because it is right. Thus if we admit, which we do not admit, that society has made a tacit engagement with every individual to take nothing from him without an equivalent, we are told in substance that the promise is binding because it is binding. Surely this is a very naïve device for escaping the obvious conclusion that promises ought to be kept because fidelity to engagements is a first condition of public welfare. But, admitting this, Mr. Thornton would have to admit utilitarianism; and thus, in the final result, he must either base his argument on utilitarianism, which he regards as an unspeakably inconsistent conglomeration of overstrained morality with excessively lax morality, or else he must take refuge in an intuition, though he denies himself to be an intuitionist, and though the primary axiom on which he relies as requiring no evidence is denied by the great majority of modern thinkers.

We should have been glad to follow Mr. Thornton through the ingenious cases which he has devised for the perplexity of utilitarians. To our mind, the utilitarian solution is very simple and far more reasonable than his own. But we have said enough; and as we have been engaged in attacking his opinions, we are glad to conclude with once more admitting his evident candour and the high tone of feeling which is evident throughout his pages.

DR. NEWMAN'S HISTORICAL SKETCHES.*

THESE *Historical Sketches* do not belong to the more serious and original of Dr. Newman's writings. Their character is what may be called occasional; they are comparatively light, both in substance and method, not professing to be the result of any very profound research, and not possessing, apart from the clearness with which they bring out the author's view of particular periods, an historical value of the highest kind. Even setting aside the errors, as we must think them, which are forced on a Roman Catholic writer by the inverted view he is obliged to take of many of the greatest men and phenomena of modern history, it would be easy to point out omissions and unintentional exaggerations which to some extent diminish the confidence we can feel in him as an historical guide. But the book has, equally with his more elaborate productions, those charms of style and manner which place Dr. Newman in the front rank of living English writers, and which indeed, it may with truth be said, give him in his own peculiar walk an almost undisputed pre-eminence. Few periods of English literature have been able to boast of a greater array of vigorous, active-minded writers and thinkers than our own; but few or none have possessed so few masters of English prose. And among these few, though the authors of *Sartor Resartus* and of the *Mill on the Floss* may be unrivalled in eloquence, richness, and force, this very force deprives them of the exquisite ease and grace which mark Dr. Newman's writing, where the ardour of the feeling illumines but does not trouble the serenity of the thought, the even and harmonious flow of the polished sentences.

Of the five essays included in this volume, the longest and most interesting is that entitled "On the Rise and Progress of Universities"—a series of papers written in 1854, when it was proposed to establish a Roman Catholic University in Ireland, and intended both to enlist public interest in the project and to explain the principles on which it should be carried out. They have, however, an interest and value altogether beyond the occasion of their appearance—an occasion which was, however, as was natural, stimulating to their author's imagination, and inspired him with an ideal which could never have been, and can less than ever now be, realized by a Catholic University in Dublin. No better illustration could be desired of the true University temper of mind than the contrast between Dr. Newman himself, in whom the spirit of Oxford as she was forty years ago (for she is something very different now) produced its fairest and most fragrant blossom, and prelates like Cardinal Cullen and Dr. MacHale, whose views and feelings would too surely dominate an ecclesiastical institution in Ireland. With all his passionate love for his faith, with all his efforts to see it in all things and all things in it, to represent it as the perennial source of life, motion, and progress in history, of happiness, purity, loftiness in the individual: with all his desire to accept it as the guiding star of humanity, and to ensure its

* *Historical Sketches.* By John Henry Newman, of the Oratory, some time Fellow of Oriel College. London: Basil Montagu Pickering. 1872.

dominion over the intellect and heart, he is himself in a curious way still independent of it, and still writes and thinks as one brought up in a freer, fresher air. Dr. Newman would doubtless urge that there is certainly nothing in religious life, nothing even in ecclesiastical influences, to destroy a man's sympathy with intellectual activity, with literary or artistic cultivation; and he could point to the mediæval Church itself as an instance of their union and their invigorating effect on one another. But to this it must be answered that the Roman Catholic Church now differs from the Catholic Church of the thirteenth century almost as much as do the Protestant Churches themselves, and is every year, through her hierarchy, assuming and enforcing on her subjects an attitude of more determined hostility to that free and genial play of intellectual light which radiated over Europe from the Universities of the middle age and still survives in those of the Protestant North. It is not fair to insist on the defects of English and Irish Romanist writers, since they have been excluded from our own seats of learning; but compare those Ultramontane writers whom the exclusively Catholic seminaries of France, Italy, or Spain produce with Dr. Newman himself, or with Dr. Dollinger, reared in the bracing atmosphere of Germany, and see how different is their attitude towards learning and mental life. Nothing is more striking in this volume, nothing more genuinely liberal, than the passage in which the author gives his idea of what a University should be:—

A University is a place of concourse whither students come from every quarter for every kind of knowledge. In the nature of things greatness and unity go together; excellence implies a centre. It is the place to which a thousand schools make contributions, in which the intellect may safely range and speculate, sure to find its equal in some antagonistic activity, and its judge in the tribunal of truth. It is a place where inquiry is pushed forward and discoveries verified and perfected, and rashness rendered innocuous, and error exposed by the collision of mind with mind and knowledge with knowledge. It is the place where the professor becomes eloquent and is a missionary and a preacher, displaying his science in its most complete and most winning form, pouring it forth with the zeal of enthusiasm, and lighting up his own love of it in the breasts of his hearers. It is the place where the catechist makes good his ground as he goes, treading in the truth day by day into the ready memory, and wedging and tightening it into the expanding reason. It is a place which wins the admiration of the young by its celebrity, kindles the affections of the middle aged by its beauty, and rivets the fidelity of the old by its associations. It is a seat of wisdom, a light of the world, a minister of the faith, an Alma Mater of the rising generation

And what a lively love for Athens, which Dr Newman takes as the type of such a University as he has been imagining, we see in the following description of Attica, the dwelling-place which nature had prepared for letters and philosophy!—

A confined triangle, perhaps fifty miles its greatest length, and thirty its greatest breadth; two elevated rocky barriers meeting at an angle; three prominent mountains commanding the plain—Parnes, Pentelicus, and Hymettus; an unsatisfactory soil; some streams not always full—such is about the report which the agent of a London company would have made of Attica. He would report that the climate was mild; the hills were limestone; there was plenty of good marble; more pasture land than at first survey might have been expected, sufficient certainly for sheep and goats; fisheries productive; silver mines once, but long since worked out; figs fair; oil first-rate, olives in profusion. But what he would not think of writing down was that the olive-tree was so choice in nature and so noble in shape that it excited a religious veneration; and that it took so kindly to the light soil as to expand into woods upon the open plain and to climb up and fringe the hills. He would not think of writing word to his employers how the clear air brought out, yet blended and subdued, the colours on the marble, till they had a softness and harmony for all their richness, which in a picture looks exaggerated, yet is after all within the truth. He would not tell how that same delicate and brilliant atmosphere freshened up the pale olive, till the olive forgot its monotony, and its cheek glowed like the arbutus or peach of the Cimbrian hills. He would say nothing of the thyme and thousand fragrant herbs which carpeted Hymettus; he would hear nothing of the hum of its bees, nor take much account of the rare flavour of its honey, since Gozo and Minorca were sufficient for the English demand. He would look over the Ægean from the height he had ascended; he would follow with his eye the chain of islands which, starting from the Sunian headland, seemed to offer the fabled divinities of Attica, when they would visit their Ionian cousins, a sort of viaduct thereto across the sea; but that fancy would not occur to him, nor any admiration of the dark violet billows with their white edges down below; nor of those graceful unlike jets of silver upon the rocks, which slowly rise aloft like water spirits from the deep, then shiver and break and spread, and shroud themselves and disappear in a soft mist of foam; nor of the gentle, incessant heaving and panting of the whole liquid plain, nor of the long waves keeping steady time like a line of soldiery, as they to ound upon the hollow shore; he would not deign to notice that restless living element at all, except to bless his stars that he was not upon it. Nor the distinct detail, nor the refined colouring, nor the graceful outline and roseate golden hue of the jutting crags, nor the bold shadows cast from Otus or Laurium by the declining sun—our agent of a mercantile firm would not value these matters even at a low figure. Rather we must turn for the sympathy we seek to yon pilgrim student, come from a semi-barbarous land to that small corner of the earth, as to a shrine where he might take his fill of gazing on those emblems and coruscations of invisible uncriginate perfection. It was the stranger from a remote province, from Britain or from Mauritania, who in a scene so different from that of his chilly woody swamps or of his fiery choking sands learned at once what a real University must be, by coming to understand the sort of country which was its suitable home.

The idea of this series of papers is to explain what a University should be and should aim at, by illustrations from the history of Greece, of the middle ages, of modern Oxford, showing what are the circumstances and needs which give birth to a great school of learning, and what the conditions of its continued and prosperous life. Two principles are laid down as essential—the one to its creation, its extension, its force and activity; the other to its maintenance in good order—Influence and Law. Like states or societies,

Universities begin in Influence, they end in System. At first whatever good they may have done has been the work of pressure, of personal exertions, of faith in persons, of personal attachments. Their professors have been a sort of preachers and missionaries, and have not only taught, but have won over or inflamed, their hearers. As time has gone on, it has been found out that personal influence does not last for ever; that individuals get past their work, that they die, that they cannot always be depended on, that they change; that if they are to be the exponents of a University, it will have no abidance, no steadiness; that it will be great and small again, and will inspire no trust. Accordingly system has of necessity been superadded to individual action; a University has been embodied in a constitution, it has exerted authority, it has been protected by rights and privileges, it has enforced discipline, it has developed itself into Colleges, and has admitted monasteries into its territory.

This notion is worked out historically by suggesting that, as the Athenians, with their passion for beauty, freedom and movement, first created learning and literature, and the love of them and the desire to teach them; so the Macedonians and Romans, following after, organized these things, gave them local dwellings in duly instituted schools, and transmitted to modern Europe the ideas of discipline and order which were impressed by the Church upon the monastic foundations, and which soon gave a definite shape and constitution to the early Universities, originally mere fortuitous concourses of students. Discipline, however, important as its function is in controlling and regulating, is after all the second thing; the first, the indispensable requisite of a University's effective life, is the energy of the individual teacher:—

It was the absence of rule, it was the action of personality, the intercourse of soul with soul, the play of mind upon mind; it was an admirable, spontaneous force which kept the schools of Athens going, and made the pulses of foreign intellects keep time with hers.

So, with great force and truth, Dr. Newman proceeds to point out, and illustrates by the career of Abelard, the natural and informal character of the first University teaching, the spontaneous pursuit of it just because it was what men were craving for, and could then obtain from the living voice only; and he is thus led into a discussion of the relative position towards one another of a University and the Colleges within it; of the respective functions of Professors and Tutors. A University, in his view,

embodies the principle of progress, a College that of stability; the one is the sail, and the other the ballast; each is insufficient in itself for the pursuit, extension, and inculcation of knowledge; each is useful to the other. A University is the scene of enthusiasm, of pleasurable exertion, of brilliant display, of reviving influence, of diffusive and potent sympathy; and a College is the scene of order, of obedience, of modest and persevering diligence, of conscientious fulfilment of duty, of mutual private services, and deep and lasting attachments.

The business of the professors in the one is to give the learner knowledge and the love of it; the duty of the tutors, and of College life altogether, is to test and confirm that knowledge, to form in him habits of industry and patience, preserve him from the dangers of University life, mould his character by advice and example. All this, and much more to similar purpose, is put here with singular felicity, and much practical sense; and it may be a pleasure for modern Oxford reformers to know that no one can urge more strongly than Dr. Newman does the importance of the University, and the necessity, in the case of that University to which his mind so often recurs, of rescuing it from the oppression of the Colleges, and relegating them to their proper place. The difference is that he expects more from the action of tutors and Colleges, and has a more definite belief in the possibility of maintaining professors and tutors side by side with these prescribed functions, than one finds existing among those reformers. In their eyes the tendency of College tutors seems to be more and more to become virtually professors, in a smaller field perhaps, but making their teaching independent and primary—in fact, University teaching in Dr. Newman's sense—not merely auxiliary and disciplinary. As, however, our object is to present Dr. Newman's views, and not to strike the balance in the great cause of University *versus* Colleges, we refrain from following out a controversy which we have hardly left ourselves space to recapitulate, and still less to discuss.

The graceful sketch entitled "Mediæval Oxford," which, in the form of a review of the late Dr. Ingram's Memorials, contains some notices of the earlier history of the University, has a curious interest to us now, as showing what were the hopes and beliefs of Dr. Newman and his friends in 1838, when the first mutterings were heard of the storm which has since swept over the most conservative of all English institutions:—

Institutions come to nothing which are untrue to the principle which they embody. Oxford has failed in all respects; has compromised its dignity, and has done injury to its inward health and stability, as often as it has forgotten that it was a creation of the middle ages, and has affected new fashions, or yielded to external pressure. . . . A few years ago, a passing humour seized it to open its gates to the Association for Science; Dissenters of all hues were brought to gaze upon its buildings, its precious things, the silver and the gold and the spices and the precious ointments—there was nothing among its treasures that it showed them not. Four of the most eminent among them, each of a separate persuasion, were honoured with degrees; and it was condescendingly predicted by not the least eminent of his body (Unitarian, I believe), that by such a policy Oxford had added a hundred years to its existence. Scarcely had a twelvemonth passed, when the fruits of that policy appeared; those who had been admitted to covet, felt disposed to steal; they felt a greater pang that its gates were closed against them than pleasure in the memory of the short week during which they had been opened to them; and the visit of the *sauans* to Alma Mater was the precursor of the Bill introduced into the Commons for the permanent admission of Dissenters to its lecture rooms. Such is the inevitable consequence of aping or of trembling at the external world . . . . It is really losing time and toil to deny what is as plain as day, that Oxford has, and ever has had, what men of the world will call a Popish character; that in opinion and tone of thought its members are successors of the old monks, or that those who now speak against Wesleyans and Independents

would also have opposed the Foxes and Knoxes of the Reformation. Surely it is our wisdom, as we follow, so to profess we follow, ancient times. Let us not fear to connect ourselves with our predecessors; let us discern in our beautiful homes the awful traces of the past, and the past will stand by us. Let us stand upon the vestiges of the old city, and with the hero in the poet's romance we shall find a talisman amid the ruins. "The talisman is faith."

To set this passage beside the striking one in Mr. Gladstone's *Chapter of Autobiography* in which he dilates on the feelings and hopes with which he and his friends regarded the Church of England and her destiny in these same years (1832-45) suggests many reflections as to the incapacity of even the greatest intellects, animated by the highest and most disinterested purposes, to discern the signs of their own times. Dr. Newman has abjured Oxford; Mr. Gladstone has opened all its honours and emoluments to Dissenters, and overthrown the Irish Establishment. The University which they looked upon as the home of sentimental conservatism, the guardian of mediæval traditions in religion and philosophy, has become a centre of vehement radicalism and bold theological speculation.

A PROFITABLE BOOK UPON DOMESTIC LAW.*

THIS book is better described by the head-line "Essays for Englishwomen and Law Students" than by the catching but somewhat vague terms of the principal title. The matter of Perkins Junior's work is almost entirely different from that of the original Perkins, and he has adopted the very opposite manner. The original "Profitable Book" is a strictly technical treatise on the most technical branch of English Law, while the volume now before us aims at giving the substance of the law touching the everyday dealings of mankind in their families and households in a more popular form than is done in books intended for the profession. The author seems to understand by "domestic law" very much what Continental writers understand by the law of the family—that is, first, the law which governs the relations of husband and wife, and of parent and child, so far as these are subject to positive law; next the modifications produced in the law of property when it comes into contact with these relations. Perkins Junior adds some account of the law of master and servant, which, as a matter of considerable domestic interest to every householder, may naturally find a place in a work meant for the guidance of unprofessional masters and mistresses, though scientifically considered it has nothing to do with the family, being only one of the many special developments of the general principles of contract. It is less easy to see why we should find in this book chapters on real property, the jurisdiction of the Court of Chancery in cases of undue influence, and evidence. It is no doubt true that the law of the family cannot be rightly understood without some previous understanding of the law of property in general, and in thus saying we take property in a wide sense to include both rights of ownership and rights arising out of contract or personal duty. Take, for instance, the subject of voluntary settlements, on which our author touches lightly, leading the reader off the dangerous ground to the practical and certainly wise conclusion that no voluntary settlement should be attempted without the most careful legal advice. Not that what he does say is careless or hasty; on the contrary, he gives without constraint, and yet in a remarkably small space, a statement as nearly accurate as the existing state of the authorities well admits of. However, every reader who begins to think about the matter will find himself confronted by a legion of questions which can be disentangled only by some knowledge of the simpler principles of law. A settlement is a special kind of transaction, generally involving complex relations both of ownership and of contract. Before the qualities of this compound body, so to speak, or the operation of extraneous influences on it, can be understood, it is proper to understand the qualities of the simpler elements which go to make it up. Thus, what is a voluntary settlement? A settlement made without consideration. What is consideration? Money, or money's worth, or marriage, will serve for a rough answer; but the true and comprehensive notion expressed in this form, a notion which indeed has been developed and fully settled only in comparatively recent times, can be obtained only through familiarity with the leading ideas of the law of contracts. Again, a settlement may be impeached on various grounds—fraud amongst others. What is fraud? Most people think they know in a general way what is meant by a fraudulent action, and so they do for ordinary purposes. But for legal purposes it is different. The effects of fraud in its various degrees vary according to the nature of the transaction, the persons, and the circumstances. That degree of fraud which will entitle a man to be released from his bargain before he has performed it may not entitle him to have it undone after it is performed. The law calls many things fraud which are commonly called only carelessness or improvidence, and does not deem some things fraud which most folks would be inclined to deem so. And many other preliminary and accompanying questions might be added. In short, what may be called mixed family law (as distinguished from that branch which concerns the wholly personal relations) is exceedingly complicated, and any one who undertakes to expound it can hardly avoid either prefixing some explanation or presupposing some understanding of the more simple parts of the law.

* *Essays for Englishwomen and Law Students: a Profitable Book upon Domestic Law.* By Perkins Junior, M.A., Barrister-at-Law. London: Longmans & Co. 1873.

Now we have here a preliminary chapter on Real Estate, but not on anything else. This can be explained on two suppositions. Possibly the author may have considered that to know the law of real property is the gift of fortune, but that the law of personal property and contract comes by nature. This view would be in some measure countenanced by the present course of preparation for the Bar, especially the Equity Bar, in this country. But the addition of the chapters on the Court of Chancery and Evidence would remain unexplained. The other hypothesis to which we rather incline is that the book is to be regarded not as an organic whole, but as a collection of essays bound together mainly by a presumed common interest for unprofessional readers.

Probably every one will agree with Perkins Junior that it would be a good thing if the law of England were more generally known amongst Englishmen, and also Englishwomen, than it now is. The reason he reserves for the last, however, strikes us as weak. It is that "our lady novelists, much at home in the love-making, are often sadly at sea with the law, and we would befriend them." There is at least one brilliant exception, for which a writer who dedicates his book to "his fair friends" with professions of unbounded devotion ought to have given the ladies credit. Can Perkins Junior have forgotten how in *Felix Holt* the very singular and artificial institution of English real property law known as a base fee is used, and used with perfect accuracy, as a material ingredient in the plot? We have heard, indeed, that in this case George Eliot's skill failed of its reward; for unlearned readers, not knowing the mysteries connected with estates tail which caused a Chief Justice to lay down that "the reason of the operation of a recovery is in its nature inscrutable," thought the law as correctly given in the novel so odd that it must be wrong. It is a doubtful question, we think, whether the author of this "Profitable Book" has hit on the right method for making the law popular. That which he has chosen is to disguise the formal character of his subject by an occasional inartificial turn of language, and by interspersing digressions, anecdotes, and moral reflections, sometimes on very slender pretexts; thus he discourses through six or seven pages on the conditions of happiness in married life. This may perhaps be fairly called a variety of the "Philosophy in Sport made Science in Earnest" method. Some such plan has been tried in almost every branch of knowledge, but we believe it on the whole to be misconceived. The most popular treatment of a subject is in the long run the most clear, and the most clear will be the most scientific and the least encumbered with extraneous matter. We have little doubt that a good Code would do more to popularize the law than any amount of text-books or other books written down to the supposed level of the lay population. It is indeed almost impossible to make explanations simple when the form of the law is involved in complexities most interesting indeed to the student, as showing the history of its growth, but not so pleasing to those who want to know what the substance of the existing law is. Recent Indian legislation affords abundant matter for example and contrast. We take an instance almost at random. What can be plainer, more reasonable, more likely to command general assent than this?—

> When a party to a contract has refused to perform, or disabled himself from performing, his promise in its entirety, the promisee may put an end to the contract, unless he has signified, by words or conduct, his acquiescence to its continuance.
>
> When a person at whose option a contract is voidable rescinds it, the other party thereto need not perform any promise therein contained in which he is promisor. The party rescinding a voidable contract shall, if he have received any benefit thereunder from another party to such contract, restore such benefit, so far as may be, to the person from whom it was received.
>
> A person who rightfully rescinds a contract is entitled to compensation for any damage which he has sustained through the non-fulfilment of the contract.

These are three sections of an Act which has been the law of British India since the 1st of September last. Though not consecutive, we have cited them together as supplementing and bearing on one another. They convey a clear and intelligible meaning even without the authoritative illustrations annexed in the Act. They are also substantially equivalent to the law of England on the same subject. But the English rules have to be pieced out by way of a string of exceptions from a general technical rule, both the rule and the exceptions being expressed in language of which a layman could make next to nothing; and no English text-writer could venture of his own private judgment to state the result of the whole process with the lucid brevity of the Indian Act. It will be interesting to learn in due course of time what effect the Contract Act and the Evidence Act will have on the legal education of the Indian and Anglo-Indian communities. Perhaps we have no right to expect any conspicuous immediate results; but we are convinced that the true way to restore law to its proper place in the life of the nation, and rescue it from ignorance on the one side and specialism on the other, is to embody the law itself in a form that may be accepted as good food for the mind, and to put no trust in any devices for administering it as a gilt pill in popular abridgments.

But to return to Perkins Junior and his work. The execution of his design is more satisfactory than the design itself. His statements of English law, so far as we have verified them, are careful and accurate. We observe that in one or two places, where the law is not quite settled, there occur sudden gaps in the references (which are collected at the end, to avoid the usual alarming aspect of a law book); and this though the text shows that the writer has not neglected to take counsel of the latest

authorities. Such places are those in which references are most wanted, and the omission is strange. It will not matter to lay readers, but it might be very troublesome to a law student, and is the more to be regretted as the book is one which law students may well find useful, and which we suspect will be more used by them than by the Englishwomen for whom it is in the first place intended.

Some of the introductory and collateral matter is hastily expressed, and not unlikely to mislead. The description of the Court of Chancery in its action "as a Court of honour and conscience, requiring the observance of duties which have been termed of imperfect obligation," is too wide and highly coloured, and might induce an unwary reader to suppose that Courts of Equity are bound by no rules, and undertake to enforce every kind of moral duty. There are also at the beginning some rather loose remarks on codification. Perkins Junior says:—

> Whether there should be an authoritative Digest appears to be disputed; but it is certain that the Law cannot be codified until it is digested. Perhaps the reader will be surprised to hear that the Pandects were a Digest, on whose completion Justinian found it necessary to call in his original Code and supersede it by a new one.

Each sentence of this paragraph is a puzzle. The first contradicts most experience out of England, and what in England is now the prevailing and better opinion. As to the second, any one who has heard of the Pandects or Digest at all will probably know that the names are convertible, were used as such by the authority which promulgated the work, and have been so used ever since. On the other hand, no care whatever is taken to guard the reader who is supposed to know so little against thinking that the Code of Justinian was anything like a Code in the modern sense. We find also in the notes on this chapter a very odd piece of legal genealogy:—"The Novels of Justinian were the offspring of the Pandects and the Code"—which we leave for the consideration of the curious.

However, we have only one positive error to lay to Perkins Junior's charge, and that is not in anything relevant to his main purpose. In speaking of parental authority, he quotes the well-known Winchester inscription—

> Aut disce, aut discede, manet sors tertia cædi—

a precept too largely construed by Prefects who hold the command *disce* to include the learning of "notions," and the sanction *cædi* to authorise the inculcation of such learning by the ground-ash. But for *sors tertia* the quotation unaccountably substitutes *pars altera*, which leaves the verse good, but is doubtful Latin. We do not feel moved to any grave indignation at the slip, but we are bound in common charity to warn Perkins Junior betimes, that he may fly from the vengeance which some zealous Wykehamist is doubtless preparing for him.

LIFE AND DEATH OF BISHOP BEDELL.*

THIS contemporary Life of Bishop Bedell comes at a fit time, now that so much is being talked about the relations between England and Ireland, and specially during Bedell's own days. Bedell stands out as one of an unpopular class, the English and Protestant holder of an Irish Bishopric who, at the time when the mutual hatred of English and Irish was at its height, yet won the affections of the Irish people. He had indeed his share of hardships in the Rebellion; but it is plain that he merely paid the penalty for others, and that, if all the English settlers—perhaps even if all the Protestant Bishops—had been like him, the Rebellion might very likely never have happened. The wild ceremony at his burial is the best witness of his peculiar position. The armed rebels paid military honours to his body, and fired volleys over his grave. And their strange farewell or prayer, "Requiescat in pace ultimus Anglorum," marks him out better than anything else as the one beloved member of a hated class. His great monument is of course the translation of the Old Testament into Irish, which was set on foot by him, though it was not finished by him. The work has a philological value which Bedell perhaps did not think of. Within living memory the Bible which Bedell caused to be translated into Irish was still the Bible commonly in use among the Gaelic-speaking inhabitants of North Britain. So slight was the degree in which the two dialects had parted asunder that a translation meant for the use of the Scots of Ireland could be made use of by the Scots of Britain. It is worth notice that, in the letters of Robert Boyle about this matter, some of which are printed in the Appendix, the Gaelic of Scotland is always spoken of as "Irish," as it commonly was in those days, though the name might puzzle many people now. The translation of the Bible moreover was not Bedell's only work on behalf of the natives of Ireland; for he also printed an Irish catechism, and, what one would hardly have looked for, translations of some of the homilies of St. John Chrysostom and Leo the Great. And, if Bedell was loved by the natives, his very love for the natives was one cause among others which led him into many difficulties with his own countrymen in Ireland. The publication of his Bible was opposed by Bramhall and altogether hindered by Strafford, and he had further to strive against various forms of corruption and misgovernment which beset him in the management of his diocese. The whole life of Bedell after he had finally settled in Ireland makes a tale of deep interest; but it is one which is not a little sad.

The present volume which the Camden Society has put forth consists of a Life of Bishop Bedell, written by his son William. The editor, Mr. Jones, describes himself as the representative of the Bishop's mother's family of Elliston, in which character he puts into his Appendix, among some things which are of value and which concern the Life of Bishop Bedell, some other things which are of no interest to any one except the representative of the family of Elliston. And, in editing the Bishop's life, he now and then alters a word or two when the Bishop's son made a small slip in a date or such like. Mr. Jones, as far as we can see, always tells us in some part or other of the book when he has done this, but it is not the less a thing which ought not to be done. In editing a contemporary authority, what is wanted is to give the exact words of the contemporary authority. If the original writer makes a mistake in any point, his editor ought to point it out in a note, but he should leave the text itself untouched. Mr. Jones's changes of this kind seem to be very few and very small, still the practice ought to be protested against as leading to ways of dealing with original texts which might come to destroy all confidence. Mr. Jones has, we think, clearly shown that the Life was written by the Bishop's son William, a clergyman, and not by his other son, Captain Ambrose Bedell, who served in the war against the Irish rebels, and who seems to have lived afterwards as a country gentleman in Ireland. Of all these people, as well as of the Bishop himself and several of his friends, Mr. Jones has with praiseworthy diligence gathered together a great number of particulars, but he leaves out one point about which we should like to know something. Bedell's son William, his father's biographer, was in 1644 (1645?) presented to the rectory of Rattlesden, in Suffolk, where he lived peacefully till his death in 1671. We naturally wish to know something of the ecclesiastical principles and conduct of a man who kept a living without interruption from 1644 or 1645 to 1671. He was a regular priest of the Anglican Church, having been ordained by his father, and having held a living in Ireland before he moved into Suffolk. How came such an one to be able to conform to the state of things in Suffolk in 1644 or 1645, and if so, how came he to be able to conform to the state of things brought back in 1660? Mr. Jones describes him as escaping from "that hurricane of human passion stirred up by national animosity and intensified by religious hate which swept over Ireland, leaving this and that before and behind it"; and he finds "relief in contemplating Mr. Bedell and his family in the refuge he had gained in his own county and among his own people." But he does not give us a word to explain conduct which at first sight seems to put Mr. Bedell on a level with the Vicar of Bray or Bishop Kitchin of Llandaff.

But we will go back again from the biographer to his more famous father. With regard to Bedell, as to everybody else, we must always bear in mind, what it is not always easy to bear in mind, that he was not born at the age nor in possession of the office for which he is best known. He was born in Essex in 1571, he had therefore reached a mature age before the death of Elizabeth, and it is plain that, though not a zealot either way, he inclined rather to the Puritan than to the Laudian party in the Church. But what specially distinguishes him, his love and care for the native part of his Irish flock, was altogether his own, and was not shared by either party. At Cambridge he was Scholar and Fellow of Emmanuel College, then a specially Puritan foundation, and he was further a kind of disciple of William Perkins of Christ's College, a famous leader of that party in those days. He seems to have been a thorough student in all the learning of his time, taking in the Semitic as well as the classical and modern languages. He had the advantage of seeing other lands when he was chaplain in James the First's time to Sir Henry Wotton, then ambassador at Venice, where he made the acquaintance of Fra Paolo, and where he had many opportunities both of enlarging his studies and of disputing with learned Roman Catholics and Jews; on this latter point his biographer tells us with some simplicity:—

> During his abode in Italy he found opportunity of converse with some of the learneder sort of the Jews, wherein he intended these two purposes, the bettering himself in his skill in the Hebrew, and the drawing some of them to the embracing of Christ. In the former the success answered, but not so in the later, that people being extraordinarily stiffnecked, as the Scripture foretold us.

Afterwards he held the living of Horningheath, near Bury St. Edmunds. Here began his first difficulty of a class with which he was pursued during his whole life—that is, questions arising out of ecclesiastical corruptions, understanding thereby, not questions of doctrine or ceremony, but abuses in the temporal side of the ecclesiastical administration, exactions of ecclesiastical courts and the like. Against these Bedell had to struggle all his days, both as presbyter and as bishop. The first difficulty was when he was presented to Horningheath by his friend, Sir Thomas Jermyn, when he refused to pay the high, and, as he held, illegal fees demanded by the Bishop's officers for his institution. In this case, after some correspondence, the Bishop, who seems to have had no personal interest in the matter, gave way, and Bedell was instituted, it being left to him to pay the Bishop's officers only what he thought good. Presently he had a long law suit about tithes, as he held it his duty to maintain the rights of his church and of his successors, though we are told that he was equally careful on the other side in keeping up all that it was his duty to keep up. His tithe suit also carried with it the incidental gain that it

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* *A True Relation of the Life and Death of the Right Reverend Father in God William Bedell, Lord Bishop of Kilmore in Ireland.* Edited from a MS. in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, &c., by Thomas Wharton Jones, F.R.S. Published for the Camden Society. 1872

caused him to learn something of law which afterwards stood him in good stead. While holding this living, he was elected a proctor in Convocation for the diocese, and his son gives a somewhat graphic account of the election; how "there was much packing and plotting and making of friends, by the more ambitious of the clergy, to be chosen for that honour, as they accounted it." At last the ambitious ones, unable to agree among themselves, joined with one consent to elect Bedell, who had not even come to the meeting. Bedell's notions of the value of a seat in Convocation are worth recording:—

> The news whereof no sooner came to his ears but it presently affected him with a great deal of grief and dislike, as he spared not to his friends sadly to express to this effect that he knew he should but lose his time.

This was the Convocation which accompanied the Parliament of 1623, a Parliament which the British Solomon found fiercer than he liked on several points, and which so far deserves our respect, though modern toleration would not admire its savage outcries for further persecutions of Papists.

Bedell was next, in 1627, moved to Ireland, being appointed Provost of Trinity College, Dublin. The appointment seems then to have been made in the same irregular way as the appointment to Old-Foundation Deaneries. Bedell was named by the King, but he was elected and admitted by the unanimous consent of the Fellows. So too, after Bedell's removal, the King first forbids any election till his pleasure shall be known; but the Fellows, backed by their late Provost, prayed for freedom of election, and they seem to have got it. It is worth noticing that Bedell, during his short tenure of the Provostship, was chosen one of the representatives of the University in the Irish Parliament; but he declined the post. The election of a clergyman was therefore plainly not illegal; but was it likely to have happened in any but an academical constituency? At Dublin too Bedell had his troubles; but they did not take quite the same form as those of days before or after, being chiefly disputes within the College. For instance, Dr. Hoyle, the Professor of Divinity, publicly preached at the Provost; but the matter ended in peace, for "they debated the business largely together like scholars, all in Latin, without any witness, unless a Sizar, and parted good friends." Was a Sizar looked on as so little human that he might witness the disputes of a Provost and a Professor, as it used to be said that Russian ladies allowed serfs to wait on them in their dressing-rooms, on the ground that serfs were not men?

Bedell had been less than two years at Dublin, when he was appointed in 1629 to the two Bishoprics of Kilmore and Ardagh, the latter of which he afterwards gave up from a conscientious scruple against holding two Bishoprics at once. Here his troubles were largely of the same kind as those which he had gone through in his Suffolk living. He was engaged in long suits with the Chancellor of his diocese, and was endlessly grieved with the exactions by which his officers ground down his flock, especially the Irish part of it. We also hear of strange interferences with his patronage, especially with regard to a living which he had given to Murtagh King, who was his chief agent in his Irish translation of the Bible. The minute accounts of all these matters, which have been collected by Mr. Jones, put Strafford's government in Ireland in a very unfavourable light from quite a new point of view. Amongst other things, in 1638, Bedell held a Diocesan Synod, about which further storms arose; the acts of this Synod and the rules made by it are printed by Mr. Jones in the Appendix, and are well worth looking at. With regard to rites and ceremonies, he seems to have been attacked on both sides; one of the charges against him suggests an inquiry which it would be well for any local antiquary who is familiar with Kilmore to work out at length. Bedell says, in a letter to Archbishop Laud,

> When I was a minister in Suffolk, I placed the Communion Table in the upper part of my chancel. In Kilmore Cathedral, finding the Bishop's chair in that part, I said that I would never sit there, it being the ancient place of the altar.

On this Mr. Jones comments:—

> This, it is to be observed, is probably the origin of the slander raised by his enemies against him, that he wished to pull down his predecessor's seat in the chancel, and to set up an altar instead.

There was something very anomalous about the diocese of Kilmore, where there were no particular canons or prebendaries, but where the Bishop's Chapter was formed of all the beneficed clergy of the diocese. Is it possible that the ancient use of placing the Bishop's chair in the extreme east end, with the altar before it—an arrangement to be seen in all its glory at Torcello—can have anyhow lingered on at Kilmore?

The whole of the matter which Mr. Jones has collected with regard to Bedell's episcopate, besides the original narrative of the Bishop's son, will be found worthy of careful study, as illustrations of the state of things in Ireland at that time. They are materials of the right sort, which in the hands of a critical historian would prove of great value.

GUBERNATIS'S ZOOLOGICAL MYTHOLOGY.*

(Second Notice.)

WHATEVER may be the issue of the battle, it may be safely said that the controversy which turns on the method and the conclusions of Comparative Mythologists is by no means drawing near its end. Possibly on one side the feeling of irritation may be greater, because the concession of certain principles has been followed by a protest against the continued application of those principles, without any attempt to define the limits beyond which they become inapplicable. That some passages in Vedic hymns, and some stories in Greek or Latin or Teutonic tradition, are mythical, and that the myths on which these tales are founded relate to the phenomena of the outward world, no one probably will now be found to dispute. That the stealing away of Persephonê and her restoration to the mourning mother point to the departure of summer and the grief of Nature until the summer maiden comes back, is admitted by every one; nor perhaps will any deny that the plucking of the Narcissus or stupifying plant is a singularly appropriate action for Persephonê at the moment when she is seized by the dark King with his coal-black steeds, or that her meeting with Demeter is very fitly localized at Eleusis, the trysting-place. The story of Selênê visiting Endymion as he sleeps in the Latmian cave of forgetfulness is dismissed as solar or lunar with a kind of impatient contempt as being a point too clear to be debated; and with the same impatience it is conceded that, as Selênê is the moon, and as in another version Endymion is the husband of Asterodia, who becomes the mother of fifty children, Asterodia must be only another name for Selênê, and that the very name must denote the moon wandering among the stars. But that, when this has been granted, Comparative Mythologists should go on to say that Endymion, lulled in his magic slumber in the Latmian cave, where Selênê watches over him, is simply Odysseus imprisoned in the grotto of Calypso and the palace of Circe, or Tanhäuser fascinated by the Venus of the Horselberg—the hill of Horsel or Ursel, the moon goddess, who in the Christianized myth reappears as Ursula with her eleven thousand virgins—and that Endymion, Odysseus, and Tanhäuser appear again as True Thomas captivated by the Fairy Queen in the woods of Ercildoune, a name reflecting again the Teutonic Horselberg; all this is declared to be unbearable, not because any reason has been given why these conclusions cannot be accepted, but because such comparisons endanger, as it is supposed, the human character of the Iliad or the Odyssey, and may even threaten further disastrous consequences to some of the dramas of Shakspeare.

The science of Comparative Mythology may or may not be spurious; but an opposition thus managed is radically unphilosophical. It is in no way our duty to decide that Achilleus, Odysseus, Herakles, Perseus, and a great many more are or are not only different forms of one and the same hero, and that the story of Helen, Paris, and Achilleus is at bottom the same as the story of Sita, Ravana, and Rama; and we must be understood to hold ourselves entirely neutral in the controversy. But neutrality may involve the duty of seeing that the play is fair, and the play is not fair when the antagonists on one side propound a method which seems to be identical with the method of Comparative Philology, and when their opponents, without assigning any reasons, insist that the method is shown to be false if the results yielded by it are to them unsatisfactory or disagreeable. Clearly only one of two courses is open to the latter. Either they must deny that the mythologists have any evidence at all on which they may make a stand, or they must be content to examine the evidence adducible in each given case before attempting to pronounce any verdict. If they are not (and it would seem that they are not) prepared to take the former course, they must share the fate which sooner or later comes on all who refuse fairly to look facts in the face.

In truth, science has nothing whatever to do with consequences. If a fact so dreadful as the phenomenal origin of some of the stories into which Shakspeare has introduced an infinite wealth of human feeling should be established, it cannot be helped and must be accepted; and perhaps the effort to swallow it may not be more painful than that which some must have made in embracing the belief of Galileo in the stability of the sun and the motion of the earth. Nay, we must even bear it as best we may, if it should be found (we do not say it has been found) that some of the homeliest of our nursery rhymes point to phenomenal myths long forgotten or wholly misunderstood. Professor Gubernatis must be prepared for a large amount of ridicule for introducing into his pages the exploit of the cow jumping over the moon as a feat which may possibly be explained by the imagery of Hindu traditions. It is quite possible that in this or in other instances his interpretation may be groundless; but a thousand mistakes in the classification of legends can no more prove the falsity of his method than the same or a larger number of blunders in the analysis or the mixture of drugs can prove the non-existence of the sciences of chemistry and medicine. It is more than possible, it may be next to certain, that some of his conclusions may be set aside, or that hereafter he may see reason for setting them aside himself; but in the meanwhile he is perfectly justified in bringing the myths of Eastern and Western nations into groups, according to any classification which seems likely to guide to fresh knowledge of their origin or their growth. In thus grouping them he is engaged in the simple process of the colligation of facts; and until this process is complete, the work of induction, even if begun, can certainly not be brought to an end. In this task he is doing only what mythologists in Germany, France, and England have done before him; nor can we deny due weight to the fact that his researches seem to strengthen indefinitely their general conclusions. When independent thinkers work in the same field with substantially the same results, there is at least a possibility that they are neither cheating themselves

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* *Zoological Mythology; or, Legends of Animals.* By Angelo de Gubernatis, Professor of Sanskrit and Comparative Literature in the Istituto di Studii Superiori at Florence. London: Trübner. 1872.

nor deceiving others as to the real nature of the soil. This general harmony of a school which has now been growing for half a century has been far too much lost sight of; and in this country there has been of late a disposition, scarcely excusable, to fasten first upon Professor Max Müller, and then upon Mr. Cox, assertions and conclusions which had been put forth years before by other writers, and which ought long ago to have been examined and accepted or rejected. Like them, Professor Gubernatis feels that he is engaged in a work the importance of which, if the science has a real foundation, can scarcely be exaggerated; and with praiseworthy candour he admits that he has embarked in the same boat with them, and is ready to share generally the responsibility of their conclusions:—

I recognize with gratitude [he says] the labours of Max Müller and Cox upon Greek mythology, the writings of Michael Bréal upon Roman mythology, the immortal work of Adalbert Kuhn upon the Indo-European myth of fire and water, and a few other helpful beacon towers which send their light shafts clear and steady athwart the waste, and serve as useful guides to the studious navigator of the *mare magnum* of the myths. And because that which there is yet to do is immense in proportion to the little that has been done well, I shall take for granted what has been demonstrated by my learned predecessors, and go on with my own researches, restricting myself, however, entirely to the zoological field.—I. 262.

It cannot of course be pretended that the ground traversed by Professor Gubernatis is altogether different from that which has already been trodden by Comparative Mythologists; but the classification which he has adopted has this great advantage, that it scrutinizes from a different point of view evidence some or most of which has been already examined. It is even a further gain (although it may be won at the cost of some repetitions), if it be shown that the myths which have grown round objects in the natural world are as numerous and complicated as the forms and colours which those objects may assume in different aspects and under changed conditions. If we take the most obvious and familiar of all phenomena—those, namely, which are caused by or connected with the sun—we can scarcely help feeling that the task merely of making a list of these would be endless. The sun of summer and the sun of winter, the sun of the arctic regions and the sun of the torrid zone, the sun gaining strength at every moment in the morning, or sinking down on his blood-red couch in the evening, the sun as travelling in solitary splendour through a cloudless sky, or doing battle with the vapours which threaten to blot his light out of the heaven, is in each case presented even to our minds as a distinct image, with its own peculiar associations; and we have ready to fall back on what Mr. Tylor would call the animistic stage in the history of mankind in order to see that to the primitive men every one of these images would denote a living person, whose fortunes might be made the subject, not merely of a mythical tale, but of a complete epic. With them the forms of these living beings were determined by the conditions of their own life; or, as Professor Gubernatis puts it, the ancient Aryan tribes were essentially pastoral, and the ideas suggested by this life were transferred to the heavens. Their great wish was "to increase the number of the cows, to render them fruitful in milk, and prolific in calves." The bull, therefore, was to them "the type of every male perfection, and the symbol of regal strength." Hence the man who stole or drove off the cows was the worst enemy of the ancient Aryan, while he who recovered them was the best and the most illustrious of his friends. But in the heaven "there is a beneficent fruitful power which is called the cow, and a beneficent *fœcundator* of this power which is called the bull." That the rain-giving clouds would naturally be spoken of as the milk-giving cows is perhaps universally conceded; but Professor Gubernatis argues that, if this be granted, the comparison of the dark clouds which give no rain to thieves which carry off the cows, or to monsters who keep them shut up in their prison-house, is equally natural and equally necessary. If the cows are to be brought back, there must be a battle, and this battle is the struggle of the bull Indra to set his herd free; nor can this task be done until he has slain the black monster, who spits fire and hurls thunderbolts from his den. But if to the ancient Aryan the prosperity of his herds was of the first importance, the horse was also an animal whose splendid qualities he keenly appreciated. It was therefore natural that the sun climbing up the heaven should be compared with the invincible war-steed. Thus at once the sun becomes both a horse and a bull, and may, by a not less natural process, become the rider or charioteer who guides both horses and bulls at his will; and a starting-point is furnished for legions of myths which may pass into shapes strangely unlike those which they had worn at starting.

It is clearly on this point that the controversy turns: and on this ground it must be fought out. Unless the opponents of the new science can say definitely that the sun and the clouds were never compared to bulls, cows, or horses, or to any other animals, whether brute or human, they must lay down a line beyond which mythologists are not to advance, and they must assign a scientific reason for so doing. Failure to do this is a virtual confession of defeat. Our neutral position frees us from this necessity. We are quite ready to weigh the evidence which may be urged in favour of the mythical origin of the stories of King Lear, Hamlet, or Othello, or, as the remarks of Professor Gubernatis on the legend of the two brothers Cienzo and Meo (I. 329) would seem to imply, of Shakspeare's *Comedy of Errors*; but critics who are not content to be neutral must either give reasons for denying that myths are flexible, and that the attributes of ancient mythical personages are in many cases interchangeable, or they must give place to those who assert that they are, and who bring forward the evidence on which their conclusions rest. That the arguments of Professor Gubernatis are fortified by evidence formidable at least in quantity can scarcely be doubted when we find a reference to passages in the *Rig Veda* for every single phrase in the following sentence:—

The two Hindu Dioscuri—that is, the Açvinâu, the two horsemen, derive their name from the açvas, or horse, as being the swift one; and they are very probably identical with the two fair-haired, amiable, splendid, and ardent coursers of Indras, of Savitar (the sun), and proper and worthy to bear heroes, who yoke themselves at a word, are maued, adapted to make fruitful, full of life, having eyes like the sun, made by the Ribhavas who, as they made the cow out of a cow, also made a horse out of the horse, black, with white feet, drawing the chariot with the golden yoke, revealing the beings; the rapid ones, the most rapid ones; plunging into the inebriating drink before Indras yokes them; beautiful, by means of which the chariot of the Açvinâu is as swift as thought; who carry Indras, as every day they carry the sun; are the two rays of the sun; who neigh, dropping ambrosia; the very pure horses of the bull Indras, inebriated, who illumine the sky; with manes the colour of a peacock; bridled sixty times; beneficent, winged, indefatigable, resolute destroyers (of the enemies).—I. 286.

When the Vedic hymn-makers tell us that the horses of the Açvinâu are the rays of the sun, it seems as difficult to deny that they made the comparison as to call in question the interpretation which the witch herself gives in one of the Russian stories of Afanasieff. The girl in this tale sees, as night comes on, a black horseman who disappears underground, at dawn a white horseman on a white horse, and as the sun rises a red horseman on a red horse. She is told by no less an authority than the witch that the black horseman represents the dark night, the white horseman the clear day, and the red horseman the little red sun (i. 298). If this be so, some strong reason must be shown for denying that the tradition of the twelve old men round the fire, or of the twelve ruddy daughters of the King of Light, in the Gaelic Lay of Magnus, in Campbell's *West Highland Tales*, refers simply to the months of the year; but it is not for us to say that this strong reason may not be forthcoming.

Whatever again may be the fate of our Homeric traditions as a whole, it will need some skill to show that the steeds of Achilleus who speak and weep are not the horses who weep in the Râmâyanam, when their master Ravanas comes forth to his final conflict with Rama, and who appear again even in the graver histories of later ages:—

Suetonius in the life of Cæsar writes that the horses consecrated by Cæsar to Mars and then set at liberty, after the passage of the Rubicon, refused to eat, and wept abundantly. Note that this legend of the horses that weep is connected with the passage of water—of the Rubicon, a river which no geographer has been able to identify with any certainty, probably because the legend of Cæsar relating to it is a fable of mythical origin.—I. 350.

It will be even a harder task to prove that in the wide regions of the mythical world the same effects, or rather the same phenomena, may not be ascribed to wholly different causes. When in the beautiful fragment of Stesichoros Helios Hyperionides sinks peacefully into the golden cup which is to take him to his home, to his wife and his children, the radiance which he sheds around him is clearly regarded as his own; but Professor Gubernatis maintains that in some Hindu myths the glories of sundown are described as the work, not of the sun, but of his enemy:—

Varunas is called in the Râmâyanam the god who has in his hand a rope; his dwelling is on Mount Astas, where the sun goes down, and which it is impossible to touch because it burns, in an immense palace, the work of Vicvakarman, which has a hundred rooms, lakes with nymphs, and trees of gold. Evidently Varunas is here, not a different form, but a different name of the god Yamas, the pâçin, or furnished with a rope, the constrictor *par excellence*, for we are to suppose the magic display of golden splendour in the evening heavens not so much the work of the sun itself, as produced by the gloomy god who sits on the mountain, who invests and surprises the solar hero and drags him into his kingdom.—I. 72.

In Professor Max Müller's belief a magnificent sunset looms in the story of the death of Herakles. We have to remember that the blood-red conflagration which lit up the heights of Oita was the work, not of the hero, but of his enemy Nessos. Whether any, or what, inference is to be drawn from this fact, we need not say, but we may recommend these volumes of Professor Gubernatis as full of matter of the deepest interest both for those who may agree with him and for those who may be most opposed to him. That the science of Comparative Mythology carries with it an astonishing charm there can be no question; and over Professor Gubernatis it has exercised to the full its magic power.

SPORTING MANUALS.*

LARGE as is the supply of books of this class, the demand for them is apparently inexhaustible. Those who can ride over five-barred gates and bring down rocketers with unerring precision are never tired of reading how similar feats have been performed by others; and, oddly enough, worthy people who have never crossed a horse, and who could not hit a haystack except by chance, seem equally delighted with interminable histories of fox-hunting and pig-sticking and deer-stalking and duck-shooting, and

* *Unasked Advice.* A Series of Articles on Horses and Hunting, reprinted from the "Field." By "Impecuniosus." London: H. Cox. 1872.

The "Idstone" Papers. A Series of Articles and Desultory Observations on Sport and Things in General. By "Idstone," of the "Field." London: H. Cox. 1872.

all the varied modes and incidents of sport. Pleasure, it appears, is obtainable in some cases without the necessity of comprehending that which pleases; an idea, by the way, that must often have struck the intelligent observer in picture galleries and at concerts of classical music. Imagination prepares the way for this sort of pleasure; vague hopes support the toiler in his struggles; and dogged determination does the rest. It is quite possible to be drilled into pleasure; and we make no doubt that the old lady whose life was at last made happy by the possession of that blessed word Mesopotamia was sorely exercised through many a half-hour of unintelligible dreariness before the crowning joy came. No one grudges the rewards fairly earned by powers of great endurance; yet we must always remember that the bliss of ignorance is purely passive, and cannot be quoted as an index of the patient's potential activity. This consideration has a special bearing on the case under our immediate notice, because the constant succession of sporting treatises, manuals, reminiscences, and the like, the liberal space accorded to sporting matters in the periodicals and magazines of the day, the extensive circulation of papers specially devoted to sport, and the zest with which the details of all its varieties, from racing to rat-catching, are devoured by an immense circle of readers, have led to a widespread conclusion that we English are an especially sportsmanlike nation, and stand in that respect on ground much exalted above our fellows. We doubt very much whether our claim to this title can be satisfactorily sustained. *Gaudet equis canibusque* may be the Englishman's motto; but his rejoicing has little to do with any knowledge of the animal he bestrides, the quarry he pursues, or the dog that acts as go-between. Rather he rejoices, as the ploughman whistled, for want of thought. What—without attributing undue importance to a pursuit which in a civilized country is little more than a means of killing time—is involved in the term sportsmanship? First of all, we take it, the possession of certain physical gifts without which no man can excel as a sportsman; and, secondly, an accurate knowledge of the natural history and habits of the animals concerned—not only those whose capture or death is compassed, but those also which are employed as assistants to man. We may concede the first of these points to our countrymen, whose courage, endurance, and physical strength are undeniable; though something more than strength and courage—in horsemanship, for instance, to take one branch of sport—is required; and it will not be denied, we think, that though very many Englishmen ride with pluck, and very many with luck also, only a select few ride with skill and judgment. This is odd when we consider for what length of time, with what assiduous labour, with what unsparing outlay of money, and with what ingenuity of appliances, the art of riding has been practised in England; but it goes far to disprove the title of Englishmen to be considered horsemen in the sense in which the South Sea Islanders would be considered swimmers, or the Swiss mountaineers. Laboriously, and after much patient perseverance, they have been educated into a certain amount of riding ability, the highest point of which is that they and their horses do not readily part company; but the natural gift of riding they have not as a rule, and the acquired art they usually exhibit clumsily and awkwardly. Is not this attributable partly, if not entirely, to their deficiency in the second requisite of a horseman—knowledge of the noble animal itself that ministers to their daily uses and luxuries? It is not too much to say that ninety-nine out of a hundred Englishmen who ride or drive are utterly ignorant of the anatomy of the horse, and of its proper treatment in health and disease. They are at the mercy of the horsedealer and the groom, with the veterinary surgeon as supreme arbiter in case of need. Money is no object, the horse has been well broken to his business before he leaves the dealer's hands, and all that the purchaser cares about is to stick on his back if he is riding, and not to be run away with if he is driving. The sympathy that exists between the horse and his rider when the servant feels himself in the hands of an intelligent master, and the master understands every indication of weakness and lassitude on the part of the servant and can supply prompt help when help is needed, is altogether wanting when the rider only looks on the horse as a useful and somewhat expensive machine, and the horse regards the rider as an unavoidable and somewhat awkward encumbrance. Not that we mean to claim for owners a monopoly of ignorance. Horsedealers and grooms are pillars of empiricism; the business of the first is to dress up their animals for the market; the business of the second is to dress them up for the day; and as long as they can have recourse to any temporary shifts for accomplishing these ends, they are well satisfied; for what more do their customers require?

It is impossible to enter here into minute details, but let us instance the art of farriery in illustration of the densely ignorant treatment of the horse. The farrier starts with this fixed conviction, that however well Nature may have managed the creation of the world generally, she made a signal mistake in the construction of the horse's foot, which mistake he, the farrier, will forthwith proceed to rectify. Accordingly, having laid down the axiom that the foot must be altered to suit the shoe, not the shoe shaped to suit the foot, he rasps, and shaves, and pares the hoof of his unhappy victim, until the natural protection of the foot is materially diminished, and then he nails into what is left of it a great lump of iron, the hammering and forging of which he views as a considerable triumph of art. When the poor animal falls lame, there is something the matter with the shoe; and more hammering and forging goes on, and more rasping and paring of the hoof, and a fresh instrument of torture is forced on the foot, and the lameness increases, till at length it becomes incurable. In the words of "Impecuniosus," who writes with extreme good sense on this subject, the groom and the blacksmith

> are never satisfied until they have altered the natural foot into a form of their own, which they think the right one; and though lameness usually attends their efforts, they ascribe it to every cause but the right one, and indeed resign themselves complacently to the presence of many diseases confessedly caused by their treatment.

And again:—

> Navicular disease is an affliction common to all horses, and it will be so as long as the frog, which is meant to protect the navicular bone, is pared away, or allowed to diminish of its own accord, which it will do when the foot is improperly treated and shod.

The writer passes in review the principal varieties of shoes that have been introduced during the last half-century, and pronounces strongly in favour of the Charlier shoe, as being the only one that "places the foot at once in the position of unshod nature." Without anticipating the decision which can only be given by long experience as to the excellence of this shoe, the soundness of its principle, that the horse's foot is to be left as it is, and that the artificial protection must be shaped to suit it, cannot be denied. And if the conviction of the eminent veterinary surgeon, Mr. Stanley of Leamington, that "horses shod *à la* Charlier will never have navicular disease," is correct, there can be no two opinions about the superiority of this particular shoe to any that has been hitherto introduced. We do not exactly gather whether the Charlier shoe, as at present constructed, is suitable to harness horses, more especially in towns; but we are satisfied that, if once the monstrous system of hacking and hewing the foot is abolished in the case of riding horses, their brethren in harness will not long be subjected to a similar fate. The importance of the subject is proportionate to the importance of the horse to our daily life, whether for business or pleasure.

We often wonder, when looking over books of this description, how it is that their writers are content to repeat the oft-told tales of racing and hunting and shooting, without ever seeming to be aware that some of their favourite sports are likely to receive a rough handling before long, and that it might be worth while to state the case in their favour to the best of their ability. Here is racing, year by year degenerating more and more, year by year less worthy of the support of men of honour and integrity, year by year retaining fewer claims to consideration as a national amusement; here are the Game-laws, soon certainly to be altered, possibly to be abolished; here are the Scotch deer-forests, vigorously denounced by land reformers; and yet sporting men go on living in a fool's paradise, and write as if everything would continue as it was in the days of Lord George Bentinck and Osbaldeston. Can none of them discuss, for instance, in their own interest, the game question? There is much to be said on their side; there is a good deal to be said as to the value of game as a contribution to the food supply of large towns; and there is a good deal to be said as to the real character of the poacher, who, so far from being a martyred agriculturist and a victim to the tyranny and oppression of landlords, is an idle skulking vagabond, by profession a thief, and with no objection to commit murder if interrupted in his robberies. The public, we are sure, will readily listen to the sportsman's statement of his case, if it is properly put forward; but if the sportsman is too indifferent to plead his own cause, and leaves all the talking to be done by his opponents, he may thank himself if he loses the battle. We have looked in vain through the pages of "Idstone," who has had for some time past unusually favourable opportunities of addressing an intelligent circle of readers interested in sporting matters, and who, if our memory serves us, has invented a shooting boot, for any arguments or information calculated to serve his side in the day of trouble. We can find nothing, save a casual word of reprobation of the practice of having live pheasants down from London one day to be shot the next. Of the degrading foolishness of this method of securing a heavy bag there cannot be two opinions; but, as far as concerns the question of the over-preservation of game, it is quite innocuous, inasmuch as the five hundred pheasants that arrive on Monday night and are blown to pieces on Tuesday morning have not time, even supposing they have recovered from their bewilderment, to do much damage to the crops. We do not pretend, however, to put forth a regular review of *The Idstone Papers*, for an author who professes in his title page to publish desultory observations on things in general is beyond the reach of the ordinary critic. We have looked into the book sufficiently to agree with the writer that his observations are very desultory, and that they embrace a considerable variety of subjects; we must add a supplementary opinion of our own, that they are not always very much to the point. When now and then an opportunity offers of furnishing some information not altogether second-hand or hackneyed, as in the case of the chapter on Lord Ilchester's unique and jealously guarded swannery at Abbotsbury, not much advantage is taken of it. There is a great want of anecdotes also, and a sporting writer without some power of anecdote is poor indeed. But it appears from "Idstone's" preface that his papers have given satisfaction to a great many people, both within and without the circle of his own acquaintance; and we may therefore congratulate him on having obtained the ear of friends and strangers of a contented disposition and who are thankful for small mercies.

SEETA.*

IT is not unpleasing by way of change to light upon one of those old-fashioned historical novels which would seem to have almost entirely given way to the modern sensational school. It too often happened, indeed, that a man pretended to write an historical novel when he was quite ignorant of history; but, on the other hand, there were writers who made a more or less careful study of the period of which they treated. Sir Walter Scott certainly greatly increased the range of the ordinary Englishman's historical reading, who, till he wrote, had had, according to the well-known story, but one history of England—namely, that written by William Shakspeare. The *Fortunes of Nigel*, for instance, in its description of the apprentices of London, must have given to a vast number of readers a knowledge of bygone times which they scarcely could have got even if they had been readers of the regular histories. Again, *Woodstock*, *Peveril of the Peak*, and *Old Mortality*, must have helped to open up a century which, while Lord Macaulay's History, more interesting than any novel, was as yet unwritten, was to the mass of ordinary readers almost unknown. It may be quite true that the only history that can be safely studied in Shakspeare's plays is the history of the Elizabethan times, and that, diligent student though Scott may have been of antiquity, he has nevertheless cast over it an air of romance in which the truth by no means stands forth as sharply and as clearly as it ought. Nevertheless a man who knows his Shakspeare and his Scott has on the one hand gained a real insight into history, and has on the other hand, in all likelihood, become eager to know more of times which the play-writer and the romance-writer have brought so near to him. So long, indeed, as a writer of stories really understands that form of human nature which he is trying to delineate, we do not know that it is of much importance whether the characters whom he brings on his stage ever played their part in the world's history, or are the coinage of his brain. A character which from its contradictions is altogether impossible is almost equally offensive whether it be called historical or is acknowledged to be fictitious. A character like the Cromwell in Mr. Wills's play of *Charles I.* would equally excite our laughter if the scene had been laid in some Arabian Court where the author had pretended to represent some leader of those Puritans of the East, the sect of the Wahabees. And yet when we consider how carefully most people are spoilt for the enjoyment of history by the dull and worthless books that are forced on them in their childhood, it is perhaps a happy thing when a writer who really knows something of his subject manages, under the disguise of a storyteller, to afford not a little historical knowledge. Just as there are many people who always associate sleepiness with sermons, so are there others who always associate dulness with histories. It may perhaps be almost a hopeless task to cure people of this feeling as regards sermons, but there is a chance that the great novelists may do something for history.

At all events there is one service which can be rendered by competent writers at the present day. While our Empire is so vast, and the nations that we have to deal with are so many, our sympathies, necessarily imperfect as they must be, with the various races that are subject to us, may be quickened, while our knowledge may be no less widened, by the skilful and judicious story-writer. It would be difficult to estimate the services that the novelist has rendered in making different classes of Englishmen understand each other. No doubt, with all the good done, a great deal of harm has been also done by writers who wrote in all the prejudice of ignorance. Nevertheless, very much of the kindly feeling which, in spite of strikes and lock-outs, exists between all classes in this country, must in justice be assigned to those authors who, before they began writing, first studied the classes about which they wrote. We are always glad to see the novelist's art not confined to this country, but taking a wider range. Especially are we glad to see this when it is what we call an inferior as well as a subject race that we find carefully described. The storyteller can set before us a life which neither the historian, nor the writer of Government Reports, nor the newspaper Correspondent, ever represents; and by following the fortunes and painting the hopes and fears, the joys and troubles, the everyday life of one family, he can give us a considerable insight into a whole nation. Who can tell what Defoe did towards giving the civilized world a kinder and a juster appreciation of savages by his *Robinson Crusoe*? He disguises nothing of the hideous side of their character, he sets forth their cannibalism in all its hatefulness. But by his exquisite picture of Friday's love and faithfulness—cannibal though he too had been—he made men feel that there was many a Friday to be found, if only there were Robinson Crusoes to find him. We cannot but be glad, therefore, that a man who has Colonel Meadows Taylor's knowledge of India should have written a story of Indian life which, while by its interest it will attract the general reader, will at the same time go far to correct in him the vulgar notions which he has most likely formed of the races that we rule in that vast country. What Dr. Hunter's admirable works will do for the student, such a story as *Seeta* will to some extent do for those who are willing to read, but scarcely willing to think. We would especially commend it to the attention of those young men who, while pretending to help their country in ruling India, are by their insolence, which arises from foolish prejudices, rendering the task of government tenfold as hard as it need be. No man can be a greater enemy to his country than he who in India treats a native with insolence merely because he is a native. Men who, like Colonel Taylor, have for years taken part in governing India, are but rarely, if ever, heard, even among Englishmen, to speak harshly of those whom they have governed. But young officers, silly women, and commercial men, young and old, too often treat their fellow-subjects of the Queen in such a way as to go far to excuse, if not to justify, a mutiny. Among those too who never go to India, though the prejudice against the natives is not nearly so strong, it nevertheless exists alongside with that ignorance whence it springs. How many there are who only know of the treacherous side of the Indian Mutiny, and altogether forget the faithfulness, not only of men here and there, but of whole tribes and whole nations. How many there are who look upon the Hindoos as universally plunged in the grossest idolatry, and are utterly unaware that in their case too might be written a *Tale of a Tub*: and that, though they have a Peter whose coat is overgrown with ornaments, the coat itself is sound and simple enough, while they have also had their Martin and their Jack. In an ordinary lecture-room, or before a congregation listening to a missionary sermon in a church, nothing, we would venture to say, would be too wild to assert of the natives of India. Every person present in all probability believes that the natives are all Hindoos, and every person present in all probability believes that all Hindoos are alike. He has in his mind some indefinite notion of a man who combines outside submissiveness and gentleness with inside cruelty and treachery. He is utterly unaware that India is inhabited by races far more distinct than French and German, and with his want of imagination he cannot bring home to himself that among each race are to be found men of all characters. He would stare to be told that some of the greatest races that we govern in the East are our own kinsfolk, and that the Hindoo, whom he perhaps calls a "nigger," can claim a blood relationship with us which the Hungarian noble does not possess.

Such facts as these it is that Colonel Taylor in the course of his narrative brings home to his readers. Though his story is laid at the time of the Indian Mutiny, he yet, we are glad to say, has "purposely avoided the sickening details of pitiless massacre and suffering." He has done wisely in leaving to the historian to tell that horrible story which must indeed be told, and has himself kept to a scene where the tide of mutiny did indeed break, but broke with far lessened force. In his younger days, when he wrote his *Confessions of a Thug*, we doubt whether he would have been so moderate. The more real suffering a man has seen the less he cares to talk or write about it; and while a young writer delights in imagining horrors which he has never known, an old writer, so far from calling on his imagination, is unwilling to call even on his memory for representations of what is to him full of pain. Colonel Taylor's old admirers, however, need not fear that his story is of too gentle an order. It opens with a murder, "a case of Dacoity tried by me," as he says, "in my district court in 1855." Seeta, the young widow of the murdered man, a wealthy Hindoo goldsmith, is the heroine of the tale. It is in the following manner that she is described at the time she appeared to the Hon. Cyril Brandon, the hero:—

> The large dewy eyes were soft and pleading, but not irresolute, and the girl was quite calm. Seeta had dressed herself in a rich silk saree of a green colour, shot with crimson, which had heavy borders and ends of gold thread, and the end, which she had passed over her head, fell on her right arm and contrasted vividly with its fair colour and rounded outline. If her features were not exactly regular, they were very sweet and full of expression; her eyes were large and soft, of that clear dark brown which, like a dog's, is always so loving and true. If the mouth were a shade too full for exact symmetry, it was mobile and expressive, and the curves of the upper lip constantly varied. For a native woman, Cyril Brandon had never seen any one so fair or of so tender a tone of colour. Such, he remembered, were many of the lovely women of Titian's pictures—a rich golden olive, with a bright carnation tint rising under the skin—and Seeta's was like them. One in particular came to his memory like a flash—the wife of the Duc d'Avalos, in the Louvre picture; or Titian's Daughter, carrying fruits and flowers, at Berlin. He could not see much of Seeta's figure; but the small, graceful head, the rounded arm, the tiny foot, the graceful movement of the neck, and her springy lithe step as she had entered the tent, assured him that it could not be less beautiful than the face.

He falls in love with her and marries her, to the great disgust of most of the English ladies of the station, and to the regret of his best friends. Those, however, who, regardless of race, could discover in Seeta the noble qualities with which she was gifted, came more and more to see that Brandon had chosen well, while all doubt passed away when she thrust herself between her husband and the arm of a fanatic and received the fatal stroke of a dagger that was meant for him. At the same time we must confess that we wish that the assassin's stroke had not served the double purpose of showing the faithfulness unto death of a Hindoo woman and also of clearing her out of the way for a second and an English wife for the hero. Interesting as is Seeta, scarcely less interesting are that "grand old man" her father, and her good old Aunt Ella. In fact, with the exception of the parts where the fanatic is brought in—which are somewhat overdone—the whole account of the natives will be found full of interest by the general reader. The least satisfactory part of the story is the description given of some coarse Englishwomen, whose vulgarity is dwelt upon till it becomes wearisome. The author has made a mistake, too, in introducing in the last chapter a new

* *Seeta*. By Meadows Taylor, C.S.I., M.R.I.A., M.R.A.S., &c., Author of "Confessions of a Thug," "Tara," "Ralph Darnell," &c. 3 vols. London: King & Co. 1872.

character, simply with the view of killing him off. Any one who is to die in the third volume should enter at latest in the second. If it was necessary for the dignity of the story that the Hon. Cyril Brandon should become Lord Hylton, surely his elder brother might have been killed off in a paragraph. However, we must not end by dwelling on the defects of a work which has great merits as a story, and which will, we trust, in the author's words, lead many who read it "to follow Cyril Brandon's example in professing a faith in the people they govern, which leads to kindliness and courtesy of speech and of manner."

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE name of Herr von Mühler *, late Minister of Worship in Prussia, has long been notorious for illiberality of every kind. Such a character, at all events, implies the merit of consistency—a quality always respectable, and not the less likely to be regarded when it is not the consistency of an isolated enthusiast, but of a Minister, or even an ex-Minister, with a considerable section of public opinion at his back. We are glad, therefore, that Herr von Mühler should have availed himself of his present exemption from official cares to expound in his clear and methodical style his ideas respecting secular and ecclesiastical polity, thus enabling us to judge for ourselves touching the evil report which has gone forth concerning him. We find the antagonism of Liberals most fully justified; but, in spite of the occasional unction of his phraseology, we find at the same time Herr von Mühler less of a pietist than we had anticipated, but more of a lawyer—formal, exact, and pedantic. Going back to the origin of things, he bases his whole system on a maxim more consonant to law than to equity, that the creature has no claim upon the Creator. From this edifying principle, which we should have supposed to be confined to Mr. Palgrave's Wahabees, the rest follows naturally enough. The sole admitted fountain of right being the unrestrained will of arbitrary and irresistible power, the only pure and perfect system of administration is the theocratic. But, theocracy being for the present in abeyance, we are fain to make a shift with absolutism, so guided and prompted, however, by a divine code drawn up with the minutest precision, as scarcely to be distinguishable from theocracy itself. The observance of this body of regulations discriminates absolutism from despotism. Legitimacy and divine right are things of course. Constitutional monarchy (Herr von Mühler himself having sworn allegiance to it) is acknowledged as an authorised form of government; but the degree of Herr von Mühler's attachment to it may be estimated from the vehemence of his objections against administering the constitutional oath to the army, and from his repudiation of Ministerial responsibility, except to the ruler. He admits that the sovereign himself may commit wrong, but he is silent as to the remedy. As for persons who reject the author's views, they are simply nuisances. If their opposition extends to the length of rejecting his religion, they may be tolerated in the State, but can have no share in the administration of it, nor can they enter into intimate relations with their fellow-citizens. The marriage of a Christian with a non-Christian, for example, cannot be permitted on any account. In fact, the author seems to have not the smallest perception of natural right, or of the binding force of obligation other than as created by the enactment of external authority. A clear-headed, narrow-souled literalist, consistent, logical, and by no means contemptible as a writer, he is exactly the man to render the world the undesigned service of forcing into prominence the irreconcilable contrariety between the mere prescriptions of tradition and the entire genius of modern civilization.

A preface to the last edition of Strauss's recent work † has also been issued as an independent publication. If we may credit recent reports from Germany, "The Old Faith and the New," though extensively read, has encountered disparagement from society, and contradiction from the press. The author's candour has stood in its way; conservatives in politics dislike his religion, and sympathizers with his advanced theology, who would otherwise have made a hero of him, are offended by his political conservatism. The apparent consequence is, that while Herr Strauss may pride himself upon a wide circulation, he has hardly obtained a single individual suffrage on which his good sense will allow him to place any considerable value. The matter will not be mended when the professional theologians take him up, and point out the sweeping character of many of his assertions, and his habit of assuming as proved what is in fact still the subject of investigation. With all this, a sufficient balance will remain to his credit to have justified a more dignified consciousness of the fact, and we might have expected less wincing of mortified irritation under the attacks of assailants of inferior note. The assaults which he appears chiefly anxious to repel are not those proceeding from the side of dogmatic orthodoxy, but from that of philosophical nescience, of which Du Bois-Reymond's recent scientific deliverance has supplied the text. The style is distinguished by the writer's usual purity and felicity; his candour and conviction are unmistakably apparent; and the *brochure* might rank as a successful *apologia* but for its too visible self-consciousness.

Keim's *Jesus of Nazara* * is probably an object of disdain to Herr Strauss, yet he might learn from it the inestimable worth of the power to reproduce details in a concrete form. Strauss, in his preface, refers to the objections urged against the paleness and feebleness of his biographical portraiture, and excuses himself by the imperfection of his materials. It does not seem to occur to him that the fault may be in himself, that the analytic and the constructive faculties do not necessarily coexist in the same person, that it is possible to be much of an historical critic and too little of an historian. Dr. Keim is not, like Strauss, a man of genius. Yet, while conceding most of the demands of criticism, he has produced a really vital delineation of his subject. This remark is even more applicable to the present abridgment of his work than to the book in its original form, the sense of reality being favoured by condensation, and the spirit of the professional theologian, from whatever cause, being less apparent.

Dr. W. Gass's "Symbolik" of the Greek Church † is a valuable book, to be recommended both on account of the copiousness and the judicious distribution of its material. It takes the leading articles of the Oriental creed seriatim, dwelling more particularly on those which have formed the subjects of important ecclesiastical controversies. Perhaps the most generally interesting portion of the work is the full exposition of the views put forth by leading Greek controversialists, such as Photius, Metrophanes, and Petrus Mogilas, who are but little known in the West. The general tendency of the work is favourable to the Greek Church as representing the principle of nationality in religious organization, and it has evident affinities with the course of thought which has given birth to the Old Catholic movement.

The late Carl Tweaten ‡, distinguished as a public man of remarkable spirit and independence, left behind him a work of considerable extent upon the religious, political, and social ideas of antique civilization. Intended to have also comprised the Hellenic world, the book did not advance beyond a summary of the leading principles which determined the organization of India, Egypt, and the Persian and Assyrian peoples. The introduction shows the author to have written in the spirit of the Positive philosophy, but the substantial accuracy of the facts he adduces seems indisputable, and no school of thought is likely seriously to impugn the general accuracy of his conclusions. The work, in a word, though less strikingly original than was intended by the writer, or is supposed by the editor, is commendable as a general view of an extensive and interesting field of inquiry.

Although the names of Grotefend and Lassen are recorded in the list of the scholars by whom the decipherment of the Persian cuneiform inscriptions has been promoted, the Assyrian department of the subject, which is by far the most interesting, is as yet little indebted to the scholars of Germany. This neglect, unaccountable on the part of a nation usually so forward in every department of philological research, seems at last about to yield to a spirit of inquiry. Dr. Eberhard Schrader's volume, the "Cuneiform Inscriptions and the Old Testament" §, is a most intelligent and acceptable exposition of the mutual relation of these venerable documents, taking up one by one all the passages in the latter which have been in any way illustrated by the former, and giving, not merely a version of the inscription, but its *ipsissima verba* according to the best system of transliteration. All these inscriptions have been already published; but the collection of them with especial reference to the Scriptures is the especial merit of Dr. Schrader, and while his translations substantially agree with those of his predecessors, he proves himself no servile copyist. The general result of his investigations is highly favourable to the substantial historical accuracy of the Old Testament, the miraculous element apart. Biblical chronology, indeed, is found to some extent irreconcilable with the monuments, Ahab being placed about forty years too early; the difference, however, continually diminishes until the two lines of dates finally converge. On the other hand, the much impugned accuracy of the Chronicles as regards the captivity of Manasseh derives considerable support from the inscriptions, though the question is not yet beyond controversy. One of Dr. Schrader's most interesting chapters is that on the expedition of Sennacherib against Hezekiah, where he argues with great force against the hypothesis of *two* invasions. Another relates to the famous inscription of Nebuchadnezzar upon the occasion of the restoration and completion of an ancient unfinished tower—the Birs Nimrud no doubt, in which Oppert imagined himself to have discovered an allusion to the story of Babel. The words, however, which this eminent scholar interpreted of the universal deluge merely refer to the dilapidation of the bricks of the edifice by exposure to the weather. An appendix contains a very useful list of the Ninevite archives, which would have been more useful still if the accessions of the contemporary sovereigns had been registered in a parallel column, and a glossary of Assyrian words in Roman and Hebrew characters.

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* *Grundlinien einer Philosophie der Staats- und Rechtslehre nach evangelischen Prinzipien.* Von H. von Mühler. Berlin: Wiegandt & Grieben. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Ein Nachwort als Vorwort zu den neuen Auflagen meiner Schrift: Der alte und der neue Glaube.* Von D. F. Strauss. Bonn: E. Strauss. London: Asher & Co.

* *Geschichte Jesu nach den Ergebnissen heutiger Wissenschaft.* Uebersichtlich erzählt von Dr. Theodor Keim. Dritte Bearbeitung. Zürich: Orell, Füssli, & Co. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Symbolik der griechischen Kirche.* Von Dr. W. Gass. Berlin: Reimer. London: Asher & Co.

‡ *Die religiösen, politischen und socialen Ideen der asiatischen Culturvölker und der Aegypter in ihrer historischen Entwickelung.* Von Carl Twesten. Herausgegeben von Prof. M. Lazarus. 2 Bde. Berlin: Dummler. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Die Keilinschriften und das Alte Testament.* Von Eberhard Schrader. Giessen: Ricker. London: Asher & Co.

Dr. Otto Gilbert's investigation into the period of the Athenian festival of Dionysus * is very abstruse; but his theory fortunately admits of being summed up with brevity. It is "that the Lenæa and Anthesteria are identical, and belong to the rural Dionysia."

H. Heydemann's † description of the antique vases in the National Museum of Naples must be a work of extreme value to archæologists. More than four thousand objects are described with all desirable fulness, yet in a highly condensed style. The value of the work is much enhanced by an excellent index.

H. Schiller's "History of the Roman Empire under Nero" ‡ is a heavy book in every sense of the word; but it is also one eminently distinguished by diligence, knowledge, and good sense. The author finds little reason to depart from the traditional estimate of Nero's character, only that he justly lays more stress upon his congenital weakness than upon his possibly fortuitous depravity. He finds the Empire to have been in the main well administered under him, and rationally accounts for the phenomenon by supposing the Emperor to have in general abstained from meddling with the government. The most interesting part of the book is the copious and discriminating survey of the general condition of the Roman world under Nero—political, social, and intellectual.

The purpose of Dr. Rauch's work on the unity of the human race § is to assert this theory, and to extenuate the numerous physiological objections which seem opposed to it. Little value can be attached to the book, which, though skilfully arranged to simulate a result attained by independent research, is in reality little else than a compilation from such observations of travellers and naturalists as appear favourable to the writer's views. His decided antagonism to Darwin at first seems singular when it is considered that the unity of the human race is more defensible on the Darwinian hypothesis than on any other, if it be not a necessary consequence of it. The fact is, however, that Dr. Rauch is entirely actuated by theological considerations. He is also, we are sorry to add, unfair enough to produce isolated passages from authors opposed to him when these seem to make for his views, without giving any hint of the general tenor of their opinions.

Paranaguá ¶, a large bay in the south of Brazil, according to the native geographers, is "picturesque, enchanting, sinuous, adorned with islands, encircled with verdant mountains, abounding in precious woods, full of game of all descriptions, and the resort of foreigners attracted by the mildness and hospitality of the inhabitants." Herr Julius Platzmann's record of his long residence in this fascinating spot, cast in the form of letters to his friends at home, may be deemed as a series of variations upon this alluring description, with a large infusion of the element of natural history. In fact, for a traveller of modest pretensions, simple tastes, and active habits, Paranaguá would appear to be one of the most delightful residences in the world. Beauty crowds upon beauty in the author's pages, and the effect of such accumulated opulence is bewilderment, almost intoxication, such as must usually attend the attempt to render the gorgeous luxuriance of tropical nature. It is a relief when this oppressive splendour is chequered by scientific details concerning rare plants and animals, or notes of sport, although these are frequently romantic enough, as when the writer describes an expedition to shoot tapirs in myrtle groves by moonlight, close upon "the beached verge" of the measureless Atlantic. On the whole, the general impression is that Herr Platzmann has had a rare piece of good fortune, which he has most thoroughly deserved. His energy and cheerfulness, his love of science and keen sense of natural beauty, produce the most favourable impression. He appears to have found the natives kind, helpful, and hospitable people, and if the recently exported Warwickshire agriculturists fare as well as he has done, they will not do amiss. Dinner, he says, usually consists of black beans (*feijoes*) stewed along with sun-dried beef, bacon, the crown of the palmetto (with the look of a Jerusalem artichoke and the flavour of asparagus), roots, and slices of gourd. Oranges are never wanting, and wild fowl, fish, and oysters are frequent additions to the meal. The climate would seem to be by no means insalubrious.

Julius Rodenberg's little volume of English travel ** is a collection of miscellaneous papers published at various periods, all characterized by a lively style and a cheerful spirit. Some of them, such as those on the Canterbury pilgrimages and London in Shakspeare's time, are of a partly historical character; others, such as the pleasant sketch of an autumn trip to the Lakes, describe the writer's own impressions as a tourist in this country.

It was a happy idea of Herr Moritz Thausing's †† to render the letters and diaries of Albert Dürer into modern German. The simplicity of the original being rather innate in the writer than depending on mere peculiarities of diction, and the translation having moreover been performed with excellent taste, the result is a perfect reproduction of one of the most characteristic examples of a period of transition from comparative barbarism to high culture—the dewy freshness of a clear dawn. As painted by himself with transparent sincerity, Dürer is one of the most attractive figures in the history of art; his purity and earnestness of character shine through all he writes, from the homely details of his incomings and outgoings to the impassioned strain of his agitated forebodings respecting the fate of Luther. The volume is beautifully printed, and the editor's annotations are pithy and pertinent.

H. Kruse's tragedy, *Maurice of Saxony* *, is a highly respectable performance, but does not attain the level of the poetic drama. *Conrad I.*, a tragedy by F. Walther †, is little more than a creditable dramatic exercise.

* *Die Festzeit des attischen Dionysien.* Von Otto Gilbert. Göttingen: Vandenhoeck & Ruprecht. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Die Vasensammlungen des Museo Nazionale zu Neapel.* Beschrieben von H. Heydemann. Berlin: Reimer. London: Asher & Co.

‡ *Geschichte des Römischen Kaiserreichs unter der Regierung des Nero.* Von Hermann Schiller. Berlin: Weidmann. London: Asher & Co.

§ *Die Einheit des Menschengeschlechtes.* Von P. M. Rauch. Augsburg: Rutsch. London: Asher & Co.

¶ *Aus der Bai von Paranaguá.* Von Julius Platzmann. Leipzig: Teubner. London: Trübner.

** *Studienreisen in England. Bilder aus Vergangenheit und Gegenwart.* Von Julius Rodenberg. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate.

†† *Dürer's Briefe, Tagebücher, und Reime, &c.* Uebersetzt von Moritz Thausing. Wien: Braumüller. London: Williams & Norgate.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected communications: and to this rule we can make no exception.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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THE SPANISH REPUBLIC.

THE confident expression, after an experience of three or four days, of an opinion that the last Spanish Revolution was creditable and successful indicated the levity of recklessness or inexperience. No prudent politician will venture to prophesy the fate of the Republic, although the dangers which beset it from within and from without are obviously formidable. In some rare cases a leap in the dark is safely accomplished; and it may possibly appear that Spain was fortunate in attaining a result which the great majority of the population, including nearly the whole of the upper and middle classes, had deliberately and repeatedly deprecated. At the time when an unexpected eulogy on the Republic was published in England the scanty information on Spanish affairs seemed to ordinary observers not altogether encouraging. It was true that a few days had elapsed without general massacre or spoliation, and that, except in the Northern provinces, no civil war was raging. Experience, which has of late years not been scanty, shows that immediately after a revolution the party which has succeeded to power is on its good behaviour, while the adherents of the former Government are, in the reaction from the first panic, surprised and grateful to find that they have not been yet seriously molested. It is not on the morrow of the catastrophe, but on the day after, that its true bearings and consequences become gradually disclosed. The partisans of the new system soon become clamorous for their reward, and the defeated party, especially if, as in Spain, it forms the great majority, begins to regard with resentment and shame the supremacy of its adversaries. The scattered accounts which were at first received from Spain were not in themselves reassuring. The workmen of Barcelona turbulently expressed their interpretation of Republican institutions as a machinery for providing them with higher wages and with shorter hours of work, and for promoting the doctrines of the International Association. It was reported that the Cortes had decreed the abolition of titles or rank, and that some municipal bodies were distributing arms to the people. In such cases the people mean the violent and disorderly portion of the populace, which is perhaps more bloodthirsty in Spain than in any other part of Europe. All prisoners in custody on the charge of participation in Republican disturbances have been let loose; and officers who, in defiance of law and military duty, had refused to take the oath of allegiance to the KING, have been restored to the rank which they had justly forfeited. The most gloomy anticipations of the tendency of the Republic have thus far been fulfilled, although it is possible that ulterior disasters may by some unforeseen method be averted.

The triumph of the Republicans, whatever may be its ultimate consequences, was only rendered possible by incapacity and by the general absence of political instinct. The late PRIME MINISTER, when he became aware of the KING'S determination to abdicate, allowed the secret to transpire without taking any precaution for the safety of the State, or for the maintenance of legal order. It was the business of the Government, as soon as the throne was vacant, to propose the appointment of a Regency; and perhaps under capable leaders the Cortes might not have been too much frightened to discharge their plain and obvious duty. From their constituents they had, with the exception of the small Republican minority, received the mandate to support the Monarchy which had been established or recognized by the Constituent Cortes only three years ago. Since the Revolution of 1868 there have been three general elections, and in all these the principle of monarchy has been affirmed. The present Cortes derived its legal existence from the Constitution which it has now in a panic, and in spite of the convictions of a majority of its members, lawlessly overthrown. The Constituent Cortes had not only decreed the maintenance of a Monarchy, but it had by a large majority summoned to the throne the Prince who has now been worried into abdication. Señor ZORRILLA and his colleagues, following the example of their opponents of every jarring faction, inflicted on the KING the affront which finally determined his abdication. It is possible that they may have been justified in accepting the resignations of the Artillery officers; but the appointment of HIDALGO was highly injudicious. The Republicans who have seized upon the Government are alone exempt from the charge of political poltroonery; but, unless their audacity is justified by the use which they may make of their power, they will be primarily responsible for a revolution which, if it ends in failure, will have amounted to a crime. The promoters of a Spanish Republic are bound to take notice of the various meanings which different classes of Republicans attach to their common designation. A few political dreamers understand by a Republic an orderly and responsible Government not encumbered with the trappings of royalty; but to the populace of the large towns, and to the inhabitants of many rural districts, the Republic implies confiscation or community of property; and a large section, if not a majority of the party, desires to split up the State into a loose Federation. For all the acts of the Republican factions their nominal leaders who now form the Executive Government are primarily answerable.

Notwithstanding the lamentable origin of the Republic, it may perhaps be the duty of a good citizen, if indeed honest men ever take part in the political affairs of Spain, to support the new Constitution as long as it is found compatible with the protection of property and the maintenance of order. The Ministers in their published utterance display a nervous anxiety to dispel the universal dread of impending anarchy. The Government, with unconscious irony, affects to rely "on the "respect for the laws which is inherent in the Spanish people," at the moment when it has been ostentatiously disregarded by the Cortes in the establishment of the Republic. "With all "the authorities calmly fulfilling the duties of their offices, "all the public powers in full possession of their rights, the "Cortes, united in one National Assembly, voted the Republic." In other words, the authorities were powerless to defend the rights which were betrayed by the representatives of the people. Spanish Ministers abroad are enjoined to assure foreign Governments that "this Republic represents the na- "tional will, and represents public order." It remains to be seen what guarantee for public order will be effectual when the populace has been armed by the local authorities. While Señor CASTELAR strives to impress on his countrymen and foreigners the convictions which he holds himself, he is evidently conscious that the establishment of the Republic depends on the assent of the army. In one short Circular he recurs several times to the subject of his chief anxiety. Spain has a "tranquil people and an obedient army." The Government relies "on the fidelity of the army." "The Spanish army is "resolved to maintain our authority." Of the fidelity and obedience of the army, and of the resolution to maintain the authority of the present Government, Señor CASTELAR as yet knows little, and he evidently fears much. The generals and officers of the army, with few exceptions, detest the Republic; nor can there be a doubt that, if they can reckon on the obedience of their troops, they will take the first opportunity of effecting a counter-revolution. It is possible that Republican emissaries may succeed in creating a division between the lower and the higher ranks of the army. At the beginning of the French Revolution the rabble of Paris was led and directed by mutinous soldiers of the French Guard and of other regiments which had thrown off the authority of their officers. General HIDALGO, who was appointed to his present

post by the actual Minister of War, won his promotion by sharing in a conspiracy of the non-commissioned officers of Artillery against their superiors. The extreme Republicans propose to disband the regular army, and to entrust the defence of the country to lawless volunteers. It is possible that the privates would be glad to accept their discharge; while the officers will to the utmost of their power resist a measure which would be fatal to their interests. General CORDOVA himself has never hesitated to desert a falling Government; and it is possible that he might in case of dissension throw in his lot with the army rather than with the Republic. The recent conduct of SERRANO and of the other military chiefs is wholly unaccountable. They cannot but have anticipated that their studied rudeness to the KING might at any moment cause his abdication; yet it would seem that they were utterly unprepared to profit by the success of their policy. SERRANO had quarrelled with the KING because he was not allowed as Minister to exceed the limits of the Constitution in dealing with the Republicans and other disaffected factions. It is impossible that he should approve of a result which he thought that the KING would be justified in preventing even at the cost of a constitutional irregularity. SERRANO himself and SAGASTA are now said to have disappeared through fear of popular violence, while ZORRILLA himself, who was a fortnight ago the undisputed leader of the Radical party, has found it prudent to take up his residence in Portugal. The clerical party, which had done its utmost to render the position of the KING untenable, now sees its whole possessions in danger and apprehends an active persecution. SERRANO and TOPETE must bitterly regret their share in the ill-fated revolt against ISABELLA II. In Spain, where, according to PRIM, no Republicans were to be found after the Revolution of September, a Republic is now formally established. Any statesman who prefers a Monarchy to a Republic ought to beware lest, in overthrowing a dynasty, he may disturb the foundations on which the institution rests. It was better to tolerate for a time the caprices of an unprincipled sovereign than to place the community at the mercy of conspiracy and clubs. King AMADEO, in declaring his resolution to abdicate, delivered a just criticism on the political character of the nation which had called him to the throne and then refused to fulfil the implied conditions of his acceptance. The prospects of Spain are more gloomy at the present moment than at any time since the termination of the civil war which followed the death of FERDINAND VII

THE LORD CHANCELLOR'S BILL.

WHEN Lord HATHERLEY, now three years since, produced his Bill for the fusion of Law and Equity, we, as ardent and almost fanatical worshippers of that idea of Law Reform, felt bound at once to express our profound disappointment at the projected scheme, and to anticipate the failure which ultimately befel it. Much discussion followed, which threw a flood of light on the causes of that deplorable miscarriage, and in considering the Bill of the present LORD CHANCELLOR it may not be amiss to recall the errors, more of policy than purpose, which made his predecessor's effort abortive.

Lord HATHERLEY's measure failed mainly for three reasons. The first and most important, in the eyes at any rate of thoughtful and sincere reformers, was that the fusion which he desired to introduce was more nominal than real. The second blot was that he offended at once against practical common sense and constitutional feeling by proposing to delegate to an outside Committee the filling up of a skeleton scheme far too momentous to be left to any hands but those of Parliament itself. The third element of failure—one of tactics merely, but not on that account the less perilous—was that he offended the susceptibilites of the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE and the great majority of the Common Law Bench. And it must be remembered that all this was done by a man of unparalleled acuteness, moved by the most single-minded desire to remodel our system of judicature on the purest and the soundest basis.

Lord HATHERLEY has been succeeded in his office and his ambition to effect a great work of legal reform by a CHANCELLOR who adds to legal acumen a far greater measure of political experience than the late Chancellor could boast; and all who know anything of the bent of Lord SELBORNE's mind know that in sincere devotion to the cause of Law Reform he is not surpassed by any one on the Bench or at the Bar. These were good grounds for hoping that the difficulties which have baffled all former efforts in the direction of a comprehensive reform would yield to the genius, the energy, and the tact of the present LORD CHANCELLOR. We indulged in these anticipations more freely perhaps than most, and we are the more grieved to confess the blank disappointment with which the CHANCELLOR'S Bill has filled us. One may almost despair of ever seeing done what Lord HATHERLEY and Lord SELBORNE have successively failed to accomplish, or even adequately to conceive. To all who still hope against hope for the thorough reformation of the administration of justice, who are still bent on struggling for complete unity against the influence of professional prejudice and personal susceptibilities, it may not be wholly useless to compare the Bills of 1870 and 1873, and seek the reason why the last state of Law Reform seems even worse than the first. Of the three errors of Lord HATHERLEY's tactics, the LORD CHANCELLOR has—at no small cost to his scheme—entirely escaped the last; he has in some degree, but more in appearance than in reality, avoided the second, and has grievously aggravated the first and most fatal objection to the earlier measure. Mindful, no doubt, of the extreme vivacity of the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE's attack upon Lord HATHERLEY, Lord SELBORNE has carefully guarded against exposing himself to the blows of so formidable an antagonist. In the speech in which he introduced his Bill he mentioned that he proposed to retain the designation and the constitution of the existing Courts "as a concession to sentiment." Until we saw the Bill we had no idea that this "concession to sentiment" was the key-note of the whole composition. But it is so, as we shall presently more fully show, and the measure may be aptly described as a scheme for merging Law in the larger jurisprudence of Equity just so far as the sentiment of the Common Law Bench will allow and no further. This policy will have its reward, and however much the Bill may be deteriorated by it, its chance of passing will be materially increased by the tact with which the sword of the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE has been parried. Whether the Bill will be worth passing on such conditions is a graver question, on which thoughtful law reformers may not agree with the verdict of experienced politicians.

With equal prudence, though with scarcely equal skill, the LORD CHANCELLOR has taken much pains to escape the imputation of leaving the essentials of his measure to be fashioned by the delegated authority of an extra Parliamentary Committee. It was obvious that, after the indignant protests of Lord CAIRNS and others, it would be hopeless to bring forward a Bill which might be made to mean anything or nothing, at the will of a Select Committee of Judges or Privy Councillors. In order to meet this objection, which was the immediate cause of the defeat of the Bill of 1870, the LORD CHANCELLOR promised to include in a schedule to his Bill the rules of procedure by which he proposed to work out his scheme. He has accordingly added such a schedule, but its provisions are so crude and incomplete that he has found it necessary to introduce clauses in the Bill itself for the purpose of perfecting it. One of these, the 69th, coupled with the following clauses, gives to the Judges a power, which clearly must be vested in some authority, of modifying the rules of practice and procedure from time to time, after the Act shall have come into operation, and working defects shall have disclosed themselves. This is quite right; but there is another clause, the 68th, which delegates to a Special Committee the power of filling up, before the Act comes into operation, the skeleton schedule of rules which is added to the Bill. Practically it is obvious that the real procedure of the Courts will be the creation of this Committee, and, to the extent to which this is so, Lord SELBORNE will have fallen into the very same error which proved fatal to Lord HATHERLEY's Bill. Whatever has to be done before the commencement of the Act can be as well done before the vote of Parliament is taken as afterwards, and ought to be so done, in order that the mind of Parliament may be expressed upon the subject. The usual provisions for laying the rules on the table of both Houses are contained in the Bill; but every one knows how little protection is ever derived from arrangements of this kind. If the Government are not prepared to make their Bill complete in the first instance, it would be much better that the schedule should be perfected by a Select Committee of the House of Lords before the measure is passed than that this duty should be left to the proposed Committee, which is composed of the CHANCELLOR, four Common Law Judges, one Equity, one Admiralty, and one Bankruptcy Judge—not a wholly satisfactory Committee, even if a Committee were wanted at all. But these, in some sense minor, criticisms sink into insignificance compared with the supreme defect of the whole measure.

Lord HATHERLEY introduced a scheme under which the fusion of Law and Equity would have been much more

nominal than real, and those who have taken a deep interest in this great question will not perhaps forget that Lord PENZANCE, his only thorough supporter in the House of Lords, justified his policy on the ground that it was idle to dream of a real fusion of Law and Equity, and that to create a nominal unity which should in practice leave existing discrepancies almost unchanged was the utmost that could be rationally attempted. Lord SELBORNE has improved on this opinion, and his scheme is not only almost but, with a very slight exception, altogether a nominal fusion. To call the aggregate body of our existing Courts by the sounding title of the Supreme Court of Judicature is in itself of course only a change of name. To say that the Court of Queen's Bench shall also be called Division No. 1, the Court of Chancery Division No. 2, and so on, is in itself equally a nominal change. To say that the business shall, as a rule, be distributed among these divisions exactly as it is now, is to exclude all real union. And these are the main provisions of the Bill, so far as they bear on the great central question. That the Bill contains some positive enactments is true, but they are provisions not so much for blending the dissevered jurisdictions as for crippling and mutilating that branch of English jurisprudence which alone has shown itself capable of vitality and growth during the last two or three centuries. Apart, however, from those provisions, which will require some detailed consideration, we are profoundly convinced that Law and Equity never can be fused except in name by any Act of Parliament which groups all the Common Law Judges in one set of Courts and all the Equity Judges in another, and rigidly preserves to each section in practice the special jurisdiction which it has been accustomed to exercise. What is the use of saying that each Court shall have universal jurisdiction if rules are framed for distributing the business in precisely the same grooves which it has hitherto followed? And this is in the main what the Bill is intended to do. No one can believe that this is Lord SELBORNE's ideal of a comprehensive reform, no one can doubt that a project so suicidal is merely the result of that "concession to "sentiment" which prompted the retention of the ancient designations. Whatever large-phrased enactments may be introduced declaring that Law and Equity shall be administered by every Court, the essence of the project is nothing but what Lord PENZANCE described as his narrow ideal—a nominal fusion which should leave things to go on as nearly as possible after their old fashion.

If we consider for one moment what the system is with which a reformer has to deal, it will be obvious that it cannot be righted by any such method as this. It must not be forgotten that Law and Equity are not merely two rival codes of jurisprudence existing side by side on equal terms. With the solitary exception that, under the influence of one great Common Law Judge, the custom of merchants has been assimilated by Courts of Law as well as by Courts of Equity, the Common Law has been destitute of growing vitality since the days of COKE. The jurisprudence of every country must grow with the needs of growing civilization, or it soon ceases to adapt itself to the wants of men. Our jurisprudence has grown during the last two centuries more vigorously than it ever grew before. Each generation has seen whole chapters of new law gradually created out of chaos, but with trifling exceptions the growth has been manifested exclusively by the gradual development of the principles of Equity, which now form the modern supplement of the mediæval law which the Common Law Courts administer. The difference between the rival systems is not a mere matter of jurisprudence or procedure. It is of the very substance of the law as affecting rights of property and rights and obligations arising out of the contracts and enjoyments of mankind. In the instances in which Equity effects equal justice by enforcing rights and obligations unknown to the Common Law—in the matter of Trusts, Conversion, Election, Performance, Satisfaction—in dealing with the rights and liabilities of married women with reference to separate estate (a branch of Equity which has wholly grown up within the memory of living men) —in the distribution of assets—in short, in the numerous instances in which Equity practically conflicts with and controls the Law, the matter is not one of jurisdiction and procedure, but of substance; and as such alone can it be effectually dealt with if it is desired to reconcile the two conflicting systems. Add to this, that when Law and Equity differ, the principles on which justice is administered in Equity are confessedly more consonant with rational justice than those of the Common Law, and it follows that the Law ought to be adapted to the standard of Equity. The so-called fusion of Law and Equity must take place at the expense of the Law. In other words, the hard, coarse doctrines of the Law must be merged and swallowed up in the higher, broader, and more refined principles of Equity.

Does anyone imagine that we have given too exalted a description of the nature of Equity as contrasted with that of Law? We need only answer that the whole substance of what we have just said is taken from the famous letter of the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, and that very much of it is in his own eloquent words.

These being confessedly the conditions to be dealt with, how would any rational man, if unfettered by the fear of opposition, set to work to infuse into all our tribunals the essential principles of Equity? These principles have become the sole inheritance of the Court of Chancery, for no other reason than that the ancient spirit and traditions of the Common Law Courts refused to recognize the march of civilization, and to create for themselves, or to accept at the hands of a more enlightened series of judges, the new developments of principle which the progress of society demanded in the administration of justice. The antagonism began in what the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE himself condemns as the unseemly struggle of Lord COKE and the Court of Queen's Bench against the CHANCELLOR's jurisdiction. It went on to our own times in obedience to the same spirit and the same traditions. Meanwhile the Court of Chancery grew, in spite of it, till it had developed a great system of jurisprudence, formed on large and enlightened principles, which secures for us at this day the essentials of justice according to right and reason. The spirit and traditions of the Court of Chancery are therefore, according to the highest Common Law authority, the spirit and traditions which have to be infused into all our Courts. There is one way, and one way only, in which this can be done. The spirit of a law and the tradition of a Court live in the minds of living men and are guarded by the associations connected with old institutions. You cannot transplant them if you would by Act of Parliament. The Common Law Courts cherish alike the noble traditions of order and liberty which are their just pride, and the narrow traditions of hard technical law which made the Court of Chancery a necessity, and which can only be tempered by infusing into them the higher tradition of Equity jurisprudence. While the names, the constitution, the special jurisdiction, and the *personnel* of the old Courts remain unchanged, the old traditions, good and bad alike, will, as Lord CAIRNS has justly said, still linger about them. Equity jurisdiction may be given by statute in larger measure than heretofore, but it will be used as it has been used heretofore. The spirit of Equity will be wanting in the future as it has been wanting in the past, and the old repugnance of COKE and his successors, the old traditions which prevented the Courts of Law from developing Equity for themselves, will sway the judges in their own despite. The remedy is easy if once personal considerations are postponed and personal compromises rejected. Let the judges who are the living depositaries of the principles of Equity be associated in due proportion with their brethren of the Common Law in all the Courts (as indeed is proposed in the Court of Appeal); let each division of the united Court learn to look upon itself as the heir of the Chancellors no less than of the Chief Justices, and there will be some prospect of a real assimilation of Law and Equity. But this is the very reverse of what the CHANCELLOR's Bill proposes. Old prejudices against Equity are to be preserved by concessions to sentiment, and the only Court which is to be shorn of its powers and forbidden any longer to grow is that to which we owe all the doctrines which it has become an imperative necessity to engraft upon the law.

Such a Bill may be an easy Bill to pass, but it will become an impossible Act to work. The principles of Equity will perish in an uncongenial atmosphere, and the very source from which alone they can be renovated is to be choked with restrictions on its flow. The considerations on which we have dwelt seem to us too grave to be mixed up with criticism of details, but there is much in the machinery of the Bill to which we hope to call attention at a future time. With the deepest regret we must say—Better no reform at all than a merely nominal reform. Better no Bill than such a Bill as this.

MR. HARCOURT ON PUBLIC EXPENDITURE.

MR. HARCOURT'S motion for the reduction of expenditure has been rewarded by unexpected success. Mr. GLADSTONE seems to have wished for an opportunity of perfecting the control of the Treasury over the other public departments; and the Committee which is to be nominated by the Government will not fail to recommend through its official

Chairman any regulations which may approve themselves to the judgment of the PRIME MINISTER and the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER. The Report of a Select Committee of this kind sometimes furnishes a convenient though cumbrous substitute for a Ministerial explanation. In accordance with established custom, the Government is represented on the Committee by a majority, and its proposals are therefore ultimately adopted. In Mr. GOSCHEN'S Committee on Land Taxation, the Opposition members voted against the Chairman on every important question, and possibly some of the majority might have been equally recalcitrant if they had not been restrained by their party allegiance. In the end a clever and one-sided pamphlet, composed by Mr. GOSCHEN himself, was adopted as the Report of the Committee. In the following year a Ministerial Bill embodied the substance of the Ministerial Report, and the same scheme will probably be reproduced in the Local Taxation Bill of the present year. If Mr. GLADSTONE thought fit to disclose his intentions, he could at this moment anticipate the conclusions which his Committee will draw from the evidence which they will formally receive. Mr. HARCOURT or other members may perhaps propose alternative Reports, but the recommendations of the Government will be finally accepted by the Committee. The general control of the Treasury is on the whole beneficial, though in some instances it is exercised with perverse and shortsighted pedantry. The Treasury clerks who refuse grants of the necessary expenses of prosecutions cause great inconvenience to the community, but the losses which may result from their indirect encouragement of crime are not included in the Estimates. It may be doubted whether the Committee will discover any opportunity of saving money. As Mr. WHITE plaintively remarked, the last Committee of the kind only struck off a few hundreds a year, and in one instance of reduction they seem to have committed an oversight. It is the business of the Government or of the heads of departments rather than of the House of Commons to supervise the details of expenditure. The concession of a Committee on the Civil Estimates offered the Government the double advantage of facilitating the introduction of an official or administrative change, and of avoiding a troublesome and useless discussion on naval and military expenditure. Mr. HARCOURT has taken an active part in agitation for the reduction of the army, having even with remarkable courage undertaken to prove that an invasion of England is impossible. Mr. GLADSTONE, though he may perhaps have sympathized with Mr. HARCOURT'S opinions, was on sufficient grounds unwilling to submit to a Committee the question of the strength and organization of the army, which ought, if Mr. AUBERON HERBERT is in the right, to be reduced to 5,000 men.

Mr. HARCOURT earned much applause by an elaborate and eloquent speech which proved absolutely nothing. In some years the total expenditure had increased, in other years it had diminished, and, on the whole, after making proper allowances and deductions, the expenditure of 1872 is about the same with that of 1862. Within that interval nearly all the conditions by which public expenditure is necessarily regulated have been fundamentally changed. Two great European wars have produced a revolution in the military establishments of all countries; and at home the Government has been required to undertake functions which necessarily involve a corresponding outlay. The Education Estimates have, through a policy which has been universally approved, increased by about a million. The mode of providing for penal and police administration has been in many cases readjusted, and the prices of all commodities have largely increased. It is of course possible that necessary additions to expenditure may have been further augmented by extravagance or carelessness; but Mr. HARCOURT'S statistics suggested no reason for expecting that any reduction could be advantageously effected. If he had examined into the expenditure of any one public office, and had shown a *primâ facie* case of excessive expenditure, he would have laid a solid foundation for his demand of inquiry. It may possibly be useful from time to time that Committees should inquire into the public expenditure; but if the House of Commons thinks such investigations expedient, they ought to be repeated at regular intervals.

No member of the House of Commons excels Mr. HARCOURT either in capacity to acquire special knowledge, or in the industry which is indispensable for the purpose; but it is evident that he has not yet troubled himself to master the details of finance. Among the payments which he condemned as collectively excessive was the annual sum which is invested in Terminable Annuities for the reduction of the Debt. It is sufficiently obvious that the conversion of a perpetual into a temporary annuity must involve a larger annual payment; but, although well-founded objections may be raised to the particular process, the House of Commons has deliberately, on the proposal of successive Governments, adopted the system of commutation. Mr. LAING, in the most instructive speech of the debate, pointed out the fallacy of Mr. HARCOURT'S statements of the comparative reduction of taxes in two different periods. During the inflation of trade in 1862 and 1863, and at a time when the arrears of the Chinese war had been paid off, Mr. GLADSTONE was able to take off a large amount of taxation. After the collapse of 1866 the revenue was comparatively stationary, and the process of reduction became necessarily slower. Although Mr. LOWE has intimated that there will be no considerable surplus in the ensuing year, the Government is as fully entitled to credit for the payment of the *Alabama* damages out of revenue as for any reduction of burdens which might in other circumstances have been effected. If the damages had been admitted and paid at the time when, in the opinion of the Geneva Tribunal, they were incurred, Mr. GLADSTONE would have effected smaller reductions in 1863, and Mr. LOWE would have been better able to take off taxes in 1873. The rise or fall of the revenue or of the surplus which may be applied in relief of taxation has little connexion with moderate or excessive expenditure. In prosperous as in unfavourable times, waste ought to be prevented, and the public service to be maintained in the highest state of efficiency.

The abstract question whether abstract Parliamentary resolutions are expedient is unprofitable and barren. Mr. HARCOURT was enabled to meet his critics with the triumphant answer that his abstract resolution had produced the concrete result of a Select Committee. Whether any of the objects which Mr. HARCOURT proposed to himself will be attained by the appointment of the Committee or by its investigations will appear hereafter. A private member who extorts even an unprofitable concession from the Government is like a soldier who has captured a flag. The article which he has acquired may not be intrinsically valuable, but it is a proof of victory. The Committee will be debarred from entering into inquiries as to the Debt and the Civil List, the army and the navy. It will be difficult to examine the Estimates for Education while a Government Bill for the alteration of the Education Act is pending; nor could any Committee attempt to interfere with the recent and deliberate legislation of Parliament until the results have been tested by longer experience. Two or three members naturally congratulated the House on the prospect of the services which Mr. HARCOURT might render the Committee when they inquired into the costs of legal and judiciary establishments; but while the LORD CHANCELLOR'S Bill for the reorganization of all the Superior Courts is pending it would be absurd to examine in detail a head of expenditure which must necessarily be affected by the measure. Mr. HARCOURT has sometimes proposed the suppression of the office of Revising Barrister; but the Committee will scarcely inquire into the evil of a system which by another Bill the ATTORNEY-GENERAL proposes to remodel. If the inquiry is confined to the staff and salaries of the Civil Service in general, it is not probable that any feasible reductions will be discovered. The opposite conclusion that some public servants are underpaid might possibly have recommended itself to the Committee, if Mr. GLADSTONE had not providently limited their functions to the means of reducing the expenditure. Possibly it may occur to the Civil Servants themselves that a body which may perhaps hold that they receive too much ought also to have been authorised to inquire whether they receive too little. On the whole, there can be little doubt that the only object of the Committee is to tighten the bonds of official discipline by conferring some additional power on the Treasury. Mr. HARCOURT is fully entitled to erect his trophy, but the spoils with which he will be decorated are likely to be rather ornamental than costly or saleable.

IRISH UNIVERSITY EDUCATION.

THE defects of the Irish University Bill spring directly out of one of its principal merits. It recognizes that a main function of a University is to teach; that a University which only examines students who have been taught by others may be a highly useful institution, but is still something less than a University. In Ireland, however, the foundation of a new teaching University is surrounded with special difficulties. Mr. FAWCETT and his friends will probably object that there is no need to found a new University. The existing University of Dublin is, they will say, sufficient when

once tests have been abolished to fulfil every useful purpose' The answer to this is, that whatever other purposes the existing University may serve, it will not serve the only purpose for which legislation is really required. An Irish University Bill which did not aim at enabling Roman Catholics to obtain the benefit of a University education would be as appropriate as the Irish Land Bill would have been if it had made no change in the position of the tenant farmer. As it is, Roman Catholics cannot obtain a University degree for their sons without giving up what they consider the advantage of an education associated with their own religion. Those who regard Mr. Fawcett's Bill as an adequate settlement of the question must be prepared to maintain either that this is not a grievance or that it does not exist in Ireland. In the first case they differ from the Government on a question of principle; in the second case they differ from the Government on a question of fact. On the assumption therefore that this is a grievance if it exists, and that it does exist in Ireland, some reconstitution of the Irish University system is indispensable. On the assumption that a merely examining University cannot give a complete University education, provision for teaching must be an element in the reconstruction. The special difficulties of the situation must be faced, not passed over. The fact that there are now two Universities in Dublin, and the peculiar constitution of one of them, create one of these difficulties. It would be impossible to add a third University, and it is not easy, in remodelling one or both of the two already in being, to ignore the peculiar features which characterize the younger of them. The Queen's University is composed of colleges geographically separate. To an examining University this is no inconvenience, but to a teaching University it is a very great inconvenience. If the lectures given by the University Professors are worth anything, students who have not had the opportunity of attending them will be at a disadvantage as compared with students who have made good use of that opportunity. It will appear to some persons that if so large a deduction has to be made from the value of the new University, regarded as a teaching body, it may be as well to reduce it to the level of an Examining Board. But, beside all the educational objections to which this solution is open, there is a political objection which might be fatal to the prospects of the Bill. All the endowments of the two Queen's Colleges and the greater part of the endowments of Trinity College are to be left untouched, and none of these can be of any benefit to the class of Roman Catholics for whose case Parliament is asked to make provision. If the University of Dublin were made a mere Examining Board, while the Roman Catholic colleges were excluded from endowment on the score of their denominational character, the Roman Catholics might complain that they had no share, direct or indirect, in the money spent on the higher education in a country in which they constitute three-fourths of the population. The only way in which any such share can be extended to them is by the foundation of professorships from which no Roman Catholic need be excluded by religious scruples. That in the latest as in the earliest form of the Bill the new University will contain a teaching element may, we think, be safely predicted.

It follows from this that the difficulty about the geographical diffusion of the colleges must either be submitted to or be met by the concentration of the Queen's Colleges. Unless there is some unknown obstacle in the way of this latter course, it would decidedly be the preferable alternative. According to this plan the endowments in arts belonging to the Queen's Colleges at Belfast and Cork would be transferred to a new Queen's College at Dublin, the provincial colleges being retained, if it were thought expedient, as professional schools. The objection in the way of this arrangement would be that it would make University education more costly. At present in the two largest of the provincial cities of Ireland a student can obtain a degree without leaving his home, whereas the proposed transfer of the colleges would make it necessary for every student to reside in Dublin during the academical year. No doubt the cheapening of University education is in itself a good thing, but it must not involve a deterioration of the article supplied. It is very questionable whether the system of local colleges, having no relation to the University beyond that of supplying students for its examinations and candidates for its emoluments, does not involve such a deterioration. It may be said that, as attendance at Professors' lectures is to be voluntary, it will matter little whether a student passes his University life in Dublin or out of it. But, wherever the lectures are worth attending, they will, at all events in those subjects which enter into the University examinations, be sure to attract listeners. At Oxford and Cambridge it has been found that, even in subjects which lie outside the ordinary course of University studies, a competent teacher has rarely any difficulty in getting a class together. Nor does the essence of University training lie exclusively in the lectures. Much of it is in the air, in the life the students lead, in the atmosphere of discussion they breathe, in the constant intellectual friction to which they are subjected. A student reading for his degree at Cork or Belfast, and mixing only with men whose antecedents and prejudices run for the most part in the same local groove with his own, will be altogether outside this subtle influence. Putting these two losses together, they amount to a very serious deduction from the value of a University education. The class of students for whom the ability to live at home while keeping terms for their degree is especially intended are the class which will be chiefly attracted by the bursaries and exhibitions to be attached to the new University. If necessary, these might be increased in number, and even in value. It is much better to enable students by judicious endowments to get a really good education than to enable them to get an inferior education without endowments. If the Presbyterians wish to maintain a College of their own in the University, there would not be much difficulty in moving the Magee College to Dublin; and the Roman Catholic institution at Carlow, which is expected to put in a claim to be included in the schedule of colleges, might be merged in the college at present known as the Catholic University. Looking at the question from a merely denominational point of view, it would certainly be wise for the Roman Catholics to concentrate all their strength in improving to the utmost a college which will have to contend in the University arena with the wealth, the experience, and the traditions of Trinity.

The two clauses relating to religion are the 11th, which empowers the Council to punish teachers or examiners who, when in discharge of their functions as University officers, give wilful offence to the religious convictions of any members of the University; and the 12th, which prohibits the University Council from appointing Professors or Teachers in Theology, Modern History, or Moral and Mental Philosophy. To the former clause it has been objected that there is no subject of human interest which may not give occasion to a teacher to offend some tender conscience, and consequently that no teacher of any merit will consent to work under such restrictions. This view of the case involves, as it seems to us, an exaggerated view of the theological thorniness of University studies. No doubt ancient history or physical science may be so treated as to give very grave offence even to consciences which are not especially tender, but, in so far as they are so treated, the offence will usually be found to lie in the extension of the teacher's views to subjects lying outside his proper sphere. A Professor of Geology does not give offence to the conscience of a believer in the Mosaic account of the Creation by setting out the evidence in favour of assigning a very high antiquity to man, or by stating his own belief in its conclusiveness. But he would be justly reprimanded under the 11th Section if he made this an excuse for telling his class that the Book of Genesis is a forgery or a fiction. No doubt, if the 12th Clause were away, the 11th Clause would be very hard to work. It would require a delicacy of handling almost superhuman to ensure that the treatment of moral and mental philosophy should never give offence to scrupulous persons of a different religion from that of the Professor. But, with this subject excluded, the difficulty of avoiding offence is much diminished. It must be remembered also that the offence is to be wilful, and that, even where it has been given, a mixed and highly representative Council will have to decide whether it was wilfully given. This seems to be of itself some security against the clause being perverted to close a teacher's mouth as regards the unfettered exposition of his own subject.

The exclusion of Philosophy and Modern History from the subjects taught by the University is open to more objection. It will, it is said, lower the value of Dublin honours by the side of those of the English Universities, and it brands the University course with an obvious note of incompleteness. It is important, however, not to overrate the importance of a flaw the existence of which cannot be denied. In the first place, an education in ancient and modern languages and history, in ancient history, in mathematics pure and mixed, and in natural science, will embrace all that is even now imparted to the most eminent Cambridge men. It is true that, in the latter case, there is a Moral Science Tripos for those who wish to be examined in philosophy. But Senior Wranglers and Senior Classics are still held both in the University and in

the world outside to be the most genuine and distinctive products of Cambridge training, and as regards both of them Dublin will be free to turn out the same or better. In the second place, the excluded subjects are excluded only from University teaching, not from college teaching. Trinity College, the Queen's College—should one be set up in Dublin, instead of those now existing in the provinces—and the denominational colleges will all be at liberty to teach philosophy in their several fashions, and in this way there may eventually be as healthy a rivalry in philosophical opinion as can possibly be desired. Readers of the *Dublin Review*, for example, will not need to be told how valuable a controversy on first principles might be looked for if Mr. MILL were to be teacher of philosophy in Trinity College and Mr. W. G. WARD in the Roman Catholic College. It is a mistake, we believe, to suppose that all Roman Catholics object to philosophical discussion, or to their sons knowing that there are philosophers who deny the freedom of the will, or who maintain that there is no essential difference between thought and digestion. What they do object to is the sending forth of these theories with the imprimatur of a University on them. In fact, their position is pretty well identical with that of Protestants who do not object to their sons knowing that the Pope is held by many persons to be infallible, but might not care to send them to lectures in which the truth of the doctrine would be assumed or maintained by the Professor. This class of scruples might perhaps be met by the expedient of a double Chair of Philosophy, which we suggested last week. As regards Modern History, we are not without hope that it may be found possible to reconsider the decree of exclusion. But, in considering this and every other provision, the point to be steadily borne in mind is that the Bill does not profess to be an ideally perfect measure, and that the true test of any criticism to which it may be subjected will be the ability of the critic to suggest anything better adapted to the peculiar circumstances which it is designed to meet.

THE END OF THE COMMITTEE OF THIRTY.

THE Committee of Thirty have from first to last been consistently inconsistent. If their one purpose in life had been to falsify public expectation, they could not have achieved this end more completely. They have been lions when everybody thought they were going to be most lamb-like. They have been lambs when they were supposed to have pledged themselves irrevocably to play the part of lions. Last week their changes of character seemed to have come to an absolute end. They had discussed and voted upon all the subjects submitted to them, and they had entrusted the Duke of BROGLIE with the task of embodying their conclusions in a final Report. In the ordinary course of business the adoption of this Report would have been a mere process of course. Parties in the Committee were not so equally balanced as to leave a chance that the death or defection of a single member might convert the minority into a majority. Two-thirds or so of the Committee had held together with admirable unanimity through all the changing scenes of the Committee's life, and the majority which had told the Duke of BROGLIE what to say in his Report was the same majority that would have to give it the seal of formal acceptance as soon as he had said what he had been told. The position which the Committee seemed at length to have taken up was sufficiently intelligible. They had abandoned the attempt to silence M. THIERS. It was plain that M. THIERS did not mean to be silenced, and the Committee had probably ascertained that on this point at all events he would have a majority in the Assembly with him. Failing in their first design, they had determined to resist at all hazards the attempt of the Government to make them instrumental in giving form and permanence to the Republic. They had refused to recommend the Assembly either to create a Second Chamber, or to pass an electoral law, or to provide for the continuance of the Executive power after its own dissolution. If the Assembly was to undertake these tasks, it would have to do so under the direct influence of M. THIERS. The Bills would be Government Bills, and in all essential respects they would be the mere expression of the PRESIDENT'S wishes. The Committee were not willing to expose the Assembly to this trial. They preferred to keep the work of legislation in their own hands. Accordingly the resolution at last voted provided that the first two points should be referred to them for further consideration, and that the last point should be put aside altogether. The Committee would by and by set to work upon a Second Chamber, and when the Electoral Bill had been prepared they would consider whether it met their views. As to the continuance of the Executive power, they would have none of it. It was not easy to say precisely who should have the management of the elections, but they found no difficulty in settling that M. THIERS should not have it.

M. DUFAURE'S proposal was thereupon rejected, and a series of resolutions embodying these conclusions was handed to the Duke of BROGLIE as the materials from which to construct his Report. By Monday last the Duke had got through his work, and the Report was read to the Committee. With some forebodings, it may be, of what was to come later in the week, the Session was declared secret; but the *Times'* Correspondent, who usually knows what the Right knows, has told us that, though mild in form, the Report firmly maintained the conclusions of the Committee. On Tuesday morning the Report was communicated to the PRESIDENT. In the course of the day a Council of Ministers was held to consider its terms, and later in the afternoon the Duke of BROGLIE had an interview with M. THIERS. On Wednesday morning the Duke of BROGLIE appeared before the Committee a changed man, and, which is more wonderful, found that he had to deal with changed men. The discussion turned upon the possibility of coming to an agreement with the Government on the basis of a new Report upon M. DUFAURE'S proposals. It soon appeared that, the will not being wanting, the way would not be wanting. A fresh Report was constructed at a moment's notice and sent to M. DUFAURE, who laid it before the Council of Ministers. It does not appear what the contents of this Report were, but they were such as to encourage the Government to suggest further modifications, which were accepted by the Committee the same afternoon. In its final shape the Report is in substance M. DUFAURE'S rejected proposal over again. The Assembly is recommended to declare that it will not separate until it has provided for the organization and working of a Second Chamber, for a new electoral law, and for the transmission of powers, while the Government is made to promise to present laws in conformity with this declaration. There is no trace of compromise here. It is an absolute and unconditional surrender. The Government asks the Committee to adopt a certain recommendation. The Committee, after full debate, refuse to adopt it, and proceed to adopt a different one. Having done this, they next ask the Government whether there is no means of coming to an agreement with them. The Government answer, Yes, by throwing over your own proposal, and substituting ours for it. Whereupon the Committee do as they are bidden.

It is very much easier to describe this singular proceeding than to explain it. The explanation which seems to be most generally accepted connects it with the failure of the recent attempt to bring about a fusion. According to this theory, the Right at the moment of their parting company with M. THIERS were sanguine as to their chances of being able soon to do without him. If the Count of PARIS could be got to pay a visit to the Count of CHAMBORD, Royalty would be looking up in the market. The Legitimists and the Orleanists would pull together in the Assembly; the Conservative majority would become homogeneous; all good men would rally round a restoration in which the old BOURBON wine would be poured once more into a new constitutional bottle; and the wounds of France would be healed. With such prospects as these before them, it was not in human nature that they should think it worth while to keep M. THIERS in good humour. But between the preparation of the Report and its final adoption came the news that the fusion had again come to nothing. The Count of CHAMBORD and the Count of PARIS were as far apart as ever. So long as the heads of the rival branches cannot find a middle term upon which to agree, their followers must not be more ingenious. They are bound to go on weakening one another until such time as their respective chiefs give the signal for laying down their arms. In this way M. THIERS became again indispensable. With a fusion, the Monarchists would have substitutes ready in the event of his throwing up his office. The Count of CHAMBORD would take the part of Constitutional King which has been rejected by the *petit bourgeois*, and the Duke of AUDIFFRET PASQUIER would be ready to serve as First Minister. But without a fusion M. THIERS was plainly master of the field. The influences which have made him supreme in the Assembly, and still more in the country, from the day that peace was signed would still be in full force. In that case there was nothing to be done except to make their peace with him once more, and so very disagreeable a dose could not be swallowed too quickly. If this is the true account of the matter, some

more presentable excuse will have to be invented by the time that the Report of the Committee is laid before the Assembly. The form which this excuse will take will probably be that, in the interview between the Duke of BROGLIE and the PRESIDENT, the latter gave such satisfactory assurances as to the manner in which he proposed to carry on the Government, that the hostility of the Committee had been disarmed. Their paramount desire had been to obtain some security for the maintenance of Conservative principles. They had in the first instance endeavoured to arrive at this by keeping as much power as possible in the hands of the Assembly. With this view they had rejected the proposal of the Government to take the initiative in constitutional legislation, and had recommended that any projects of the kind should be submitted to the Committee for consideration. M. THIERS's frank assurance of the substantial identity of his views and wishes with those of the Committee had at the eleventh hour worked a change in their plan. They became suddenly convinced that the Conservative party had nothing to fear from him, and they had consequently given up all thought of tying his hands. It is conceivable of course that this may be the real explanation of what has happened. But, considering how wide a gulf has of late separated the PRESIDENT from the Right, it seems all but impossible that any genuine reconciliation can have been effected between them. That M. THIERS was conciliatory and diplomatic may readily be believed. That the Committee, when they found themselves really pledged to a stand-up fight with the PRESIDENT, took fright at their own boldness, may readily be believed. Out of these elements it may not have been difficult to devise a colourable pretext for surrender. This commonplace hypothesis may perhaps come nearer the truth than the theories which assign the collapse of the Committee either to despair at the failure of the fusion, or to a late conviction of the soundness of M. THIERS's policy.

THE GALWAY PROSECUTIONS.

THE Galway prosecutions have ended, as might have been expected, in the acquittal or escape of all the defendants. Those who are anxious to form an opinion on the conduct of the inculpated priests and prelates are at liberty to choose among three verdicts successively delivered by as many different tribunals. The Judge who was entrusted with the duty of investigating the validity of the Galway election unseated the sitting member on proof satisfactory to his mind that some of the Roman Catholic bishops and clergy had practised the most open and shameless intimidation. In some instances the priests had even been present when actual violence was offered to supporters of the candidate whom they had disapproved; and the Judge satisfied himself that both priests and bishops had in numerous cases threatened with spiritual penalties any elector who might resist their dictation. It was unfortunate that Justice KEOGH's indignation was too eloquently expressed; but even his most unscrupulous assailants have never ventured to dispute the substantial justice of his decision. Dublin juries have now declined to convict some of those who were denounced by the Judge as the grossest offenders; and a Roman Catholic bishop has been acquitted. If the balance of authority as to the evidence were equal, it would perhaps be inclined in favour of the earlier decision by the informal judgment of a volunteer Court of Appeal. The Dublin rabble frantically applauded the defendants, not because they regarded them as innocent, but because they believed them to have prostituted their spiritual influence to a factious purpose. One of them, in an address to the mob, instead of repudiating the infamous language of which he had been accused, boasted that his conduct had been perfectly legitimate, and that on any future occasion he would adopt the same course. There can be little doubt that he will keep a promise which may be performed without the smallest danger as a set-off against the popularity which will be incurred by a breach of the law. It is impossible to punish turbulent Irish priests except by prosecuting them before Irish juries; and the recent experiment is not assuring. If infallible personages were bound to be consistent, the POPE, in his periodical comminations of Liberals and opponents of authority, would perhaps find a word of censure for priests of his own communion who rival in lawless violence the most troublesome secular demagogues. In one of his speeches Mr. BUTT reproached the Government for trying the priests before a court of law, instead of leaving them to the jurisdiction of their ecclesiastical superiors. It would be as reasonable to refer a traveller who had been robbed by a highwayman to the disciplinary powers of the captain of the band.

The Government had no choice in deciding on the prosecutions after the judgment on the election petition. It is a constitutional assumption that juries will give verdicts in accordance with the evidence; and there could be no doubt that, unless Justice KEOGH had been altogether mistaken, grave offences had been committed. The result of the trials was probably foreseen from the first, but the Government could scarcely have declined to prosecute on the ground that justice was unattainable in Ireland. The trials might, as the result has shown, as well have been held in Galway, where some of the jurors would probably have been accomplices in riot and intimidation. The Irish Court of Queen's Bench held, notwithstanding the arguments of the defendants' counsel, that a local trial would be too absurd; and, by removing the cases to Dublin, they furnished the Crown and the defendants with the only chance of a fair trial which it was in their power to secure. The CHIEF JUSTICE appears to have done his utmost to confine the attention of the jury to the evidence; and the ATTORNEY-GENERAL and Serjeant ARMSTRONG have not shrunk from discharging their duty. The advocate who is charged with the vindication of order and electoral freedom must be prepared in Ireland to encounter forensic ribaldry and insult. Mr. HERON would have incurred a grave responsibility if his invective against Serjeant ARMSTRONG had excited the howling mob around the court to acts of violence. After the verdicts which have been delivered, the Government will probably abandon the remaining prosecutions. No one is bound to perform impossibilities, and there is evidently no hope that the Galway delinquents will be brought to justice. At future elections the Ballot, though it may perhaps confirm and extend the power of the priests, will in some degree rescue independent voters from personal danger. Clerical agitators will still rave and curse from their altars, and some of their disciples will yield to spiritual intimidation, but it is impossible to determine how far the fear of temporal consequences is combined with religious submission. The Irishman who only half believes that his priest can consign him to eternal perdition for giving an honest vote is fully aware that, if he defies the threat, he is in danger of more practical molestation.

In one case the jury seems to have been justified by the evidence in acquitting a defendant. The language attributed to Bishop DUGGAN was only proved by a single witness, who had, unluckily for himself, in jest or earnest, at one time tampered with the Fenian conspiracy. It is easy, even without the aid of the newspaper reports, to appreciate the opportunity which was offered to Mr. BUTT of displaying his faculty of sarcasm, of abuse, and of virtuous indignation. The witness declared that the Bishop had uttered an anathema on any elector who should disobey the injunctions of himself and his clergy. In spiritual jurisprudence an anathema closely resembles the *præmunire* of old English law, as a penalty which is rather vaguely apprehended than distinctly understood. There is no doubt that, if spiritual intimidation is forbidden by law, bishops and priests have no right to anathematize political opponents. The defendant produced ten witnesses who swore that the word anathema had never been said; and although their evidence was open to Serjeant ARMSTRONG's remark that it had not been given on the inquiry at Galway, it can scarcely be said that where a doubt must be allowed in favour of an accused person the jury were bound to prefer one witness to ten. Heretical friends of rational liberty may perhaps find some consolation in the reflection that an Irish Roman Catholic Bishop repudiates the use of menacing language, and takes issue rather on the facts of the case than on his own spiritual privileges. In the other trials the counsel for the defence endeavoured to perplex the jury by the casuistical argument that the clergy are justified in advising their flocks on the discharge of a moral duty. It is allowable to warn a man that he is walking along a path which ends in a precipice; and if the consequence of voting for Captain TRENCH was eternal perdition, a conscientious priest could hardly shrink from the duty of indicating the formidable danger. The answer to the argument is simply that a sceptical Legislature has distinctly forbidden the practice of intimidation, without regard to the possible dictates of religious duty. The jury was impanelled to try the facts according to the law; but juries, and especially Irish juries, take a liberal view of their functions. In the case of Dr. DUGGAN, Mr. BUTT and Mr. HERON had the simpler task of vituperating the witness for the prosecution, and of endeavouring to satisfy the jury that their client had not used the words which they would perhaps in other circumstances have justified.

The supporters of Home Rule or separation are in the habit

of complaining that under the Imperial Government the affairs of Ireland are administered according to English doctrines under English institutions. It must be admitted that a national system which is founded on certain traditional assumptions operates strangely on a dissimilar community. Irish elections and Irish political trials by jury place a heavy strain on popular institutions. It is an anomaly that a set of factious priests should have the power of electing a member of Parliament; but among the rights of the inhabitants of the United Kingdom is the liberty of following the most mischievous guidance. The Roman Catholic clergy, who in every other European country are the advocates of absolute government, perhaps display a want of foresight when they become leaders of a disaffected and revolutionary rabble. It is at least possible that Irishmen may in course of time direct against their ecclesiastical rulers the same spirit of antagonism which they have learned to cultivate to lawful temporal authority. In the United States, where there are no landlords to denounce, the Irish Roman Catholic often regards the instructions of his priest with dangerous indifference. Rebellious or mutinous habits of mind are not favourable to the maintenance of abject intellectual submission. The most plausible defence which has been suggested for the Galway denunciations is the probable statement that the electors voted in accordance with their own wishes, although they were urged to the poll by threats of spiritual penalties. The time may come when the priests will be on the less popular side; and then they will perhaps find that the malcontents whom they have encouraged and stimulated will have courage to look an anathema in the face. For the present the Galway priests have obtained a kind of triumph; and they care little for the remote public opinion which they defy. Mr. BUTT also and his colleague have obtained a series of easy victories; they find their reward in the applause of a disaffected multitude. It will be useless to furnish them with additional opportunities of persuading willing juries.

JURIES.

THE Juries Bill is one of those odd projects of legislation which almost tempt one to a momentary belief in the doctrines of astrology. It would seem as if their existence could be accounted for only by the influence of some fatal planet which overpowered reason, common sense, and even self-interest, and compelled those who were under its baneful direction to indulge in all sorts of incomprehensible and foolish freaks. There are some practical grievances connected with the jury system which ought to be remedied, and nothing could be easier than to put an end to them. But under pretext of doing this the Government wantonly seizes the opportunity of turning everything topsy-turvy, and of proposing a general revolution of the existing system. The nearest approach to the Juries Bill as sketched out by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL would be a measure providing that henceforth all the BROWNS should be called SMITHS and all the SMITHS BROWNS, just for the fun of the thing, and by way of relieving the monotony of existence. Nobody asks for such a Bill; nobody wants it; nobody likes it; it is about as certain as anything can be that it will never be passed; and assuredly no credit will be gained by an attempt to pass it. Short cuts are proverbially treacherous, and the House of Commons would certainly have saved both time and trouble hereafter if, on the second reading of this extraordinary Bill, it had applied itself in earnest to a discussion of the principle or principles on which it is supposed to be founded. Unfortunately the House of Commons has of late years shown an increasing disposition to wander from the good old rule on this point. Bills are frequently read a second time *pro formâ*, and then there is either a debate on going into Committee which might just as well have been taken at the previous and proper stage, or discussions on principle break out in Committee and lead to great confusion and waste of time. When the principle of a Bill has been thoroughly threshed out and settled, the details, or at least the greater part of them, are practically settled too, and may almost be left to take care of themselves. In any case the issues to be disposed of in Committee are simplified and narrowed, and some guarantee is provided for the consistency of the measure. No doubt there is sometimes a difficulty in determining exactly what is the principle of a Bill. In the present instance the preamble sets forth that it is expedient to consolidate and amend the laws relating to jurors and juries, but this can hardly be considered a principle. The principle of the Bill relates rather to the manner or direction of the amendment which is to be undertaken: and on this point the House of Commons would seem for the present to be lost in a fog. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL has put before the House the Bill of last Session as amended by the Select Committee to which it was referred; but he intends to propose some important alterations in it. It would have been more natural and convenient if he had at once produced his own draft of the Bill in the shape in which he means to stand by it. The Bill will have to be reprinted, and until it is reprinted we shall not know precisely what it is to be. There are two ways in which the jury system might be amended. One way would be to try to remedy the practical grievances of the existing system, while making as few changes as possible in the general character of the arrangements. The other way would be to turn everything upside down, and to make as many changes as possible. The latter would seem to be the principle on which the present Bill has been, or is to be, framed, and it is a principle as to which the House of Commons would do well to come to some understanding before it plunges into the maze of Committee.

What are the crying grievances of the present jury system? That it is capriciously and corruptly administered, and presses unfairly on particular classes of people. In order to remedy these grievances, it is necessary to define with greater precision the conditions of service on juries, and to put the execution of the law into the hands of competent and trustworthy persons, acting under proper checks and supervision. This the Bill does, and, on the whole, as far as we can judge, it seems to do it in a satisfactory manner. The qualifications of jurors have been revised, and provision is made for the preparation, publication, and correction of the lists of jurors at suitable intervals. If the Bill stopped here, it would be a very useful and serviceable Bill, and it is not improbable that this is the shape in which it may finally be passed. Whether it is desirable to go any further, and to make a change in the constitution of the jury, is obviously a question which should be settled before going into Committee. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL agrees with the majority of the Select Committee in thinking that the number of jurors to be impanelled should be reduced from twelve to seven. The only ground on which this change is recommended is that it would be a relief to jurors. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL observed very truly that the great hardship of service is not so much the actual sitting in the jury-box during the trial of a cause, as the time spent by jurors kicking their heels in court, day after day, on the chance of their being wanted. It is necessary to keep a sufficient number of jurors always in attendance in order that successive juries may be impanelled without delay, and also that provision may be made for cases of illness and absentees. A reduction of the number required to form a jury would therefore afford an amount of relief to the classes from whom jurors are drawn far beyond the number released from actual service in the box. While, however, it is well that the obligations of the system should be made to press as lightly as possible on the classes affected by it, it is also necessary to take care that, in giving relief to jurors, no injury is done to the interests of the community at large.

It is proposed that in civil cases, and in all criminal cases except treason, treason-felony, and murder, the number of a jury should in future be only seven. Lord COKE has observed that the law delighteth in the number twelve, which was the number of the patriarchs and apostles. But if that were all, equally good reasons might no doubt be adduced for setting up the number seven. Were there not seven lamps to the golden candlestick of the Temple, and seven trumpets sounded seven times round Jericho, and are there not seven days in the week? There is, as the ATTORNEY-GENERAL said, no magic in twelve, but it has at least one strong practical recommendation at the present day; and that is, that it is a number to which everybody is accustomed, and which has acquired a kind of semi-sanctity through use and wont. The nation has been brought up in the faith of twelve, and that is in itself a very good reason for sticking to it. For centuries Englishmen have been in the habit of believing that the opinion of twelve men on any question of fact might safely be accepted as a sound and trustworthy conclusion, and a new-fangled number would not command the same respect. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL could give no better reason for adhering to the old number in cases of treason and murder, while adopting seven in other cases, than a deep-rooted feeling that the sanctity of life required to be guarded in this way; but sentimental considerations of this kind supply an equally strong argument against making any change in other cases. Even supposing that we had for the first time to decide what

is the proper number for a jury, there would be a great deal to be said in favour of twelve. What is wanted is to fill the jury-box with a fair sample of ordinary human nature, and the chances are that the majority of a jury of twelve will be more likely to answer this description than the majority of a smaller body. As you lower the number the greater is the risk of getting an accidental preponderance of crotchety, prejudiced, or eccentric persons. On the other hand, there would be a practical inconvenience in going above twelve. A larger number could not conveniently take counsel together, and there might be some difficulty as to providing accommodation for them. The opinions of practical lawyers appear to be decidedly adverse to the proposed change; and, even if any change were desirable, from twelve to seven would be a rash leap to take all at once.

The most serious, as it is also the most wanton, unnecessary, and inconsiderate, of the changes now proposed is that the unanimity of the jury should be dispensed with, and that the majority should be allowed to vote a verdict. The Attorney-General denounces the existing law in this respect as barbarous, but to us it seems to be not unreasonable. The advantages of the rule are obvious. It compels a jury, if any differences arise, to go over them carefully, to discuss them, and to reconsider the whole case in their minds. If the vote of a majority would settle the matter, the vote could be taken with a light heart, and the minority, instead of standing up for their opinion, would throw all the responsibility on the other side, and go off with an easy conscience. Yet minorities are often right. It is true that the Judges have power to lock up jurors who disagree, without meat, drink, fire, or candle, and, as the old law books say, to carry them about the circuit from town to town in a cart. Practically of course what happens is that, if a jury, after being locked up for an hour or two, cannot agree, it is discharged. It is easy to make fun of starving juries into unanimity, but in practice the system, as enforced mildly and discreetly by the Judges, works very well. It is at least a protest against hasty and careless verdicts, and obliges juries to act deliberately. The Attorney-General asks why one pertinacious, wrong-headed, cantankerous man should be able to veto the reasonable conclusion of the rest of the jury; but a system of this kind cannot be fairly tested by exceptional failures. Not only a single juror, but sometimes a whole jury, is wrong-headed and unreasonable; yet this has never been held to be a sufficient argument for abolishing trial by jury. It is a question of the balance of advantages and disadvantages, and, on the whole, trial by jury and unanimous verdicts have the best of it when tested in this way. The Attorney-General differs from the Select Committee in regard to the question of unanimity, and also in regard to the advantage of having mixed juries of common and special jurors. In favour of the mixed system Sir J. Coleridge can cite the recommendation of the Common Law Commissioners, and the more recent Judicature Commission. The danger is lest class jealousies and divisions should influence the different orders of jurors; but the experiment is said to have been tried in various parts of the country, and with satisfactory results. The provision enabling criminal cases to be tried by special juries is useful and important. There is one point upon which the Bill seems to be very inadequate, and that is as to the remuneration of jurors. Nothing can be more monstrous than the way in which poor common jurors in country districts are kept hanging about an assize town for days together in order to try causes at eightpence a piece. They have to pay their fares to the town, to pay their expenses there, and all the while their shops or farms are perhaps left to take care of themselves. The Bill proposes that common jurors should receive two shillings, and special jurors a pound, for each cause; but a cause may last over several days, and it is clear that, as far as common jurors are concerned, an allowance of this kind is a mockery of remuneration. It was, we believe, the opinion of the late Mr. Justice Willes that jurors, who are judges of facts, should be paid by the State as well as the judges of law; but, even if they were paid by the suitors, as at present, it would add very little to the costs of litigation to pay them properly.

MR. FORTESCUE'S RAILWAY BILL.

MR. CHICHESTER FORTESCUE'S Bill for appointing a Railway Commission or Tribunal is a necessary consequence of the Report of the Joint Committee on Railway Amalgamation. The provisions of the Bill will require the most careful consideration, but the general principle is probably sound in itself, and it is supported by high authority. The Joint Committee proved its good sense by confining itself, with two or three exceptions, to negative conclusions. The nostrums which were submitted to its approval by private or official theorists were successively rejected. The reduction of rates is not to be enforced as a necessary condition of amalgamation, at a time when the Railway Companies are suffering from a great increase in their working expenses. The absurd demand for equal mileage rates failed to approve itself to the judgment of the Committee, nor was any value attached to the wild statistics and arbitrary speculations which were adduced in support of the project of a transfer of railways to the State. Captain Tyler assured the Committee that the profit which would accrue from the annexation of the railway system would cover the interest on the National Debt. It happens that the whole value of the goods traffic in the country is almost exactly equal to the interest on the Debt. It may therefore be said that Captain Tyler undertakes to carry the goods traffic for nothing, inasmuch as the profit which he may anticipate from passenger traffic would certainly not pay interest on the purchase money of the railways. The proposal of referring all Amalgamation Bills to a Joint Committee is of doubtful expediency. It seems an anomaly that the most important measures should be exempted from the liability to a second investigation which attaches to ordinary Bills. It is doubtful whether the new Railway Board will enjoy any special facilities for determining questions of amalgamation between railways and canals, but it will be better qualified than the Court of Common Pleas to provide for the removal of vexatious obstructions to traffic. Experience alone can show whether it will be possible for any extraneous authority to compel Companies to time their trains in connexion with the trains of their neighbours and competitors; but the principle was affirmed in the Act of 1854, and the experiment of enforcing the liability of the Companies may fairly be tried.

The Joint Committee proposed that the Tribunal should undertake the settlement of all differences between Railway and Canal Companies which are, under the provisions of general or private Acts, now submitted to arbitration. The arrangement would probably be beneficial if it would work, for the delay and expense which result from frequent adjournments of arbitrations would be avoided; but it is not certain that any single body of arbitrators would be able to dispose of the whole mass of business. The proceedings themselves can scarcely be accelerated, as inquiries before arbitrators almost always involve a complicated mass of details. Under the provisions of the Bill, which in this instance departs from the recommendations of the Joint Committee, the reference to the Tribunal will only be made on the application of the parties, who in many cases will probably prefer arbitrators of their own selection. The terms on which running powers are to be exercised, the mode of fixing through rates, and the extent of facilities to be afforded are, under the provisions of various Acts of Parliament, to be settled in case of difference by arbitration. It fortunately happens that in the majority of cases the parties render litigation unnecessary by coming to an understanding; but the arrangement of similar details and the construction of ambiguous agreements will furnish the Tribunal with ample occupation. There is some novelty in proposing that a Court shall be established for the determination of a limited class of issues of fact, and for the interpretation of certain special documents. The members of the body, unless they have had previous experience of railway arbitrations, will be compelled to ascertain by inquiry from experts some of the ordinary rules of practice. Thus, according to ordinary custom, the payment for the exercise of running powers is so arranged as to leave no margin of profit to the running Company, except from the additional traffic which may be brought over its proper system. The difficulty, if any, will only occur at the commencement of the new system; and if it is found that inquiries become more tedious or more expensive, it will be easy to return to the present form of arbitration. The chief reason for investing the new Board with quasi-judicial functions was perhaps the desire of providing it with sufficient employment. It is impossible to foresee the extent of the duties which will be imposed on the Tribunal or Commission by the operation of the Bill.

The Government agrees with the Joint Committee that the Board ought to have the power of compelling in all cases the establishment of through rates between contiguous railways. Mr. Fortescue intimates that in the majority of cases the division of the rates will be regulated by mileage; but the Board will have power to modify the rule in consideration of

special circumstances. At present Railway Companies as a general rule make through rates with their neighbours to all non-competitive stations; and it is evidently for the interest of a Company owning part of a route to encourage to the best of its ability the transmission of traffic for the entire distance. No compulsion is necessary to ensure that the North-Eastern Company will assist the London passenger traffic of the Great Northern, or to facilitate the exchange of goods between any part of its system and the Midland district. On the other hand, competing lines are in every possible way favoured by their owners with the aid of their allies; nor is it probable that any Board or other authority will succeed in compelling Companies to extend to their rivals in trade exactly the same facilities which they provide for themselves. Under some modern Acts of Parliament competing Companies have a right to facilities as large as it will be possible for any Board to provide or to enforce; but the Company which first takes hold of traffic seldom lets it afterwards pass out of its hands as long as it passes through its district. It would be at the same time unjust and useless to require any Company to send any description of traffic either by the shortest route, or even by the route which might seem to a bystander the most convenient. As the rate is always regulated by the length of the shortest route, it matters nothing to freighters whether their goods are sent by a circuitous line, provided they arrive in time for the market to which they are despatched. Passengers may be trusted to select the better and the quicker of two competing routes. In the majority of cases it is greatly for the public interest that two or more routes should be kept open, although one may be far longer than another. Vast sums have been spent in the construction of competing lines which would often become useless or burdensome to their owners if they were compelled to hand over to their competitors a portion of the traffic which they convey. The numerous competing lines of this Session and the last are of course designed exclusively for the benefit of their promoters; but those schemes which have been or will be recognized by Parliament as legitimate undertakings may be supposed also to produce great public benefit. If a Company which proposes to construct a branch across some rival line could be compelled to hand over its traffic to its competitor at the junction, the branch would never be made. With through rates the Companies will find means of dealing; but through rates uniformly enforced might perhaps seriously injure railway enterprise.

The Joint Committee, and Mr. CHICHESTER FORTESCUE as its Chairman, had ample opportunities of ascertaining, not only that previous attempts to legislate for railways have proved abortive, but also that the failure of the various projects was fortunate. Additional experience has probably diminished the difficulties of legislation, but Parliament and the Tribunal which it is about to constitute ought to proceed with the utmost caution. Notwithstanding recent commercial prosperity, the railways of this kingdom as a whole scarcely realize any trade profit, after paying interest on the capital expended. A dividend of four or five per cent. represents only interest on capital, and leaves no margin as a remuneration for labour and for risk. If railways were constructed and worked by single capitalists, the moderate or insufficient amount of their returns would be generally recognized. The subdivision into shares held by dormant partners, though it makes no real difference in the character of the enterprise, produces the illusion that dividends are analogous rather to interest than to profit. The recent increase in the cost of labour, of stores, and of coal has eaten up the gains which would otherwise have been realized by the great increase of traffic; and there is much reason to fear that the same causes will soon seriously affect the general industry of the country. Injudicious interference might inflict serious damage on railway proprietors; and it is obviously impossible to compel Companies to carry traffic at a loss. One serious difficulty which will meet the Board at the outset of its proceedings will be caused by the numerous and complicated agreements which are equivalent to treaties among Companies, resulting from diplomatic negotiations, and sometimes from trials of strength. Many, and perhaps most of the agreements, have a Parliamentary sanction which places them beyond the reach of any revising authority. Difficulties of this kind are not necessarily insuperable, but they will deprive Mr. FORTESCUE's legislative experiment of the simplicity which might perhaps have been in itself desirable.

MAN AND WIFE (LIMITED).

ALL that is wanted to complete the Married Women's Property Bill which was read a second time in the House of Commons on Wednesday would seem to be a clause requiring married couples to register themselves under the Limited Liability Act, and to paint up on the doors of their houses in conspicuous letters a statement of their respective possessions for the information of tradesmen and other persons with whom they may be desirous of entering into business transactions. Perhaps some little alteration will also have to be made in the marriage service, so that it should not jar on the feelings of ladies who are about to enjoy the advantage of the new doctrine of matrimonial responsibilities. The "for worse" had better be omitted. Hitherto man and wife have been held to be one, with interests in common, and sharing the same fortune. But, now it seems, we are going to change all that. One of the advocates of Mr. HINDE PALMER'S Bill said it would be a good thing to have the law based on a simple consistent principle. We have certainly no fault to find with the measure on that account. It is as simple and consistent as could be desired. The value of consistent and uncompromising adherence to a principle depends, however, somewhat on whether the principle is good or bad. The Bill provides that a married woman shall be capable of holding property and of contracting precisely as if she were unmarried. She may acquire property, or give it away, or go into trade or speculation, just as if she were a single woman, with nobody to think of except herself. She may sue or be sued without the slightest reference to her husband, who will henceforth cease to exercise any legal control over her actions. Her earnings, like her other property, will be absolutely her own. Under the new law, there will apparently be nothing to prevent married couples from living together in the same house, if they choose to do so, but they will be in the position of independent lodgers. The wife will be responsible for her husband's debts only in so far as she allows him to act as her agent, and the husband's liability for his wife will be put on the same footing. When the tradespeople come round to collect their accounts, they will no doubt find the investigation of the exact circumstances under which furniture, coals, joints of meat, or haberdashery, were ordered extremely entertaining. They will have the satisfaction of knowing that they are at liberty to sue the wife, as surety for her husband, if it can be shown that she gave her orders as his agent; but this satisfaction may be diminished by the discovery that unfortunately the lady has no assets. The solution of these domestic mysteries will no doubt present an amusing resemblance to the well-known game of the pea under the thimble. Artists in swindling will derive great encouragement from the change in the law, and a variety of new branches of this line of business may be expected to spring up. When a Bill very similar to this one was before the House of Lords, Lord PENZANCE observed that, if it passed, it might be doubtful how far there would remain any inducement to the male portion of the community to enter into so perilous a contract as matrimony would then become. For an honest man who was prepared to stand by his wife, and to make good her debts as if they were his own, the prospect would certainly not be very encouraging; but a rogue with a taste for safe and easy cheating might find marriage a lucrative profession. All he would have to do would be to make over his money to his wife, and testify his devotion to her by continually presenting her with costly gifts obtained from confiding tradesmen, at whom, as he would take care to have no funds of his own, he could snap his fingers.

Nobody who is acquainted with the peculiarities of the Women's Rights people will be surprised to learn that children are too trifling and insignificant a detail of matrimony to be worthy of the notice of a superior mind. It has not been thought necessary to make any provision for the maintenance of offspring. This, we suppose, will be left to chance or charity. It is interesting to observe what will be the practical operation of this remarkable piece of legislation. The wife may either go into business with her husband, or, if she likes, she may start a rival shop and carry off his customers. If she provides the greater part of the capital, she will no doubt claim priority in the firm, and "SMITH and HUSBAND" may possibly become a familiar sign. A lady who finds the dull routine of domestic duties wearisome will be at liberty to seek excitement on the Stock Exchange, or to go shares with cousin CHARLEY in a racing stable. If the family accounts get into confusion, husband and wife will have the opportunity of bringing actions against each other. Each will of course have a separate banker and solicitor. It is said that this Bill will do for all women only what is already done for those who are

in good circumstances by settlements and the Court of Chancery. In point of fact, this is very far from being an accurate statement of the case; but, even if it were, it may be doubted whether the system of settlements has been found to be so admirable that it should be made universal. Settlements are sometimes the cause of a vast deal of mischief, and operate in a very different way from that which was originally contemplated. But at least they are a purely voluntary agreement, the terms of which may be adapted to particular cases, not a rigid and absolute rule imposed without qualification or exception on every class of the community. What the Court of Chancery will do only on cause shown and in certain cases is by the Bill to be made a universal law. Everybody is agreed that some provision should be made for the protection of the property of women who have the misfortune to be married to dissipated or rapacious men. But this is the case only of a section, and we should say of a very small section, of the community, and the great body of people, who do not happen to be in this unhappy position, have also some right to be considered in the matter. If the effect of a Bill of this kind will be, as Lord PENZANCE said, to subvert the principles on which the marriage relation has hitherto stood, and to cause increased discord and separation among married people, it is important to consider who, on the other hand, will be benefited by it. It is obvious that it will be of no service to married women who have no property. Neither will it be of service to married women who possess property, but who are either protected by settlements or married to husbands who are not rapacious and dissipated. How many women, then, are there who, having both property and bad husbands, are in a position to require the protection of the law? They are a mere handful in the midst of the nation, and it might surely be possible to find some means of protecting them without converting marriage into a mere commercial partnership with limited liability. The objection to Mr. PALMER'S Bill is that it goes far beyond the necessities of the case, and does a great wrong in order to do a little right.

It seems to be forgotten by the advocates of this sweeping change in the law that marriage is a transaction in which other people are concerned besides the particular married couples. If it were only a question of a man and wife arranging their private money matters between themselves, a plausible case might possibly be made out for enabling the latter to deal with her husband on an independent footing. But there is the world outside, which has also an interest in the matter. Hitherto it has been understood that a married couple represented a single household, and that the husband was responsible for its engagements. To some extent this principle is qualified by the operation of settlements, and it is notorious enough that a vast amount of dishonesty is continually practised under cover of such arrangements. But, as a general rule, husband and wife are at present, as far as the outer world is concerned, practically one, and the joint property of the household is a guarantee for any debts that may be contracted. If this bill passes it will be impossible to ascertain which of the two is responsible for the liabilities of the household. How is a tradesman to know whether in a particular instance a husband is giving orders on his own account or as his wife's agent? And people who wish to take a dishonest advantage of this state of things may be trusted to arrange that, if it is the husband who gives the orders and is liable to be sued, it will be the wife who holds the money-box. If it were the general rule in this country that women brought money to their husbands, there might be something to be said for such a protection. But this is not the general rule, and among the classes where the practice does prevail it is already provided for by settlements. In the great majority of marriages the wife has no property whatever, or only a trifle not worth mentioning—a little purse that goes in the first year's dresses. We are thus threatened with legislation to be forced upon the whole community which applies only to the circumstances of a small minority. The Bill proposes that no husband shall be liable to damages for any wrong committed by his wife. If his wife has property, she can be sued; but if she has none, the injured person will have no redress whatever. In the course of the debate the remark of a "clever woman," that by the law of England husband and wife were one person, and that person was the husband, was quoted as if such a statement of the law at once proved its injustice and absurdity. We are ready to accept the description as literally accurate, and to maintain that it is the description of a common-sense and necessary rule. It is an old saying that when two people ride a horse one must ride behind; and in a partnership one partner must have a casting vote, unless there is to be an opening for separation in case of a difference of opinion. Divorce for incompatibility is the natural corollary of that disruption of the marriage tie in its old sense which is now contemplated. For our own part we do not believe that any legislation will practically make very much difference in the relative position of the sexes, because that position depends upon solid and substantial grounds which will continue to exist. It is well known that there is no more common cause of violence and cruelty by the husband than the possession by the wife of some little money which she has a legal right to keep from him. The best security that women can have is to be a little more cautious as to the character of the men they marry before they commit themselves to their care. In the nature of things, while the world remains as at present, men will be tolerably certain to have the upper hand in domestic rule, simply because they are stronger and more resolute, and because as a rule the support of the family mainly depends on them. But it does not follow that an increased amount of mischief and misery may not be done by rash and reckless attempts to tamper with the unity and sanctity of marriage.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LOVE.

IN the last instalment of Mr. Herbert Spencer's exposition of the philosophical system which is to give us an explanation—so far as an explanation can be given—of the whole universe, we meet with an interesting passage upon the passion of love. The advocates of the evolution hypothesis are sometimes called materialists. That word is too often used, as "atheist" is used in theological, or a good round oath in popular discussion, simply to indicate disagreement coupled with moral disapproval. The fallacy which it involves in this case might be easily exhibited. The genuine materialists of the last century were in fact given to maintaining that our loftiest sentiments were merely modifications of the most earthly instincts.

> Lust through some certain strainers well refined
> Is gentle love,

according to Pope; and some very equivocal sermons have been preached upon his text. Superficial readers have fancied that, because Mr. Darwin or Mr. Herbert Spencer believes that man has been evolved by inconceivably minute changes from some inferior organism, therefore our emotions and thoughts are nothing but transformations of the blind sensations of the lowest forms of life. The misconception is palpable. Science might conceivably show under what conditions intellect first manifested itself, but it would not be one step the nearer to discovering what was the essence of intellect. It might explain the how, but can throw no light upon the what. Thus we find that Mr. Herbert Spencer's description of the passion called love has nothing in it calculated to shock the most spiritual philosopher. It is, he says, an emotion of the highest complexity, and consequently of the greatest strength. Around the purely physical elements gather all varieties of powerful emotions which blend and unite in the closest harmony. First come all the impressions which are produced by the beautiful, the explanation of which would involve a long and most difficult analysis. Then we have the sentiment of affection, which may exist between persons of the same sex, but which undergoes a special exaltation when existing between lovers. Next come the sentiments of admiration or reverence; and, beyond them again, the love of approbation, which is keenly excited by the knowledge that we are preferred to all the world, and preferred by one whom we admire beyond all others. Allied to this is the sentiment of self-approval, when we are flattered by the sense of the great merits to which we owe so great a triumph. Beyond this is the "proprietary feeling," or the pleasure of mutual possession. And, finally, there is an exaltation of the sympathies when our pleasures are heightened by the close participation of another person in all our enjoyments. We need not inquire whether the analysis is complete or accurate; at any rate it illustrates pretty fairly the amazing complexity of a passion which we are apt to describe as simple. When a young gentleman at a ball sees the young lady who is above all other young ladies enter the room, he is conscious only of a keen thrill of emotion, so vivid and powerful as to displace every other sentiment for the time. If Mr. Herbert Spencer were standing by him, and were to propose to give him a lecture on the constituent elements of his passion, we fear, though we mean no disrespect to Mr. Spencer, that he would consider the philosopher to be a bore. But perhaps a few years afterwards, or possibly on the next day if his suit should have come to an untimely catastrophe, he might be inclined to take his passion to pieces, and he would recognize the justice of most of the remarks which we have summarized. In that case he would perhaps find the explanation of some phenomena which are a little puzzling to bystanders, though the lover himself has not the leisure to attend to them.

Thus, for example, everybody is puzzled by the extraordinary caprices of love-making. The ladies who say in novels that they cannot understand "what he could see in her" are generally held up to ridicule as obviously blinded by jealousy. And yet their want of perception is not only sincere, but is shared by perfectly impartial spectators. When we see the way in which marriages are brought about in the world, we wonder that the pursuit of match-making should be found so interesting by amiable persons.

Of course match-making as a variety of fortune-hunting is only too intelligible; but there is a match-making of a much less sordid variety. All amiable women take the keenest delight in attempting to pair off their friends and relations according to their own views of the fitness of things. And yet they are always meeting with the strangest and, at first sight, the most unaccountable disappointments. The man of intellect has an extraordinary taste for stupid women; the handsome man of fashion is carried off by a poor, ugly, and commonplace woman ten years older than himself; the pompous prig secures the brightest and liveliest of her sex: foxhunters attract poetesses, and poets marry wives who can do nothing but mend their shirts. Such strange contrasts have led to the development of the plausible theory that people are attracted rather by qualities complementary than by qualities similar to their own. This doctrine, however, fails by being too comprehensive. We must admit that like often attracts like; and if we add that like also attracts unlike, we have a theory which explains nothing, because it explains everything. Every match that ever was or ever will be made may be brought under one category or the other; but until we can give some reason for telling beforehand which set of causes is likely to be operative in a given case, we are no nearer an explanation than we were before. The only general rule at which we have been enabled to arrive by experience is the rather discouraging one that people whom we like always marry people whom we dislike. Friends seem to have a perverse delight in forming new combinations which may be as discordant as possible with their ancient ties. We do not, however, see our way to erecting any philosophical theory upon this experience, unless as it goes to illustrate Artemus Ward's doctrine of the "cussedness" of things in general.

Mr. Herbert Spencer's analysis may perhaps help us to understand some of the conditions of the problem, though the philosopher has yet to arise who will be able to tell us from the inspection of a young lady or gentleman what will be the character of his or her future partner. In the first place, it is to be remarked that some of the elements which he describes do not enter into the passion in many cases, or at least do not enter into its earlier stages. Self-esteem, for example, is the reward of successful love-making, and strengthens the passion when it has once been formed; but it cannot be the primary cause. Mere contiguity is very often a sufficient explanation of the phenomenon. A man and woman brought together in Robinson Crusoe's island would almost inevitably fall in love, however unpromising their characters might be. And, though London is very unlike a desert island, there are frequently situations, even in the most crowded societies, where conditions substantially similar are reproduced. There are circumstances under which it would be almost a breach of good manners not to indulge in a little flirtation. A human being has such a variety of strong feelings in a state of solution that any object will be sufficient to determine their crystallization. This is, indeed, the primary axiom on the subject. We have all a vast amount of disposable emotion; we all long to admire and to be admired; we are grateful for compliments; we wish to have something to call our own; we want our sentiments to be confirmed by sympathy; and therefore, when once any accident has, so to speak, drawn the sluices, a whole torrent of emotion rushes into the channel provided for it, and we attribute to the one external and assignable cause what really results from our own states of feeling. Because a particular match has exploded the magazine, we absurdly argue that no other match would have done equally well. We set up the first idol that comes to hand, and suppose that its perfections are the sole cause of our worship, when, in fact, the desire to worship something has prepared us to prostrate ourselves before any shrine that offers itself. Love being a compound of so many forces, any one which is set in action draws all the rest after it by the principle of association. But all this does not answer the question as to how our choice is first determined. A young gentleman in London may see some hundreds of young ladies before he is brought down by one who is perhaps amongst the least apparently attractive of the whole number. That is the puzzle which is constantly recurring; and a solution of it would be of immense value to all match-makers, whether of the loftier or the baser variety. What is the most promising method of attack? Which of all the causes that may precipitate the passion is the most generally available? If philosophers could tell us that, they would have taken the first step towards placing an occupation, now pursued on purely empirical principles, upon true scientific grounds.

To such a question we can of course give no satisfactory answer. It may be observed, however, that it has been very much obscured by the labours of novelists. Novels are supposed to be the embodiment of the authors' knowledge of human nature; a supposition to which there is the trifling objection that very few novelists know anything of human nature, and that at most they are familiar with particular instances and not with general principles. They of course go upon the general assumption that their hero and heroine are to be as attractive as possible; and they lay particular stress upon the merit most easily described—that of personal beauty. *Jane Eyre* for a time set the fashion of ugly heroines, but we have long since reverted to the old system. Accordingly an exaggerated estimate is placed upon the charms of beauty and upon the amiable qualities of mind and person which form part of the ordinary ideal of feminine merit. The error involved in this doctrine is that it lays far too much stress on the objective as distinguished from the subjective causes of falling in love. It assumes that the passion is determined by the external rather than by the internal impulses; that a person falls in love because an attractive object is presented to him or her, and not because he or she is prepared for a passion of some kind. When the true principle is firmly grasped, it is obvious that the most successful match-makers must be those who adopt a different line of attack. Amongst the passions, for example, which go to form the aggregate is the desire for sympathy. Suppose, then, that a young gentleman has a taste for political economy or pigeon-shooting. He may be assailed more effectively by a plain young woman who will submit to hear him lecturing on the theory of rent and the incidence of taxation, or who will applaud his successful slaughter of birds, than by the most beautiful girl who will not condescend to take an interest in his pursuits. The great art of flattery provides the most efficient instruments for bringing down game of this kind. A clever man often prefers a fool to a clever woman, because the fool has the one talent of listening, and the clever woman may have the vanity to keep opinions of her own. The brilliant man of fashion is attracted by the apparently uninteresting old maid, because nothing is more flattering than that humble adoration which other women are too proud to bestow. Almost all cases of perverse matches may be explained after the event by the skill or the accidental felicity with which a commerce of reciprocal flattery has been established. Once put two people in that relation, and all the associated emotions may easily be introduced. It is as easy to produce an æsthetic admiration by working upon the desire for sympathy as to proceed in the inverse method; and the assumption that we should always begin with what is supposed to be the natural beginning is the cause of half our perplexities. But though these seem to be the first principles of the science, we admit that its complexity baffles all attempts at a systematic deduction of its remoter doctrines. Luckily or otherwise, some people have developed so much practical skill in applying the most efficient methods that a philosophy of the art seems to be superfluous as well as chimerical.

MR. CAMPBELL'S ADMINISTRATION OF BENGAL.

WE have before us the first part of Mr. George Campbell's "Report on the Administration of Bengal, 1871-72." It contains a great deal of valuable information, and deserves to be carefully studied by all who are interested in Indian affairs. Two years ago Mr. Campbell, then a member of the Bengal Civil Service, was nominated to the Lieutenant-Governorship of Bengal, in succession to Sir William Grey, whose term of office had not quite expired. Mr. Campbell was at the time in England, where he had passed three years in studying English politics, in offering himself as a candidate for election to Parliament, and in writing a pamphlet which not a little contributed to the settlement of the Irish land question. The selection of Mr. Campbell was due to Lord Mayo, who had never seen him, and only knew his nominee as a public servant of varied experience and original views. Many able Indian rulers pass through the Secretariat and the Imperial Council to the posts of governors of provinces, and make up for want of minute knowledge of details by breadth of imperial views. Mr. Campbell's early training was different. He had served in districts in the North-West Provinces and the Punjab. He was chosen by Lord Canning in 1858 to be the head of Law and Police in the province of Oudh, still smouldering with the embers of the mutiny. He sat for four years in the newly formed High Court of Calcutta, as one of the colleagues of Sir Barnes Peacock, and thus gained a considerable insight into the questions there argued as to the powers of landholders, the exact position of middlemen, and the rights of occupants and tenants. He was head of the Commission appointed to provide some remedy against the recurrence of such disasters as the famine in Orissa. And for a few months he held the post of Chief Commissioner of the Central Provinces. In Anglo-Indian circles he has been long noted for skill in controversy and for the command of a vigorous and incisive style; and his work *Modern India*, published in 1853, at the last renewal of the Company's charter, is still known as compressing into one volume the greatest amount of accurate information regarding the whole system of British government. It must then be conceded that, although not regularly trained to understand the Bengali character, or to speak the Bengali language, the new Lieutenant-Governor brought to his task a wide range of official knowledge, acquired during a service of more than a quarter of a century, in which he had given abundant proofs of independence and honesty of purpose.

The kingdom over which he was set as a ruler comprises the three great provinces of Bengal, Behar, and Orissa, besides Assam and some tributary and protected States. It is one of the oldest, as well as one of the richest, of our acquisitions. Its revenue has been usually estimated at fourteen or fifteen millions of our money. But, taking imperial and all provincial receipts together, we derive from it, in reality, a sum of nearly eighteen millions a year. In the same way the population was roughly estimated as at between forty or fifty millions. The recent census gives a return of sixty-seven millions, of which sixty-five inhabit districts directly administered by our own officials. The climate of the larger part of this tract, speaking generally, is divided between three months of cold, four months of hot, and five months of rainy weather. Macaulay, in his picturesque and gorgeous phrases, has told us of the rich mould

formed by the hundred channels of the Ganges, of the inexhaustible supply of fish caught in the network of its rivers, of the sugar, the salt, and the spices, and of the "immense rice harvests," which were never gathered securely into garners until "the Children of the Sea" protected the inhabitants from the raids of the Marattas. All this and even more is true. The plains of Bengal and Behar appear to produce almost anything, from rice, the daily food of some forty millions, and coarse cereals and pulses, the food of twenty more, to indigo, which takes the highest rank in London competition, and to jute, opium, saltpetre, and tea. Then, in certain localities, there are forests of timber not yet exhausted by the reckless treatment of Asiatics; and, although walled towns are unknown, and historical cities are few, there are villages by tens of thousands which, on the edges of inundated rice fields, are embosomed in magnificent breadths of productive fruit trees and feathery palms. The rainfall is abundant, and varies from about 100 inches in the Eastern districts to 60 or 65 in the West. A fair average is from 75 to 80 inches in the year, the larger portion of which falls between June and October. An endless traffic is daily carried on over the whole of these three provinces, in one mode or other; either by a natural water communication which rivals the canals of Holland, or by roads not yet quite sufficient to meet the requirements of the country, or by two railways, one of which bisects a populous division and connects the Hooghly with the Eastern Ganges and its tributaries, while the other links Calcutta to Bombay, and to all the places which in Upper India have an interest for the politician, the pilgrim, or the merchant. English enterprise and energy have in Bengal found ample scope. No one now questions the propriety of opening up rich Indian fields to an overcrowded community in England, or refuses to welcome Englishmen at factories, country houses, and marts in the interior, as guarantees for the exposure of abuses in times of peace, and as rallying points for loyalty in seasons of peril. But this fact certainly increases rather than lessens the difficulty of governing Bengal impartially and firmly, and the ruler is weighted additionally with the task of managing the port and city of Calcutta, which are little kingdoms in themselves. The national character of the population is alternately a source of weakness and a source of strength. Macaulay doubted if a hundred genuine Bengalees could be found in the British army. It would be strictly correct to say that no Bengalee was ever yet turned into a sepoy, though, of late, attempts have been made to drill and discipline the native police of Bengal. On the other hand, no province in India, for its extent and population, is held by so minute a military force. It has none of those huge cantonments where there is always something wrong about the barracks, where the Brigadier and the General in command of a division are of more social importance than judges and collectors, where idle subalterns envy their companions who are "on leave at the Hills," and where privates are driven to get up *Box and Cox* as a relief from sheer monotony. On the whole, it may be said that, though educated Bengalees are somewhat pretentious, the native press carping, and the masses weak, no part of India contains less of the elements of political combustion or more of loyal submission than the plains of the Lower Ganges. We admit that there is reason to watch a local sect of Mahommedans, known as the Ferazees, and that we have ere now seen the population roused from inactivity to vehement self-assertion in defence of its invaded rights and privileges. But controversies between landlord and tenant, Englishman and native, usurer and borrower, manufacturer and cultivator of indigo, if not settled for ever, are now thoroughly understood, and are less cause for anxiety than our own strikes. In civil administration, when duly stimulated and controlled, Bengalees have rendered valuable service. As policemen they are active and successful; as accountants unrivalled; their penmanship would do credit to a writing master; the Hindoos amongst them have appropriated the whole trade of banking and money lending; and they possess a natural aptitude for legal argument, which, though occasionally leading them into hair-splitting subtleties, has turned out some advocates and judges of no ordinary merit. Other provinces of India have their special difficulties, advantages, and merits. One has a warlike but manly and industrious population. Another boasts an unrivalled natural harbour. A third is favoured by a less enervating or a more bracing climate. A fourth can be governed by a more simple procedure or a strictly paternal discipline. A fifth is conspicuous in the political panorama from its proximity to wild tribes or its geographical situation as the boundary of the Empire. But no province has so large and orderly a population, such a magnificent revenue, such a long official history, and, as a consequence, so many administrative problems, as that which is entrusted to the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal.

For eighty, if not for one hundred, years we have here been endeavouring to mould the traditions and usages of centuries by a higher and better code of ethics and law. And no measure conceived by an English statesman has had such a lasting influence as what is known as the Permanent Settlement of Lord Cornwallis. In 1793 that nobleman fixed for ever the demands of Government on the soil. At the same time he permanently recognised the status of some ancient Hindu Rajas; and others, Hindus and Mahommedans, he converted from collectors of the Land-tax, with some privileges, into Zemindars or landholders, with definite functions and valuable superior rights. But he never gave away to any class an absolute property in the soil, as the term is understood in England, or as it has been viciously contended for in India; nor did he extinguish the separate properties of ryots and agriculturists. No measure, we repeat, has had results so remarkable and unexpected as this celebrated Settlement. In a short time the huge Zemindaries changed hands, or were divided and split up. An extraordinary labyrinth of sub-tenures has been created, each adding a new burden to the back of the ryot, and each removing the superior holder one step further from any sympathy with the masses. Against this we must set the fact that a thriving middle-class has thus sprung up, connected with the land, and yet not prevented from following other professions. In three generations of unbroken peace population has multiplied; lands have been reclaimed from the swamp and the forest; recent legislation has interfered on behalf of the ryots, and has done that which Lord Cornwallis fully intended; and the great Settlement, while identifying more classes than one with the stability of the British power, has taught statesmen to beware how they cut off their successors from all participation in the increments of extended agriculture and unchecked prosperity. The name of Lord Cornwallis was, however, till lately used as a bugbear to frighten English administrators, and to mislead public opinion; and the neglect which Bengal experienced in the mere form of government contributed to make matters worse. For many years Bengal had no separate administration. It was governed, at odd moments, by the Governor-General as Governor of Bengal, and without a Council. When the English statesman was absent on the frontier, influencing Cabul politics, watching the Sikhs, or fighting them, Bengal got on as well as it could under the senior member of Council, who was termed Deputy-Governor, and who might be a gallant and grey-haired general officer, versed in war, but, as Dominie Sampson said of Colonel Mannering, possessed of "erudition" only through "imperfect opportunities." Lord Dalhousie put an end to an intolerable grievance, and procured for Bengal in 1854 a separate Lieutenant-Governor, such as the North-West Provinces had enjoyed ever since 1842. Four able and distinguished men filled the office in succession up to 1871. They each had their trials, but under each Bengal made certain strides in advance. On taking charge of his office, Mr. Campbell saw at once that it was desirable to alter and improve a condition of things which had silently grown up, and which arose neither from any one act of mistaken policy nor from any individual error or failing. Under the Perpetual Settlement natives looked to the courts of justice for everything, and the art of governing Asiatics vigorously was on the decline. We should state, in palliation, that in other Presidencies there exist more native functionaries who are links between the high British officials and the native community; that by their means the Executive can reach downward to the masses; that the magistrate in the North-West, the Deputy-Commissioner in Oudh, have more instruments at command and have been more encouraged to restrain or to repel native originality, and to direct the current of indigenous forces. But it had become too much a fashion to say that Bengal could only be governed by the courts of law. Every measure was liable to be tested by a litigation in the local tribunals. The Perpetual Settlement became a cloak for every dereliction of duty, and an impediment to every desirable reform. Mr. Campbell, with pardonable sarcasm, says, that "at one time to ask a ryot his name anywhere but in a court of justice would have been considered by some people contrary to the principles of the Permanent Settlement." Now it cannot be a sound and healthy state of things that a quick-sighted community should have no test of public or national duty but the four corners of legal enactments. One nation may submit to be outwardly governed by insolent deputations to Ministers and by defiant meetings in public places, while what is wanting to executive vigour is supplied by the good sense and the self-government of the majority. Another nation may bow to a benevolent despot, who rules the masses as if he had descended from a more enlightened planet, and who, like Augustus, *omnium munia in se trahit*. But an administration halfway between these extremes, and not tending to either, is in a rather sorry plight. It cannot be right that all moral feeling of public duty on the part of the people should slumber, and that at the same time the arm of the Executive should be impotent or weak.

Mr. Campbell, in order to wake up the administrative agency, has restored to the district officer some of the functions of which he had gradually been deprived. The magistrate will henceforth be not merely the nominal head of the Executive, but he will have that control over the local public works which he ought to have had long ago, as well as the supervision of the gaol and the police, which he ought never to have lost. There will still be agencies for these branches of the public service; skilled inspectors to track criminals; medical officers to combine penal discipline with sanitation; and district engineers to build offices that will resist tornadoes, and bridges that will not tumble down. But these will be the subordinates and not the jealous antagonists of the magistrate; and he, in his turn, will be supreme over everything but the courts of justice, and responsible to the Government as the guardian of order and the interpreter of native opinion. While thus galvanising the various agencies into life, Mr. Campbell had matured two elaborate schemes for municipal or communal self-government. One of them is known as the Road Cess Act, and it has received the assent of the Viceroy. The other was intended to establish various forms of municipality, each with a choice of taxation, in towns and villages. But we learn by telegram that Lord Northbrook has been induced to withhold his sanction from this enactment; probably from a feeling that the measure, however excellent, can afford to wait. It would require more space than we can spare to give an adequate idea of other reforms in progress or

actually carried out. The keystone of the policy, in Mr. Campbell's own words, is greater vigour and activity "in compelling the honest performance by each class of the obligations which undoubtedly attach to it by law, but which are too often evaded in practice." But decided steps have been taken with such grave matters as the improvement of the estates of minors, the cure of the epidemic known as the Burdwan fever, the adjustment of civil and commercial jurisdictions and their boundaries, the equalization of salaries, the establishment of model farms, land and water communication, the conservancy of forests, the collection of accurate statistics, and the education of the masses.

Of course all this could not be even attempted without arousing hostility. Nor would it be safe to predict a triumph for every one of these reforms, or a cessation of all disparaging comments about overworking the district officers and attempting too much. But we have rarely seen a Report or Blue Book which is so superior to the average of such operose chronicles. It is throughout attractive, animated, and even pungent; not overweighted with statistics, and nowhere justifying Lord Brougham's sarcasm about the "eloquence which evaporates in scores of paragraphs." There is, in places, a controversial tone and colouring, but the writer has for a year and a half been persistently criticized and misrepresented, and this is just such an excellent vindication on paper of a distinct line of policy as a badgered English Minister might rejoice to make in a speech before a crowded House. Some paragraphs exhibit an earnestness which would do honour to Mr. Gladstone, and others an epigrammatic terseness of which Mr. Disraeli himself would not be ashamed. A good deal of the opposition which Mr. Campbell has encountered is due, we are assured, not to the substance and scope of his measures, but to the mode in which he presents them for the acceptance of his subordinates, whom he must carry with him, and of the public, whom he ought to try to please. And he should recollect that even Indian officials are not exempt from the frailties of human nature, and have angles in their bodies and corns on their toes. But we have no reason whatever to doubt that the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal is justifying his selection, is worthily striving for the best interests of a splendid province and an intelligent people, and will leave behind him legacies of political thought and creative energy which future administrators will be very glad to adopt.

THE WORKING-MAN.

PEOPLE are beginning to look back upon the worship of the working-man—that queer sort of political religion which prevailed for a year or two—with some degree of contemptuous amazement. The spell is broken, and the idol stands revealed in its coarse and common clay; indeed the danger now is lest the current of opinion should run into the opposite extreme. Nothing of course could be more absurd or preposterous than the notion that the working-man was the great mainstay of the commonwealth; the model citizen who alone was pure, high-minded, and disinterested, and who possessed a kind of native sagacity which enabled him to solve offhand the most intricate and difficult problems of society and government. Recent events have not quite borne out this view, and a reaction has set in. It may be admitted that of late the working-man has been rather tiresome and exasperating. He not only insists upon high wages, but demands leisure in order to spend his wages and enjoy his prosperity. Of course no other class of the community was ever known to do anything of this kind. It is notorious that shopkeepers, barristers, merchants, country gentlemen, all work as hard as they can, because they know it is for the good of the country, and that they never think for a moment of their own ease and pleasure. It is only coal-hewers who refuse to labour continuously for their country's good, and who are unscrupulous enough to take advantage of a rising market to serve their own selfish ends. For our own part, as we never supposed that the working-man was an angel, we are not particularly surprised at his want of angelic attributes. It is just as well to look facts in the face and to take the working-man as he is in real life, not an angel certainly, but then not exactly the reverse. What has always puzzled us is why there should be any mystery about the character of the working-man. We have most of us at some time or other seen one, and in all probability spoken to him and had some sort of business transactions with him. Up and down London—and we have a notion it is the same in the country—working-men are about as common as anything can be. But who ever met the ideal working-man of the Radical Philosopher? If a traveller assured us that in a distant land, never before explored, he had found men of an extraordinary type, we might perhaps be disposed to believe him; but if he declared that these strange men were constantly walking up and down Piccadilly, we should surely wonder why we never saw any of them. Anybody can see and judge for himself what sort of a being the working-man is; yet there are apparently people who, although they see him every day of their lives, are prepared to believe almost anything they are told about him. In reality he is by no means a bad fellow; good-natured, kindly, simple-minded, though without high notions of honour, and with anything but a high standard of work; loyal to his fellows and suspicious of other classes; ignorant and prejudiced; leading a rough life, rough in his ways, and fond of his pot and his pipe. In his ignorance of political economy he fancies that masters can afford to pay almost any wages that may be demanded from them, being sure to get back the money from the public. In his place no doubt we should be much as he is. No class has a monopoly either of virtues or vices, and to be honest we must admit that circumstances have often a good deal to do with moral and immoral qualities. The three great defects of the working-man—his intemperance, his improvidence, and his reckless readiness to fling up work—are in a great measure due to his want of education. We may be willing to make every allowance for the working-man; but it would be idle to shut our eyes to his weak points, and to endow him with all kinds of imaginary qualities which he does not possess. It is possible to have the deepest sympathy with the working-man, and to be most sincerely anxious to promote his welfare, without pretending to believe that he is a very superior and perfect being. In the same way, without any hostility to Trade Unions, as combinations of working-men to promote their own interests, we may be permitted to doubt whether they are ever likely to succeed in establishing the artificial system of trade profits on which all their hopes are bent, or whether it would be good for them if they did. On the other hand, it is unnecessary to attribute the follies and failings of the working classes to moral turpitude.

The truth is, the working-man is wonderfully like other men. There is a vast deal of human nature about him. He laughs when tickled, and cries out when pinched, and is in most things subject to much the same impulses, affections, and passions as the rest of us. He thinks of himself first, and of other people afterwards, or not at all. He has a notion that the world should be ordered to suit his convenience, and that there must be something wrong about things he does not like, and which interfere with his projects. But we are not quite sure that other classes of society are altogether exempt from these failings. The working classes are sadly ignorant, and in their ignorance self-willed, and they are doing themselves and others a vast amount of mischief; but this is folly rather than wickedness. The great mistake which is made about the labouring population is in supposing that it is something quite apart from the rest of the community, and either exempt from ordinary laws and duties or subject to special ones which do not operate elsewhere. There is one point, however, in which the working classes differ very much from other classes, and it deserves to be especially noted, for it goes far to account for their restlessness and discontent. This point is the uncertain and fluctuating conditions of their employment. A clerk or a shopman, if he is steady and fit for his work, and if his master prospers, keeps his situation from year to year. He is liable to be thrown out of employment by a variety of accidents, but these are the exceptions and not the rule. In a general way he remains for at least a year or two in a place, and when he contemplates a change, he takes care not to lift his foot till he sees another spot where he can put it down. But the life of the working-man is usually one of uncertainty and change. Even in large establishments the number of permanent hands is comparatively few, and the great body of men are liable to be sent adrift at a week's notice. A "Journeyman Engineer," who has written a series of exceedingly interesting and instructive papers on the condition of the working classes, under the title of "Our New Masters," states that, as a rule, the permanent staff in manufacturing establishments is not more than ten per cent. of the number of workmen the place is capable of employing; and in very slack times this small nucleus will alone be kept on—the rest will be disbanded. He adds that the calculations of observant working-men are that a "flush" of trade and subsequent slack time occur every seven years. The gradual rise from the average to the "flush" condition occupies a year, and the flush lasts six months; then the decline down to slackness also lasts a year, and the slack six months. During the other four out of the seven years things will be in the average state, which is from ten to twenty per cent. below the full-handed condition; and "even in ordinary times there are considerable fluctuations, hands being habitually discharged or stopped, as the passing exigencies of work may require." This is, no doubt, in the main a true picture. If during the flush period the men put by their surplus earnings, they would be able to equalize their income, and provide against the hardships of the slack times, which come round, it would seem, only too regularly. But this is just what, as a rule, they don't do. They subscribe, perhaps, to the Union, and trust to that and to their luck, and get as much enjoyment out of the sunshine, while it lasts, as they can. The "Journeyman Engineer" gives the following ideal sketch of what men of his class would consider a fairly good condition:—

> That every man who was willing and able to work should be able to obtain employment at such wages and with such a degree of constancy as would enable him, by judicious management, to secure for himself and those depending upon him a sufficiency of plain food and clothing and a dwelling with, say, the same sanitary conveniences and air-space per person as a model prison cell, and to make provision during a working-life of from forty to forty-five years for passing the remainder of his days without the necessity of hard work; not so much with a view to his mere personal ease, as to the contingency of his being no longer able to find a market for his labour, by reason of the physical deterioration that age and so many years of wear and tear must bring.

There is a touch of clumsy satire in the reference to the prison-cell, but otherwise the picture is prosaic and moderate enough. It is because the pension is almost their only help towards the attainment of this ideal that the men cling to it so, and submit to so much for the sake of its aid. It is their only plank; all they have to trust to when cast out upon the waves. Strikes and Unions are unknown except among working-men. Men in regular employment never dream of resorting to such expedients; and this is because regular employment holds them fast on the other side. Undoubtedly the working-men would do better if

they trusted more to themselves and less to the Unions, of which there will probably be a grand crash one of these days, most of them being, according to actuaries' calculations, hopelessly insolvent. If the men would only learn to save, they might become comparatively independent: and, as education spreads, habits of providence may be expected to come too. On the other hand, employers should take to heart the reason why the Unions command such influence, and consider whether by any means they cannot put themselves in the place of the Unions, and attach their men by similar ties.

Those who desire to understand the composition of that part of the community which is known as the working classes will find a graphic description of it in the pages of the "Journeyman Engineer." The working classes, he shows, are not a homogeneous, unanimous body. They are practically distinct classes, between which there are differences quite as patent and strongly marked as between other classes of society. There is an educated and really intelligent section, and an uneducated and ignorant section; a political section (broken up again into several sub-sections), and a non-political section; a Trade-Unionist, and a non-Trade-Unionist section; a sober, steady, saving section, and a drunken, unsteady, thriftless section; and, "with the labour market habitually overstocked, there is fast arising a sectional difference of mode of life and feeling between the regularly and irregularly employed classes." Between the artisan and the unskilled labourer a gulf is fixed. While the former, we are told, resents the spirit in which he imagines that those engaged in "genteel occupations" look down on him, he in his turn looks down upon and despises the labourer. The artisan view with regard to labourers is that they are an inferior class, and must be made to know and to keep their place. "In the eyes alike of Unionist and non-Unionist mechanics, any clever or ambitious labourer who shows a desire to get out of his place by attempting to pick up or creep into the trade to which he is attached as an unskilled assistant is guilty of deadly sin, and deserving of the abhorrence of all right-thinking members of the craft." Artisans' wives either patronize or ignore the wives of labourers. While the artisan is anxious to level down society so as to improve his own social rank, the labourer would like to carry the levelling process a stage further down. Educated and uneducated workmen also stand apart; "no one has so impatient a contempt for the uneducated working-men as have the educated working-men," and the former naturally resent it. There are three great schools of working-men. There is the working-man of the old school, who prides himself on being "rough and tough," despises fine manners and soft ways, and has rather a contempt for book learning. He is usually self reliant, industrious, and independent; distrusts other classes, and thinks that working-men had better avoid having anything to do with anybody but themselves. There is another type, more intelligent, and, if not much better educated, at least appreciating education, and anxious for it for their children; more given to amusements, holiday-making, and dress than the man of the old school. Then there is what the "Journeyman Engineer" calls the coming or rising school, composed of fairly educated men, with broader views and sympathies than the other two schools, but perhaps somewhat priggish and conceited. Through all three classes—though it is less conspicuous among the last—runs a kind of Ishmaelite feeling, a feeling that the hand of every one is against them, and that in self-defence they must stand up against every other class. For the present the different schools and sections of the working classes appear to be so divided in feeling as to be incapable of united action for a common object. Whether they will gradually coalesce among themselves, while holding aloof from other classes, remains to be seen.

Of the home life of a large body of the working classes the "Journeyman Engineer" draws a black and painful picture, the tints of which are, we fear, only too true. Only those who go about among them can have any idea of the overcrowding which prevails in their dwellings, and of its melancholy and appalling consequences. This overcrowding is not confined to what are sometimes called "low" districts. It is to be found also in many respectable and cleanly looking streets; nor does it always stop short even at a room for each family. The "Engineer" says that he knows parts of London where not only houses, but even single rooms, are sub-let, so that when families fall out they tell each other to keep, not their own room, but their own corner. Horrible and dangerous as this state of things is, it is easier to point out the evil than to suggest a remedy. No effectual impression can be made on it without the co-operation of the working classes themselves, and unfortunately this is not readily to be obtained. They grudge the price of decent lodgings, even when they can afford to pay it, and cram as many inmates as possible into stifling rooms. Mr. Lowe said very truly, some years ago, that if the poor were willing to pay a rent sufficient to provide them with decent and healthy dwellings, capital would flow into the business just as it does into the business of building public houses and gin-shops. In any case, the question is one of which it is impossible to exaggerate the gravity, and which deserves the attention, not only of philanthropists, but of statesmen.

THE ECCLESIASTICAL CONTEST IN SWITZERLAND.

THE backwater of the ecclesiastical tempest raging in Germany, to which we have frequently called attention of late, has already reached to Switzerland; for some weeks past a religious quarrel, with Geneva and Soleure (Solothurn) for its centres, has been rapidly developing itself, which almost recalls, as well from its bitterness as from several names of the same localities being prominent in both cases, the civil war of the Sonderbund. The dispute about Mgr. Mermillod, Bishop—or, we should say, Vicar-Apostolic—of Geneva, has attracted a good deal of notice in the English newspapers, though its intrinsic importance is small as compared with the controversy between rival parties of Catholics in the diocese of Basle. We will first, however, speak of the Geneva affair, which has just reached what may be considered the end of the first act of the drama, in the expulsion of Mgr. Mermillod by the Cantonal authorities, acting under the full sanction of the Federal Council. As the origin of the quarrel is at first sight somewhat obscure, it may be convenient to premise that during its annexation to France under Napoleon I., Geneva, which had then a mainly Protestant population, formed part of the French diocese of Chambéry; but on its restoration to Switzerland it was transferred, at the request of the Council of the newly-formed Canton, and with the sanction of a Papal Brief, to the Swiss diocese of Lausanne and Freiburg. So matters remained till a few months ago, when the Pope, for reasons never explained, but popularly connected with the personal ambition of Mgr. Mermillod, who is a zealous infallibilist and brilliant preacher, took on himself to constitute a separate Vicariate of Geneva, thus severing it from the episcopal jurisdiction of the Bishop of Lausanne, without consulting the civil authorities at all in the matter, or, it is said, taking any account of the wishes of the Catholic inhabitants. The Council of State, not unnaturally, declined to endorse this summary proceeding by recognizing Mgr. Mermillod in his new capacity of Vicar-Apostolic; while, on the other hand, the Bishop of Lausanne was compelled, under orders from Rome, to decline acceding to the wishes of the Government by continuing to exercise episcopal functions in Geneva. What were the motives of the Curia in this high-handed policy, or in the studied discourtesy, and indeed illegality, of the method of carrying it out—for the Concordat of 1819 was arbitrarily violated—it is difficult to understand, unless it be a sufficient motive to prove what, if we recollect rightly, was announced the other day by Cardinal Antonelli to the Prussian Government, that Concordats do not bind the Holy See, but only the Powers which become parties to them. The Council of State retaliated by a Bill which, after undergoing certain modifications at the hands of a special Committee chiefly formed of Catholics, has now become law, and which enacts that no episcopal or parochial jurisdiction shall be allowed in the Canton without the approval of the State, and that for the future all parish priests shall be elected by the Catholic inhabitants, and removable by the State for sufficient cause. A proposal to submit the existing incumbents to the process of election was rejected, as was also the proposal for an entire separation of Church and State. Meanwhile the new Bishop continued to act as such, though his salary—formerly paid to him as parish priest of Notre-Dame—had been withdrawn, and a Papal Brief of January 16, 1873, announcing his appointment, was read in the Catholic churches of Geneva. When this Brief was communicated by Mgr. Agnozzi, the Papal Nuncio at Berne, to the Federal Council, they declined to acknowledge its validity, or the right of the Holy See to dismember Swiss dioceses without the consent of the civil power, in accordance with the arrangement of 1819. And the Cantonal Council was directed to communicate this decision to Mgr. Mermillod, and in doing so to inform him that he must either resign his illegal dignity within a certain fixed period or leave the country. They named two o'clock on the following Saturday (February 15) as the time, and the Bishop then sent in a letter defending the procedure of the Holy See in appointing him, as a necessary and provisional measure which violated no political rights, and declining to lay down his office. On the Sunday he preached at Geneva, and on the Monday morning was arrested by the police, and conveyed beyond the French frontier to Ferney, where he has elected to remain for the present. The great majority of the Catholic population are understood to have been opposed to the ecclesiastical changes and to side with the Government in the matter. As far as appears on the surface, no doctrinal questions are involved, but Mgr. Mermillod is well known, as we before observed, to be a red-hot Ultramontane, and it was he who preached at Rome during the Vatican Council on the Pope as an incarnation of the Deity. On the other hand, there is evidently, if we may judge from the invitation sent to Father Hyacinthe, a strong body of Old Catholics at Geneva.

In the diocese of Basle the quarrel had its origin directly in the conflict of the two parties in the Church. Mgr. Lachat, the Bishop, is an infallibilist, and has been during the last two years—for he did not venture before February 1871 on publishing the decrees of the Vatican Council—in constant trouble with the members of his flock, who took an early opportunity of protesting against the Council in a Diocesan Conference of the seven Cantons which are embraced in his diocese, and with the civil authorities who supported them in their resistance. We referred some weeks ago to the vigorous and popular discourses of Reinkens during the first week of December at various places, including Soleure, where the Bishop himself resides, and the adhesion of several Catholic parishes to the movement. During the present month Friedrich and Michelis have been addressing assemblies of three thousand persons on "the classical soil" of Constance, and in the very Council Chamber where the

great protest against Papal autocracy was solemnized four centuries ago by the deposition of John XXIII., and they appear to have been received with the most unbounded enthusiasm, the crowd thronging the entrances and outskirts of the hall to hear them. The Bishop, on the other hand, has been suspending and excommunicating anti-infallibilist priests right and left, and hence matters have at length come to a crisis. On November 19 of last year the Diocesan Conference of the seven Cantons again assembled at Soleure to condemn his arbitrary and illegal proceedings; and on January 29 they met a third time and announced, in a document addressed to the Catholic population, the deposition of the Bishop for having violated the law requiring the *placet* of the Government before promulgating Papal decrees, issued irregular sentences of excommunication and deposition, and in other ways disregarded ecclesiastical and civil rights, which his predecessors had always been careful to observe. He was also charged with taking part in a political agitation against the Government. The Conference communicated their decision to the Federal Council, who were requested to take steps in concert with the Holy See for filling up the vacancy, and also to the Chapter of the diocese at Soleure, inviting them to name a temporary administrator of the diocese. The Chapter met on the 4th of February, and determined not to accede to this request, on the ground that the see was not vacant. Meanwhile the Bishop himself, in an elaborate protest, the conclusion of which alone occupies a column of close print in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, denounces the charges made against him as "crying and abominable calumnies." Its leading points are a denial of any acts of civil insubordination, and a haughty repudiation of all right on the part of the civil authorities to interfere in any way with his episcopal jurisdiction; as, for instance, in the promulgation of Papal decrees, or the appointment and removal of parish priests—a plea the validity of which of course depends entirely in the case of an Established Church on the character of the existing arrangements between Church and State, which the Bishop is accused of systematically ignoring. He appeals at great length, against the insulting sentence of the incompetent Diocesan Conference, to his conscience, to the Catholic people, to the tribunal of the successor of Peter, who is his supreme judge, and to the just judgment of the Almighty; and winds up by declaring his fixed resolution to continue to rule his flock—who do not seem quite to appreciate the privilege—and his readiness to die for them, which is not likely to be put to the test. This protest was addressed in the first instance to the Governments of the five Cantons of Soleure, Berne, Aargau, Thurgau, and Basle, but an identical or similar document has since been forwarded to the Federal Council. Both the episcopal protest and the reply of the Chapter, which is very temperate and conciliatory in its language, declining to name an *ad interim* vicar, were to be laid before the Diocesan Conference on February 14, but the results do not appear to have yet transpired. Meanwhile the Bishop has been ejected from his palace at Soleure, but continues to reside there, at the Diocesan Seminary.

It will be at once perceived that there is much in common between the Swiss and German complications in matters ecclesiastical; with this difference however, that the anti-infallibilist Catholics have presented a more united front in Switzerland, and the action of the Government has been more rapid and consistent. In all the stages of the Basle controversy, till the last, the delegates of every Canton in the diocese worked together; but the Cantons of Zug and Lucerne held aloof from the final act of deposition. At Geneva also the Catholic representatives approved the action of the Government in contesting the pretensions of the new Bishop. On the other hand, no names as yet stand out prominently, like those of Friedrich or Michelis or Schulte in Germany, among the opponents of infallibilism, and the fact of the German leaders having twice within a few months been invited to give their personal assistance to the movement looks as if there were a scarcity of native energy or talent available for the purpose. The next move in the game will be watched with much curiosity by both parties, and it will be interesting to observe whether the accustomed tact of the Roman Curia, which seems of late to have been strangely at fault, will be equal to the emergency. Meanwhile the regretful apology of a Swiss representative at the Cologne Congress of last September, for so little having as yet been achieved by his countrymen for the Old Catholic cause, will certainly not need to be repeated. If the Germans have shown more readiness, as becomes their national reputation, to defend it by learned argument, the Swiss have at least earned the praise of being prompt in arriving at their practical conclusions, and resolute in applying them. And the Pope himself appears at length to have gained some inkling of the gravity of the religious crisis. In a highly characteristic letter to Mgr. Mermillod, who is compared to the bishops and martyrs of the first ages of the Church, he exhorts him, with significant reference to the dogmatic controversy which lies at the root of the quarrel, to "teach the people committed to your charge to observe all that you have been commanded to enforce"; but His Holiness at the same time admits the perilous consequences of such a course. For he observes, not without reason, that Switzerland is "threatened with a terrible schism." And he might well have added, not Switzerland alone.

OUR MASKS.

WE should do badly, as things are ordered, if we went about the world with our natural faces. Even stopping short of the extravagance of betraying our most important secrets, as in a Palace of Truth, and frankly telling men and women that we think them fools or bores, it is difficult in society to do without something of a mask in regard to minor matters. The old quarrel between nature and art, and where the limits of each should extend, has not yet got itself arranged; and it is doubtful whether it will during the present dispensation. It may be arranged in some future state of human development, when the Spiritualists have it all their own way and tell us exactly what we ought to do and what we ought to believe; but, pending this forecast of the millennium, we are obliged to have recourse to art for the better concealment of our natural selves, and especially, too, for the maintenance of that queer bundle of compromises and conventions which we call society.

The oddest consequence of the artificial state in which we find ourselves obliged to live is that nature looks like affectation, and that the highest art is the most like nature of anything we know. It is in drawing-rooms as on the stage. A thoroughly inartificial actor would be a mere dummy, just as in the Greek theatre a man in his natural face would have seemed mean and insignificant to the spectators accustomed to fixed types of heroic size and set intention. But he whose acting brings the house down because of its "truth to nature" is he whose art has been the most profoundly studied, and with whom the concealment of art has therefore been the most perfectly attained. So in society. A man of thoroughly natural manners would pass as either morose or pert according to his mood—either stupid because disinclined to exert himself, or obtrusive because in the humour to talk. He would mean no offence, but he would make himself disagreeable all the same. Such a man is the pest of his club, and the nuisance of every drawing-room he enters. It matters little whether he is constitutionally boorish or good-natured; he is natural; and his naturalness comes like an ugly patch of frieze on the cloth of gold with which the goddess of conventionality is draped. Natural women, too, may be found at times—women who demonstrate on small occasions, sincerely no doubt, but excessively; women who skip like young lambs when they are pleased, and pout like naughty children when they are displeased; who disdain all those little arts of dress which conceal defects and heighten beauties, and who are always at war with the fashions of the day; who despise those conventional graces of manner which have come to be part of the religion of society, contradicting point-blank, softening no refusal with the expression of a regret they do not feel, yawning in the face of the bore, admiring with the *naïveté* of a savage whatever is new to them or pleasing. Such women are not agreeable companions, however devoid of affectation they may be, however staunch adherents to truth and things as they are, according to their boast. The woman who has not a particle of untrained spontaneity left in her, and who has herself in hand on all occasions, who gives herself to her company, and who is always collected, graceful, and at ease, playing her part without a trip, but always playing her part and never letting herself drop into uncontrolled naturalness—this is the woman whom men agree to call, not only charming, but thoroughly natural as well. On the other hand, the untrained woman who speaks just as she thinks, and who cares more to express her own sensations than to study those of her companions, is sneered at as silly or underbred, as the current sets, or perhaps as affected; her transparency, to which the world is not accustomed, and to which it does not wish to get accustomed, puzzling the critics of their kind. Social naturalness, like perfect theatrical representation, is everywhere the result of the best art; that is, of the most careful training. It simulates self-forgetfulness by the very perfection of its self-control, while untrained nature is self-assertion at all corners, and is founded on the imperious consciousness of personality.

All of us carry our masks into society. We offer an eidolon to our fellow-creatures, showing our features but not expressing our mind; and the one whose eidolon, while betraying least of the being within, reflects most of the beings without, is the most popular and considered the most natural. We may take it as a certainty that we never really know anyone. We may know the broad outlines of character; and we generally believe far more than we have warranty for; but we rarely, if ever, penetrate the inner circle wherein the man's real self hides. If our friend is a person of small curiosity and large self-respect, we may trust him not to commit a base action; if he has a calm temperament, with physical strength and without imagination, he will not do a cowardly one; if he has the habit of truth, he will not tell a lie on any paltry occasion; if he is tenacious and secret, he will not betray his cause or his friend. But we know very little more than this. Even with one's most familiar friend there is always one secret door in the casket which is never opened; and those which are thrown wide are not those which lead to the most cherished treasures. With the frankest or the shallowest there are depths never sounded; what shall we say, then, of those who have real profundity of character? Who is not conscious of an ego that no man has seen? In praise or blame we feel that we are not thoroughly known. There is something infinitely pathetic in this dumb consciousness of an inner self, an unrevealed truth, which bears us up through injustice and makes us shrink from excessive praise. Our very

lovers love us for the least worthy part of us, or for fancied virtues which we do not possess; and if our worst enemies knew us as we are, they would come round to the other side and shake hands over the grave of their mistaken estimate. The mask hides the reality in either case, for good or for ill; and we know that if it could be removed, we should be judged differently. For the matter of that it never can be removed. The most transparent are judged according to the temper of the spectator; and the mind sees what it brings in our judgment of our fellows as well as in other things.

But, apart from that inner nature, that hidden part which so few people ever guess to exist in each other, the masks we wear in society cover histories, sufferings, feelings, that would set the world aflame if betrayed. No one who gets below the smooth crust of conventional life can be ignorant of the fierce lava flood that sometimes flows and rages underneath. In those quiet drawing-rooms where everything looks the embodiment of harmony, of tranquil understanding, and where the absence of mystery is the first thing felt, there are dramas at the very time enacting of which only the exceptionally observant catch the right cue. Ruin faces some whose ship of good fortune seems sailing steadily on a halcyon sea; a hideous secret stands like a spectre in the doorway of another. The domestic happiness which these covenant between themselves to show in the full sunshine to the world is no better than a Dead Sea apple displayed for pride, for policy, and of which those who eat alone know the extreme bitterness. The prosperity which makes men bow down is a sham, and tottering to its fall. Here the confessing religionist hides the scepticism which he dares not show by the fervour of his amens; there the respectable moralist denounces in his mask the iniquities which he practises daily when he lays it aside; to the right the masks of two loving friends greet each other with smiles and large expressions of affection, then part, to push the friendly falsehood aside, and to whisper confidentially to the crowd what scoundrelism they have mutually embraced: to the left another couple of unreasoning foes want only to see each other in unmasked simplicity to become fast allies for life. The world and all its disguises play sad mischief with human affections as well as with truth.

Everything serves for a mask. A man's public character makes one which is as impenetrable in its disguise as any. The world takes one or two salient points, and subordinates every other characteristic to these. It ignores all those subtle intricacies which modify thought and action at every turn, producing apparent inconsistency, but only apparent; and it boldly blocks out a mask of one or two dominant lines as the representative of a nature protean because complex. Any quality that makes itself seen from behind this mask which popular opinion has created out of a man's public character is voted as inconsistent, or, it may be, insincere; and the richer the nature the less it is understood. So it is with us all in our degree; a thought which might lead us to gentler judgments on each other than it is the fashion to cultivate, knowing as we do that we each wear a mask which hides our real self from the world; and that if this real self is less beautiful than our admirers say, it is infinitely less hideous than our enemies would make it to appear.

WARNINGS TO EMIGRANTS.

A GREAT deal of money has been made in Mexico, Brazil, and the old Spanish colonies of South America, and it is certain that there is a great deal more to be made there. It was from the silver mines of Peru and Mexico that those treasure galleons of Ferrol and Cadiz were freighted which enriched many a bold English adventurer as well as the grandees and merchants of old Spain. The diamond mines of Minas Geraes were rich in their yield when those of Golconda had begun to be worn out, and at this moment English companies are working at a profit by the help of modern machinery the gold deposits which had been abandoned by native Brazilians after great returns had been drawn from the surface veins. It is easy to see how those countries should be still enveloped in the vague haze of their former golden reputation—a reputation founded much on fact and very much more on fable; it is intelligible that the old legends and romances of the past should have their influence even now on the most practical, prosaic, and uneducated classes of the English people. Even persons who look more closely into the matter may be attracted towards Southern America by temptations less speculative than its mineral wealth. The new Railway Companies of Brazil, which have constructed their lines chiefly with English capital, have been paying increasing dividends, thanks to the rapidly increasing growth of coffee and cotton. The merchants of Rio de Janeiro, Pernambuco, and Bahia have obtained deservedly the reputation of enormous wealth. There is a rich commercial community too at Buenos Ayres, and then to the south of the Portuguese States, on the great plains by the Plata and other rivers, the pastoral element comes into play. There are sheep masters and cattle masters, who, like the patriarchs, have their flocks and herds ranging over magnificent grazing ground that is practically limitless. They live in rude luxury in *estancias* that resemble little towns, and if their flocks suffer occasionally from drought and disease, the lean years are far more than compensated by the fat ones. Undoubtedly there is money to be made in those countries still, if the right people set about it in the right way.

But we suspect that the right people are seldom found among foreigners, and Englishmen especially are exceedingly unlikely to go to work in the right way. Capitalists combining in alliance with native money may have a certain success, as is proved in the case of the thriving Anglo-Brazilian Companies. But even these Companies, notwithstanding the support and advice of native partners, have had their troubles in the beginning of their enterprises almost without exception. They have been constrained to vindicate their claims and the terms of their concessions by aid of the cumbrous machinery of native law courts, and they have often found themselves positively hampered by the acceptance of Government guarantees. It follows, as a matter of course, that the chances of an individual are worse than dubious, even though he may have money, energy, ability, and connexion. What, then, must be the probable fate of the ignorant and helpless emigrant who signs away his freedom of action, and places himself at the mercy of those local authorities or native employers who consider him only in so far as he is likely to serve their purposes? We have little reason to be surprised at the complaints which have recently made their way into the papers, which have been ventilated in Parliament, which have been endorsed by several of our diplomatic agents, and whose substantial truth has been admitted by the chief of the Foreign Office. For years past we have heard pitiful tales of disappointment and suffering, which have been severely commented on at the time, only in the course of things to be speedily forgotten. It is somewhat of a coincidence, however, that in three successive days charges should have been brought successively against the treatment of English emigrants in three separate South American States. In the *Times* of February 14 there appeared a document promulgated officially by the Emigration Commissioners, by desire of the Secretary of State for the Colonies. It states by way of preamble that, in spite of official warning given in last October, emigration has been still going on to Paraguay. It proceeds to state that the emigrants who went out in October found that the promises made to them had been broken, and that no arrangements whatever had been made for their reception. They were detained, half starved, and left shelterless. It is asserted further that the climate of the place of their destination is utterly unsuited to English constitutions. The summer heats are so intense that field labour becomes impossible; the only productions that can be grown are precisely those to which English labourers are altogether unaccustomed, while the country is in a chronic state of disturbance, and there is security neither for life nor property. The *Times* of the following day devotes an article to emigration to La Plata, which gives a picture very similar to the highly repulsive one which the Emigration Commissioners had drawn of Paraguay. It appears that Mr. Macdonell, our *chargé d'affaires* at Buenos Ayres, presumably a dispassionate witness, has written so strongly and frankly on the matter that, should his despatch be made public, he "is prepared to encounter a storm of obloquy in Buenos Ayres, and throughout the Argentine Republic." He considers that neither sheep-farming, cattle-farming, agriculture, mining, nor commerce presents openings to tempt emigrants. The protective financial policy of America has depressed the wool trade; the Guachos are superior to any Englishmen as what the Australians call stockmen, and thus have the call of the cattle-market; the soil is rich, but the climate is treacherous; in rearing cereals you can only count on one good season out of five; while in mining industry and commerce local circumstances are likely to give native competitors the advantage of you. Finally, in the Argentine Republic, as in Paraguay, revolutions are the rule, and a peaceful and orderly state of things is the exception; while, so far as the sanctity of life is concerned, the murder rate there rises to one in 900, as against one in 170,000 in England. Lastly, on Monday the 17th Lord Carnarvon brought the case of some Brazilian emigrants before the House of Lords, and Lord Granville thanked him for drawing attention to the subject. A knot of labouring families from the midland counties had been lured out to Brazil by dazzling official promises and assurances. They had been promised land free or extremely cheap; they had been promised houses all in readiness for them; they had been promised free and speedy transport thither and abundance of good food on the journey. Lord Carnarvon quoted an advertisement purporting to come from the Brazilian Consul-General in Liverpool, which offered a pecuniary advance to any intending emigrant, and an allowance at the rate of two shillings a day while waiting for his first year's crops to come to maturity. It is alleged that the emigrants who responded to these tempting offers received neither money nor houses, and very little food. They had to sleep on the damp ground, were brought to the brink of starvation, if they were not forced over it, and it may be assumed that death and disease made melancholy ravages among them.

We presume that, coming to us on authority apparently so unimpeachable, we may accept these sad stories as strictly true in the main. If so, it is the duty of every one who chances to have the ear of such labouring men as are likely to be deluded to represent the facts to them as they really are. The invitations are made sufficiently seductive, and if they have not met with more general acceptance, it can be owing only to that conservative clinging to familiar scenes which is so strong in the rural districts, or to a no less natural preference for settling among people of one's own speech and blood. What can be more seductive to a labourer toiling in all weathers from morning to night, struggling along on low wages and the occasional help of a parish allowance, than the prospect of settling on a little property of

his own in a superb climate, and on a soil where everything grows spontaneously or for the scratching? He is to fold his hands while his crops are growing, to fare sumptuously on two shillings a day, and for the first time in his life give himself over to the serene enjoyment of idleness. What can be more disenchanting than the reality? In the first place, on disembarking in the land of promise, he finds that his ships have been burned behind him and his retreat cut off. There he is for good or for evil, as much a serf of the soil or a slave of the country, to all intents and purposes, as any Guiana cooly or Queensland Polynesian. He is in debt for his free passage-money, as for any subsequent pecuniary advance, supposing he has obtained one. Is he in a position to appeal to the courts of the strange country against the contractor to whom he is bound, or is his appeal likely to help him much? He knows no word of the language; he cannot even ask for bread or money in the speech of the people among whom he is cast. If he is to live at all, he has to bestir himself and try to work in a climate where we are told that work in summer is physically impossible for his constitution. He may have to sleep shelterless till he builds his own hut, in a country where fever is rife, and where the very atmosphere often seems tainted. In that La Plata and Paraguay country the most trifling scratch is apt to turn to a festering wound, and if once the blood fairly heats, sarsaparilla will do little for you. If you attempt to cultivate the fertile soil which breeds fevers so freely, you will find your crops fail four seasons out of five—that is to say, if you are wise enough to confine your attention to the only kind of agriculture which you have been used to. The lawless semi-savages around you dislike you as an intruder and detest you as a heretic. Your property may be safe, for the excellent reason which encourages the penniless traveller to sing in presence of banditti; but in a country where the murder rate is one in nine hundred, we may be sure that a due proportion of crimes will be committed upon people who have no friends and plenty of ill-wishers. We do not think that any one who has read the statements to which we have referred will say we have exaggerated the prospects of the humble emigrant to South America. We can only repeat the expression of our hope that every possible publicity will be given to disclosures which possibly may save some ignorant victims from chasing an *ignis fatuus* across the Atlantic to their own destruction. It may be a long voyage round the world to the antipodes, but those who make it will at least find an English home and English laws awaiting them at their destination; and New Zealand is just now suffering from a labour famine. Emigration to Canada, as we know, means in nine cases out of ten emigration to the United States; but if our people believe they can better themselves there, we must not grudge to the great and growing Republic citizens whom we may be sorry to part with. It is plainly our first duty to give the best advice in our power to those who are determined to leave us if they can find the means; and we trust that our labourers in future may find better advisers than the agents who have been recruiting for the South American States.

PORTUGUESE ENGLISH.

IT is no doubt improving to us all, as individuals, now and then "to see ourselves as others see us"; and candid friends are seldom wanting to afford the occasional opportunity. But when the mirror is to be held up to us in our national capacity, it is perhaps too sanguine to assume that the process will be equally beneficial. When one nation turns its attention to the habits, or customs, or institutions, or language of another, distance may or may not lend enchantment to the view, according to the pre-existing mood and sympathies of the observer; but it is pretty sure in most cases to produce distortion and misconception. We have all been familiar from boyhood with the sublime caricature which in the ordinary French imagination fills the place of the Lord Mayor of London; he moves about with a more than Oriental splendour in his personal adornments, he is weighted to the ground with cares of State, he is the more than Maecenas of his sovereign. We know also that these, among numberless other English facts, are familiar to the French mind—that the Prince of Wales is Hereditary Grand Master of the Chamber of Peers; that an impenetrable mist covers these islands from January 1 to December 31 in each year; and that, many long years ago, we were favoured with a great national bard, our poet of poets, whose name was the "divine Williams." We smile at these inaccuracies, and make up our minds that a few more years of International Exhibitions and extended Continental travel will supply the requisite correction. There is, however, reason to believe that, painfully wide of the mark as France may yet be with reference to our general characteristics, she is nevertheless accuracy itself when compared with some other nations of Europe. We are the more disposed to entertain this fear from having recently studied a very careful and painstaking little volume, designed to familiarize the Portuguese nation in general, and its youth in particular, with the most idiomatic twists and turns in our national speech. Now we are all aware that the language of a nation is very closely intertwined indeed with its institutions and its corporate life. This must be so from the very nature of the case; and the bare idea of a traveller attempting to investigate on the spot the social or political machinery of a country without a fairly scholarlike command of its language is justly held to be an absurdity. We are thus forced to believe that to see ourselves as the Portuguese see us—their knowledge of ourselves being inferred from their knowledge of our language—might be an extremely odd diversion, but would scarcely bring solid instruction or salutary correction with it.

We must begin our extracts by observing that the author of the work before us holds a mean opinion of his predecessors in the same line. They have, he thinks, been careless in the extreme; it was therefore certain that their works would be imperfect in style; to say nothing of the fact that the printers did not do their duty. Perhaps we had better just say that the words "to say nothing of" have inadvertently got mixed up in the Portuguese writer's mind with the phrase "in spite of." Now let us hear him tell his own tale:—

> It was resulting from that carelessness to rest these works full of imperfections of style: *in spite of* the infinite typographical faults which sometimes invert the sense of the periods.

In the author's own work these faults and imperfections have been happily avoided; and he confidently anticipates public approbation in the following extract. We shall do well to announce beforehand that genders, which in English nouns are almost non-existent, are by the large hearted Portuguese author used with a pleasing liberality of conception; and that "who" is employed for "that" with the same venial inaccuracy with which an English writer might, when using the French language, write "qui," by a slip of the pen, in place of "que":—

> We expect then, who the little book (for the care what we wrote him, and for her typographical correction), may be worth the acceptation of the studious persons, and especially of the youth, at which we dedicate him particularly.

Let us now see how we strike the Portuguese observer in our eminently national character as lovers of field sports. Here, if anywhere, we are at home; and here, if anywhere, we should be a little annoyed to find ourselves misconstrued. Well, language may not be everything; but we have a serious misgiving as to whether the framer of the following sentences would be the right man in the right place when he came to interpret our ways and doings to his fellow-countrymen. Let us hear him speak as he thinks that we speak:—

> Load ours gune.
> Look a hare who run! Let do him to pursue for the hounds! It go one'self in the plou ch si land!

On a careful collation of this last phrase with the Portuguese original, which is printed *sic-sic*, a glimmering of the intended signification becomes apparent. The translator was racking his brains for the idiomatic expression "to go it"; and, having meant to say "how he is going it over the ploughed land," he produced the quoted phrase as the result. We may append a few more remarks made by the sportsmen:—

> I have put down killed.

This, in the purest English is, it seems, the same as if a man should say, "I have knocked him over." The next gentleman is not so fortunate:—

> Me, I have failed it; my gun have miss fixe.

Later in their conversation his thoughts glance with a genuine sportsmanlike transition from the field to the kitchen:—

> If we kill nothing, we will have not any venison. I do flatter me to bring at my cook at least a wild boar head.

If Archbishop Trench has not written in vain, it will be generally admitted that the proverbs of a nation are sure to convey a good deal of its vital movement in things which concern the heart and the intellect. Nor has this truth escaped the framer of the very compendious handbook which we are now admiring. Page after page of proverbs he has given us—proverbs not of the exclusive and peculiar, but of the cosmopolitan and universal class, like "Quot homines, tot sententiæ" in the ancient world, and "A rolling stone gathers no moss" in the modern. We subjoin a few specimen quotations.—

> So many heads so much opinions.
> The necessity don't know the low.
> Every one for him, and God for all.
> The stone as roll not heap up not foam.
> Help thy, that God will aid thee.
> Spoken of the wolf, one see the tail.
> In the country of blinds, the oneeyed men are kings.

It is, as we all know, our pleasing duty to inquire, ever and anon, after the health of a friend's wife when she has recently been placed in an interesting situation. This is all very proper, and all very natural; we expect the sort of answer that almost invariably comes; our friend accepts the attention, and both mother and child are fortunately doing well. But this is not to see ourselves as the Portuguese are intended to see us. By them we are supposed to put the question and answer in the following shape:—

> Your wife is it brougted to bed?
> Yes, sir, and too fortunately.

Now, considering the high price of coals, and the very decided increase in our population, we cannot avoid the prophetic warning that some Bentleian emendator will by and by make his appearance, and that he will effect a considerable alteration in the answer to this friendly question. It may be quite true that "too fortunately" (as it stands) is intended to express a complete and happy satisfaction at the manner in which the crisis has been passed; but our Bentley of the future will know better; he will divine that the happy father is in reality lamenting his ill-destiny in the advent of twins; he will say that "too" must

have been written "two" in the original MS.; and that, in accordance with a frequently recurring *lacuna*, "*un*fortunately" should be restored for "fortunately"; so that the entire rejoinder will stand, "Yes, she is; and, worse luck, there are twins this time."

The following is the usual language of Englishmen when they are playing at cards:—

That bad game, there is not a trump.
What is to play?
It is madam.
Play, if you please.
The heart's aces.
I cut.
Trump.
I have no it, I have it.
I am very unhappy; alwes I lose.
This time, I have a great deal pack.

Our doctors, as we very well know, do not invariably follow their own prescriptions. On this head the Portuguese compiler has a good story to tell, and he tells it in his own idiomatic way:—

A physician eighty years of age had enjoied of a health unalterable. Theirs friends did him of it compliments every days. "Mister doctor," they said to him, "you are admirable man. What you make then for to bear you as well?" "I shall tell you it, gentlemen," he was answere I them: "and I exhort you in same time at to follow my exemple. I live of the product of my ordering, without take any remedy who I command to my sicks."

Let us select two more instructive narratives, each of which will in its own way illustrate the directness of conception with which the Portuguese mind has mastered our English mode of expression. We only hope that ere long the Portuguese author may think it advisable to familiarize his countrymen with our national debates in the House of Commons, and that he may favour us with the result:—

A judge having ordered at any gendarms to arrest a criminal, this, conducted at her presence, was shamness enough for to tell him that he was semed to Pilatus.
The judge was answered him, "Condemning so great rogue as thee, I shall not have at less to wash my hands."

It will be scarcely necessary, perhaps, to observe that, "ordered at" means "ordered," that "any" means "some," and that "was semed to" means "was like." There is almost a Chaucerian complexion about this last construction. We will wind up with one more anecdote:—

A patrol had meeted during the night a individual what had carried a wine bottle. This having asked what he had under her cloak, he answered jesting, "A poniard." "We will look it," replied the others. Our man present immediately her bottle. These had taked possession of it, and they had given back it empty, telling "Here, as thou art one of our friends, we deliver the scabbard."

THE THEATRES.

IT was no objection to a piece lately performed at the Globe Theatre that the title was borrowed from a poem of Tennyson which was quoted in the course of it. If the words "Tears! idle tears!" appearing in the playbill attracted a single visitor to the house, so much the better, although they are curiously inappropriate to a piece of avowed French extraction. A "romantic legend" has been produced within the last few days, called *Oriana*, and as Tennyson's ballad of that name would be wholly inapplicable to the character and situation of the heroine, one naturally expected that it would be quoted before the curtain fell. The name Oriana is pretty and uncommon. There are, we believe, some living persons who bear it, and possibly its appearance in theatrical advertisements may procure for it an introduction to baptismal registers. Fashion prevails at the font as well as everywhere else when women are implicated, and as regards names for girls a little novelty would be desirable, as will be admitted by every one who has happened to encounter "Ada" in the kitchen or "Florence" wielding a brush upon the stairs. We therefore hope that the example of Mr. Albery will be followed by other parents, especially as the remark that a rose called by some other name would smell as sweet is undeniably true in the case where the rose takes the name of "Oriana." It is perhaps surprising that, although this name has now been adopted on the stage, the character to which it properly belongs has never tempted any actress in recent years. The play of the *Knight of Malta* would perhaps prove incapable of adaptation to the modern stage, but there is much in the character and situation of the heroine that might tempt an enterprising manager. A "conventicle" of the Knights of St. John, in the Palace of the Grand Master at Malta, would be just the sort of scene that would bear any quantity of embellishment. Oriana, the sister of the Grand Master, is seated in a gallery. It is proposed to confer knighthood upon a noble Italian, Miranda, before sending him on an expedition against the Turks. But Miranda asks time for consideration before taking upon himself that honour, for which not only modesty, but his love for Oriana, makes him doubt his fitness. His parting words show the condition of his heart:—

Gracious mistress—
Oh, that auspicious smile doth arm your soldier!
Who fights for those eyes and this sacred cross
Can neither meet sad accident nor loss.

And her answer proves that she is not insensible of his love:—

The mighty master of that livery
Conduct thee safely to these eyes again.

No sooner is Miranda gone than another aspirant to the Order, a Spaniard of equally good birth, Gomera, declares that the same impediment stands in his way:—

I am in love. Laugh not! Though Time hath set
Some wrinkles in this face, and these curl'd locks
Will shortly die into another hue,
Yet, yet, I am in love. I'faith, you smile.
What age, what sex, or what profession,
Divine or human, from the man that cries
For alms in the highway to him that sings
At the high altar, and doth sacrifice,
Can truly say he knows not what is love?

It is a pity that the whole of the play is not as well adapted for family reading as this scene. On the principle that *les absents ont toujours tort*, Miranda is put aside for Gomera when the Grand Master declares his sister shall marry. Hereupon a wicked knight, a Frenchman named Mountferrol, having a design against Oriana's person, and desiring to prevent her marriage with Gomera, charges her with treason. Gomera challenges Mountferrol, and a regular trial by battle is appointed. Oriana dressed in white goes up a scaffold hung with black, and delivers a speech beginning

Thus I ascend nearer, I hope, to Heaven—

by which a gifted actress might make an indelible impression on her audience. Then follows the combat, in which Gomera fights as champion of Oriana against Miranda, who has assumed Mountferrol's arms. In the result Gomera claims the lady as having won, and Miranda claims her as having intentionally lost the fight. The Grand Master decides that Gomera shall marry Oriana, and that Miranda shall be wedded to the Order. The subsequent part of the play is hardly suitable to modern taste. Miranda, although he accepts the Grand Master's decision, cannot wholly relinquish his passion for Oriana, and, being accidentally thrown into her company, an impressive scene occurs:—

Sit, brightest Oriana! Is it sin
Still to profess I love you, still to vow
I shall do ever?

And after some debate she answers:—

Miranda's deeds
Have been as white as Oriana's fame,
From the beginning to this point of time:
And shall we now begin to stain both thus?
Think on the legend which we too shall breed,
Continuing as we are, for chastest dames
And boldest soldiers to peruse and read—
Ay, and read through, free from any act
To cause the modest cast the book away,
And the most honour'd captain fold it up.

We certainly prefer this old legend of Oriana to the new one which has been produced at the Globe Theatre. Wherever else Mr. Albery may have resorted for his story, he is certainly guiltless of any inspiration from Beaumont and Fletcher's play. Indeed the effeminate character of King Raymond is as far as possible removed from the bold types of vice in which the old dramatists delighted. It may be ascribed partly to the author and partly to the actor that we feel convinced that it can matter only in the smallest possible degree whether the King or the Queen wearing the King's armour leads the Royal troops. It would be unfortunate if an actor capable of better things should become identified with a class of character which no skill in delineation could preserve from liability to contempt. The attempt of Mr. Albery in an entirely new line commands rather sympathy than applause. In spite of all that can be said in praise of *Oriana*, its permanent success is doubtful. At the same time it is an undeniable novelty, and is well acted and prettily put upon the stage. If the author had designedly made a story which goes back to the age of fairies a vehicle for satire on modern life, he would probably have more fully elaborated the character of the demagogue Oxeye. But his work is very good as far as it goes. There is much natural humour in the rustic maid of mature years, Chloe, who is willing to marry a king, but would like a monarch of domestic habits who would clean himself and put on his crown when he comes home from work. There are many pretty lines effectively delivered in this play, but the whole result is somewhat disappointing, and we should think that the promise of Mr Montague's reappearance in *Tears! idle Tears!* is likely at no distant period to be fulfilled. No doubt the groups and accessories of *Oriana* are pretty, but if you come to that *Babil and Bijou* must have nearly killed any theatre that would depend upon that prettiness which appeals merely to the eye. The diversions of King Raymond in the forest rather remind one of those Eastern princes who are said to divide their time between dancing-girls and narcotics.

It is said that any form of advertisement is useful to a theatre, and it is to be hoped that that most expensive form of advertisement, a trial in a court of law, will be found proportionately profitable. A good while ago it was rumoured at the West End of London that one of the best things out was *Geneviève de Brabant* at the Philharmonic Theatre. Thereupon arose the question, "Where is the Philharmonic Theatre?" and vague suggestions to coachmen to steer a north-east course were the answer. Glimpses of an unknown world have been obtained by visitors to the Cattle Show, and it would appear that this theatre is regarded by some of those who know it best as being as distant from the Strand as Ancient Britain was from Rome. We believe that adventurous residents in the Temple have been known to go in cabs to the Philharmonic Theatre and to return; but a recent discussion makes it doubtful whether there is any postal or newspaper intercourse between the

two neighbourhoods. It has been stated that a principal performer at the Philharmonic having ceased, on medical certificate, to appear, the interval of leisure thus obtained was utilized for an appearance at the Gaiety. The proprietor, having closed his house, would have been able to devote his leisure to the perusal of a very interesting book called *Other Worlds than Ours*. He was assured that it was a good thing for him that his principal performer should appear at another house, but he perhaps had a lingering idea that it would be a better thing for him to keep that performer at his own house. There has been another recent trial in which a performance at the Gaiety Theatre was the subject of discussion, and some remarks which we made upon it have produced a letter from Mr. John Hollingshead, the manager, of which the material part is as follows:—

As long as the Government burdens me with a Lord Chamberlain, I must decline to take any moral responsibility in connexion with the plays produced at my theatre. I paid two guineas, the official fee, to the Official Censor of plays for his official certificate of purity as regards *Shilly Shally*.

It is a comfort to be able to lay the blame, if there be any, for the language of this play upon so broad a back as that of the Lord Chamberlain. It is possible that the Official Censor may not be quite as keenly alive to the possibility of words being taken in a double sense as are some frequenters of theatres. It is possible also that words which on paper look harmless may be made disagreeably significant by the manner of their delivery. It was said that the Lord Chamberlain entertained the idea of prohibiting *Nos Intimes*, but, being persuaded to go and see it himself, he found nothing but the strictest propriety in the performance. It was also said that the actors were aware that the Lord Chamberlain was coming. We should have thought that the Official Censor was intended as a protection to the public, but that the public had still the right of taking care, to the best of their power, of themselves. However, division of labour is the secret of effective work. The manager does his business, and expects the Official Censor to do his. Morality is not in the managerial department.

REVIEWS.

GEORGE SAVILE, MARQUIS OF HALIFAX.*

HISTORY has done ample justice to the Marquis of Halifax as a statesman and as a speaker. His critical faculty and temperate genius recommended him to Hume. His literary accomplishments and the practicality of his politics made him a favourite of Macaulay. The great fame of his gladiatorial triumph over Shaftesbury, when he caused the rejection of the Exclusion Bill by the House of Lords in 1680, has created an exaggerated impression of his oratory; for he was rather an able, witty, and ingenious dialectician than a moving orator. But his literary productions have met with undeserved and surprising neglect. Macaulay, who may be too partial to him as a politician, has not overrated his literary powers in saying that "his political tracts well deserve to be studied for their literary merits, and fully entitle him to a place among English classics." There has never been a collected edition of his writings, which are anything but voluminous. We read in one of the lately published letters of a young politician of promise, snatched away at the beginning of a hopeful career (Mr. Edward Denison), that, wishing to study Halifax, for whom Macaulay had inspired him with admiration, he had "long sought in vain to get hold of his writings, which are few and scarce." Halifax published nothing but small prose essays, and most of them were essays on political subjects of the day. But the political subjects which he chose were of prime importance, and his political essays are always far above the level of party pamphlets, general in their treatment of occasional topics, free from passion and personality, and full of reason and of wit. They are the condensed and sparkling productions of an accomplished and thoughtful man, who is also a man of the world and a man of action. In the last years of the reign of Charles II. Halifax was at the head of a third party, which stood between Whigs and Tories, and which was nicknamed Trimmer. He was as strong as Shaftesbury against Popery, but he preferred maintaining the regular succession to the throne with limitations of a Popish successor to exclusion of the Duke of York. He believed as strongly as Shaftesbury in Titus Oates; but he was not satisfied with the evidence against Lord Stafford, and he voted him not guilty. In his little treatise, "The Character of a Trimmer," Halifax took up in pride the name thrown at him in derision, and vindicated the middle way philosophically, historically, and practically. "If men are together in a boat," he said, "and one part of the company would weigh it down on one side, another would make it lean as much to the contrary, it happens there is a third opinion of those who conceive it would do as well if the boat went even without endangering the passengers." His uncle, Sir William Coventry, a very distinguished Parliamentary man, was also a Trimmer, and gave a similar account of his party; to Coventry, indeed, rumour ascribed the authorship of Halifax's work; but this he has denied, avowing himself to be a Trimmer in the sense of "one who would sit upright, and not overturn the boat by swaying too much on either side." There was another way which Halifax adopted of justifying a Trimmer as pursuing the happy mean between two extremes; and the conclusion of the treatise has been paraphrased by Macaulay in brilliant sentences, but in no way improved:—

Our Trimmer thinks fit to conclude with these assertions; that our Climate is a Trimmer between that part of the world where men are roasted, and the other where they are frozen; that our Church is a Trimmer between the phrenzy of Platonic visions and the lethargic ignorance of Popish dreams; that our Laws are Trimmers between the excess of unbounded power and the extravagance of liberty not enough restrained; that true Virtue has ever been thought a Trimmer, and to have its dwelling in the middle between the two extremes; that even God Almighty himself is divided between his two great Attributes, his Mercy and his Justice. In such company our Trimmer is not ashamed of his name, and willingly leaves to the bold champions of either extreme the honour of contending with no less adversaries than Nature, Religion, Prudence, Humanity, and Common Sense.

When James II. ascended the throne which he owed to Halifax, he began by humiliating his benefactor, and soon rudely dismissed him from office. Though Halifax had turned the scale against the Exclusion Bill, he was firm against Popery and arbitrary government. James early made known his intention of obtaining the repeal of all tests and penal laws against Roman Catholics, and, if he could not obtain the repeal, of acting as if they were repealed. In James's subsequent endeavours to gain his end by promising compensation or "an equivalent" to Churchmen, and by cajoling the Dissenters into coalition with the Roman Catholics against the Church, Halifax put forth his literary energies in two consummately skilful tracts. In "The Anatomy of an Equivalent" he brought wide reasoning and large illustration to bear on the impossibility of treating on equal terms with a King or securing his observance of a treaty; and, having explained what circumstances were necessary for making a good bargain, and for ensuring an equivalent, pithily concluded that, "where distrusting may be the cause of provoking anger, and trusting may be the cause of bringing ruin, the choice is too easy to need being explained." Of the "Letter to a Dissenter," published after James's Proclamation of Indulgence, published anonymously, and at first generally attributed to Temple, twenty thousand copies are said to have been distributed immediately by post. The effect was prodigious in rallying the Protestant Dissenters to the support of the law and contemptuous rejection of benefits offered, not in justice or in kindness, but to aid the advancement of Popery. But Halifax, firmly opposed to James's policy and acts, was very slow to espouse the cause of William and revolution. His long hesitation increased his power when he at last threw his weight into the scale against James. He was made Speaker of the Lords in the Convention Parliament, and was the hero of the Revolution, as eight years before he had been the hero of anti-exclusion. To him was assigned the great duty of tendering the crown to William and Mary in the name of all the Estates of England. In the formation of the new Administration he was restored to the office of Lord Privy Seal. For nine months he was virtually Prime Minister, for in those days ostensible Prime Minister there was none. Harassed by the toils and cares of arduous office, having sustained and by great exertions vanquished a bitter persecution in Parliament, borne down also by private sorrows (for he had lately lost in quick succession two sons, and he was the tenderest of fathers), he retired in October 1689 from his post of Speaker of the House of Lords, and soon after resigned the Privy Seal. For his wise and well-balanced mind power and dignities had never had engrossing charms; greatness had always followed, rather than been sought by, him; and the exercise of his fine intellectual faculties supplied diversion and employment in quiet retreat at his loved estate of Rufford. He remained a diligent observer of political events, and his pen was from time to time employed on politics. On the eve of the general election of 1690 he issued his "Cautions for the Choice of Members in Parliament"; they are admirably terse and witty. Naval disasters and Admiralty mismanagement, the frequent subjects of Parliamentary debates, provoked him into writing "A New Draught of a Model at Sea," in which he strongly argued for Tarpaulins against gentlemen as officers—men bred to the sea and trained by service against persons of quality who went in for amusement and for profit. An extract from this little treatise is a good illustration of the wit and wisdom and apophthegmatic manner of his political essays:—

Mankind naturally swelleth against favour and partiality; their belief of their own merit maketh men object them to a prosperous competitor, even when there is no pretence for it; but when there is the least handle offered, to be sure it will be taken. So in this case, when a gentleman is preferred at sea, the Tarpaulin is very apt to impute it to friend or favour; but if that gentleman hath before his preferment passed through all the steps which lead to it, that he smelleth as much of pitch and tar as those that were swaddled in sail cloth, his having an escutcheon will be so far from doing him harm that it will set him upon the advantage ground; it will draw a real respect to his quality when so supported, and give him an influence and authority infinitely superior to that which the mere seaman can ever pretend to.

When a gentleman hath learned how to obey, he will grow very much fitter to command; his own memory will advise him not to inflict too rigorous punishments. He will better resist the temptations of authority, which are great, when he reflecteth how much he hath at other times wished it might be gently exercised, when he was liable to the rigour of it.

When the undistinguished discipline of a ship hath tamed the young

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* *Miscellanies.* By the late Lord Marquis of Halifax. London. 1704.

A Character of King Charles II., and Political, Moral, and Miscellaneous Thoughts and Reflections. By George Savile, Marquis of Halifax. London. 1750.

Savile Correspondence. Letters of Henry Savile, Esq., &c., &c., including Letters from his brother George, Marquis of Halifax. Edited by W. D. Cooper, F.S.A. Printed for the Camden Society. London. 1858.

mastership, which is apt to arise from a gentleman's birth and education, he then groweth proud in the right place, and valueth himself first upon knowing his duty, and then upon doing it.

To expect that quality alone should waft men up into places and employments is as unreasonable as to think that a ship, because it is carved and gilded, should be fit to go to sea without sails or tackling. But when a gentleman maketh no other use of his quality than to incite him the more to his duty, it will give such a true and settled superiority as must destroy all competition from those that are below him.

This is wisdom for all time, and even now this preaching would not be altogether useless. Halifax's mind was peculiarly fitted for apophthegms.

We have now exhausted the list of his political essays. There are others of a general character. The "Maxims of State," and the "Political, Moral, and Miscellaneous Thoughts and Reflections," are collections of aphorisms of which it is not too much to say that they combine the wisdom of Bacon with the wit of Rochefoucault. We give a few instances at haphazard:—"The Court may be said to be a Company of well-bred fashionable beggars." "A man had as good go to bed with a razor as to be intimate with a foolish friend." "Men should do with their hopes as they do with tame fowl, cut their wings that they may not fly over the wall." "Anger is never without an argument, but seldom with a good one." "It is a self-flattering contradiction that wise men despise the opinion of fools and yet are proud of having their esteem." It would be expected that such a writer as this would be skilful in perception and description of character. His character of Charles II., and another of Bishop Burnet, are delightful delineations, acute as can be, true and yet kindly. Burnet's son, who published Halifax's sketch of his father, says that Halifax had himself given it in his own handwriting to the Bishop; and Lord Dartmouth has ill-naturedly suggested that Halifax was accustomed to ridicule and criticize Burnet in conversation, and that the sketch was more probably written by Burnet himself. But the humorous Halifax might in private dwell on Burnet's faults and foibles, while, in writing a sketch of his character which was to remain, he would be careful to do full justice to the substantial virtues and merits of the vain and bustling, but excellent and true-hearted, Bishop. It remains to mention—and we have no space to do more than mention—Halifax's "Advice to a Daughter"—the advice of a kind, clever, and sensible father, full of practical wisdom, and free from cant and exaggeration. The daughter, Lady Elizabeth, to whom this advice was addressed, became mother of the famous Earl of Chesterfield, whose worldly-wise lessons to his son are well known.

Halifax died at the age of sixty-two, in 1695. He had been a leading statesman and Minister in three reigns. It is known that he made a diary from which he wrote out memoirs of his time. There has been a story that two copies only of these memoirs existed, and that both were burnt, one by the Earl of Nottingham, the father of the wife of Halifax's eldest son and successor, and the second by his granddaughter, the Countess of Burlington acting under the advice of Pope, who had read the memoirs and found them very unfavourable to the Roman Catholics. It was, however, positively stated in 1781 by Mr. Tyers, the author of *Political Conferences*, that the original diary was, with the Duke of Shrewsbury's papers, in the hands of Robertson the historian for use; and it has been further stated lately, in 1858, on the authority of Mr. J. Payne Collier, that the diary had been seen some years before in the Duke of Devonshire's library. It is strange that by this time the question of the existence of this diary should not have been settled. It is time that it should be, and it is to be presumed that the present Duke of Devonshire will be eager to give every facility for the discovery of so precious an historical document. The Duke descends from Halifax's granddaughter, Dorothy Countess of Burlington, the lady accused of burning her copy of the memoirs. An abler or more interesting diarist of public affairs cannot be conceived. What letters of his have been published are charming in style, frank, acute, and lively. His correspondence with Henry Savile, his brother, not long since published by the Camden Society, presents a delightful picture of fraternal friendship. He was much loved by his relations. His mother-in-law, the clever Countess of Sunderland, Dorothy Sydney, the sister of Algernon, raved in admiration of him. His fine temper and exuberant wit made him a charming companion. His wit gave him a strong hold in council on Charles II.; it was thrown away on James and on William. He had a humorous way of treating every subject, which was not discreet with all, and which often gave him the character of levity. On a memorable occasion he was the triumphant champion of the royal succession, but he was known privately to speak lightly of hereditary monarchy, asking, "Who takes a coachman to drive him because his father was a good coachman?" He gave serious offence to Danby by burlesquing a piece of evidence intended to favour him, which was to the effect that a bribe had been offered him and he had civilly declined it, saying that it would be strange if a man should ask another for the use of his wife and the latter refuse, but with great civility. Burnet twitted him with his love of titles, for from a baronet he was made successively baron, earl, and marquis. His ready reply was that, if the world were such fools as to value those matters, a man must be fool for company; he considered them but as rattles, yet rattles please children, and these titles would be of use to his family. So he wrote seriously to his brother Henry, when he was made an earl, that he valued the promotion because it might bring a better match for his son when he was called Lord Eland than if he were only Mr. Savile, and went so gravely into the point of marriage prospects as to argue that Lord Eland was a better title than Lord Savile, as Lady Savile might be mistaken for the wife of a knight. He was a free-thinker in religion; he did not profess to be a saint, and was not a hypocrite; and he pleasantly replied to Burnet's professional admonitions that he hoped that God would not lay it to his charge if he could not digest iron as an ostrich did, nor take into his belief things that would burst him. A Life of Halifax should be written as well as a collected edition of his works published. In many respects there has been a very great resemblance to him in a recent statesman, one of the most interesting of our Prime Ministers, Viscount Melbourne—in literary taste and accomplishment, in wit, in a speculative and analytical turn of mind, in a *laissez-faire* disposition, in moderation, in fine temper, equanimity, and worldly skill; but both Lord Melbourne and Lord Halifax were rather fitted for the delight of friends and to please refined minds than to lead a party or move a nation, and were subtle and dainty rather than vigorous politicians.

HULL'S BUILDING AND ORNAMENTAL STONES.*

THERE has long been felt the want of a good book upon building and ornamental stones. A certain amount of information upon the nature and varieties of this class of natural products has of course been available in ordinary treatises on geology, besides being scattered up and down in many of the existing works on architecture, masonry, and engineering, such as Gwilt's and Cresy's Cyclopædias, as well as in manifold Transactions and technical serials. But little has been hitherto done in a complete manner, or with much attempt at scientific arrangement. The admirable *Technologie du Bâtiment*, by M. T. Chateau, is full of correct details of the nature and uses of such materials, especially as they are found in France, as is also the valuable work of B. von Cotta, of which an English version has appeared entitled *Rocks Classified and Arranged*. A good model of the kind of work required has been supplied for the sister island in the *Ancient Architecture and Practical Geology of Ireland*, by Mr. G. Wilkinson, M.R.I.A., &c. Had the author of this excellent work extended its scope so as to comprise the resources of the British islands, and the more important building materials of other lands, there would have been no need, Mr. Hull feels conscious, for the treatise he has lately put forth upon the *Building and Ornamental Stones of Great Britain and Foreign Countries*. This work, obviously compiled with care, and based upon the writer's wide and accurate study of the rocks as Director of the Geological Survey of Ireland, and Professor of Geology in the Royal College of Science in Dublin, is fitted in a great measure to fill the void thus existing. It took its rise, we are given to understand, in the author's design of delivering a series of lectures, with the assent of the Council of the College, during the evenings of 1870-71. Circumstances occurred to prevent the delivery of the course, but with the collection and arrangement of his materials the subject grew in interest, until it at length developed itself into the form in which it is now presented to the reader.

A preliminary difficulty in seeking for a scientific as well as a practical basis for a work of this kind was felt by the writer to lie in the absence of a generally received mode of classification of rocks, and a system of nomenclature founded both upon origin and composition. The microscope has of late years been turned to greater account even than chemical tests for determining the ultimate structure of rock masses. Truer views are thus gradually being formed regarding the basis of classification, and such distinctions as those between igneous and metamorphic rocks. In his introductory observations Mr. Hull rightly expresses his preference for the system of Durocher and Bunsen, who make the proportion of silica the basis of classification, over that of Dr. Zirkel, who makes it dependent upon the varieties of felspar. It is far easier, he argues, in analysing the structure of rocks, to judge of the comparative richness or deficiency in silica than of the nature of their felspathic bases. The analysis of a large number and variety of deposits led Durocher to the conclusion that the basic rocks, which are poor in silica, have been derived from a deeper *magma* or envelope within the earth than that of the acidic or highly silicated rocks. Silica he somewhat fancifully considers to hold the same essential place among the rocks that carbon does among the products of vegetation. As a practical matter, at all events, the division of both eruptive and sedimentary rocks into basic and acidic is as good a one as our author could have adopted, although no sharp line of demarcation can be made to separate the subordinate classes of stone which come under these primary characteristics.

Of the igneous and metamorphic class, which naturally head the series, as they form the earliest and most fundamental elements of the earth's structure, the group which stands first as the acidic or most highly silicated is of course that of the granites. True granite, as understood by petrologists, is defined as a rock of a crystalline granular texture, igneous or metamorphic in its origin, made up of at least three constituents—quartz, felspar, and mica. It is often found as a quaternary compound, from the occurrence of two felspars (orthoclase and oligoclase, or orthoclase and albite), or two micas; less frequently as a quinary. When containing

* *A Treatise on the Building and Ornamental Stones of Great Britain and Foreign Countries, arranged according to their Geological Distribution and Mineral Character.* By Edward Hull, M.A., F.R.S., Director of the Geological Survey of Ireland, &c. London: Macmillan & Co. 1872.

large and distinct crystals of felspar, it is known as porphyritic granite, and when presenting a foliated structure and thus verging into gneiss, it is called foliated granite. When the mica disappears and the rock is finely crystalline-granular, it is known as eurite. Syenite, which is often popularly confounded with granite, is a ternary compound of quartz, felspar, and hornblende. When the free silica in the quartz disappears, the rock passes into diorite, where, in addition to quartz, felspar, and mica, hornblende appears. As Mr. Hull instances, in part of the Sleeve Croob range, County Down, this quaternary compound is called syenitic granite. In the analytical tables compiled by our author, the proportion of silica varies from 65·81 per cent., or even 62·08, according to Dr. Haughton, to 81·77, in the case of the Teufelsmauer, near Krems, as determined by Dr. Zirkel. From the fact of the felspar and flakes of mica being visibly embedded in the free silica (or quartz), it has been inferred that the silica, being the most difficult to fuse, was the last to solidify, retaining a certain degree of viscosity after the other minerals had assumed the crystalline form. The action of water in the deposition of granite has been suspected of late to a degree unthought of while these rocks were referred to a purely igneous origin. Where silica is found in great excess, instead of having been injected volcanically into the veins which traverse the granitic rocks, it may have been deposited, Dr. Sterry Hunt and others have held, from aqueous solution. Minute cells containing water having been observed under the microscope in the quartz of granite, Mr. Sorby and Dr. Zirkel have inferred the presence of steam under great pressure and a high temperature during the process of deposition. From the proportions of watery fluid in the cavities of various specimens, Mr. Sorby has even sought to reach certain conclusions as to the relative depths at which these granite beds have been formed. Thus the granites of the Scottish Highlands indicate a pressure of 26,000 feet of superincumbent rocks above those of Cornwall, the elvans or granitic dykes of the Highlands one of 28,700 feet above those of Cornwall. But these pressures, as Mr. Hull remarks, depend in part upon the temperatures of consolidation. Although, on the whole, underlying all other rocks, granite is by no means to be limited to one, and that the remotest, age. It is known to have been formed at several geological epochs, from the Silurian down to at least the close of the Cretaceous period. The granites of Cornwall and Devon are instanced by Mr. Hull as being more recent than the Carboniferous period, those of the Alps of Savoy later than the Jurassic, and those of the Eastern Pyrenees than the age of the White Chalk. In these more recent instances it may be conceived to have been in part irrupted amongst strata occupying a higher zone, after undergoing fusion or metamorphic action in the interior of the earth's crust; in part also, as suggested by Professor Haughton, formed under fusion and immense pressure from sedimentary rocks such as grits and slates or shales. This careful enumeration of the granites, not only of the British Isles, but of Europe in general, Egypt, and North of the American Continent, makes clear in most cases the relation of these rocks to the stratified beds by which granite is bounded or enclosed, as well as the mineral constituents and other characteristics of each variety, and its adaptation to building purposes, by virtue of its texture, cohesion, and durability under different conditions of climate.

The historic instances which Mr. Hull has brought together illustrate the use of this material from the earliest times, and serve to throw much light upon the causes which affect its permanence. The syenites of Egypt, both red and grey, imperishable in their all but rainless climate, their age running back to four thousand years at least, have not been found when transported to more humid climates to retain anything like the same quality of durability. Such specimens exist in the monoliths of the Piazza of St. Mark, Venice, brought, it is said, from Tyre by the Doge Michielli in A.D. 1127; some of those of the portico of St. Peter's and the columns of the Pantheon at Rome, and the obelisk of Luxor in the Place de la Concorde, Paris. In all these, comparatively less humid as the climate is than our own, the progress of weathering may be observed to mark an approximation to the period of their exposure. Amongst ourselves we have only to look to the numerous examples of quite modern date which meet the eye for proof of the rapid disintegration to which this material, notwithstanding its hardness of texture and the polish of its surface, is subject in an atmosphere alternately wet and dry, especially when laden, as in London and the greater towns, with carbonic acid and other products of the consumption of coal. Nor does the durability of granite under the action of fire come up to the standard which Mr. Hull is disposed to assign to it in that important particular, if we may judge from the reports of the great fire at Boston. What most struck our builders and architects in that terrible catastrophe was the rapid way in which massive walls of granite crumbled and disintegrated, when limestones, sandstones, and brick stood comparatively scatheless, or even vitrified and became harder under the flame. For hydraulic works, such as docks and sea walls, for the most part permanently under water, and consisting of broad masses, granite is in its most appropriate place. In situations alternately exposed to air and water, or calling for broken or angular surfaces, its granular texture no less than its chemical composition renders it less fit. Under climatic conditions of much moisture in combination with sulphurous, hydrochloric, and other acids, limestones and dolomites are even more subject to disintegration; witness St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol, Henry VII.'s Chapel, and the Houses of Parliament, Westminster. In the last-named instance much of the mischief was traceable to the want of care in passing none but the harder strata at the quarry—a fault, like many others in connexion with that much-abused pile, due, there is no doubt, to a senseless parsimony on the part of the higher authorities concerned. Upon the importance of care in this respect, as well as in regard to the proper bedding of the masonry, judicious remarks will be found in Mr. Hull's pages. For wet and smoky climates, such as our architects and builders have in the main to provide for, he insists upon the superiority of the siliceous sandstones, formed of grains of quartz cemented together by a siliceous or felspathic paste. Such rocks are widely distributed amongst the Lower Carboniferous formations of Scotland, the North of England and Wales, made up of the disintegrated gneissic and granitic beds which formed the land at the period of deposition. Being all but destitute of carbonate of lime or magnesia, they are able to defy the action of the acids which pervade the atmosphere of our manufacturing towns in those districts, and are found practically indestructible. There is, indeed, Mr. Hull remarks, in the natural distribution of building stones a noteworthy suitability to the wants of each district. Thus, amongst the mining and manufacturing regions of mid-Scotland, and the North and centre of England, siliceous substances are plentifully developed in the Carboniferous and Triassic formations, while the soft calcareous stones of the Jurassic or Oolitic series are distributed amongst the comparatively smokeless and less watery districts of the South and East. It is at the same time in the numerous exceptions to this rule that the necessity of a guide like the present is felt, in order to supplement what nature has left deficient. Of instances like these none can be thought more conspicuous than that of slate, to which our author devotes a prominent and instructive chapter. Few materials are so limited in the range of their distribution, while few are of such general or varied necessity for both building and other purposes. In the British Isles cleaved slates are confined to the Palæozoic formations, from the Cambrian down to the Carboniferous, inclusive. On the Continent it is otherwise. Both in the Pyrenees, the Alps, and Apennines strata belonging to the Mesozoic and even Tertiary periods present the phenomenon of cleavage, which is altogether independent of geological age. In a valuable synopsis Mr. Hull brings together the various slate formations of Great Britain and Ireland, with analyses of their chemical composition, strength, power of resistance to weather, and similar points of importance to the practical builder. The special attention of capitalists is directed to the Lower Silurian rocks north of Killary Harbour, and along the valleys of the Erriff and Doo Lough, County Mayo, where there are certain beds which, if opened up at sufficient depth, might be found to yield excellent pale grey or blueish roofing slate.

The class of marbles seems likely in this country to be limited in the main to purposes of ornament rather than of construction. Still, as an all-important accessory to the arts, it is not to be held less worthy of consideration than substances of more utilitarian scope. The marbles of Devonshire, Derbyshire, and Sussex, those of Anglesea, the Isle of Man, Scotland, and Ireland, various in their texture and their hues, stand fairly well in contrast with the variegated products of other European quarries. It is in the pure and lustrous blocks which supply the art of the sculptor that Italy and Greece still maintain the monopoly they have had since the rise of the finer forms of statuary. Mr. Hull has to speak of promising specimens having been obtained from Ardes, in Donegal, where the bands of limestone are found converted into crystalline marble in proximity with the granite. But it remains uncertain how far these beds may prove sufficiently homogeneous and pure for statuary purposes. From the reports which have reached us, we should be inclined to look with more hope to the partially explored beds of New Zealand. We do not perceive that our author's attention has been drawn to the mineral resources of our Southern dependencies at large, though he does not fail to do justice to the magnificent yield of malachite which has distinguished the Burra Burra mines. In Canada the crystalline limestones of the Laurentian series yield marbles pure enough for decorative purposes, but not for statuary. They are quarried at Calumet Falls, on the Ottawa, Portage du Fort, and Fitzroy Harbour. Large and fine blocks are obtained from Elzevir and Marmora, and the statuary marble from Burrie would, we are assured, scarcely yield to that from Carrara, were it not marred by occasional grains and specks of tremolite and quartz. White marble is met with among the metamorphic schists of Five Islands, Nova Scotia, together with coloured serpentinous varieties. In the United States, where marble is so plentiful as to form a common building material, there is little that is not more or less striated or clouded. The finest statuary marble spoken of by Mr. Hull comes from Stoneham, but seldom in blocks of any size. Among the themes of most recent interest to petrographers and lovers of art, the most prominent perhaps is the introduction, or rather rediscovery, of the quarries in Algeria whence the "onyx marble" was supplied of old for the decoration of Rome and Carthage. Since the reopening by M. Delmonte in 1849 of the tertiary limestones of Blad Recam ("marble country"), near the ravine of Oued-Abdallah, much attention has been directed to this beautiful material. In combination with bronze it has been made to tell with striking effect as an imitation of drapery. Translucent, faintly white, and iridescent, of uniform texture and stalagmitic in origin, it has taken its name from its superficial resemblance to onyx, which of course belongs to a different petrologic group. Nor, though long and widely known as Oriental alabaster, is it to be confounded with the alabaster of the present day. Oriental

alabaster, so called, was also largely derived from Egypt, and was employed in works of art, though not in statuary, both in ancient and early mediæval times. Its mamillated structure, characteristic of filtration and percolation, combines with its arrangement in folds or wavy parallel bands of amber or yellowish brown to indicate its stalagmitic origin. Besides numerous smaller examples of the antique, chiefly mortuary jars or canopi from Egypt, large and splendid cinerary urns of this material are in the museums of Florence and Naples, the finest of all being that in the Vatican Museum at Rome, measuring nine feet in height and four in depth. Writing in the interests of science or practical utility rather than of the fine arts, it is not Mr. Hull's business to go deeply or systematically into the history or the æsthetic value of the works which have come down to us in stone, although he has given us a number of interesting facts relating to the material in use at various stages of art, or characteristic of different schools. As a matter of taste many might demur to his speaking somewhat slightingly of the Venus de' Medici, and giving apparently to the Farnese Bull the palm of supremacy in sculpture. Of his classical attainments we should be very sorry to judge from his allusion to the conquering goddess of the Acropolis as Athene "Nyke," nor have we much to say from a literary point of view of the grace or polish of his style. Keeping in sight, however, the scope and object of his book, we have to thank him for a great deal of valuable information, collected with great industry and pervaded with much accurate research and special knowledge.

NEVER AGAIN.*

WE might very easily have thrown this novel aside without serious attention. Its outward form is by no means attractive. The illustrations with which it is very needlessly provided are amongst the worst which it has ever been our fortune to encounter. Moreover we must confess that the names which meet us upon turning over the pages are calculated to prejudice us against the story. It may be said by severely rational critics that the system of nomenclature adopted by a novelist is of little importance for artistic purposes. And yet when we find that some of the leading performers in the little drama are called Hamilton Boggs, Whoppers, Stichen, and Ledgeral, we are affected by an involuntary prejudice. We are inclined to jump to the conclusion that the story is one more imitation of Dickens; and though Dickens was a man of genius, it is so much easier to catch his mannerisms than to acquire some of his really excellent qualities, that we are not prepossessed in favour of any one marked by these external signs of his school. However, we have read *Never Again* in spite of these unfavourable symptoms; and we may freely confess that we have been encouraged to undertake the task by the very emphatic praises of some of our contemporaries. One literary journal informs us that it will in future remember the name of Dr. Mayo "as that of one of the wittiest of modern writers, and greatest of living masters of human character." This is tolerably strong language; but it is confirmed by another journal of equal critical pretensions. Though the writer in this case gives a rather more modest estimate of *Never Again*, he nevertheless compares Dr. Mayo to Dickens and to Thackeray, and seems to give him in some respects the preference. *Never Again*, we are assured, is "a perfect mine of good sayings," and though everybody says good things, nobody speaks out of character. Such glowing eulogies, which have naturally been quoted in various advertisements, warned us that we might be receiving an angel unawares. Dr. Mayo, it seems, is the author of a book called *Kaloolah*, of which we have been hitherto ignorant, and we suspect that our ignorance is shared by most of our readers. As it appeared some twenty-five years ago, Dr. Mayo's claim to be a second Thackeray or Dickens should by this time have either been confirmed or confuted; and as we were scarcely conscious that any such author had ever existed, we might naturally assume that he was after all no literary phœnix. On seeing such enthusiastic praises, however, we called to mind the cases of Keats and Wordsworth, and remembered that critics are after all fallible, especially when they allow themselves to be prejudiced by first appearances. Accordingly we have read *Never Again* conscientiously from the first page to the last; we have endeavoured to make up our minds as to its merits with the most conscientious fairness, and we are prepared to deliver our verdict. As, however, we do not entirely agree with the very warm eulogies which we have quoted, we think it only fair to mention the fact that other critics are more enthusiastic than ourselves, and, to enable our readers to judge for themselves, we will quote one of the passages which have been singled out for our admiration. Here is a fragment intended to show us that Dr. Mayo possesses "the most astounding acquaintance with all the ins and outs of human meanness":—

> Yes, Stichen was dead! and he had the finest funeral that had been seen in a long time. The sententious sexton of Grace Church was heard to say that it was a pity he hadn't lasted till Lent. Such an agreeable funeral would have come in so nicely to relieve the gloom of the season when balls and weddings are prohibited by—by fashion, he was going to say, but he caught himself in time and said—the Church. Stichen's funeral was magnificent—so magnificent that the idea occurred to more than one of the pall-bearers (all men of mark, nothing under a bank-president) that it was a pity he couldn't come to, just for a few minutes, to enjoy it.

Does this passage show any remarkable powers of delicate sarcasm, or is it on the whole rather commonplace? As selected by a fervent admirer, we presume that it must be taken for a fine specimen of Dr. Mayo's humour. We shall not undertake the responsibility of pronouncing upon it; though we may venture to say that, in our opinion, there are some better passages to be found in the recognized masters of English humour. However, we admit that it is scarcely fair to judge of a clever writer by a fragment separated from its context, even though the person who selects it be one of the discriminating few. And therefore we will proceed to give our own view of Dr. Mayo's merits, simply observing that other persons see more in him than we can profess to do: and further admitting that we are fallible.

In the first place, then, we will venture to say that extravagant eulogies seem to us to be very unfair to Dr. Mayo. The puff direct is not so desirable as some young authors may fancy. When one has been assured that the last new poet is equal to Shakspeare, and the last new novelist to Thackeray or Balzac, we are apt to be cruelly disappointed on turning to the writer himself, and to avenge ourselves upon him by lowering him as much beneath his true level as others have exalted him above it. We protest involuntarily against very daring claims upon our enthusiasm. And, glad as we should be to assure our readers that a Transatlantic novelist had arisen worthy to provide a successor to *Middlemarch*, we are a little amazed by the sudden shock of discovering that the new performer does not attract us so forcibly as we had been led to expect. We will, however, try to dismiss these irrelevant considerations, and to judge *Never Again* as we should have judged it had we been the first discoverers of this American treasure. And when we have thus placed ourselves at the proper point of view, we have no hesitation in saying that *Never Again* is really a meritorious book: though not, in our opinion, destined to set the Thames or the Hudson on fire. We have no fault to find with Dr. Mayo except that he does not reach that standard by which the extravagant eulogies lavished upon his writings might lead us to measure him. He is not a first-rate performer; and indeed we should be disposed to say that he is not second-rate; but *Never Again*, though rather long, and though much of it is decidedly tiresome, may be read with interest by any one who does not expect too much. Dr. Mayo himself appears to be a perfectly modest as well as a clever writer; he does not, even by implication, put forward any exorbitant claims; but he tries to follow the footsteps of Balzac and Thackeray in describing the society of New York instead of the society of Paris or London. He has not, we may say at once, the faculty which is characteristic of the higher class of novelists. There is no character of much originality or excellence throughout his pages. There is a tolerably long list of persons very fairly described, and, we dare say, very respectable portraits of existing people in New York. But none of them show the unmistakable mark of genius even in a moderate degree. The lover is one of the lads, more common at the present day in America than in England, who come up from a country district with the conventional half-crown in their pockets. Luther Lansdale—that is his name—luckily falls on his legs by an introduction to a rich merchant in New York, and ends, after due vicissitudes, by becoming the merchant's partner and marrying his beautiful daughter. But Luther, though introduced with a considerable flourish of trumpets and intended to excite our warmest sympathies, is in no respect a remarkable young man. In fact, he is simply the conventional lover of ordinary novels, and the object of his admiration is like unto him. There is a captain of a merchantman who lards his conversation to an intolerable extent with nautical metaphors, and an editor of a New York newspaper who has an equally marked propensity for execrable puns, and a fashionable young man who talks the slang of New York society; and we must confess that the hero, and the captain, and the editor, and the man of fashion all seem to us to be remarkably alike at bottom. There is a little more of special idiosyncrasy about the merchant who is tempted to cheat in order to save himself from ruin, and the eccentric old gentleman who discourses upon queer theories borrowed from Darwin and Herbert Spencer; and yet the most striking peculiarity of all these persons is their strong family resemblance.

Perhaps this is due to the American character. Philosophers of the Tocqueville kind are always assuring us that in democracies men become more and more like each other; and the novelist certainly has a difficulty in discovering those materials for picturesque description which are provided by the varieties of European society. It is equally true, indeed, that there is a good deal of human nature on both sides of the Atlantic. Dr. Mayo finds as much opportunity for satirizing snobbishness amongst his countrymen as we could find in England. American snobbishness, indeed, has a character of its own, arising from the peculiar conditions of the country. Popular orators here talk a good deal of nonsense about American equality; and, on the other hand, English describers of American manners are apt to express a very unreasonable surprise on discovering that unworthy subserviency to fashion and struggling for social eminence are common even in a democratic Republic. The truth of the matter is obvious enough. An American gentleman is as much revolted by coarseness and ignorance as his English parallel. Unluckily or luckily, as the case may be, he cannot defend himself by the same means. There are not such distinct lines of social demarcation as with us. Poor men, as Dr. Mayo shows us by example, are constantly

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* *Never Again.* By W. J. Mayo, M.D. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1873.

making fortunes, and rich men sinking to be poor. There is an ascending and a descending current which tends to obliterate all fixed lines. It therefore becomes necessary for the more refined classes to form a tacit combination for keeping the less refined at arm's length. They cannot rely upon those obvious signs of hereditary cultivation which divide the different strata of society here; but they are all the more anxious to keep up a distinction by less openly avowed means. The raw Irishman in America treads upon the toes of the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers or the old Dutch families on railways and at hotels; his vote is as good as his neighbour's; and the road to political distinctions is equally open to him. And, for that reason, there is formed an inner circle of the "upper ten thousand," who are the more jealous of their privilege because it does not rest upon any palpable or generally recognized distinctions. The struggle to get within this hallowed circle is as keen and as favourable to the development of snobbishness as the struggle to acquire rank and social consideration in England. And thus Dr. Mayo can transfer to American conditions the same fund of satire which passes current in England with very little change of language. It is true that the difference in the conditions of the struggle produces many differences upon which we have not space to dwell. The absence of any counterbalancing power to mere wealth makes a great difference, though we may admit the truth of Dr. Mayo's doctrine, that Americans do not worship the dollar more devotedly than Englishmen worship pounds or Frenchmen francs. To trace out the various modifications of the social forces would be a task altogether beyond our space or our means of information. It is enough for the present to say that Dr. Mayo has abundant opportunities for exercising his talent for satire, and that he avails himself of them with no inconsiderable skill. The general tone of these parts of his book—and to us they are by far the most interesting—reminds us more of Dr. Holmes than of any other writer. He has the same kind of ingenious humour, and kindliness mixed with keen sarcasm, and though his language has at times a decidedly foreign flavour, we can enjoy his wit, and generally sympathize with his sentiments. Altogether we find him an agreeable companion; and we could quote a good many passages which show much wit and keen powers of observation. We part with him in a very good temper, and can fairly commend him to our readers, though we do not feel convinced that he deserves all the fine things which have been said about him by our contemporaries.

SIR JOHN BURGOYNE.*

(Second Notice.)

IT would be difficult to exaggerate the interest of Burgoyne's letters from the Crimea. Remembering the senseless clamour against veterans which grew out of the disasters of the Russian war, we remark with satisfaction that whatever was at once prudent and vigorous in the operations of the Allies was either suggested or adopted by Burgoyne. Disapproving the expedition, he did more perhaps than any other man to render its success possible. He could not understand "on what sound principle it is undertaken," and he considered it "the most desperate enterprise ever attempted." He would not have been sorry if circumstances had caused it to be deferred until the next year. He dined with Marshal St. Arnaud, who said that there were *des difficultés*, but "we were gone too far; the enterprise was pressed upon us in a manner not to be resisted with honour." This is probably as true an account as could be given. "Put yourself," said the French Marshal, "in mine and Lord Raglan's position." This, as Burgoyne remarks, was the pith of the whole argument. The landing-place was chosen in accordance with Burgoyne's opinion. The battle of the Alma was fought, and "We are all," writes Burgoyne, "in high spirits at present appearances." The moral effect of the victory was worth twenty thousand additional troops. Burgoyne suggested and urged the flank march to Balaclava. Lord Raglan desired him to discuss it with Marshal St. Arnaud. All the French staff officers, including Colonel Trochu and General Bizot of the Engineers, opposed this project, and brought forward one trivial objection after another, until the Marshal broke up the conference by saying that he thought General Burgoyne was right, that difficulties which appeared great at a distance often disappeared on nearer approach, and that it was *un mouvement en avant*, and he would undertake it. The army marched accordingly, and Burgoyne thus records his first impression of Sebastopol as seen from the south. "The fortifications," he says, "are poor concerns, but the situation is favourable for the enemy. They have an immense force of artillery mounted, and a large garrison." But he hoped the operations would not take long. Two days later he says that the heavy guns and siege equipments have been landed, and dragged eight or ten miles over a mountain. This, and having to work on rocky ground, causes much delay, and he fears it will be a week yet before the walls and works will be so battered as to justify an assault. "Still, I feel that it is, as now circumstanced, an enterprise in which we ought to succeed." He adds that before that letter arrives in England he trusts there will be some decisive work. But a week later he is less hopeful. "We are in difficulties," he says, "that I do not see what prospect we have of getting out of." The place was found to be surrounded by detached loopholed towers, crenelled walls, and earth bastions, with a good many guns mounted, and a tolerable garrison. The allies began and had continued landing and getting up siege guns and train, but meanwhile the enemy had introduced large reinforcements, had increased their works diligently, and mounted an enormous number of guns. The British army was immensely reduced by cholera. The infantry were not now more than 16,000 or 17,000 men, and no reinforcements to look to. Next day he writes that "it would have been unjustifiable to have stormed Sebastopol when we first arrived before it, and obstacles against our taking it increase every hour." Burgoyne adds that he was much elated by the success at the Alma, and its immediate results, and is grievously disappointed at this bad prospect after it. The object is to ruin the defences as much as possible, and then he sees nothing for it but a desperate assault.

On the 17th of October the batteries opened. The explosion of a magazine paralysed the French fire, and postponed the contemplated attack. Burgoyne regards the naval attack as "a little interlude," and rejoices that no very serious injury happened to the men-of-war. He was much disgusted amid these anxieties to receive newspapers from England, "complacently deciding that Sebastopol is taken." There will be, he says, no flinching, but the task is desperate, and "in case of failure our greatest enemies, I have no doubt, will be in London." All the English engineers considered that the place would have been assaulted on the 17th of October if the French fire had not been silenced. The fire of the Russian works in front of the English batteries was completely reduced. Four days later Burgoyne writes, "I am ready to try a storm, having good trust in our troops." Indeed the army which had fought at the Alma, and which was soon to fight at Inkermann, as long as there was any of it left, was capable of great things. Much of the glory of this army belonged to the men themselves, and much to their officers. They not only gained battles, but, as Burgoyne says, they took "excessive liberties" in the trenches, having as much to do as the French with less than half the force. He thought the French were over-cautious, and too much bound by system for pressing circumstances. "It is before them that the work is to do. We cannot urge them to do what they may deem rash." A letter of Sir George Cathcart of the 2nd November conveys to Burgoyne his idea of how to assault the Redan. "Thus," he says, "some of us will get in, and if well backed up will stay there." He anticipated the honour of giving the *coup de grâce* with his division; but three days later the battle of Inkermann was fought, and Sir George Cathcart was killed. Burgoyne calls this battle "a very heavy affair." The advantages of the success were not so great or striking as if the Allies could have advanced upon the Russians and driven them forcibly from their base of attack. "This we could not do, and the French did not seem to think it prudent." The history of this campaign brings forcibly to the mind the saying that the English infantry is the best in the world, but there is very little of it. With another ten thousand soldiers of the same quality Sebastopol would have been taken, and the sufferings of the winter would have been avoided. The loss at Inkermann was nearly one half of the force engaged. "This is a test at least of the exertions of the army; the leaders will, I presume, be the victims."

But Burgoyne did not forget that this slender force had triumphed. Almost from the day of the victory he urged that it should be improved. He was invariably opposed to submitting to be bullied by the field army of the Russians, who, as he reasonably contended, must be worse off than the Allies. On November 10 he writes, "We are hanging back in too defensive a line of conduct," and he wants to mix up offensive measures with defence. Two days later he writes "that he is anxiously urging the propriety of forward movements, and endeavouring to show that they are the safest." He thinks that many liberties may be taken with an enemy when he is under the depression of a defeat; but at all events it is not a time for submitting to delays and inconveniences by using extreme caution. He considers that many advantages have been lost by over-caution and not pressing harder on the enemy. Much of this has been owing to the want of one sentiment in the management of a combined force. The Allies might have been a shade more enterprising, but he has never desired any assault on the place which would have been an act of desperation. He complains of the "moral timidity" of some officers in the ordinary proceedings of a campaign, and contrasts it with their heroic courage when absolutely in action. "The Russians, by sheer show and bullying, confine us," he says, "to inconvenient limits. Our people do not understand where their strength lies, and to what extent we can enforce what we desire." In consequence of remarks in this strain by Burgoyne, a commanding officer was induced to turn away a set of Russian *tirailleurs* who had lodged themselves within two or three hundred yards of his advanced trench, and had been very troublesome. This was done in a very handsome and creditable way, and would tend, he hoped, to check the bullying impudence of the enemy. Throughout the winter he held the same encouraging language, and never ceased to urge that the Allies had come into the Crimea to besiege Sebastopol, and not to be themselves besieged. Our people, he says, and the French also, conjure up bugbears and report impossibilities that the enemy are doing against us. "It is astonishing how little they all calculate what the enemy can attempt, and what, if we know our relative strength and circumstances, they dare not think of." This mistake was being made

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* *Life and Correspondence of Field Marshal Sir John Burgoyne, Bart.* By his Son-in-Law, Lieut.-Col. the Hon. George Wrottesley, Royal Engineers. 2 vols. Vol. II. London: Bentley & Son. 1873.

in the elaborate works on the right to prepare against a similar attack to that of the 5th November, without adverting to the infinitely superior position which the army now held. Again, he writes, "We hang back with all sorts of defensive measures, when time and circumstances require that we should push on." A combined army is not worth three-quarters of the force under absolute command. "Three-quarters of our united force, all British, could do wonders, while our little addition is to the French of far greater value than their numerical strength, for the same number of French could not do half what we do." He thinks that people at home will fear that the army is in danger of being overwhelmed; "we are, however, not so bad as that yet; nor, I confidently trust, ever will be." It will appear presently that when the British public and Parliament became seriously alarmed, and appointed some new Ministers to carry on the war with vigour, their first act was to recall Burgoyne. Yet to him, more perhaps than to any other man, it was due that the army held its ground during the winter. His large experience of war enabled him to put the true value upon circumstances which caused alarm to those who imperfectly understood them. "I find," he says, "a few congenial spirits who encourage the lodgments in advance that I and the engineers desire." To use a favourite phrase of Napier's, he knew war well. Without assuming that he was always right in the advice he gave, it is manifest that he looked upon the position in the only way that was likely to bring the army honourably out of it. The time for caution was before the army embarked for the Crimea, but after landing there the boldest course short of rashness was the best.

It was indeed hardly possible to expect too much from the army which fought at Inkermann, but that army became terribly reduced. On the 23rd December, when the excitement in England was at its height, and the *Times* was just making its vehement demand for "Head," we find Burgoyne quietly proposing a plan for attacking the Russians in the field. The favourite phrase of Marshal St. Arnaud, "un mouvement en avant," would have been eminently applicable to this plan, which, however, from want of transport and inefficiency of artillery horses, could not be at that time attempted. But not the less do we admire the spirit of the plan. "It would be taking the initiative, and showing a spirit of enterprise, which always creates a useful moral effect. It would be giving the law instead of receiving it, as we have been now for too long a time compelled to do." It was for those who were in mass near their resources to take the offensive against those who might be far from theirs. The weather and the condition of the country must affect the enemy in the field much more than the Allies. This was a precious time for the Allies to seek some opportunity of profiting by their advantage. When the frosts should set in, the Russians would be able to receive reinforcements and supplies; but without allowing time for them to do so, Burgoyne would advance and drive them to a distance from Sebastopol, and compel them to leave the fortress to its fate. This programme looks infinitely more attractive as well as more promising than the endless work of trenches and batteries which the French generals preferred. At the same time Burgoyne urged incessantly that the true point of attack of the fortress was the Malakoff Tower. The controversy between him and the French engineers on this point was only terminated by the arrival of General Niel, who, being sent by the French Emperor to examine the state and prospects of the siege, declared in favour of Burgoyne's view. The attack on the Malakoff Tower was then commenced and vigorously prosecuted, and finally succeeded, with the decisive effect which Burgoyne had anticipated. Burgoyne wishes that he had the old Light Division of the Peninsula to do the outpost duty—"The Russians would be handsomely punished for excursions they sometimes make." But as regards fighting he does full justice to the Crimean army. Our allies, he says, have frankly acknowledged, with respect to specific feats, that their men could not have done them. "Our cool, steady advance, in contradistinction to their own rapid, impatient way of making an attack, is what they cannot understand." But the French in midwinter were singing and gay, whereas for months Burgoyne had not witnessed so much as a smile on the face of a British soldier, who, although suffering and serious, makes no complaint. Burgoyne deprecated the foreign enlistment, as likely to lower the reputation of the army of which he thus wrote. If we had had foreigners at Inkermann, he says, we should never have gained the credit we did there. "They will never rise to our scale, but we may drop to theirs."

The British nation became aware during the last years of Burgoyne's life that he had been very ill treated by their rulers during the Crimean war. His recall by Lord Panmure was not only unreasonable, but almost absurd. We could not compete with our allies in number of soldiers, but they felt the superiority of our officers alike in technical skill and in moral force. Burgoyne has described the French officers whom he accompanied in seeking a landing-place on the Crimean coast as "thinking very badly of the whole concern, and proposing one wild or temporizing scheme after another, which we had to refute." Lord Raglan, Sir George Brown, and Sir John Burgoyne were all veterans of the Spanish war, and they were able, in spite of their disapproval of the invasion, to propose and carry a plan of operations which made success possible. Lord Hardinge, after reading certain papers upon this war, remarked that "the comments of Sir John Burgoyne had more vigorous good sense in them than the vaunted science of our French allies." Sir Harry Jones, who became head of the British Engineers after Burgoyne's departure, wrote to him on September 15, 1855, that "Sebastopol was taken by the point he always indicated, the Malakoff." He goes on to say that the British attack on the Great Redan succeeded; but, after having established ourselves in force, the men could not be got to advance, and subsequently fell back, after losing about two thousand killed and wounded—a very large proportion of officers. It is remarkable that Burgoyne's disinclination to assault the Redan was justified by the failure of two attempts upon it after he returned home. It may be suspected that if Burgoyne had been present he would have employed a larger force in these attempts. He would not have forgotten his own experience of the value of "heavy columns" at Badajoz and St. Sebastian. It is remarkable that Sir George Brown, writing from his retirement to Sir John Burgoyne on the second failure at the Redan, says that "he shall always regret that Simpson did not slip another division at the work and capture it at any price." This was the spirit in which such a campaign should have been carried on, and we cannot say that the successors of Burgoyne and Brown improved either upon their intellectual or moral fitness for the task of capturing Sebastopol.

EASTLAKE'S HINTS ON HOUSEHOLD TASTE.*

BY some accident or other the first edition of this most useful and opportune book escaped our notice. We are very glad to make acquaintance with it now in its enlarged and revised form. Its great value seems to us to consist in its simplicity and persuasiveness. Mr. Eastlake expresses what are the general, not to say universal, convictions among all who have paid much attention to questions of practical art. There is no novelty in his remarks or criticisms. They are neither original nor very brilliant. But they are well timed, and very suggestive and instructive. He has, moreover, a broad artistic sympathy and plenty of good humour. Many readers who would be repelled by an array of stiff principles and a code of austere canons of taste will be carried along, almost without perceiving it, by Mr. Eastlake's unpretending and familiar disquisitions. It is much the same with æsthetical as with theological propagandism. He makes the most converts who is learning himself while he teaches others, and who makes his disciples feel that every fresh step is, as it were, a new discovery made by them and by himself in common. In this pleasant and informal way Mr. Eastlake goes in detail through most of the minor branches of decorative art, pointing out what seems to him to be wrong and bad, and suggesting what in each case would be more in accordance with truthful and natural principles of design.

A handsome book, well printed and with attractive illustrations, and such that, open it where you will, you light upon some interesting discussion on common matters of taste that affect every one who lives in a house or who uses furniture, is sure to command a large audience. It is purposely meant for the "general public." Those who know anything of art would scarcely be satisfied with the slight and informal manner in which the subject is treated. They would require something more systematic, and in particular would wish for pictorial representations of all the forms and ornaments condemned or commended. It is not easy to express shapes by words only. We confess that we ourselves desiderate many more woodcuts. Nothing is so effective in art-teaching as the appeal to the eye. Indeed it is the eye alone which can judge ultimately of those forms of art with which this volume is concerned. We doubt whether any single book ever did so much to reform public taste and opinion in the matter of architectural style and the decencies of church arrangement as Pugin's famous *Contrasts*. On one side that exquisite draughtsman gave us a Gothic interior in a complete ideal "restoration"; on the other, you saw what that vision of beauty had become by centuries of neglect and ignorance, or of wilfully injurious treatment. Why did not Mr. Eastlake "contrast" in this way all the details of modern furniture? He would have converted hundreds by his pictures, while his letter-press will not persuade more than tens. As it is, the illustrations of the volume before us are arbitrarily chosen and of very unequal merit. Sometimes, we fear, undue prominence has been given to the modern designs of such artists or manufacturers as may have offered woodcuts to the work. For some of these, we fancy, are already familiar to us. At other times we confess that, on looking at the cuts, we are not always sure whether we are meant to approve of them or to execrate them. Occasionally we are even inclined to think that the author's own designs, though they avoid many faults of design, have new defects of their own. But, after all, as we have said, this inequality of the book is perhaps one of its most useful features.

Mr. Eastlake, by his own personal predilections, would seem to be a strict mediævalist. His own designs at least are always of the straitest sect of the school. We observe, however, that in his preface he disclaims any exclusive allegiance to the Gothic style, and only argues for the true spirit and sound principles of ancient design. Here he is quite right. In household furniture especially the types of design may allowably vary according to individual taste, so long as the construction is honest and good and appropriate, and the details are fitting and truthful. The eminent French architect and *littérateur* M. Viollet Le Duc has expressed

* *Hints on Household Taste in Furniture, Upholstery, and other Details.* By Charles L. Eastlake, F.R.I.B.A. Third Edition, revised. London: Longmans & Co. 1872.

the true law that ought to regulate design in those branches of art so admirably in the sentence chosen by Mr. Eastlake for his motto that we venture to transcribe it:—

Parmi ces splendeurs à bon marché, ce faux goût et ce faux luxe, nous sommes ravis quand nous trouvons un banc bien fait, une bonne table de chêne portant d'aplomb sur ses pieds, des rideaux de laine qui paraissent être en laine, une chaise commode et solide, une armoire qui s'ouvre et se ferme bien, nous montrant en dedans et en dehors le bois dont elle est fait, et laissant deviner son usage. Espérons un retour vers ces idées saines, et qu'en fait de mobilier, comme en toute chose, on en viendra à comprendre que le goût consiste à paraître ce que l'on est, et non ce que l'on voudrait être.

Incongruity and falsity of design, dull mechanical uniformity of detail, in which every individual touch of the living artist is destroyed, and general degeneracy of manufacture, are the patent faults of almost all the common furniture and implements which we are obliged to use in daily life. Is there any remedy? We are not so hopeful on this point as we once were. At any rate, the only possible remedy consists in the wider spread of true artistic feeling and culture. It is easier to supply at a low price a vulgar article, multiplied *ad infinitum* by machinery, than to produce on moderate terms objects of art-workmanship in each of which skilled design and the skilled labour of the individual artificer are to be combined. And therefore our manufacturers, with a few honourable exceptions, compete with one another in mere cheapness of production of the meanest types of form and ornament. When our art teachers have created a demand for better workmanship, we do not doubt that it will be supplied. Meanwhile there has been no serious attempt, except in ceramic manufacture, to produce articles of good design and execution at such low prices as shall compete with the base patterns which have present possession of the markets. Mr. Eastlake gives many most telling instances of the prohibitive cost of any improvement whatever upon the common types. He tells one story in which an upholsterer asked considerably less for a chair overburdened with a quantity of expensive ornamentation than for the same design before any ornament at all was added. Undoubtedly the vicious principle which deliberately tries to promote trade, as it is called, by producing articles which are not strong enough to last and must soon be replaced, has much to do with many of the absurd changes of fashion in matters of household furniture and decoration. We believe that in this matter our tradesmen and artisans would find that the old proverb is true, and that honesty is the best policy in the long run.

We now propose to give some idea of Mr. Eastlake's method of treating his subject. After a few introductory remarks, he proceeds to discuss in a general way our street architecture; and then, going indoors, he examines in detail the several rooms of an average modern house, with their fittings and furniture. He ends with supplemental chapters on Crockery, Table Glass, Dress, Jewelry, Plate, and Cutlery. The entrance-hall first invites notice. Our author here inveighs with almost needless warmth against *graining*. Surely graining is in its way a nearly harmless sham: for it makes no pretence to be oak. Its practical advantage, in a London house, is its cleanness and brightness, and its fitness for varnishing. Preserve us from the muddy stains—chocolate or umber—with which so many of our mediæval architects defile the deal which they use for cheapness sake! After all, what is wanted in a smoky town is light and cleanliness; and this is not given, so far as our experience goes, by the flatted colours affected by the extreme mediævalists. Common sense is, as we have always argued, at the bottom of really good taste. We observe that Mr. Eastlake pleads for the retention of the knocker on the hall-door of a London house. There is a school which advocates its supersession by the bell, as carrying the sound away from the living-rooms to the offices where the servants live whose duty it is to open the door and who say, let knockers be reserved for fashionable doors behind which a hall-porter lurks in readiness to open them at a moment's notice. On the other hand, the knocker has a practical advantage over the mechanical, monotonous bell which appeals to the master and the mistress of the smallest no less than of the largest household. One great object of the premonitory noise is to afford the *visitee* full opportunity to be in or out of the way as he judges most convenient, and, in concert with an experienced ear, the knocker seldom fails in this duty. But the bell is totally deficient in tact, and gives the same stereotyped tingle to the dun, the bore, the tax-gatherer, and the friend of one's bosom. Among the few articles of modern furniture which have preserved traditionally a good method of design and construction, Mr. Eastlake singles out the bucket, the bedroom towel-horse, and the common "Windsor" chair. Here we quite agree with him. We do not remember that he points out, in his remarks on chairs, the extreme folly of abandoning cross-pieces and stays to strengthen the legs. Nothing can be more absurd than a chair with its four legs unconnected by any tie or bond. The leverage on each leg is excessive; and the chair must break sooner or later unless it is unnecessarily unwieldy. No one can deny the picturesqueness or the sound construction of the old carved high-backed chairs and sofas such as Mr. Eastlake figures from Cothele and Knole. But can he seriously advise us to revive them? We are luxurious enough to think that a modern easy-chair is really an improvement on the furniture of our forefathers. One has only to go into Filmer's, or Howard's, and see the rows of easy-chairs of fifty or sixty different patterns, and try to choose the one which shall best suit oneself, to find out how much one person's idea of comfort differs from another's, and how much may be done, and has been done, to provide comfort and ease. It would seem to be a safe conclusion that in the good old times all were uncomfortable alike. Surely, too, the stiff old high-backed sofas of the seventeenth century are equally unsuitable for reproduction. Is there any more pathetic sight than to see the very aged poor, or perhaps some consumptive patient, living, and at last dying, in chairs in which they cannot even recline? Why, there are few London parishes, we suppose, in which easy-chairs are not kept to be lent out to the sick. We argue then that the easy-chair is a true comfort; and it is preposterous to wish to bring back an article of furniture like a Jacobean chair, that has been fairly improved off the face of our homes. Mr. Eastlake ought rather to have shown us how to lend to our modern chairs and sofas better and more artistic forms. Agreeing with our author as we do in most of his criticisms, we naturally select for notice points in which we differ from him. Among these is the telescope dining-table. We confess we think this modern invention a most ingenious and useful device, only second to the expanding circular table. Provided that it is well made, it really provides us with a firm solid table, of which we can, with very little trouble, vary the size according to the numbers who are to be seated at it. Now, not to speak of the smallness of London rooms, is it not desirable to be able to dine four, or six, or eight persons, as it may be, all within reach and hearing of each other? Mr. Eastlake positively recommends us to bring back the long Jacobean tables such as remain in college halls and in some old farmhouses. In the first place, an average-sized dining-room would be always blocked up with such a table; and, in the next, a party, unless the whole table were occupied, would always seem scattered and incomplete. Next we must dissent from Mr. Eastlake's own design for a library bookcase. There seem to us three conspicuous faults in it; cupboards with clumsy doors which leave useless and objectionable corners behind them; shelves of the same depth for quartos, octavos, and duodecimos; and, worst of all, a prodigious waste of space in the cornice with a meaningless, unapproachable cupboard in the pedimented roof. Once more we object to chimney-pieces so high that it is difficult to reach them; and we contend that mirrors are a beautiful and fitting ornament of living-rooms; and we protest against bed-hangings under any form whatever. But these after all are very unimportant matters. If they provoke discussion and suggest thought, a great deal has been gained. When people begin to argue on matters of taste, it will go hard but that sound principles will win their way with the more intelligent.

We heartily commend then Mr. Eastlake's genial and suggestive book to those who are about to marry or to furnish. They need not agree with all he says; but they will learn from him many a true and useful lesson. And the mere cultivation of their taste in the homely matters of household furniture and ornamentation will be the source of much pure and healthy enjoyment.

RECENT EDITIONS OF THE ODYSSEY.*

IN explanation of the fragmentary appearance of his commentary on the narrative of Odysseus, Professor Mayor informs us that "many schools are this year employed upon the Ninth Book of the Odyssey"; and this is tantamount to an assurance that a goodly number of young heads are in a fair way to make acquaintance with what is in fact the fertile prototype of all fairy tales. *Felices ter, et amplius!* are those who enter for the first time this land of adventure and marvel—who enter it too with abundance of light for their path, and not, as in their fathers' school days, with the bare farthing rushlight of a text and a lexicon. Those were the days when our Orbilii thought that bricks should be made without straw, as far as interpretation and illustration of Greek authors was concerned; and the results are patent in a number of hard-headed elderly gentlemen with whom it is an article of faith that there is not, and never was, any sense in a Greek Chorus. But all this is changed by such guides and lively companions as those whose helps to the interpretation of the Odyssey we purpose to notice in the present article. Each in its measure elucidates the text, and disencumbers the language of Homer of all possible perplexities; all are more or less helpful in making the study of the adventures of Odysseus a pleasure instead of a task. Mr. Merry's work indeed confines itself more rigidly than the others to the explanation of Homer's text, and, following for the most part the commentaries of Nitzsch and Crusius, is often serviceable in the unriddling of a stiff passage by neat "construes" and clear statements of the syntax. Professor Mayor is conspicuous here, as in his Juvenal, for the masses of annotatory lore which he piles up in illustration of any given Homeric topic or custom. Dr. Hayman aims at the most comprehensive undertaking of the three, and into his wider limits throws abundant matter to bear upon the critical and explanatory study of the Odyssey, and to illustrate the old-world bard from stores of modern literature, at the same time that he keeps in view throughout his commentary the vexed question of authorship. On this subject we have already had something to say. At present it will be our pur-

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* *The Odyssey of Homer.* Edited, with Marginal References, various Readings, Notes, and Appendices, by Henry Hayman, D.D. Vol. II. Books VII.—XII. London: Nutt. 1873.

The Narrative of Odysseus. Od. IX.—XII. With a Commentary. By John E. B. Mayor, M.A., Fellow of St. John's, Cambridge. London: Macmillan & Co. 1873.

Homer. Odyssey. Books I.—XII. By W. W. Merry, Fellow and Lecturer of Lincoln College, Oxford. Clarendon Press. 1870.

pose rather to consider the merits of the commentary itself, and this by comparison with those of two able compeers.

The common ground trodden by all three editors is not indeed large, for Mr. Mayor begins with the Ninth Book and breaks off in his commentary at the 266th line of the Tenth. But even within that space there is field for comparison and contrast; and though we have an affection for Mr. Mayor's occasional piles of welcome lore, we are bound to say that it is Dr. Hayman who at every turn supplies us with parallels from subsequent fable and fairy-tale. Thus in the Ninth Book (274-80) he suggests the comparison of Sindbad's encounter with the black cannibal giant, and his mode of dealing with him, with the story of Odysseus and the Cyclops. In the Tenth he points out—what is beyond Mr. Mayor's limit—the manifest obligation of Milton to Homer's episode about Circe, not only for the plot, but for the incidents and details, of his *Comus*. Where Hermes meets our hero, as he goes over rock and through thicket towards Circe's palace, his address beginning—

πῆ δ' αὖτ', ὦ δύστηνε, δι' ἄκριας ἔρχεαι οἷος (281)

finds an echo in the speech of the attendant spirit, "Alas, good venturous youth," &c., in *Comus*; and our scholar poet made allegoric use of the Homeric "moly" for the small unsightly root which is the counterspell in the same masque. No one can exaggerate the value of such parallels, especially in these days when inducement is needed to entice the mass of young readers into the delightful but neglected paths of their own classical poetry. We must, however, not forget that oftentimes Mr. Mayor also reflects this sort of light upon the poet he is annotating; and the upholders of Homer's antiquity have to thank him for a casual extract from Thirlwall's "Greece," designed to illustrate the expression ἠέλιος μετενίσσετο βουλυτόνδε, which traces up to a primitive and simple age the description of times of the day by the civil occupations belonging to them. When names came to be given, they would supersede such archaic descriptions. Anent the Lotophagi, and the flowery food which was their diet, he contributes very curious information on ix. 93, and cites Polybius, Pliny, Theophrastus, and Shaw's "Travels" in reference to the leaves, flower, fruit, and taste of the lotus. It is shown by Dr. Hayman that ancient commentators were divided between its identity with the medlar fruit and its likeness to the lotus or Lily of the Nile, whilst the testimony of Herodotus points to a fruit like that of the mastick tree. The authorities referred to by Dr. Hayman tend to fix the African coast near the Syrtes as the country of these lotus-eaters. At ix. 209 both Mr. Mayor and Dr. Hayman contribute a fund of information respecting the proportions of water to wine in the cups of the heroes. The Ismarian wine was celebrated and potent; and Dr. Hayman suggests that the poet must have meant to exaggerate its strength by making it affect the Cyclops as it did, after it had been so drowned in water. The water appears to have been customarily poured in first, and, however the passage is translated, it was one part wine to twenty parts water. Dr. Hayman says, and his references bear out his statement, that ἀνά in the passage in question implies "proportion," not mere affusion. "He would pour one cupful of wine *to* twenty measures of water." Mr. Mayor, on the other hand, denies that ἀνά is distributive, and translates it by our preposition "on." Mr. Merry supports the former and more probable view. Here and there the Doctor and the Professor, approaching a passage from a different point of view, club their information in a very pleasant picnic fashion; as where, on the name which Odysseus gives himself to the Cyclops, Οὖτις ἐμοί γ' ὄνομα, and the Cyclops' promise to eat Outis last, by way of a guest-gift, Dr. Hayman recalls the burlesque or parody in the *Wasps* of Aristophanes, where Philocleon borrows a leaf or two from the book of Odysseus. But Mr. Mayor is more recondite when he quotes the later Greek proverb of "the Gift of the Cyclops" to imply "a graceless boon." It is preserved by Lucian and Plutarch; and Gregory Nazianzen says that "Julian had done him and Basil 'a Cyclopean honour' in reserving them as the last victims of persecution." Another of these erudite and pleasant notes of Mr. Mayor is on the bag containing the adverse winds (ἀσκὸν βοός, x. 14) presented by Æolus to Odysseus. After ransacking antiquity for notices of wind-bags and wind-layers, he comes to the Norwegian witches who unloose at will the storms out of their sack-prison, the South-African rain-makers, and the witches of Lapland, who sell knotted strings, of which the first untying produces a moderate breeze, the second a gale, the third a tempest.

The difference between Dr. Hayman and Mr. Mayor as purveyors of this kind of collateral information is that with the former it is reserved chiefly for the purpose of making his author consistent with himself or with his assumed date and age. On the 110th line of Book IX., where the spontaneous crops of the Cyclops are said to include πυροὶ καὶ ῥιβαί, he shows that this need not be a poetical embellishment, and from the development of something very like our oat from the *avena fatua* by cultivation he argues for a wild wheat and barley existing in Homer's day. "Ten distinct cereals (five wheats and two barleys among them) were cultivated in the Stone period by the inmates of the pile-houses in the Swiss lakes; and oats are said to have come under culture later in the Bronze period." The pertinence of this observation is not diminished by the fact that the annotator is indebted for it to Mr. Darwin on "Variation of Animals." Again in ix. 345 the drinking cup wherein Odysseus presents the potent wine to the Cyclops is called κισσύβιον, and a suspicion of comparative modernness might attach to a word which in Theocritus (i. 27) means, as its apparent derivation would independently lead us to conclude, "a cup with ivy carved on it." The scholiasts give both senses—the cup of ivy wood and the cup with ivy wrought on it; but Dr. Hayman, holding as post-Homeric the connexion of ivy with Dionysus, which gave currency to each, seeks the root of the word in some form of κίβισις or κίβωτὸς, a *receptacle* generally. "From this by metathesis (κιβύσιον, κισσύβιον) the word probably comes, in the sense of a rustic cup." The statement of Cato, *de Re Rustica*, "that an ivy wood vessel would not contain wine," makes for the argument that κισσύβιον, as a wine-cup, has no connexion with κισσός.

In other places Dr. Hayman's research throws curious light on phrases and expressions, and subserves incidentally his vindicatory purpose. In reference to the people spoken of in the speech of Teiresias to Odysseus, "who do not know of a sea, nor mix salt with their food" (xi. 123)—expressions intended to denote outer barbarism—he gathers that in Homer's day the sea was the source of that condiment, and presses Varro and Sallust into his service to confirm this note of the poem's antiquity by evidence that rock-salt is an advance in civilization upon sea-salt. Upon the words ἰτέαι ὠλεσίκαρποι, "the fruitless willows withering fast," which in x. 510 are given by Circe as an index to the Grove of Persephone, he accumulates various authority for the incompetence of this tree to ripen its seed and fruit. In a note to his learned and exhaustive appendix on the νεκυία—which may be regarded as a well-considered examination of the soundness of that book as a whole and as to its parts—he cites from Stobæus a passage of Porphyry to the effect that the willow sheds its fruit before maturity, and that mixed in wine this fruit produces barrenness. The commentator surmises that some such tradition may lurk under the "wearing the willow" and the "sing willow, willow, willow," of forsaken damsels.

In the Tenth Book (vv. 82-4) occurs a somewhat difficult passage, more fully explained by Mr. Mayor and Mr. Merry than by Dr. Hayman. It relates to Odysseus's account of his reaching Læstrygonia, where, as he shows, the courses of night and day well nigh touch. The poet's way of expressing this is as follows:—

ὅθι ποιμένα ποιμὴν
ἠπύει εἰσελάων, ὁ δέ τ' ἐξελάων ὑπακούει·
ἔνθα κ' ἄϋπνος ἀνὴρ δοιὼς ἐξήρατο μισθούς,
τὸν μὲν βουκολίων, τὸν δ' ἀργυφα μῆλα νομεύων.

Mr. Mayor translates, "Where the shepherd as he drives in his flock calls to the oxherd, and he, as he drives out, replies; there a sleepless man would have earned double wages, the one by tending oxen, the other by pasturing sheep"; and he explains the passage of the drivers coming within earshot of one another in the short nights, as the sheep are driven home late and the oxen afield early. "This," says Mr. Mayor, "suggests to Homer the merry thought that, if the shepherd could do without sleep, he might at once take charge of the herd of oxen." "Day dawned," explains Mr. Merry, "almost the instant that night fell. The twenty-four hours of day and night are roughly divided into two halves of twelve hours' daylight. A man who could do without sleep could spend half this time in feeding sheep, and the other half in minding cattle, and so get double wages for double work. He would drive home the first batch at nightfall, and be ready to take out the second batch directly daylight reappeared, which happened so immediately that the outward-bound and homeward-bound herdsmen actually passed one another in the gateway." It is added by both annotators that the poet is only contemplating the nearness of dawn to night. Though Dr. Hayman does not go so fully into all this, yet his note upon the passage is fraught with equal interest, for he adduces in illustration of it Hesiod's account (*Theog.* 748, &c.) of the coincidence of the going forth and coming in of night and day, and points out the resemblances and the discrepancies of either passage. In a number of minor points of interpetation we have come upon a difference between the annotators we have been examining, and in most instances we find ourselves constrained to adopt Dr. Hayman's view. He passes over indeed the words σηησάμενοι δ' ἐμάχοντο μάχην (ix. 54), where Mr. Merry wrongly joins σηησάμενοι with μάχην, whilst Mr. Mayor, more correctly, takes ἐμάχοντο μάχην as an instance of the cognate accusative σηησάμενοι being, *i.q.*, "acio instructâ"; but, in ix. 214, ὅσσατο θυμὸς ἀγήνωρ ἀνδρ' ἐπελεύσεσθαι—ἄγριον, he disagrees with Mr. Mayor's notion that ἄνδρα is the subject, and takes it for the object—*i.e.*, "that it would overcome the wild man." At 239 of the same book it is simpler with him to let alone the reading βαθείης ἐντοθεν αὐλῆς, and to take αὐλῆς of the cavern itself, than with Mr. Mayor and Mr. Merry to adopt Rumpf's conjecture, ἐντοθεν. All three render differently the words χεῖρ' ἀνιμασάμενος (ix. 302). Dr. Hayman's interpretation, "Feeling for it with the hand," is the interpretation which approves itself to our acceptance; and in ix. 398, where the Cyclops flings from him the stake (ἔρριψεν ἀπὸ ὃο χερσὶν ἀλύων), we cannot doubt that χερσὶν belongs to ἔρριψεν, and that Mr. Mayor is mistaken in joining it with ἀλύων ("raging with his hands"). There is probability in Dr. Hayman's connexion of ἀλύων (a word expressing mental aberration) with "hallu-cinor." In 540 of the same book—

καὶ δ' ἔβαλεν μετόπισθε νεὸς κυανοπρῴροιο
τυτθὸν, ἐδείσησεν δ'—

all three concur in the comma after τυτθόν. Dr. Hayman alone gives the *coup de grâce* to the reading τυτθὸν ἐδείσησεν δ'—"*and failed by a little*"—with a convincing reason. "To join it with

ἰδώμην would be a violence to the particle ἔτ, which is later than second in a Homeric sentence only when a proposition and its case, or an article and noun, precedes."

In x. 32 we are persuaded that the sense requires Dr. Hayman's interpretation of πόδα νηὸς as equivalent to πηδάλιον in the sailor's vernacular, though the other annotators adhere to the commoner but less apt sense of the "foot-ropes." In v. 548 of the same book he derives ἀωτεῖτε, in spite of Buttman, from ἄωτος, and happily translates it "Indulge in fleecy sleep," or "sleep as soft as wool." One more instance, and we have done with comparisons. In the Eleventh Book, v. 366, Alcinous is represented as distinguishing Odysseus from the class of promiscuous impostors:—

ψεύδεά τ' ἀρτύνοντας ὅθεν κε τις οὐδὲ ἴδοιτο.

This line Mr. Merry interprets, "fashioning falsehoods out of things which one can never see with one's eyes." ὅθεν here would be equivalent to ἐκ τοιούτων, ἅ. But much better than this, or than the same annotator's other alternative, is Dr. Hayman's resort to an ellipse of ἔνθεν with ἀρτύνοντας before ὅθεν—*i.e.*, "trumping up falsehoods no one can even tell from what source." In truth, the greater number of his interpretations are recommended by simplicity and likelihood; guiding points which influence his acceptance or rejection of such plausible various readings as ἐκπαγλεῖν, which, according to Eustathius, precisians proposed to read for ἐκταμεῖν in ix. 320, because brute force was more natural than the use of edge-tools to a monster like the Cyclops. This emendation loses its plausibility when, in the same book, art and constructive skill are expressly predicated of the implements and utensils of the Cyclops' dairy. It is, we think, rightly suspected by Dr. Hayman of being "a scholar's afterthought."

Of these three helps to the pleasant reading of the Odyssey—"the most delightful," as Mr. Merry puts it, "of all Greek books"—we rate highest Dr. Hayman's work, as being the most thorough, exhaustive, and available for every need. When complete, his Odyssey will be an English edition of a classic calculated to command respect. The two lesser works with which we have compared it do not profess so high an aim, perhaps; still they exhibit scholarship and ability in their particular ways. But Dr. Hayman's is a work which no scholar should omit to add to his library. The proofs of erudition which it exhibits in the preface, notes, and appendices ought to represent henceforth to candid and qualified minds the very highest and most convincing form of testimonial.

THE BURGOMASTER'S FAMILY.*

THIS book is in one sense a novelty. Seldom does a Dutch work of fiction put on an English dress and present itself for our criticism, and the public is by no means familiar with the tales which find acceptance in Holland. From time to time, indeed, a translation does make its appearance, and some years ago a collection of sketches, some serious and some humorous, which depicted the life of a pastor in the Netherlands, and was called the *Manse of Maasland*, was received with a certain degree of favour, principally on account of the unfamiliar nature of the scenes and the life described. That book was, however, rather an autobiography than a novel; the author, though writing anonymously, described the place in which he himself ministered and the occurrences in which he bore a part; moreover, he treated more of Church affairs than of the proceedings of ordinary life, and looked at things very much from one point of view. On meeting with the *Burgomaster's Family*, therefore, we naturally sat down to it with pleasurable anticipations, hoping for once to get rid of conventionalities and stereotyped characters, and to find some racy descriptions of Dutch life which, though they might perhaps now and then savour of coarseness, would nevertheless form a pleasing variety in the dreary round of novel-reading to which the critic is condemned.

Great then was our disappointment on finding a story singularly devoid of local colouring. If, instead of Burgomaster Welters, the master of the house had been called Alderman Tomkinson; had but one letter been appended to the cognomen of Lieutenant Smit; and had the names of other personages and places been slightly changed; the tale might have perfectly passed for an English one. It really contains scarcely an incident which might not have occurred in any of our country towns in middle-class society; so that it is difficult to understand what the translator means when he talks of "the faithful delineation of Dutch character and Dutch family life, which can only be clearly discerned by Dutch critics." Sir John Shaw Lefevre has, however, in his neat little introduction to Madame Van Walrée's story, provided us with a critic's compendium, pointing out all the subjects in it which he thinks worthy of admiration, so that if after reading it we should chance to go astray our error will be unpardonable. Nevertheless we prefer to find out for ourselves the merits and defects of any work; and we may venture to assert that high praise at the outset is injudicious on the part of an editor, and more likely to be prejudicial than favourable to his bantling. We cannot on this occasion complain, as we have often before found it needful to do, of being left in the dark as to the prefix which should accompany the name of the authoress; for we are favoured with an account of the birth, parentage, and education of the writer; nay, the fact of her having had five brothers, of whom three died in infancy and one subsequently, is duly chronicled, although it is not easy to see what these pieces of information have to do with the lady's capability for producing a good novel. "Christine Müller"—for under this *nom de plume* the *Burgomaster's Family* was brought out—is not wanting in a sense of humour, as she shows in her portrait of Mr. Welters, whose rule of life it was "to let God's water flow over God's field," and who had one idol on whose altar he would, in case of necessity, have sacrificed everything belonging to him. But the notion that every country symbolized itself to the good Burgomaster by the special delicacies which it could furnish for the table, and that the idea of the birth of a child came before his mind in the form of a christening dinner, and a marriage in the form of a *déjeûner*, is by no means new. Indeed the *Burgomaster's Family* is not in any respect new, either as to the plot, of which there is very little, or the types of character represented; but these latter have the merit of being well sustained and naturally described. There is also a quaintness in the mode of writing, quite distinct from affectation, which the translator has done well to preserve, while yet he has put the story into very readable English.

It would not be correct to say of this book, as one can do in a few rare cases, that it does not read like a translation, but we may acknowledge at least that it reads like a good translation. There are three principal female characters in the tale, and of these Emmy, the Burgomaster's daughter, is the chief; although we can hardly call her a heroine, for she not only does nothing heroic, but she is a girl whose quiet existence has hardly any events in it of marked interest except the affliction which befalls her lover, and who does not possess the one virtue which might have been expected from her gentle steady character—namely, constancy. She is told that her lover has married in a foreign land, and, without any proof of the fact being adduced, except that he had been seen coming out of a theatre with a lady on his arm, she believes that he is false, and is content to marry for a home a widower cousin. Heroine No. 2 is certainly not commonplace; she is a young lady who had been born and brought up in Java, but who, with her father, Mr. Arnold, resides in a mysterious manner near Dilburg, and who, having by her beauty withdrawn Otto Welters from his allegiance to his betrothed, Mary Van Stein (another quiet damsel, who, however, has plenty of dignity and force of character), marries him, to their joint misery. Otto, having succeeded in penetrating into Beckley, the jealously secluded residence of the Arnolds, being employed by the master of the mansion in putting forward certain claims to a very large estate to which he believed himself to be the heir, sees Celine Arnold "in a long black silk dress, without a trace of crinoline . . . . her beautiful hair in picturesque confusion, half hanging down behind and half fastened up by a little gold dagger with a diamond handle," and, notwithstanding his engagement to Mary, falls violently in love with her. The young lady is both unconventional and uncompromising; she smokes a cigar after luncheon with her father and his guest; and when she is asked to play something, refuses peremptorily, on the ground that she is not inclined for music; further adding, "And what I have once said that I won't do, I don't do." Yet neither these evidences of the possession of a strong will, nor the exposition, on a later occasion, by the fair one of her religious creed, or rather want of a creed, have any weight with Otto, although he is represented as being quite a model young man; and he succeeds in persuading Celine to become his wife, though, as is only natural, he is sadly tormented almost immediately after their union by the breaches of Dilburg etiquette which his lovely bride insists upon committing. Celine's passionate love for her dog Cæsar, her wild rides upon her white horse Schimmel, and the fury with which she meets the smallest opposition from her husband, are traits of her almost savage nature; she is a graceful, half-tamed tigress, who resents as imprisonment the smallest restraint even from the hand whose caresses she occasionally endures, and who chafes against the decencies of society as so many inflictions specially devised against herself. But this Arnold family can hardly be regarded as a bit of Dutch portraiture; Javanese might have settled anywhere else as well as in Holland, and their modes of proceeding are as unlike those of their steady neighbours as it is possible to conceive. The tragic end of the wilful beauty is scarcely natural, although very touching; and it is a great mistake to give us no means of knowing what was the future of the faithful Cæsar after his mistress had left him for ever. The most interesting people in the book are decidedly the Eversberg family; Eversberg himself, however, is too sketchy and slightly drawn, no hint being given of the nature of the phantom which is dimly seen occasionally appearing by his side. His dignified wife, still beautiful, although the mother of a grown-up son, is a loveable character, and so is Bruno, the frank young sailor, so loyal in his devotion to the playfellow of his childhood. The arrest of Eversberg during the ball at his own house is managed with some dramatic power, and Bruno's subsequent behaviour is in keeping with his character; but that Emmy should lose confidence in her lover because his letters had been suppressed, and should so willingly accept cousin Siword, and that without telling him of her engagement when she was so near doing so, appears an improbable arrangement altogether. The revenge of William de Graaff for her refusal of his affections is, on the contrary, just such a piece of mean spite as a low creature of this kind would be likely to perpetrate. The joint household of De Graaff and Welters is a tolerably good picture of a family

* *The Burgomaster's Family; or, Weal and Woe in a Little World.* By Christine Müller. Translated from the Dutch by Sir John Shaw Lefevre, K.C.B., F.R.S. London: Longmans & Co.

which is governed by an unacknowledged head in the person of vulgar and disagreeable woman, with whose own children she seems to be no greater favourite than with her step-children, who behave to her in an irreproachable manner. The old Burgomaster is a glutton, and nothing more.

Had the author been writing for the English public, she would probably have made great capital of the peculiar features of her country, and have brought out in an especial manner the oddities of her compatriots; but she has not apparently had any such end in view, and probably never expected that her tale would attain to the honour of translation. She has therefore merely dealt with society as she herself saw it; and this is in itself a recommendation, as it is too much the custom with authors in search of entertaining material wherewith to fill their volumes, to attempt to describe social circles of which they can have no personal knowledge—circles either above or below, or otherwise totally removed from, the one of which they themselves form a part. Such attempts necessarily result in failure. If our recommendation were attended to, every novel-writer would place his *dramatis personæ* in circumstances which he himself could thoroughly understand, so that he would be fully competent to show the various influences which mould his characters, and the motives which guide them, without having to introduce what is manifestly forced and unreal. Madame Van Walrée might, however, have made a great deal more of Eversberg; in him she had the means of producing a grand character study; in the hands of George Eliot, for instance, what would he not have become! A man who for twenty-seven years lived prosperous, respected, and wealthy, having for a wife the loveliest woman in Dilburg who, sprung from an old and proud family, had not disdained to marry the rising manufacturer—this man, revered and loved, whose munificence was proverbial, with a son who on reaching man's estate was everything that fond parents could desire—yet all this time having a gnawing grief at his heart, remorse and fear of discovery never ceasing to torment him in the midst of all his successes. How much more artistic than the sudden revelation of his crime would have been the glimpses which might have been given of the unfortunate man's life of concealed misery! A fine opportunity for subtle analysis was here thrown away. Instead of that letter to his son in which Eversberg after his imprisonment reveals to him the fatal secret, and explains not only the causes which led to his crime, but the sufferings which for seven-and-twenty years he has had to endure on account of it, why was not the reader allowed to gain from the study of his character, at all events, a suspicion of the dark fate hanging over him? There is an inconsistency, too, in the character of Joseph Müller, the son of the murdered man, who is represented at first as heartless, base, and dishonourable, so as quite to justify his father in disowning and disinheriting him, whereas on his return to Dilburg to denounce the murder of his father he appears as a kindly, generous man, actuated by no spirit of revenge, and considerate to an unusual degree for the wife and son of the man who had supplanted him. On the whole, however, the *Burgomaster's Family* is a readable story of what it is the fashion to style the "quiet" type, although it is a mistake to represent it as being in any especial manner a portraiture of Dutch life. It will probably have many readers, and deserves them far more than the greater number of novels which pass through our hands.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

MR. FROTHINGHAM'S "Rise of the Republic"* is, to a great extent, like most American histories, a political pamphlet under the form of history. Up to 1860 these works were mainly written against Great Britain, and their special object was to justify and glorify the revolt of the Colonies, as being the first assertion of the supreme right of a people to choose its own Government, and to "cashier" that Government if it ceased to correspond with popular wishes and feelings, without considering whether there were any adequate grounds of complaint, or recognizing the right of self-defence, which must be asserted by every authority that is to fulfil any useful purpose in the world. Their business was to uphold the right of revolution, not to magnify the grievances which had led to its exercise; and some of them, therefore, stated not unfairly the real nature of the comparatively trifling encroachments which were employed by the leaders of the revolutionary party to excite agitation in the first instance, and afterwards to ripen agitation into rebellion. On the other hand, their argument required that the Revolution should be represented as the spontaneous act of an entire and unanimous people, and the so-called Tories or Royalists as an insignificant and factious minority. Since 1860 the tone of this class of writers has changed. The right of revolution is one which they can no longer afford to acknowledge, since it was so distinctly and so unanswerably invoked against the Union. The late Horace Greeley alone of Northern Republican writers and politicians remained constant to his old faith; and he only contrived to reconcile his theoretical creed with the practical requirements of party allegiance and Federal patriotism by denying the plainest facts of the case, and disputing the reality of the Secessionist majority in the teeth of the evidence afforded by a four years' war in which, a few districts on the frontier excepted, the whole South united as one man in a desperate resistance to the Federal Government. The present object of such writers as Mr. Frothingham is to vindicate the American Revolution on grounds which will not justify the secession of the Southern States; and accordingly the basis of argument must be changed, and the case of the "patriots" rested not on the will of the people, but on the offences of the King and Parliament of the mother-country. Consequently, as the former mode of reasoning brought out one side of the truth—the extreme triviality of the injuries inflicted on the Colonies by Imperial legislation, especially when compared with such violations of the fundamental constitution as the agitation against slavery in the States, the attempts to exclude new Slave States from the Union, and the forcible nullification of Federal law by the action of State authority in the North, not to speak of such outrages as the invasion of Virginia by John Brown, endorsed and applauded by Massachusetts and her Puritan sister—so the new argument shows the other side of the truth; namely, the extreme reluctance with which the majority of the American people were induced to sever themselves from the Empire, and the adroitness of the steps by which they were led, unknowing to what their action tended, whither the revolutionary chiefs meant to proceed. The valuable part of Mr. Frothingham's work is the account of the gradual development of the colonial theory of self-government by which he prepares the ground for the discussion of the disputes which culminated in war, and the history of the internal counsels of the extreme party, chiefly consisting of the Puritans of Massachusetts and the neighbouring colonies, during the agitation which preceded the outbreak. His view is altogether partial and one-sided; but he nevertheless does more justice than he himself is aware of to the other side, as when he acknowledges that the War of Secession has taught him and his countrymen to understand the tenacity with which the rulers and people of a great Empire resist its dismemberment. He admits that after the quarrel had once taken the shape of open resistance to Imperial authority, George III. and his Ministers only represented and gave effect to the national will—nay, only acted up to the necessities and duties of their position in resisting to the uttermost the severance from the Crown of its most precious foreign possessions. With the war in its military aspect he deals very slightly indeed, his subject being the political development of the "Republic of the United States," and not the general history of the struggle by which that development was rendered possible. He also gives some interesting particulars of the debates of the Convention which framed the Union of 1787; though, like other writers of his party, he is compelled to twist and distort that history not a little in order to make it square with the novel doctrine which denies the sovereignty of the States. It is not a little remarkable that the war of 1861 caused the triumph of the theory of Federal supremacy and national unity of which Hamilton and the party that was signally defeated in 1787 were the unsuccessful exponents; as also that the idea of the sacredness of the national territory and the primary obligation to maintain the integrity of the Empire for which Great Britain fought in 1777 is now appreciated and asserted in America, just as the predominant school of British statesmen are beginning to abandon it.

Only those who are sufficiently acquainted with the author's writings to know how thoroughly his mind is possessed by one sole idea, and how he finds evidence of its truth in every department of human thought and experience, in every fact and fallacy with which his memory is stored, would expect to find in a treatise on the Unity of Law*, even though that treatise bears the name of H. C. Carey, a vigorous, elaborate, and passionate glorification of Protection. One would think that the recent experience of America must have staggered the most ardent Protectionist unconnected with those trades which are enabled by the existing tariff to levy an enormous tax for their own benefit on the industry, commerce, and consumption of their countrymen. But Mr. Carey has no misgivings; nay, more, he cites the history of the last fifty years, under the varying course of a fiscal policy now rigidly protective, now tending towards Free-trade, as proof that the prosperity of America depends not on population or capital, not on her vast agricultural resources and her unlimited area of unappropriated land, not on her energy and her intelligence, her gold and silver, not even on her political institutions, but primarily and chiefly on her protective policy. He contrives to press all writers and all facts into his service, and cites them, we must say, with an apparently profound indifference to the authority of the one or the authenticity of the other. He forces Mr. Mill to testify against Free-trade, and arrays by the side of Parliamentary Blue Books, as of equal value in evidence, some of the most frantic declamations of Mr. Ernest Jones. He fills page after page with a demonstration that the vast amount of mechanical power brought into the service of mankind during the last half-century has been productive of no benefit except to a few millowners and merchants; that it is no advantage to the millions to get calico at sixpence a yard rather than at half-a-crown; that British manufacturers have lowered wages in England, and utterly ruined and degraded "the highly civilized people of India." In short, the factories and ironworks of this country, with all their human and mechanical productive powers, are employed in a perpetual warfare against the comfort, well-being, wealth, and

* *The Rise of the Republic of the United States.* By Richard Frothingham. Boston: Brown & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

* *The Unity of Law, as exhibited in the Relations of Physical, Social, Mental, and Moral Science.* By H. C. Carey. Philadelphia: Henry Cairey Baird. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

happiness of our own and all other peoples. If there were any truth in his reasonings, all the world ought to combine to lay waste England north of the Trent, so that not a ton of rails, not a bale of calico, not a square yard of carpet, should again be exported from that accursed region. The unconscious extravagance of Mr. Carey's tirade, the utter nonsense of the conclusions supported by such a mass of well-arranged figures and vigorous argument, the perfect unconsciousness of absurdity when he conducts his own cause to an absolute *reductio ad absurdum*, makes this book, to any one who is fairly acquainted with commercial statistics and industrial facts, a most amusing study. To people as ignorant of facts outside their own range as most Americans are, it might be dangerous from the confident energy of its misstatements and the plausibility of its fallacies; but to an English reader of practical experience or sound education it is, in its way, an intellectual treat of no ordinary kind. Such a specimen of great mental powers rendered worse than useless by the mere absence of that common sense which instinctively discerns the palpably absurd is not seen twice in the literary monstrosities of half a generation.

Mr. Coues's "Key to American Birds,"* somewhat curiously entitled, is a very large and handsome volume, beautifully printed and profusely illustrated with small woodcuts, containing a technical description of every bird found, so far as the author knows, on the Western continent north of the southern frontier of the Union. It is too brief and too purely scientific to have any interest for the general reader; but as a work of reference it seems to have no ordinary value. Every bird's head is given, and the feet of most, with plates illustrating the comparative size and shape of beaks and limbs in different families. Altogether it seems to us that such a volume was worthy of the one thing necessary to render it perfect of its kind; a coloured series of plates showing the form, plumage, and colouring of representatives of every important genus, and thus constituting it in reality a key to the study of American ornithology.

Dr. Rufus Anderson, late Foreign Secretary of the American Mission Board, publishes in two small octavo volumes a *History of the Missions to the Oriental Churches*†, *i.e.* of those whose special business was not to convert unbelievers to Christianity, but to convince Greeks, Armenians, and Nestorians of the superior excellence of its Protestant, and especially of its Congregational, forms. That they did some good we have no doubt; that they committed many indiscretions and provoked much enmity we can venture to affirm without any special evidence; that they incurred for their converts, and now and then for themselves, much danger and suffering, their history assures us, and the thing is probable enough. We find in these volumes, as in too many other missionary records, the same fatal vice which has been at the root of so many failures—the reliance on an arm of flesh in the background. So long as the presence of a missionary always ends in the intervention of a Consul, and the freedom to preach is vindicated, not by martyrdom, but by gunboats, princes and governments will be hostile to missionaries; and in the end those Powers which are called upon to protect or avenge the emissaries of truth will claim the right to regulate the conduct and prescribe the limits of enterprises whose ultimate consequences involve them.

Mr. Murphy's volume on the Mineral Resources of the Territory of Utah‡ contains all that we generally find in the official Reports on such subjects, arranged in a somewhat similar manner, and calculated to be interesting rather to intending speculators or emigrants than to general readers. Somewhat curiously, Mr. Murphy appends to his handbook of mining facts and statistics a brief and fragmentary history of the Mormon community and its earlier fortunes, neutral, if not friendly in tone, and such as might have been written by a Mormon anxious not to offend violently the prejudices of Gentile readers, or formally declare his belief in "the Prophet."

It is not our custom to notice new editions; but there are cases in which these may acquire, from additions or corrections, from new circumstances or new views, all the interest and much of the novelty of recent publication. There are also, among American authors, many instances in which the second or third edition is the first that practically finds its way into English hands. Mr. C. H. Bristed's *Five Years at an English University*§ derives some part of its interest from the very fact that it is an old book. In any case it would have its value, and would attract the attention of University men, and of all who care for University education, as an elaborate account of Cambridge from an American point of view. We have in it a criticism of English schools and colleges, and of the higher education of English youth, by a thoughtful and painstaking observer trained in a different system, and brought up under a discipline and course of teaching very distinct from our own, who had afterwards the opportunity of making himself almost as fully acquainted with ours as we are ourselves; a description of English University life and studies, as they appeared to a stranger who went through the course of the one and shared the other; a comparison between the English and American systems by one who had ample experience of both. But in the fact that the author's experience relates to a bygone period—that nearly twenty years have elapsed since he was a Cambridge undergraduate, during which time changes have taken place that have made the University system of his day to a great extent a thing of the past—lies a new attraction for those who are too young to know for themselves what Cambridge and Trinity were before the days of Whewell, and ere yet reform had invaded their precincts. Mr. Bristed's work is, in short, not only a valuable essay on the English scheme of higher education, on our public school and college life, and on the course of studies of one of our two great centres of learning, as compared with the school and college systems of America, but a vivid and minute picture of Cambridge as it was twenty years back such as only an American could have given. A foreigner would hardly have been able to enter so thoroughly into every particular of the life around him, to understand so quickly and to share so heartily the ideas, the amusements, the work and the play of English students. An Englishman would take much more for granted, and, finding far less novelty in all around him, would have given a far less lively and less complete account of the scenes through which he passed. Mr. Bristed came to them with all a stranger's freshness, and almost all a native's capacity of understanding them, and accordingly he has drawn not merely a vigorous and striking outline, but a minute and highly finished picture, of the whole which is as interesting to Englishmen as it can be to Americans. His remarks on the comparative quality and character of American and English education are candid, thoughtful, and interesting. He is struck with the superior standard of scholarship, both classical and mathematical, in this country; but he justly observes that the earlier age at which American youths pass through college, and their greater eagerness to enter the practical and remunerative business of life, necessarily curtails their studies, and impairs the completeness of their education; while the same spirit leads them to extend the area and limit the depth of their reading, and to be satisfied with a smattering of modern languages, for instance, available for conversation and travel, where an English student, if he learnt the languages at all, might be able to read them with fluency and even write them correctly long before he acquired the power of speaking them or understanding them when spoken. His description of Cambridge examinations and regulations, and of the course of a student's reading and "coaching," is the fullest we remember to have seen, and is a valuable record of a system now materially changed even in some of its vital features.

The "Old Landmarks of Boston"* belongs to a class of books very common, and, we must suppose, somewhat popular, in America—books written to glorify the past or present, the architecture and history, the scenery and climate, the commercial or political importance of particular cities. The absence of a capital gives to every large town a sort of independent position and political life; none need acknowledge in any rival that sort of superiority which a metropolis possesses as the centre of national life. Each American city, as of old each principal German city, is complete in itself; is itself a centre of life and thought, not a mere appendage to some central capital. And thus each American is proud of his own State and city, and takes a patriotic pleasure in its exaltation. Boston in particular has a greater and more characteristic history than any other Transatlantic city possesses; its "landmarks," though to English notions almost too recent in their origin to deserve the name of antiquities, are yet connected with striking incidents, picturesque traditions, and memories of great events and distinguished men; and though few English readers would have patience to peruse this volume from beginning to end, a visitor to or resident in Boston would find it useful as a work of reference, and interesting as enabling him to attach ideas to all the principal sites and buildings, and giving him lively associations well worth cherishing with the chief objects he will pass in his daily walks.

Back-Log Studies† is the quaint and thoroughly American title of a little rambling volume of what an English author might call Fireside Conversations and Reflections; reveries, dreams, and talks over a wood fire, and now and then suggested by it. Many of the former are original and curious; the conversations are lively, and wholly free from that tendency to tediousness which belongs to most printed dialogues; nearly every other sentence of each interlocutor introducing either a pointed expression of an old notion, or an amusing paradox, or some other contribution to the life of social intercourse; still the whole is but a collection of unconsidered trifles, very few of which are likely to be remembered when the book is laid aside.

Of original works of fiction we find this month only three that demand notice. If it were not that Bret Harte's last volume, *Mrs.*

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* *Key to North American Birds.* Containing a concise Account of every species of Living and Fossil Bird at present known on the continent north of the Mexican and United States Boundary. Illustrated by six steel plates and upwards of two hundred and fifty woodcuts. By Elliott Coues, Assistant-Surgeon, United States Army. Salem: Naturalists' Agency. New York: Dodd & Mead. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

† *Republication of the Gospel in Bible Lands: History of the Missions of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions to the Oriental Churches.* By Rufus Anderson, D.D., LL.D., late Foreign Secretary of the Board. 2 vols. Vol. I. Boston: Congregational Publishing Society. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

‡ *The Mineral Resources of the Territory of Utah.* With Mining Statistics and Maps. By John R. Murphy. San Francisco: Bancroft & Co. Salt Lake City: James Dwyer. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

§ *Five Years in an English University.* By Charles Astor Bristed, late Foundation Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge. Third Edition. Revised by the Author. New York: Putnam & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1873.

* *Old Landmarks and Historic Personages of Boston.* By Samuel Adams Drake. Profusely illustrated. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

† *Back-Log Studies.* By Charles Dudley Warner, Author of "Saunterings," "My Summer in a Garden," &c. With twenty-one Illustrations by Augustus Hoppin. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

Skaggs's Husbands * (a title derived from the first and wildest of the stories and fragments that compose it), must surely by this time be familiar to all our readers, we might think it necessary to describe it at some length. As it is, it will surely be enough to say that here is a new work of Bret Harte's. *Coupon Bonds* † (also entitled from its first story) consists of a variety of tales, rather longer than Mr. Harte's, and also generally of the humorous type. Finally, *How Will It End?* ‡ by J. C. Heywood, is a native romance, whose scene is laid in the midst of the Civil War, and which finds its *dénouement* in connexion with the surrender of the Confederate armies.

* *Mrs. Skaggs's Husbands; and other Sketches.* By Bret Harte. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

† *Coupon Bonds; and other Stories.* By J. T. Trowbridge, Author of "Lawrence's Adventures," &c. With Illustrations. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

‡ *How Will It End?* A Romance. By J. C. Heywood, Author of "Herodias," "Antonius," &c. New Edition. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

ERRATUM.—*In the article which appeared in last week's* SATURDAY REVIEW *entitled* "The Parliamentary Notice-Paper," *we spoke of* Mr. MITCHELL HENRY'S *Bill "for the Protection of Miners from Fraud." The measure is a Bill for the Protection of Minors.*

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected communications: and to this rule we can make no exception.

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OF

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LONDON INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1873, of the Industries of Silks, Carriages, Steel, Cutlery, Surgical Instruments, and Food, with the Science of Cookery, Scientific Inventions, and Fine Arts of all kinds. Season Tickets, admitting also to the Daily Musical Performances in the Royal Albert Hall, will be ready for sale on March 1, 21s. Tickets and Programme of Privileges to be had at the Royal Albert Hall; at the Society of Arts, Adelphi; and at the usual Agents. Money-orders to be made payable to the SECRETARY, at the Post Office, in Exhibition Road.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—PARTICULAR ATTRACTIONS. THIS DAY and NEXT WEEK.—LAST WEEK of "JACK and JILL."

Saturday (February 22)—Seventeenth Saturday Concert, at 3. Afterwards, Presentation of Prizes to London Ride Brigade, by the Lady Mayoress, Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, &c.
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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, St. James's Hall.—On Monday Evening next, February 24, the Programme will include Mendelssohn's Quintet in A major, Haydn's Quartet in G major, Beethoven's Sonata in D major for Piano and Violin, and Schubert's Fantasia Sonata in C major for Piano alone. Executants: Madame Schumann, MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Straus, Ryczek, and Piatti. Vocalist, Madame Lavrovska. Conductor, Mr. Zerbini.—Stalls, 7s.; Balcony, 5s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets and Programmes at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street; and at the Hall, 28 Piccadilly.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS, St. James's Hall.—NOTICE. There will be no Concert on Ash-Wednesday, February 26. The two last EVENING CONCERTS will be given on Wednesdays, March 5 and 19. The following Artistes will appear on March 5: Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Jenny Pratt, and Madame Patey; Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Henry Guy, and Mr. Santley; the London Orpheus Quartett. Pianoforte, Mr. Sydney Smith. Conductors, Mr. J. L. Hatton and Mr. Louis Diehl, Mus. Bac. Family tickets (for four), 21s.; balcony, 2s.; area, 2s.; gallery and orchestra, 1s. Tickets of Austin, St. James's Hall; and Mossey & Co., Hollies Street.

MR. WALTER BACHE'S NINTH ANNUAL ORCHESTRAL CONCERT, Friday Evening, February 28, St. James's Hall, half-past Eight. Liszt, 13th Psalm, first performance in England—Schumann's Concerto in A minor; Pianoforte, Mr. Walter Bache—Wagner's Huldigungs-Marsch (first time), &c., &c. Miss Sophie Ferrari, Miss Georgina Maudsley, Mr. Henry Guy. Principal Violin, Mr. Carl Stravs; Accompanist, Dr. Hemp; Conductors, Mr. Manns and Mr. Walter Bache. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; area, 5s.; balcony, 3s.; admission, 1s.—Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 84 New Bond Street; usual Agents; and Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

ROYAL ACADEMY of ARTS, Burlington House.—The EXHIBITION of WORKS of the OLD MASTERS, together with WORKS of DECEASED ARTISTS of the BRITISH SCHOOL, in Oil, Water-Colour, and Sculpture, is NOW OPEN. Admission (from 9 A.M. till Dusk) 1s. Catalogue, 6d. Season Tickets, 5s.
JOHN PRESCOTT KNIGHT, R.A., *Secretary.*

THE SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER-COLOURS.—The WINTER EXHIBITION of SKETCHES and STUDIES will CLOSE on Saturday next, March 1. 5 Pall Mall East. Ten till Five. Admission, 1s.
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REPORT, 1872.

The Annual Report just issued, and the Balance Sheets for the year ending June 30, 1872, as rendered to the Board of Trade, can be obtained of any of the Society's Agents, or of

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Amount accumulated from Premiums	530,000
Annual Income	97,000
Amount of Policies in existence and outstanding Additions, upwards of	2,000,000

Additions to Policies at the Ninth Division of Profits, 2½ per cent. per annum
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THE POSITION OF THE GOVERNMENT.

THERE can be no doubt that the Ministers have been placed in a position of great and unexpected danger and difficulty. Their University Bill, which was at first welcomed with singular unanimity, has excited the most violent opposition. Up to the present moment not a single Liberal member of any weight, representing an English or Scotch constituency, has spoken in favour of it. The few Irish members who have supported it have done so in the most lukewarm manner. The Irish Roman Catholic Bishops have absolutely refused to have anything to do with the scheme of education which it creates. The existing academical bodies of Ireland, including not only the Queen's Colleges and Trinity, but the Catholic University, have unhesitatingly denounced it. Apart from the question of the fate of the Ministry, which is perhaps linked with it, the whole number of members who would willingly vote for it would probably not reach a hundred. No English or Scotch constituency, and, so far as we are aware, no Irish constituency, has made any sign of being ready to support it. This is certainly one of the most singular occurrences in the modern political history of England. A strong Cabinet, a Cabinet with a long experience of the House it has to deal with, a Cabinet that has won two great triumphs by the mode in which it has handled Irish questions, produces a Bill, the sketch of which, when given by the PREMIER, delights every one; and three weeks afterwards it is discovered that the fifteen persons who invented it are almost the only fifteen persons in the kingdom who are prepared to give this invention any effective support. We are not saying that this ought to be so. The Catholics might have been expected, if they understood accurately the interests of the Denominationalism which is dear to them, to have seen in the Bill the elements of the best bargain they are ever likely to get from Parliament. But we are speaking only of facts, and the simple fact is that the Bill has next to no supporters. The Opposition leaders have seen their opportunity, and have used it with a boldness which, as a piece of political cleverness, does them credit. No such language as that used by Mr. GATHORNE HARDY has been heard at Westminster on the Conservative side since the election of 1868. He avowed not only his intention to vote against the second reading, but his willingness to accept the consequences. He challenged Mr. GLADSTONE to take the sense of the constituencies on the subject. The Ballot Bill has now, according to the Ministerial theory, enabled the constituencies to speak their mind freely and fairly. Well then, said Mr. HARDY, let them say freely and fairly whether they like this University Bill. Mr. HARDY, we think, judged quite rightly. It would be the greatest possible advantage to the Conservative party, and the greatest possible disadvantage to the Liberal party, that the prominent issue for the next election should be the acceptance or rejection of this University Bill; for Liberal members, in order to hold their seats, would have to proclaim that they entirely disagreed with their leaders, and there is no enthusiasm or energy in a party thus divided within itself. The Ministry, on the other hand, not wishing to break up their party in this way, might resign instead of dissolving. Either they would have to come back again discredited by failure, and with their hold over their followers sensibly weakened, or a Conservative Government would come into power holding a much stronger position than it could have hoped to hold for a long time. Either it would go on through the Session and pass an Irish University Bill, such as the great majority of the House has shown its willingness to accept, and then it would go to the country with the credit of success, or it would dissolve at once; and then, in addition to the advantage of being able to make the acceptance or rejection of the Irish University Bill the issue between parties, it would have the advantage of being the Government in office at the time of the elections. And this advantage is considerable even now that the Government can no longer directly affect constituencies; for the actual Government can always appeal to have a fair trial given it; and the numerous persons who look on an election simply as a means of promoting some pet project of their own look to those in office rather than to those out of office as the most valuable instruments for their purpose.

The natural reflection on all this is, that as neither the Liberal constituencies nor the bulk of the Liberal party have any wish to quarrel with the Ministry, but, on the contrary, in spite of occasional quarrels, look up to them with gratitude and respect, and as the House of Commons is quite ready to pass an Irish University Bill, if it can but get permission to pass the sort of Bill it would like, far the best thing would be that the Government should stay in office, and mould their Bill so as to suit the wishes of a Parliamentary majority. This would be far the best thing, not only for the Ministry, or for the Liberal party, but also for the country. For an election turning on questions of religious difference would be a deplorable calamity, and the Irish University question is really one that wants settling, and the sooner it is settled in a tolerably satisfactory manner the better for Ireland and for England. There is really nothing whatever in what the Ministers have done that calls for any severe censure. They have made a mistake arising from want of political forethought in a matter where every set of statesmen in their turn have made crowds of such mistakes; but that is all. Every one acknowledges that they prepared their scheme with the utmost singleness and honesty of purpose, holding the balance, as they thought, evenly between contending parties, and wishing to give every one concerned a fair chance. They were quite right, as Mr. HORSMAN and even Mr. HARDY admitted, in resisting Mr. BOURKE's amendment, for they were asked by it to do that which it was impossible for them to do. They were also clearly right in not adopting the course pressed on them by Mr. HORSMAN, and withdrawing the Bill directly they found that the Irish Roman Catholic Bishops had tabooed it. To have done so would have been equivalent to an ignominious avowal that an English Ministry was prepared to bring in and abandon Bills at the dictation of a clerical clique. They had no course to take consistent with proper self-respect except that of going on as well as they could, saying all that they could manage to say in defence of their scheme, and then submitting the second reading to the decision of the House. They have a strong case to appeal to their supporters for so much help as will carry the second reading. They may fairly ask their party not to vote lightly out of existence a Cabinet which has so often led the party to victory, and a PREMIER whose name alone has won so many of their seats. The GLADSTONE Government does not deserve to fall for the mere mistake of thinking that it had hit upon a mode of conciliating sectarian adversaries. Individual members, too, may be allowed to look at their own interests. It will be very disadvantageous to them, and unfairly disadvantageous to them, that their seats should be endangered, and their Conservative rivals in counties and boroughs strengthened, because the Government has honestly made a slight mistake in calculating on the probable feeling of Irish religious factions. The Government, on the other hand, must do something for their supporters. They must not ride a very high horse, and resent obtaining a majority pitiful as compared with the majorities which sanctioned the Irish measures of their two first Sessions. They must be content to stay in office, and do the best they

can with the Bill, if they can only get a respectable majority; and that they may get such a majority is to be hoped for in the interests both of England and Ireland.

The Government has no chance, and knows that it has no chance, of carrying the second reading, unless it proclaims its willingness to admit of many changes in the Bill; and if it stays in office, and tries to pass the Bill, the changes which it will have to tolerate will be very considerable indeed. But the Government has already gone a long way in the path of concession; it has gone so far, indeed, that it is not without some surprise that we observe how far it has gone. In order to understand this, it is necessary to remember what the basis of the Bill was. The Government had, as it thought, got a great and beautiful secret. It had hit on a new, peculiar, and effectual plan of overcoming the difficulties which had baffled all other persons who had attempted to deal with Irish University Education. The secret which was kept so religiously that the Ministry deprived itself of all opportunity of judging from previous criticism how far it had the promise of success, was this:—The problem was how to satisfy the claims of the Catholic Bishops, and yet to keep within the lines in which Parliament is bent on moving. What the Catholic Bishops want is the complete control of education, and money to support the education which they control. They want funds, and they want security against anything being taught which they consider dangerous. The Ministry gave them funds in the only way practicable, by annexing scholarships and fellowships to a University, and letting Catholics compete for them, and, if they could get them, hold them while members of purely Denominational colleges. There was nothing new in this. It was not exactly what the Catholic Bishops wanted in the way of funds, but it was the obvious and only way of getting fervent Catholics as much public money towards the cost of a University career as could be got. But it was not money only or chiefly that the Catholic Bishops wanted. They wanted the control of education, so that nothing dangerous to the Catholic faith might be taught to the tender lambs of their flocks. The secret of the Government, the mysterious device on the efficacy of which they relied, the special peculiarity of their Bill, was the mode in which they satisfied the claim of the Catholic Bishops just up to the right extent.

The Catholic Bishops claimed that nothing dangerous to their faith should be taught in the University. The Ministry agreed that all openly dangerous subjects should be avoided, and modern history and philosophy were altogether cut out. But this is only a small thing. Any subject, even, as an Irish Bishop seems to have thought, the multiplication-table, may be so used as to pervert the meek spirit of Catholic youth. To exclude dangerous subjects is not enough; the control of the study of innocent subjects must be added. The Ministry in effect replied that they could not give the control of the study of innocent subjects to the Catholic Bishops, but that they would give the Catholic Bishops a fair chance of getting this control, or an approach to it, if they and their friends would work for it. The machinery for effecting this was to place a large degree of control over the teaching of the University in the hands of a Council to which the professors should be under strict subjection, and that the Catholics should have a good chance of getting the command of this Council into their hands. The chief means were the suppression of Galway College, the lowering of the position of the remaining Queen's Colleges, and the right accorded to an unascertained number of little Catholic seminaries which succeeded, not in graduating, but merely in matriculating, a certain number of students, to have votes in the Council. To set up this approximation to purely Catholic teaching, giving it still a sort of undenominational character, and leaving Trinity with a position that would satisfy Protestants and the friends of mixed education, was the secret of the Government. It has failed to secure the support anticipated for it. It does not please the Ultramontanes, because, instead of funds, it gives them the chance of getting funds, and instead of giving them the control of education, it gives them the chance of getting this control. It does not please the opponents of the Ultramontanes, because they say that this similitude of an Ultramontane University is not a University worth having or belonging to. The only real question between the Ministers and their supporters is whether they will give up this peculiar device, will own that their mystery is a mistake, and cut out of the Bill its special feature. It is hard for men to do this, and it is not to be expected that they should do so readily and openly and at one effort. But little by little they have so cut into their scheme that they have left nothing much remaining of it. They have successively declared that the extinction of Galway is not of the essence of the Bill, that the "gagging" clauses—that is, the clauses silencing teaching on dangerous subjects, and the dangerous teaching of innocent subjects—are not of the essence of the Bill, that very few seminaries shall be allowed to vote, and that the main qualification for a seat in the Council shall not be ecclesiastical position or power, but academical distinction. These concessions virtually amount to a withdrawal of the peculiar features of the Bill, and if once Liberal members can see that the scheme of setting up a pale copy of an Ultramontane University is abandoned, they have no cause for serious quarrel with the Government. That there should be funds accessible to Catholics residing in Denominational colleges, if they can win them by open competition with the members of other denominations, is quite fair; and such questions as whether there should be one University or two, important as they are, may be perfectly well settled in Committee.

PRESIDENT GRANT'S MESSAGE.

THE American PRESIDENT'S Message to Congress on the commencement of his second term of office seems to be an ambitious document. Several of the domestic objects which he proposes to attain are beyond the competence of the Executive power; and his aspirations for the extension of the territory of the Union, and for the universal diffusion of Republican institutions, would be discourteous to all foreign States but for the obvious unconsciousness of the PRESIDENT that there is anything offensive in his language. The wish for a maintenance of friendly relations both with neighbouring and with distant States may probably be sincere, although several passages in the Message point directly to annexation. Utter incapacity to understand the sensitiveness of others is highly characteristic of American politicians. If an English QUEEN'S Speech were to express a desire for the establishment of Constitutional Monarchy in the United States, the American people would be fully entitled to resent an impertinent interference. General GRANT is perfectly at liberty to hold the opinion that the civilized world is tending towards Republicanism; but it is quite unnecessary to anticipate in a formal State paper the eventual triumph of the DILKES and ODGERS of a country which is fully capable of managing its own affairs. "The Government, and through "their representatives the people of our Great Republic, are," in General GRANT'S opinion, "destined to be the guiding star "of all other countries." Perhaps it would be as well that for the present the guiding star should begin by making its own light a little clearer. The advantage of being governed by TWEEDS, and COLFAXES, and BUTLERS is at this moment but faintly appreciated in England; nor is the cynical acknowledgment that unfounded claims were established at Geneva calculated to attract respect and admiration to the astuteness of the successful litigants. If General GRANT had unfortunately died a month ago, the head of the Government which is to be a guiding star to all nations would have been a person who lately accepted a paltry bribe, and who afterwards concealed his guilt by false statements. A Republican nominee for the Presidency has just been convicted in his absence by a French Court of Justice of a pecuniary fraud. The PRESIDENT himself scarcely displays the complete satisfaction which befits the chief of a perfect and ideal Republic. He complains that during his last electoral campaign he was the subject of abuse and slander scarcely ever equalled in history. He might have remembered that his own friends were at least as abusive and slanderous in their attacks on poor Mr. GREELEY; and that some of the abuse which was directed against powerful Republican leaders has, in spite of their denials, been fully supported by evidence. The habitual employment of personal vituperation in political contests is not in itself an attractive peculiarity of the American guiding star. Economists may be perhaps impressed by the undeniable fact that "the army and navy of the United "States are less in number than those of any European "Power;" but the PRESIDENT'S further assertion that "there "could be no extension of territory on this continent calling "for an increase of military force" seems to require explanation. "Rather," he adds, "might such extension enable us "to diminish it." As the island of Cuba can scarcely be considered a part of the American continent, the suggestion that an extension of territory might facilitate the reduction of the army and navy can only refer to one or both of the two conterminous territories. Continental extension must be effected, if at all, at the expense of Canada or Mexico. Neither the British Empire nor, as far as is known, the

Mexican Republic has any quarrel with the United States; and any other Government would shrink from the rudeness of hinting that annexation might produce a saving as well as a profit.

That the unseemly threat of annexation is not a mere flourish of patriotic eloquence is proved by a later part of the Message, in which the PRESIDENT recurs to his favourite policy of extension. He announces, indeed, that after his previous defeat on the question of San Domingo "the subject "of the acquisition of territory must have the support of the "American people before I recommend it"; but he proceeds to say, "I do not share the apprehension that there is "a danger of Governments becoming weakened or destroyed "by extension. As commerce, education, and the rapid "transit of thought and matter by the telegraph and steam "have changed everything, I rather believe that the GREAT "MAKER is preparing the world to become one nation, speak-"ing one language, a consummation which will render armies "and navies unnecessary, and I will encourage and support "any recommendation to Congress tending towards such ends." The modest taciturnity which has been popularly attributed to General GRANT has apparently covered the wildest dreams of national aggrandizement. The GREAT MAKER has often before been invoked for the sanction of ambition and lawless cupidity; but even the conquerors who have aimed at universal empire have never before announced their intention of simultaneously establishing a universal language. It seems that the American Union is to embrace the world, and that mankind is hereafter to speak only the Transatlantic dialect of English. The accomplishment of so marvellous a revolution would concern France and Germany and Italy more than England, which, as one of the humblest dependencies of the great Republic, will happily be able to understand and imperfectly to speak the dominant language of Bunkum. If bluster of this kind, uttered on a solemn occasion by the chief of a great nation, seems rather undignified than mischievous, the PRESIDENT'S bombastic expressions have one practical application, inasmuch as they bode ill to the colonial empire of Spain. For some months past the American SECRETARY of STATE has by his menacing despatches to the Spanish Government thrown impediments in the way of negro emancipation, and prepared the way for armed interference in Cuba. There is no reason to believe that the urgency of his representations has been relaxed since the proclamation of the Republic which the Government of the United States was so eager to recognize. It is incredible that the PRESIDENT should at this moment meditate any encroachment on Mexico, or on the Dominion of Canada; and therefore it may be inferred that his gratuitous apology for annexation is intended to prepare the way for aggression in Cuba. It remains to be seen whether either Congress or the people of the United States will support the PRESIDENT'S policy. The unsatisfactory social and political condition of Cuba has lately been lucidly explained by one of the ablest Correspondents of the *Times*; and although General GRANT fails to understand how States can be weakened by extension, the degeneracy of the Creole population may well convey a warning to the would-be successors of Spain. If the descendants of Spaniards become feeble and effete in the climate of Cuba, there is no reason to suppose that settlers of Northern blood would be more fortunate in their posterity. The Spaniards from the old country must, in the event of an American contest, be exterminated or expelled from the island; and a million and a half of Spanish creoles and of barbarous negroes would not be an eligible body of citizens. It would be safer to try the first experiment on the worthless carcase of San Domingo, which, notwithstanding his protestations, the PRESIDENT has probably taken steps to acquire through the agency of the Samana Company. When the Spanish part of the island has been seized or bought, it will be necessary also to subdue the savages of Hayti; and before the whole territory is incorporated into the American Republic, the acquisition of Cuba will perhaps not be generally thought desirable.

Of the PRESIDENT'S domestic policy foreigners are disinterested spectators and critics. It is evident from his enumeration of desirable measures that he has learned nothing of political economy from experience in affairs; but nearly all his projects are absolutely subject to the decision of Congress. It will hereafter appear whether American philanthropy is prepared to offer to the Indians the alternative of "civilization under the benign influence of education, or of "war to extermination." It is wrong in aborigines or others to reject the benign influences of education; but it seems a strong measure to exterminate them by arms if they refuse to learn their lessons. In a generation or two the Indians will be effectually exterminated without the necessity of massacre. At present Congress is utterly disinclined to provide for the construction of the PRESIDENT'S "cheap routes," after the fashion of the Pacific Railroad. Cheap routes have come to mean lavish grants and bribes to Senators and Representatives, and it will not be thought expedient to provide occasions for further scandal. "The re-establishment of our commerce, "and the recovery of our share of carrying trade on the "ocean," are phrases used by the PRESIDENT to express subsidies, protective duties, and other elaborate contrivances for counteracting the inevitable results of vicious legislation. In proposing to Congress "the encouragement of manufacturing "industry" the PRESIDENT refers still more directly to the imposition or maintenance of differential duties in favour of domestic products. Although General GRANT is totally ignorant of the principles of commerce, he shows in his advocacy of a narrow and obsolete policy entire fidelity to his party. In the Republican declaration of principles at Philadelphia it was thought expedient to include a declaration in favour of protection to native manufacturers; and the present majority in the Senate and the House will probably adopt the PRESIDENT'S recommendations. It is strange that General GRANT should fail to see the incompatibility of his commercial theories with his political prophecies. When the whole world has, under American supremacy, become one nation, speaking one language, not only armies and navies, but custom-houses, will disappear; yet it will be as ruinous for a Pennsylvanian ironmaster to compete with his fellow-citizens in Staffordshire and South Wales as to encounter the rivalry of the same manufacturers while they are still degraded subjects of a benighted Monarchy. It is scarcely to be supposed that the outlying European provinces of the universal Republic will be excluded from free intercourse with their metropolis of New York. On the whole, the Message displays neither dignity nor statesmanlike wisdom; but, as an exaggerated reproduction of popular prejudices and commonplaces, it is not improbable that it may command approval in the United States.

THE IRISH UNIVERSITY DEBATE.

THE Irish University Bill has come in for an unusual share of the ill-fortune which befalls measures which strive to steer between two extremes. Its adversaries on each side have their whole heart in the matter. The Ultramontanes hate all education which is not exclusively Denominational. The Secularists hate all education which is not exclusively undenominational. But they are content for the moment to lay by their hostility to one another in order to make common cause against a Government which supports a form of education from which neither Denominationalists nor Secularists shall be shut out. The Roman Catholic bishops and Mr. FAWCETT are impracticable and consistent. Those Conservatives who are for the time in alliance with them are impracticable without being consistent. The Roman Catholic bishops are Denominationalists alike in England and in Ireland; Mr. FAWCETT is a Secularist alike in England and in Ireland. It has been reserved for some of the Conservatives to discover that the distance between Denominationalism and Secularism is exactly measured by the distance between Holyhead and Kingstown. Their speeches on the English Education Act might edify the POPE; their speeches on the Irish University Bill must charm Mr. DIXON. The inappropriateness of Mr. BOURKE'S amendment was shown by the fact that after his own speech there was hardly any reference to it in the debate. Mr. GLADSTONE showed by anticipation the impossibility of naming the Council until some certainty should have been attained as to the ultimate character of the Bill. Any number of different opinions may be held as to which parts of the Bill are principles by which the Government ought to stand or fall, and which are details that they may allow to be altered in Committee. At present there is not one of these opinions the holder of which can feel any assurance that it is the opinion of the Cabinet. The eminent persons to whom the Government might apply would hardly care to undertake in advance to manage the affairs of a University concerning the character and composition of which nothing can be certainly known. The doubts expressed by Mr. BOURKE as to the considerations by which the PRIME MINISTER will be guided in filling up the list of names may be perfectly well founded. But, if so, they called for a much stronger motion than that with which he concluded his speech. If the Government cannot be trusted to propose the persons who are to form the University Council in the first instance, they can hardly be trusted to constitute the University which the Council is to control. Even the supporters of the amendment virtually

acknowledged this by declaring that no list of names that could be constructed would remove their objections to the Bill.

The arguments used by the Roman Catholic members are merely amplifications of the resolutions adopted by the Irish Bishops on Friday week. They consist, in substance, of the complaint that Mr. GLADSTONE has recognized the Roman Catholic grievance without providing for it any adequate remedy. With a slight change of phrase this plea would be true. The Bill does recognize that the Irish Roman Catholics have a grievance, and it does not furnish what the Bishops consider an adequate remedy. But the grievance admitted by the Government is not the grievance under which the Bishops allege the Irish Roman Catholics to be suffering, and from this it naturally follows that the remedy provided by the Government is not the remedy demanded by the Bishops. The Bishops now complain that the Roman Catholic College in Dublin is not to be endowed. Perhaps after the review of the large endowments of Trinity College into which Mr. GLADSTONE was necessarily led in expounding the financial side of his measure, the Bishops are more inclined than formerly to think favourably of concurrent endowment. But if concurrent endowment ever had a chance of being adopted by Parliament, that chance has gone by. It would be as easy to make Roman Catholicism the established religion of Ireland, and to give Cardinal CULLEN a seat in the House of Lords, as to endow either a Catholic University or a Catholic College out of public money. It is to be observed, however, that though the Bishops denounce the injustice of giving large University endowments to Protestant Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and Secularists, while none at all are given to Roman Catholics, they do not say that they will have nothing to do with the Bill unless this injustice be removed. They say that, as the legal owners of the Catholic University, they will not consent to its affiliation to the new University unless the proposed scheme be largely modified. But at the same time they pointedly refrain from committing themselves to the necessity of any particular modification. If the Bill satisfies the conscientious scruples of the Roman Catholic parents of Ireland, it will probably be found in the long run to satisfy the Bishops. That the Bill ought to satisfy the conscientious scruples of the Catholic parents of Ireland there can be no question. It gives them the power of sending their sons to a college belonging to their own Church without, as at present, having to forego the benefits of University training and degrees. The antagonism which has hitherto existed in their minds between the spiritual and the intellectual interests of their children will thus be laid to sleep. From the moment the Roman Catholic student matriculates at the University, it will rest with himself whether he shall participate fully in its endowments. He can obtain a bursary on entrance, he may supplement this by an exhibition, and when he has taken his degree he may replace his exhibition by a fellowship. Where is there anything in this process that can be injurious to the faith of any Catholic student? It is true that if he is sent to a Catholic college he will not find those collegiate endowments open to him which he would have found at Trinity College or at the Queen's Colleges. But, in comparison with the other, this is a very small grievance indeed. It is a grievance which touches nothing but the pocket, and as such it is one which it is useless to raise, except so far as the pocket is likely to benefit by the discussion. It can hardly escape intelligent Irish Roman Catholics that the only chance which they have of throwing out the Bill is by acting in concert with the Secularists and the Conservatives. Have they asked themselves to what use they propose to put their victory if they succeed in gaining it by this means? Their allies are opposed to the affiliation of Denominational Colleges on any terms; there is nothing, therefore, to be hoped from a new Ministry, whether Conservative or Radical. They cannot imagine that the Government will at the eleventh hour introduce into the Bill a clause endowing the Catholic College, since it is clear that any such attempt would send the bulk of the Liberal party into the Opposition lobby. All, therefore, that they can propose to themselves is to keep the controversy open, without the slightest chance of its being ever settled in a manner more to their mind.

Mr. HORSMAN has ascertained, since the 15th of February, that the whole end and purpose of the Bill was to satisfy the Irish Bishops, and that as soon as Mr. GLADSTONE discovered that his measure was in this respect a failure he ought at once to have withdrawn it. In the matter of deference to Bishops Mr. HORSMAN is a late convert, and, as converts will, he greatly overacts his part. If the Government had come forward in the first instance with an intimation that they had framed their Bill with a careful attention to the requirements of the Roman Catholic hierarchy, and that if it should prove insufficient for this purpose it would be immediately withdrawn, they would very properly have been sent about their business. No member of the Cabinet has ever said that the Roman Catholic Bishops, as such, have a grievance in the matter of University education; what has been said is that Roman Catholic parents have a grievance. Mr. HORSMAN denies the truth of this latter statement, and from that point of view his vote against the Bill is perfectly justified. But he would have been equally bound to vote against any Bill that the Government could have brought forward. Legislation resting on a falsehood must always be mischievous, and Mr. HORSMAN maintains that the statement that the Irish University system is not in all respects what the Roman Catholic laity wish it to be is an absolute falsehood. In the debates on the Irish Church Bill and the Irish Land Bill the Government were sometimes told that the only class in Ireland who had to be satisfied were the Fenians, and that, as the measure under discussion would do nothing towards contenting them, it would be utterly useless. The answer of the Liberal party used to be, that there was a great deal of discontent in Ireland which was not Fenian, but which furnished excellent material for Fenians to work upon, and that with this material out of the way the real weakness of their position would be apparent. A similar reply may be made to Mr. HORSMAN'S argument that the Roman Catholic bishops are the only persons whom you have to satisfy, and that, since it is clear from their own resolutions that this Bill will not satisfy them, there is no use in going on with it. The supporters of the Bill believe that the absence of facilities for obtaining a University education and a University degree while resident in a College belonging to their own Church is a genuine cause of dissatisfaction to the Irish Roman Catholic laity, and that, if this is removed, one main source of the exaggerated influence which the Irish Bishops possess in educational matters will be dried up.

Mr. LOWE'S announcement that the "gagging clauses" are not of the essence of the Bill was received with ironical cheers. The Opposition are so much in love with the meaning they have chosen to put on these clauses, that they refuse to believe that they could ever have been meant to bear any other. It may be doubted, however, whether even Mr. FAWCETT will maintain on further reflection that he would not retain his professorship for another hour unless he were allowed to give wilful offence to the religious convictions of his pupils. The truth is, that the restrictions involved in this clause and in the clause relating to examinations are tacitly imposed in every University which has students of different creeds. There is no reason to suppose that the Council of the proposed University will specially need to be reminded of them; but the Government naturally considered it of some importance, when dealing with suspicious and watchful adversaries—and for some time to come the Irish Bishops will be such—to give them no excuse for saying that the Roman Catholic religion is insulted in the University lecture-rooms, or that a belief in it weights a candidate unfairly in University examinations.

PROGRESS OF DISORDER IN SPAIN.

THE late King of SPAIN has by his abdication amply avenged himself for the fickleness and the insolence which had rendered his task intolerable. His retreat was consistent with personal prudence, if not with generosity or with heroism; but he may perhaps feel some compunction when he reflects that he is himself the only gainer by the change. The Republic which was proclaimed in sonorous phrases is regarded by its enemies and its most active friends as the equivalent of anarchy; and it would almost seem that Spanish society is in rapid process of dissolution. Even CASTELAR must begin to doubt whether the world can be governed by florid rhetoric. In concert with the other leaders of his party he had the courage to take possession of the Government at a moment when other parties were paralysed and helpless; and in the usual revolutionary fashion they assumed that all difficulties were overcome because the nominal change from a Monarchy to a Republic had been effected without civil war. With the tolerance and good humour of a successful faction in the moment of triumph the Republicans divided office with the Progressists, and they would have been willing for the present to continue the coalition; but the harmony which results from stupor only lasts for a day or two, and before a week had elapsed, the so-called Radicals were dismissed from office on the

demand of the rabble of Madrid. The Republican Government which remains is conscious that it retains the show of power subject to the pleasure of the mob. At the present time supreme authority has been ostensibly vested in the Cortes; but the majority which at first submitted to the Republican usurpation begins to recover courage, and a collision with the Government is imminent. FIGUERAS and his colleagues had resolved on the suspension of the sittings of the Assembly, and on the immediate convocation of a Constituent Cortes, three years after the date of the last Constitution. The members of the majority have resolved to reject the measure, and it remains to be seen whether the Ministers will, after going through the form of resignation, practically submit to a defeat. A Republic controlled by the professed enemies of the Republican system has been found temporarily possible in France, because supreme power is really vested in a PRESIDENT who commands general confidence. In Spain there is no THIERS, nor is the three weeks' old Republic theoretically provisional. It is difficult to understand how the Progressist majority of the Cortes can administer a Republic; and, on the other hand, a Republican Government will refuse to obey the majority. It seems inevitable that the contest should ultimately be decided either by the soldiery or by the mob. Without a leader, and without an armed force at its disposal, the Cortes and its President will be powerless. Of the composition or of the tendencies of a new Cortes it is impossible to form any confident anticipation. Within a year universal suffrage has given one majority to SAGASTA and the Conservatives, and another to ZORRILLA and the Progressists. It is possible that, under the administration of FIGUERAS and CASTELAR, the constituencies may prove to have become suddenly Republican; but the further doubt will remain which of the two Republics will be preferred.

The eventual substitution of military despotism for anarchy seems likely to be delayed in Spain by the dissolution of the army. The Republicans, when they were in opposition, denounced the conscription and all compulsory military service; and it now appears that they have succeeded in rendering the rank and file of the army thoroughly disaffected. An additional impulse to the mischievous spirit was given by the perverse policy of ZORRILLA and his Minister of War in their appointment of General HIDALGO to a command. HIDALGO had earned his rank by fostering a conspiracy of non-commissioned officers against their superiors; and his promotion was not unreasonably regarded by the officers of the Artillery as an insult. On their resignation of their commissions, the non-commissioned officers were appointed to the vacancies; and the same class in the Line are now demanding similar advancement. The officers of the army might be trusted to support the cause of order under the Republic, or under some other Government; but they now find themselves exposed to the menacing insubordination of their men, and desertion is becoming general. Like the Israelites of old, the Spaniards seem to assume that when there is no King in the land every man may do that which is right in his own eyes. The Government has done its best to promote disaffection in the army by ostentatiously distributing weapons among the dangerous classes of the community in the hope of providing the Republic with the means of defence against military conspiracies. The shopkeepers and other respectable inhabitants of Madrid are on their part arming and organizing themselves for the defence of their property against popular violence and spoliation. In several of the large towns and in some rural districts the rabble are denouncing the very existence of property; and many of the families which are threatened with plunder have already emigrated. Marshal SERRANO, though he is said to have offered his services to the Government, has thought it prudent to place his family in safety beyond the frontier. Any domestic inconvenience which he may suffer will have been amply deserved by the affront to King AMADEO which was thought to have been the immediate cause of his abdication. Marshal SERRANO is not known to have professed himself a Republican; but he can hardly contemplate the immediate re-establishment of royalty. The partisans of Don ALFONSO rested their hopes on the army, which is now thoroughly disorganized; and though they may perhaps have many supporters throughout Spain, the moderate part of the population will exercise little influence on affairs.

The Carlists are profiting with commendable activity by the disorganization of the unfortunate Republic. Although their successes are sedulously concealed by the official press of Madrid, and probably exaggerated by the Legitimist journals of Paris, there seems to be no doubt that the range of their operations has been largely extended. Their reported victory at Irun is contradicted, and it seems that they have not yet besieged Pampeluna; but they have active partisans in Barcelona itself. A sentimental proclamation of the Republican Commander-in-Chief will probably have raised their hopes of success; and they can have little to fear from soldiers of the regular army who insist on being accompanied or escorted by Republican volunteers. It is probable that respectable Spaniards who have not the smallest sympathy with the Carlist cause may prefer any Pretender to the supremacy of bloodthirsty Communists. There can be little doubt that the Northern peasants and shepherds, who form the Carlist army, are the manliest race in Spain, if not the most enlightened. They are for the present able to defend their own soil against the demoralized troops of the Republic; but it appears hardly possible that they should march as conquerors into districts where they would be foreigners. If the Federal Republic succeeds in splitting up the Spanish territory into petty States, there seems to be no reason why a Legitimist Monarchy should not establish itself in the North; but a disruption which would be inconsistent with all the tendencies of modern civilization is not likely to be lasting. The Duke of MADRID who calls himself CHARLES VII. might probably succeed in ascending the throne of his ancestors, if he possessed the qualities of a soldier or a statesman; but he has taken no part in the contest which has been long sustained in his name, and the proclamations which he has from time to time published show that he or his advisers think it practicable to re-establish the orthodox despotism of the sixteenth century.

The most serious danger which threatens the Republic is not from its enemies, but from its zealous partisans. A handful of declamatory theorists may have arrived at a disinterested conviction that pure democracy, relieved from the incumbrance of a Court, will tend to purity of government; but the fighting men and the most active section of the party desire, under cover of the Republic, to overthrow all existing institutions. The armed volunteers of liberty will never fight for the maintenance of order, and they will find it pleasanter to intimidate their wealthier neighbours than to expose themselves to the hardships of a campaign against the Carlists. Eventually the better classes will rally against oppression, and they will give power to some vigorous soldier who may have shown himself able to protect them. Even if the existing standing army disappears, anarchy will lead to fighting, and by a process of natural selection the troops which are most efficiently disciplined will ultimately prevail. At the beginning of the French Revolution many regiments rose against their officers, and during the Reign of Terror no regular troops were employed in the suppression of internal disturbances, but at last the whole country found itself at the mercy of a victorious commander. Even the sailors of the Spanish navy are beginning to mutiny in imitation of the army; and for the present the country seems exposed to the risk of being left without defence. There is fortunately no danger of foreign interference, but the domestic prospect is one of unmitigated gloom. The course of revolution is almost always downhill. The days of ISABELLA II., notwithstanding the corrupt and discreditable character of the Court, must now be remembered with regret as an irrecoverable golden age. The revolution which was undertaken by PRIM, SERRANO, and TOPETE proves to have been a blunder, though its consequences were not immediately visible. The elaborately democratic Constitution of 1869 has not produced the smallest beneficial result, and it is now about to be superseded by some newer experiment. It would have been well to retain Queen ISABELLA, and afterwards to make the most of King AMADEO. A year hence a vain regret may be felt for the discontinuance of CASTELAR'S eloquent discourses. With an impoverished Treasury and a mutinous army, the Republican Ministers will find themselves unable to conduct public business; and their places will probably be taken in the first instance by unscrupulous demagogues.

M. THIERS AND THE REPUBLIC.

IF M. THIERS had arranged matters with the express view of showing how indispensable it is that he should not be shut out from the tribune, they could not have fallen out better for his purpose. The debate on the Report of the Committee began on Thursday week, and by the following Tuesday he had been challenged to explain his position by four out of six sections of the Assembly. The Extreme Right and the Extreme Left knew how they were going to vote, but the

moderate men of both parties and the two Centres were in a state of utter confusion. The Right Centre had had time to get over the failure of the attempt to form a united monarchical party, and were consequently racked by doubts whether they had not yielded too much to M. THIERS. M. DUFAURE's speech on Saturday made everything straight with this section of the Chamber, but it did so at the cost of alienating the Left Centre. M. DUFAURE brought the Bordeaux Compact back to life, and as the Bordeaux Compact was understood to have been repudiated by the PRESIDENT in his Message at the beginning of the Session, its resurrection was accepted as involving a recantation of M. THIERS's declarations in favour of a Republic. It is true that M. DUFAURE reminded the Right that, whether they liked the fact or not, they were living under a Republic; that its effigy was stamped on their money; that the laws which they obeyed were promulgated in its name; that it had been as its agents that the Government had treated with all the Powers of the world. But he treated the question whether the provisional Republic should be succeeded by an established Republic or by a Monarchy as still open, and in this respect there was sufficient apparent contrast between his language and the language of the Message to confirm the fears of the Left Centre. On Saturday there was no time for their uneasiness to come to a head. The Assembly divided the same afternoon, and decided by 472 votes against 199 to go into Committee upon the Report. Between Saturday and Tuesday, however, M. RICARD and his friends seem to have determined that they could not continue to vote with the Government unless M. THIERS would clear up the uncertainty in which they had been left by M. DUFAURE. There was no room for a simple repetition of the tactics which were so successful on the occasion of M. DUFAURE's former speech. If M. THIERS merely delivered his Message over again, as he did before the Committee of Thirty, the gain of the Left Centre would at once be counterbalanced by the defection of the Right Centre. M. THIERS's object was to keep both in good humour, and when he left the tribune he had achieved what looked like an impossibility when he entered it. His speech was a masterpiece of Parliamentary skill. He began by making M. DUFAURE's words his own. The KEEPER of the SEALS had expressed the true sentiments of the Government. But the pressing questions which had been addressed to him made it necessary to add something to what M. DUFAURE had said. It was quite true that the Bordeaux Compact was still in force. That Compact found the Republic in being, and it imposed upon all parties the duty of maintaining it. It pledged the Executive to connive at no monarchical conspiracies. It pledged the Right not to abandon their preference for monarchical government, but to hold that preference in suspense so long as the Compact lasts. It pledged the Left not to treat the establishment of the Republic as something that might or might not come to pass, but simply to postpone the proclamation of it out of deference for the conscientious opinions of those of their fellow-countrymen who still prefer Monarchy. The ingenuity of this reasoning is really wonderful. The Left are conciliated by the frankest admission that it was a Republic that was entrusted to M. THIERS's keeping at Bordeaux, and that it is a Republic that he will have to restore intact to the country. Yet the Right cannot quarrel with this way of describing the facts, because it is admitted that they are free to accept or reject the Republic hereafter, and they have never claimed for themselves the right of attempting to overthrow it now. What did the Bordeaux Compact mean, M. THIERS says in effect, if it did not mean what I have told you? It did not purport to maintain an interregnum or period of absolute equilibrium between all forms of Government, for the Provisional Government voted by the Assembly at the same time that the Bordeaux Compact was entered into was christened the Republic. It certainly did not fix any date for a return to Monarchy, for it was called the truce between parties, and the Republican party would never have assented to a truce which was to become a Restoration by mere lapse of time. All it could have meant, therefore, was the maintenance of the Republic in the form in which it then legally existed. This is all that the Right can demand, for it leaves them unfettered as regards the future, and the very notion of a truce implies a certain abnegation of liberty of action as regards the present. It is all that the Left can demand, for it secures the maintenance of the Republic as long as the existing Assembly is in being, and when a dissolution comes they will be in a position to take care of themselves. In the division which immediately followed M. THIERS's speech the numbers were almost identical with those in the former division. But the effect of the speech is not to be measured by this fact alone. The tone of the Republican journals has become much more moderate since its delivery, and there is every chance that the party will continue as heretofore to draw a broad distinction between the majority which supports M. THIERS and M. THIERS himself.

Now that the effort to satisfy both parties has been made, and to all appearance made successfully, it may seem strange that M. THIERS should ever have had it in his mind not to make it. The Paris Correspondent of the *Times*, however, says positively that nothing but a remonstrance from Berlin prevented the PRESIDENT from proclaiming the Republic in a way which would have alienated the mass of the Right Centre, while securing him the united support of the Left. As matters have turned out, he has secured nearly the whole Right without alienating the Left, except in name, and we naturally wonder why he should have thought the other combination better. Two things, however, have to be remembered. In the first place, the work which M. THIERS had cut out for him when he entered the tribune on Tuesday was one of extraordinary difficulty, and while still in ignorance whether it would not prove beyond his power of performance, he might reasonably have preferred to take an easier and less ambitious course. To please all parties is the happiest lot that can befall a Minister, but it falls to the lot of so few that a man may be excused for not aiming at it except under the stress of imperious necessity. In the second place, it is by no means certain that M. THIERS would have been so successful had not the motives which determined his policy been known or suspected. The Left cannot feel any real hostility to a PRESIDENT who would have cast in his lot with them had it been compatible with his paramount duty of liberating France from the German army at the earliest possible moment. They might have distrusted his interpretation of the Bordeaux Compact if he had maintained that Compact of his own free choice; but as soon as it was understood to be forced upon him by considerations of the highest policy, the explanations by which he deprived it of significance were at once recognized as merely ingenious exercises in casuistry. The Right might have been less willing to put up with a distribution of parts which assigns to them a possible future, and to their opponents an actual present, if they had not known that even this concession had been extorted from M. THIERS against his will, and that their power over him depended wholly on the exigencies of foreign policy. The result of these composite influences will probably be to make M. THIERS once more the undisputed master of the Assembly. How long he will remain so must depend in some measure on the nature of the Bills which he has undertaken to bring forward. That these measures will be framed in a sense distasteful to the Republican party is highly improbable. Even the Right are beginning to acknowledge that the present Assembly cannot be kept in being when once the occupied territory is set free; and with a dissolution in prospect, M. THIERS will have every day less motive for gaining the goodwill of a majority which has so short a time to live. The construction of a Second Chamber will certainly be distasteful to the Left; but, with the example of all Europe before him, it will be strange if M. THIERS does not succeed in making it too powerless to provoke serious enmity.

RAILWAY PROPERTY.

SINCE the panic of 1866 railway property has not been exposed to so heavy and so sudden a decline in price as since the beginning of the present year. The fall is out of all proportion to the reduction in the intrinsic value of railway stocks, and those who have not been obliged to sell will probably soon recover the greater part of their nominal loss; but scarcely any department of industry has been so seriously affected by the high price of coal and by the general rise of wages. On some railways the additional cost of fuel for locomotive power has absorbed the whole of the dividend, and in almost every instance it has either reduced the dividend or rendered it stationary, notwithstanding a large increase of traffic. The London and North-Western Company, with an addition to its gross receipts as compared with the corresponding half-year of 1871 of 230,000*l.*, paid a quarter per cent. less dividend, the excess in the cost of locomotive fuel having amounted to almost exactly the same sum. The Great Western Company stands almost alone in the good fortune of paying an improved dividend, in consequence perhaps of the adoption during the past year of the narrow

gauge on the greater part of its system. The rise in the Lancashire and Yorkshire dividend is attributed to the division of profits which has been arranged with the London and North-Western Company, in anticipation of a Parliamentary amalgamation. If the statement is well founded, the allied Company must have suffered in proportion, and any one of its shareholders might enforce a reopening of the accounts by legal proceedings. Moderate fluctuations in the income of railway shareholders would scarcely deserve general attention, if the prosperity of the carrying trade were not intimately connected with the industrial and commercial condition of the country. The railway returns show, not that the amount and profit of business are declining, but that their expansion has been seriously checked. A portion of the increase in gross traffic returns represents the advance in the rates on goods which has been adopted on the principal railways, and nevertheless the percentage of increase is less than in 1871. In the current half-year the still higher price of coal will bear heavily both on the profits and on the traffic of railways, but it may be hoped that the other elements of increased working expenses have reached their highest point. An average rise during one year of fourteen per cent. in the cost of working railways would be alarming if it were likely to be repeated. In the majority of cases the additional expenses have absorbed the whole proceeds of the increased traffic. A continuation of the same process would induce the Companies to diminish the accommodation which is now for the most part liberally supplied.

The complaint that the increase of railway traffic, or of any other kind of business, is checked, affords a curious illustration of the confidence which is felt in the elasticity of the national resources. As the percentage of increase is calculated every year on a larger and larger amount, the maintenance of the same rate would imply that wealth and industry were growing in a geometrical ratio. There is no apparent reason why the demands of consumers should increase year by year, although production is naturally stimulated by previous prosperity. But for the unexpected rise in working expenses, railway dividends for the second half-year of 1872 would have been the highest ever known; and shareholders would have had no reason to be dissatisfied if they had afterwards remained for a time stationary. The recent fall in the price of shares proves, so far as it is not the result of irrational panic, that the market value had included an estimated rise in future dividends. It will generally be found that the ratio of the price of shares to the present return on the capital invested varies inversely with the amount of the dividend. Stock on which no dividend is paid is sometimes worth forty or fifty per cent., while a five per cent. stock is scarcely at par. Some capitalists on both a large and a small scale prefer more or less speculative investments to nominally fixed incomes which are liable to be reduced by a fall in the value of money. If the railways were purchased by the State, only a portion of the present holders of ordinary stock would be contented to accept the Government stocks which would be created for the purpose of the undertaking. Writers on political economy have often noticed the inconvenience which resulted in former times from the want of opportunities for investment in public funds. Similar embarrassments would be caused by a sudden curtailment of facilities for engaging in partially speculative undertakings. It is not the business of a Legislature to provide capitalists with employment for their funds; but in discussing the expediency of vesting the property of railways in the State, it might be worth while to consider that half the capital which now provides railway accommodation might be applied to other purposes if the owners were deprived of all prospect of an increase in the value of their property.

There is no doubt that, if the material progress of the country continues, the value of railway property will, with occasional variations, on the whole tend to advance. The uninterrupted experience of half a century, and the more rapid improvement of the last twenty years, had until lately created an almost universal impression that commercial and industrial prosperity grew by a kind of natural law. The great monetary disturbances which have recurred at intervals of eight or ten years affected the distribution of wealth rather than its accumulation. Manufactures have been occasionally checked because markets have been temporarily glutted; but, as soon as the obstruction was removed, the demand has invariably revived. The extreme depression of railway stock which lasted for three or four years after the crisis of 1866 was principally caused by various financial arrangements, and in some cases by premature prosecution of enterprises which might not be immediately remunerative. Almost all the larger Companies paid in the worst of times a dividend on their ordinary stock; and even when the fixed charges were not fully covered by the revenue, there was generally but a small margin of deficiency. As soon as traffic began to increase, the ordinary proprietors had reason to appreciate the advantage of arrangements under which they reaped the entire benefit of an income which might have afforded but a fractional dividend on the entire capital. The stock of the Great Western Company, which has a large proportion of preference stock, is, even after the recent decline, worth three times as much as in 1867. London and North-Western stock, with a similar increase of traffic, has in the same time risen about thirty per cent. The causes which at this moment have checked the prosperity of railways are more substantial, and may be more permanent, than the disturbances which formerly indicated administrative mismanagement. The wages which have been raised are not likely hereafter to be reduced; and the increase of the staff, which results from a diminution in the hours of work, will impose a permanent burden on the Companies. The danger which was apprehended by the acting Chairman at the London and North-Western meeting from the provisions of Mr. Fortescue's Railway Act is not that the total earnings of railways will be affected, but that some Companies may obtain an unjust advantage at the expense of their neighbours. There is no reason to doubt that a common interest will unite the more powerful Companies against interlopers who may seek to derive undue advantage from the provisions of the Bill. Compulsory through rates can only apply to traffic which is handed over from one Company to another; and litigious claimants will probably find, when they attempt to enforce the rate, that goods are forwarded in some other direction. Parliament would not be unwilling to remedy any practical injustice which might arise from a legislative miscarriage. It would be impolitic as well as iniquitous to discourage enterprise by depriving capital invested in railways of its due return; nor would there be any temptation to favour one competitor at the expense of another. Not a mile of railway in the kingdom has been constructed in expectation of a compulsory through rate with a neighbouring system; nor was any such arrangement contemplated in the Act of 1853, which is to be rendered effective by the institution of the new tribunal.

At nearly every railway meeting during the present year directors and shareholders have protested against the passenger tax, and more especially against the discontinuance of the partial exemption which was allowed in respect of Parliamentary trains. Under the existing law a Company is not liable to the tax on third-class passengers conveyed by a train which stops at every station. Within the last year the Companies have all, following the example of the Midland Company, attached third-class carriages to all their trains. A needy passenger can now travel from Edinburgh or Glasgow to London in ten or eleven hours, instead of wasting more than twice the time on the road. Unfortunately the Inland Revenue authorities have discovered that the improved accommodation deprives the Companies of the exemption from duty, and thus far the Chancellor of the Exchequer has not pledged himself to remove the flagrant anomaly. Ingenious official persons argue that the exemption was conceded on the assumption that third-class traffic would be unprofitable; and they plausibly conjecture that the recent liberality of the Companies is not exclusively prompted by pure benevolence. Sound policy would suggest that taxation should not be so adjusted as to discourage even an interested promotion of the public convenience. The whole of the passenger-tax is an anomaly, inasmuch as no corresponding tax is now imposed on any other kind of locomotion; and Mr. Laing will be fully justified in bringing, in accordance with his notice, the whole question before the House of Commons. Mr. Lowe is unluckily at all times indisposed to part with any item of revenue; and when he proposed two or three years ago to abolish the passenger-tax, he substituted a still more obnoxious burden on railways. He may perhaps feel a doubt whether the remission of the tax would lead to a reduction of fares at a time when Companies require additional funds to meet their working expenses. He may defend his possible obstinacy by referring to the fact that postmasters have not taken a penny off their charges since the abolition of the special duty on post-horses and carriages. Financiers seldom cultivate a passion for symmetry, except when the bed of Procrustes requires to be lengthened and not to be shortened.

DIFFICULTIES OF EUROPEAN GOVERNMENT.

AS the Madrid papers would say, "Tranquillity reigns" in Europe; and it is true that Europe generally is rather better off than Spain in this respect, and that the reign of tranquillity north of the Pyrenees means something rather better than a panic-stricken Government, disordered provinces, and interrupted communications. Yet the tranquillity reigning in Europe is so far like that reigning in Spain that in most parts of Europe it is a tranquillity under the surface of which many causes of anxiety exist. There is scarcely any portion of Europe in which those charged with the conduct of affairs do not feel that they have a heavy burden laid on them. Hope may largely prevail over apprehension, as it certainly does in England and Germany or Russia, and as it may perhaps be said to do even in France and Italy. Still every European State has its difficulties and dangers, and it is strange how very much the aspect of the difficulties and dangers is everywhere the same. We need not go into remote causes of anxiety, or into dangers lying much below the surface; for, although remote and hidden sources of danger, such as the apparent divergence of the interests of capital and labour, or the break-up of old faiths, or the too rapid acquisition of power by persons unfit to use it, are really of very great importance, yet practical statesmen are necessarily content to think of and attend to the dangers which actually press on them, and to provide as well as they can for each day as it passes without being very anxious about the future. The patent and superficial dangers of European Governments, which are everywhere more or less present, are the danger of debt, the danger of religious difference, and the danger of disintegration. We may use these three dangers as a test or standard of the position of each nation in turn, and ask how severely they are pressing, and how far one or two, or all three of them, are making themselves felt. In unhappy Spain all three are presenting themselves at the same time with alarming force. Spain has no money—owing much, and having no available resources; it is torn with a civil war based on religious differences; and it is being propelled in the direction of a Federal Republic. England has no cause of anxiety whatever with regard to money; it has a gigantic debt, but it is a debt which does not press at all in the sense in which the debts of struggling Continental nations press on them. Germany again is free from all pecuniary trouble, but then both Germany and England have the danger of religious differences and the danger of disintegration. They are dangers, in our own country, showing themselves in the mildest possible form, but with a Ministry trembling in the balance on a University Bill designed to compromise religious differences, and with a movement for Irish Home Rule which, if it does no further harm, may cause considerable disturbance in the machinery of party government, we cannot say that we are quite easy on the score of religious differences and of disintegration. Russia, on the other hand, is free from religious difficulties; for it has resorted with success to the simple process of stamping them out. But disintegration and debt are matters which the Russian Government has seriously to consider. Not that there is any but a slight danger to Russia from these sources, but still there is some. France again is exposed to all the three dangers. The new taxes will soon begin to press heavily, the South of France is always giving vague signs of a wish for something like separation, and the quarrel between the friends and the enemies of the Papacy is chiefly repressed by the memories of the recent war. France is a great and strong country full of resources, with a general addiction to centralization, and with many traditions and habits that would make it averse to a war for a religious idea. There is every hope that France will overcome its dangers, but France is in trouble just now because those dangers do press on it, while England and Russia are not in trouble because some of these dangers do not press at all on them, and the others press only very slightly.

It is in a large degree this solidarity, as the French would say, of European countries from being exposed to the same dangers, that contributes to each the chief source of interest in foreign politics. German politics are not, for example, as a rule, very interesting to Englishmen, nor have we much to do with the affairs of Austria. But the politics of Germany become of real importance to us when we find that the most stirring incident in them just now is the great quarrel between the State and the Church of Rome, which is reflected on a small scale in the collision of opinion that the current debate on the Irish University Bill brings to light; and the cry for Home Rule in Ireland is a sufficient inducement to watch the Austrian Reform Bill with attention. The three measures of the Prussian Government, which together formed its great battery against its clerical enemies, had to be delayed in their progress because it was ascertained that they contravened certain parts of the Prussian Constitution. The necessary amendments to the Constitution have now received the sanction of the Lower Chamber, and no apprehension exists as to the willingness of the Upper House, which is about to meet for the purpose, to adopt them with equal readiness. A Committee of the Lower Chamber has already busied itself with the details of the three Bills, and a steady and unvarying majority is sure to support them in that assembly, although there may not improbably be some attempt made in the Upper Chamber to modify them. Still it may be expected that they will pass without much alteration, and then Prince BISMARCK will have got all the means of combating the Ultramontanes which he has been able to devise. A Report has recently been issued showing that all the Jesuit establishments throughout the German Empire have been broken up, and a list has been published of those institutions which the authorities have decided are of a character too allied to that of the Jesuits to remain unmolested. So far, therefore, as the making and the enforcing of stringent laws will carry Prince BISMARCK, he may see his way to proceeding. But the difficulties which he and his friends will have to encounter are perhaps only beginning. We may leave out of consideration those wearisome disputes which the opposition of the priests will foment in every quarter of Prussia, the martyrdom which they will court and make the most of, the pitfalls which they will adroitly dig for their enemies when a harsh measure has to be applied in numberless small instances by minor officials. The Prussian Cabinet has braved the Ultramontanes, and of course has dared them to do their worst. But it is the peculiar annoyance of the religious difficulty that, whatever solution statesmen attempt to find for it, they always run the risk of alienating friends quite as much as they secure the hope of hurting their adversaries. The measures of the Government apply, of course, to Protestants as well as to Catholics; and the Pietist party among the Prussian Protestants, which is very powerful in high places, cries out that it is very hard that it should be placed under a new bondage to the State while it is thoroughly loyal simply because another religious body is supposed to be disloyal. Those, too, who approve theoretically of religious liberty in its extreme form, and want the Church and the State to be disunited, protest against measures which give a disciplinary power over the ministers of religion to laymen who may be utterly unconnected with their communion; while the advocates of complete free thought in the Universities feel an alarm which is not unreasonable at the proposal, forming part of the Ministerial scheme, to force every minister of religion to go through a University training. This might do the ministers of religion good, but it might do the Universities harm; for it is obvious that a pressure might easily be put on the Government not to force the future ministers of religion to have a University training and at the same time to let their training be of a kind which would shake or wound their religious belief.

The Austrian Reform Bill, which has this week been passed by the Lower House of the Reichsrath, is, it is scarcely necessary to say, a Bill for transferring the election of members of the Reichsrath from the Provincial Diets to the body of electors in the provinces. It substitutes direct for indirect election. It also involves a considerable change in the balance of political power by a redistribution of the number of deputies that the several provinces are to return. It is not necessary to enter into the reasons which have induced the Ministry to propose the Bill, so far as they are of a local character; but there are some of these reasons which are of a very wide application, and are well worth studying by those persons whose attention the Home Rule movement has attracted. Austria is a federation of provinces, each having a local Home Rule, and all combining to send persons to a Central Assembly controlling Imperial affairs. The Austrian Government finds that this state of things is very unsatisfactory. It seeks to get away from those disintegrating influences which Federalism fosters, and it does so in a very large degree because it finds that the Empire is sacrificed to its parts. The local Diets absorb the energy of the provinces, narrow their political horizon, and make them regard the whole of which they are supposed to be parts as something non-existent or inimical. If the Provincial Diets fairly represent the provinces, it might seem that the best chance of getting good deputies to the Central Assembly would be to let the Diets elect them. It is in this way that the Senate of the United States is elected, and the method

has been a success. But in Austria there is not enough coherence between the different provinces to make them look on any Central Assembly as superior to their own. The Provincial Diets consequently elect, in many instances, knots of representatives of the majority who go to Vienna to act together as a caucus or clique, to give as much trouble as possible, and, instead of helping to carry on the affairs of an Empire, to make Imperial always subordinate to provincial interests. The population of the provinces knows nothing about the Empire as a whole, and has no notion of Austrian policy or Austrian interests; the deputies of the Diets are only hardened in provincialism by their collision with the Central Government, and the Central Government has to expend its energies in bribing, or overpowering, or cajoling local cliques. A federation safe from external danger, like the United States or Switzerland, might, Austrian statesmen would allow, go on under such circumstances, but not an Empire such as the Austrian Empire must be, to exist at all. For such an Empire it is necessary that there should be something of an Imperialist feeling in the provinces, and therefore, they urge, there must be direct election, so that the humblest subjects of the Emperor may have it brought home to them that their Provincial Diet is by no means the only thing to be considered. Whether the remedy proposed in Austria will be adequate to the evil to be cured is very uncertain; but the dwarfing tendency of federalism, to the detriment not only of the higher forms of the body politic, but still more to that of the bulk of the people, who become absorbed in provincialism, is a point which the current history of Austria brings into strong relief.

MR. PLIMSOLL'S MOTION.

THE best excuse perhaps for the somewhat sensational tone of Mr. Plimsoll's book is that it has apparently answered its purpose. For some years past Mr. Plimsoll has been vainly endeavouring to obtain an inquiry into the loss of merchant ships at sea. He has more than once brought the subject before the House of Commons, but the shipowners were against him, and the Board of Trade could not think of countenancing such an unjustifiable interference with the liberty of the subject. Sir J. Pakington also took up the matter and moved for a Royal Commission; but still the House was cold and the Government hostile. Now, however, we find that everybody has suddenly become convinced that a searching inquiry is urgently required, and it would almost seem as if the only difficulty were how to make the inquiry searching enough to satisfy the impatient shipowners. What has happened to bring about this strange revulsion of opinion? Nothing that we know of except the publication of Mr. Plimsoll's extremely plainspoken book. The practices of which he complains have been carried on for years and years, and are sufficiently notorious. They are attested by the protests of seamen, the complaints of the underwriters, the official records of the Board of Trade, and by an overwhelming accumulation of other evidence from a great variety of independent sources. It may be doubted whether the Commission which is to be appointed will add very much to what is already known, but it will put the information into a more precise and authoritative form, and above all it will stir up public opinion, and so bring an amount of pressure to bear upon the Government which may perhaps compel it to take up the matter seriously. This is, in fact, what Mr. Plimsoll's book has already done to some extent. Whether legislation conceived and carried out under the influence of popular excitement is likely to be a good thing is another question. Mr. Plimsoll may at least plead that the timidity of the Government and the indifference of the House of Commons forced him to appeal to the public out of doors as the only chance of getting anything done, and that he has thus succeeded in obtaining what was previously denied him. The Government has agreed to Mr. Plimsoll's motion for a Commission of Inquiry, with some modifications. The subjects for inquiry will be, as stated by Mr. C. Fortescue, overloading, unseaworthiness—whether from defective construction, condition, equipment, or age—deck-loading, undermanning, and marine insurance; and the Commission is to report as to the best measures for remedying any evils which may be found to exist. Mr. Clay moved an amendment to the effect that the Commission should be empowered to take evidence on oath, but it was pointed out that this could only be done by passing a Bill, which would lead to delay, and that it would be more convenient to set the Commission to work as soon as possible. A sort of half promise was held out that, if the Commission, after it had made some preliminary inquiries, and had felt its ground, thought that power to administer oaths was necessary, the Government would bring in a Bill for that purpose, as well as for compelling the attendance of witnesses, and indemnifying them against the consequences of their disclosures. It must be tolerably obvious, however, that it is hardly worth while to appoint a Commission to go about collecting mere offhand volunteer evidence. If the inquiry is to be of any value, it should be searching and exhaustive, and the only way in which it can be made searching and exhaustive is by giving it ample judicial authority. If the whole affair is not to be an empty form, this will have to be done sooner or later, and it might therefore as well be done at once. The passing of a Bill would take only a week or two, and time would be saved hereafter.

We must confess that the hesitation of the Government with regard to evidence being taken on oath and to protecting witnesses, and the deprecatory remarks which were made as to following up what are called personal questions, inspire us with some misgivings as to the sincerity and thoroughness of the promised investigation. Mr. Plimsoll, if he is not on his guard, will perhaps find that his supposed victory is more nominal than real, and that the inquiry by a Commission is intended rather to screen than to disclose. Mr. C. Fortescue said it was not desirable, in his opinion, to have a semi-judicial inquisitorial investigation into the conduct or misconduct of individuals. Again, Mr. Peel, the Secretary of the Board of Trade, expressly desired the House to "observe that "this inquiry was not to be extended to the conduct of par-"ticular individuals," and he blamed Mr. Plimsoll for having imported personal charges into his book. In order to appreciate the bearing of these observations it is necessary to remember how matters now stand. Mr. Plimsoll asserts that there are certain shipowners who habitually send out crews to be drowned in unseaworthy ships, and that it is the homicidal cupidity of men of this class which causes a large proportion of the losses of life at sea. Now this is a very grave and even terrible charge. If Mr. Plimsoll has made it lightly, on the strength of mere rumour or loose hearsay evidence, he has done the men whom he denounces a grievous wrong. On the other hand, if he can prove his charge, he will, at some peril to himself, have rendered a most important service to the country. It is certainly not desirable that personal matters should be introduced into the discussion of public matters with which they have no sort of connexion; but here the personal matters are the very essence of the case. Mr. Plimsoll is not content with saying in general terms that there is criminal recklessness in sending out rotten or over-loaded vessels; he says that he knows, and that others know, who the men are who do these things, and he even goes very near to naming them. We have already expressed our opinion that, from one point of view, Mr. Plimsoll's book is not quite personal enough. In justice to shipowners against whom he has nothing to allege, as well as in justice to the accused persons, who are entitled to have an opportunity of defending themselves, he should, we think, have specified more clearly the particular "sinners" against whom his charges are directed. It appears that in one instance Mr. Plimsoll will have to defend himself against a criminal information for libel; but the investigation of charges of this kind ought not to be left absolutely at the choice of the accused. It seems to us that the propriety or impropriety of Mr. Plimsoll's charges really turns upon whether they are true; and how their truth is to be tested without going into the "conduct or misconduct of indi-"viduals," it is not easy to understand. What the Commissioners will have to do will be to inquire into the causes of shipwreck, whether such a ship was sound, or sufficiently manned, or properly laden; at every turn they will find themselves running their heads against personal questions. Are we to understand from Mr. C. Fortescue's explanation that it will be their duty, when this happens, immediately to stop short in their inquiry and look another way for fear they should hurt anybody's feelings? Mr. Fortescue remarked that there was no precedent for a Commission with power to summon witnesses and to take evidence on oath, "except where individual misconduct was directly at issue," as, for example, in the case of the Trade Unionists at Sheffield. We should have thought that the case of a shipowner who is charged with drowning five or six crews a year in the ordinary course of business comes very near to being something like "individual misconduct." When the Sheffield Commission was appointed the working-men complained that it was only against their class that such inquisitions were directed. The

Government will now have an opportunity of showing that no distinction is made between gentlemen shipowners and common sawgrinders when alleged criminal practices have to be investigated. Shipowners who do not send out rotten or overladen ships have no reason to resent a searching investigation; those who are suspected of being guilty in this way, but who are really innocent, cannot fail to welcome it. What is wanted is not a nicely balanced Commission of shipowners, shipbuilders, naval officers, and members of Parliament who will just skim over the surface of things and produce a vague report of a highly impersonal character, but a Commission of experienced and independent lawyers who may be trusted to get at the facts, and who will not be afraid of bringing anybody's misconduct to light.

It will be exceedingly unfair to the shipowners if, after all that has been said, the manner in which the inquiry is to be conducted does not inspire general confidence. It must be remembered that the PRESIDENT of the BOARD of TRADE has not ventured to quarrel with Mr. PLIMSOLL's statements. He corrects some of his figures, hints that in some points he may have been misled, but accepts the substance of the indictment as indisputable. Only, he says, let us keep clear of personal questions. Mr. FORTESCUE, like the American politician, is willing to go pretty strongly against wrong in the abstract:—

> But we mustn't be hard on partickler sins,
> Cuz then we get kickin' the people's own skins.

Except for what is called quasi-judicial purposes, there is really no reason for having a Commission at all. For all the purposes of practical legislation a sufficient body of evidence has already been collected. What is required is courage to act on it. There is a clause in the Act of 1871 which, though mild enough in itself, points in the right direction. It is thereby provided that every person who, having authority as owner or otherwise, sends a ship to sea in an unseaworthy state, so as to endanger the life of any person belonging to the same, shall be guilty of a misdemeanour, unless—and here the latter part of the clause proceeds to qualify and neutralize the first part—he proves that he used all reasonable means to make and keep the ship seaworthy and was ignorant of such unseaworthiness, or that her going to sea in an unseaworthy state was under the circumstances reasonable and unavoidable. It will be observed that the clause does not say whether the unseaworthiness includes the weight and stowing of the cargo as well as the condition of the ship, and the permission to send an unseaworthy ship to sea if the owner thinks it "reasonable" opens the door for anything and everything. There would be no difficulty in shaping a short, sharp, and simple clause of this kind which would really fasten responsibility on the owner for the loss of a ship. At present the system of insurance may well render the owner indifferent to the fate of the vessel, sometimes even rather desirous never to see it again. What is wanted is to find some means of making it better worth the while of an owner to keep his ships in a seaworthy condition than to send them to sea in an unsound or overladen state. A limitation of the amount of insurance is impracticable, since it could easily be evaded; but in some other way a penalty might be imposed for the loss of a ship, unless it could be shown to have been due to unavoidable causes. Merchant seamen, as Mr. FORTESCUE observed, are not a perfect race, and it would be dangerous to assume that they are invariably in the right when they question the soundness of a ship and refuse to go in her. It is obvious, however, that the statutory right of a common seaman to claim a survey at his own expense is simply a mockery of protection. It can hardly be doubted that deck loads should be placed under stringent regulations, and the proposal of the Institute of Naval Architects to mark on the side of each ship amidships the point at which a horizontal plane would cut off one-fourth of her internal capacity, as a guide on the question of loading, deserves at least careful consideration.

THE THREE RIGHT HONOURABLES.

THE present Government, as is well known, is a Government that must not be laughed at, and it may readily be conceived that at the present moment especially Ministers are by no means in the humour for a joke. Mr. GLADSTONE remarked at the Croydon dinner that it might perhaps occur to some of his hearers to speculate as to what sort of region the Government lived in; but he was probably not aware that at that very hour a large audience was laughing at an amusing picture of himself and some of his colleagues getting up a democratic revolution in the "Happy Land" of the fairies. Those who remember that a couple of years since the LORD CHAMBERLAIN directed that the slightest allusion to Mr. LOWE and the match-tax should be mercilessly excised from the pantomimes, must have been rather surprised to find that a few days ago a burlesque had been produced at one of the theatres, with the approval of that august but somewhat bewildering functionary, in which there were not only allusions to Ministers and their policy, but in which three members of the Government were actually introduced upon the stage, for the purpose of being chaffed and ridiculed. The three Right Honourables, it is true, were not named in the bill, but their dress, features, and demeanour, as imitated by the actors, left no doubt as to the personages with whom they were intended to be identified. The audience had no difficulty in discovering that the Privy Councillors who had come up to fairy land to try the experiment of popular government in a new sphere were no others than the PRIME MINISTER, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, and the FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS, and the reckless profanity of the audacious dramatists was even carried so far as to represent the solemn head of the Government being whirled about in a wild dance of French origin by scantily clothed fairies. The Ministers who thus invade cloudland in order to bestow on the fairies the blessings of the British Constitution at once set to work to establish a Government party and an Opposition, and to erect a Cabinet by competitive examination, places being assigned to the candidates who prove most conclusively their ignorance of the functions they undertake to discharge. One who innocently asks "What is a *ship?*" finds herself immediately installed at the Admiralty; another is appointed to be the guardian of art, as a reward for her arrogant and overbearing Philistinism. The result is of course that the peace of the aerial kingdom is soon at an end, everything is thrown into confusion, agitators brawl in the public ways, mutinous meetings are held, the mob obey only such laws as they please, and, while parsimony enfeebles the administration and defences of the country, the notorious pusillanimity of the Government provokes contempt and aggression. All this does not strike one as a very cutting or forcible satire. It is only a reproduction on the stage of what is said every day in some of the papers. Nor is it easy to assign a logical reason why a public man may be caricatured in *Punch* but not in a play. It would appear that in the first instance the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, when the manuscript of the piece was submitted to him, saw nothing in it to object to, for he sanctioned its performance; but it is probable that the copy on which he formed this judgment did not include the whole of the stage directions, especially as to costume, and speeches which may have seemed inoffensive enough in themselves would assume another complexion when it was known that they were delivered by actors disguised as members of the Government. After three or four performances the play was suddenly interdicted, and a lively discussion may be expected as to the authority of the LORD CHAMBERLAIN and the right of Mr. GLADSTONE to interfere with the amusements of his own flesh and blood.

In this case the LORD CHAMBERLAIN has certainly precedents to appeal to. Indeed the Act under which he exercises his authority was passed expressly with a view to prevent attacks on public men in the guise of comedy. Political allusions had been discovered in the *Beggar's Opera*, and FIELDING had even undertaken to bring Sir ROBERT WALPOLE and his colleagues personally on the stage. Some years ago Mr. SHIRLEY BROOKS was refused permission to dramatise *Coningsby*, and Mr. BUCKSTONE was forbidden to personate Lord JOHN RUSSELL, though the elder MATHEWS was allowed to imitate O'CONNELL. In one instance a play was sanctioned at the Coburg Theatre soon after GEORGE III.'s death, in which the old KING was represented as being borne up to heaven, while Queen CHARLOTTE, the PRINCE of WALES, SHERIDAN, FOX, and others figured in the course of the piece. This, however, must be regarded as one of those exceptions which prove the rule, and it may be assumed that no such piece would now be tolerated. Although the censorship has always been hostile to political satire on the stage, there is no reason to suppose that in this country the public has ever had much taste for anything of the kind. The difficulty in France and some other countries is to prevent audiences in times of excitement from attaching a political meaning to incidents and characters of a purely social kind, and more than one revolution has been associated with a dramatic success of this nature. Everybody knows the history of the *Marriage of Figaro* and what came of it. *Robert Macaire* lent an impulse to the spirit of contempt which overthrew LOUIS-PHILIPPE; and it is believed that the *Grand Duchess of Gerolstein* helped to drive Queen ISABELLA from the throne. It would be absurd, of course, to anticipate any such

consequences in our own country. It is conceivable that on the eve or in the midst of a general election, when any exciting question was under discussion, and party feeling ran high, appeals to public passions from the stage might not be without their effect; but they could hardly add much to the influence which is already exercised by the press. A Government strong in itself and in its policy has little to fear from lampoons or caricatures, whether printed or acted, and the weapons which are used by one side are open to the other. It is possible, however, that Mr. GLADSTONE does not number among his followers many who are adepts in this kind of warfare, and that his opponents would have the best, if not of the argument, at least of the jokes. The burlesque at the Court Theatre having been allowed to be produced, it may be doubted whether it was wise or prudent to come down upon it with a summary interdict, the result of which will certainly be to magnify the importance of a mere trifle of the hour, and to excite an amount of public curiosity which may possibly find some other means of gratifying itself. The *Happy Land* may still be performed at any theatre out of London, and even in London it is doubtful whether it might not be played at the music-halls with some slight modifications. On grounds of good taste we are disposed to think that such pieces are objectionable, but the enforcement of good taste in a democratic community by the exercise of the authority of the Government requires to be managed with a cautious and delicate hand.

CULPABLE LUXURY.

MR. W. R. GREG writes an article in this month's *Contemporary Review* in continuation of the controversy about the nobleman said by Mr. Goldwin Smith to consume the income of six hundred poor families. In his present remarks Mr. Greg passes with very little notice over the more technical part of the argument as to the truth of Mr. Mill's theorem that demand for commodities is not demand for labour. We shall follow his example, merely making one remark by way of explanation. Mr. Greg said in his last letter to the *Pall Mall Gazette* that we had interpreted a single ambiguous phrase used by him into a contradiction of the theorem in question. Our interpretation did not rest on any single passage, but on the whole line of argument adopted; and, if it were worth while continuing so technical a discussion, we should have to point out that the same error is involved in at least one sentence of the present article. The nobleman, says Mr. Greg, who lives in the height of luxury is to be "quietly conscious" that his expenditure enables "scores of families" to subsist in comfort. His expenditure, so far as it is an expenditure on luxury, does not enable a single family beyond his own to subsist at all; but we will not go again into a question on which we have already said enough, and which besides is fully discussed in all treatises on political economy.

We will come to a question of great importance now raised by Mr. Greg. He attacks Mr. Goldwin Smith by a retort. If the nobleman, he says, with 30,000*l.* a year is consuming the income of six hundred families, the gentleman with 3,000*l.* a year is consuming the income of sixty, and even the tradesman with 300*l.* a year the income of six families. Nay, the poor man who lights his pipe or drinks his dram is doing the same in a smaller degree. This, of course, is true; but it is very far from settling the question. It is obviously possible to maintain that a man is justified in consuming the income of sixty poor families, but not justified in consuming the income of six hundred. Indeed the doctrine is not only possible but plausible, and to some extent, we think, true. Our duty to our neighbour has its limits. Nobody would blame a man for attending to his own comforts rather than to his neighbour's up to a certain point, which it is of course impossible to define accurately. Nobody, that is, is a fitting object of disapproval because he does not carry his liberality to the extent of spending his whole income in promoting the welfare of others. But as his income increases, the objection to spending it all on his own enjoyment increases rapidly, and for a very obvious reason. An expenditure, we will say, of ten pounds on the private pleasures of a man who already spends 1,000*l.* a year adds far less to his comfort than an equal expenditure by a man who only spends 100*l.* a year. As a poor man grows rich, he can employ successive increments of income, first, on securing advantages which are almost necessaries—on objects, that is, which directly contribute to his health and strength; secondly, on objects which may partly be called luxuries, but which still add very materially to his happiness; and, finally, when he becomes very rich, he finds very great difficulty in spending it on himself at all. A man, though ten times a millionaire, has only a limited number of faculties to gratify. When he has secured good air, good food, and good clothing and lodging—when he has bought as many books as he can read, as many horses as he can ride, and as many houses as he can inhabit—when he has obtained full means of satisfying every want to which he is sensible, it becomes exceedingly difficult to spend money in any way calculated to give himself pleasure. Hence it is plain that it may really involve less sacrifice for a man of 100,000*l.* a year to give away half his income than for a man of 1,000*l.* a year to give away a tenth. The first is only depriving himself of means which by no possible exercise of ingenuity can be made to contribute very decidedly to his comfort. The other is compelled to pare off many luxuries the absence of which he would feel most sensibly. It is a difficult problem, on which we have sometimes reflected, how large an income a reasonable man should wish to possess—assuming, of course, that he spends it on himself. Beyond a certain point an increase of wealth is a burden instead of a pleasure; and a man becomes a slave to his own magnificence. And hence it is obvious that Mr. Greg's dilemma is merely verbal. If we do not bid a man of 3,000*l.* a year to give away as large a proportion of his income as a man of 30,000*l.* a year, it is simply because the sacrifice in the first case would be enormously greater than the sacrifice in the second. A peasant who cultivates a few flowers is as objectionable, says Mr. Greg, as a nobleman who keeps the biggest of parks and gardens, because his objection to the last is "evidently based on the assumption that all land ought to be devoted to growing food, at least till every one has food enough." We certainly do not make that assumption; but there is clearly a great moral difference between a man who cheers his dismal life by half-a-dozen dahlias and a nobleman who keeps up vast gardens through which he has hardly time even to walk. Both, it may be, sacrifice their neighbours to themselves; the man who might add a few potatoes to the dinner of a pauper, and the man who might give allotments to a parish. But one only sacrifices his neighbour in a degree which is necessary if we do not insist on everybody coming up to the ideal standard of the purest saint; and the other may be sacrificing the comfort of a district for a pleasure which occupies a scarcely perceptible corner of his time. There is a real difference between a labourer who takes the biggest slice of meat for himself and the man who puts everybody else on bread and water that he may drink champagne. From this point of view there would be nothing absurd—though of course there are abundant reasons against it of a different kind—in fixing a limit to the income which anybody might enjoy. It would be an intelligible proposition that, after a man has spent, say, 10,000*l.* a year on himself, every subsequent addition of income adds so incomparably less to his comfort than it would to the comfort of his neighbours, that he ought to give it away.

We do not, of course, hold this doctrine, any more than we hold any other form of communism. Amongst many conclusive reasons, there is the ordinary objection to gratuitous charity. To say that a man ought to give away large sums of money is generally to say that he ought to demoralize a district; but besides this, there is the strongest objection to making any such matter a question either of law or of strict morality. For reasons which we certainly need not discuss, we fully agree to the importance of preserving a strong sense of the sacredness of private property; and we should therefore think it preposterous to the last degree either to make a law regulating the amount of income which a man may enjoy, or even to fix a rigid moral standard prescribing the proper amount of charity. A man who spends his money in a manner not demoralizing to his neighbours should be exempt from any distinct censure, because otherwise we begin to infringe upon his private rights. In fact, it would be necessary, in order to lay down any definite principle, to decide in what degree a man may prefer his own interests to his neighbours; and we know of no method of calculating that delicate problem. All this, however, is merely saying that the duty incumbent upon a rich man is one of imperfect obligation. He ought to be liberal and generous, but the very essence of generosity is destroyed when you lay down the precise amount of generosity which is to be exacted under penalty of disapproval.

Indefinite, however, as the duty may be, and ought to be, it is not the less binding. We cannot say, you must give away so much according to an accurate sliding-scale, which increases in a greater ratio than the increase of your income; but we may fairly say, every man is under greater obligations to be liberal in proportion as he grows richer, because the sacrifice demanded from him becomes smaller. In fact, this is simply the true conservative doctrine. The formula adopted by Mr. Goldwin Smith has a rather invidious sound, but it contains an element of truth which we should think that Mr. Greg would not deny. Yet, implicitly, he seems to give some countenance to a dangerous doctrine. He says that a nobleman ought to have a quiet conscience when he has spent everything upon himself. He is enabling a number of families to subsist in comfort, and has thus done a great deal of good to others, whilst simply attending to his own interest. No one, whether nobleman or shopkeeper, ought to lay such a flattering unction to his soul. Suppose, in fact, that all English nobles or American millionaires acted on Mr. Greg's principles; that they considered that they had discharged the whole duty of man when they had bought pictures, built houses, preserved game, and attended horse-races. Is it not plain, without much argument, that we should be on the high road to a revolution, were it not that a very large number of noblemen take a very much higher view of their duty? Fortunately for the class and for the country, such men think that they are bound to employ their great revenues and vast influence for rather nobler purposes—for promoting education, building churches, improving labourers' cottages, or encouraging schemes of public interest. Great wealth raises a man above the necessity of contributing by direct personal labour to the satisfactory working of the machinery by which the business of the country is carried on; but it therefore brings with it the duty of devoting

part, though an indefinite part, of his wealth and influence to the public good. Giving away money in direct charity is, of course, the least desirable mode of expenditure; but there are other alternatives between spending it all on yourself and giving it away to beggars. The case is, of course, just the same in America. A rich man who founds a University, like Mr. Cornell, has behaved in a way which deserves the very highest praise. It would be absurd to say that everybody who is equally rich is bound to found Universities or analogous institutions; but we may safely say that the social condition of America will be healthy in proportion to the number of men who approximate to Mr. Cornell's standard, and unhealthy in proportion to the number who think that they have done their duty when they have built fine houses in New York and filled them with every refinement of luxury. The question whether gross corruption is to become the ruling power in the States or a sound public spirit to be generated in its place depends in no small degree upon whether rich men do or do not take a loftier view of their duty than Mr. Greg would exact. How to spend large sums of money for public purposes without doing more harm than good is indeed a very difficult problem; but it is not insoluble, and it is of vital importance to the welfare of society that a satisfactory solution should be obtained. That, again, can only be done if rich men are compelled to study the question by a strong sense of duty.

Other classes, Mr. Greg will say, have the same or correlative duties. Undoubtedly this is true and most important. The citizen's duty, for example, is to do his work in the most thorough and conscientious manner; and it is a duty which he is at least as much inclined to forget as the rich man to forget the duties of his station. But that is the very point. Mr. Greg very properly says that an increase of wages is of little use if the labourer drinks the balance which remains to him. But if a rich man is told that he may fairly spend all his money on himself, the poor man will of course learn the same lesson, if indeed he has not learnt it already. You are perfectly right, says Mr. Greg, to the millionaire, if you spend your whole income on fine houses and pictures. Very well, replies the poor man, then I am quite right if I spend my whole income on gin and tobacco. If the rich man's luxury is venial, why not the poor man's? Mr. Greg seems to say that both are right. We should assert that they are both wrong. The poor man ought to spend his money in the way most likely to conduce to his own welfare and that of the public. As a general rule, that will be by getting his own family decently fed, clothed, and housed, and by having his children sent to good schools. The rich man is bound, we will say, to discharge the same duty. Before he attends to anything else let him see that his family are fitted in every respect to take their stations as thoroughly cultivated members of society, and let him think more of himself and them than of any other human beings. But when he has done all this and spent a few thousands a year in the process, what is he to do with the surplus? Is he to go on perfectly content so long as he can devise new pleasures by taxing his ingenuity to the utmost? Surely it is plain that he has another duty, which hardly exists at all, or only in a most rudimentary state, for his poorer neighbour. He has the means of exerting an enormous influence for good or for evil upon society at large, and especially upon his immediate surroundings. We do not prescribe, and we agree that it is impossible to prescribe, how much influence he should exert or in what ways. But we may safely say that he is bound to take a large and generous view of his position. If he comes to the conclusion that the highest duty of a rich man is to shoot birds, he ought not to be legally punished; but he is certainly encouraging some of the worst evils which threaten society. If he thinks that he should use his superfluous means towards promoting the civilization of the masses, he may be doing much to provide a final remedy for social ills, and it is absurd to say that no duty is incumbent upon him under the circumstances. We do not say that a different code of morality should be enacted for the rich and the poor, but we do assert that the same code prescribes very different lines of action to the man who can gratify all ordinary wants, and still possess a great surplus of pecuniary power, and to the man who can at most provide himself with necessaries, and with just enough luxuries to raise him from the barbarous stage to be more or less of an intellectual being. Luxury, in short, is permissible so long as it tends to elevate a man by awakening the perceptions which are necessarily deadened under the pressure of a hard struggle for existence. It becomes questionable when it means weakening the moral fibre by a painful search after new pleasures. That perhaps is the nearest approach to a test of the degree in which purely personal expenditure is desirable. The real justification of all expenditure on private pleasures is the absolute necessity of keeping up a class with leisure for thorough intellectual cultivation, if we are not all to sink to the level of mere eating and drinking animals. Thus a man who spends money on himself is really contributing essentially to the welfare of society. But the highest standard of culture is reached long before the highest standard of wealth. A man with ten thousand a year is at least as highly cultivated on an average as the man with fifty thousand; and therefore the justification of profuse personal expenditure diminishes rapidly as wealth increases beyond a certain level. And hence it is no paradox to say that you may consume the income of sixty, but that you ought not to consume the income of six hundred, families. In one case the expenditure produces a sufficient return in the shape of a thoroughly trained and intelligent family, which is an important factor in the national life; in the other a much greater expenditure produces no more. A man may be justified in spending the income of six families to procure a University education for his son; but not in order to shoot a few more pheasants.

SILCHESTER.

THE Britain which our forefathers turned into England has, for the most part, to be looked for below the ground. That so it should be was one of the necessary results of the means by which that great change was made. At first sight it might seem as if the phenomena of our own country in this respect differed but little from the phenomena of other countries. Take for example the city which, of all the cities of Northern Europe, is richest in vestiges of Roman dominion. Rich as Trier still is in its remains above ground, its amphitheatre, its basilica, its palace, and the mighty pile of its *Porta Nigra*, there can be no doubt that far more extensive remains of Augusta Trevirorum lurk below. The vaults, the pavements, which are hidden under the mediæval and modern houses must be endless. But this is what always happens in a town which has never ceased to be inhabited. Nothing is so lasting as a street; nothing is so little lasting as the particular houses of which the street is made up. In Exeter, for instance, one of the few towns in England which have been continuously inhabited since Roman days, there are few houses even of mediæval date, but the main lines of the Roman city are there as plain as ever. Not a fragment, to the best of our knowledge, of the Damnonian Isca is standing above ground, but we should be surprised if there is not a good deal of it to be still found underneath. In cases like these the city is destroyed by the fact of its being preserved. It perishes piecemeal, because there was no moment when it was utterly swept away. Now on the Continent, as a rule, the Roman cities have been continuously inhabited down to our own time; in Italy, Gaul, and Spain the Roman life has never wholly died out. If therefore the Roman remains in those countries are on the whole much more scanty than we should have looked for, it is chiefly because they have perished through the wear and tear of ages; mediæval buildings gradually supplanted those of Roman date, as modern buildings are gradually supplanting those of mediæval date. The exceptions are to be found in those parts of the Continent where the circumstances were nearly the same as in our own island, in those border lands of Germany, Gaul, and Italy where the Teutonic conquest or reconquest trod out the remains of Roman life almost as thoroughly as it did in Britain. But, comparing the Continent in general with our own island, especially comparing that land of Gaul which it is most natural to compare with our own island, we find one main distinction to be, that in Gaul, as a rule, the Roman towns have been continuously inhabited, while in Britain, as a rule, they have not. We cannot in every place pronounce dogmatically. We know that Exeter, as not having been conquered by the English till after their conversion, has never ceased to be inhabited. But we know also that Chester, Bath, and Cambridge stood desolate for several centuries, and we know that Anderida has stood desolate till our own time. On the other hand, if Canterbury, York, London, and Lincoln ever stood desolate, the time of their desolation could not have been very long. But the point is that, in marked contrast to the Continental rule, a great number of the Roman cities of Britain were utterly wasted, and that many of them have never been rebuilt. Parts of some sites have been occupied by small villages; other sites stand altogether waste; of some Roman settlements it is even hard to find the site at all. The cases where a Roman town still exists as a considerable English town can hardly be the majority. Those which can be shown to have been uninterruptedly inhabited are a very small minority indeed. In France and Aquitaine, on the other hand, in utter contrast to Britain, the chief Roman towns still remain the chief towns in our own day. In Aquitaine and Provence they even commonly retain their names of Roman or earlier date, not forgetting that the still surviving names of Massalia and Antipolis carry us back to a state of things to which Britain has no parallel at all.

Now this utter destruction of the Roman cities, the desolation of so many of their sites down to our own day, is the most speaking witness of the wasting and exterminating character of the English Conquest. The fact that we know so little about it, the yawning gap between Roman and English history in Britain, a gap which has no parallel in Continental lands, teaches us better than anything else what was the real nature of the settlement made by our forefathers. It is a striking fact that no ornamental Roman building is to be found standing up in Britain. Not a single Roman column remains in its place throughout the whole land. This is not the mere work of time. To say nothing of Egyptian remains, Greece, Italy, and Sicily still keep abundant remains of Hellenic antiquity; it is owing to a mere accident of modern warfare that the Parthenon itself does not remain as perfect as when the Slayer of the Bulgarians paid his thanksgiving within its walls. It is because Britain was overrun by an enemy far more destructive than the Goth, the Frank, or the Turk himself. It is a speaking fact that of what must have been one of the greatest Roman cities of Britain we have absolutely no history whatever. Antiquaries are, we believe, now pretty well agreed that Silchester is the Roman Calleva Atrebatum—in Gaul the place might have been called Arras and its district Artois—and it is so marked in

Dr. Guest's map. But this is merely a geographical and not an historical fact. Calleva is simply a name in the Itineraries; nothing that ever we heard of is recorded to have happened there. Nor do we add very much to our knowledge if we conceive Silchester to have been Caer Segeint of the so-called Nennius; for this one fact, that the elder Constantius was buried somewhere in those parts, can hardly be true, seeing that he died at York. Of the origin of the city we have no account; nor have we, as we have in the case of Anderida, Bath, and other cities, any statement, or even any direct clue, as to the time of its destruction. That we know nothing of its origin is most likely owing to the fact that Calleva seems to have been more of a city and less of a fortress than most of the Roman settlements in Britain. Its polygonal form, which it shares with Durolipons or Godmanchester, stands in marked contrast to the quadrangular form of the camp, and suggests that it arose out of an earlier British settlement rather than out of a purely military post. As to the time of its destruction, it is plain from the discovery of coins of Honorius and Arcadius that the site was occupied as long as the Roman occupation of Britain lasted. The general indications which have been followed by Dr. Guest in tracing out his maps lead us to set it down as having been in English occupation—and English occupation just then was the same thing as destruction—before the great check which the English arms received at the hand of Arthur in 520. The destroyers therefore were Cerdic and Cynric, but we have no such notice of its overthrow as we get in Henry of Huntingdon, and even in the Chronicles, of the overthrow of Anderida at the hands of Ælle and Cissa. The whole history of the site is shrouded in darkness, but it is darkness more instructive than any amount of light.

The place is easy of access, lying from three to four miles from the Mortimer Station of the branch of the Great Western Railway between Reading and Basingstoke. The French name of Mortimer, coming between the two Teutonic tribe names of the Rædingas and the Basingas, and being itself the point of starting for the old Roman city, gives us a lesson in British nomenclature. As usual, the Roman, the Englishman, and the Norman have all left their mark; the Briton alone is utterly wiped out. When we reach the spot, the first feeling is perhaps one of disappointment; the walls do not stand out in the same stately sort as the walls of Anderida, the walls which stood as they stand now when William landed beneath them. We doubt if there is any place in the whole circuit where the outer surface has not been thoroughly picked away. In a country where stone is precious, Silchester walls and Reading Abbey church have alike been found useful as quarries. The wall is there in its whole extent, save where the gates have utterly perished, whether as part of the special work of the first conquerors, or because they supplied a tempting store of good stones in after-times. The wall is there, but it is often sadly broken down; in some places it has to be traced. Nowhere is its Roman character so forced upon the eye as it is at Anderida, and in the smaller fragments at York and Lincoln. But, when we get within the enclosure, utterly unoccupied except by a small church and a single farmhouse in one corner, our feeling is that of amazement at its vast extent. A glance shows that it is far larger than Anderida, than Deva, than Isca, than the original military posts of Lindum and Eboracum. The two largest diameters of the irregular polygon are, one rather more and one rather less, than half a mile. And when we come to examine the treasures below ground which have been brought to light by the zealous care of Mr. Joyce, we find that Silchester is indeed one of the great spots of our island. The excavations have as yet been carried over only a small part of the enclosure, but the foundations of a vast number of public and private buildings have been brought to light. In some cases it is plain that changes took place while the city was still inhabited. An ingenious conjecture has found a name and a probable use for everything that has been brought to light. We cannot enter into all of these; but two buildings of extraordinary interest must be spoken of. The excavations of the Forum, which seems to be almost perfectly made out, have brought to light the unmistakable foundations of a gigantic basilica. The foundations of the two rows of columns are there, and here and there fragments of the columns themselves, with noble Corinthian capitals, have been brought to light. They doubtless supported entablatures; there is no reason to think that the great invention of Spálato, the germ of all later architecture, had been forestalled at Calleva Atrebatum. The internal arrangement of the basilica must have been awkward as compared with that of the ecclesiastical basilicas at Ravenna and elsewhere. In these the semicircle of the apse continues on either side the lines formed by the two ranges of columns. At Silchester it is otherwise. Here the semicircle is greater than a semicircle would be which continued the ranges of columns, so that the ends of the columns, the two ranges of which seem to an ecclesiastical eye to stand strangely near together, must have abutted upon the chord of the semicircle, so as to throw the two ends of the apse itself into obscurity. Any one who remembers Torcello or Classis will feel how utterly the effect of the apse must have been ruined by such a ground plan. Still, though the perfection of the basilican arrangement was not reached all at once, yet the building of Silchester must at least have shown two noble ranges of columns; and it is something to trace, and that on our own soil, the gradual development of the type which is in truth the germ of all ecclesiastical architecture. In the visitors' book at Silchester we marked the name of Mr. James Fergusson more than once. Is it possible that even his craze can make him believe that, in the island, almost even in the neighbourhood, where these noble colonnades have been reared, even a Celt could be so perverse as to go back and build the rude masses of Stonehenge?

Another most remarkable discovery is that of a round temple. Two circular foundations, one within the other, may be clearly seen. It did flash across our mind for a moment whether these could be the foundations of a Christian church, a British St. Vital; for it must not be forgotten that a city which formed a part of the Empire of Honorius could hardly have been without Christian buildings. The absence of the projecting sanctuary is not absolutely conclusive against the possibility of its Christian use; still it is perhaps safer to set it down as a pagan building. It must be remembered that, if it were Christian, the outer circle of foundation would be for a wall, and the inner one for columns; while in a pagan building it would be the other way.

But one relic has been found at Silchester the interest of which, in a certain point of view, is beyond all others. Among the ruins of one of the houses, which had plainly been destroyed by fire, stowed away, it would seem, with care in a secret place, was a legionary eagle, broken away from its stem. This fact would seem to show that the Britons who withstood Cerdic and Cynric still so far looked upon themselves as Romans as to bear the ensign of Marius in their wars, and still to look on it as a sacred thing, which they strove by every means to keep from falling into the hands of the invaders. Such a piece of detail as this brings before us at once the unbroken march of history and the strange ups and downs along which that march has to be traced. We are all used to pictures of the landing of Cæsar, with the eagle brandished before the eyes of the astonished Britons. We have never seen a picture of the Briton keeping the ensigns which had been handed on to him by the conqueror who was also his teacher, and hiding them out of the sight of the conqueror who must have been not his teacher but destroyer. Yet it is the latter scene which most concerns us. It is because Silchester and places like Silchester were left waste without inhabitants—because those who dwelled in them were cut off by the sword or driven to save their lives in remote corners of Britain, perhaps of Gaul—because for a hundred years the faith of Christ was wiped out before the faith of Woden—it is because of all this that Britain has not been as Gaul and Spain, but that we still keep the laws and the tongue which we brought from the mouths of the Elbe and the Eider. Calleva and its people were swept away that the Rædingas and the Basingas might grow up as purely English settlements on the conquered soil.

DEPUTATIONS TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

THE unwearied energy displayed by the Archbishop of Canterbury in receiving all sorts of deputations is no doubt a gratifying proof of his Grace's restored health, but still it may not be wholly superfluous to suggest that a little more discrimination might with advantage be shown in making choice of the deputations to be received. It is not three months since we were led to comment on the visit of the Lord's Day Rest Association to Lambeth Palace, and on Monday last they again waited on the Archbishop, having in the meantime—to do them justice—abandoned some, if not all, of the strange proposals to which he was then induced to accede. Whether the intended meeting at the Lambeth Baths ever came off we are not aware, but the notable plan of the Archbishop and the friends of the Society taking a Sunday walk along the New Cut and "improving the time by talk," as the hymn expresses it, has been definitively given up. Nor have we heard any more of the still more startling suggestion that a Sunday should be fixed early in the year—February 16 was the day named—for discharging a general broadside of Sabbatarian discourses from the pulpits of the Established Church and all the various denominations; this scheme, we may therefore hope, has been also abandoned, probably from the practical impossibility of carrying it out, to the considerable relief both of preachers and congregations. A subsequent proposal that the Bishop of London should make a journey to St. Paul's on foot in order to preach against Sunday cab-driving appears to have similarly collapsed. The remarks of the Archbishop on Monday last were temperate and sensible enough, and the effect of the Evening Hymn, sung by an assemblage of Lambeth tradesmen, led by Mrs. Tait and the Misses Tait, may be presumed to have been very impressive; though the closing remark attributed to his Grace, that "the noble old palace had never been put to so excellent a use before," will perhaps sound to those who are not members of the Sunday Rest Association just a little enthusiastic. It is, however, of another deputation which the Archbishop received on Tuesday last that we chiefly propose to speak here. The Sunday Rest Association has at least a laudable object, and if it is not conspicuous for the wisdom of the serpent, it may claim a large share of the innocence of the dove. But we are by no means prepared to bestow even the same qualified eulogy on the mysterious and anonymous Society which has been for the last thirty years and more sedulously employed in burrowing under the foundations of a great constitutional principle, affecting alike the social, the civil, and the religious interests of the nation. We have so frequently had occasion to expose the hollow professions, the slippery logic, and the reckless assertions of the advocates of what has been not inappropriately termed "the Bill

for abolishing Sisters-in-law," that it may seem almost a work of supererogation to waste any more words upon them. But there is a good deal of point in the advice of Giles Hoggot to Mr. Crawley, "it's dogged as does it," and if dogged pertinacity in reiterating a thousand times what has been a thousand times refuted was ever calculated to produce an impression by mere force of perpetual repetition, it cannot be denied that the arguments for legalizing what are happily still regarded in this country as incestuous unions possess that element of success. Whether it is seemly or discreet for four thousand Dissenting ministers to constitute themselves the apostles of this most unsavoury crusade we shall not stay to inquire here. But it was, to say the least, very unfortunate that the Archbishop should have consented to receive a deputation from them, and we certainly incline to think that Lambeth Palace has seldom been put to a more incongruous use than on this occasion. Nonconformist ministers are of course at liberty to hold their own opinions on the subject, but an Archbishop of Canterbury might have been expected to remember that the table of forbidden degrees printed in every Prayer-Book includes the prohibitions which it was the object of these gentlemen to claim his assistance in removing. And even if he were disposed, as he does not avow, to agree with them in the abstract, and if there were—as there happily is not—the slightest reason for supposing that his support would carry Sir T. Chambers's Bill through the House of Lords, it would still not have been his business to come forward as the advocate of a measure which probably nine-tenths of the clergy and a clear majority of the laity of the Church over which he presides believe to be not only pregnant with the gravest social evils, but directly repugnant to the teachings of Scripture. On the latter point we shall not enter here. The objections to the Bill are overwhelmingly conclusive, quite apart from its religious demerits, and even if it could be shown to be, like polygamy, in entire accordance with the Jewish law, that would be no adequate justification for sanctioning either by the law of England. The reports which have appeared of the speeches of the Dissenting deputation at Lambeth on Tuesday are too brief to give anything but a very general idea of the kind of arguments employed. But the little that is told us is quite enough to show that the usual tactics of the party have not in this instance been forgotten. And, at the risk of repeating facts which to many of our readers must by this time have become wearisomely familiar, we shall once more expose the true nature of the reasoning to which the Archbishop promised to give his "most serious consideration," and which has induced him to take charge of the Dissenting ministers' petition to the House of Lords in favour of the Common Serjeant's Bill.

The principal members of the deputation were Dr. Binney, the Revs. W. Tyler and F. Schandhorst, who represented the Congregationalists; Dr. Vance Smith, from the Unitarians; the Revs. J. L. Witherington, J. Shrewsbury, and E. Workman representing different sections of the Wesleyans, and Mr. Heywood, who headed the deputation. The report of Mr. Heywood's speech is very short, but it embodies most of the leading fallacies which invariably crop out in the monotonous oratory of his associates. "He thought the House of Lords, with the increasing majorities with which the Bill was annually passed in the House of Commons, would ultimately give way to public opinion." To which it must be replied, that of the three assertions contained or implied in this statement every one is directly at issue with the facts. The Bill was neither passed nor introduced annually at all before 1869, and, with one exception, the divisions from 1869 to 1873 have exhibited a constantly decreasing majority in its favour in the House of Commons, though for the last three years a push has been made to smuggle it through the House at the very beginning of the Session before the Scotch and Irish members, who are known to be almost unanimously opposed to it, have come up to town. In 1869 the second reading passed by a majority of 99, but the Bill was withdrawn in Committee; in 1870 the majority had sunk to 70, and in 1871 to 41. Last year it rose to 48, and this year it has again fallen to 39. And, lastly, there is not only no ground for assuming that public opinion is in favour of the Bill, but there is the clearest evidence of this purely factitious agitation being kept up, as it was originally created, by the restless machinations of a small and wealthy clique, whose pretext of relieving the poor from a heavy burden is demonstrably a transparent disguise for their desire to cover by a retrospective Act their own deliberate breach of the existing law. The Commission of 1847, got up and conducted by friends of the proposed innovation, could only discover forty cases of such unions among the poor, while in two large London parishes the most careful scrutiny only detected two. Nor is Mr. Heywood more happy in his implied reproach of the House of Lords for systematically opposing itself in this matter to the verdict of the House of Commons. This is again a favourite topic with the agitators, and at the Indignation Meeting held in February 1871 at St. James's Hall, under Mr. Chambers's auspices, it was proposed by the chairman to facilitate the passing of the measure by ejecting the bishops from the Upper House, while Mr. Odger more consistently advocated its total abolition. What are the facts? The Bill made its first appearance in Parliament in 1842, when leave to bring it in was refused by a majority of 23. On its next appearance in 1849, the second reading passed the Commons by a majority of 34, but the Bill fell through in Committee. The same fate overtook it in 1855, after it had been carried by a majority of 7 only; but it had meanwhile passed the Commons in 1850 by a majority of 52, and then for the first time made its way into the Upper House, where it was withdrawn without coming to a division. In 1858 it passed by a majority of 42, and in 1859 by 58, and was thrown out on both occasions by the Lords. Between that time and its next appearance in the Upper House in 1870, it had been five times thrown out in the House of Commons. Its subsequent history has been already told. The net result, therefore, is this—that three times the Bill has passed the second reading in the House of Commons, and foundered in Committee; five times it has been thrown out, without reckoning its summary extinction in 1842; once it has been sent up to the Lords and withdrawn without a division, and five times the Lords have rejected it. It has also twice been introduced in the Upper House, in 1851 and 1856, and thrown out. This is a very different state of things from what Mr. Heywood's language indicates.

The remaining speeches are less important. Dr. Binney appears to have chiefly occupied himself with the Scriptural aspects of the question, but he also urged that great social evils had resulted from the operation of the present law; and Dr. Vance Smith, who followed him, gave an instance of what is meant by this complaint. He knew of "a man who had left his property to the sister of his deceased wife, and was living in a constant state of alarm lest the authorities should discover the illegality of the marriage, and claim the extra succession duty." If we are to understand that the man had married his deceased wife's sister—and the reference would else be irrelevant—and wished her to inherit as his wife, the authorities would of course be fully justified in law and equity in claiming the full succession duty; in fact, this is simply one of the usual examples of a change in the law being demanded in order to shelter those who have first deliberately broken it from the consequences of gratifying their irregular appetites. Even if the proposed measure were a desirable one, it ought not in common decency to be made retrospective. Dr. Binney also expressed an opinion, the grounds of which we should be curious to learn, that the Scotch laity are almost unanimously in favour of these marriages. Mr. Buckle, it is true, calls Scotland one of the most priest-ridden countries in the world; but until Dr. Binney produces some better evidence than his own *ipse dixit*, we must venture to think his statement hardly consistent with the fact that the Scotch members are almost unanimously opposed to the Bill. The remark of another speaker that the great majority of Roman Catholics are in favour of the Bill is, we believe, equally incorrect. Mr. Maguire stated in the debate last year that in Ireland it was viewed "with loathing and execration." Dr. Cullen is said to be in favour of it, but certainly with no intention of allowing it to be generally acted upon within the limits of his jurisdiction; and Cardinal Wiseman stated before the Parliamentary Committee, what is notorious, that such marriages are allowed with dispensations in the Roman Catholic Church. We believe we are right in saying that such dispensations are restricted to those who can afford to pay for them, and it is certainly true that they are also given, in Catholic countries, for the marriages of uncles and nieces, or aunts and nephews. In Germany, Holland, Austria, Italy, Spain, France, and Denmark, all these unions are allowed by the law, in some cases with, in some without, dispensation. And it is obvious on the face of it that, if once the general prohibition of marriages of affinity is relaxed, it will be neither consistent nor practicable to draw the line at one particular example of the rule. If a man may lawfully marry his wife's sister, it is absurd to forbid his marrying her mother or her niece, and equally absurd to forbid his marrying his deceased brother's wife. Whether the advocates of the one change profess to defend or deprecate its logical consequences matters very little. The present law is based on a consistent and intelligible principle, and is so far from pressing hardly, except on a small clique of eccentric and unscrupulous malcontents, that its abolition would be felt as an intolerable hardship by the great majority of the nation. Not many years ago an English Protestant lady residing at Rome in charge of the children of her deceased sister, who had married an Italian count, was surprised to find herself the subject of unpleasant comment. On applying to her brother-in-law's confessor, she was at once assured that, unless she intended to marry him, she could not with propriety continue to live under his roof. Yet in Italy such marriages require a dispensation; if once the law is altered, there would be no such check, whatever it may be worth, in England. One further remark naturally suggests itself. It was only the other day we were criticizing a new variation of murder, which its admirers propose to legalize under the pretty sobriquet of "euthanasia." If Mr. Tollemache and the Common Serjeant can get their respective proposals sanctioned—perhaps the former, too, may some day invoke archiepiscopal patronage—there will be a fine field open to enterprising ladies who combine an erratic passion for their brothers-in-law with Christine Edmunds's graceful facility in effecting a happy despatch.

It was urged on the Archbishop by some members of the deputation on Tuesday that, as the proposed marriages were not meant to be solemnized in church, no conscientious scruples of the clergy would be violated. This is a subordinate point, though it was natural under the circumstances to refer to it; but the clergy may not improbably consider the proffered concession an inadequate protection to their consciences if they are compelled, for instance, to treat persons married to their relations at a registrar's office as having a claim on their ministrations afterwards. We merely note the matter here as another example of the off hand fashion of dealing with objections

to their darling crotchet which characterizes the supporters of this ill-omened scheme. When the Common Serjeant introduced his Bill last year, he observed that argument on the subject was exhausted, and we quite agree with him. But as long as the barefaced audacity of assertion which distinguishes him and his friends in their pertinacious efforts to unsettle both the legal and the moral safeguards of domestic peace and purity continues to be inexhaustible, it is necessary to expose, for the hundred and first time, the stale sophistries which a hundred previous exposures have not yet shamed into silence.

THE FORGED BILLS.

THE announcement which was made on Monday morning that forged bills to the value of some 100,000*l.* had been discounted by the Bank of England produced, for a short time, something like a panic in the City. Nobody of course supposed that the loss would make much difference to the Bank, but it was felt that a serious blow had been struck at the foundations of commercial confidence and security. That a fraud of such a daring and elaborate character should have been practised on the most careful and cautious of financial bodies naturally excited suspicion and alarm. If the Bank of England could be bitten in this way, who was safe? The Bank, as everybody knows, will have nothing to do with doubtful people, or with rash, speculative transactions; it does only the safest of safe business, and only the most respectable paper has any chance of being looked at in the sacred parlour. A customer must bring good recommendations, must be personally vouched for by a Director or customer, and must prove his substantiality and credit in a variety of ways. If, in spite of all this, bad paper had been passed at the Bank, it was not perhaps an unreasonable apprehension that the rogues who had tricked so wary and circumspect an institution had probably not been idle in other quarters where they would find greater eagerness to do business, and fewer troublesome formalities to be overcome. The result was that for some time almost all bills were suspected. The better the names the more chance of mischief—so men reasoned; for only good names are worth forging, and with the *Post Office Directory* to choose from at pleasure, a forger might be trusted to pick the best. The disappearance of Mr. de Lizardi helped to add to the general uneasiness. Forged bills here, fraudulent bills of lading there, Glyn's swindled one day, the Bank the next—here was indeed enough to shake the nerves of men to whom paper is everything, who buy, sell, and trade in paper, and who, once flustered by suspicion, see fraud and forgery on every side. Commerce has come to be a vast system of credit, a paper world, and a suspicion of extensive forgeries is worse than an earthquake. Happily the fit did not last very long; but it may be taken as an illustration of the extremely delicate and sensitive organization of mercantile affairs.

Enough is known of the forgeries of which the Bank of England has been made the victim to show that they were planned and executed in the most deliberate and systematic manner, with great daring, ingenuity, and skill, and with a command of financial and other resources which is certainly the most startling circumstance in the whole affair. That a needy scoundrel should exercise his wits—his sole possession—in forgery would not excite much surprise, but men of substance are seldom disposed to stake their capital on the success of a felony. It is quite clear, however, that in this case those who devised and concocted the forgeries must have possessed, not only a thorough and minute acquaintance with mercantile ways and all the details of business, but also the command of a considerable amount of ready money. How many were involved in the crime has yet to be discovered, but it is suspected that there must have been a number of conspirators at work. It may prove, however, that Warren, who negotiated the bills, was the chief, if not the sole, agent in the affair, and that his clerk, who is now in custody, was only his tool. The perils of forgery are necessarily multiplied by the number of confederates, and the actual work to be done might easily be accomplished by one skilful and industrious expert. Warren, an American, who gave himself out as an agent for providing Pullman's sleeping-cars to run between Paris and Vienna while the Exhibition in the latter capital was open, contrived to get an introduction to the West End branch of the Bank of England in Burlington Gardens. He was introduced by an old customer of the Bank, deposited a satisfactory balance, and took care to renew it from time to time. Warren's dealings with the Bank began as far back as last May, and he took every opportunity of establishing himself in the confidence of the officials. He occasionally brought bills on Rothschild's and other houses which were undoubtedly genuine, and he was very punctual and regular in all his transactions. He showed that he had not only plenty of ready money, but intimate relations with good people in the City; and when the time came for the production of the forged bills, the manager of the Bank was probably prepared to accept them without the slightest hesitation. There was nothing in the appearance of the documents to create suspicion. They had been manufactured so skilfully as to defy the most jealous and suspicious scrutiny. It is well known that different firms use different forms of acceptance, partly written and partly printed on peculiar kinds of paper, with distinctive water-marks. Blank forms suitable for each case had therefore either to be stolen or imitated, and then they had to be filled up with a great variety of signatures. Bills drawn upon a dozen different houses in the City were counterfeited in this way so closely and cleverly that, even now that they are known to be forgeries, it is said to be difficult to believe it. The first of these false bills does not fall due till the 25th of this month, and Warren no doubt calculated upon turning the interval to profitable account in a similar way. It does not appear that he passed off any forgeries except at Burlington Gardens, but this was probably because he thought he had plenty of time before the inevitable exposure when the bills were presented for payment, and he did not want to press matters too much. His patience in waiting from May last before he began to cheat the Bank showed his preference for cautious and deliberate modes of action. A slight, but rather important, omission in two of his bills disclosed the plot. He forgot to date them; they had to be sent to the houses on which they were drawn in order to supply the omission, and they were of course at once repudiated.

It is quite possible that, as we have said, Warren may have been the sole agent in these daring and ingenious forgeries, but it can hardly be doubted that he had assistants, if not actual confederates, who were well acquainted with mercantile practices, and who provided him with specimens of the forms and signatures which it was necessary for his purpose to imitate. Forgeries are not so rare as is supposed, and of late years, with the spread of elementary education, they are said to have been rather increasing, but they are seldom attempted on a large scale or for great amounts. A clergyman at Middlesborough is just now awaiting his trial for forging joint-stock scrip to the amount of some 20,000*l.* or 30,000*l.*, but the common run of forgeries seldom go beyond petty sums. For a parallel to the case which has just excited so much alarm and uneasiness we must go back some thirty years and more. In 1841 the *Times* brought to light a bold project of forgery, and its prompt and energetic action in the matter is commemorated by a tablet in the Royal Exchange. Four or five different persons, some in Florence, others in London, were engaged in the conspiracy. On this occasion the forged papers were not bills, but letters of credit. The conspirators procured one of Messrs. Glyn's letters of credit, and produced an imitation of it so perfect that one of the partners of the house said that for a time he was unable to distinguish between the original and the copy. Two Scotchmen, father and son, resident in Florence, designed the facsimiles, and a couple of Frenchmen, one of them a marquis, took charge of the engraving of the plates in London. An English banker at Florence named Bogle superintended the distribution of the forgeries. They were presented for payment at Brussels, Ghent, Cologne, Turin, Bologna, and Florence in rapid succession, and in a few days 20,000*l.* had been obtained on them. Either seduced by their easy success, or afraid of prompt detection, and eager to make the most of their chances before an alarm was raised, the conspirators pressed the game too recklessly. Suspicion was aroused, and a communication was sent to Glyn's which led to a disclosure of the fraud. The *Times* was not afraid to publish an article showing up the swindle in all its ramifications, and Bogle, thinking he could brazen out the matter, took advantage of this to bring an action for libel. Owing to a technical rule of evidence which prevented the production of certain private letters, the jury were unable legally to identify the plaintiff with the conspiracy, but they gave him only a farthing damages. The *Times* refused to accept the subscription which was raised to defray its expenses at the trial, and the money was applied to the foundation of scholarships for the boys of Christ's Hospital and the City of London School, and to the erection of commemorative tablets.

If forgeries are not more common than they are, it is for other reasons than the difficulty of forging. The truth is, that forgery is a very simple art, and a natural aptitude for it may be quickly developed by a little practice. Almost any engraver's or lithographer's apprentice might readily become more or less expert in it; and, considering the vast amount of business which is daily transacted in London through the medium of hasty signatures, it is at first sight almost amazing that forgeries should not be more frequent. Perhaps the greatest check upon offences of this kind is that, although a man might thus win a considerable sum of money by a lucky *coup*, the art cannot be continuously exercised. The actual forgery may be easy enough, but the passing of the forgery is another matter. Except at the counter of a bank, where cheques are paid offhand, no business is transacted between absolute strangers, and even at the bank-counter the system of crossed cheques comes into play. Most men in the City either know, or know about, each other, and the great bulk of business is done through bankers, brokers, or other intermediaries, who may be taken as a sort of personal guarantee for the character of those for whom they act. In the present case Warren had to spend the best part of a year in building up a character which he must have been aware would be destroyed for ever as soon as his practices became known. The game may be played once, but only once; it requires both daring and adroitness; it is perilous; and, even if successful, it can scarcely be expected to yield anything but a small fraction of what might be earned by the continuous exercise of the same abilities in an honest way. It will be seen, therefore, that the chances of being imposed upon to a serious extent by forgeries are by no means so great as might be imagined. At the same time, it is a question whether so simple a precaution as communicating in the first instance with the persons whose names are attached to bills, when they exceed a certain amount, might not be adopted as a check upon fraud. With regard to bills of lading, the present system is almost a provocation to dishonesty, and

there could be no difficulty in providing that bills of lading, like bills of exchange, should be issued in sets of three only, and that they should be numbered, and also perhaps distinguished by the colour of the paper.

SOLDIERS AND THEIR POCKET-MONEY.

ALL classes of Her Majesty's respectable subjects are always doing their best to keep up appearances, and a very hard struggle many of us make of it. Thus a mansion in Belgrave Square ought to mean a corpulent hall-porter, a couple of gigantic footmen, a butler and an under-butler at the very least, if the owner professes to live up to his social dignities. If our house is in Baker or Wimpole Street, we must certainly have a man-servant in sombre raiment to open our door, with a hobbledehoy or a buttons to run his superior's messages. In the smart, although somewhat dismal, small squares in South Kensington and the Western suburbs, the parlourmaid must wear the freshest of ribbons and trimmest of bows, and be resplendent in starch and clean coloured muslins. So it goes on, as we run down the gamut of the social scale; our ostentatious expenditure must be in harmony throughout with the stuccoed façade behind which we live, or the staff of domestics we parade. We are aware, of course, as our incomes for the most part are limited, and as we are all of us upon our mettle in the battle of life, that we must pinch somewhere if appearances are to be kept up. We do what we can in secret towards balancing the budget. We retrench on our charities, save on our coals, screw on our cabs, drink the sourest of Bordeaux instead of more generous vintages, dispense with the cream that makes tea palatable, and systematically sacrifice substantial comforts that we may swagger successfully in the face of a critical and carping society. But, with the most of us, if our position is an anxious one, it is of our own making, and if we dared to be eccentrically rational, it might be very tolerable.

There is one class of Her Majesty's subjects, however, and perhaps the most showy of all, of whom this can hardly be said. It is victimized not only by circumstances and by the more amiable weaknesses of our nature, but by illusions which our Government does its best to encourage. All members of the military caste are at a great disadvantage as compared with the rest of us, and the non-commissioned officers and privates suffer even more than their superiors. An officer who lives on his pay, or on his pay and some small supplement to it, has a hard time of it no doubt. He must deny himself much that he would delight to indulge in, and must be sorely pushed if he is to dispose economically and unprofitably of all his superfluous time. But at least he has not to live up to the showy livery which the State compels him to assume when on duty. He need only appear in his resplendent war-paint where every one knows precisely all about him and his circumstances. When he mixes in the promiscuous civilian crowd, he disguises himself in unobtrusive mufti, and becomes a commonplace-looking personage like ourselves. With the sergeant, corporal, or private, it is altogether different. When he leaves his barrack-yard in the blaze of scarlet and yellow—or blue with gorgeously gaudy facings—in philibeg and chequered hose and nodding ostrich plumes; perchance in helmet and horse-hair, white buckskin tights, and spurred jackboots—he feels that he becomes forthwith the cynosure of surrounding eyes. The homage and admiration he receives is enough to turn a stronger head or disturb a better balanced mind. Conceive the respect with which he is regarded by the ragged roughs leaning up against the street corners and lounging round the public-house doors. They are slow to realize the fact that the splendour which impresses them is but the garb of servitude—a very honourable servitude it is true—that by accepting the shilling and passing the surgical examination they might transform themselves from the grub to that full-blown butterfly. As they follow the hero form with eyes of respectful admiration, they straighten their slouching backs, and they add a cubit or so to their stunted stature if they can attain to the honour of a flying acquaintance. If it be so with the men, still more is it the case with the damsels, of humble life. Venus has always had a tenderness for Mars, especially when Mars wears the laurelled helmet on his god-like brow and shakes his glittering spear. The ox-eyed maidens shoot their bewitching glances from behind a hundred area railings, and the young and sprightly warrior must be misanthropic or more than mortal if he does not assume in the circumstances the airs of a conquering hero. But it is all very well to button the tight-fitting tunic or shell jacket so as to set off the manly shape, to poise the cap jauntily on one side of the well greased locks, to burnish the war medal, and flourish the Lilliputian cane. Soldiers rising thirty have the tastes and passions of their age, and naturally feel that they are formed to shine in society and enjoy its pleasures. They feel a legitimate satisfaction in patronizing the *pékins* of their own sex, and would prefer to stand treat to them rather than to be treated; they would gladly be free-handed with those laughing ladies could they only afford it. Alas, with them more than with any one else, appearances are painfully deceptive. Those fine clothes of theirs might almost as well be made without pockets for anything in the way of money they have to carry on their persons. The old pecuniary chances of the soldier's calling are gone in these days of piping peace and rigid discipline. In the wars of the middle ages, and even in the campaigns of the last century, the profession had its money prizes and its times of enjoyment when it revelled in free quarters. You won a battle, and, if you could catch a prisoner in easy circumstances, you were allowed to put him to ransom. You sacked a town, and, if you were in any kind of luck, you filled your haversac with plate, or jewels, or valuable portable property of some kind. But nowadays there are no such chances. Soldiers can seldom make prisoners when the opposing columns rarely come within a mile or so of each other. If they do, they must hand them over to their superiors. It is a point of honour to offer scrupulous protection to private property from individual pillage. Generals in command may levy contributions at discretion, but if the private follows the example of his chiefs, he is apt to be very summarily dealt with. So it comes to this, that he has to subsist on a fixed income, with the remote prospect of a pension. But the fixed income is so minute as to approach the infinitesimal, and, what is worse, the world is given to understand that he is infinitely better off than he really is.

Fancy being condemned to lead not only an idle but a fashionable life on a penny a day. It is to be hoped that things can never again be so bad as that, now that Mr. Cardwell has reformed the regulation pay in the soldier's favour; indeed they can hardly have been so bad since General Peel took the initiative in a liberal direction by granting the soldier the additional twopence. But until a very few years ago the stately trooper in a crack cavalry corps might find himself for weeks or months together stinted to a penny a day for all pocket-money, and a letter that appeared in the *Times* a few days ago asserts the thing to be still possible. No doubt the original bargain by which he hired his services to the Queen was conducted with all technical legality. Had he taken the trouble to consult the terms of the bond before subscribing to it, he might have found out that the soldier's "shilling a day" was a mere popular hallucination, and that the standing deductions cut it down woefully. But men like him are indifferent arithmeticians at best, and not much given to forethought, and the scapegrace who was most likely to volunteer for the service was recklessly impetuous, if not actually in drink. We may think that an honourable Government, in engaging an ignorant man, should have taken particular care to make all parts of the bargain plain, and to preclude all possibility of misapprehension. But we suspect that the arrangements with regard to pay were only part of our system of "volunteering" as opposed to the Continental conscription by which men must be obtained somehow. The soldier came to the paymaster for his shilling, and opened his eyes to find that there was a stoppage for his daily rations of meat and bread. Imagine a master deducting so many pence a day for the dinner of the footman who lives under his roof. Then came further claims for messing and for clothes. The recruit was not told plainly that the terms of his wage were a shilling a day, one-and-fourpence a day, or whatever it might be, and feed and clothe himself. The Horse Guards apparently did their very best to make a muddle of the contract; and while the Queen provided the cavalry man with tunic, smalls, and boots, he had not only to buy the rest of his clothing, but actually his uniform jacket as well. So it is still, though his pay is a little better. Periodically he may be in tolerably easy circumstances for a time; he may have the magnificent sum of sevenpence at his absolute disposal. Rich to that extent, he acquires extravagant habits, gets into expensive company, and his mode of living does no great discredit to his brilliant cloth. On a sudden evil times come upon him. The underclothing that has done duty for so long begins to tumble to pieces. His jacket turns dingy and gets worn at the seams, he becomes a disgrace to his corps, and the order issued to replace it. Then the best part of his sixpence a day vanishes, and he is left with a miserable copper or two rattling in his empty pockets.

We suspect that what with one thing, what with another, most of those sprightly, good-humoured fellows whom we meet swaggering in uniform along the pavement are generally in this impecunious condition. We presume that it is a point of honour with them to carry their poverty off philosophically, as they would feel bound to grin over slight flesh wounds received on the day of battle. But a cheerful countenance must often cover an aching heart. Even out of the wretched sum that mocks their wishes there are certain necessaries which must be provided. The Crown expects you to be clean and smart, but we do not understand that it furnishes either soap or pipeclay. Tobacco is never so indispensable as when a man's spirits are low, and you must mortify the flesh at every turn and renounce the vanities of happier days. We should fancy there is nothing the soldier dislikes so much as a long promenade without the means of refreshing himself. It must brighten a long walk to feel, as you pass before each successive public-house, that you have only to will to refresh yourself with a half-pint, or "try our celebrated cream of the valley." It gives the walk a zest and an object to know that the half-pint or the half-quartern surely awaits you at the end, if you have not chosen to indulge yourself sooner. We can conceive few things more melancholy, on the other hand, than mooning along in sullen despondency, knowing that you must return dry-lipped as you came out unless some good Samaritan should compassionate your case and make you an object of charity. The soldier wandering past bar after bar, where vociferous groups are clinking glasses and clattering pewter, reminds one of the spirit of some sinful Norse hero condemned to keep moving round the table of Valhalla while his phantom companions in arms are draining the spectral beakers of ale. Seriously, we say that the life of the soldier must necessarily be one of great

temptation, and when he is culpable, or even criminal, he may plead the peculiarities of his lot by way of extenuating circumstances. His early training has seldom been such as to lead him to beguile his leisure by self-education and intellectual recreation. He has a great deal of time on his hands, and very little money wherewith to kill it. No doubt his straitened circumstances are in a certain sense a moral safeguard; but then there is another aspect to the question. The soldier has tastes which he cannot possibly gratify, and no constant occupation to turn his thoughts from his longings. We know what the old poet sings about Satan and idle hands, and a smart man who falls into bad company must be perilously open to unscrupulous suggestions as to how he may find money or money's worth. In any case it must, to say the least, be relaxing to the moral fibre to be tempted to toady a man for the sake of being treated, and to make love in order that your mistress may share her wages with you. It would be both impossible and undesirable materially to increase the soldier's pocket-money, but certainly the men should have a fair chance, and should receive all reasonable assistance towards preserving their self-respect and independence. Mr. Cardwell's recent proposals are a step in the right direction, and no one should grudge the slight addition to the Estimates which they will involve. We only hope that, in benefiting the soldiers as a body, he will take care that no single class of them has reasonable cause of discontent.

HEIRS AND MONEY-LENDERS.

MR. MITCHELL HENRY has again brought forward his Bill for the protection of "infants" against the frauds and exactions of money-lenders, but it may be doubted whether infants are not already sufficiently protected under the tender guardianship of the Court of Chancery. It is proposed by the Bill that any person who makes or procures any advance to an infant, or accepts any bond, bill, note, cheque, or other security for securing the repayment of a loan from an infant, without the consent in writing of the infant's father or guardian, shall be guilty of a misdemeanour, and shall be liable for each offence to a fine of not more than 20*l.*, or two months' imprisonment. It is to be a misdemeanour even to request or solicit an infant to borrow money, whether by verbal application, or by circular, card, or letter; and all contracts made or securities given in contravention of the Bill are to be void. An infant may make false statements about his age without fear of the consequences, for his representations on the subject are not to be admitted as evidence against him. An obvious objection to a measure of this kind is that it attempts too much. If it were to be made a criminal offence to lend money to an infant without the sanction of his father or guardian, and if the law were strictly enforced, it would simply have the effect of driving young men who wanted money for purposes which they were afraid or ashamed to disclose to their fathers or guardians into the hands of a lower and more reckless and unscrupulous class of money-lenders than those who now prey on them. The money-lender's risks would be greatly increased, and, as he is known not to be actuated by purely benevolent and philanthropic motives, it may be assumed that he would require to be paid for those additional risks, and would no doubt assess them at a somewhat higher figure. He would have to be paid for the risk of being deceived by the borrower pretending that he was of age when he was under age; for the risk of an infant turning against him; for the risk of being tried for a criminal offence and perhaps sent to prison. It shows a curious estimate of human nature to suppose that a fast infant would be able to procure the consent of his father or guardian to his borrowing money for the purposes of gambling and debauchery. On the other hand, it is idle to suppose that any amount of legislation will ever prevent profligate and extravagant young men from obtaining advances on the strength of their future prospects. The eagerness of young heirs to get money and the willingness of money-lenders to supply their necessities are tolerably certain in combination to strike out some means of evading the restraints of the law, and it may be taken for granted that whatever underhand and illegal arrangement is made is sure to be at the expense of the borrower. It must not be forgotten that there are money-lenders and money-lenders. Money-lending in the way we are now speaking of cannot of course under any circumstances be a nice business, and it is difficult to imagine a delicate or high-minded man engaging in it. Yet it can hardly be going too far to say that there are some money-lenders, even of the sort who minister to the wants of reckless youth, who are better than others. In every deep there is a lower depth, and on the whole, considering the hopelessness of keeping infants and money-lenders entirely apart, it may perhaps be the wisest policy not to hand over the business exclusively to the lowest kind of scoundrels. Draconic laws are apt to defeat this object, and Mr. Mitchell Henry's Bill would, we fear, in so far as it had any effect at all, be apt to do more mischief than good.

On the other hand, let us see what the Court of Chancery is already willing and able to do for young heirs who have been hard pressed by the usurers. The Lord Chancellor, in an elaborate judgment affirming the decision of Vice-Chancellor Wickens in the case of Lord Aylesford *v.* Morris, has just explained very fully the precepts of equity on this subject. Lord Aylesford, it will be remembered, borrowed nominally some 11,000*l.*, of which he received only 7,000*l.*, at sixty per cent. Lord Selborne did not waste any needless sympathy or sentiment on the young heir in this case. Lord Aylesford had, he said, no merits of his own. He came into court to be relieved from the consequences of a course of wilful and culpable folly and extravagance. Against Morris, the defendant, there was nothing to be alleged except that he was a money-lender and partial to sixty per cent. He was not accused of having done anything in the way of deceit or circumvention, and in fact his conduct seems to have been perfectly open and straightforward. "I take sixty per cent.," he said, "because I get the best price I can; we all do that." There are one or two subordinate characters who may as well be introduced to complete the *dramatis personæ*. There was a solicitor named Graham, who had in the first instance lent his lordship money, but who was anxious to get his money back, and therefore introduced him to Morris. It was arranged that Morris should accept Lord Aylesford's bills to the amount of 8,000*l.* at sixty per cent. Of this sum Morris retained 1,200*l.* as discount, and 3,000*l.* was paid to Graham on account of his outstanding claims. These bills, which were negotiated when Lord Aylesford was just six months over age, came due three months afterwards, on the 4th of October, 1870. The young nobleman's share of the money was, no doubt, pretty well exhausted by this time, and he found himself, as might have been expected, unable to meet the bills. He consulted Curtis, an hotelkeeper, and Curtis was kind enough to introduce him to a professional friend of young gentlemen in distress, one Addison. Addison represents a familiar type. He had been an officer in the army, and he now appears as earning a livelihood as agent for money-lenders. There was another case not long ago in which a major figured as a provider of a similar stamp—not a lion's provider, but the jackal of a money-lender's den. Addison is described by the Lord Chancellor as "a procurer of loans for spendthrifts from money-lenders." His own account of himself, however, is that he is a "monetary agent," or "the intermediate person bringing the capitalist and borrower together," which is no doubt a prettier way of putting it. For this service he is paid by a brokerage on the amount of the bills, and not of the money lent—so that, as Lord Selborne observed, he has a direct interest in swelling the amount of the bills as much as possible. Well, Lord Aylesford puts himself unreservedly in Addison's hands. Addison scours the town, as he says, trying to do what he can for his client. He goes to one money-lender after another, but they all shake their heads. Somehow they do not like the look of the thing. As a last resource, Addison tries Morris, who holds the bills. Morris is indeed the real friend in need. He agrees to renew the bills for 8,000*l.* by substituting another set for 11,000*l.* at three months at sixty per cent. as before. By this transaction Addison found himself 275*l.* the richer, while Lord Aylesford, so that he might not feel altogether neglected, received 207*l.* It was urged on Morris's behalf that he was entitled to a good price for his accommodation, because other money-lenders had refused to take up the bills, and the transaction must therefore be supposed to have been not a very promising one for the lender; but the Lord Chancellor suggested that perhaps the money-lenders who would have nothing to do with Lord Aylesford had some inkling of the functions of the Court of Chancery, and did not care to come into collision with it. Thus we find that a nobleman, just of age, and acting without the benefit of any competent and disinterested adviser, had, on receipt of 7007*l.*, put his name to bills for 11,000*l.* at sixty per cent. These bills fell due in three months, and they would then have had to be renewed on equally, or probably still more, onerous terms if Lord Aylesford's father had not died in the interval. Under these circumstances the Lord Chancellor, agreeing with Vice-Chancellor Wickens, held that there was an onus on the money-lenders to show that the terms which he exacted were fair and reasonable, and that, as he had failed to prove this, he must be content with five instead of sixty per cent. If Mr. Mitchell Henry's Bill had been law, it would have been of no service to the plaintiff in this case, as he was already of age: but the Court of Chancery would not allow a few months to make such a difference, and regarded him as still practically a minor and entitled to its protection.

It may perhaps be thought that Lord Selborne's judgment meets what may be considered the natural justice of the case. There is no need to waste any sympathy on the young man whose reckless folly and extravagance involved him in this scrape; and, on the other hand, it may be said that there is no reason to regret that money-lenders should be warned that it is better to be content with modest profits, and that sixty per cent., however tempting it may look, is apt to burn their fingers. It has not been laid down that sixty per cent. is unlawful usury; but only that a money-lender who makes an advance to a man who has only just reached his majority, and who is helpless, desperate, and without proper advice, must not be surprised if he is called upon to show that the terms he has exacted are, under the circumstances, fair and reasonable. The responsibility is thrown on the lender of proving, not only the existence of the contract, but its fairness. If the young heir comes to him with a letter of introduction from his father or the family solicitor, the money-lender may feel that he is on safe ground. In any case, if he is aiming at high interest, he had better, for his own security, take care that the borrower has the benefit of competent and independent advice. We have no desire to quarrel with the decision in this particular case; but at the same time we cannot help thinking that the principle which underlies it is a somewhat peculiar one. The theory that a young man arrives at years of discretion

and is capable of managing his own affairs when he reaches twenty-one rests of course on a purely arbitrary assumption. Some young fellows are perfectly able to take care of themselves at seventeen or eighteen, while others at thirty are about as imbecile as anybody has a right to be at twenty. Lord Selborne did not make it quite clear how far he regarded Lord Aylesford's age as a material circumstance in the case. Lord Selborne apparently adopts without reserve the principle affirmed by Lord Hardwicke, that in cases which, "from the circumstances or conditions of the parties contracting—weakness on one side, extortion and advantage taken of that weakness on the other," raise a presumption of fraud, the *onus probandi* lies upon the lender to show that he has not abused his power. It is obvious that a man who has no present means, and who is desperately in want of money, and who has in vain applied to different persons to help him, is at the mercy of the only person who is disposed to make an advance to him. There is no compulsion on the latter to lend the money, and it is not unnatural that he should exact his own terms, and say, "Take it or leave it." To an ordinary mind it is not quite easy to see the logic of allowing a tailor or jeweller to clear a profit of perhaps a hundred per cent., and cutting down a money-lender, who, after all, does at least give up to a certain point real substantial value in hard cash, to five per cent. It would also seem to be rather an abuse of language to talk of a young man in Lord Aylesford's position as being under a "necessity" of borrowing money. He contracted gambling debts (probably with sharpers); he borrowed money from Graham to pay these debts, and then he went to Morris to help him to pay Graham. He had, however, several courses open to him. He might have left the gambling debts unpaid; or he might have left Graham unpaid; or he might have made a clean breast of it to his father, and have taken the consequences. During the last few weeks coals have been a much greater "necessity" to people of all classes than ready money to a spendthrift. It is suspected that the coal-owners and coal-dealers took advantage of that necessity in order to raise their prices. This is a case where there is weakness on one side, extortion and advantage taken of that weakness on the other. It would be interesting to know whether the Court of Chancery would be kind enough to settle for poor householders who cannot do without coals what is a fair price to pay for them. Surely money is only a commodity like anything else. Why should one dealer be allowed to sell coals at any price he chooses, and to raise the price indefinitely in proportion to the weakness and necessity of the consumer, while another may not sell money to a necessitous person except at a price fixed by a Vice-Chancellor? When it comes to be a question of the competence of a man to make a bargain, it may be suggested that there are very few people really competent to buy a horse or an "old master" on their own judgment, and the Court of Chancery would certainly have plenty to do if it undertook to settle what was a fair price in every transaction where there was weakness on one side and a disposition to take advantage of that weakness on the other. The most effectual means of protecting young heirs is to get their fathers and guardians to do their duty by them properly, instead of trusting to the Court of Chancery. There must, for example, be a good many fathers and guardians connected with the Jockey Club, one of the objects of which, as Admiral Rous has lately explained, is to enable young men who can raise money on the strength of their expectations to ruin themselves under assumed names on the Turf without the knowledge of their relatives. If parents and guardians would use their influence to revise the rules of such an institution as this, and would set a better example to their young men, and take a little more trouble in looking after them, there would be less need of judicial interference. We are indebted to the Court of Chancery for some very sublime principles, but it is difficult to resist an impression that sometimes they are applied in rather a grandmotherly way.

RABBITS.

THE speech of the Earl of Malmesbury upon the Game-laws touches the lighter side of a grave and important subject. The figures which he produces, although necessarily questionable, do seem to indicate a great and growing demand for game on behalf of all classes of the population who are able to exercise choice in food. A favourite argument of the opponents of the Game-laws is that three hares consume as much as one sheep, and that one sheep contains more substantial food than three hares. But it is obvious that this argument, if admitted, could be carried much further than its authors would desire. It would, for example, be fatal to the existence of flower-gardens and shrubberies, which occupy land capable for the most part of producing grain or vegetables. It would also require the conversion into tillage of Epping Forest and other open spaces near large towns which lately, for excellent reasons, Parliament has declared its desire to preserve alike from the farmer and the builder. We do not of course assert that all these open spaces could be profitably cultivated, but some of them certainly might; and if they can they clearly ought to be, upon the principle which demands that a sheep should be fed in the place of three hares. The worst that can be said against the hare is that the flesh costs per pound more than mutton; but it might be remarked with equal truth and force that pine-apples cost more to rear than turnips. From the point of view of the enemies of game-preserving there can hardly be a more indefensible proceeding than the cultivation of hot-house pines. If pines are—which may be doubted—a necessary of life, they may be obtained plentifully and cheaply from the West Indies. But the epicure will object that these pines are inferior in flavour to the product of an English hot-house, just as the Belgian half-tame rabbit is probably inferior to the wild rabbit which infests the English farmer's crops. The epicure has hitherto been allowed to gratify his tastes according to his means, but perhaps the time is coming when he will be arbitrarily suppressed. It would appear, however, from the speech of the Earl of Malmesbury that all classes of Englishmen concur in desiring good eating, and that game is one of the delicacies most highly prized. The Earl, when not engaged in contemplating immortal truths, occupies himself in studying the habits of his humble neighbours. He states, and probably with truth, that with large numbers of the public either rabbits or hares are a favourite Sunday dinner. "Mr. Brooks, the great salesman in Leadenhall Market, receives 1,500 cases of rabbits, each case containing 100 rabbits, every week from Ostend." This figure is quoted by Professor Beesly in an article in the *Fortnightly Review*, as if it represented the total weekly importation from Ostend to London. Assuming this to be so, the fact possesses an importance which Professor Beesly must see, although he is unwilling to confess it. "The crave for rabbits," he says, "is the diseased crave of an urban population for a change of fare." Suppose it is, what then? This "diseased crave" is one of the most universal instincts of civilized mankind, and many writers of authority inform us that it is a wholesome instinct which we ought, as far as we reasonably can, to gratify. The Scotchman in the story says that when he was in England he had roast beef every day and nobody ever heard him complain. But perhaps if he had complained he would not have been unreasonable. However monstrous the idea may seem to Professor Beesly, we think it quite possible to grow tired even of roast mutton and to entertain a "diseased crave" for a boiled rabbit. We might even desire that our rabbit should be the produce, not of a breeding establishment in Belgium, but of an English warren. Professor Beesly objects to the rabbit that he is bony, which certainly is neither his fault nor ours. The *Fortnightly Review* is in the habit of discussing large questions, and therefore we propose to it as a subject for an article to inquire why Providence, if there be a Providence, has not made rabbits without bones. It might be remarked that even legs of mutton contain bones, and some of them are of a length that appears to answer no useful purpose but jumping over gates. To an inexperienced carver the occurrence of bones in joints of meat is as annoying and perplexing as the existence of rocks was to the girl whose lover had gone to sea:—

> How can they say that Nature
> Has nothing made in vain?
> Why then beneath the water
> Should hideous rocks remain?

The Londoner, according to Professor Beesly, chooses to pay 7½*d.* per pound for a bony rabbit, when he can get a shoulder or fore-leg of mutton for 9*d.* per pound, and the nation pays 15,000,000*l.* a year to gratify this "diseased crave." We will not follow the Professor through the calculations by which he supposes himself to have demonstrated that, by feeding rabbits on that which would feed sheep, the nation loses 15,000,000*l.* a year. Unless Parliament is prepared to say that sheep shall be substituted for rabbits and turnips for pine-apples, such calculations, even if well founded, are irrelevant. But it is really wonderful what can be done with figures if you try. "It has been calculated that if a rabbit costs 20*d.*, and one in twenty is killed in a year, any rabbit which costs more than one penny to rear is a dead loss to the community." Let us do Professor Beesly the justice to observe that this calculation is not his own, but still he quotes it with approval. We cannot understand either the calculation or the state of mind of the person who propounds it. When it is supposed that one rabbit in twenty is killed in a year, is it implied that the remaining nineteen rabbits go on living indefinitely? If this were true, those nineteen rabbits when they come to market would indeed deserve to be called bony. Does the author of the calculation seriously suppose that a rabbit warren is managed on the principle of killing only one in twenty of the annual produce? If he had not muddled his brain with figures, he might perhaps have perceived that what he wanted to say was this—that the reason why rabbits' flesh is cheaper than butcher's meat is that those who send them to market feed them at the expense of other people. To some extent this may be true; but it can hardly be denied that, if an estate were cleared of game and rabbits, the rent would be justifiably raised. The extreme economists would probably approve of this result: but we have all heard what happened when an enthusiastic disciple of Mr. Mill ventilated his doctrine in Devonshire. We are as a people averse to extreme economy, but if Professor Beesly or anybody else can induce us to modify any clearly wasteful practice, so much the better. The rabbit is in one respect more reasonable than his rival the sheep, for his flesh does not require to be roasted before a large fire; and indeed he never appears to greater advantage than in emerging from a pie, which may be cooked at a common oven without the necessity of any kitchen fire. When Lord Malmesbury discourses upon the fondness of urban populations for rabbits, he may almost be said to have added to his stock of immortal truths. "Sich a rabbit-pie, Bill," said Charley Bates to the burglar Sikes, at a time when burglary was a more flourishing profession than it is

now, and its members had no need to put up with bony rabbits. It should be remembered in justice to the rabbit that he is not a traveller like the hare, and there are some districts where he will flourish on land that is good for little else. Suppose that the owner of such land uses it for breeding rabbits, is he not entitled to protection? The law which protects him may be called a game-law, or a trespass-law, or by any other name, but a law there must be for this purpose in a country which pretends to civilization. If there were no such law, a party of two or three men might come with nets and ferrets and carry off a cartload of rabbits to a neighbouring town, where they would be certain to find a market for them. A range of sand-hills along the seashore makes an excellent rabbit warren, and it may be so situated that the rabbits have no access to any food except that which the warren itself supplies. But the more remote such a place is from cultivated land and houses, the more would it be liable to depredations; and if the law did not protect the owner, he would have to protect himself.

Considering that almost every Englishman loves sport, and that even those who do not care for it find game and rabbits acceptable on the dinner-table, we may conclude that either a game-law, or some equivalent for it, is likely to be maintained in England. The same conclusion may be derived from the futility of some of the complaints that are urged against the existing law. Professor Beesly has to deal with the suggestion that a tenant may obtain compensation from his landlord for damage done by game. We should have thought this suggestion reasonable, but the Professor produces a witness who informs us of the result of "such infatuation" in a tenant who sued his landlord. "He gained his claim, 197*l.*, and all he received was 40*l.* Extrajudicial expenses swallowed up the rest." If Professor Beesly were in a calculating mood, he might proceed, from this example of the rapacity of an attorney—a beast *feræ naturæ*, as all authorities agree—to estimate the cost of the entire genus of attorneys to the community. But if the tenant was weak enough to submit to such exaction, the sooner he gives up farming the better, as he must be very unlikely to succeed in that or any other kind of business. If the extrajudicial expenses of a lawsuit swallowed up more than three-fourths of the sum recovered, it is quite time that the Lord Chancellor, or some other law reformer, took the matter in hand. It is a pity that the discussion of a serious subject like the Game-laws should be confused by the introduction of imaginary or sentimental grievances. It may be quite true that many farmers personally dislike gamekeepers, but what of that? The truth is that Professor Beesly's essay is written on the principle that any stick is good enough to beat a dog with. He dislikes the class of game-preservers, and is willing to use every argument, good or bad, that he can find against them. If he intends to emit a general protest against luxurious expenditure, he would be entitled to some sympathy in undertaking a nearly hopeless task. He might denounce, let us say, the racehorse quite as reasonably as he does the rabbit. The racehorse consumes grass or corn upon which some animal more suitable for human food might be reared. By the arithmetical processes of Professor Beesly it might be shown that racehorses cost the country a very large sum yearly. It is alleged, with more or less truth, that racehorses are useful to maintain the quality of other classes of horses which minister more directly to human wants. Racehorses also afford an amusement which is still partially aristocratic, and therefore deserving of the scorn and vituperation of Professor Beesly. The case of the racehorse resembles that of the rabbit, except that the profit which the country gets out of him cannot be so exactly estimated. His flesh doubtless finds its way to market, but dealers in it are shy of quoting prices. The rabbit, on the other hand, is demanded as an article of food with continually increasing eagerness. Lord Malmesbury says that the owner of an estate in Somersetshire was requested to supply a dealer in Birmingham with 10,000 rabbits weekly. We are not informed whether the contract was undertaken; but, suppose it had been, and that rabbits were bred in performance of it, we should like to ask Professor Beesly whether such valuable property as this would not be entitled to the protection of the law. If he concedes this point, as we think he must, the question how protection can best be given would be greatly simplified.

COINS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

A move has been made in the right direction; the public have now the opportunity of seeing under glass cases at least a part of the treasures long kept from general view in the Coin Room. Many people have felt that a spirit of exclusiveness has heretofore reigned within the Museum, that works the property of the nation have remained inaccessible to all but a privileged few. It is known that a considerable class exists who, though not deliberate students, and therefore scarcely entitled to ask for the special privilege of having cabinets unlocked for them and trays taken out by officials, have a general and laudable desire to make acquaintance with numismatic works which confessedly form an important, if not indeed an indispensable, link in the history of art. As contrasted with the system hitherto in force within our Museum, a liberal provision prevails in the interest of strangers and of well-conducted visitors in the Hermitage, St. Petersburg. The entire collection of coins, consisting of more than 200,000 specimens—that is, a number not much less than the collection in the British Museum—has been and is arranged in geographical divisions within glass cases. The visitor has but to knock at the door, and is at once admitted to a couple of spacious rooms in which he is allowed to walk freely. We need not dwell on the advantage of having a whole treasury of art and of history thus laid out before the eye. Visitors, especially if they are travellers in a foreign land, do not always know what to ask for. But here in the Hermitage, the coins and medals, by means of labels, are made to speak for themselves, and the stranger naturally turns to works of local, and therefore of national, interest, such as the series of 7,000 Russian coins dating from the tenth century, and the coins of countries such as Poland, once independent, but now subject to Russia. The want of space in the British Museum would of itself preclude so extended a scheme of exhibition from being carried out. In contrast to the liberal principle adopted in St. Petersburg is the shut-up and somewhat proprietary system still in force in parts of Germany. For example, in Saxe-Coburg a choice collection of coins is kept closed in cabinets which visitors can inspect, not of right, but only by privilege. The course now adopted in the British Museum is much to the credit of the authorities. Yet the task which has been undertaken in the best interests of art is by no means free from difficulty; it involves responsibility, with additional labour, mental as well as manual; and the step, once taken, can scarcely stop at its present tentative stage; the scheme doubtless will from time to time be pushed to further completeness.

The plan adopted in the British Museum admits of easy statement. A long case, ranged against the wall in the "Gold Ornament Room," is so constructed as to take thirty-two of the trays from the cabinets in the Coin Room. These trays, which contain a total of about twelve hundred coins, are changed once in every month or six weeks, and thus in course of some years the entire collection will pass under public view. The scheme, though praiseworthy, is obviously not without its disadvantages. For instance, the specimens at any one time exhibited are an isolated fragment rather than a representative series; thus the section we happened to meet with was limited to the Kingdom of Macedon, the time of Hadrian, and the reigns of Edward the Confessor and of Edward III. Hence a visitor must wait a month at least for the continuation of the subject, and, like the reader of a serial story, he may lose the clue to the narrative before the next publication comes round; or he may die before the work reaches its finis. Therefore the arrangement would seem more suited to the casual observer who is content with a partial peep than to the thorough student who naturally wants to master isolated details in relation to the collective whole. Again, in shut-up cases only one side of a coin can be shown; and the system of labels, which is almost essential to the teaching of the uninitiated, can scarcely be carried out in an exhibition which is changed every month. Yet, notwithstanding these defects, which are perhaps beyond remedy, we cannot but feel that a great boon has been granted. And in the future redistribution of the Museum consequent on the removal of the Natural History collections to Kensington, it may be anticipated that space will be found for the display of all medals proper and medallions. The public always feel more interest in originals than in copies, even though it be impossible for them to discriminate between an electro cast and the real coin. The magnificent series of plaster casts in the New Museum, Berlin, affects the imagination very differently from the original marbles in the Vatican or in the British Museum. In the same way it is much more satisfactory to examine the actual coins which bear on their faces a biga, a temple, or the head of an emperor or of a king, than to look at the most perfect of transcripts. A copy always seems to be one remove too far off from the author's thought and hand; the subtle niceties of execution may possibly be blurred by accident. And when it becomes a question of exciting or creating a general interest, there can be little doubt that the veritable historic works around which have gathered the associations of centuries are more potent educators of the people than any copies. Certainly we know of few spots in Europe where the mind is thrown more into an historic attitude, or is induced to take a tone more in keeping with antiquity, than the Gold Room of the Museum, where are ranged in the centre and around the walls antique gems, Etruscan gold work, and these twelve hundred original coins.

The varied contents of the Museum, comprising coins, gems, vases, bronzes, terra cottas, marbles, &c., enable the student to elucidate any one art by its sister arts. For example, we have found it instructive to turn from coins to the neighbouring gems in order to trace analogous compositions from precious metals to precious stones. In the same way we have felt it interesting to compare the head of the Emperor Hadrian in the flat on a gold coin with the head of the same Emperor in the round as seen in the noble bust in the gallery below. In like manner the Museum furnishes ample material by which even the tiro may become acquainted with the rise and development of historic styles, and with the essential principles which in all great schools have governed art treatments. Thus the principles of basso-relievo and of alto-relievo, on which excellence in the design of coins and medals greatly depends, will receive ample illustration in the matchless series of reliefs in marble from Athens, Halicarnassus, and Lycia. It may be instructive to try all works, whether on gems or in precious metals, by the standard reached in the Acropolis of Athens, the Procession on the frieze being the most perfect of known treatments in the flat, while the Metopes are good examples in higher relief. Difference of material and diversity

in scale no doubt impose variety in treatment, yet analogies, even in subject-matter, are patent, as when a chariot and horses are delineated as well on the Parthenon frieze as in miniature on a small Greek coin. One lesson which such comparisons seem to teach is the essential unity of all arts irrespectively of mere material. The material is but a medium through which the artist's thought obtains expression.

The value of coins as records of destroyed monuments has been contested. Addison, in his "Dialogues on Medals," says with some stretch of fancy that you may see on them "the plans of many of the most considerable buildings of old Rome," and that he knows "an ingenious gentleman of our nation, extremely well versed in this study, who has the design of publishing the whole history of architecture, with its several improvements and decays, as it is to be met with on ancient coins." On the other hand, it has been objected that on medals one temple is made to resemble other temples, that sometimes a part serves to represent the whole, and that often a conventional type is used by way of symbol for the reality. Such a liberty, for example, seems to have been taken with the Flavian Amphitheatre in a large bronze in the British Museum. Indeed, Professor Donaldson, in his *Architectura Numismatica*, frankly admits that in this representation "it will be perceived that the utmost license of conventional freedom has been exercised, in order to enable the artist effectively to give the most striking features of the monument, and yet convey a correct notion of the several parts." Nevertheless it cannot be doubted that this and other medals furnish data which enable archæologists in some important points to restore the ruin now known as the Colosseum. But of more immediate interest to us in England at this moment are the medals which illustrate the great Temple of Diana at Ephesus. Here the lower parts of the columns bear marks which have been taken as signs of sculpture, according to the words of Pliny that "thirty-six of the columns were carved, and one of them by Scopas." Professor Donaldson, writing more than ten years before the recent discoveries at Ephesus, says, "The evidence of the coin is irresistible, and, however qualified, must be admitted." The correctness of this interpretation is now placed beyond question by the presence in the Museum of a sculptured drum from one of the thirty-six columns bearing on its surface Mercury, with Victory, or Eros, and other figures not so easily named. It is seldom that corroborative evidence proves so conclusive; the text of Pliny, coins, and the marbles themselves are all agreed. It needs no doubt some experience to read correctly coins bearing structural designs; the scale on which the modeller or engraver had to work was so small that very much was of necessity left out. Thus architectural diagrams have to be read as shorthand; compared with photographs the transcripts may be said to be phonetic; in other words, the errors are more on the side of subtraction than of addition.

The exhibition, changed from month to month, of the collective riches of the Museum is supplemented by electrotypes from representative works. The idea when fully carried out is to present to the eye a synopsis of numismatic art, to display the geographic area and the chronologic development of the art of coining in all countries of the civilized world. Only since the discovery of the electrotype process has such a project been practicable. So perfect is this means of reproduction that even experts do not always find it easy to distinguish the copy from the original. And one advantage which this multiplication of replicas secures is the ready display of the two faces of a medal side by side. The present comparatively small exhibition, which we may hope is but the promise of better things to come, clearly shows the advantage of the method. Hitherto the space at command suffices for little more than electrotypes from Greek master-works and from gold coins of the Emperors of the West and of the East. But like casts are in course of preparation which will extend this representative series into English history. Only the most significant products of a nation or of a period appear in the selection, and thus a clear digest is obtained of a subject which otherwise might seem perplexed by intricate detail. For the sake also of simplicity, and in order, it may be, that art as distinguished from archæology shall be paramount, special prominence is given to the epochs when art was at its prime. For this end chronological development is made to give way to geographic divisions which display numismatic art at its highest point in the chief centres of the old world. Thus in this compendium are comprised Greece, Ionia, Sicily, Magna Græcia, Crete, Asia, Africa, Spain, Gaul, and Britain. In a lecture at the Royal Institution Mr. Stuart Poole attempted to show the characteristics of leading schools of Greek art as traced in the coins, in the following epigrammatic terms:—"The school of Greece is sculpture-like; the school of Ionia picture-like; the school of Sicily and Italy gem-like; the school of Crete realistic; and the school of Asia architectural." The chronological arrangement has been fitly adopted in the disposition of the electros from the gold coins of the Roman Emperors; thus the rise, the zenith, and the fall of Roman art are successively exemplified. The best period, as might be expected, is about the reign of Augustus. A marked contrast of course becomes apparent between the coins of the Western and of the Eastern Empire; the Western correspond in style with Roman statues, architecture, and ornament; while the Eastern or Byzantine coins accord in type of heads and decorative details with Byzantine mosaics. That some Emperors are not known even by name otherwise than by coins is a striking proof of the help which the numismatist may afford to the historian. We would further remark on the use of these coins at the critical turning point when Christian art was emerging out of Paganism. The heads of Christ on the gold coins we have examined correspond closely to the well-known Byzantine type, and thus furnish confirmatory evidence of the now accepted belief that the so-called portraits of Christ are nothing more than conventional and traditional types, handed down, it is true, from generation to generation, yet always moulded and modified according to the style of each place and period.

We are glad to know that the collection in the Museum is not at a standstill. Already it compares well with the richest collections on the Continent. In examples of the schools of Greece, and in specimens of Roman gold, it is not surpassed by the treasures at St. Petersburg, Paris, or Vienna. The yearly additions are necessarily dependent on the Treasury; last year the Government advanced 10,000*l.* Unfortunately the universal rise in prices has extended even to coins; hence any fixed annual grant becomes from year to year less adequate to meet the wants of the Museum. The French war for the moment paralysed the market; but now again the prices given in France are high. A coin needed by the Museum may sometimes be lost unless 100*l.* or 200*l.* can be afforded. But the collection under its present direction is not likely to remain without development. The public may be glad to learn that the project of preparing an Illustrated Catalogue of the 50,000 Greek Coins has made considerable advance. Every important specimen will be engraved. The first volume, which includes Etruria and Magna Græcia, will appear this spring, and the second, which treats of Sicily, will not be delayed beyond a year. This work, like the Catalogue of the Vases already published, is expressly for the use of students; it will be prized on the Continent as much as in England.

REVIEWS.

DÖLLINGER ON THE REUNION OF CHRISTENDOM.*

IF mankind were able to learn in anything like proportion to their experience, they would have learned by this time, what they certainly have not learned, that, though it is easy to break, it is very difficult to mend. If there is an organic law of the Christian society to be traced in the New Testament, it is the law of unity. On each several occasion which has in the course of centuries led to a breach of that unity, those who must be supposed to have felt themselves bound in conscience to accept division and separation in order to maintain truth and right probably thought that the necessity under which they seemed to act would be but temporary; that the corruptions or oppression against which they protested would in time disappear with their upholders, and that when the tyranny was overpast, and the error fully exposed, unity would return with returning reason and sober judgment. It is curious to speculate how many of these disruptions would have been risked if those responsible for them had been able to look forward, and to see that the tyranny might pass and the error be cleared up or surrendered, but that the rent would be incurable. It might have been thought beforehand so obvious and natural that, when the heat of a controversy or a quarrel had died away with the progress of time, the strong forces in Christianity tending to peace and union would resume their paramount influence; that broken ties would be knit together again; that good feeling and calm sense, to say nothing of Christian charity, would easily arrange differences; that sects and minorities would run their course, and then be reabsorbed in the large public body from which they split off. But we know that, though nations may make peace, Churches are irreconcilable. In the whole course of Church history it is hard to find a single clear instance of genuine voluntary reunion between separated bodies. Order and liberty, unity and truth, an honest conscience and peace, may be adjusted to one another, and may long coexist in a religious community; but once let the tension of their rival influences overcome its cohesion, once let the real or alleged claims of liberty, truth, and conscience require secession, and we may safely prophesy that, whatever becomes of the separated fractions, an amputated limb will grow again before their division is healed. One or both may perish, or may pass into something different; but it is most unlikely that they will ever, as bodies, come together once more.

And yet it is impossible to conceive anything more monstrous than this impossibility of reconciliation between Christian bodies which has hitherto been found to be almost the rule in Church history. All the noblest and best minds in all the divisions of Christendom rebel against it, and earnestly protest against erecting the formidable fact into a necessary condition of religious society. There can be no doubt that it is one of those cases where it is as right not to yield to the discouragement of countless failures as it is right for the martyr to maintain his convictions of the unseen truth, and the certainty of its triumph, with the world against him and death before him. When, then, a divine like Dr. Döllinger, seconded by a disciple who is so worthy to represent him as Mr. Oxenham, invites our thought to the prospects of the "Reunion of the Churches," we listen with the keenest interest and the deepest respect. If only because they are bolder and more hopeful than the mass of us, they command our attention.

* *Lectures on the Reunion of the Churches.* By J. J. von Döllinger, D.D. Translated, with Preface, by H. Nutcombe Oxenham, M.A. London: Rivingtons. 1872.

If attempts in the same direction have hitherto failed, adequate reasons can be assigned in each case for the failure; it does not follow that they must always fail. The time may not have been ripe for them; the idea, like many other ideas which have at last found their way into practical life, may need great changes in man's thought and knowledge and circumstances before it can be realized. At any rate it is one which, if it is to be realized, must be kept prominently before the minds of Christians; which, even if we are not to see it realized, we need to have kept before us as a measure of our shortcomings. Dr. Döllinger has claims on attention such as very few men possess. He has few equals in his knowledge of the causes which have led to the divisions of the Church, and which keep those divisions alive. Few Protestants have understood the case of Catholics and sympathized with them, as he, alone among Catholics of his eminence, has understood and sympathized with Protestants and Greeks. And, next, anxious as he is for reunion and sanguine of its possibility, he is so resolute and unflinching in his loyalty to truth that, when acquiescence in fraud and falsehood was the alternative, he deliberately chose to countenance by a fresh example the policy of separation. Truth is with him above the unity, the unity apparently unbroken and impregnable, of the most imposing portion of Christendom. The only reunion he will think of is one based on definite and positive avowals of truth; of that which ignores differences, and hides them under ambiguities and compromises, he will have none. It may seem idle to think of reunion on such terms; but at least they are the only fair and reasonable terms, the only terms on which a man of serious convictions could think of it; and on these terms, undaunted by the actual appearance of the world, Dr. Döllinger bids us not despair of reunion. The

"Nestor of Catholic theology," speaking [so Mr. Oxenham writes] from a profound acquaintance with the past history of the Church, and an intimate familiarity with the present condition of both Catholic and Protestant society, he declares that union to be at once the supreme necessity of the Christian commonwealth and a perfectly practicable achievement. It is not the voice of a youthful zealot, or a dreamy mystic, or a fiery reformer, which addresses us, but a venerable friend full of years and of honours, cautious by temperament, and of a nation pre-eminent for its critical acumen, conservative and Catholic to the backbone in his instincts and habits, who sums up in these weighty words the concentrated convictions of a lifetime.

What is there, then, in the circumstances of the time to induce a man like Dr. Döllinger to think that this union of Christendom, hitherto attempted in vain, is now "a perfectly practicable achievement"? We ask the question with the most sincere wish to agree with him, and with the fullest recognition of the calmness and candour with which he surveys the scene. The favouring circumstances which present themselves to his mind seem to be mainly these. In the first place, the events of the last few years have paved the way for a reconciliation between the two greatest bodies of Christendom—the Latin Church of the West, and the chief representative of Oriental Christianity, the Russian Church. It is clear that he thinks that the proverb must come true of the Papal system, that when things are at the worst, they must soon mend. The Vatican decree is the climax of that intolerable tyranny long exercised by the Jesuit party in the name of the Pope; and the result of it must be a general reaction and revolt in the Latin Church against this tyranny, which shall place the Papacy in its true constitutional position, a position in accordance with the genuine tradition of the ancient Church. With a Latin Church which has got rid of the irresponsible despotism established in the Roman Curia, supported by the inflexible policy of the Jesuits, and consecrated by the Vatican decree, the greatest and most serious hindrance to union with the Eastern Church will have been removed; the two great bodies are at bottom agreed in doctrine, and the real bar to reconciliation is the usurped power of the Popes. Another sign is the increased spirit of sympathy in the English Church towards the great traditional Churches both of West and East from which she has so long kept aloof—a sympathy developed directly from the doctrinal and historical position of the English Church, which, in spite of the strong Protestant temper dominant in England, has never let go her hold on Christian antiquity, and whose most learned divines and most consistent schools have always laid the greatest stress on this unbroken connexion. Lastly, in the new circumstances of Germany Dr Döllinger sees a great source of encouragement. Everything has told of late to disengage Catholic Germany from Rome; and what tends to disengage German Catholics from Rome turns their thoughts towards reconciliation with their Protestant countrymen, who were driven reluctantly into separation by precisely the same policy of insolent fraud and imposture which has just now so profoundly shocked the conscience and intellect of devout and learned Catholics. And since Dr. Döllinger's Lectures were published the attitude and claims of the Roman Court have turned a religious quarrel into a political one, and have brought the Pope face to face with the new German Empire, as the secret enemy of German unity and the intriguer against its peace. We know what such a feeling has brought about in former times; our own times are hardly likely to be more patient. And whatever weakens the attraction of Germany to Rome is an opening and advantage towards a unity which shall be independent of it—a unity which, however much men desire it, they will not accept coupled with the condition of submission to Rome.

Dr. Döllinger looks to Germany as the most hopeful source and guide of this movement:—

At the beginning of any eirenic movement, its opponents will outnumber its friends and helpers. But we may count on the sympathy, if not the active help, of those who have at heart the greatness and unity of Germany, and who believe that the political union is but half the work and requires an ecclesiastical union of all its tribes as the completion, fulfilment, and crowning of the edifice. In Germany the two religions are constantly becoming more and more intermingled, and the artificial devices for keeping them apart are more and more felt to be disturbing and hindering influences, superseded by the movement and needs of the present, and are being gradually put aside. . . . . I have found it the almost universal conviction in foreign countries that it is the special mission of Germany to take the lead in this world-wide question, and to give to the movement its form, measure, and direction. We are the heart of Europe, richer in theologians than all other lands, and the linguistic knowledge indispensable for this task exists with us in a higher degree than anywhere else. What can, what ought to be done? A negotiation between Churches through plenipotentiaries accredited on either side promises no result; the mere proposal or attempt would now, after July 18, 1870, be folly. The right instrument would be found in men, both of the clergy and laity, who would unite for common action, first in Germany, untrammelled by instructions, and simply following their own mind and judgment. They would soon draw others to them in rapidly increasing numbers, by the magnetic power of work so pure and well pleasing to God, and would thus be brought into communication with like-minded men in other countries. *The basis of their consultations would be Holy Scripture with the three Œcumenical Creeds, interpreted by the still undivided Church of the early centuries.* Then would an international society be formed of the noblest and most beneficial kind, and which, begun as a snowball, might well become an irresistible avalanche.

If Germany were the world, or if the world were like Germany, these expectations might appear better grounded. But large elements have been left out of the calculation. If the Eastern Church were attracted, what about the Latin populations? What about Italy, Spain, and Ultramontane France? What about the strong anti-Catholic element in the English Church? What about the 126 sects of English Nonconformists, fiercely insular, fiercely suspicious of Popery, or of anything which their ignorance or their instinct confounds with Popery? What about the land of triumphant sectarianism, the United States? Do they give much promise of coming into a scheme of reunion like this? The writer and the translator of these interesting lectures will seem to most persons to be too sanguine in speaking of the union which they long for and urge on Christians as a "perfectly practicable achievement." "Why," asks Mr. Oxenham, "is reunion considered an 'idle dream'?" "*Simply because we choose to make it so.*" But who are the "we" with whom it rests? Not himself and those who sympathize with him, but all the Churches, and sects, and parties, and single minds and souls, with all their separate convictions, and traditions, and prejudices, and interests, all over the Christian world. And who is to make all these infinitely differing views and habits and inherited opinions converge to the point where variations may be adjusted and agreement may become possible? who is to attract to any common ground, even for discussion and deliberation, bodies and individuals so remote in distance, and still more remote in ideas and sympathies?

And yet it is no useless task to which Dr. Döllinger has devoted himself. He seems to us more of a mere pioneer than he conceives himself to be; but it is enough even for a writer of his position and ability to be but a pioneer in the cause which so interests him. Before any such result as he contemplates can be even approximately reached, there must be a long, a very long and doubtful, work of breaking up the ground. Evidently the public mind is still absolutely unprepared even to take in the conception of such a reconciliation as he has in view. The disintegration of what still holds together, the destruction of what is established—this it can understand; but the fusing into a stable cohesion elements which have long been kept apart, the reconstruction of Christendom on larger and nobler principles than have yet ruled in it—this we are yet a long way from regarding as a thing of practical interest. All that can be said is, that there is more chance of gaining a hearing for words of truth and soberness about such questions than there was when Calixtus and Santa Clara, and Leibnitz and Molanus, and Wake and Dupin ventured to feel their way towards counsels of peace. If many differences have since their days become consolidated and hardened by time, if extreme opinions have become more extreme, yet there is a wider and better-informed public opinion than they had, and one less embarrassed by political considerations, to listen to and judge of reasonable and serious arguments. For the sake of generations to come it is well to familiarize our own generation with the two great points of truth on which Dr. Döllinger in his lectures and Mr. Oxenham in his eloquent preface insist. One is the monstrous anomaly of the existing state of division of the Christian Church; an anomaly which, familiar as it has become to us as an existing fact, no prescription can ever legitimate, no excuse can ever palliate as a fatal violation of the very idea of Christianity, and which is obviously and confessedly the poisonous influence for which there is no antidote, sapping its strength and arresting its advance. The other point is the extravagant and absurd insignificance of the greater part of the causes of separation and disunion. To each particular separated body the points of doctrine which keep it separate seem, of course, to be of paramount and supreme importance; but they are likely to appear so to none but its own partisans. There are two subjects on which to differ is necessarily to find it impossible to unite with any truth and reality in religious association. To differ about the object of worship, and to differ about the source and guarantee of religious truth, must be and ought to be, as long as they last, fatal bars to union. It never can be taken as a matter of indifference whether we refuse worship and all that goes with worship to one who is entitled to it, or whether we give worship to one who is but a

creature. And, again, it cannot be a matter of indifference, for it must be either the first of human blessings or the worst of human impostures, whether or not we believe that there is in the world, in the flesh like ourselves and speaking human words, a living oracle of divine truth, who may be consulted on all the difficulties and dangers of thought and life, and whose voice is certainly and without fail equivalent to the answer of God himself. Between divergent convictions on these two fundamental conditions of religious belief there can be no compromise; and no religious community could, without losing that which made it religious, embrace them together. But, besides these two points, it is difficult to name a third, absolutely and *in limine* fatal to an honest attempt to reunite a shattered Christendom. Certain it is that many grave points of difference which in former times have been thought insuperable obstacles to union have sunk more and more into differences of aspect or point of view, perfectly compatible with sincere co-operation and a large measure of sympathy. Dr. Döllinger enumerates a number of questions on which great changes have come either on the Catholic or the Protestant mind, where these questions have been reviewed and examined with competent knowledge, and on a higher level than that of urgent and keen controversy. The Lutheran article of justification is still of interest to numbers, and will still be of interest as long as St. Augustine is studied and human experience remains the same; but it has not the factitious supremacy which it once had, as the article of a standing or falling Church. Questions about the efficacy and administration of the sacraments, about church discipline, such as celibacy and the self-devoted life, about our relations to the other world, such as the intermediate state, the invocation of Saints and prayers for the departed, are all questions on which the deepest and most legitimate interest is felt, and on which the right or the wrong is of the greatest consequence; but they are questions which are more and more recognized as having two sides, and admitting of being looked at from varied points of view. There is a wide margin relating to them within which members of the same Church might fairly differ. How the lines are to be traced which shall comprehend these differences, Dr. Döllinger does not adequately show us. But it is no small service that he renders to Christendom when he reminds us, not only as a learned man, but as a sincere Catholic, how much wider these lines of comprehension ought to be than any of those with which use and custom have made us familiar.

DASENT'S JEST AND EARNEST.*

THE students of the great series of Chronicles and Memorials—which, it is to be hoped, will suffer nothing though Lord Romilly should cease to be Master of the Rolls, or though there should cease to be any Master of the Rolls at all—have been for years waiting for an edition of those Scandinavian Sagas which bear upon the history of Britain from the hand of Mr. Dasent. Mr. Dasent more than obeys the precept of Horace about the ninth year. His Collection of Sagas was advertised as "in the press" in 1860, and it was still advertised as "in the press" in 1872. Meanwhile, scholars have been feeling the lack. There is really no trustworthy and accessible edition of those Scandinavian tales, whether we choose to call them legend or history, which, great as is the caution with which they must be used, are still one of the materials for English history during several centuries. Any accessible edition of them would be a gain; a really critical edition would be an unspeakable gain. During all these years Mr. Dasent has mocked us by the promise of an edition which we fondly hoped might turn out to be something like what we want. For all these years we have been waiting in vain:—

> μίλλων γὰρ ἀεὶ δρᾶν τε τὰς σπουδὰς τε μου·
> καὶ τὰς ἀπούσας ἐλπίδας διέφθορεν.

Many has been the time that we should have been rejoiced to be able to turn to such an edition of the Sagas as we hoped that Mr. Dasent's, when it came, would turn out to be. We have waited more patiently, but not less unsuccessfully, than the ancient worshippers of Baal. Whether Mr. Dasent has been sleeping it is not for us to guess; that he has been several times on a journey we gather from the two volumes before us. From these volumes also we learn that he has been writing divers squibs and articles, while from other sources we know that he has been writing a novel. But what comfort is all this to us, who have been all this time wanting our Sagas in a shape in which we could make use of them? And now we have something which, for anything we know, Mr. Dasent may be giving us instead of the boon for which we have so long been looking. If so, we can only say that it is not a little cruel to give us so hard a stone instead of the long promised bread. It is cruel when Mr. Dasent, instead of a critical edition of Sagas, gives us a sort of summary of Sagas without any criticism. It is more cruel still when, instead of Sagas or anything else about the Faroe Islands, he gives us, under the title of "A Fortnight in Faroe," page after page of the poorest and dullest cockney joking. We know not for what kind of public Mr. Dasent may have put forth his two volumes of *Jest and Earnest*. It certainly cannot be for the scholars whom he has so long mocked with the vain hope of getting something from him which might really help them in their studies.

We are in fact quite at a loss to guess with what motive Mr. Dasent can have put forth what he is pleased to call his Essays and Reviews. We should really have thought that a man who has somehow got a reputation for knowledge of Scandinavian matters, and who has had the honour of being chosen as a fellow-worker with such scholars as those who have edited the later volumes of the Chronicles and Memorials, should have had more respect for himself and his subject than to treat a matter of such interest as a voyage to Faroe in a style which brings him down to the level of Mr. Jeaffreson or Mr. Hepworth Dixon. Why cannot he tell us where he went and what he saw in that curious island scrap of Scandinavia, without bringing it in with a hideous mass of rubbish about "Smith," and "Paterfamilias," and the London season, and bathing at Dieppe, and all the lowest jargon of the cockney penny-a-liner, who fancies that all the world lives in London? A sensible traveller, knowing the language and history of the country, as we are bound to assume that Mr. Dasent does, could have told us a good deal about so very curious and out-of-the-way a part of the world. And a long-suffering reader may by a series of efforts dig up several pieces of information out of the dreary waste of Mr. Dasent's liveliness. But the effort is a painful one, and puts him who makes it pretty much on a level with the unlucky whales whose merciless butchery Mr. Dasent tells us about. When Mr. Dasent lights upon a good thing, he does not seem to know what to do with it. He hears a story about seals turning into women, and it does not strike him that he has lighted on a rich vein of comparative mythology. The utmost that he does, which is doubtless some self-sacrifice for Mr. Dasent, is to keep himself from making any cockney joke while telling the story. In the next paper he goes to Wildbad, but he cannot get there without an overpowering flood of cockneyism, which, when he gets to his bath, changes into such elegant wit as calling one of his fellow-visitors "Prince Ringwormowski." How all this stuff ever found its way into a periodical like the *North British Review*, which certainly contained some articles of a very different stamp, is even harder to understand than how Mr. Dasent himself could first write and then after eight years reprint them.

It is hardly needful to dwell on two political squibs twenty years old which Mr. Dasent has actually thought it worth while solemnly to reprint, or on some more cockney nonsense called "How we were all Vaccinated," stuff about "Mrs. Jellybag," "Mr. Squills," "Struggles," and "The housekeeper's room," the sort of thing which might, by an effort, be endured in a comic newspaper, but which we should have thought that no human creature would have dreamed of printing in a book. But here it all is, and we suppose it makes up Mr. Dasent's division of Jest alongside of what we suppose is meant for Earnest, namely, the papers on the English Language and on Norwegian History. Mr. Dasent calmly tells us in his preface, "They now reappear just as they were originally written, though the writer well knows that the world has not stood still either in politics or literature during the last twenty years." The years 1863 and 1864, in which Mr. Dasent wrote most of the articles, are as yet hardly twenty years ago, though the paper on the Origin of the English Language, written in 1856, comes nearer to that, we might almost say, distant time. Mr. Dasent's apology shows that he knows that these papers are behind the present state of knowledge; it is no shame to him that they are so; it is not given to every man to lead the way; but every man may follow the path when it is once pointed out. We neither wonder at Mr. Dasent nor blame him because, writing about the Origin of the English Language in 1856, he wrote in an unscientific and blundering way about Britons, Semi-Saxons, and what not. What we do wonder at, what we do blame him for, is his reprinting this kind of thing unaltered in 1873. If Mr. Dasent had only marked the things about which he knows better in 1873 than he did in 1856, we should at least have a picture of the progress of his mind, whatever that might be worth. But, as it is, he does not even give us this. All that we can see is, that Mr. Dasent knows that the world has not stood still in all these years, but that he will not take the trouble to make any use of its advance.

The third paper in the first volume is headed "England and Norway in the Eleventh Century," and is also reprinted from the *North British Review*. This, we presume, is one of the essays which come under the head of "Earnest." We are bound to say that there is nothing in it about "Smith," or "Struggles," or "Paterfamilias." There is nothing about Mr. Dasent bathing at Dieppe, or his being jaded with the London season. But it is no a paper which promises very much for the critical character of Mr. Dasent's edition of the Sagas, whenever we get it. His paper is dated in 1865; but, as he chooses to reprint it in 1873, we must judge it by the light of 1873, and not by that of 1865. But, even by the standard of 1865, it is sadly uncritical. First of all, the title is misleading. Who would have thought that "England and Norway in the Eleventh Century" meant nothing more than the story of the reigns of Edward the Confessor and Harold, told according to Mr. Dasent's notion of them? And really no man in 1865 should have written such a sentence as this:—

> Ingulph, the secretary of William, indeed denies that at that visit his master exerted any undue influence on Edward to extort a promise from him; but who can tell—no, not even in aftertimes the hired scribe of William—what passed between the cousins?

It is certainly a strange state of things when a man who is thought capable of work on the Chronicles and Memorials could, in 1865, think the stories of the false Ingulf worthy of

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* *Jest and Earnest. A Collection of Essays and Reviews.* By George Webbe Dasent, D.C.L. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1873.

serious discussion, and could calmly reprint in 1873 this witness that he was a good deal behind his age eight years before. After this specimen, it is perhaps hardly worth while to go into any very minute examination of Mr. Dasent's notions about eleventh century history. He has made use of the Life of Edward published by Mr. Luard, and that is all that we can say for him. To all that has been done for this period of history since 1865 Mr. Dasent resolutely shuts his eyes. We have all the different versions of Harold's visit to Normandy, run over in a light and flippant way, as if the evidence on which they severally rest had never been critically tested. Mr. Dasent tells us that the visit happened in 1064, a date certainly less improbable than most others, but which is hardly to be taken for granted. Then he tells us:—

> Certain it is that soon after that visit Edward sent Harold's brother Wulfnoth, and his nephew Sweyn's son Hacon, who had been given by Godwin as hostages over to William for safe-keeping.

Any one who has really worked at the different statements, and not tripped jauntily over them, will perhaps think that this story, like all the other stories, is anything but certain. We need hardly say that the Norwegian legend of Stamfordbridge, the English cavalry, the English archers, and so forth, is told over again as if it were so much true history; only Mr. Dasent does stop to point out the mistake of the myth-maker—one simply of a piece with the rest of the story—which kills Morkere at Fulford. At the authentic account in Henry of Huntingdon he seems never to have looked, but he gets into a critical fit over Waitz's edition of Marianus Scotus. But of the real meaning of Marianus's account, and of its utter inconsistency with the Norwegian fable, Mr. Dasent seems to have no notion whatever.

In the second volume we get a review of the early parts of Latham's Johnson's Dictionary. This dates in 1864. Mr. Dasent gives us over again a good deal of the same kind of thing which is to be found in the earlier essay on the Origin of the English Language; but he does seem to have advanced in one point between 1856 and 1864. As early as 1848 Dr. Guest had explained the real meaning of the "Saxon shore;" but in 1856 Mr. Dasent had not reached the point which Dr. Guest had reached at least eight years earlier, and, in the essay on the Origin of the English Language, he talked all the old talk about its being called from a German settlement to which since Dr. Guest no scholar has listened. In the paper written in 1864 this does not appear again, so it is just possible that Mr. Dasent may have spent his second term of eight years—the great cyclic period, according to Lappenberg—in learning a little about early English history at the hands of its great master. In the essay itself Mr. Dasent undertakes the easy task of convicting Dr. Latham of a good many mistakes. But Mr. Dasent is himself really a good deal more uncritical than Dr. Latham. He seems to have no idea whatever of the nature of the English language, or of any language. He goes on talking, in the old blundering way, about modern English words being "derived from the Anglo-Saxon"; only he objects to "deriving" them from the Anglo-Saxon, because he wants to "derive" them from the Scandinavian. In short, like most people who touch Scandinavian matters, Mr. Dasent has got bitten with the Berserker madness. The fault of most Scandinavian writers on English matters is that, whenever they see anything in England which is the least like anything in Denmark or Norway, whether it be in language or in anything else, they at once rush at it as something of direct Scandinavian origin—something brought into England by Hubba or Cnut—whereas, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, the likeness is simply owing to the original kindred of the English and Scandinavian nations. And English writers who take up a strong Scandinavian line are apt to fall into just the same error as the native Danes and Northmen. Mr. Dasent, for instance, sees Scandinavians wherever he has the ghost of a chance. He will make everything Scandinavian which could possibly be Scandinavian. Now no one doubts that the Danish invasions, like the other events of our history, had some effect on our language. No one doubts that there is a Scandinavian element in the existing English speech; but how great that element is we shall never find out unless we set about it in a more critical and a less impetuous way than Mr. Dasent. Anything in modern English which cannot be traced up to the existing remains of the oldest English, which has nothing like it in any of the continental forms of the Low-Dutch, but which has something like it in Scandinavian, may be safely set down as a real Scandinavian infusion into English; but further than this it is not safe to go. Mr. Dasent's notions of the history of language during the eleventh and twelfth centuries are truly remarkable when we think that they are deliberately given to the world in 1873:—

> The King and his barons spoke Norman French, their subjects and serfs, whether Scandinavians or Saxons, might speak whatever jargon they chose. It never occurred to the Conqueror or his sons, or to his grandchildren and great-grandchildren, that a Norman could be anything else than a Norman, or his speech anything else than Norman.

Normans and Angevins are most likely all the same to Mr. Dasent, but what does he make of William's attempt to learn English? of the English education of Henry the First? of the fact that Henry the Second, whether he could speak English or not, most certainly understood it when spoken? These things were perhaps not so clear in 1864 as they are in 1873; but there are some people who keep their eyes open to the last lights as they come, Mr. Dasent chooses rather to stay where the last revolution of the octennial cycle left him.

One page of Mr. Dasent's book—namely, page 337 of the first volume—emphatically reminds us that, in his own phrase, the world has not stood still during the last twenty years. Mr. Dasent's essay, written in 1856, brings strongly home to us the fact that the Semi-Saxon was then in the land. He has indeed something like a page to himself—at least his name stands in all the glory of a heading. In the text Mr. Dasent says, "We have called the speech of England in the time of John Semi-Saxon. Why not," he goes on, "call it Anglo-Saxon?" The answer, we confess, is beyond us; but that is not wonderful, as the whole nature of the Semi-Saxon is beyond us. However, here it is:—

> Because during that century and a half the internal law of simplification and progression had continued to exert its influence on the language in an increased ratio of speed.

A few pages on we read:—

> The dialects cease to be called Anglo-Norman on one side or Semi-Saxon on the other. The common term Early English includes them both.

The time when this happened seems to have been in the thirteenth century, and it also seems as if Mr. Dasent thought that people at the time talked about Anglo-Norman and Semi-Saxon. Perhaps a man of mixed blood might say, "My father talked Anglo-Norman and my mother talked Semi-Saxon; as for me, I talk Early English." After all this we are not surprised to find a few pages before this Mr. Dasent talking of "the sack and burning of Anderida by the *sons of Cerdic*," and adding, "but for a long time such a capture was an exception."

A great part of the second volume is taken up, not by a critical examination of the Sagas, but with an account of the reigns of Magnus the Good and Harold Hardrada according to the Sagas. This makes us tremble a little for the coming edition.

Of course there are, scattered up and down Mr. Dasent's essays, things of a different character from those which we have quoted. He makes, for instance, some good protests against some of the modern corruptions of English, and against filling dictionaries with words which are not words but merely technical terms. There is a good deal in Mr. Dasent's two volumes which is quite to the purpose, but then it is for the most part quite commonplace. It is the old story that what is true is not new, and what is new is not true. But, when a man thinks good to reprint his fugitive pieces, and that, according to his own confession, without any kind of correction or improvement, we may fairly ask that they should rise to a higher level than this.

SAGAS FROM THE FAR EAST.*

At the end of his preface the author of this volume apologizes for "any inaccuracies which may have crept into" his "pages owing to being abroad while preparing them for the press." The plea is elastic; but if it be suffered to cover not a few sins in the way of mistranslation, or of wrong transcription of names from German into English, it can scarcely be taken as an excuse for making Mongolians talk Sanskrit, and still less for the form which he has chosen to give to his book. He has written it, he tells us, especially for the young; that is, for those whom it is specially necessary to place in the right track at a time when misdirection may send them permanently and fatally astray. When, then, boys and girls, in reading what is put before them as a Calmuck or Mongolian tale, find the narrator saying that "a voice came out of *Saurya*," and are referred to a note which consists simply of a quotation on the origin of the word from Lassen's work on the Mahâ Bhârata, what can they suppose but that Hindus and Mongols talk much the same language, or have at least the same names for their objects of worship? But if even this be condoned, indulgence cannot fairly be carried further.

Popular tales, from whatever quarter they may come, have attractions for two sets of readers, and have therefore a twofold value. It is a distinct gain when any addition is made to the stock of stories in which children may take pleasure simply as stories; and it is next to certain that these stories will have a further scientific value for the comparative mythologist and the historical student. But, whether for those who read for amusement only, or for those who take them up as serious work, there are only three ways in which such stories should be put forth. To the publication of the mere text, provided it be accurate, without note or comment, there can be no objection; but if either notes or comments are to be made, they should be confined to matters really needed to explain the text; or, secondly, to the history of these traditions and to their connexion, if any such should exist, with the traditions or stories of other tribes and nations. Unfortunately the translator of these tales has not followed either of these courses. Not less than eighty closely printed pages of notes are appended to about three hundred pages of text, which an exact translation would have reduced to a much smaller number, and of these eighty pages not much more perhaps than a tenth is really needed to make the text intelligible to children. The collection of tales known as the Siddhi-Kür is preceded by a dedication to the teacher Nagarguna, who is said to be second only to Sakyamouni. This gives occasion to one note of sixteen pages on the history of Gautama Buddha and his doctrines, and to another note of about half that length on the forms which Buddhism has taken in Tibet. On this subject a few lines or a

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* *Sagas from the Far East; or, Kalmuk and Mongolian Traditionary Tales.* With Historical Preface and Explanatory Notes. By the Author of "Patrañas," &c. London: Griffith & Farran. 1873.

few paragraphs would amply suffice. If anything is to be said about these stories at all, what we need to be told is, how far they are Calmuck or Mongolian; and, if they did not originate with these tribes, how far they have been modified in their new home. This is a task to be done systematically; in the present work, for all practical purposes, it has not been attempted at all. Here and there the reader will find scattered through the notes a few remarks on Mongolian or Calmuck changes in Hindu stories, although in the preface he is told that they are all traceable to Indian sources, and that they have "received an entire transformation in the course of their adoption by their new country." That this last assertion is far too sweeping, boys and girls who know the stories gathered by Grimm, Asbjornsen, Campbell, and many others will soon see when they find some of their favourites not much the worse for putting on a Mongolian dress. Beyond the mere fact of this borrowing or importation, the translator, it seems, has little to tell them; and what he does say is likely to mislead. In truth, they can scarcely fail to be misled when they are told that we can "trace the age of a building by its alterations and repairs, and that equally well whether these be made in a style later prevailing, utterly different from that of the original design, or in the most careful imitation of the same, for the age of the workman's hand cannot choose but write itself on whatever he chisels." The notion that we can always, or even generally, do this without documentary evidence is a mischievous delusion.

The statement that these stories may be traced to a Hindu source is followed, not by an attempt to show how Mongolians received them, but by a discussion on the meaning of the word "Indian," and on the way by which the Aryan tribes entered Hindostan. This is not wanted to enable children to understand these stories, while for students it is wholly uncalled for; but even more unfortunate is the eagerness of the translator in hunting out moral lessons for the edification of his readers. It might have been thought that at this time of day the stories should be allowed to speak for themselves. If a popular tale is too coarse, or in any way unfit to be put before the young, let it be kept from their sight; but it is purely mischievous to speak of these myths or traditions as being either composed with a purpose, or as even having a didactic element, unless we have clear evidence that this is the case. The author has already published collections of Spanish and other stories, of which he says that in telling them there was no need "to point to a moral, for the moral—*i.e.* some more or less remote application of the sacred and civilizing teaching of the Gospel—was of the very essence of each" (xv.) Here again we have an assertion which, as being altogether too sweeping, becomes untrue. Probably on no popular traditions has the Christian sentiment of the middle ages more clearly set its mark than on the magnificent group of legends which have gathered round the name of Arthur. Yet the very myth in which this sentiment becomes most conspicuous is in all its essential features found in a hundred or a thousand purely heathen stories. It is, of course, useless to seek for Christian teaching in these Mongolian tales; but the translator is nevertheless not to be baulked in his efforts to turn them to moral uses. They are, he says, "not ideal embodiments of the perfect motives by which people ought to be actuated, but *genre* pictures of the modes in which they commonly do act. As such, they cannot fail to contain the means of edification, though we are left to look for and discover and apply it for ourselves" (xvii.) The youngest of his readers will soon see that, for the most part, the motives which prompt the actors in these tales do not belong to common life at all, while those who are somewhat older will perhaps begin to feel that the edification extracted from them is obtained at the cost of spoiling them as stories, or of bringing the matter to a wrong issue. The thirteenth tale of the Siddhi-Kür relates the fortunes of the man who has set free from their tormentors three beasts which come to help him when he is shut up in the iron box for stealing silkstuff from the King's treasury. In this prison he is nearly choked for want of air, when suddenly a little chink appears in one corner. This was the work of the mouse whose life he had saved; and to the sentence in which this is stated the translator has appended the following portentous note:—

> The Indian world of story abounds in tales in which the low notion of expecting some advantage to accrue in this life is proposed as the object and reward of good actions. Instances will doubtless occur to the reader. The Pantcha-Tantra collection contains one in which an elephant is caught by a Khan out hunting by being driven into a deep dyke. He asks advice of a Brahman who passes that way as to how he is to extricate himself. "Now is the time," answers the Brahman, "to recall if you have ever done good to any one, and, if so, to call him to your aid." The elephant thereupon recalls that he once delivered a number of rats whom a Khan had hunted and caught and shut up in earthen jars by lifting the earthen jars with his trunk and gently breaking them. He accordingly invokes the aid of these rats, who come and gnaw away at the earth surrounding the dyke, till they have made so easy a slope of it that the elephant can walk out. Christianity fortunately proposes a higher motive for our good actions; and the experience of life would make that derived from results to be expected from gratitude a very poor one.

The experience of life scarcely shows that the good turns which a man may receive from others come for the most part from those whom he has injured, nor are we aware that Christianity forbids us to look for aid to those whom we may ourselves have been able to help. In short, this talk is twaddle, or something worse. It cannot edify, and it may lead to a false classification of popular stories. The very gist of both these tales is that the good deeds are done without any hope whatever of future recompense. To show how little Shrikantha, who has rescued the mouse, the monkey, and the bear, expects any good to himself from his acts of mercy, he is represented as brought into trouble for stealing when, if it had been a mere matter of tit for tat, he might have invoked their aid to save him from hunger without adding to it the task of delivering him from the consequences of his theft. The translator's business, therefore, was to see, if he felt himself called upon to meddle with these matters at all, whether his elephant story was or was not only the story of Shrikantha in another form; whether the same story can or cannot be found among the popular traditions of other tribes; and, if so, which may be the oldest form, and whether they may or may not have one common source. The merest child who has read the tales will see that, whatever may be said of the elephant and the rats, the legend of Shrikantha is in this feature in precise agreement with that of Psyche aided by brute animals to perform the tasks put upon her by Aphrodité, and with that large family of Teutonic, Norse, and other stories in which the wanderer or pilgrim has certain seemingly impossible things to do—mountains of ice to scale, huge castles to throw down, or myriads of boulders to remove—in which, when their own powers are found to be useless, they are helped by bears, wolves, or foxes, by ducks, swans, eagles, ants, fishes, or ravens. If, then, this matter is to be taken in hand at all, these stories must be classified both according to the tasks to be done and the beasts which accomplish them. Why these beasts should be introduced is a question belonging to the *Zoological Mythology* of Professor Gubernatis; nor is it necessary for us to say whether Mr. Cox be or be not right when he states that under the names of these animals the old mythical language spoke of the clouds, the winds, and the light which conquers the darkness, and that the chief work enjoined in these tales—the recovery, namely, of an apple, a golden or a silver ball, or egg-shaped talisman—is the bringing back of the sun's orb. But it is obvious that in the one case we have a scientific process and a conclusion which may be accepted or rejected according to the evidence; in the other we have a mere random beating of the air. We rise, in fact, from the reading of these *Sagas from the Far East* knowing less about the share which Mongols or Calmucks had in shaping them than we learn from the single sentence in which Professor Gubernatis tells us that

> the popular tales of the Tatars do not differ enough from those of the Aryans to infuse into them anything like new blood or affect in any degree their radical nature; on the contrary, the Tatar stories are the Aryan tales themselves, or at most the Hindoo ones, a little modified by a few peculiarities which are specifically of a Tatar character.

If the reader of these Eastern Sagas should desire to have an excellent analysis of most of these Siddhi-Kur and Ardschi-Bordschi tales, he will find it in the work of Professor Gubernatis. He will there also find evidence of some unfortunate slips made by the translator of these Eastern Sagas. In one of the tales Professor Gubernatis rightly says that "a man uses the horns of his dead buffalo to grub up the roots upon which he lives in exile." In the translation the buffalo is turned into a goat, and is brought back alive by the man to his own country, and there made to dig roots out of the earth for him to eat.

To speak plainly, the translator has not withstood, as he ought to have withstood, the temptation to compile a book which should give him a character for much learning. Nor is he the only offender among recent writers on mythological subjects. It is an easy matter for compilers to lay claims to superior wisdom by taking exception to the theories or conclusions of other writers as being carried too far, and then putting forth substantially the same conclusions as their own. This method is adopted in one or two passages by the translator of these Eastern Sagas, without, however, naming those who are thus censured. It is employed more ostentatiously by Mr. Fiske, who in his volume on Myths and Mythmakers takes special credit to himself for avoiding what he calls the extreme views of Mr. Cox. Yet Mr. Fisko speaks with undoubting assurance of "Odysseus warring with the impious night heroes who have endeavoured throughout ten long years or hours of darkness to seduce from her allegiance his twilight bride, the weaver of the never-finished web of violet clouds"; and he has no hesitation in saying that "in Achilleus and Meleagros we see the unhappy solar hero doomed to toil for the profit of others, and to be cut off by an untimely death." We need say no more than that these views of Odysseus, Meleagros, and Achilleus were first put forth by Mr. Cox, and are generally set down as among the extremest which he has put forth. It is time that writers on mythological matters, whose number seems to be rapidly growing, should learn the duty, more strictly obeyed by historians, of assigning to their proper sources all results not obtained strictly by their own researches. Their reputation for learning will not be lessened by more scrupulous care, even though it may cost them a little more time and trouble.

MACLEOD'S ECONOMICAL PHILOSOPHY.*

MR. SARGANT, in an essay which we reviewed some time ago, remarked upon the unfairness of ignoring certain writers without close examination of their merits. He mentioned Mr. Macleod as a case in point. Mr. Macleod, as he remarked, had

* *Economical Philosophy.* By Henry Dunning Macleod. London: Longmans & Co. 1872.

received very high commendation from some foreign authorities, and especially from M. Chevalier. English economists, on the other hand, seem to be in a tacit conspiracy to put him down, not by argument, but by silence. With Mr. Sargant's general principle we fully agree. Undoubtedly a gentleman who comes to us with such testimonials deserves a serious examination, though it is possible that the results of the examination may not be specially gratifying to him. Bearing this admonition in mind, we thought it our duty to read through a thick volume in which Mr. Macleod has expounded his principles, or rather has expounded some of them; for beyond the 676 pages of the present work we can see looming in the distance an indefinite vista of economical disquisition. We will not say that our attention has never flagged in the process; for, to confess the truth, it is difficult to conceive reading of a more hopelessly dreary kind. If we wished, for example, to express our conception of the deepest misery to which a human being could be exposed, we should endeavour to picture Mr. Carlyle condemned to plod through this contribution to the "dismal science." However, we have performed our task, and it has left upon our minds an impression equally compounded of weariness and a sense of the pathetic. Here is a gentleman of great reading, of much experience in business, and of some ability, who has obviously devoted years of labour to preaching a new economical gospel to mankind. He is fully persuaded that his speculations are fraught with results of unspeakable importance to human happiness. Newton did not work harder at his mathematical inquiries, nor did Descartes show more devotion to metaphysics, than Mr. Macleod to what he calls "Economical Philosophy." Is it not rather cruel to say to such a man, Your pains have been thrown away; you have found nothing but a mare's nest, and your philosophy is chiefly composed of rubbish? And yet what is a critic to do if such should be his candid opinion? He must, we presume, speak the truth, and, whilst praising Mr. Macleod's heroic devotion to his task, admit with sadness that his book is one more lamentable waste of human energy. Well, waste is the law of nature, and we cannot be much surprised. Mr. Macleod has done his best; he has accumulated a considerable amount of information which may be useful in other hands; he has done some positive service to literary history in calling attention to the labours of the French and Italian economists who anticipated Adam Smith in many of the doctrines which are supposed to have started full-blown from the Scotchman's brains; and he has published a very big book. More we can hardly say for him; the remarks which we are about to make will be to Mr. Macleod one more instance of the perverse stupidity which fails to recognize his merits; whilst to Mr. Sargant they may possibly serve in some degree to justify the apparent negligence of English economists in ignoring the claims of this would-be reformer of the science. In fact, we began to read Mr. Macleod with as much impartiality as was possible; but we soon came upon a specimen or two of his methods of reasoning which would probably deter any one but a critic from going much further.

Mr. Macleod, for example, argues at starting that the same methods are applicable to the moral and to the natural sciences. Amongst other authorities rather more to the point, he quotes Bishop Butler as holding this theory; and alleges in proof Butler's well-known sentence, "There is much more exact correspondence between the natural and the moral world than we are apt to take notice of." We will not say that the remark is utterly irrelevant; but when we see Butler classed with Bacon, Locke, Say, Comte, and Mill, as maintaining that "economic science as one of the moral sciences is an inductive science," and so classed on the strength of this single saying, we are struck with amazement. We have no doubt that Butler would have been equally amazed at being dragged into a controversy so utterly foreign to his modes of thought. Going a little further, we are still more perplexed by Mr. Macleod's notion of what is meant by inductive science. Mr. Mill alleges as a reason for teaching political economy by deductive rather than by inductive methods that we cannot try experiments in it. We cannot, as he puts it, "try forms of government and systems of national policy on a small scale in our laboratories." Now Mr. Macleod admits the truth of the statement, as he could not very well deny it; but he denies that it renders inductive methods inapplicable. His reason is singular. "In political economy," he says, "and the moral sciences generally, we can have what are in all respects equivalent to experiments—namely, FEIGNED CASES. . . . We can argue from feigned cases, and educe principles from them with exactly the same degree of certainty as if they were real cases; and also with the same degree of certainty as principles are tested by real experiments in experimental science." He proceeds to invent the name of "experiential philosophy" for "that branch of inductive science whose axioms are tested by observation and *feigned cases* or human *experience*." The *naïveté* of this argument is admirable. A "feigned case" means that you find out what would be the result of certain combinations by reasoning instead of by appealing to experience. Inductive reasoning rests upon inquiry into cases which have been observed. Deductive reasoning means inquiring into cases which have not happened, or, as Mr. Macleod calls them, feigned cases. And thus he argues that the moral sciences are inductive because they use deductive methods. He regards this as a great discovery.

When we meet with such an argument we have a pretty shrewd guess as to the logical capacity of the author. Mr. Macleod, however, presents us with other samples of argument almost equally strange. He has, as may easily be imagined, a great objection to Mr. Mill's methods of reasoning. Mr. Mill tells us in a well-known passage that it is improper to speak of the price of any commodity being fixed by the ratio between the demand and the supply. "The idea of a ratio," he says, "as between demand and supply is out of place, and has no concern in the matter; the proper mathematical analogy is that of an equation." Hereupon Mr. Macleod triumphs greatly. "It is very surprising," he says, "that so acute a thinker should not have perceived what any intelligent schoolboy could have told him, that an equation is a ratio!" We have every reason to believe that Mr. Mill is a gentleman of singularly humane temper, and entirely averse to the needless infliction of corporal punishment. We therefore imagine that if a schoolboy had made such a statement to him, he would have calmly explained the error involved. A ratio, we need hardly say, is no more an equation than a triangle is a geometrical axiom. The relation of two to three is a ratio; the statement $2x=3y$ is an equation; and there is therefore a most important difference between saying that price depends upon the ratio between demand and supply, and saying that it is determined by an equation between demand and supply. The point is not of much importance, except as illustrating Mr. Macleod's lax use of language, especially as he condescends to acknowledge that Mr. Mill "gives fairly enough an account how demand and supply are adjusted." Similar confusions appear at every page. Here is another problem for the "intelligent schoolboy." Mr. Macleod tells us that every book on algebra says, as an illustration of the meaning of positive and negative signs, that "money is a positive quantity, and that a debt is a negative quantity." To talk about money being positive is just as meaningless as to talk about horses or oxen being positive. If you are calculating the amount of a man's property, you may, if you please, call the number of coins owing to him positive, and you must then call the number which he owes negative. And therefore one may say roughly that credit may be called positive and debt negative. Mr. Macleod, however, makes a great point of what he calls negative economic quantities, which he appears to regard as mysterious entities endowed with some strange intrinsic quality. He gets into terrible troubles with his negative sign, and still more with the imaginary symbol $\sqrt{-1}$, and reminds us at times of an unfortunate wrangler who dreamt that he had got under a square root with a negative sign prefixed to him, and that all the best mathematicians in Europe were in vain endeavouring to extract him. Over 5,000,000,000*l.* of debts or credits, he says, pass through the London Clearing House in a year. "Now in those great accounts," he asks pathetically, "consisting chiefly of negative quantities, what are they to be subtracted from?" We will say, to relieve his mind, that he need not call them negative unless he chooses, and, further, that there is no law, human or divine, which bids him to subtract them *from* anything. If, indeed, he wishes to determine the total amount of credit or indebtedness of any class, he had better subtract the debts from the credits, and as all these distressing negative quantities represent debts due from somebody to somebody else, he will find that, if he includes all classes, the result is precisely nothing.

Here, however, we come across Mr. Macleod's favourite doctrine, upon which he has expended an infinite amount of labour, and which is to revolutionize the science. The confusions into which he falls are curious as illustrating a particular weakness of the human mind, but are otherwise scarcely worth prolonged study. His main argument, as we take it, is as follows:—He defines wealth to be anything exchangeable. Hence it follows that a good many things are wealth which are not generally known under that name. This will appear from his classification of wealth into "corporeal property," "unmaterial property," and "incorporeal property." Typical examples of the three classes are land, money, or minerals in the first, labour of all kinds in the second, and credit or copyrights in the third class. Mr. Macleod has of course a right to define his terms as he pleases, and we cannot complain so long as he is consistent, though we may doubt whether his definition is the most convenient. There has been much dispute as to whether personal accomplishments, for example, should be called wealth; and though we should agree with Mr. Mill in excluding them, there is no necessary absurdity in giving them that name. We must remark, however, that Mr. Macleod's definition involves an obvious inconsistency. To call an ox wealth, and to call credit wealth, is to compare things essentially disparate. At times, too, Mr. Macleod himself uses words differently. Wealth sometimes means with him, not the ox, but the right to the ox; and these are very different things, though Mr. Macleod apparently confounds them. The right to an ox may, in fact, be compared with the right to a sum of money, which can hardly be said for the ox itself. If then by wealth be meant merely rights, it is obvious enough that they may be multiplied at will to any assignable extent. The consequence, however, is a divergence from ordinary speech which is, to say the least, perplexing. If A. promises to pay B. 1,000*l.*, and promises to pay the same sum to A., Mr. Macleod considers the wealth of the country is increased by 2,000*l.* And without a single addition to the material wealth of a country wealth, as Mr. Macleod uses the word, may vary indefinitely. Macleod, again, declares that "credit is capital," and

is a general right"—expressions which, according to the ordinary use of words, involve a palpable confusion of ideas. To call a sovereign a right is to bring all language into incalculable entanglement. Without, however, tracing Mr. Macleod's argument in detail, we will simply suggest to him that, if his nomenclature is accepted, he must invent some new word to signify what is now generally meant by wealth. If he does not admit of such a new word he will fall into the strangest perplexities. When a house is called wealth, and the right to the lease is also wealth, we are left without the power of distinguishing between a concrete reality and a metaphysical abstraction. If, on the other hand, Mr. Macleod admits such a term, all the previous doctrines of the ordinary school will remain unchanged, except verbally. The difference remains in spite of all Mr. Macleod's fine language about the "continuity of science" and the necessity of finding a "general form or cause of value," and studiously ignoring the difficulty is only to plunge into constant confusion.

It is needless, even if we had the space, to consider Mr. Macleod's assault upon Ricardo's doctrines of the conformity of price to the cost of production, and the law of rent. Probably they will not disturb the faith of any orthodox political economist. One remark we may venture to make. Mr. Macleod tells us that it is highly unphilosophical to break up phenomena into classes, and to say that value is determined in one case by supply and demand, and in another by the cost of production. It is like explaining some planetary motions by the Ptolemaic and another by the Copernican hypothesis. But if facts persist upon being affected by different laws, as all concrete facts do, what is the use of an *à priori* objection, especially in the mouth of an inductive philosopher? Would Mr. Macleod say that it was unphilosophical to bring different laws to account for the motion of a body in *vacuo* and in a resisting medium? That Ricardo used some inconsistent language in speaking of labour as the cause of value we freely grant; and we agree further with the grand philosophical doctrine that demand is in all cases the cause of value, which means simply that people always buy a thing because, for some reason or other, they want it. But it remains true that the value of commodities will follow different laws of variation according as they are or are not the subject of a monopoly. Labour, as Mr. Macleod seems half to admit, may regulate value in some cases, though we may not call it, in some senses, the cause of value. A fair analogy would seem to be this:—If we wished to know the precise pressure in the boiler of a steam-engine, we might say that it was determined by the weight on the safety-valve. No, says Mr. Macleod, that is utterly unphilosophical. It is determined by the temperature and density of the vapour. That is also quite true; but then the condition of the vapour is determined by the safety-valve. And, in like manner, Ricardo's theory that value depends on the cost of production is perfectly accurate as determining what will be the price of commodities, although acute philosophers may declare that he is describing, not the cause, but an essential condition. In short, we fear that, though Mr. Macleod energetically denies it, he is in fact indulging in a mere logomachy when he is not positively erroneous.

JOHANNES OLAF.*

JOHANNES OLAF, so far as we know, is the first novel by this authoress which has yet appeared in England. She may or she may not have published other books in Germany. If she has, the various catalogues that we have been able to consult have omitted to mention them. Her English publishers, however, have thought fit to advertise *Johannes Olaf* as by "the George Eliot of Germany," and by so doing they have probably attracted some readers to a book which otherwise might have remained unread. But such an announcement, while it arouses curiosity, suggests comparison; and when a comparison is instituted between Madame de Wille and George Eliot, it may be doubtful if the former comes well out of it. It would have been a pleasing mission to direct attention to a new author whose novels would rank with *Romola* or *Silas Marner*. *Middlemarch* had come to an end just as *Johannes Olaf* was announced, and there was no prospect that the English George Eliot would write again for months. But here was the German George Eliot ready to fill up the gap until the native product could again be produced in those much looked-for monthly or quarterly supplies. Interest might be excited by the reproduction of German middle-class life as much as it had been by those familiar pictures of English middle-class life. A German or Icelandic Dorothea might arouse speculation as to minute points of individual character as readily as an English Dorothea. Conversation in everyday society might ring the changes on the plot and texture of Madame de Wille's German novel with the same animation and enthusiasm that it exhibited during eighteen months on the plot and texture of George Eliot's great English novel. How much better it would be to have two George Eliots than one! The fountain of her genius would thus be perennial, and English and German novel readers might drink thereof perpetually.

The first half-dozen pages of *Johannes Olaf* encouraged rather than [illegible] these sanguine anticipations. They promised to be the prelude of a grand, wild Northern romance; and wild and Northern the romance truly proved to be. But before half of the first volume was concluded all feeling of grandeur died away, and the vision of a new George Eliot having arisen amongst us disappeared. The book is wild, as we have said, and continues getting wilder and wilder as it unfolds, until it culminates in incoherence. It begins with a few pithy and striking sentences that awaken a transient interest. But these soon give way to what the book really is—a prolix and unconnected record of the ungoverned impulses of a Scandinavian savage, portrayed by Madame de Wille with a sort of discordant force which has much the same resemblance to the intellectual elements which constitute the genius of George Eliot as the jingling rattle of tin plates behind the scenes in a provincial theatre has to the sound of thunder.

The novel, if it can be called a novel, is badly written and indifferently translated. The writing has all the usual peculiarities of bad German composition—lengthy unmeaning sentences crowded with epithets in the superlative degree strung together without precision or directness, and weary monologues instead of conversations without a broken paragraph for pages. The translation bears the name of F. E. Bunnett. If this be the translator of Gervinus's *Shakspeare*, his familiarity with the English idiom has not increased in the last ten years. It is difficult to understand how a writer who has such command of English as that translator certainly has could have habitually misused the word "than" when he intended to say "except," as in the sentence "He saw nothing in the world *then* what invited raillery and satire," or could have suffered the following to pass into the hands of people who think they are going to read the English language:—"It is repugnant to me that one man should dare to mark out the path of another; the watchmaker, who with the key of his understanding, presumes to set going and to regulate the mechanism of the nature within—no weary satiated heart shall interpret the dreams of my youth." It is true that the author says in one place, "Poetry is the language of some of us"; and this that we have quoted may be poetry. It certainly is not prose, or at least English prose, in the ordinary acceptation of the term.

The story is divided, after the German fashion, into a series of books, nine of them altogether, each divided into a series of chapters. In every book of the series Johannes appears in a different character—as a badly nurtured boy, a gloomy student, a social sinner, and a gay Lothario, a murderer, a convict, a pirate, an explorer, a naturalist, a man about town, a good physician, and a constructive, if not an actual, infringer of the Seventh Commandment. In each character his native ferocity is unduly prominent, and, fearing neither God nor man, he runs through the whole gamut of his performances in defiance of all law, all religion, all reasonable conduct, but with an indeterminate straining after something which he considers the higher law, but which, fortunately for weak humanity, is not yet recognized anywhere except in the ill-defined imaginings of brooding novelists, mostly of the softer sex. Johannes Olaf is the son of a schoolmaster in the island of Föhr (which, for the benefit of the inexperienced, we may explain is in the North Sea, on the western coast of Schleswig), by his wife Goneril. "Goneril's," we are told, "was a passionate nature, which consumed itself inwardly. . . . . People said that she loved nothing rightly, not even her own son." The explanation of this idiosyncracy in Goneril's character is found in her genealogy, which, as being peculiar, we prefer to give in the "German George Eliot's" own words:—

> Goneril was a child of love. Her mother, the wife of the brave Jan Ketel, had forgotten her conjugal fidelity for the sake of a stranger who had been shipwrecked on the island, and who, after a short sojourn there, had departed, never more to return. The name of the stranger was Adam Thorson: his home was Iceland. No one knew more of him than this, not even the woman who for his sake had imperilled both soul and body. But his unusual appearance had remained like a legend on the lips of the people; and as Goneril grew up and became more beautiful than her brothers and sisters, and utterly diverse from them, her mother, whose heavy sin had been forgiven by her husband, told her, with secret tears, of Adam Thorson, and Goneril felt herself among her brothers and sisters like the royal child in the fairy tale, who, conscious of her noble descent, assumes the bearing of a lofty spirit as a jewel from the ancestral crown. Endowed by nature with a kind of wild poetic feeling, she loved the sea as though it were her father's kingdom and her own natural home.

After the death of Goneril and her schoolmaster—the latter having expired under the effort of painting a picture of Eve which so shocked the royal Goneril that she sewed it up in a modest covering—Johannes is taken up by Thorson, his maternal grandfather, and after spending some time in Iceland, is sent to sea while Thorson retires to "the monastery on the island of Iona"; the author, in defiance of all historical or antiquarian lore, proudly ignoring the fact that there has been no monastery on Iona—unless a piece of whitewashed Presbyterian Church architecture, recently erected, can be dignified by the name of a monastery—since the end of the fifteenth century. Johannes next appears diving at Hamburg as a student in the same house with Franziska Warning and her mother. Franziska falls in love with Johannes, or, as the author puts it, "her fresh vigorous nature was gone, and in his presence she had become fettered in soul and body and trembling like a string too tightly drawn." For a time Johannes reciprocated this feeling; "there was something in her that calmed him and made him happy"; but he falls into evil ways. He meets a beautiful waif and transfers his grand emotions to her. They set up house together, and "days, weeks,

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* *[illegible]nes Olaf.* By Elizabeth de Wille. Translated from the German [illegible]nnett. 3 vols. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1873.

and months passed away as in an intoxicating ecstacy of happiness." There were difficulties in the way of marriage; papers and certificates had to be procured; great expense was connected with the settlements. "He himself," it appears, "regarded the nuptial ceremony with indifference; what else than indifferent was it in the earnestness of his love? Maria (*i.e.* the waif) also would hear no more of it. 'No, no: it cost money,' and must they not save, and spare? She agreed with him as he did with her, and she called herself by his name." This ideal existence ended in the usual way. Johannes had to leave his Maria for a fortnight, and on his return she had disappeared. After days and nights spent in fruitless searching after her she is traced to the suburban villa of a youthful noble. Johannes in despair, but resolute, borrows a pistol from a college friend and shoots the youthful noble through the head in his own villa and almost in Maria's arms. He is imprisoned, and Frauziska reappears upon the scene. She, *more Germanico*, discusses the ethics of love and murder with her music-master, defends Johannes' act as that of a noble-hearted man whose "blood is hot," and, heedless of her music-master's warnings, squanders her fortune and ruins herself and her widowed mother in bribing a treacherous gaoler to let Johannes make his escape. By good or bad luck she at length succeeds. A great fire broke out in the prison; the gaoler leaves the door of Johannes' cell open; he seizes the opportunity, escapes into the main sewer of Hamburg, and finally gets on board a sailing vessel, which combines the characters of a smuggler, a wrecker, and a pirate. There, after moralizing on his past life in the following strain, he is thrown overboard and picked up by an English yacht:—

His heart rebelled, his blood surged within him with the old defiant feeling, when he had to join in the penitential psalms and litanies which were placed before him. "I have not yet been brought down so low in soul and body," he would say, "that I should have defiled my innermost shrine; rolling the eyes, lamentations, and genuflexions are not in my way, least of all when they are the result of habit or intended not to give offence. What are the concerns of one soul to another? Each has his feelings—the god or the devil he obeys. None has the rule here, and has a right to enter by force." The clergyman had turned aside, because Johannes looked upon his wild act as the soldier does upon the foe whom he has slain! *One* feeling, however, was within him, and that lay deep as life. Maria was lost, so young, so beautiful; *who* now trampled upon her fate? Who was destroying her soul? How often did he fearfully and shudderingly look at one of the female prisoners immured there, he knew not why. She had been beautiful, like Maria; now she was depraved, immodest, ruined! And was he to have pity and to feel repentance because he had killed one who had broken into the sanctuary of his happiness, to make his consecrated image a disgrace and a dishonour? What to him was the law of a world which tolerates every domestic outrage, which declares to him, with a thousand miserable examples, that that woman was not worth the powder he expended in her behalf! Blood for blood! Had he not also perished? His youth, his mind, his honour, freedom, happiness! And was he to atone for his deed, and to wash his blood-red heart white with tears of repentance? The milk of human mercy was not for him. *Who* had spared *him*? Who had regarded *him*? "Farewell, happiness! Thou and I are to know each other no more. That is atonement and expiation enough!"

Johannes was raised to excitement by the feelings which stirred within him! He seized the oar hastily, and plunged it in the water.

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Both took the oars; not a breath moved; the morning was cold; the keen air did Johannes good. He drank nearly a bottle of rum. He was glad they were obliged to row so hard, in order to reach home, that their joints cracked and the perspiration ran down their bodies.

After this exciting episode, which brings us down only to the beginning of Book V. of this eventful life—and there are four more to come—it may be unnecessary to proceed further with the tedious and disagreeable narrative. If any of our readers feel stimulated to pursue the wanderings of Johannes, we must refer them to the work itself. There are still nearly two volumes left, and the hero has to appear in some fifteen different characters before you come to the end of him. It is only fair to the authoress to leave part of her tale untold. But before parting with her we would, with all courtesy, suggest one remark for her consideration. If she wishes to become popular in England, she must adapt herself to English taste; and English taste is not fastidious, nor is it unreasonably prudish. But it is easily bored, and it can be shocked. It wants in a novel something light and delicate, if it cannot get something of genuine force and power. It wants something natural, pleasant, and readable, and it has a prejudice—it may be an insular prejudice—in favour of works of fiction which may be discussed in general society by people of both sexes who do not "regard the nuptial ceremony with indifference" and are still in ignorance of "the higher law."

THE FRENCH INDO-CHINESE EXPEDITION.*

THE official report of the expedition up the Cambodia river, of which we spoke in our recent notice of M. de Carné's work, has lately issued from the press of Messrs. Hachette. Nothing in the way of literary taste or finish could excel the getting up of these two large and handsome volumes. Paper and type of superlative quality; woodcuts, combining boldness and breadth with delicacy and clearness of detail, not less than two hundred and fifty in number; architectural plans, and facsimiles of native inscriptions or manuscripts, bespeak at once the liberality of the Government under whose auspices the work has been prepared, and the taste and skill which have been brought to the execution of the task. The literary care of the report has devolved since the death of the lamented chief of the expedition, M. Lagrée, upon M. Francis Garnier, the able hydrographer to the mission, aided by Lieutenant Delaporte and Drs. Joubert and Thorel, who were attached to it partly in a medical capacity, partly for the purposes of scientific exploration and research. It is to the pencil of M. Delaporte that we owe the sketches from which have been prepared the woodcuts that so graphically illustrate the text, as well as the drawings and plans on a larger scale, chiefly lithographs and in colours, which make up the *Album pittoresque*, in folio, corresponding in size with Lieutenant Garnier's atlas of charts and geographic details. The first volume of the work is occupied with the history of the mission, preceded by a sketch of its objects and equipments; the formal instructions given to M. Lagrée by the French Governor at Saigon, Admiral de la Grandière; the *personnel* of the commission; the credentials supplied by the Siamese Minister at Bangkok for the Northern provinces and the Mekong, Chao Phya Bhudhara Bhay, by whom letters commendatory were also given for the purpose of securing similar passports from the Courts of Hué, Pekin, and Ava.

On the 5th of June, 1866, the party started from Saigon. So little being popularly known of the previous explorations of this region, M. Garnier has thought it well to introduce his narrative with an historical summary of geographical discoveries in the Indo-Chinese peninsula. The meeting-point and battle-ground of the two oldest races or civilizations in the world, there is hardly any district of which the earliest records are buried in deeper obscurity. Indo-China was the latest among Oriental lands to become known to Europeans. The impulse given to Western enterprise by the conquests of Alexander, after having driven back the limits of the unknown world from the Indus to the Ganges, seems to have had no power to urge Europeans across the latter river. On the other hand, the extension and consolidation of Chinese power as far westwards as the Oxus and the Jaxartes, in the second century before our era, had created to the north of the Himalayan chain an important commercial current, which opened to India and China a direct line of communication, too far to the north for the existence of Indo-China even to be suspected. Owing to the constant strife between the two races, after the mission of General Tchang-Kiang to the trans-Oxan provinces, an expedition was at length despatched in the year 122 B.C. by the Emperor Hiao-wou-ti to seek by a southerly route to reach the land of Chin-thou (the region of the Indus). Having reached the Tien country, the present province of Yunnan, and having been detained for four years by the artifices of the King, the mission returned home without result. It was not till two centuries later that the communications by the upper regions of Indo-China became more frequent, according to the authorities consulted by M. Garnier. This was due in the main to the spread of Buddhism, which reached as far as China about the year 61 A.D., and rapidly gained ground for itself in Indo-China. It is not long after this that the Chinese annals speak of the people of Ta-thsin, the Roman Empire, coming for purposes of trade to the kingdoms of Fou-nan, Ji-nan, Kiao, Tchi—that is, to the upper provinces of Indo-China—and the kings of India sending tribute and ambassadors "outside the frontiers of Ji-nan." This route, our author, resting on the words thus quoted, believes to have been that followed by the envoys of M. Aurelius in the year 166, in preference to the view of many Orientalists that the Roman mission landed at Canton, which they identify with the Cattigara of Ptolemy. Gosselin, he adds, places Cattigara on the west coast of the peninsula of Malacca, at the mouth of the Jennasserim river. In 227 the native historians speak of the arrival of a Roman, whom they name Lun, at Kiao-tchi (Tong-kin), whence he proceeded to the Court of the King of Ou (Southern China). About the same date mention is first made of the maritime relations of the powerful Empire of Fou-nan with India. How soon the use of the compass and the knowledge of the monsoons may have led to a regular traffic on the part of the Chinese mariners with the ports of Hindostan it may be impossible to discover; but early in the fifth century, according to Massoudi, quoted by our author, their junks appeared in numbers in the Persian Gulf; and although the Buddhist pilgrims, as a rule, kept to the northern or overland route, one of their number, the celebrated Fa-hien, after making his journey westward by that route to Hindostan, embarked at the mouth of the Ganges, and made his way home by coasting round the Indo-Chinese peninsula. M. Garnier is chary of naming his authorities, especially the source from which he has drawn his stores of early Oriental lore. Had he let us more intimately into his confidence, we can imagine him owning to many an obligation, not only to Pauthier, Klaproth, and De Rémusat, with other collectors and interpreters of the Chinese annalists and Arabic historians, but, among writers of our own country, to Colonel Yule, who has brought together such a mass of reading of this class in *Cathay, and the Way thither*. At the same time he may claim to have in no slight measure repaid such obligation by the valuable notes for which Colonel Yule acknowledges himself indebted to the courteous and liberal communications of the French officer, imparting, as they have done, not a little of its exactitude and finish to this part of his admirable edition of *Polo*. From whatever source derived, M. Garnier's historical summary presents in

* *Voyage d'Exploration en Indo-Chine*, effectué pendant les années 1866, 1867, et 1868, par une commission française, présidée par M. le capitaine de frégate Doudart de Lagrée, et publié par les ordres du ministre de la Marine, sous la direction de M. le lieutenant de vaisseau Francis Garnier. 2 vols. folio. Paris: Hachette & Co. 1872.

a clear and masterly manner the utmost that can be done, out of existing materials, to set forth in a connected form the course of discovery in this direction.

By the eighth century it seems clear that all the coasts of the peninsula were freely frequented by Western navigators. In 758 so numerous were the Arabs and Persians at Khan-fou, which our author would identify with the Gan-pou of Marco Polo, as to break out into a revolt. The effect of the troubles which led to the downfall of the Thang dynasty, towards the end of the ninth century, was to draw away the commerce of China towards the isles of Sonda and the great rivers of Indo-China. In the course of the closer relations between China and Hindostan which grew out of the conquests of Mohammed of Ghuznee, took place the voyages of Ibn Batoutah, between 1342 and 1349, which furnish many particulars concerning the peninsula. More than half a century before this Polo had penetrated the northern part of this region, traversing a portion of Yunnan, Burmah, and the intermediate provinces. To what extent he penetrated into the heart of the peninsula depends upon two points—how far we are to take his descriptions to imply his visitation of each spot in person, and how far we are at liberty to identify such places as he mentions with Indo-Chinese names. We may probably take it, with Colonel Yule, to be quite made out that Polo's Carajan is the city of Tali-fu visited by the French expedition—whether or not, with Pauthier, we conceive the Caugigu of the Venetian traveller to be one of the Laotian States, that of Papesifu, as Colonel Yule thinks, to the north-east of which lay Cuiju, now Kwei-chau, or Kiang-Hung. Derived as they doubtless were in the main from native rumour, there is not much light that Polo's itineraries can be made to throw upon the topography or the political condition of Laos in the middle period of its history, before we come to the better authenticated records of exploration and travel which followed the discovery of the Cape route to the East. The voyages of the Genoese and Venetians, followed by the Portuguese, bring the country into fixed and well-ascertained relations with the general course of history. The French brothers Parmentier, who made two voyages to India and China about 1525 and 1529, do not appear to have landed on any point of the region of Asia that concerns us. But in 1565 the Spaniards, having taken possession of the Philippines, spread into Indo-China. The first Europeans to penetrate and to make known the kingdom of Laos were the Spanish adventurers Blas Ruiz and Diego Belloso in 1596, though thirty years before this the Dominican Alonzo Ximenes had played a conspicuous part at the Court of Aprumlangara, King of Cambodia, who had solicited the aid of Spaniards against a revolting nephew. In the account of this war by Ribadeneyra and Cristoval de Jaque we have the earliest mention of the wondrous ruins of Angcor, discovered in 1570. So confused was still the geography of that region, that Jaque could speak of the kingdoms of Cambodia, Pegu, and Rachon (Arracan) being watered by a branch of the Ganges. In 1596 the Dutch made their appearance on the Indo-Chinese seaboard, followed by the English, the first English factory being founded by Henry Middleton, in 1610, at Ajuthia. In the course of trade disputes which ensued a massacre of Dutch and English took place in Cochin-China in 1619. Gerard van Wusthof, despatched by the Dutch Company in 1641, who ascended the Mekong as far as Vian-Chang, the Laotian capital, left few geographical notes. It was the Jesuit Jean-Marie Leria, who resided there several years, to whom we owe fuller notices of that country, reduced to order and published by Martini, incorrect as they are in many points of geography. The intermediate growth of knowledge down to our own time is to be traced in such compilations as those of Pauthier, De Rémusat, and Stanislas Julien, with the journals and notices of McLeod, Yule, and other officers or travellers of our own, the notes of the lamented Henri Mouhot, and the elaborate work of Dr. Bastian, opening up within the last twelve years newer and more intimate views of Laos and its people, and the remains of its ancient grandeur. The volumes now before us present in a collective and authentic form the sum of all that has come down from the past, or that is to be gathered on the spot, concerning this deeply interesting region of the Asiatic continent.

The personal narrative of the expedition, which takes up the remainder of the first volume, has already been in a measure brought before us in M. de Carné's lively sketches. Told here in fuller detail, and made vivid by the illustrations profusely interspersed among its pages, it forms a record of travel to which we should find it very difficult to do full justice. To a taste for the picturesque in nature, and a feeling both warm and appreciative for all that belongs to human life and manners, M. Garnier adds the culture of a well-read student of history, and the critical eye of a skilled archæologist. The volume closes with an ably written *précis* or history of the recent progress of French diplomacy in Cochin-China, with a justification of the political and commercial designs out of which the late expedition grew. Other causes than the death of its official leader have to be taken into account in explaining the slightness of the political results which it is calculated to bring directly to the influence of France in the heart of the peninsula, or to the development of commerce or of European civilization on the overland route towards China. In the interests of science much has been done towards accurately laying down the geographical and geological features of the Mekong valley and the neighbouring districts, mapping the course of the stream and its tributaries, with the aid of numerous stations astronomically determined, and collecting data for estimating the mineral and agricultural resources of the country. A series of carefully written reports under these respective heads makes up the bulk of the second volume, chiefly from the pens of Drs. Joubert and Thorel. Philologists will be pleased with a list of Laotian, Siamese, Cambodian, and other words, prepared in part by the late M. Lagrée, together with much critical discussion of the comparative structure and affinities of the native tongues. The ethnology of the peninsula is elucidated by means of a series of native heads in chromo-lithography, based, we presume, upon photographs, full of individuality as well as of the typical characteristics of Eastern races. The part which M. Garnier has had specially for his own—namely, the chartography of the line of route—is executed with all the clearness, precision, and delicacy which we naturally look for from the hydrographic department of our neighbours. The sectional surveys of the Mekong, with the bearings and cross-sections which determine the set and the altitude of the land on either side, leave nothing for future map-makers but to copy and incorporate. Where the work falls short of what many had been encouraged to expect is in a matter which in no way detracts from the proper credit of the surveyor. Beyond the point whence the expedition had to turn back, all had necessarily to be left in the same state of conjecture as before. Downwards indeed to the sea, from the point where M. Garnier and his party quitted the Mekong (lat. 22° N.), just above Kiang-Hong, the course of the river has been laid down with true geographical precision. But our author's maps add nothing to what little was previously known of the upper waters of this great river. He can but lay down the same traditional or conjectural landmarks. He has, indeed, fixed for us the true position of Lake Tali, its elevation (2,120 metres) above the sea, and its effluent, the Yang-pi-Kiang, whereby its waters mingle with those of the Mekong, there and for a great portion of its upper course known as the Lan-tsang. But it is reserved for future explorers to penetrate and solve the mystery which has been kept from the dawn of geological time by the vast and lofty range of the Thibetan Alps, from whose mighty glaciers issue by unknown gorges the five great rivers of Eastern Asia—the Brahmapootra to the west and south-west, the Yang-tse to the east and south-east, the Irrawaddy, Salween, and Mekong to the south. M. Garnier's two comparative charts, the one representing the state of Indo-Chinese geography before, the other since, the French expedition, show how much has been done to fill up the gaps in the river's course, notably the long bend between Luang-Prabang and Kiang-Hong, as well as the vast blank formerly existing between the latter point and Yunnan. Greatly enhanced accuracy and definition have also been given to the rivers and mountain chains which were crossed or sighted on the journey over the Chinese upland from Yunnan to where the Yang-tse was struck at Sou-Tchou-fu.

But that which, beyond all contributions to geographical or other science, will be held to form the glory or charm of the work is the artistic presentment, on a scale and with a degree of pictorial truth never seen before, of the architectural monuments of Indo-China. Those true wonders of the world, the ruined memorials of the noble Kmer builders of old, attest a degree of civilization, a culture of art, an accumulation of wealth, and an organized command of labour, on which we gaze with a wonder not inferior to that inspired by the disinterred palaces and temples of Assyria. The most important of these structures, already made known to us by Mouhot and Bastian, have been once more accurately drawn, to the scale of 1 to 1,000, by M. Delaporte, whose larger drawings, engraved with the utmost boldness and depth possible in wood, give admirable perspective views of these elaborate and stately piles. Conspicuous above all are the ruins of the great Buddhist pagoda palace of Angcor. Not much under an English mile in its longest dimensions, this mighty parallelogram, nearly square, exhibits a series of terraces of the same form, above which rises in the centre the great "Angcor wat" (pagoda), with its five towers, the central one some hundred and eighty feet in height. Amazing richness of detail characterizes the carving of the galleries or cloisters which surround the building, the passages or corridors from stage to stage, the doorways, cornices, and, in fact, every portion over which the workman's hand has passed. Over the façade of the Baion, or monument with forty-two towers, part of the "Angcor Thom" (great palace), gigantic Bouddhas sit in array amid groups of elephants, serpents, and various animals of stone. Unique probably among architectural devices of its class is the giant's causeway at the south entrance, of which a restoration has been attempted from the fragments which remain *in situ*. A long row of fifty-six gigantic kneeling figures on either side of the approach, wearing the royal cap of Burmese type, sustain under their arms a beam of stone extending the entire length of the array, ending with the nine-headed serpent, the heads disposed in fan-shape. At the east gate a grotesque human figure with nine heads sits on watch. On the east the cornice is upheld by a curious row of caryatides—human trunks with outspread and uplifted arms, ending in bodies of yaks below. In the interior, bas-reliefs of striking power and beauty abound—here a file of dancing women, marvellous for vivacity and grace; there an array of kings in their chariots, with sword and shield, cleaving their way through throngs of followers of lesser stature, recalling to mind the mural tablets of Nineveh or Egypt. The pillars and cornices are marked throughout by a distinctively Doric style of ornamentation, showing that Western influences mingled with the native arts which accompanied the Bouddhist migration from India to the peninsula. How long these

monuments of a now decayed civilization had been reared prior to their devastation by the Siamese invaders about the sixteenth century appears to remain uncertain. Signs are to be seen that ruin had set in in parts even whilst other parts were under the eye and hand of the architect. Whatever their date and history, they have beyond denial opened up a long unturned page in the development of art and of human progress in general, and the style in which they are set forth in M. Garnier's pages gives its crowning finish to a work which forms in most respects one of the literary triumphs of the day.

THE FOOL OF QUALITY.*

IT will be an achievement of which even Mr. Kingsley may be proud if he succeeds at last in bringing the *Fool of Quality* into fashion. His preface to the present edition was written many years ago, a fact only noteworthy as proving that his opinion of the work is the deliberate opinion of a life, and that his contempt for a reading public which neglects so remarkable a genius is not mitigated by time. We respect a courage which can set its own judgment against fearful odds, but at the same time we are driven to search for some reason for Mr. Kingsley's preference outside the merits of the book, and we imagine that we find it in gratitude. It must have been the first book Mr. Kingsley ever read. The first book which makes us think, or opens a new world to our fancy, entails an everlasting sense of obligation. It is often chance rather than merit that effects this awakening. The keener the intelligence the lighter the touch needed; but there might be a peculiar fitness in the *Fool of Quality* to give the first impulse to Mr. Kingsley's dawning faculty of invention, for its hero foreshadows the Muscular Christianity with which he has made the world familiar. When we say that to the ordinary reader the *Fool of Quality* as a whole is an absolutely unreadable book, or so far unreadable that only a reviewer's sense of duty can force him through the task, we are very far from saying that it wants merit. There is truth and independent thought in the dissertations, and there is a great deal of the author's self in it. We admit that it may have told in its day, coming out a volume at a time; the idea of *Sandford and Merton* was probably taken from it. But there is a gigantic childishness running through it and gaining head over everything else as the story advances, which not only wearies the reader, but makes him ashamed. The story swamps the theories and reflections on which Mr. Kingsley lays such great stress; the illustration goes far to render the principles of action ridiculous. It is impossible that the mind which expatiated in such absurdities could ever have arrived at maturity.

Not a great deal is known of the author, Henry Brooke, but what is told us bears out this view. He was a precocious child; he was something of a genius, but he was never in the full strong sense of the word a man; he was, however, a personage in his day. He was born in 1708; his father was a wealthy, worthy parson in County Cavan; his mother was known, and even held in some awe, by Swift. At sixteen he went to London to study law, where he made his way among the greatest wits:—

> The pupil of Swift and Pope, the friend of Lyttelton and Chatham, the darling of the Prince of Wales; beau, swordsman, wit, poet, courtier; the minion once of fortune, yet unspoilt by her caresses, had long been known to Irishmen only as the saintly recluse of Longfield; and latterly an impoverished old man, fading away by the quiet euthanasia of a second childhood, with one sweet daughter—the only surviving child of twenty-two—clinging to him, and yet supporting him as ivy the mouldering wall.

From these social successes he was recalled to Ireland by what is termed a quaint interruption. A dying aunt made him guardian of her child of twelve years of age, whom he secretly married within two years. This gives Mr. Kingsley an opportunity of defending early marriages, and ourselves of noting that, as far as his history tells us, Brooke never through life denied himself in what he believed to be in the abstract virtuous inclinations. He spent his money with as little regard for the future as he married his wife. In Henry Brooke's case, says his panegyrist, it conduced to the growth of his noblest qualities; "growth in his lofty moral standard altogether heroical and godlike, in his delicate sensibility, in his chivalrous respect for woman, in his strong trust in mankind; in his pitiful yearning, as of a saving angel, over sin and sorrow; in his fresh and full manhood, most genial and yet most pure." But it seems to us that in all this Mr. Kingsley evades the question. Henry Brooke was at least of age. It is "the beautiful child wife," the mother of three children before she was eighteen, on whose case the argument turns. The marriage was a happy one, we are told, but we read of a failing life of langour and anxiety for her, and of a score of children dying before her own premature death. After eight years spent at the Irish Bar, Henry Brooke, then twenty-nine, came again to London, where he wrote a poem and a tragedy which made a sensation. His zeal for his patron the Prince of Wales, who caressed him with great familiarity, and presented him with many elegant and valuable tokens of friendship, led him into a strain of political declamation on patriotism, heroism, and death to tyrants, which awoke the jealousy of the Court. The performance of the play was prohibited, upon which he printed it, Dr. Johnson writing the preface; and the sale with other matters brought him a thousand pounds. But while his prospects were fairest a bad illness sent him to his native air for recovery; and his wife, afraid lest his zeal for the Prince should get him into trouble, and possibly, we imagine, little liking the company he would meet in his circle, persuaded him to stay in Ireland, and give up London altogether.

Here Lord Chesterfield gave him a place of 400*l.* a-year, but his reforming spirit on the one hand, and an inability to keep money in his pocket on the other, were too much for the kindness of his friends. He was one of those men who must die poor. If he had prospered, Mr. Kingsley supposes he would have been a great literary personage, perhaps a great orator; "but in that case we should not have had the *Fool of Quality*." In his retirement from the world he was led to speculate on problems of political economy and the mistakes and abuses of social life, associating with them his own career and early successes. The plan of the story gives the impression of a mind immersed from childhood in ambitious day-dreams, and expatiating in imaginary successes and visions of gilt gingerbread splendour; his hero personating this inner self. Only such a habit of mind long indulged could have betrayed a writer even in old age into the delirium of extravagance in which the tale closes. When Mr. Kingsley calls the hero godlike, he really means this windy inflation in the author's mind. Wherever he reveals himself Harry shines out as a demi-god, and produces the effect of one on all beholders. We do not learn how far the *Fool of Quality* was ever popular. Mr. Kingsley is charmed with it perhaps because it bears out his own views of life and heroism. Wesley, who, after purging it of such passages as were not to his mind, published it for the use of the Methodists, pronounced it one of the most beautiful pictures that ever were drawn in the world; "the strokes are so delicately fine, the touches so easy, natural, and affecting, that I know not who can survey it with a tearless eye unless he has a heart of stone." But Wesley was a religious reformer, and reformers view all things in relation to their one absorbing object. We ask for readers who judge by the ordinary literary and critical standard. Tastes, we know, change in the course of a century; but would the pathos which John Wesley called irresistible, and which Mr. Kingsley considers too healthy and simple for tastes palled by French novels, ever have drawn tears unprompted? We are still able to relish the opening of the story. While the author treats of children, he writes like a man. There is a charming little fable, the "Three Silver Trout," quite a model of style. But when he comes to portray men and women, he writes like a child, and with as little power as a child over modern emotions. For ourselves, we are reminded of the old lady and the sea captain:—"Oh, captain, is there any fear?" "Plenty of fear, marm, but no danger." Plenty of tears, we say; torrents of tears, flowing on all occasions; "tears watering the ground"; but no pathos. Persons with the morbid sensibility attributed to Henry Brooke are not the people to touch the tender chord of stronger nerves. They simply embarrass us and shut up our sympathy. The stomach of our sense turns against those eager embracements, those mawkish creatures clasping each other to their hearts, catching eagerly round the neck, smothering with caresses, relating their gushes of tears and suffocating sobs, their unspeakable transports and unsupportable anguish. And if the men cry, the women must necessarily assert their keener sensibility by stronger measures; they faint, they scream, they swoon, they fall senseless with a loud shriek; and also—which is, we hold, a confirmation of our view—they fall in love with an aptitude and precocity which throws all the generosity and acceptance on the men's side. So wary is Harry's conscience on this head, that, on his first introduction at Court, where all eyes, including those of King William and Queen Mary, are upon him lost in absorbing wonder at his wit and grace, and where he dances with one of the maids of honour, he reproaches himself for paying her a compliment, as endangering the affections of an innocent girl; and this at so tender an age that the day after this scruple he is taken by his Mentor to see the lions in the Tower.

Another reason why we feel easy under the extreme miseries to which the author reduces his various heroes or heroines—for the book is made up of episodes—is that he himself so easily rallies from his own emotions. At their very worst extremities his people are never beyond being set on their legs again by a cup of tea or a bottle. When "the Man of Letters'" dismal narration of calamities reaches its climax in his wife's act of justifiable homicide—a lady, in every sense a heroine, who, upon her husband presenting her on a previous occasion with a pint of sack and a Naples biscuit, suspecting they were not honestly come by, exclaims, "First perish your Arabella, perish also her infant, rather than on our account or on any account the least of the virtues of my Hammy should be lost"—having stuck the conventional seducer with her scissors, she snatches up her child and the money she had got together to liberate her husband from gaol, and hastens to inform him that she has left Lord Stivers weltering in his gore. A critical situation certainly, but not at all beyond the aid of the familiar consolations. The good man takes a coach, calls at a tavern on the way for a pint of Spanish wine to settle their spirits, and drives to lodgings in Cheapside, where he at once sends out the maid for the proper ingredients, and, by the time the kettle is on the fire and the tea and sugar are brought, he has got his wife into a frame of mind in which she can relate to him all that has passed during their separation. At the trial of Arabella for murder, which is one of the scenes of the book, a volunteer witness entertains judge and jury with a narrative of his own extraction, and relates what he had seen and heard through the keyhole, ejaculating, "Blessed heaven! to what surpassing sentiments was I then an amazed witness." Upon this valuable testimony Arabella is acquitted, gracefully curtseying herself out of court amid a storm of applause.

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* *The Fool of Quality.* By Henry Brooke, Esq. With a Biographical Sketch by the Rev. Charles Kingsley. New Edition. Macmillan & Co.

And, just as misery and disaster huddled in quick succession leave no trace, so it is with bloodshed. Blood flows from one end of the book to the other; and scarcely anybody is the worse. The sponge and hot water have to be called for as a matter of course before a recognition; and the whole *dramatis personæ* are losing and finding one another without intermission. People look at one another attentively, and out comes an old friend, an old lover, a father or a brother, who throw themselves into each other's arms, bathe each other in tears, and relate their history.

It is important, as showing the propensities of the author, to note that the title is a misnomer. He started with a design which something in him prevented his being able to carry out. The design was to draw a character so much nobler and purer than the world around, actuated by aims so far removed from selfishness, that he should pass among people incapable of understanding high principles of action for a fool. And Harry's mother, when his foster nurse introduces him first to her notice, takes him for a fool, and calls him one. After seeing the child of five put aside as of no use the glittering toys she has given him,

> My lady piqued thereat told the Earl that she resolved once more to prove the wits of the youngster; and whispering to Dickey, he immediately went out and took with him his companions. Soon after Dick returns without his shoes and with a pitiful face cries, "Brother Harry, I want a pair of shoes sadly; will you give me yours?" "Yes, I will," said Harry, "and instantly strips and presents them to him. Then entered another boy and demanded his stockings in the like petitioning manner; another begged his hat, another his coat, another his waistcoat—all of which he bestowed without hesitation; but when the last boy came in and petitioned for his shirt, "No, I won't," said Harry, a little moody. "I want a shirt myself." My lady then exclaimed, "Upon my honour, there is but the thickness of a bit of linen between this child and a downright fool." But my lord rose up, took Harry in his arms, and having tenderly embraced him—"God bless thee, my boy, and make thee an honour to old England."

This, we would observe, is about the only instance of self-denial attributed, or rather permitted, to our hero. Mr. Brooke's secret for setting the world to rights is a simple one—scattering money broadcast. During the rest of the story Harry goes about like a beneficent Providence, emptying a pocket which is filled again faster than he can empty it, and regarded by adoring crowds, not as a "fool," but an "angel" of quality. His Mentor, who kidnaps him that he may pursue his education free from parental interference, first whisks him away in a coach and six, with attendant servants, to give him a lesson in humility, then stuffs his pockets with crowns to give away to any and everybody, at the same time furnishing a closet with countless suits of apparel of all sizes, which he may distribute at his pleasure to the ragged objects he meets on the road; and next sends him with a tutor and 1,500*l.* to liberate debtors in the London gaols; assuring him that the more he spends the better he will be pleased, and that there is plenty more where that came from. And he is so far as good as his word that by the time he is seventeen Harry boasts to have spent 50,000*l.* of his Mentor's money. All this is a delightful exercise of imagination to one who has found the process of spending ill rewarded in real life; but we do not see the moral, nor how the hero by these means is raised into an ideal of what man might be. Mr. Kingsley expects "the average reader" to object to the morality as Quixotic. This objection is not ours, for the chivalrous knight suffers for his cause; whereas Harry always comes out gainer and victor. If an atheist throws a bottle at his head in return for the indignant lie he gives him, it "happily misses" him, and hurts the fleshy part of somebody's else's shoulder, leaving Harry at liberty to fell the blasphemer with one blow of his fist, and, as he lies insensible, to send off a drawer for a surgeon, saying, "I should be sorry that the wretch should die in his present state of reprobation." Don Quixote defending religion or virtue would be laid up in bed for a week. However, Mr. Kingsley is satisfied that such pictures fulfil the Gospel ideal, and prove Mr. Brooke a Realist, and as such a natural enemy of the Nominalists, among whom is classed Dr. Johnson, "his inferior in intellect," who, though he vindicated his tragedy, indulged in a private laugh at the author's expense.

A passion for display is fatal to this higher morality. Harry must do everything better than anybody else, get praised for it, and attract the eye of crowds high and low. Whether he relieves a beggar, rides a horse, dances at Court, or boxes with a rustic, there is always the same docile, admiring circle of spectators. As a lad he dines with the Premier. "We are quite alone," says the Earl to him on this occasion; "only two viscounts, a baronet, and four or five gentlemen," and he not only routs the whole party in argument, but they confess themselves routed. "I protest," says his lordship, "I never beheld this matter in the same light before." This passion arrives at last at a height of frenzy for which even Mr. Kingsley apologizes as a sign of failing powers. But old age does not alter the character; it only betrays what has always been there. We have already said that, while there are good and pious reflections interspersed all through, the first part contains the best writing. A dialogue between author and reader on the subject of ghosts, in which the former observes that an exceeding clear or an exceeding callous conscience alike preserves from the natural fear of spirits, gives occasion for a touch of humour. Two travellers, we are told, the one pious, the other a profligate, met at an inn Hallowtide Eve. The conversation in the kitchen naturally fell upon spectres, and particularly on the man in gibbets who hung by the road, and was reported to descend between twelve and one at night and take a turn about the old barn. "Do you believe any of this droll stuff?" said the profligate. "I know not what to think," said his pious companion:—

> "As for my share," says the profligate, "I think I should not fear the great devil himself; and indeed I should be glad to have a little chat with the old gentleman." "Stout as you are," rejoined the other, "I will lay you a bet of five crowns that you dare not warm a poringer of broth and go and offer it without there to the man on the gibbet. I will depend on your honour for the performance of the articles." "'Tis done," cried the other. The bets were produced and respectively deposited in the hands of the landlady.
>
> Our pious traveller, who had begun to be alarmed for his wager, stole slily out, while his companion was busied in heating the broth. He made up to the place where the deceased malefactor was taking the fresh air. The gallows was low, and by the advantage of a bank behind and his own agility, he leaped up and fastened his arms about the shoulders of the corpse, so that they both appeared but as one body. He had just fixed himself to his mind, when up comes his companion with the poringer and a stool. He directly mounted the stool, and reaching up a spoonful of broth to the mouth of the dead, with a firm and bold voice he cried, "Sup, man! why don't you sup?"
>
> Scarce had these words been uttered when, fearful to hear, with a tone deep as hell and dismal as the grave, the man in gibbets replied, "It is too hot." "And, confound you, why don't you blow it then?" rejoined the other.

After reading this specimen our readers may be disposed to look into the *Fool of Quality* if it comes in their way; whether they will get through it is the question at issue between us and Henry Brooke's thoroughgoing eulogist.

SIR GEORGE POLLOCK.*

THE character of Sir George Pollock as a brave and skilful officer had been established in India by his services in the Mahratta and Burmese wars. His reputation became greater after he had relieved Jellalabad, and occupied Cabul. At this time he had reached the mature age of fifty-six years. This was his first great service and his last. During the first Sikh war he was made a member of Council in Calcutta, and, but for the "rules of the service," his great experience and tried firmness might have been made available in the field, where we may venture to say that one more first-rate soldier would not have been superfluous. But as Lord Hardinge, the Governor-General, himself proceeded to the seat of war, it was perhaps necessary or desirable that Sir George Pollock should remain at Calcutta. He left India in 1846, having served upwards of forty years.

George Pollock was educated at the Military Academy at Woolwich, and, having obtained a commission in the Artillery on the Bengal establishment, he sailed for India in the latter end of 1803. He was actively employed next year in the war with Holkar. In the battle of Deig, which Lord Lake called "a very near business," the guns to which he was attached did good service against the superior artillery of the enemy. He was present at the taking of Deig, and at the bloody and fruitless assaults on Bhurtpore. His next active service was in the Nepaulese war of 1814–6, and in 1824 he found in the Burmese war a suitable opportunity for displaying his ability. He was in ill-health, and could not afford to go, as he had been medically advised, to Europe, and the happy thought struck him of applying to be sent to our army, which was already at Rangoon, and suffering much from sickness. Amid the absorbing duties of an artillery officer Pollock either got well, or had not time to be ill. The difficulties of the army in these campaigns lay not so much in fighting as in marching. From Rangoon almost to Ava Pollock carried his guns and himself in an efficient state.

The Burmese war gained high reputation for Pollock as an energetic and at the same time patient officer; but it affected his health so seriously that he was obliged to go on leave to Europe. His voyage home occupied nine months. He returned to India in 1830, and for the next eleven years his career was entirely uneventful. On New Year's day, 1842, while holding command of the Agra district, he received an order to proceed to Peshawur and take command of the troops preparing to relieve Jellalabad. The deplorable history of British disaster at Cabul has lately acquired fresh interest, not only as having given to Pollock the opportunity of glory, but also in reference to the question of frontier between Russian Asia and British India. The army which perished miserably at and near Cabul in the winter of 1841 was as unfortunate in its leaders as the army which marched triumphantly to Cabul the next year was fortunate. General Elphinstone who commanded at Cabul was enfeebled by disease, while Brigadier Shelton, who was next in rank, had the courage which inspires courage in others, but happened to disapprove of everything which his superior proposed. Shelton had lost an arm at the siege of St. Sebastian, where he served in the 9th Regiment, and this corps formed part of the army with which Pollock forced his way to Cabul and delivered the captives of the previous winter, among whom was Shelton. In spite of the disasters which he shared, and perhaps partly caused, he was an officer of whom his old regiment might well be proud. But let us return to Pollock, who found awaiting him at Peshawur a task which needed all his skill, patience, and resolution. Sale at Jellalabad was urgent for relief, but the troops at Pollock's disposal were unequal in numbers, and still more in health and spirits, for such

* *The Life and Correspondence of Field Marshal Sir George Pollock, Bart., G.C.B., G.C.S.I. (Constable of the Tower).* By Charles Rathbone Low. London: Allen & Co. 1873.

an enterprise as the forcing of the Khyber Pass. Brigadier Wild had been beaten back from the mouth of this Pass, and the four native regiments of his command had now more than one thousand sick of an epidemic which, as Pollock guessed, was chiefly moral. He reported that the feeling among these regiments was "most [illegible]"; it was encouraged by our so-called allies the S[illegible] and it rendered an advance hopeless until a stronger force of European troops could be collected to give confidence to the Sepoys.

With quiet firmness Pollock awaited the time proper in his own judgment for advancing, and, with that attention to details which he always showed, he made his arrangements so completely as to prevent the possibility of failure. The Commander-in-Chief, Sir Jasper Nicholls, in a report to the Horse Guards written some months afterwards, accurately described the difficulties of the position in which Pollock found himself. The Sepoys were declaring that they would not again advance through the Khyber Pass. The Sikhs were spreading alarm and encouraging and screening the desertion of the Sepoys, which was considerable:—

It was well that a cautious, cool officer of the Company's army should have to deal with them in such a temper, 363 miles from the frontier. General Pollock managed them exceedingly well, but he did not venture to enter the Pass till April, when reinforced by the 3rd Dragoons, a regiment of cavalry, a troop of horse-artillery, and other details. Lord Hill will at once perceive that the *morale* must have been low when horse-artillery and cavalry were required to induce the General to advance with confidence through this formidable Pass. Any precipitancy on the part of a general officer panting for fame might have had the worst effect.

Mr. Thomas Campbell Robertson, late member of the Supreme Council of India, writing in 1858 on the causes of the Indian Mutiny, says that a spirit of insubordination showed itself formidably before General Pollock's movement from Peshawur:—

Few know how much his country is indebted to that distinguished officer for the patience and skill with which he allayed the discontents and raised the *morale* of the native portion of his army before he advanced into the Khyber Pass.

There is of course no novelty in the plan on which General Pollock operated in forcing the Khyber Pass. All such defiles consist of two heights and a gorge, and it was long since perceived that the best method of attack is to crown the heights on either flank, and to have another column to attack below when the operations of the flanking parties appear to be developed. By this method Napoleon in 1799 carried the defile of Newmarckt: by it Soult forced the pass of Roncesvalles; and by it Pollock succeeded in penetrating the Khyber. A military writer who brings together these instances remarks that Pollock's arrangements were perfect in conception and complete in detail. The centre column was not meant to do any fighting, but was to remain halted in front of the Pass till the flanking columns had won their way to the rear of the barricades which the enemy had thrown up in the mouth of the defile, and it was then to advance through obstacles which the Sappers would have destroyed. A bugler was told off to each commanding officer of detachment, to sound whenever anything occurred to stay the advance of his particular party; and this call was taken up by every other bugler, and the whole of both flanking columns was to halt till the obstruction had been cleared, when the same bugler as before was to sound the advance. Thus the columns advanced simultaneously, and the advance of each being carefully regulated, there was no fear of their being overwhelmed in detail. The clearest orders were laid down as to the position of the baggage of each regiment, and an English officer was told off from each corps to see that the places assigned were kept. Such arrangements as these, says this writer, deserved the success they attained. It may be thought by some that the minute detail of the place of every camp-follower by the general was unnecessary. "Not so; there is no operation in war in which confusion is more likely to take place, none in which confusion is more fatal, than in the forcing of a narrow mountain pass." This writer remarks that the same precautions are necessary in retreating as in advancing through a pass; and it is a curious proof of this that General Pollock, who led the way in the return from Cabul, and invariably adhered to his formed plan, was never once attacked, while Generals Nott and McCaskill, who brought up the rear and neglected these precautions, were frequently harassed by the matchlock fire of the enemy. The march forward began on the 5th April, and Jellalabad was relieved on the 16th. About this time Lord Ellenborough succeeded Lord Auckland as Governor-General of India, and his correspondence with General Pollock has excited controversy and undergone adverse comment. He seems to have fluctuated between caution and boldness. He sent despatches which authorised Pollock to retire, but Pollock preferred to wait until he received not only authorisation but positive command. In the meanwhile Lord Ellenborough became aware that the public and the Home Government desired something to be done to re-establish our military character, and ultimately he contrived the ingenious plan of giving to General Nott the option of retiring from Candahar by way of Ghuznee and Cabul, while Pollock was to "endeavour to combine his movements" with those of General Nott in case he should decide on adopting the line of retirement by Ghuznee and Cabul. Thus Lord Ellenborough managed to give a discretion to the two generals to undertake what would be commonly described as an advance, while preserving a literal harmony with his previous despatches in which he had urged retreat. The honour of England thus became dependent on two generals, each of whom, happily, could trust the other and himself. It was not until the 20th August that Pollock marched from Jellalabad towards Gundamuck. On the 13th September he forced the pass of Tezeen, after a hard day's fighting against Akbar Khan, who became convinced by the result of it that further opposition was useless. A remarkable feature in all these operations is the great bodily activity of the European soldiers who took part in them. Wherever an Afghan could climb an Englishman followed him, and the bayonet was frequently used with good effect. The contrast is striking between the conduct of the three European regiments which advanced with Pollock and that of the regiment which retreated in the previous winter with Elphinstone. This difference was caused by circumstances and generalship. The action at Tezeen opened the road to Cabul, which was reached on the 15th September. Meanwhile Nott had taken Ghuznee, and was approaching Cabul from the other side. The excellent result of giving these generals their heads was promulgated to the Indian world by Lord Ellenborough in a triumphant proclamation. No two colleagues could have suited one another better than Pollock and Nott so long as they had to co-operate at a distance, but Nott's temper showed itself as soon as they came into close contact. However, Pollock was happily as calm as his brother general was irritable. Pollock's first care was the delivery of the prisoners who had remained in the hands of the Afghans since the disasters of the winter. In after years, when Pollock felt, as he sometimes did, disappointment at the limited opportunities and rewards of his military career, he was able to console himself with the recollection that he had saved his countrymen and countrywomen from the choice between a miserable death and a lifelong slavery among barbarians. The biographer dwells upon the fact that Pollock was only created a G.C.B., and not a peer, for his signal service. If Lord Auckland deserved to be made an earl for getting us into this Afghan scrape, certainly Pollock deserved to be made a baron for getting us out of it. But the reader will be rather struck with the caprice of fortune which ordained that Pollock's opportunity of distinction in command should be restricted to one year of an unusually long and vigorous life. In the Burmese war he was not even chief officer of artillery, but it is manifest that his superiors owed much to his vigour and ability. He gradually acquired a character which, when placed in a responsible position, he maintained. As an officer of the Company's army he was at a disadvantage compared with officers of the Queen's army, whose ability and resolution were not greater, while their knowledge of native troops was far less. Pollock would have been well employed in encouraging the Sepoys to make head against the Sikhs, but Gough and Hardinge undertook to withstand the Sikhs, and with great difficulty maintained our superiority in the field, while Pollock was quietly employed in an office at Calcutta. Thus, however, was this able soldier's life ordained. May British India find in the hour of need such men ready for arduous work as the Company's army produced in Nott and Pollock! The return march from Cabul was begun on October 12, and Peshawur was reached early in November. It is possible that Pollock's success would have been more highly appreciated if he had lost more men. The very completeness of his arrangements rendered them less impressive to the minds of ordinary readers of newspapers, who like to have what Wellington called a heavy butcher's bill. In forcing the Khyber Pass the casualties were only 135, and in the battle of Tezeen they were 162. These successes were gained on ground where artillery and cavalry could scarcely be employed at all. The infantry had to assail heights where every crag, precipice, and bypath was known to the defenders, who were armed with jezails, carrying death at distances at which Brown Bess was useless. This campaign, by its success and brilliancy disarms criticism, and military writers concur in speaking of it with warm commendation. Pollock lived long enough to enable his country to appreciate his services and to pay him late and by no means excessive honours. If ever Russian aggression should threaten India from Cabul, it is devoutly to be hoped that there may be a Pollock in command of our army at Peshawur.

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MADAME SCHUMANN'S SECOND PIANOFORTE RECITAL takes place in St. James's Hall, on Wednesday After noon next, March 12, to commence at Three o'clock; Pianoforte, Madame Schumann; Vocalist, Madame Lavrowska; Conductor, Sir Julius Benedict. Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s.—Programmes and Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street.

MADAME LAVROWSKA begs to announce that she will give a CONCERT in St. James's Hall, on Friday Evening, March 14, on which occasion she will make her LAST APPEARANCE in London. Sofa Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Reserved Seats, 5s.; Admission, 1s.—Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street.

MADAME LAVROWSKA will SING the following SONGS on the occasion of her CONCERT and LAST APPEARANCE in London, on Friday Evening, March 14, in St. James's Hall, viz.:—"Che faro senza," Eurydice (Gluck), "Dove sei amato bene" (Handel), "Ich grolle nicht" (Schumann), "Il Segreto" (Lucrezia Borgia), and Chansons Russes. Sofa Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Reserved Seats, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s.—Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street.

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UNIVERSITY of LONDON.—NOTICE is Hereby Given, that on Wednesday, 30th of April next, the Senate will proceed to Elect EXAMINERS in the following Departments:

Examinerships.	*Salaries.* (Each.)	*Present Examiners.*
ARTS AND SCIENCE.		
Two in *Classics*	£200	Rev. Dr. Holden, M.A. R. C. Jebb, Esq., M.A.
Two in *The English Language, Literature, and History*	£100	J. G. Fitch, Esq., M.A. Prof. Henry Morley.
Two in *The French Language*	£100	Prof. Cassal, LL.D. Gustave Masson, Esq., B.A.
Two in *The German Language*	£50	R. Rost, Esq., Ph.D. Rev. C. Schoell, Ph.D.
Two in *The Hebrew Text of the Old Testament, the Greek Text of the New Testament, the Evidences of the Christian Religion, and Scripture History*	£50	W. Aldis Wright, Esq., M.A. Vacant.
Two in *Logic and Moral Philosophy*	£80	Rev. John Venn, M.A. Vacant.
Two in *Political Economy*	£30	Prof. T. E. Cliffe Leslie, LL.B. Vacant.
Two in *Mathematics and Natural Philosophy*	£100	Prof. H. J. S. Smith, LL.D., F.R.S. Prof. Sylvester, LL.D., F.R.S.
Two in *Experimental Philosophy*	£100	Prof. W. G. Adams, M.A., F.R.S. Vacant.
Two in *Chemistry*	£175	H. Debus, Esq., Ph.D., F.R.S. Prof. Odling, M.B., F.R.S.
Two in *Botany and Vegetable Physiology*	£75	Vacant. Thomas Thomson, Esq., M.D., F.R.S.
Two in *Geology and Palæontology*	£75	Prof. Duncan, M.B., F.R.S. Prof. Morris, F.G.S.
LAWS.		
Two in *Jurisprudence, Roman Law, Principles of Legislation, and International Law*	£100	Prof. Bryce, D.C.L. T. Erskine Holland, Esq., B.C.L., M.A.
Two in *Equity and Real Property Law*	£50	Herbert H. Cozens-Hardy, Esq., LL.B. Vacant.
Two in *Common Law and Law and Principles of Evidence*	£50	Farrer Herschell, Esq., B.A., Q.C. Henry Matthews, Esq., LL.B., Q.C., M.P.
Two in *Constitutional History of England*	£25	Prof. Sheldon Amos, M.A. Prof. Courtney, M.A.
MEDICINE.		
Two in *Medicine*	£150	J. Syer Bristowe, Esq., M.D. Vacant.
Two in *Surgery*	£150	John Birkett, Esq., F.R.C.S. Prof. John Marshall, F.R.S.
Two in *Anatomy*	£100	Prof. G. Viner Ellis, F.R.C.S. Vacant.
Two in *Physiology, Comparative Anatomy, and Zoology*	£150	Prof. Michael Foster, M.D., F.R.S. Vacant.
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Two in *Materia Medica and Pharmaceutical Chemistry*	£75	T. R. Fraser, Esq., M.D. Vacant.
Two in *Forensic Medicine*	£50	Arthur Gamgee, Esq., M.D., F.R.S. Prof. Henry Maudsley, M.D.

The Examiners above named are re-eligible, and intend to offer themselves for re-election.
Candidates must send in their Names to the Registrar, with any attestation of their Qualifications they may think desirable, on or before Tuesday, March 25. It is particularly desired by the Senate that no personal application of any kind be made to its Individual Members.
Burlington Gardens, March 1, 1873. By Order of the Senate, WILLIAM B. CARPENTER, M.D., *Registrar*.

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THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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THE RESIGNATION OF THE MINISTRY.

THE tone of Mr. GLADSTONE's speech on Tuesday night foreshadowed the result of the division. He spoke with unusual force, and never better maintained the dignity of his position, but he spoke like a man who knows that the battle he is fighting is lost, and that he has only to fold his robe round him and die honourably. Mr. DISRAELI had done his utmost to make the division a strictly party one, and to win a victory, and, according to the rules of political warfare, he was not to be blamed for doing so. The Irish Catholic vote was irretrievably lost to the Ministry after Mr. CARDWELL's speech, if not before, and the Government had made every possible concession in order to remove the objections of those who thought that the Bill was too favourable to the priests. If the Bill had been introduced in the shape into which it was virtually moulded by the Government before the division took place, the ground taken both by the Conservatives and by nine-tenths of the English Liberals who voted against the Government would have been cut away from them. The real question, therefore, was whether the concessions of the Government would disarm the Opposition; and Mr. DISRAELI was forced to stake the issue upon a purely party question. He bade his supporters not to accept the concessions of the Government, because they could not trust the Government. The Government pretended to concede now in order to withdraw their concessions afterwards. A Liberal Ministry was not to be trusted by Conservatives. With regard to Ireland, as the Bill had no longer any life in it, both leaders naturally had something to say which might guide the future action and perhaps determine the future destinies of their party. Both agreed that the disestablishment of the Irish Church was the real bar to any plan of concurrent endowment. Mr. DISRAELI said that the Liberals, by adopting a totally wrong principle, and taking away from the Protestants that which they had, interposed a fatal obstacle in the way of the statesmanlike policy of giving the Catholics that which they asked for. The Romish hierarchy have really, in Mr. DISRAELI's opinion, defeated themselves by sacrificing the Irish Church. Mr. GLADSTONE, on the other hand, said that the Liberals, by adopting the right principle that money over which Parliament has control in Ireland shall not be at the disposal of one sect more than of another, had of course determined beforehand a case so manifestly coming within this principle as the proposal to endow a Catholic College or University. Perhaps he thought it necessary to remind amiable people like Mr. CHICHESTER FORTESCUE, who show that they would like to give the Catholics a little money if they make so much fuss about it, that to do this would be to violate the principles on which their favourite Bill for Disestablishing the Irish Church was founded. It is absurd to talk of any coalition or understanding between the Ultramontanes and the Conservatives; but while Mr. GLADSTONE says that to give what the Ultramontanes declare is the only thing they will take would be to violate his principles and those of his party, Mr. DISRAELI says that to give this would be to violate the principles which not the Conservatives, but the Ultramontanes themselves, and Mr. DISRAELI's adversaries, in dealing with the Irish Church, have successfully established.

The consequence of the adverse vote of the House of Commons has been, in accordance with general expectation, the resignation of the Ministry. The conduct of the Ministry at the several steps which have led up to this result has been severely criticized, but principally perhaps from a failure to look at the matter from the point of view natural to a Ministry. In the first place, it is said that Mr. GLADSTONE ought never to have made the success of this Bill a vital question for the Ministry. He ought to have suggested a Bill and have seen whether Parliament was inclined to pass it. No weight ought to be attached to this argument. The real fault of the Government was in keeping their scheme so dark that they lost all the benefit of criticism on it beforehand; but when they had determined on its main outlines, they would have been doing justice neither to themselves nor to their Bill unless they had declared that they would use the whole force of the Government to carry it. They were doing, as they considered, a work of justice, and they know that to do it successfully was difficult. Unless they had shown themselves thoroughly in earnest, the Bill could have had no chance whatever. Their next duty was to decide whether, after the strong disapproval which the Bill excited from so many various quarters, they should withdraw it; and here there was much to be said on both sides, for there was something absurd in persevering with a measure intended to conciliate Irish members after every Irish party had pronounced against it. But then it is only fair to recollect that a Ministry, when it has once coupled its fate with the fate of a particular measure, has great difficulty in severing the tie and deciding to live on while the Bill dies. It thenceforth loses the power of persuading men that it is in earnest, and inspires a fatal doubt whether it is not clinging to place without power. Having decided to abide by the vote of the House, the Ministry had to determine whether it would resign or dissolve, and on this point the decision of the Ministry was incontestably right. A Prime Minister has no business to dissolve on a question which he has made a vital one unless he honestly thinks that the constituencies will reverse the decision of the House. Now no one could pretend to believe that a new House of Commons would be elected more likely to pass an Irish University Bill acceptable to Mr. GLADSTONE than the present House, and Mr. GLADSTONE had also to think of the interests of the large body of his faithful supporters. He could not have done them a greater injury than to have sent them to their constituencies on such an occasion, when they must have either associated themselves with the mistakes and ill-fortune of their leaders, or have most seriously weakened the party organization by separating themselves from their leaders, and appealing to the general pity and gratitude of Liberal electors, and asking them to overlook a single error which the candidate deplored as much as any one else.

The Ministry having resigned, the question of the moment is whether Mr. DISRAELI will consent to take office. The Conservatives have a perfectly clear field before them. There is no analogy whatever between the position which they would occupy now and that which they occupied in 1867 and 1868. They were then a minority engaged in carrying through a great measure in the face of their opponents, and they had to suffer the innumerable humiliations which must attend such an attempt. Now they would be in office merely engaged in carrying through the necessary formal business prior to a dissolution. If Mr. HARDY or any one else gave Mr. BENTINCK the assurance which determined his wavering vote, that the Conservatives would not take office during the continuance of the present Parliament, there would be no violation of such a pledge in taking office merely to wind up the affairs of the present Parliament and to call a new one. The objection of independent Conservatives — and it is an objection fully shared by the Conservative leaders in the Lords — is to any attempt to govern with a minority, and to sit with the lash of triumphant opponents always hanging over them. This objection does not at all apply under the present circumstances. If the Session must still last some time longer, it will last, not for the convenience of the Conservatives, but for that of the nation. The sooner an election can take place the better for everybody; but it is a

satire on Parliamentary institutions to argue that Mr. DISRAELI cannot properly come in because the division giving him the option of accepting office was taken a week too late in March. Possibly a new Parliament could not be got together before late in May, and possibly, if this is the case, it would be better to finish off the whole Parliamentary work of the year, and postpone the election till July. But this is a consideration which ought to have nothing to do with the course taken by the Conservatives. Their position would be simply that of men holding office with the intention of dissolving at the earliest moment convenient to the country, and any reflections on them as on men holding office under the humiliating condition of being in a minority in the House of Commons would be entirely unjust. The one point they have to consider is whether, when they do dissolve, they can hope to get a majority in the House of Commons, or, at any rate, not to have a majority against them. What are the prospects of the next election? is what they have to ask. Probably their own agents could not tell them very exactly, and we know how entirely the Conservative agents miscalculated at the time of the last election, when they inspired Mr. DISRAELI with a belief that he would have a large majority after the dissolution. But the general opinion of competent judges of all parties is not likely to be very far wrong, and this opinion concurs in anticipating that the Conservatives would lose few seats and gain many. Even now, if the Irish Catholic Liberals are deducted, the present Government has only a very slight majority, and it is a tolerably safe guess to say that at any rate this slight majority will at the next election be transferred to their opponents. If the Irish Catholic Liberals, many of whom, if they reappear at Westminster, will probably return not only as the nominees of the priests, but as the advocates of Home Rule, are put down as supporters of Mr. GLADSTONE, then perhaps the Conservatives would be in a minority in the next Parliament. But Mr. GLADSTONE would be very reluctant to come into office with a minority apart from the Irish vote, and, if so, the Conservatives might hold office in reliance, not on the forbearance, but on the fears of their opponents. They would not have a very pleasant time of it with an even balance of parties; but then no party could, under the circumstances, have a very pleasant time of it; and with prudence and care there is no apparent reason why they might not hold office for a respectable length of time, without any loss of credit and self-respect. There would, however, be much inevitable anxiety and uncertainty involved in the acceptance of office under present circumstances, and it would not be a matter of surprise if Mr. DISRAELI and his friends should shrink from the risk, although even then it is by no means certain that the Ministerial crisis would be at an end, and that it would be so easy to get Mr. GLADSTONE to resume office as some of those who dread a dissolution expect.

THE CHANCELLOR'S DEFENCE OF HIS BILL.

THE tone of the debate in the House of Lords on the second reading of the Judicature Bill will afford genuine gratification to sincere law reformers, in spite of the forebodings with which its conclusion must fill them. The satisfaction so warmly expressed at the reappearance in public of the late LORD CHANCELLOR will command universal sympathy. Not law reformers only, but all who reverence high-minded intelligence, must rejoice once more to recognize in Lord HATHERLEY'S speech the pure and clear ring of a noble mind, as free from jealousy as it is replete with power. There was much too that was reassuring in the whole debate, and especially in the reply of the LORD CHANCELLOR. With that generous consideration towards fair opposition which has been not an ornament only but a tower of strength to him throughout his brilliant career, Lord SELBORNE frankly and candidly discussed the objections which we had raised to the frame of his Bill; and though he has not succeeded in dissipating our alarm at his measure, he has restored the confidence which we, in common with the whole world alike of lawyers and laymen, reposed in his conception of the great subject which he has taken in hand. His ideal of the reform needed, so far as we can see, differs in no essential respect from ours, and the same may be said of the views of every peer who took part in the discussion. Every principle for which we contended was admitted as fully as we could desire; and the only answers suggested to our remonstrance were that a complete reform would be impossible, that the Bill (at any rate after modification in Committee) would be found to be as large a stride as it was practicable to take, and that its defects were merely transitional, and would lead to no permanent evils. We cannot persuade ourselves that any modifications short of an entire recasting of the Bill can really eradicate its faults. As it stands, its defects seem to us essentially of a permanent and not of a transitional character, and in our judgment the evil to be apprehended—the deterioration of Equity jurisprudence—far more than outweighs the mere gain in convenience and symmetry of procedure which it is the object of the Bill to secure.

Before considering in detail the LORD CHANCELLOR'S explanations, we owe it to ourselves to notice one point on which our objections seem to have been misapprehended. We said that the general scheme of preserving under new names the existing divisions of the Courts would keep things in their old grooves, and make the reform more nominal than real. We further said that the one exception grafted on this rule, by which the jurisdiction of the Court of Chancery was to be narrowed and its supremacy abolished, aggravated the mischief by destroying the machinery which has hitherto preserved the purity of Equity jurisprudence, without substituting the better machinery which a complete system of Courts all *doctæ utriusque juris* would supply. The LORD CHANCELLOR treated these as antagonistic objections, as if we had insisted, first, that all special grooves should be obliterated; and, secondly, that the groove in which the Court of Chancery is worked should nevertheless be permanently maintained. We desire nothing of the kind. We are anxious above all things that all such sectional divisions should be abolished and each Court made perfect in itself; but until this work of construction is completed—and the Bill does not even lay its foundation—we do desire that Equity should be preserved, even though it be by the clumsy contrivance of the old Writ of Injunction wielded by the old Court of Chancery. Once construct Courts to which the doctrines of Equity may be safely entrusted, and you may destroy the Court of Chancery without a word of remonstrance from us. But our complaint of this Bill is that it destroys and does not construct; that it abolishes the old safeguards—rude no doubt, but still efficient—without substituting any other safeguards to protect the highest portion of our law from gradual but certain deterioration. Granting, as we do grant, that our existing jurisprudence ought henceforth to rest on newer and more symmetrical foundations, would it not be folly to knock out the keystone of the old arch before you have built the new one? Would it not be madness to pull down the scaffolding before the permanent wall is raised? The Court of Chancery is the scaffolding on which Equity jurisprudence has rested until now—the Writ of Injunction is the keystone of the arch. Let these go by all means when you have founded a new structure, but in the meantime preserve them, lest your so-called fusion and reconstruction prove nothing but confusion and demolition.

But to return to Lord SELBORNE'S reply to our warnings. What we understand him to say is in substance this:—"I "do not question the soundness of your theories as theories; "my Bill is not so antagonistic to them as it seems; I am "even willing, as far as practicable, to mould its provisions "more into harmony with the principles on which you insist; "but I have found it impossible to do all that I could wish, "and I think it dangerous to push on too rapidly to the goal "without passing through the intermediate stage of transition "enforced by the necessities and circumstances of the case." No one who is not a mad enthusiast will deny the cogency of this kind of reasoning in any case to which it is fairly applicable. In politics we must often content ourselves with a short step in the right direction, however clearly we may see that a great stride would be incomparably better. But when such a plea is urged, it is of vital importance to be sure that the proposed step is unmistakably in the right direction, that the admitted defects are really transitional and not permanent, and that the impossibility of a more vigorous effort is clearly proved. On all these points Lord SELBORNE'S speech, though full of masterly ingenuity, failed altogether to justify his Bill.

In the first place, let us ask what are the "necessities and "circumstances" which call for the mutilation of any ideal scheme of reform? They all resolve themselves, directly or indirectly, into the single fact that the Common Law Bench enjoys an enormous numerical preponderance over the Equity Bench, with perhaps a corresponding preponderance of social and political influence. There is no other difficulty in the case. Strangely enough, this disparity does not exist because business of greater extent and importance finds its way to the older tribunals, but because—thanks to ancient habits and modern parsimony—suitors in Chancery are allowed but one judge to do the work which in the Common Law Courts is allotted to three or four. Much evil has resulted from this deficiency

of judicial strength. It has rendered the free resort to *viva voce* evidence impossible, it has sapped the system of judicial administration in Chambers, and it has multiplied appeals by depriving the decisions of Courts of first instance of the weight that would attach to the judgments of full-manned tribunals. And now that reconstruction is the aim of every Chancellor, this same numerical weakness of the Equity Bench is the one serious obstacle to any real fusion, which can only be effected by bringing together Equity Judges and Common Law Judges on equal terms in every division of the contemplated Court. No one can say that a difficulty such as this is one that it surpasses the power of a Government to deal with. But, instead of grappling with it, Lord SELBORNE's Bill proposes to establish the predominance of Equity principles by perpetuating and aggravating the predominance of the Common Law Bench. Lord HATHERLEY indeed suggested that the difficulty might be gradually mitigated by appointing Equity Judges to seats in the Common Law division, and Common Law Judges to seats in the Equity division, and congratulated himself that he had so far acted on this principle as to select a distinguished Common lawyer for the Appellate Bench of the Court of Chancery. There are two objections to this proposal—one, that Equity traditions would have perished long before the process was complete; the other that no Government would have the courage to carry it into effect. Lord HATHERLEY himself, though he wisely (even at the cost of aggravating the existing disproportion of judges) selected Lord Justice MELLISH as the colleague of Lord Justice JAMES, never once during his tenure of office ventured to place an Equity lawyer on the Common Law Bench. Such an anomaly has not been heard of since Mr. ROLFE became a Baron of the Exchequer, when most of us were unborn; and Lord SELBORNE, we observe, has been too prudent to give either by word or deed the slightest encouragement to this chimerical idea. The same "necessities and circumstances" which have forbidden the introduction of a perfect Bill would equally forbid the process by which Lord HATHERLEY hopes that its shortcomings may hereafter be made good.

The arrangement proposed by the Bill, that the High Court shall be composed of seventeen Common Law and four Equity Judges, must therefore be regarded as permanent at least for one or two generations. Surely we are right in saying that this is not a defect for which Lord SELBORNE's plea of transitional difficulties can possibly be accepted. Under such conditions it is as idle to hope to infuse Equity principles into all our tribunals as it would be to entrust Liberal measures to a Coalition Cabinet in which Tories should preponderate in the proportion of four to one. While the materials to work with are so adjusted, no manipulation, however ingenious, can possibly supply the requisite power of the requisite kind for the determination of all the cases that will come before the Courts. Putting aside writs issued merely as means of compelling payment by debtors in arrear, the number of actions in which any questions of Law are involved will, we believe, be found to be less than the number of suits and matters in Equity; but, whether this be so or not, the aggregate amount of property dealt with, and the magnitude and intricacy of the rights involved, in the Equity suits of any given period, must largely surpass what would be met with during the like period in all our Courts of Common Law. If the High Court were constituted as proposed, more than half of its genuine judicial business must be expected to turn upon equitable doctrines. If this is even a remote approximation to the truth, how is the work to be done under the CHANCELLOR's Bill, except by the means which we have—not untruly, we think—described as a transfer of the administration of Equity from those who have studied it to those who have not? This is the fatal blot on the measure which no amendments in Committee can obliterate. It is in vain to argue, as Lord SELBORNE did, that his Bill authorises the occasional removal of judges and the transfer of causes from one division to another. For years, powers have existed under which Common Law Judges may be lent by one Court to another, and even supplied as assessors to the Court of Chancery; but the instances in which these powers have been exercised may be counted on the fingers of the hand. And this for a very good reason, which will not lose its force under the new *régime*. Judges and Vice-Chancellors are hard-worked men, and their ordinary duties are too exacting to allow of the disturbance which frequent migrations for special service would necessarily occasion. And another reason still more cogent would be added by the Bill. Every time that a Vice-Chancellor was sent to a Common Law division, his judicial power would be reduced in the ratio of three or four to one, as he would then become a fraction only of a Court, instead of a complete tribunal. Moreover Equity Judges would be called for almost daily, while their scanty numbers would barely suffice for their own department. Nor would the difficulty be much mitigated by any frequent transfer of causes, for the Bill provides no workable machinery for the purpose; and, if it did, the result would be almost the same as that which is now effected by injunctions in Equity. In nine cases out of ten where actions are restrained the order is made before anything has been done beyond serving a writ, and occasionally filing a declaration. In all these instances the process is substantially one of transfer only, and the sole change which the Bill would introduce, if a really effective system of transfer formed part of its provisions, would be to leave the propriety of the transfer to be determined, not by the Court to which the cause is supposed to be appropriate, but by that which is asked to part with it on the ground of its own unfitness. Surely this would not be an improvement. There would be the old bandying, as it is called, from one tribunal to another, and a less mature discretion applied to the process.

We have considered the arguments of Lord SELBORNE with the strongest desire to be convinced; but we can see nothing in them which even palliates the vice of the Bill, nothing which promises to save Equity jurisprudence from destruction, nothing to encourage the hope that the mischief once established will be mitigated as time goes on, nor even anything to justify the exaggerated timidity which has induced our ablest law reformer to sacrifice his own ideal to imaginary necessities, and to circumstances which he had ample strength to control.

THE IRISH UNIVERSITY BILL AND THE IRISH VOTE.

THE noble indignation of the Catholic people of Ireland, taking effect through the votes of their representatives, has extinguished the Irish University Bill. This is the version of the division of Wednesday morning which for some time to come will be current on the other side of St. George's Channel. It may be doubted, however, whether this noble indignation will bear the ordeal of close inspection. As the Bill was first presented to Parliament it was an honest attempt to remove the disabilities of the Irish Roman Catholic laity in the matter of University Education. Their case at present is this:—If they wish their sons to enjoy the advantages of University training, they must send them to Trinity College, the traditions and successes of which are entirely Protestant. If they wish their sons to obtain a University degree, they must send them either to Trinity College or to the Queen's Colleges, of which last the traditions and successes, so far as there are any, are entirely secular. Had the Bill passed, even with all the modifications to which the Government had consented under the pressure of their English supporters, this grievance would have been entirely got rid of. Irish Roman Catholics might have obtained University training for their sons by sending them to a College in which the instruction and discipline would have been under the exclusive control of teachers of their own faith. They might have obtained a University degree for them on even easier terms, for the unattached student was placed under no restrictions as to his place of residence. By either of these channels Irish Catholic youths might have gained their full share of the honours and endowments of the University. In neither of them would their religious belief have been exposed to any danger, unless the mere neighbourhood of Protestant students in an examination, or the obligation to answer questions set perhaps by a Protestant examiner, can be considered to involve theological contamination. The grievance and the remedy were coextensive. The Roman Catholics complain that the Protestants of Ireland enjoy a monopoly of University education, and refuse to admit them to a share of it except upon terms which their consciences will not allow them to accept. The Bill took the matter out of the hands of the Protestants, and gave the Catholics access to degrees, honours, and emoluments, on the sole condition of passing the prescribed examinations. By so doing it did in effect give them access to College life. Students living and working together have many advantages over students living apart, and this fact would have been enough to fill the Catholic College in Dublin.

This, we repeat, is the grievance which Irish Roman Catholics have constantly complained of, and it is this grievance that the Bill proposed to redress. The Government were in no way obliged to bring the subject forward. They

might have secured the support of a majority of their own adherents, and the neutrality at all events of the Conservatives, if they had accepted Mr. Fawcett's Bill. It was not a matter that pressed for settlement in the sense in which the Church Establishment and the relations of landlord and tenant in Ireland pressed for settlement. It was not a matter even upon which the Cabinet as a whole had any strong convictions. The origin of the Irish University Bill must be traced to Mr. Gladstone's own recognition that the Irish Catholics were not fairly treated as regards University education, and to his determination not to let the subject rest. Considering that all this was perfectly well known to every one, that the introduction of an Irish University Bill conceived in this spirit had all along been regarded by the extreme section of English Liberals as the point at which they might be forced to withdraw their confidence from the Government, and that the Bill when introduced had proved exceedingly distasteful to them, it might naturally have been expected that the Irish Catholic members and the Irish Catholic laity would give it a hearty support. Perhaps if it had been brought forward in the first Session of a Parliament instead of in the last, this expectation might have had some chance of being fulfilled. An Irish member's deference to his leaders is usually greatest when the prospect of having to meet his constituents is most remote. During the interval which separates him from the next election, it is always possible that something may happen to make him indifferent to dissolution. Unlike the steward in the parable, he is less and less careful about making friends with the mammon of unrighteousness in proportion as the time for giving an account of his stewardship draws nearer. Still the Irish Catholic members would not have voted against the Government if to do so had not been agreeable to their constituents. A better proof of the need of education in Ireland could not be desired than the action of the Irish Catholic laity upon this question. They had the game in their own hands. The Bill gave them all that they have for years complained of being denied—a Catholic College, and a University to the endowments of which Catholics would have full access, and in the government of which they would have their full share. The Bishops would never have moved against such a Bill as this if the laity had had sufficient independence and common sense to declare themselves satisfied with it. The Bishops have no reason to care for the diffusion of University education. They already possess the maximum of influence over their flocks, and any increase of learning in Ireland can at most only leave that influence what it is. But Irish Catholic parents have a solid interest in University education being placed within the reach of their sons upon conditions which shall not be hostile to their faith. They have let this interest go for nothing because the Bishops thought the occasion a good one for reviving a demand which they, as well as the rest of the world, knew could never be granted. If the Bishops had had anything to lose by this manœuvre, they would probably have thought twice before resorting to it; but as it was only their flocks who could lose by it, they were able to go into battle with a light-hearted indifference to consequences. When their flocks find out that the passing of Mr. Fawcett's Bill is the sole result of a ten years' agitation, they will be in a position to appreciate the self-sacrificing devotion of their spiritual guides.

If the Irish members cared to defend a vote which they doubtless regard as the most natural thing in the world, they might say that, even if they had voted straight, the Bill would probably have been shipwrecked in Committee. Certainly no concessions which the Government could have made with honour would have altogether removed the objections of English Radicals. Mr. Vernon Harcourt was thought to have spoken parables when he described it as a Bill to affirm, consolidate, and extend the system of mixed and united education in Ireland. In the proper sense of the words this description is perfectly true. It was a Bill to make it possible for Catholics to avail themselves of the system of mixed and united education in Ireland, and, considering that Roman Catholics form three-fourths of the population, a Bill which did this would have been pre-eminently a Bill to consolidate and extend that system. But to the mind of an English Radical mixed education ordinarily stands for something of which Catholics are certain not to avail themselves. His idea of a mixed University is not a University in which various religions maintain separate Colleges for their own students, but a University in which all the Colleges are open to students of all religions. In a country where religious belief is strong and definite this latter form of University must always fail to answer to its purpose. The only form which will meet the case is the form that would have been created by the defeated Bill. Supposing that the Radicals had consented to the affiliation of the Catholic College, and that the Irish members had consented to the omission of the "gagging" clauses, there would still have remained the difficulty about the Council. In theory this need have been no difficulty at all. An academical Council ought to be elected by an academical constituency, and when once the new University had got into working order, either the Senate, or such members of it as were engaged in actual University work, would have been a very proper body for the purpose. But in this case there was no academical constituency ready to hand. Graduates of Trinity College and of the Queen's Colleges would have been forthcoming in sufficient abundance; but where would have been the graduates of the Catholic College? It would have been altogether impossible to commit the control of the new institution during the first and most critical years of its existence to a body in which the persons whose introduction into the University was the main object of the Bill had no representatives. If all parties had been sincerely anxious to settle the question on fair terms, this obstacle might have been got over. The Government might then have said, We wish to do as far as possible what would have been done by mere lapse of time if a Catholic College had been affiliated to the University of Dublin thirty years ago; in that case there would now have been a body of Catholic graduates equal in all respects to the existing body of Protestant graduates; our object will be to place upon the Council the sort of members whom these Catholic graduates, in combination with the Protestant graduates, would have been likely to place on it of their own free choice. This would have been the only course the Government could have taken consistently with fairness to the Catholic element in the University. But it is far from certain that the existing House of Commons would have assented to their taking it. In a critical division in Committee the Conservatives would have voted against them, and the adhesion of the Irish Catholics might have been more than balanced by a secession of English Radicals. If political consistency is only admirable when it is certain to win immediate reward, the vote of the Irish members is excusable. Should they be disposed to quarrel with this estimate of their conduct, they will do well to remember that where excuses are concerned beggars cannot be choosers.

SPAIN.

THE suspended diplomatic action of the European Governments during the crisis of the Spanish Revolution is fully justified. If a Republic is hereafter definitively organized, with a reasonable prospect of continuance, it will probably be recognized by all the Powers, and certainly by England. It is reported indeed that some of the Continental Governments profess a disinclination to permit the establishment of a Federal Republic, probably because it would be associated with reminiscences of the Paris Commune; but the policy of England is settled and clear. Every nation has the exclusive right to determine its own form of government, and to deal through its chosen agents with foreign States. It is nothing to the English Government or people whether Spain may prefer a Monarchy, a despotism, a theocracy, or a centralized or Federal Republic. The only reason for delaying recognition is that nothing has hitherto been fixed, and that a communication addressed to a supposed Government might possibly be received by a hostile successor. The condition of the country is lamentable, almost hopeless, and strictly conformable with the anticipations which were formed by all sound politicians when the Republic was proclaimed. An accidental inversion of the order in which the telegraphic reports ought to have been received produced some confusion in the narrative of recent events; but it was not impossible to disentangle the accounts of what has occurred, and the gaps which divide different portions of the story have been since filled up in accordance with previous conjectures. A week ago the majority of the Assembly which is nominally recognized by the Executive Government as sovereign determined to assert its right to share in the determination of the national policy. The Progressists unanimously resolved to reject the Bill for the dissolution of the present Legislature, and for the convocation of a Constituent Cortes. Nothing in the way of argument or of novel occurrence has interfered with their persistence in their resolution; yet Señor Castelar is enabled to communicate to the Spanish Ministers in foreign countries, with his usual ornaments of rhetoric, that the Cortes have, after a patriotic speech by Señor Rivero, passed the Bill

for the dissolution, and for the consequent election. The numbers of the division prove that the majority of the Assembly, instead of concurring with the proposal of the Government, abstained from voting; nor is their reason for withdrawing in any degree doubtful. As on the day when the Progressist members of the Cabinet were forced to resign, a mob of the patriots whom the Executive Government has supplied with arms surrounded the palace of the Cortes; and a truculent demagogue of the extreme Republican faction warned the majority, after the fashion of the Jacobin members of the French Convention, that, if they opposed the will of the people, the consequences would be terrible.

Another discussion which arose during the same sitting furnished a highly characteristic illustration of the spirit of the dominant party. Since the establishment of Señor CASTELAR'S peaceable and orderly Republic, the shop-keepers and the other respectable inhabitants of Madrid have organized themselves in armed bodies for the defence of their lives and property against the bloodthirsty rabble. It must be admitted that the spontaneous formation of armed bodies is inconsistent with regular government; but the condition of Spain and Madrid is exceptional and revolutionary, and there is no doubt that the measures adopted by the tradesmen are exclusively defensive. The agitators in the Cortes fiercely denounced the efforts of the lamb to obtain protection against the wolf; and the Ministers scarcely ventured to affirm that associations for the safety of person and property were consistent with law. The Republicans taunted their opponents with derisive invitations to descend into the streets, where they might have probably become the victims of a massacre. It may be worth the while of extreme Liberals in countries not yet so far advanced as Spain to observe that the helpless victims of menace and of possible violence are even now called Radicals. Two or three years ago the Progressists or Radicals were busily engaged in demolishing all the safeguards which experience and foresight had provided against the unqualified domination of liberty, equality, and fraternity. The Constitution of which the unhappy Radicals were authors was at the time held up to the admiration of the professors of their faith in England. On the high authority of the ringleader of the Hyde Park riot, the enthusiasts who thought that the Rights of Man included the right of any man to his life and property are now rudely deceived by their more thorough-going rivals. The process by which Girondists invariably succumb to Jacobins will be repeated as often as ambitious charlatans attempt to govern, after destroying all the means of government. Perhaps the ignominious charge of Girondism may be found still more applicable to the promoters of the last revolution, who already find themselves compelled, against their will, to obey the mob of Madrid and the mutinous provincial deputations. There is no reason to suspect FIGUERAS or CASTELAR of willing complicity with the crimes which they find themselves perhaps unable to prevent.

It is stated that twenty-two provinces announced their intention of withdrawing their obedience from the Central Government if the Cortes had refused to vote for the convocation of a Constituent Assembly. Nearly all the rebellious provinces must have returned, by popular suffrage, members to the Cortes which they now set at defiance. It would be absurd to suspect that a Cortes which may be called constituent will be better able to command the allegiance of political malcontents. Since 1789 the Continental theory of revolutionary freedom has always implied unbounded license of disavowing the authority of any Government or Assembly which may interfere with the schemes of a faction. The future Cortes will be summoned, not to express the deliberate will of the community, but to furnish the Republicans with a kind of legal sanction. It is well known that in Spain as in France the actual Government can always control the elections; and FIGUERAS will have a Republican majority as SAGASTA and ZORRILLA have in turns within a single year respectively assembled a Conservative and a Radical Parliament. The present Ministers have provided themselves with a further security against any possible reaction. Though they profess to hold power under the Constitution of 1869, they have at their own discretion, and without the consent of the Cortes, summarily abrogated the constitutional limitation of the age of electors. According to the law, a voter must have attained twenty-five years; but the Ministers have coolly extended the franchise to every Spaniard over twenty. It is possible that there may be a difference of opinion as to the proper date of political majority; but, if there were such an offence as treason in revolutionary times, the Spanish Ministers would incur some danger of impeachment. Arbitrary postponement of constitutional law to the convenience of a democratic faction will be universally approved by the Republicans, and perhaps but faintly censured by their opponents. After all, it matters little how a Cortes may be chosen which will be absolutely powerless when it has assembled. It is doubtful whether some of the most important Spanish provinces will allow members to be elected to a central Assembly. The provincial Deputation of Barcelona has assumed to itself supreme civil and military power; and, according to one report, Andalusia is about to set up for itself on a system of perfectly free trade with foreign countries. In the United States, where alone republican government is practically understood, it has been found necessary to give the central power exclusive control over duties on imports. There have been few odder proofs of the power of words than the predilection of the American people for any system, however unlike their own, which may call itself a Republic. No educated American can doubt that the Constitution of England is much nearer in practice than the newfangled Spanish Republic to that of the United States; yet the PRESIDENT in a State paper thinks it becoming to indulge in irrelevant rodomontade about the approaching universality of the Republic; and his Government hastened to recognize the new Republic in Spain, as if CASTELAR and his colleagues had reasserted a divine right which had been forgotten.

There is at present from one end of Spain to the other not a nucleus of order or of good government. It could scarcely have been supposed beforehand that the despised Monarchy was so absolutely indispensable to national and social existence. The sagacity and patriotism of PRIM in maintaining royalty even while he was unable to find a King are forcibly illustrated by the anarchy which follows the decapitation of the Government. Unfortunately PRIM had himself inflicted a fatal blow on the principle of monarchy when he aided in dethroning a Queen on the ground of her personal demerits. Kings and Queens may perhaps have no inalienable right to their thrones; but the nations which they represent have a right to the continuance of their hereditary institutions. King AMADEO was, through the effects of the previous Revolution, and also in his capacity of a foreigner, more unstably placed than Queen ISABELLA; but he also seems to have exercised a beneficial influence on the popular imagination as a recognized symbol of law, of order, and of national unity. In ancient Greece, in mediæval Italy, and in the United States, Republican institutions have occupied the place as objects of national loyalty which elsewhere belonged to the reigning sovereign; but in Spain, as in all places which have followed the precedents of the French Revolution, a Republic is understood to mean either the negation of government, or the prostitution of legal authority to the interests and passions of riotous mobs. It may be conjectured that honest and moderate Republicans would by this time give much for an opportunity of undoing their own hasty work, and restoring the institutions which they formerly denounced. It is doubtful whether the extreme revolutionists will suspend the execution of their schemes during the melancholy farce of the general election.

THE SOUTH WALES STRIKE.

EVEN if it were true that the South Wales strike is practically at an end, accurate local knowledge would be required to render perfectly intelligible the nature of the partial arrangement which has been effected. It has long been evident that the amount of wages formed a secondary consideration with the masters. During the continuance of the strike, and partly in consequence of its existence, the price of iron has risen still further; and in all the abortive negotiations of the last few weeks it has been assumed that the autumn rate of wages would without difficulty be restored at the beginning of April. The great object of the masters was to settle the dispute directly with their men, so that the interference of the Union and its agents might be formally repudiated. Mr. HALLIDAY and his colleagues have repeatedly asserted that the colliers struck of their own accord, and that the Union has only interfered in support of a contention which it regarded as just; but it is impossible to doubt that the colliers ascertained beforehand that they would be backed by the Union; and during the struggle the agents from a distance have repeatedly prevented the men from coming to an agreement with their employers. As the great majority of the whole working population had no connexion with the Union, it is not surprising that the

ironworkers at one place after another should have finally determined to resume work on terms which involved on their part only a slight or nominal concession. The reduced rate of wages is to be accepted for the remainder of the present month, when the ten per cent. abatement will be discontinued. The masters have on several occasions intimated their intention of behaving liberally to the men, and their assurances seem to command general confidence. At most of the works which were supposed to have been closed for want of fuel large stocks of coal appear to have been accumulated; and consequently they are able to resume business after a comparatively short delay. Unfortunately it appears that the colliers, who were the most formidable class of malcontents, still refuse as a body to return to their work without the consent of the Union agents; and, unless their place can be supplied, they will, as soon as the stocks of coal are exhausted, once more be able to interrupt the whole industry of the district. The Union will not fail to make great exertions to continue the contest until the demands which were originally preferred have been conceded. It is not impossible that at the end of March the strike may terminate without the conclusion of any formal treaty. The masters from the first fixed a term of three months for the payment of reduced wages; and they may accordingly return to the old rate at the expiration of the period without inconsistency. The colliers on their part can, if they think fit, profess to have succeeded in their object when they resume work at the old rate of wages. The main object of the Union leaders will be to satisfy the men that they have obtained a victory, as Mr. Fish still protests that he secured a decision on the Indirect Claims.

There is little use in arguing, like Mr. Roebuck, that combinations of labour against capitalists are morally wrong. The South Wales colliers and the Miners' Association will secure all the justification which they are likely to desire, if, even at the cost of a sacrifice on their own part, they ultimately force the masters to accede to their terms. The powers of either party are practically the measure of their respective rights, and to the present time the struggle, though it has lasted for many weeks, has not conclusively proved which of the contending bodies is the stronger. The colliers are, as compared with the whole industrial population of the district, few in number, and the great majority of them have a claim as members on the funds of the Union. The enormous wages which are at present received by the whole body of colliers and miners provide the means of maintaining the strike, perhaps for an indefinite time; and a large proportion of the men who refused to work in their own district are now earning money elsewhere, and are contributing to the support of their comrades. In a sermon or in an ethical disquisition a proof that the strike was morally culpable might be appropriate and perhaps convincing, but it is a waste of time to question the right of men to do what they will with that which is so peculiarly their own as their time and their labour. The misuse of any other kind of property may be checked by law, and in some extreme cases it is liable to be punished by confiscation; but compulsory labour, which is the only form in which the property of working-men could in any case be forcibly appropriated, is evidently out of the question. Nor is it more profitable to complain that in the natural course of events associated bodies of uneducated men are governed by leaders who may be plausibly denounced as agitators or demagogues. Abuse of Mr. Halliday is as ineffective as abuse of Cardinal Cullen and the Irish Bishops, who are also in the habit of organizing resistance to established authorities. As long as the obedience to a hierarchy or a Trade Union is voluntarily rendered, legal interference is ineffective, and indignant censure is wasted. As Mr. Lowe says, tempests and earthquakes must be endured, for the proverbial reason that they cannot be cured. No good result followed from either the legislation or the clamour which were provoked twenty years ago by the Papal aggression. The aggression of the Miners' Association and its delegates on the happy valleys of South Wales is an analogous and much more formidable dispensation. It is an unfortunate circumstance that the managers of the strike have so far a separate interest from their clients that they may be tempted to prolong the quarrel rather for the purpose of asserting the supremacy of the Union than in the hope of bettering the condition of the men.

The intelligent newspaper Correspondents who record the daily history of the strike, as of all other contemporary transactions, have thrown no light on the possibility of supplying the places of the malcontent colliers. Some of the colliers have returned to work; but the Unionists who form the great majority still hold out. It may be taken for granted that those who are accustomed to mining operations of any other kind could on occasion apply their skill to the extraction of coal, and it was reported some time since that the closing of the Aberaychan iron-field would disengage some thousands of miners, who would be enabled to obtain higher wages in the pits. As nothing has lately been said of the reopening of the coal-mines, while the ironworks are gradually resuming operations with the aid of fuel which had been previously accumulated, there seems reason to fear that the colliers on strike have found means of deterring competitors from occupying their vacant places. The influx of a new body of colliers into the pits would at once terminate the strike by rendering its successful prosecution hopeless; and if the theories of political economy were to work with ideal smoothness, labour would be immediately attracted to a highly profitable employment. The influence which trade organizations exercise, sometimes by intimidation, and sometimes by reliance on a rude sense of honour, practically obstructs the flow of labour from one occupation to another. It is impossible to suppose that Mr. Halliday and the Council which he represents would be blind enough to maintain the strike if it were known that the masters were able to provide themselves from new quarters with the labour which they require. If nevertheless even an inadequate number of working colliers can be enlisted, the masters will assuredly not concede any portion of the demands of the men. Although they have been deserted by one of their number, the great ironmasters have hitherto displayed unbending resolution; and they would perhaps be content to keep their works closed for another year, in preference to admitting Mr. Halliday and his fellows to a share in the regulation of industry which has hitherto been controlled by themselves. The partial reopening of the ironworks will at present prices enable them to recover a portion of the loss which they have sustained; and when their present stock of coal is exhausted, they will probably be prepared again to let their capital lie idle for a considerable time. It is hardly to be expected that they should tamely abandon their business as the alternative of humiliation and defeat.

The anomalous or novel demand that wages should bear a definite proportion to profits is founded on the assumption that the workmen possess a natural or artificial monopoly. In a perfectly open market wages are regulated not by the greater or less profits of trade, but by the proportion between the demand for labour and the supply. In prosperous times wages have generally risen because employers have required additional hands; but the claim for higher payment on account of increased profits to the same number of workmen has only been preferred in recent years. The masters in different trades have in many instances countenanced for their own immediate convenience a theory which, if it were consistently adopted, would create a kind of one-sided partnership between the capitalist and the workmen. The bargain can never be equal, because the labourer necessarily insists on a minimum which is indispensable to his subsistence, while he recognizes no upper limit to the possible increase of wages. Colliers and miners, and perhaps other classes of workmen, seem to consider that their claim to participation in profits is already recognized as the basis of negotiations on wages. The West Yorkshire colliers, who are now demanding an increase of twenty per cent. on the high rate of wages which they have hitherto received, complain that the masters, after raising wages on former occasions, have increased the price of coals in a higher proportion; and they add, with amusing simplicity, that they have no confidence that the same proceeding will not be adopted again. Their anticipations are perfectly reasonable, though it is difficult to understand why the colliers should object to a rise in prices. Nothing can be further from the mind of the model British workman than any concern for the interests of the consumer, whose sole duty and privilege is to provide a fund which capitalists and workmen are afterwards to divide in a scramble. The West Yorkshire colliers are perfectly willing that half the community should starve in consequence of the dearness of coal, but they resent the contrivance by which the masters seem to them to have taken for themselves more than their due share of the plunder. If profits were a fund belonging in certain proportions to masters and workmen, the colliers would have a right to demand an account of the distribution. It is not impossible that even on this assumption the masters might be able to justify their rise of prices. If the men in West Yorkshire resemble their class elsewhere, their increased wages probably caused a diminution of the supply of coal and a consequent increase of price. If without violation of law any class of workmen can extort from

employers a partnership in the profits of capital, the new method of distribution will become, like all existing relations, in a sense legitimate. The consequences to workmen as well as to employers of the establishment of co-operative industry are not easily to be foreseen, and it is certain that when any body of men has acquired a beneficial interest, it will take precautions against any external interference with its rights, or, in other words, against competition. The South Wales ironmasters are more or less consciously contending for the opposite system, which has hitherto prevailed without question in all departments of industry.

GERMANY.

THE EMPEROR finds at present the task of opening the German Parliament an easy and satisfactory one. He has only to talk of pleasant things past and pleasant things to come, for an affluence of money gilds every prospect. Everybody, he was able to tell his Parliament, loves him and the Empire, and is anxious to be on the best of terms with both. The meeting of the Sovereigns last autumn at Berlin gave an assurance of peace which he will do his best to foster, and he may reflect with comfort that his sayings as to peace and war are not like the dark sayings of other days at the Tuileries, when every phrase and word was scanned to see whether it was not meant to convey the contrary of its apparent purport. The Germans wish for peace, having got all they want, and their Sovereign honestly shares the feeling of his subjects. France, which provides the money that throws this hue of brightness over the situation in Germany, is also considerate enough to give no cause for apprehension in other ways. The EMPEROR referred with pleasure to the opinion he expressed a year ago that things would go on in France as quietly as could be wished until the bargain with Germany was fulfilled. Things have indeed gone on in France precisely as Germany would have wished them to go on, and enough security has been preserved to make the huge loan necessary for the payment of the indemnity possible, and to render the interference and even the complaints of the army of occupation impossible. Fortunately the intense antipathy of the population of the occupied districts to the enemy has been mitigated or kept under control, and there have been no collisions between the conquerors and the conquered. The EMPEROR expressly said that he had grounds for hoping that it would be possible to arrange for the complete evacuation of France at a comparatively early date, and that the final arrangements for this purpose would shortly be made. Three milliards and a half have been paid, and the French Government will be able to pay another half-milliard in May. This will leave only one milliard more to be provided, and the French Government will, it is expected, be able to arrange for the payment of this half-milliard in the autumn of the present year. The obstacle they have to face is not the difficulty of getting the requisite money or the securities they have to offer, but the danger of a possible disturbance of the money market. When every farthing has been paid, but not before, Belfort, the last pledge to remain in the hands of the Germans, will be evacuated. For some reason which they have never cared to state plainly, the Germans have devoted much time and money to increasing the strength of Belfort, and when the French get it back again they will find their solitary Eastern fortress a much more formidable place than it was when the capitulation placed it in German occupation. The Germans seem never to have felt sure that they would get the whole of the enormous sum they asked as an indemnity, and it may have occurred to them that their possession of Belfort as a place of great strength was the best incentive the French could have to make them eager to pay, while it was so placed as to give the Germans, until the money was paid, a hold on France equivalent to that of holding a much larger district than that actually occupied.

But the roses of the German Empire are not quite without their thorns, and the especial thorn of the EMPEROR and his advisers is Ultramontanism. The battle between Church and State is really an Imperial question, but as the battle-ground is for the present Prussia, it was not necessary for the EMPEROR to refer to the struggle when addressing the Imperial Parliament. It is because the position of the Emperor of GERMANY is endangered that the King of PRUSSIA is willing, and Prince BISMARCK is determined, to alter the whole relation of the Prussian State to the Catholic Church. This is a very serious business, and it is being pursued in a very serious way. Prince BISMARCK took charge in the Upper House of the Bill for altering the Constitution, and his exertions have been successful, the Bill having been passed by a majority of ten. The position of the Prussian PRIME MINISTER is not very well defined, and Count VON ROON appears to have acquiesced with the utmost readiness in being superseded by his great colleague on this occasion. What the Peers seem to have wished to know was the real honest answer to one of those questions which it is hard to put in direct terms. Did the KING and Prince BISMARCK really mean that the Bill must be carried? Reports as to the KING's hesitation have been flying about the Court for a long time, grounded apparently, not on anything he has ever let fall, but on the probability that he would be more or less moved by the whispers of persons very near to him who have strenuously maintained that the Evangelical Church was being sacrificed by the Government measure quite as much as the Roman Catholic. Prince BISMARCK, again, recently changed his official position, and the change was freely attributed to adverse Conservative influence. If it was rumours and surmises of this kind that were likely to agitate the mind of the Upper House, Prince BISMARCK was perfectly ready to administer a tranquillizing remedy. The KING was, he pointed out, more interested than any one in the passing of the Bill, for the contest is really one between the Monarchy and the priesthood; and subsequently Count ROON was most explicit as to the KING's views. For himself, Prince BISMARCK could safely say that he had not been deposed from the Premiership by adverse Conservative influence, for he does not see that the Conservatives have any influence. Their party, as he frankly told the Peers, is broken up; their power gone. There is no place for their ideas in modern Prussia. Liberalism is the order of the day and carries all before it, simply because it feels that there is and can be no serious resistance offered to it. In England a Liberal Minister forcing a Liberal measure on a reluctant House of Lords would have proceeded in a much tamer and smoother way, and would have been as courteous and flattering as possible, and tried to make the Lords believe that they were after all doing what they liked to do, or at least were making a sacrifice in a virtuous and magnanimous way. But Prince BISMARCK either thinks that complete frankness is the most efficacious of all instruments for producing obedience, or else considers that the members of the Upper House are proof against pleasant phrases, and will yield to no argument except that of stern necessity.

Count VON ROON acknowledged that he had received from the provinces many petitions requesting the withdrawal of the Bill, so that the Ministry has had to face more real opposition than would be indicated from the ease with which the Bill has passed the two Houses of Parliament. But he says that he and his colleagues and their Sovereign have been firm, because they look on the measure entirely as a political one, and one that for political reasons it is indispensable to pass. That the Bill is merely political and not adverse to any religious belief, and that the rupture with Rome has come from Rome and not from Germany, are the two main facts which the Prussian Ministry, and Prince BISMARCK above all, wish the public to get into its head. The clergy claim to disobey the laws and to oppose the Crown on the ground that they have to look to other laws and to obey another Sovereign. To make them, as Prussian subjects, obey the laws of PRUSSIA, and to make them yield precedence to no Sovereign over their own Prussian KING, is the main object of the Bill. To put enough pressure on them for the attainment of this end it is necessary to alter the legal relations of the Church and the State; but whose fault is that? Prince BISMARCK told his hearers that when the French war was over the German Government was desirous to cultivate the most friendly relations with the Papacy. Italy, he candidly acknowledged, had not so behaved during the war as to deserve much favour at the hands of Germany, and the new Emperor of GERMANY was quite willing to be the good friend of the prisoner of the Vatican. But his offers were contumeliously rejected; the Papal Government decided to enter on the most bitter opposition to the new Empire, and to use its powerful machinery to break it up if possible. Struck by this unexpected blow, the Empire has struck back in return. The existing Constitution of Prussia was based on a compromise such as moderate men love and can work. But a new spirit has come over the Church of Rome, and it now abandons all compromise. It will take nothing less than all it chooses to asks for, and what it asks for is that the State shall be the slave of the Church. This is Prince BISMARCK's account of the rupture of Prussia with Rome, and whether the measures he is taking are wise or not, no one can doubt that his chief

assertion is quite true. If any proof were necessary to those who have been reading for the last week the debates on the Irish University Bill, they have only to look at the strange address lately presented to the POPE by a band of ardent Catholics belonging to the chief European countries. They tell him that his wicked enemies are always trying to lure him into some compromise, and tempting him to live quietly with his neighbours; but that such enemies are only formidable when an attempt is made to negotiate with them, and that the true method, that to which the present POPE has given his adhesion with so much noble frankness and perseverance, is to refuse them everything, to oppose them in every way, to call them openly "Sons of Satan," and treat them as such on every possible occasion. This sort of spirit does certainly destroy what Prince BISMARCK describes as the *modus vivendi*. Nor do the new opponents of the State by any means confine themselves to words. They claim and assert the liberty of doing anything they please. Not long ago the civil power in Prussia decreed that primary instruction in certain districts of East Prussia should be given in German. This might or might not have been expedient; but it was a merely political act. The Archbishop of POSEN, however, did not approve of the order, and positively told his clergy to disobey it, and give primary instruction in Polish in the schools to which the Government order applied. Prince BISMARCK was naturally not sorry to have such an instance to quote of what he meant when he said that the struggle was a political one, and lay between the KING and the priesthood. Compromise, which Prince BISMARCK till lately thought possible and desired, is impossible now, and he cannot conciliate those who will not be conciliated, nor refuse to fight those who attack him.

THE SOUTHERN STATES OF AMERICA.

THE Southern States of America have not yet begun to recover from the ruinous effects of the war. The promoters of Secession committed a fatal mistake when they commenced a contest in which, as the result has proved, they were destined to be beaten. On the other hand, the victorious party have been disappointed in their confident belief that they could restore the spirit as well as the outward form of the Union. The problem was difficult, if not wholly insoluble, and it may be admitted that the measures which have been adopted have for the most part been suggested by plausible reasons. After the close of the war the sore and angry feeling of the defeated community might probably have soon disappeared, if, in accordance with the policy of Mr. LINCOLN and Mr. ANDREW JOHNSON, the Southern citizens could have been remitted to the political condition which had been interrupted by the war; but it was impossible that Congress should neglect to recognize the fundamental change which had been effected by the emancipation of the slaves. It was the plain duty of the Federal Legislature to provide for the protection of the coloured population; and American institutions admit of no protective mechanism except that of perfect political equality and universal suffrage. Popular rhetoric only expressed and illustrated the general conviction that the right of voting constituted the single and sufficient security against the oppression to which the freedmen might have been exposed; and accordingly it was enacted, in an Amendment to the Constitution, that no inhabitant of the United States should be subject to political disability on account of his race or colour. The immediate object of the measure has for the present been attained, although negroes in some Southern districts have been exposed to outrages which would under any political system have been gross violations of law. Universal suffrage may sometimes afford protection to the lowest and weakest class of a community; but it unluckily confers a share in sovereign power as well as facility for self-defence. Negroes, like all other living creatures, are entitled to immunity from wrong; but the liberated slaves of the Southern States are utterly disqualified from taking a part in the government. The belief in democracy which has become a superstition in the United States was originally founded on the not unreasonable assumption that the average American citizen was fully qualified to vote for representatives and public functionaries. Like all abstract propositions, the theory that universal suffrage is just and expedient has a tendency to become independent of the conditions which rendered it approximately true. The vagaries of the Irish civic constituency of New York have produced only a local scepticism, which is moreover confined to municipal administration. Respectable tradesmen who think that city taxpayers should control the administration of city taxes are still untroubled with a doubt of the right of every man to take part in Federal elections. With a blind faith in phrases, the Republican majority determined to extend the blessings of freedom and equality to three or four millions of negroes who were far below the level of the most backward and degraded inhabitants of any civilized country. It was true that there would have been great difficulty in devising an intermediate condition between absolute disability and full admission to political rights; but the experiment, although it may have been excusable, has thus far wholly failed. The newly enfranchised citizens have, as might have been expected, abused their privileges; and it is not impossible that they may suffer from a future reaction.

The utter ignorance and incapacity of the negro voters rendered it inevitable that they should become the tools of unscrupulous demagogues. In some places they have found leaders of their own race; but they have generally fallen into the hands of Northern adventurers who are known by the significant title of "carpet-baggers." In every State which is controlled by a coloured majority scandalous corruption prevails; and Governors, State legislators, and representatives in Congress exaggerate and parody the vices and follies to which popular government is liable. The respectable members of the community are excluded from power, and extravagantly taxed; nor can there be any doubt that they deeply resent the supremacy of an alien and inferior race. In Louisiana, and especially in New Orleans, the dominant faction is split into two hostile bodies, which from time to time elect antagonistic Governors and Assemblies, and which apparently dispose of rival armed forces. The Federal Government, which ought to exercise a moderating influence, habitually regulates its interference by considerations of party. General GRANT has invariably supported a faction which has been declared by a Republican majority in the Senate to have no legal right to represent the State. At the last election in Louisiana the candidates who obtained the majority of votes received certificates of election from unqualified officers, while the genuine functionaries gave a fraudulent certificate of election to the delegates of the minority. At present it would seem that there are no regularly constituted authorities in the State; nor is there any early prospect of a cessation of anarchy. In other Southern States elections of United States Senators have proved to be void; and some of the Governors have been guilty of enormous embezzlement. The great and ancient State of Virginia, notwithstanding the abundance of its natural resources, is unable to borrow money, because the Legislature and the Government command no confidence at home or abroad. The perverse iniquity of government by the greatest number of the whole population except in communities of an unusually high character, has never been so fully illustrated as in the reconstructed States of the South. As a recent and powerful writer remarks, multitudes can by no possibility really govern; and consequently the only question for constituent legislators relates to the method by which the actual rulers are to be selected. The facility of obtaining votes from an ignorant majority by intrigue or by the ordinary arts of a demagogue is the worst possible qualification for the exercise of political power. The principal motive for studying the contemporary history of other countries is the desire to ascertain the probable results of different political systems at home. There are happily no emancipated slaves in England, and all modern practice and opinion is utterly opposed to pecuniary corruption; but useful lessons may be derived from the practical reduction of a doctrine to absurdity in its application in an extreme case. It is by no means certain that the race of "carpet-baggers" might not be reproduced in England, if suitable constituencies were established as subjects for their speculations. A Parliament exclusively elected by artisans and labourers, though it might not sink to the level of Louisiana, would feel but little regard for the rights or interests of other classes.

It would be idle to blame the emancipated slaves for abusing powers which they were utterly incompetent to exercise or to appreciate; nor would they listen to a warning that they may perhaps forfeit the privileges which have been so ill employed. At present the negro majorities, though they are locally dominant, are in reality altogether dependent on their Republican patrons in the North. If the territory of the former Confederacy were independent, or if the Federal Government and Legislature were to abstain from interference in Southern affairs, the white population would at once reassume their former supremacy. It is not improbable that they might take an undue advantage of their victory; but it is certain that they would find means of relieving themselves

from oppression and degradation. Their opportunity, although perhaps it may be distant, will ultimately arrive. It is scarcely possible that the misgovernment of the South should not produce a reaction of popular opinion in the United States, and sooner or later some political party will find it convenient to form an alliance with the white citizens of the South. For one or two generations the Democratic party governed the Union in combination with the Southern representatives; and although the South can never recover its original share of electoral power, its support might still incline the balance in favour of one of two rival parties. It is not likely that the Amendment which provides for the enfranchisement of the negroes will be at any time removed from the Constitution; but if the party in power had resolved on depriving the coloured race of political influence, American ingenuity would contrive methods of accomplishing the purpose. The facilities which an artificial and mischievous distribution of power has afforded for pecuniary corruption will, more than any other proof of Southern misrule, tend to create a desire for a change. The best class of Americans are shocked and alarmed by successive exposures of bribery and embezzlement. The City of New York has made a desperate and partially successful effort to shake off the obloquy which it had incurred; but the Legislature of the State is still suspected of corruption, and the chief perpetrator of the City frauds retains his seat in the local Senate. The discovery that bribes had been administered to Senators, Congressmen, and to some of the highest dignitaries of the Republic, has caused deeper indignation, because the culprits impudently denied the charges which have since been proved. The exposure of the swindling transactions of a former Republican candidate for the Presidency will strengthen the impression which has been produced by domestic frauds. It would be too much to expect that even the most candid Americans should at once allow that the foundations of their political faith are shaken. There is an honest struggle to believe that equality and universal suffrage have no relation to the actual results of an infallible Constitution. Before a painful scepticism affects the foundation of the Republic, it will probably find occupation in considering the condition of South Carolina, of Florida, and of Louisiana. The conviction that all white men are free and equal is compatible with a strong suspicion that negroes enjoy only a figurative equality, and that they are unfit for that kind of freedom which really means the exercise of political power. It is not improbable that public opinion will coincide with party interest in discouraging or suppressing the supremacy in any State of the coloured population. As the North will be still unanimously opposed to the re-establishment of slavery even in an indirect form, precautions will probably be taken against the abuse by the white population of restored political ascendency. It is incredible that the anarchy of Louisiana or the misgovernment of South Carolina should be permanently tolerated.

FRANCE.

THE customary lull has followed the customary storm in the French Assembly. The several clauses of the Bill introduced by the Committee of Thirty have been hotly debated, but, except in the case of an amendment which was assented to by the Government, no change has been made in them. The Right have done their best to get the Assembly to pledge itself not to dissolve immediately upon the liberation of the territory. One amendment aimed at postponing until that time the discussion upon the Bills which the Committee have agreed that the Government shall bring in; another would have made the Assembly declare that it would not retire until it had exercised its constituent powers. Neither of these proposals had the approval of the Conservative majority. However anxious the deputies may be to keep their seats, most of them are too wise to assign any other date for a dissolution than the payment of the last instalment of the indemnity and the departure of the last German soldier. They have been able to stave off their fate hitherto because M. THIERS has no wish that it should overtake them sooner. Were they to go beyond this limit, they would exasperate the Republicans to a degree which might make it impossible for the PRESIDENT any longer to moderate between the factions which make up the Assembly. If M. THIERS were thus driven into a corner, there is little doubt which side he would choose. Even if the Assembly were more in favour with the country than there is any reason to suppose that it is, any sign of unwillingness to meet the electors when once the engagements it has entered into with Germany have been fully performed would be enough to make it unpopular. The majority know this, and, what is even more to the purpose, they know that the PRESIDENT knows it. There was a time when they talked of the liberation of the territory and the provision of definitive institutions as coequal parts of the mission entrusted to them at Bordeaux. Now it is only the Extreme Right that pretends any longer to combine these duties. The moment of dissolution can as yet only be fixed by inference, but it can be fixed in that way with quite sufficient accuracy. The conduct of the negotiations with Germany may hasten or defer it in some degree, but it is universally understood that by 1874 the existing Assembly will have given place to its successor.

The question raised by the Report of the Committee of Thirty is how this interval shall be employed. The Committee were originally of opinion that it should be devoted to the construction of a machine for managing the elections, over the working of which M. THIERS should have no control. If the design had ever borne fruit, it would have been interesting to hear it defended by men who, when the PRESIDENT's right to take part in debates was under discussion, had stood up for the absolute separation of the legislative and executive authorities. Under pressure, partly of circumstances, and partly perhaps of late developed common sense, the Committee gave up this notion, and proposed, at the invitation of the Government, to pass the time that yet remains to the Assembly in constructing a Second Chamber, in revising the electoral law, and in providing for the continuance of the Executive during the elections. The Right and the Left have opposed these recommendations on opposite grounds. The Right urge with much truth that to legislate on these subjects is really to organize the Republic, and, in particular, that as the composition of a Second Chamber must be different according as it is to co-exist with a Republic or with a Monarchy, to construct it under a Provisional Republic is to beg the question unfairly. They are not unwilling to submit to the Republic if the Assembly will definitively proclaim it, but they do not wish to find themselves committed to it without the claims of Monarchy having been fairly entertained and disposed of. This way of putting the case has an exceedingly reasonable sound. It presents the majority in the ludicrous light of a body of men resigned to doing what they dislike because they have not courage to say what they would like to do. Yet, notwithstanding this, the majority which is acting so absurdly has more sense than its critics. The Right go on the assumption that the Assembly really speaks the mind of the country, and if this were true, nothing could be more contemptible than its present reticence. The Centres are well aware that it does not speak the mind of the country, and though it is not convenient to avow this fact, they wisely think that it is well to recognize it in their acts. If the Assembly had to decide between a Monarchy and a Republic, and if each member were to vote according to his real wish, a Monarchy would have a decisive and probably a large majority. But the only result of this step would be to make the want of sympathy between the Assembly and its constituents needlessly apparent. So long as M. THIERS is at the head of affairs, the country has a representative at Versailles who estimates and gives expression to its views with far more accuracy than the Assembly, and the majority feel that in some unforeseen way M. THIERS would take care that any decision they might come to in favour of a Monarchy should remain a barren exhibition of unsatisfied desire. The Left have also something to say for their opposition to the constructive part of the Committee's Report. Why, they ask, should France be saddled in this sudden fashion with a Second Chamber which it does not want? It is by no means easy to give a satisfactory answer to this question. The nearest approach to such an answer is that M. THIERS has insisted upon having a Second Chamber, and that when you have an indispensable man at the helm of the State, you have no choice but to carry what sail he orders. Why he is thus bent upon setting up in France a pale copy of the United States' Senate, with the Federal element which makes the strength of that Senate necessarily wanting, is not evident. It is conceivable that he should want to strengthen himself against the possible Radicalism of the next Assembly—though, if the electors will only take the trouble to vote, instead of allowing the most extreme candidates to be returned and then shrieking for protection against them, this necessity is not likely to arise. What is not so conceivable is how he intends to make a Second Chamber serve this purpose. In France, at all events, the Senate, or whatever else it has been called, has in times of revolution been a simple cipher. A Second Chamber *is* an imposing engine of defence, so long as there is nothing in par-

ticular to defend. When M. THIERS first disclosed his wishes on this subject, it seemed probable that he meant to use the newly elected Second Chamber as an auxiliary in getting rid of the First Chamber elected two years ago. But this idea, if it was ever entertained, has long been laid aside. Throughout the negotiation with the Committee of Thirty it has been conceded on both sides that the Second Chamber, though it is to be constituted at once on paper, is not to come into existence until after the dissolution. This would seem to show that M. THIERS really believes in a Second Chamber as an institution valuable in itself, and is anxious to obtain it from this Assembly, lest it should prove harder to obtain it from the next. If so, it is a remarkable example of the way in which the fancies of youth can stand the wear and tear of half a century of political life.

A curious question may perhaps be raised hereafter as to the precise character which is to be attributed to these forthcoming Bills. As the Report of the Committee was presented, it gave the President a veto upon all the measures passed by the Assembly. On the motion of M. DE BELCASTEL, accepted by the Committee and acquiesced in by M. THIERS, constitutional Bills have been excepted from this veto. It was at first thought that this would operate as a serious check upon M. THIERS. The Right, if they could make up their quarrel with the Right Centre, might succeed in giving a distinctly monarchical cast to the coming legislation, and M. THIERS would have no choice but to carry it into effect, whatever its character might be. Calculations which rest upon M. THIERS finding himself thus deprived of alternatives are extremely treacherous, and a very ingenious interpretation has already been started, according to which M. DE BELCASTEL'S motion is not applicable to the measures about to be introduced. The preamble and the 5th Clause of the Bill now under discussion, taken together, recite that the Assembly reserving its constituent power, will proceed to pass laws upon such and such subjects. But according to this theory a law which is passed with the constituent power reserved is not a constitutional law, and M. THIERS will therefore be at liberty to veto it. As there is no authority except the Assembly, competent to declare what is and what is not a constitutional law, in the sense attached to the term in the BELCASTEL amendment, and as the decision of the Assembly upon this point as upon all others will be arrived at under the constraining influence of M. THIERS, it is not of much moment whether this interpretation is right or wrong. If the deputies should so far escape from the control in which they are usually held as to pass the Government Bills in a shape which the Government dislikes, they may be trusted to return to their allegiance after four-and-twenty hours' reflection. Whether they then rescind their own vote, or, by deciding that it is not a constitutional law, give M. THIERS the power of vetoing it, will not make much difference in the legislative result.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS AND DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER.

THE Deceased Wife's Sister has, it seems, a way of turning up in the midst of a Ministerial crisis, like the dog at the Derby. It was doubtful on Thursday night whether there was still a Government or not; but the House of Lords may perhaps have thought that, under the circumstances, there was all the more reason for doing what it could to keep up something in the shape of law. The propriety of permitting marriage with a deceased wife's sister is a very small part of the question opened up by this impudent and notorious Bill. It is a blow aimed, not only at the sanctity of marriage, but at the authority of law. In the opinion of the promoters of the measure an Act of Parliament is binding only on those who happen to approve of its provisions. Every man his own Statute-book is the simple code of the new reformers. If you do not like a law, break it, and then make your violation of the law a reason for asking Parliament not only to repeal it, but to put things in such a position as if it had never at any time been in existence. It is obvious that this principle, if once admitted, might be found to have a dangerously extensive range of application. Lord HOUGHTON tried to tempt the House of Lords by suggesting that by passing this Bill it would put an end to an unpleasant agitation; but the Peers did not require to be warned that the success of one such agitation would immediately be the signal for many others. It is true that the scandal of breaches of the law would be effectually prevented if there were no law to break, but if this process of accommodating the law to the passions, caprices, and irregularities of every section of the community were once entered upon, it would be apt to lead to some startling results. Widowers who want to marry their deceased wives' sisters are not the only persons who would like to have the law altered to suit their purposes. There are gentlemen who would be glad to have greater facilities than the Divorce Court at present provides for changing spouses, and others who pine for the larger freedom of polygamy. It has not yet, however, been thought desirable to abolish marriage in order to prevent adultery. Lord HOUGHTON and Lord STANLEY of ALDERLEY appear to have succeeded in emancipating themselves with tolerable completeness from some of the ordinary prejudices on the subject. After all, says Lord HOUGHTON, these things are only a matter of opinion; some people think one way, some another; why should not everybody do as he likes? Lord STANLEY seemed to think he had clenched the argument when he remarked that the only reason for "the restrictions imposed in the early days of the "Church was to strengthen the idea of the sanctity of "marriage." We are left to infer that the idea of the sanctity of marriage has passed away with the other superstitions of the primitive Church. Lord KIMBERLEY observed that in a question of this kind consideration must be shown for the "feelings, wishes, and passions of the people"; but it is evident that the people whose feelings, wishes, and passions are to be regarded as paramount are not the whole people of the country, who for the most part are quite satisfied with the present system, but only the people who have chosen to break the law and who now ask to be relieved from the consequences of their disobedience.

Lord SELBORNE'S weighty and statesmanlike speech gave emphasis to the division that followed, and will no doubt be accepted by the great body of moderate and reasonable men as a complete justification for the rejection of the Bill. This is, as he said, no party question. Nor, as far as Parliament is concerned, is it a theological or ecclesiastical question. It is really a question of social expediency. Is it for the good of the community that marriage with a deceased wife's sister should be allowed? The only persons who would be benefited by a relaxation of the law are the extremely small and insignificant faction of the community who have been seized with an ungovernable desire to marry their deceased wives' sisters. Lord SELBORNE'S inquiries confirm the results of the previous inquiries undertaken by Lord HATHERLEY and by the Royal Commission of 1847. It may be doubted whether, if it were true that working-men are in the habit of contracting irregular unions of this kind, it would necessarily follow that the law should be altered in order to legalize them, regardless of all other consequences; but in point of fact it is not true. These unions are by no means common among the poor; and the attempt to represent the matter as a working-man's question is only an example of the miserable claptrap and reckless mis-statement which have distinguished the whole course of this shameless agitation. All the evidence on the subject shows that there are really very few people who are anxious to avail themselves of the freedom which the promoters of the Bill are so anxious to bestow on all the world, whether they care for it or not. If the Bill were to become law, a petty and almost microscopic minority would be enabled to indulge their eccentric and ill-regulated passions under cover of the law. This does not strike us as a very important or valuable object, and it is natural to ask what would be the cost of attaining it. One of the fundamental principles of the marriage law would be subverted, the whole system would be thrown into confusion and disorder, and all sorts of other relaxations would immediately be demanded. The social consequences of disturbing the principle of relationship by affinity would be painful in the extreme. The soft and gentle ties which once bound families together would be snapped asunder, and the sister-in-law would be thrust out into the same position as that of any other marriageable woman. Is it possible, as Lord SELBORNE asked, that a man should treat a wife's sisters as his own if he were allowed to marry them? And what becomes of the argument that wives' sisters would prove the best stepmothers children could have, if children are at the same time to be deprived of the care of an affectionate aunt? The deceased wife's sister people would seem, from their own account of themselves, or at least from the account given by their friends—for they are strangely shy of coming to the front in person—to be a very peculiar people. We are always being told of a dying wife who summons her husband and her sister to her bedside, implores them to get married, and joins their hands with a nuptial benediction. We may be permitted to doubt whether this is a familiar incident in real life. It is scarcely credible that even deceased

wife's sister people should be so lost to all sense of natural feeling as to proceed with arrangements for a new marriage over the death-bed of a wife. But if the marriage does not take place immediately, who is to take charge of the bereaved family? The sister-in-law who expects, or is at least exposed to, an offer of marriage from the widower is necessarily excluded. In short, there would then be only one way in which the woman admitted to be best fitted to be the guardian of the family in the hour of bereavement could assume that charge, and that would be by a hasty contract of marriage with the disconsolate widower.

Even assuming that such marriages are not improper in themselves, the social and domestic inconvenience and injury which would be produced by allowing them are a sufficient objection to any change. Apart from the general question of the expediency of legalizing these unions, there are also overwhelming objections to the Bill in which the anonymous agitators embodied their desires. It deals with only a small fragment of a subject which should be dealt with either not at all or as a whole. It unsettles everything, and settles nothing. It knocks away an important principle, and throws open the door for all kinds of relaxations and innovations. But the most objectionable and dangerous part of the measure is that which proposes to give retrospective sanction to marriages contracted in open and contemptuous and deliberate defiance of the law. It is obvious that to pass a measure of this kind would be simply to proclaim that nobody need obey the law unless he chooses, and to encourage disobedience. It would, as Lord Selborne remarked, be tantamount to declaring that a certain amount of perseverance in systematic disobedience to the law will induce Parliament not merely to alter a law, but to provide *ex post facto* legislation in favour of the whole body of law-breakers for many years past. The majority of the House of Lords against the Bill was twenty-five, or only one less than last year. Thus the House of Lords would seem to be expressing a deliberate and settled judgment, while the declining majorities of the House of Commons on the other side disclose doubt and hesitation. Under such circumstances there can be no question that the House of Lords pursued the only course that was consistent, not merely with its own dignity and independence, but with its public duty, in rejecting the Bill, and there can be equally little doubt that in doing so it represented the real opinion of the country at large. There is unfortunately no reason to hope that we have seen the last of this discreditable and unscrupulous agitation, but it may be hoped that at least its true character is now pretty well understood.

POLITICAL PORTRAITS.

A SERIES of very clever and amusing sketches of public men which lately appeared in the *Daily News* has just been reprinted in a collected form at a singularly opportune moment. It is easy to make too much of the personal element in politics; but it is an element which, if less powerful than it used to be, still exercises an important influence on the course of affairs. Indeed we have just had a striking illustration of the dislocating and embarrassing, or, to use what Mr. Disraeli calls the phrase of the hour, bewildering results which may under certain circumstances proceed from it. Agreement on a general set of principles is of course the bond of party union, but in the application of those principles there is abundant scope for the play of personal temperament and bias. "Measures not men" represents an ideal of political criticism which is neither sound nor practicable. If a measure were simply an argument, it might be tested solely on its merits; as it happens to be an executive mandate, it is necessary to consider the spirit, temper, and aims with which it is likely to be administered. In practical politics men and measures must be judged together. The author of *Political Portraits* passes in review some twenty politicians, chosen pretty much at random from both of the great parties in the State. He has apparently been a close student of recent political history, and has had good opportunities of observing near at hand the men whom he describes; and his sketches display not only keenness and penetration, but a singular freedom from party bias. A sharp incisive style and a play of somewhat caustic humour give vividness to his portraits; which, taken as a whole, remind one of nothing so much as a collection of highly finished medallions struck in steel—hard, bright, cold, and clear. Nothing can be better in their way than his sarcastic pictures of Mr. Lowe as a neglected youth who, instead of being apprenticed to a respectable trade, was allowed by his friends to throw himself away on the dead languages; of Mr. Cardwell, "the steady young man of public life, who never had a loose political thought, or an ill-regulated political passion"; of the Duke of Richmond listening with complacent curiosity while Lord Cairns explains to the Duke and the House of Lords what the Duke really meant, although he might not have known it at the time, when he spoke a little earlier in the evening; of Mr. W. E. Forster as the Mr. Facing-Both-Ways of political life and the "best stage Yorkshireman" in the Parliamentary or any other theatre of the day; of Mr. Ayrton seeing everything—Queen, Lords, and Commons—in Ayrton, as Malebranche saw everything in the Divine Being; of Lord Halifax, a small politician hung on to a great title in a way that recalls Cicero's question about his diminutive son-in-law, "Who tied Dolabella to that sword?" In describing the race of semi-ecclesiastical statesmen and lawyers who have sprung up within the last generation, the writer observes that, "although Lord Westbury has declared that he owes his success in life to a habit of Bible reading, and to the formation of his character upon the precepts of the New Testament, he does not strictly belong to this order of lawyers and politicians." We must be thankful to a writer who does so much to redeem the dulness of political controversy, though we cannot help thinking that in some instances he is perhaps more brilliant than deep, and more witty than true. His freedom from party prejudices makes the vehemence of his personal antipathies the more remarkable. Mr. Lowe and Lord Halifax would appear to be types which he holds in especial aversion. An imputation of "something of the spirit of the servants' hall" is curiously inapplicable to one so rashly candid and independent as the Chancellor of the Exchequer: and those very defects which have always been conspicuous in Lord Halifax's public appearances might have suggested a warning against the hasty assumption that he was in every way a nonentity. Lord Melbourne, replying to an attack by Brougham, once asked the House of Lords to consider what must be the nature and strength of the objections which prevented a Government from availing itself of the services of so able and eloquent a man; and it might be urged on behalf of Lord Halifax that he must surely have great private merits in order to counterbalance his obvious deficiencies in the public part of his duties. In his wide knowledge of men and things, his mastery over business and capacity for getting quickly at the heart of a question, and in the shrewd, practical sagacity of his advice, Lord Halifax is understood to have few equals; and perhaps there never was a Chancellor of the Exchequer whom the City regarded with greater satisfaction. The suggestion that Lord Cairns was unable to retain the leadership of the House of Lords on account of "a consciousness of difference and incompatibility" between himself and the peers, such as that between "the trusted professional adviser of a great family" and his employers, and that "the brisk professional manner, the knowing look, the very attitude and gestures with which he pulls himself together to make a smart reply, as from a clever agent to a grambling tenant or a troublesome mortgagee, had probably disagreeable associations for the majority of the peers, in addition to their æsthetic objections on grounds of taste and style," is a pure exercise of ingenious fancy. When Lord Cairns retired from this position his delicate health supplied a very simple and sufficient explanation of the step. It is necessary that a leader in the House of Lords should not only be unfailing in his attendance at the sittings of the House, but should be in the way of familiar intercourse with those whom he represents; and the physical demands of such a life must necessarily be trying to any one not in robust health. When the writer remarks that Lord Salisbury's "revolt against Liberal policy and Conservative tactics is a revolt against the very conditions of Constitutional Government," he apparently forgets Lord Salisbury's declaration during the Irish Church debates. "On those rare and great occasions," he said, "on which the national mind has fully declared itself, the House of Lords must, no doubt, yield; but there is an enormous step between that and being the mere echo of the House of Commons."

The writer of these sketches admits the general distrust with which Mr. Gladstone is regarded, but tries to make light of it. Mr. Gladstone, he says, has certainly changed his opinions from time to time; he has traversed nearly the whole interval between Lord Eldon and Mr. Bright, but then he has been forty years about it. A light mind would have taken the jump all at once, but Mr. Gladstone's "scrupulous patience and careful integrity" required time for the accomplishment of the journey step by step. The awkward thing, however, is not so much that Mr. Gladstone should have changed his opinions, but "that he should require to be reconverted to the same principles on every fresh application of them." The only consolation that can be suggested is, that, after all, "his defects as a statesmen conspire to lend opportunity and effect to his special political faculties"—that is to say, to his power of giving legislative force to the policy on which the nation is supposed to have determined. In other words, if Mr. Gladstone had taken up with any principles on his own account, and had worked them out for himself, he might possibly have found himself either before or behind the nation. As it has happened, however, he has always been ready to adopt any opinion of the hour, or, as the writer puts it, to execute the mandate of the constituencies. We think this is really a very fair account of Mr. Gladstone's position as a statesman. The writer sees clearly enough that Mr. Gladstone has never possessed any fixed principles of his own, and that, even when he has adopted a set of principles, he has used them only for the purposes of the moment; but he either does not see or does not care to proclaim the whole truth on the subject. "All his life," he says, "Mr. Gladstone has been thinking aloud; you see not only the premiss from which he has started, and the conclusion which he has reached, but the road by which he has travelled from one to

the other." In point of fact, Mr. Gladstone's journeys have always been the reverse way. He has invariably started from a conclusion, and then set off in search of premisses, and as the latter are not at all for his own use, but only for other people's, he has never been very particular as to what they were. The first that have come to hand have usually answered his purpose. If Mr. Gladstone were conscious of the process by which he has arrived at most of his conclusions, he would probably confess that he could say nothing more about it than that somehow they were in the air, and that he caught them as a man might catch the infection of any other epidemic. Anybody who remembers the wild and visionary reasons which Mr. Gladstone has occasionally invented in order to justify his opinions will see at once how complete is the absence of any real connexion between the two. Take, for example, his famous "flesh and blood" argument in favour of a comparatively small reduction of the qualification for household suffrage—an argument which, if he had started from it, must have led him straight away to universal suffrage; or his extraordinary proposition that an increase of voters had converted the franchise from a public trust into a private privilege which required the protection of secrecy. Nobody but Mr. Gladstone himself could suppose for a moment that he was ever in the slightest degree influenced by such absurdly irrelevant arguments in making up his mind. The truth is simply that he had already been forced by party exigencies and by the general pressure of the political atmosphere on his sensitive moral nature to the conclusion that something must be done with the franchise and the Ballot, and the hunting out of reasons was altogether an after process undertaken for the satisfaction of minds less dependent than his own on mysterious inspiration and emotional faith for their political convictions. This peculiarity of mind fully accounts for the extraordinary character of the reasons with which Mr. Gladstone sometimes startles the House of Commons, and also for their odd and inconsistent variety. It also helps to explain why the most changeable of statesmen should, when he has pitched for the moment on a policy, be the most fanatically obdurate and immovable in clinging to it. It is simply because he has nothing else to cling to. A mind that reasons can pause at any stage of the process to measure the progress it has made and test the security of its footing, and, when it has got to some final point, it can pick its way back again, step by step, and can determine how far it is wise or necessary to push a principle. But the unreasoning mind, which does not work its way logically to a conclusion, but only finds itself suddenly possessed by one, is afraid to meddle with what has come to it, as it were, in the lump, lest it should fall hopelessly to pieces. Without a firm and clear appreciation of principle, it is impossible to know what are the really material parts of any project. A member of the present Government once said of Mr. Gladstone that he hated with concentrated malignity all thoroughgoing Liberalism in every department of thought, and it is at least true that the bent of his mind and the peculiar sacerdotal groove in which it works prevents his having any sympathy with the free play of thought. He deals only in revelations of dogma which must be accepted with unquestioning faith. The reasons of the distrust with which Mr. Gladstone is regarded may be simply explained. In the first place, it is impossible to say what line of policy he may not suddenly espouse under the influence of some spasm of emotion; and, in the next place, even assuming that his policy is right, the grounds on which he may be expected to advocate it are almost certain to contain within them the seeds of mischief. Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy has been a failure to the extent to which it has fallen short of the wild and extravagant expectations for the immediate fulfilment of which he recommended it. He has excited hopes and encouraged demands of which we are already reaping some of the results.

The writer of *Political Portraits*, without apparently having much sympathy with Lord Russell, does justice to his sterling and valuable qualities. Mr. Gladstone once said very truly and generously that, if orders were given for civil as for military services, Lord Russell's breast would be studded with stars, and covered with crosses and ribands; but his achievements mainly belong to a period which is already somewhat dim and distant for the present generation. In a happy phrase the writer speaks of Lord Russell's innocent nudity of mind. He has indeed been one of the most open and candid of statesmen, and has spent his life in thinking aloud. But, however rash and inconsiderate some of his views may have been, they have always been connected with a fixed set of principles, and it is impossible not to respect the healthy, breezy freshness of his mind. Of Mr. Disraeli the writer says nothing new, perhaps for the sufficient reason that there is nothing new to be said. His "detachment from any vital interest or absorbing conviction in English politics" is attributed to the isolation of his early life, of which an interesting account is given. This freedom from prepossessions has certainly allowed free scope for the exercise of the imagination, which, as Mr. Disraeli has himself said, is in the government of nations not less important than reason; but Mr. Gladstone has had the advantage perhaps of appearing more implicitly to believe in his own convictions. The sketch of Mr. Bright is rather in the conventional style. A simple-minded writer lately took the trouble to make a list of the abuses and evils of various kinds to which Mr. Bright had at different times referred in his speeches, and to which at some later period legislation had happened to be applied, and this was presented as a list of Mr. Bright's legislative achievements. The author of *Political Portraits* appears to favour this theory of Mr. Bright's statesmanship. Mr. Bright has certainly denounced with great vehemence and persistency abuses which have afterwards been remedied; but such statesmanship as he has shown has been purely destructive—the statesmanship of the petard and the battering-ram. He has rarely troubled himself with constructive projects, and when he has tried his hand at them they have not been found to have much practical value. The most effectual way to rouse the multitude is to persuade it that it is oppressed and cheated by a privileged class, and this is the familiar note of Mr. Bright's invective. His power has been derived, not as is suggested in this volume, from his sagacious common sense and skilful oratory, but from the passionate overflowing of a kind of religious wrath which made him pursue his opponents pretty much in the spirit of a Corsican vendetta. In his latest speech, after long silence and meditation, he could do nothing but rail against the wickedness of the people who had on political questions taken different sides from himself, and he seemed to say with Jonah, "I do well to be angry even unto death." Nobody will deny that in his time Mr. Bright has done useful work, but it is impossible to forget the rancorous and splenetic spirit which prompted his efforts; and it may also be doubted whether he has not sometimes retarded rather than advanced the reforms he advocated by the personal bitterness which he has infused into every controversy in which he has taken part. This side of his character is omitted from the picture. The favourable aspect in which Mr. Bright is presented contrasts significantly with the depreciation which is applied to such men as Lord Derby and Mr. Forster. The remark of a foreign critic, that if Columbus had been half as sensible as Lord Derby, he would never have discovered America, is quoted with approval, and Nicias, who, as we are reminded, is responsible for the greatest disaster of Greek history, is suggested as one of the earliest types of the safe man. It may be observed, however, that the qualities which made Columbus a successful discoverer are not exactly the qualities most essential in an English Minister. "There is," we are assured, "no adviser so perilous as one who applies ordinary rules to extraordinary occasions," but we should imagine that it was scarcely less dangerous to apply extraordinary rules to ordinary occasions; and as ordinary occasions occur more frequently than extraordinary occasions, the opportunities for mischief in the latter case would necessarily be more frequent. And this is just the evil from which we have for some time been suffering. The daring pilot who is always running on the sands to show his wit may be an heroic figure, but the qualms of the crew and passengers are not perhaps altogether unreasonable. Most sensible people, we should think, would rather be in the hands of a steady-going family doctor, who treated a fit of indigestion with a simple pill, or perhaps with nothing at all except patience, than in the hands of one who thought it necessary to resort to heroic remedies for the most ordinary ailments. There are some cures which are worse than the original disease.

What appears to have most deeply impressed the author of these brilliant and pungent articles is the tendency of Parliamentary leaders to deterioration in intellectual capacity. "If," he says in the preface, "the impression left on the reader by these sketches is that in England, as in other countries, political affairs are, with four or five exceptions of high and signal capacity, in the hands of men of ability and character indeed, but of second-rate ability and commonplace character, it is probable that the same impression would be made yet more strongly by the habit of listening to the Parliamentary debates, and by some acquaintance with public business." And elsewhere he remarks, "The smaller arts of management and persuasion in detail, rather than the larger gifts of wisdom and authority, are becoming essential in politics." There is an obvious decline in the political intelligence of the House of Commons, and "the standard of admission to the Cabinet, as in some of our best regiments, has had to be lowered an inch or two." There is undoubtedly a certain amount of truth in these remarks, but we must say that what strikes us most is a falling off, not so much in intelligence, as in courage. It is impossible to compare the younger race of statesmen with those of the previous generation, some of whom still survive, without being struck by the hesitation and timidity and the sort of self-annihilation which are characteristic of the former; and the contrast is still more impressive if we go back another generation. It would seem to be supposed that it is no longer the business of statesmen to lead opinion, or indeed to have any opinions of their own; all they have to do is to listen for orders and to execute what is called the "mandate of the constituencies" in a smart, business-like way. It is true that under a system of popular Government a Minister can do nothing unless he carries the people along with him; but, although the people have the right, if they choose, to dictate what shall be done, it does not follow that statesmen are therefore bound to renounce their own judgment, and simply to wait for their cue from the streets. What is wanted is that public men should have the courage to think for themselves, to say boldly what they think, and to refuse to be parties to any policy which they do not heartily and honestly approve. It is the sycophancy and subserviency to vulgar clamour of which Mr. Gladstone has set the fashion which is the principal cause of political deterioration.

MOVING HOUSE.

AMONGST the miseries which for various reasons we agree to treat rather with ridicule than with sympathy, few are more acute than those connected with a change of house. It would be a

curious inquiry why any evils which in themselves are real and serious should be regarded as placing their victim beyond the circle of a common humanity. Sea-sickness involves as much unhappiness for the time as the loss, say, of a first cousin; if more transitory, it is more acute for the moment, for few people lose their appetite for a day on the death of a relation, and still less do they contemplate suicide as desirable under the circumstances. Yet one of these is almost an invariable, and the other a very common, result of sea-sickness. We sympathize, it would seem, only with those forms of suffering which are susceptible of poetic treatment; and in other cases we feel—to alter the ordinary saying—that there is a comic side to the misfortunes of our best friends. This excuse, whatever its value, is not quite sufficient to account for the callous indifference with which we generally regard the victim of a change of houses. For surely there is something poetical about the feelings of a human being torn from the building which has become almost a part of himself. He is not, we assume, about to cross the ocean, or to break off any habit of familiarity. He is merely moving to a distance of a few hundred yards because some intrusive railway has demolished his former dwelling-place; or because an increase of his family, or a desire for better accommodation, or the imperious wish of the ladies of his household, has compelled him to shift his anchorage. However slight the change may be, he is breaking innumerable threads of association, of whose force he was never before sensible. For many of them it is probable that he is hopelessly unable to account. He cannot tell how many social meetings have hallowed particular rooms for him, and left behind an odour perceptible to the imagination, if not to the senses. He can only dimly guess that certain marked stages in his domestic life have been connected in the background of his consciousness with particular rooms or pieces of furniture. He feels, but he is unable to say why he feels, that his imagination is not so easily kindled, and that his pen does not run so easily, in the new and commodious study whose charms were set before him in the most glaring colours, as in the queer old dingy room where every angle, inconvenient as it might be, had somehow learnt a language of its own. He resembles the schoolboy who was reduced to sudden imbecility when the malice of his rivals had cut off the button which he always fingered in moments of difficulty. A man grows into a house as he grows into a pair of shoes; and he feels the change like a hermit-crab dislodged from the old shell to which his figure had gradually adapted itself. There is surely something pathetic, though there is of course much that is trivial, about such sufferings. Hawthorne argues in the *House of the Seven Gables* that all this attachment to old places is an old-world superstition; and that in the coming days we shall be wiser, and change a house with the same facility as we now change a coat. Our remote descendants will revert to the nomad state, though their tents will be made of brick and mortar instead of canvas. They will scorn to be bound by sentiment to any particular plot of ground. It is hard to prophesy what may be the mental condition of our remote posterity. A day may come when patriotism and family feeling may be regarded as idle superstitions; and in that era, an attachment to any special lump of matter will be a weakness of which every luminary of the twenty-somethingth century will be heartily ashamed. But meanwhile every person in whom the imagination is not quite an obsolete faculty clings more or less to an ancient domicile. He feels a perceptible wrench upon quitting it; and is painfully sensible that he is passing one more milestone on his road to the grave. We do not grow old at a uniform rate. Our steady downhill progress is varied by abrupt descents and sudden breaches of continuity. The stream of life has its rapids and its cascades as well as its smoother stretches; and the change of a house generally forms one of those conspicuous epochs by which we count our history. It marks one of the revolutions in our little kingdom, which may be in other respects for the better or the worse, but which is at any rate a step nearer to the end. Everybody knows how the whole character of a friendly meeting is often changed by the scene in which it takes place. A dinner party which would be sociable and talkative in a room of corresponding size becomes disagreeably noisy in a smaller, and painfully decorous in a more magnificent, apartment. In the same way, by some subtle and untraceable influence, our whole system of life seems to take its colour from its surroundings; the family whom we were all glad to see in Tyburnia somehow becomes disagreeable when transplanted to Mayfair, or *vice versâ*; and our private history is thus divided into acts, in which the scenery has more importance than we are sometimes willing to acknowledge. However this may be, the mere fact of cutting loose so many old associations as are necessarily destroyed in a domestic transmigration has something almost solemn about it to the mind which is not ultra-philosophical; and an optimist would have hoped, for the credit of human nature, that the concomitant sufferings were hallowed by the deeper emotions which they typify, instead of rendering the emotion itself ridiculous.

Unluckily it is not so. Undertakers, as we know, have succeeded in making a funeral almost ridiculous and quite vexatious to the spirit of man. Upholsterers are equally successful in casting an air of ridicule upon the parting, not from a lady, but from a house. It is out of the question to adopt an air of dignity. A man leaving No. 99 in a square cannot look like a baron driven from his ancestral castle. His sufferings may be quite as deep. The poor beetle which we drive out of his cranny may feel as great a pang as a millionaire turned out of his palace. But with all our benevolence, we only laugh at him. The man, at this possible crisis of his life, is a victim to those paltry cares which we agree to treat with contempt. He is harassed by wretched little perplexities about doors that will not fit, and blinds that will not draw up, and wardrobes that persist with an obstinacy worthy rather of animated beings than of mere material objects, in refusing to fit any available corner. A day comes on which he ought to be overwhelmed with conflicting sentiments at parting from his old penates. He has rehearsed the scene in imagination, and is prepared to shed an appropriate tear on quitting for ever the spot where he took his last leave of a near relation, or where his first-born child was presented to him. Before he has time to rise to the appropriate pitch of sentiment, a rabble rout of grimy workmen has diffused itself throughout every room in his house. They are tearing down his pictures, his books, and his china with a zeal worthy of German troops taking farewell of a French village. The only emotion which is naturally suggested by their appearance is a thirst for some fluid capable of slaking throats which are exposed to continual whirlwinds of time-honoured dust. The poor fragments of furniture detached from their accustomed resting-place seem suddenly to lose their beauty like a gathered flower. The rooms themselves become dreary like a field invaded by a flight of locusts. Sentiment is obviously out of place; and the only hope is to preserve sufficient temper whilst endeavouring to appeal to the tender mercy of those tyrannous invaders. The wretched householder feels himself to be little more than a useless obstacle, which has no real right to exist. He has fondly trusted in promises that his new abode will be swept and garnished in a surprisingly short space of time. If from want of experience he has been rash enough to put some kind of faith in these lavish assurances, he is speedily and rudely undeceived. A dreary and irritating period is in store for him. If he retires to some remote refuge, the whole ingenuity of his tormentors will be racked to put everything where he particularly wished that it should not be. If he remains at his post heroically, he will be tempted to think that furniture, as Butler thought of nations, may go mad; and he will be driven to the misanthropical conclusion that nobody ever keeps his promises, and in particular that that model of his species, the British workman, means, when he says that he will do a thing to-day, that he will begin to do some part of it to-morrow week.

What, to select one special scene of misery, can be more wretched than the fate of the man who really loves his library as every good man should do? We do not speak of libraries in the grander sense of the word—of collections of rare and precious editions, or of solid masses of literature which require special edifices to contain them. The fortunate proprietors of such libraries may be assumed to be rich enough to pass over their troubles to other people. We are thinking rather of such a modest library as frequently twines itself round the affections of a man of moderate means. It contains books upon which he has scrawled caricatures of his schoolmasters; and prizes marked with the arms of the college at which he distinguished himself; and miscellaneous books of no great value, but interesting because they have been picked up at bookstalls, or in out-of-the-way Continental towns; and cheap editions of celebrated authors which have been companions of travel and have provided amusement in leisure moments; with just a sprinkling of more ambitious volumes, which he has ventured to buy whilst carefully counting the cost. In the course of a few years each book has found its own appropriate nook on the shelves; he could find it in the dark, and would miss it if it were kindly borrowed by a friend; the whole library has acquired a certain organic unity; and even whilst quietly sitting in his chair he can imbibe the aroma of each division by allowing his eyes to ramble aimlessly over the familiar books. When it has been transported by the rude hands of illiterate workmen, who regard a book as though it were simply a thing, and has been shot down on the floor with no more ceremony than coals are deposited in our cellars, the sight is as pathetic as the mangled remains of an animal. It requires some nerve to begin the weary task of once more reducing chaos to some new kind of order, which yet cannot for a long period be as familiar as the old. It shocks one's sense of propriety to see the strange discords which have been produced by the fortuitous combinations of thoughtless hands. Stray volumes of Voltaire are mixed up with Butler and Jeremy Taylor; Shakespeare is being crushed under a pile of Blue-books or treatises on Political Economy, and Charles Lamb suffocated amongst a crowd of the books which no gentleman's library should be without. And then, as he turns over the volumes, he is lucky if disagreeable revelations do not obtrude themselves. Possibly he will discover that some of his cherished treasures bear the uneffaced inscription of a friend's name; and he will have to choose between conscious dishonesty and superhuman heroism. Then he will find presentation copies of poems, which he foolishly omitted to acknowledge by return of post, and dared not acknowledge afterwards, and which now stare him in the face with a reminder of neglected duties. Elsewhere he has a melancholy thrill as he turns up again some ponderous volume of history or science, speaking of studies of which he zealously entered the portal, but somehow failed to get much further. There are books that recall friendships now dead and buried, and files of dusty pamphlets reviving old scenes of intellectual contest in which he wasted his powers; and books which he reviewed abusively when he ought to have discovered the advent of a new genius, and many

more to which he was unduly clement when he ought to have *slashed* them with critical vigour; and possibly writings of his own which have been forgotten by everybody but himself, and which he had wished to forget also. But it would be endless to speak of the associations which may be suggested by once more disturbing the slumbers of the works that were resting so peacefully on their shelves. Nobody can have gone through such a task without many pangs of more or less acuteness.

A library is doubtless the most living part of the contents of a house. Nothing else excites so many emotions in the bosom of the wretched being doomed to leave his house. Yet his sufferings are generally treated with ridicule, and he is blandly informed that things will shake down and all will come right in that singularly indefinite period, "a day or two." It may be so; but human life does not include a large number of "days or two."

EXTINCT JOURNALISM.

ONE of the most interesting objects of the South Kensington Museum during last summer was the glass case which contained specimens of the successive editions of the *Times*. Visitors learnt how that journal gradually expanded from modest shape and indifferent letterpress to its present ample proportions; and they might also picture to themselves the transformation of the journalist from a mere chronicler of passing events to a leader of thought and civilization. But it would have been more interesting if the case could have been opened and the volumes inspected. We shall now endeavour partly to supply the gap from some volumes of a deceased journal which have fallen into our hands, and which have the double merit of containing a faithful picture of the social habits of our grandfathers in England and in India.

Towards the close of the last century a weekly paper was started in Calcutta, known to several generations of Anglo-Indians as the *Hurkaru*. The nearest English translation of this title would be the "Courier." After a time the weekly issue was exchanged for a daily; the circulation increased; the paper flourished; some of the best names in Eastern journalism used it as their vehicle of expression; and it recently ended an existence of more than seventy years by absorption into another contemporary. It appears to have occurred to the editor of the *Hurkaru* in its first season of 1795, that a few woodcuts would enhance the merits of the paper; and accordingly in the first page there is the figure of a man with the motto *Pede fausto*, intended to represent the well-known courier or runner who, before the days of mail-carts and railroads, carried the correspondence of the public all over the peninsula. In reality this person is a wiry, dark-skinned, and perspiring native, who, with a minimum of clothing and a wallet slung over his shoulder, runs a post of six miles in the space of an hour and a quarter in fine dry weather, and in two or, it may be, three hours, when ways are foul. The figure in the woodcut is, on the contrary, that of a well-fed and portly person adorned with a turban and clad in a coat and wide Turkish trousers, resembling the traditional Levantine pirate of a ballet or a burlesque. The absurdity of this appears to have attracted notice, for after a few issues this figure disappears, though the motto remains. It is tolerably clear that other illustrations were not drawn on the spot on stone or wood, but were supplied from England, and inserted without the slightest regard for dramatic propriety and consistency. A mansion in "Chouringhi," and a lower roomed house (*i.e.* a bungalow) with a flat roof, near "Tiretta's bazaar," are facsimiles of the red-brick house tenanted by the village doctor or attorney in a post town in England; a horse is advertised for sale, led in by an English jockey in topboots and a striped waistcoat; and the auctioneer himself, clad in a wig of Dr. Johnson's type, appears at a table, nodding to well-dressed Englishmen and Englishwomen, instead of to the motley crowd of subalterns, civilians, and native clerks that frequent a Presidency auction mart. We must premise that, for political reasons which we need not stop to explain, the selection of topics was comparatively limited. The Indian press was not practically free until the reign of Lord William Bentinck, nor legally enfranchised until the administration of his successor, Metcalfe. Editors were not allowed to discuss measures affecting the discipline of the native army, or such sacred subjects as the religious feelings of the natives, the good faith and loyalty of our allies, the motives of Governors and Councils, and the foreign policy of the Empire. The papers were consequently made up of advertisements, official and social, items of local news, storms and atmospheric phenomena, and very copious extracts from the European journals. It would be useless to ransack the files of a Calcutta journal of the last century to find out what the editor thought about Scindia or the Oude princesses, or what were the views of the Anglo-Indian and the native community as to the equality of all men in the eye of the law. But it would be no difficult task to say how our predecessors lived and amused themselves; what wine they drank, what books they read, and what strange customs they either tolerated or cherished. Lotteries on a grand scale were in fashion, and were patronized by gentlemen "of the first respectability," leading merchants, civilians, and barristers. The number of tickets varied from 3,000 to 5,000. Each ticket cost rather more than 10*l.* The prizes were 500 or sometimes 1,000 in number; the blanks from 2,500 to 4,000; and in the former were single sums of 10,000*l.* and 5,000*l.* and batches of nine hundred averaging 15*l.* each. Then gentlemen are invited to take tickets in a lottery for a "garden house," sum total 800*l.*, at eighty tickets of 10*l.* each. Private and public theatricals were then, as now, a resource against ennui. Residents are told to subscribe to a new comedy in five acts, termed *The Mirror*, "the scene of which is laid in Calcutta." H.M.'s 70th Regiment was to give *The Reprisal, or, The Tars of England*, followed by the farce of *The Old Maid*, and the editor patriotically reminds his readers that the parts will be filled by the same veterans who had lately distinguished themselves on the Mysorean Theatre at the representation of the Siege of Seringapatam.

The following examples of the severity of our criminal code ought to be remembered by all who wish to appreciate the labours of Romilly and Brougham. The sentences, we must observe, were not passed by an Indian magistrate in the interior, administering a barbarous relic of Mahommedan dominion without the aid of a barrister or the publicity of a press, but they emanated from learned judges dealing out law as it would have been dealt out by Lord Kenyon or Lord Mansfield. Two natives "of the Gentoo caste" convicted of stealing in a dwelling-house at Madras, were executed; and the same fate was experienced on August 11, 1795, by five Portuguese and one Hindoo, convicted of burglary. They were hanged "at the meeting of four roads near the office of the Justices of the Peace," in presence of a military guard of Englishmen and Sepoys, and "an immense concourse of people." About the same time one Lochan, for stealing half a gold-piece and some silver ornaments, was publicly whipped in the Burra Bazaar, and one Kanai Dŏh was also whipped from the south end to the north end of the same locality, and then back again. An Englishman for a like offence was similarly chastised, but privately, and all three prisoners suffered imprisonment besides. Two privates of the 3rd European battalion, for numerous robberies, were imprisoned for two years and burnt in the hand. At Bombay two natives had each fifty lashes and stood in the pillory; and for the serious crimes of mutiny and sedition five Sepoys were blown away from guns, and three were hanged. Our catalogue ends with the Governor of Madras—a Lord Hobart then as now—under some judicial powers which the Executive exercises to this day in certain cases, sentencing a servant of the Nawab of the Carnatic to capital punishment for having ordered a man to be flogged to death. We gather, however, that, in consideration of what the French term "des circonstances atténuantes," the extreme sentence was not carried out.

If judicial penalties were then very different, petty or local events were occasionally very similar to what may be read in any Indian journal to this day. We are told, for instance, of a violent storm at Chittagong, which had levelled bungalows, torn up trees by the roots, stranded or sunk half-a-dozen sloops, killed a "great number" of natives, but only injured "one gentleman"; of a like disaster at Ganjam on the Coromandel coast; of an alligator which had swallowed a colt; of two gentlemen drowned by the upsetting of a *budgerow*; of a complaint against certain Balasore bearers—*i.e.* domestic servants from a district of Orissa—who refused to touch a tallow candle for reasons of caste. We read how the heat in April had been 100° in the shade at 3 P.M., and how the crop of pepper had failed on the Malabar coast; how Mr. Erskine's speech in defence of Hardy had been received too late for insertion in "this morning's issue"; how perjury ought to be made a capital offence, because natives "stick at nothing"; how Mr. Squaretoes (*sic*) had been driven to distraction for fifteen sleepless nights and tedious days because his neighbour had collected a large supply of ducks, geese, and pigs for his sea stock, in addition to fifty noisy native carpenters; how one Captain Hay authorised the editor to deny that he was about to give a ball and supper on board of his ship, on the ground that it had been set on fire by a native craft, and the fire had been promptly extinguished; how Agrostis was prepared to enliven the pages of the *Hurkaru* with sketches of "General Ecclesiastical History"; and, lastly, how a subscriber in the year 1796 exhumed from his correspondence a letter written many years before, describing, first, the death of one Gokul Chandra, who had been the Banian of Governor Verelst, on the banks of a muddy creek, and then, immediately afterwards, the sacrifice of Gokul's young wife, aged twenty, by the well-known rite of Suttee. This contributor adds that he read the letter to a near relation of Gokul, who admitted that he had stood near the pile, and that everything happened just as described at length.

From Suttee, and alligators, and tropical heat, and Anglo-Indian customs, we turn to the picture of social life in England presented by the copious extracts from the journals of the day. The press seemed to have filled its columns by proceedings in Parliament, by speeches on political and other trials in the Court of King's Bench, and by extracts from Continental papers about the Stadtholder, the Seven United Provinces, and the French Revolution and Convention, varied by poetical epitaphs on distinguished personages, and contributions from Pye, the Poet-Laureate. The journals most quoted are the *Star*, the *Morning Herald*, and the *Sun*; and, occasionally, the *Leyden Gazette*. Leading articles are not very common, though we do find divers patriotic effusions about defence against the "common enemy," and invectives against "adulation offered, with the most degrading servility, at the shrine of the Corsican." This last appears in a short article of the *Hurkaru* itself, but it is capped by a lengthy obituary notice in England, of the Royalist Bishop of Arras, who had been "hated and persecuted by the Corsican assassin and poisoner." About the same time we find a meeting held at the Thatched House

Tavern in St. James's Street regarding the measures to be taken to protect the country from invasion. Mr. Wilberforce, Mr. Sturges Bourne (of whom Sydney Smith wrote in the Peter Plymley Letters that he would burn his capitulating hand like Scævola), Lord Hood, and Lord Camden, were present. Lord Hawkesbury, from the chair, declared that the "danger with which the country was now threatened exceeded that which had been experienced at any other period." The greatest loyalty and unanimity prevailed. The carters of London offered 1,000 horses and 420 carts or waggons, whenever called on. Jobmasters declared their readiness to allow the nobility and gentry to devote horses, when on hire, under certain conditions, to the same object; and schedules were circulated both at the meeting and in the districts near the metropolis, to be filled up with carts and horses by patriotic persons. Mr. Secretary Yorke, it is to be observed, had already offered his "chariot and horses," holding three inside and one out, with the service of "his own coachman" to boot. About the same time we have an account of a Lawless Court held by the owner of the manor of Rochford, in Essex. The proceedings took place at midnight, on the first Wednesday after Michaelmas Day, in the open air, on King's Hill. Everything was done in whispers; the minutes were written with coal, instead of pen and ink; and absent tenants were fined double their rents for every hour's absence. This custom, we are told, was intended to keep up the remembrance of a conspiracy of the inhabitants against their absent master, detected by him on his way home. Then Blanchard, the aeronaut, makes his sixty-sixth ascent, with nine other persons, 1,500 feet above the earth, where four ladies and four gentlemen dance a quadrille, until compelled to descend by the illness of three of the party. A Mahommedan jubilee takes place at St. George's-in-the-East, along the New Road, Cannon Street, Ratcliff Highway, and Shadwell; it was characterized by pantomimic dances, incense, and hymns from the Koran, and was intended to celebrate the commencement of the New Year and the translation of Mahommed into Paradise. The Duchess of York, the aunt of our Queen, faints during divine service at Weybridge, to the dismay of the congregation. A woman died at Abbey Lanercost, named Jane Forester, in the one hundred and thirtieth year of her age, who remembered the sale of a horse's head for half-a-crown during the siege of Carlisle by Cromwell in 1647, and who had a daughter living aged one hundred and three. Particulars are given of the execution of Robert Watt at Edinburgh. The prisoner was drawn on a hurdle from the Castle to the Tolbooth with his back to the horse, the executioner being seated opposite, with a large axe in his hand. Death was inflicted by hanging, but the body was cut down and stretched on a table, when the executioner severed the head at two blows, and displayed it to the multitude as "that of a traitor." It is a relief to turn from this picture, crowded with sensational details which we do not care to reproduce, to a critique on the "girls of the period," or what are termed "the masculine women of fashion." "Their hunting, shooting, driving, cricketing, faroing, and skating present a monstrous chaos of absurdity; not only making day and night hideous, but the sex equivocal." Further, we have notices of a fine young fellow, of respectable parents, who, having robbed a pieman of some halfpence on Hounslow Heath, was sentenced to death, but pardoned on condition of serving in the Royal navy; of the rise of the Chouans on the Loire and in Brittany, who were first smugglers and then Royalists; of the trial of Horne Tooke, and of the acquittal of Hardy, when Erskine's coach was dragged home in triumph by the spectators, in spite of his protests; of the completion of the telegraph from the Land's End to the Nore; of the death of Big Ben Bryant the pugilist, whose fistic merits are immortalized in a poetical epitaph as "bold Johnson's dread and Britain's glory"; of the hounds of Sir C. Turner, who hunted every other day for the amusement of the English forces at Arnheim on the Continent; of divers duels, and trials consequent thereon, which generally terminated in a prompt acquittal; of a sermon preached to the Loughborough Volunteers, embodied for the purpose of "fighting against the common enemy"; of the death of Prince Lee Boo and the joy of the islanders thereat; and of the intended abolition of the tax on "card-money," which is denounced as "an imposition upon hospitality, and an insult to friendship."

We could multiply extracts, but have only room for one more topic, and that is the marriage of the Prince of Wales. The anthem performed on this occasion was composed by Handel for the Prince's grandfather, Prince Frederick. The ceremony is described with all the fulness and liveliness of detail usual with Court chroniclers. We have the dresses of the bridesmaids; the tears shed by the Prince, when the King kissed him no less than thirty times; and the civility of the "first gentleman in Europe," who made Lord Harcourt a present of his own hat. Of course the Court muse was not silent, and some magniloquent lines describe Apelles painting Venus; and then declare that, had Caroline of Brunswick lived at that time, the Grecian painter, instead of combining the charms and graces of several maids into one, would have made "his finished plan" from her alone. Some ill-natured remarks are attributed to Lady J.—evidently Lady Jersey—regarding a certain duke and duchess; the demeanour of the Marquis of S—— is particularly described; and it is noted that one of the "Veteran Corps of the Maids of Honour" was distinctly heard to say "Amen" at one part of the ceremony. These incidents were confined to the proceedings inside the Chapel Royal. Outside, we regret to say, there was a little unpleasantness. For, though Mrs. Fitzherbert's empty White House was the first illuminated in Pall Mall, "with *green* lamps, branched like a forsaken *willow*," the chair of the Earl of Chatham was smashed to pieces, and his lordship had to "bolt" into the shop of Carr, the Pall Mall hatter. Lord Mansfield was "roughly handled," and termed one of the P——'s guinea-pigs; and the Marquis of Buckingham, who had forgotten that it was a night of rejoicing, had his memory jogged by the populace in "their rough manner." It must be confessed that these reminiscences have a disagreeable flavour about them, when illustrated by the subsequent career of the Royal couple. A considerable gap in morals and manners separates the end of the last century from the era of Victoria. But the difference between the rule of Lord Cornwallis or of Lord Wellesley in India, and that of Lord Northbrook, is in reality that not of eighty years, but of some two centuries of progress.

THE ANCIENT MONUMENTS BILL.

WE hinted some time back that Sir John Lubbock, at once banker and antiquary, who had done so good a turn to the bankers, was likely to do as good a turn to the antiquaries also. We have before us the fruit of his praiseworthy purposes in the shape of a Bill "for the Preservation of Ancient National Monuments." It wears on its back the names of four other members besides Sir John Lubbock himself, and the appearance of Mr. Beresford Hope and Mr. Osborne Morgan as fellow-workers may perhaps be taken as some sign that the proposed measure is not of a sectarian or partisan kind. How far the proposal of Parliamentary interference to save some at least of the ancient monuments of the land has been at all caused by the cry which went up at the late brutal havoc at Dorchester we do not pretend to guess. At any rate, here is a measure which, if it becomes law, will at least do something; and, where as yet nothing has been done at all, it will be a great point to secure the doing of anything.

We do not undertake to examine the technical framework of the Bill. It provides a Commission, to consist of the Enclosure Commissioners, strengthened by certain other persons likely to take a special interest in ancient remains. These Commissioners will have full immediate powers for the preservation of certain monuments named in the Bill, and they may, under certain circumstances, acquire powers for the like preservation of two other classes of monuments. We presume that it is expected that the work of the Commission will practically be in the hands of the experts, and, as the persons named are likely to be found in parts of the United Kingdom very far removed from one another, it is kindly provided that they shall be able to act without in every case meeting face to face.

We assume that the list of monuments which is added to the Bill, and to which the powers of the Commissioners are to be applied at once, is meant to be only tentative, and that the framers of the measure will be glad of any suggestions for the increase of the list. A clause, of which we shall presently speak, provides for the extension of the powers of the Commissioners to other monuments besides those named in the Act, but it will clearly be better to name as many as possible in the Act itself. On looking through the list, our first notion was that it was meant to be confined to what are commonly known as primæval monuments only. Almost the first thing that we looked for in the list was Dorchester Dykes: as they are not there, we suppose that they are by this time too far gone for any mortal Commissioners to preserve them. But the amphitheatre at the Dorsetshire Dorchester is put down in the list. It is therefore not intended to exclude Roman remains as such; and, if so, we at once ask why the list of Roman remains is not much longer? To begin with the greatest work of all, why is not the Roman wall put under the protection of the Commissioners? If the Dorchester amphitheatre is to be preserved, why not those at Silchester and Caerleon? Why not Silchester walls, and all that is within them? Why not Wroxeter? Why not Burgh Castle? The multangular tower of Eboracum may be thought to be safe in the keeping of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society; but there is another piece of the wall of the city which may well need protection: so there is at Leicester: so there is at Lincoln; the Newport Gate, if not quite the peer of the *Porta Martis* of Rheims or the *Porta Nigra* of Trier, is worthy of keeping, both as a memorial of the colony of Lindum and as the arch of triumph through which the Conqueror must have marched to take possession of one of the noblest prizes of his warfare. If any of the monuments of the land are held to need legislative protection, is Anderida itself, the spot which Briton and Roman, Englishman and Norman, may alike claim as their own, to be left without a defender? These are all spots which occur to us on the spur of the moment as spots, which if Roman remains are to be admitted, ought to hold a high place in the catalogue. Further research on the suggestions of persons familiar with various districts might doubtless make the list much longer.

Indeed even among the primæval monuments themselves there are some omissions which surprise us. Stonehenge of course is there and Avebury and Kit's Coty-House, the cromlech in Gower which fantastically bears the name of Arthur, and the scene of his real victory at Badbury. The two famous *giants'* chambers, Uleybury in Gloucestershire and Stony Littleton in Somerset, are both there. But the vast hill-fort of Worlebury, where Ceawlin overcame the Britons, and where the researches of Mr. Wairs brought to light the skeletons of victors and vanquished as

they fell in the grasp of death, finds no place in the list. Yet few monuments better deserve protection, and few need it more keenly, damaged as it has been already, and threatened as it daily is with utter destruction. Devonshire and Cornwall, out of all the remains with which Dartmoor and the Land's End district are studded, contribute only one monument each—the Three Hurlers in Cornwall, and the Grey Wethers in Devonshire. The primæval antiquities of South Wales are not summed up in the one cromlech of Arthur's Quoit; to mention one only out of twenty, there is a huge monument of the same class near Dyffryn, in Glamorgan, which, if Sir John Lubbock does not know of, the Home Secretary may. To be sure, under the third clause of the Bill it would be possible to include all these monuments and any others of the same kind within its operation. The clause runs thus:—

> This Act may, with the consent of the Treasury, and subject to appeal, in the manner hereinafter in this Act provided, be applied by the Commissioners to any British, Roman, or Saxon remains, or to any monument which is in the opinion of the Commissioners of the like kind as any of the monuments specified in the said first schedule, and which is not situate in any park, garden, or pleasure ground, and which neither is nor forms part of nor includes the ruins of any castle, fortress, abbey, religious house, or ecclesiastical building.

We confess that we should be a little puzzled if we were called on to define British or Saxon remains. What is to become of those who, not without strong show of reason, hold cromlechs and such like to be the works of a race earlier than the Britons? What will become of those sticklers for accuracy who might argue that in Yorkshire or Lincolnshire there could not be such a thing as a Saxon monument of any age, while in Hampshire or Somerset the name would apply to a work of yesterday? To be sure the words which next follow have a sanatory force, as they take in "any monument," whether British, Roman, Saxon, or anything else, "which is in the opinion of the Commissioners of the like kind as any of the monuments specified in the said first schedule." This would of course take in anything, without offence to the Danish antiquaries at the one end or to Mr. Fergusson at the other. Still it is better to avoid a clumsy and antiquated nomenclature, if it can be done. Yet perhaps talk about Saxon remains is not wonderful in a Session of Parliament which has listened to the proposal to shut out "Modern History" from University teaching, without its authors deigning to tell us at which of the many proposed dates from the call of Abraham to the French Revolution the line between Ancient and Modern History is to be drawn. This same clause, it will be seen, leaves all military and ecclesiastical remains unprotected; indeed we are not sure whether the word fortress might not shut out some of the Roman buildings for which we have already pleaded. We should be glad to put mediæval remains under the same protection as primæval remains. To destroy Tintern Abbey or Chepstow Castle would surely be as great an act of barbarism as to destroy Stonehenge itself. Still we are not disposed to find fault, as our feeling is rather that of thankfulness if we can get anything at all preserved; and it strikes us that the words which shut out castles and abbeys and churches would take in domestic buildings, if they are "not situate in any park, garden, or pleasure ground." Through this provision we might possibly find a loophole for saving here and there a few examples of a class of monuments which stand in greater danger than any other.

There is further consolation for us in Clause VII. The two classes of monuments of which we have already spoken—those namely which are put in the schedule and those to which the Act may be hereafter applied by virtue of Clause III.—may under the further provision of Clause VI. be put under the care of the Commissioners without the consent of their owners. Clause VII. seems further to allow the Act to be, with the consent of their present owners, applied to monuments of any class or of any date whatsoever:—

> This Act may, with the consent of the Treasury, be applied by the Commissioners to a monument of whatsoever kind and wheresoever situate, if the following persons give their consent to its application, namely:—
> (*a*) The occupier or occupiers of the site of the monument; and
> (*b*) Every person entitled to any beneficial interest in possession of the site of the monument, &c.

And other means are provided in the same clause by which the Commissioners may become possessed of monuments of any kind. A man may seemingly sell his castle or abbey to the Commissioners as much as his cromlech or his amphitheatre. Or a prudent father, who fears that his son may have less respect for antiquity than he has himself, may under another part of the same clause make over his interest in the monument to the Commissioners. The Bill, in short, will at once secure the preservation of certain classes of monuments, and it will make the preservation of monuments of any class a much easier business than it is now. Primæval monuments are to be put under what we may call compulsory protection; the protection of mediæval monuments still remains optional; but the Bill will make it much easier to preserve them from the caprices of momentary owners.

We need not go into the details of the powers which the measure confers on the Commissioners. But they come generally to this—that no "injury" will be allowed to be done to any monument brought under the Act without the consent of the Commissioners; and that if any question arises between the Commissioners and any one who thinks himself aggrieved by anything that they do, there will be a power of appeal to one of the superior courts of law or equity. It should be noted that the word "injury" in this Bill is used as a technical term, with a meaning which is defined in an explanatory clause. It has a rather odd sound when we hear of a person designing to "injure" a monument and of the Commissioners giving their consent to the "injury" of the monument. We might here stop to make a discourse on the abuse of language. In etymological strictness it can never be right to do "injury" to a monument or to anything else, because "injury" (*injuria, ἀδικία*) in itself implies something morally wrong, while to do mere physical harm or hurt (*damnum, βλάβη*), whether to a monument or to anything else, may often be needful. People talk nowadays of a man having received an "injury" in his bodily frame, though it may have been done by sheer accident or in the most righteous operation of war; yet the word still keeps so much of its old force that there seems something queer when we read of a man deliberately purposing to "injure" anything, and of a public body giving their consent to his doing so.

It is clear that the measure might well have had a wider sphere, although the compulsory preservation of mediæval monuments is, as things are, impossible; yet at least it would have been a gain greatly to enlarge the list of primæval monuments to which the Bill is to be applied at once. But perhaps it is not wise to ask for too much at once. It may indeed fairly be asked that the list may be enlarged in Committee. While we still cherish the hope of some day getting yet more, the Bill will at all events give us a great deal in a department in which we have hitherto had nothing.

ITALY FOR NERVOUS PATIENTS.

IT is presumable that every state of society contains some rough provision for the evils peculiar to it. Thus it is commonly recognized that one distinguishing bane of our present civilization is the great liability to excessive brain work; and its accepted remedy is a foreign tour, which has only recently become a possibility to a considerable number of persons. The reasons for adopting such means of restoration for those who are not physically incapacitated for travel, and to whom change of scene and agreeable diversion are more than a vacuous repose, are self-evident. They apply moreover with especial force to the inhabitants of a climate which M. Taine has recently painted with such merciless fidelity. There seems, too, to be every probability that these mischievous effects of our modern struggle for existence will, for some time at least, be on the increase; and one may therefore reasonably expect to find a growing number of the highest class of vertebrates seeking the remedy of disordered cerebrum in that species of irregular migration known as modern touring.

That Italy should so commonly be selected as the aim of these migrations is natural enough. The class of invalids to which we now refer is largely recruited from the professional ranks of society, and may be supposed to possess some amount of historical culture and artistic taste. To such minds no other country, one supposes, offers the same extent and variety of interest. A slight acquaintance with classic history will suffice to invest with attractive associations the ruins of Rome and Pæstum, the charming bay of Baia, and the beautiful shores of Sicily. The least artistic minds, too, may find some variety of pleasure among such copious treasures as the sculptures and bronzes of ancient Rome, the mural paintings of Pompeii, and the many fine pictures of the several Italian schools. In addition to these relics of the past, we find in Italy a natural scenery, a variety of race, a set of costumes and manners, and a form of language which are pretty certain to present points of interest to the artistic, the scholarly, and the simply curious order of minds. Not only are there offered these ample and various enjoyments, but also a climate that permits one to take the fullest advantage of them. Although, as every traveller in Italy knows, winds may at times be very bleak, and rains heavy and persistent, and during these inclemencies but little of our wonted domestic comfort is to be obtained, yet one is rarely precluded for many days in succession from all outdoor excursions. Finally, the less robust traveller may find here a tolerable amount of social order, and some of the newer conveniences of modern civilization.

The bare enumeration of these sources and conditions of enjoyment seems enough to justify the high reputation that Italy has obtained as a grateful minister to jaded minds. The hard-worked professional man who, tied by his duties at home, casts a wistful glance at his map, and fondly supposes that two or three months in the sunny Peninsula would restore nervous energy and mental tone, appears to be simply rational in his view of things. Yet here as elsewhere one strongly suspects that fancy is apt to paint the remote and unattainable in hues a little too brilliant. However certain it may be that a tour in Italy affords abundant variety of pleasing diversion, it is commonly attended with a few little drawbacks which are rarely perhaps taken into account by the class of invalids who hope to profit by its salutary influences.

For example, it appears certain that diversions which are intended to refresh minds already fatigued should not themselves be wearying, and it may well be questioned whether the sights of Italy satisfy this condition. It may be a comparatively easy matter for vigorous minds to content themselves with a sufficiency of interesting objects, even when there remains a large number close at hand still unexplored. But to many nervous persons this kind of self-denial is far from easy, and may act in a very injurious manner. A man who finds himself in possession of two or three months for seeing Italy easily gets infected with the prevailing tourist craving to see all. He is constantly goaded by the re-

flection that he may never have another opportunity of visiting places teeming with interest and easily reached; he becomes confused and distracted by the competing claims of city and gallery, ruin and natural scenery, as he hears them set forth by the different people he happens to meet; and out of this *embarras de richesses* flows new vexation for his irritable spirit. As a kind of amusement particularly liable to this fatiguing effect we may instance the vast picture-galleries of Florence and Rome, Venice and Milan. Few persons would like to admit with Mr. Spurgeon that they found nothing impressive in these collections. Yet, if everybody were exactly honest, we suspect that very many indeed would confess to having received little but a blurred, confused impression from most of their visits to these treasures of art. A person may possess real artistic taste, and yet experience the distracting and exhausting effect of trying to gain in the course of a few hours a clear and permanent conception of the best examples of such numerous productions. The very heterogeneity in subject and treatment of these modern galleries greatly adds to the indistinctness of the impression. Any one may see this by comparing with his recollection of one of those large and miscellaneous collections the impression left by such a limited and harmonious series of pictures as that in the monastery of St. Mark at Florence. After visiting this quaint laboratory of devotional effort, one is half inclined to regret the necessity of our spacious galleries with their almost depressing abundance and incongruous juxtapositions. It may seem very heterodox, yet it strikes us that only robust nerves are fitted to derive any considerable pleasure from this sort of sightseeing.

Even if this objection to touring in Italy be deemed frivolous, there are other sources of annoyance which most persons familiar with the country will admit to be real. We need not refer to such obvious little sacrifices as are involved in defective postal arrangements, the difficulty of obtaining one's customary light literature, the curious non-adaptation of Italian dwellings to inclement weather, and so on. We may presume, too, that our over sensitive traveller is not troubled with Mr. Spurgeon's irritable Protestantism, and that he is able to view with tolerable composure the many constant reminders of Catholic faith and priestly ascendency which he finds there. Assuming simply that he has fine moral instincts and deep sympathies with modern progress, we may be pretty sure that not a few phases of Italian character and life will prove uncongenial, if not irritating. It will be found, for instance, that although many of the common people work very patiently, the particular class with which the tourist has most to do exhibits a preference for indolence which easily appears vicious to our more energetic Northern temperament. So, too, their facility in misrepresentation of fact and invention of fable, practised for the express purpose of obtaining more of the *forestiere's* superfluous money, is a little trying even to minds of a robust type, and can scarcely fail to wound the morbidly sensitive spirit of invalids. It requires some strength of will to suppress the imagination that the whole troop of padroni, ciceroni, cocchieri, &c., are in secret league against the traveller's pocket; and such an idea, when it gains a certain persistency, can easily neutralize the cheering influence of many days of Italian sun. A lively self-interest, quite apart from disinterested sentiment, is sufficient to render the sight of these unsocial practices exceedingly depressing. The higher order of feelings, again, are apt to be wounded by the display of such offensive qualities as cruelty to animals. One may encounter elsewhere striking instances of indifference to brute suffering. We have seen in the course of a single walk in the streets of Berlin an amount of cruelty to horses that was really sickening. But we would fain believe that no such uniform torturing of draught animals as is to be witnessed in Southern Italy can be found in other countries having any pretence to the rank of civilized nations. Other moral attributes which disclose themselves to the more reflective observer are scarcely less painful to notice. For example, the prevailing want of a spirit of self-dependence and honourable pride in the lower classes cannot but pain a mind trained to regard these qualities as among the most valuable social virtues. It may perhaps flatter the unthinking vanity of some persons to have groups of abject poor cringing and fawning for the chance of a few soldi, but we imagine that to most tourists this interested servility can only prove offensive. In any case it would seem that the frequent experience of these hollow deferences must either debase or afflict the mind of the recipient. How often the former of these effects results will be estimated by those who are familiar with habitual travellers.

It may easily appear to those unacquainted with Italy that its disagreeable features are here unduly emphasized. And some apparent ground for this supposition may be found in the comparative silence of tourists on these points. The causes of the common unwillingness of people to dwell on these unamiable sides of Italian travel are not perhaps difficult to find. Most persons are apt to forget the drawbacks that accompanied a rare and delightful experience, even though at the time they were felt with considerable force. And it must be added that the Italians themselves are eminently qualified to allay one's irritation at some of their egregious faults. More particularly the artistic feelings of the traveller are very apt to go over to the side of the enemy in opposition to his moral sentiments. The many charms of costume, action, and light-hearted speech that invest this race seem to predispose the observer to regard them as Nature's spoiled pets, whom it would be harsh to condemn on strict Northern principles. However convinced the wary traveller may be that behind all the fascination of lustrous eye and graceful gesture, and the many honeyed devotions of speech, there is lurking a very decided plan of impoverishing him to the utmost, he finds it hard not to be entertained by the spectacle, at least in retrospect.

Yet, allowing the full force of these palliative considerations, we must still look on the evil as a very considerable deduction from the hygienic value of touring in Italy. To a person afflicted with a morbid degree of irascibility the frequent encountering of these anti-social dispositions, however prettily masked, is certain to be tormenting; and, as a matter of fact, we are inclined to believe that the process of recovering nervous tone has frequently been retarded by the sources of irritation we have been describing. If this be so, it appears worth while to have called attention to them. The ample recognition of them need not of course drive us to the conclusion that a sojourn in Italy is undesirable for the nervous patient. There can be little doubt but that, if he possesses sufficient width of sympathy, the abundance of beneficial diversion will more than counteract the effect of these disagreeable experiences. It may, however, be seriously questioned whether on the whole Italy offers as much salutary recreation as some other pleasant regions of travel which exhibit a more worthy type of society. And, finally, even if this were established, it might still be desirable for persons anticipating benefit from this means to be fully alive beforehand to the existence of its unfavourable concomitants.

MARRIAGE IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

"WHAT a sad waste of paper!" was the observation made by a practical man on seeing Mr. Edward Arber's large-paper edition of the *Paston Letters*. By the bibliomaniac, however, who revels in clear print and wide margin this volume will be amply appreciated; and when the two subsequent volumes shall have appeared, Mr. Arber will have made a most important addition to the labour of love which he is pursuing in his annotated reprints of early English literature. The history of the Paston family, even if it were not an authentic record, deserves to be far better known than we suspect it is. Whatever may have been the social position of his ancestors in Norfolk, William Paston must be looked upon as the virtual founder of the family. Brought up to the law, he was made a serjeant in 1421, and eight years later a judge in the Common Pleas. He added largely to his territorial possessions by the purchase of the manor of Oxnead, which continued for many generations the seat of his descendants, until the death of the last representative of his race, William, second Earl of Yarmouth, who married a natural daughter of Charles II. From Thomas Chaucer, a son of the poet, he bought the manor of Gresham, destined to prove a fertile source of litigation and violence to his successors. The judge increased his fortunes by marrying the daughter and heiress of Sir Edmund Berry, the Agnes Paston of whose letters there are a considerable number. Nothing shows the capacity of the judge more than that he was able to manage his wife. She appears to have been the most energetic of women, admirably fitted to look after a property in the absence of the owner, as sharp as an attorney, and a model of propriety. No indiscretions were tolerated in her household, and her son Edmund is forced to put a certain Gregory out of his service on account of his undue familiarity with a lady in the neighbourhood. Her weak point seems to have been a love of talking, and one of her sons writes to his brother complaining that "she will tell many persons of her counsel this day, and to-morrow she will say by God's faste that the same men are false." In addition to her other qualities, she seems to have possessed that of being as match-making a dowager as the present century could produce. We intend to give a sketch of the love affairs of her daughter Elizabeth, whose history may go far to reconcile the spinsters of to-day to their fate and to the times in which they live.

Before the judge's death, about the year 1440, his eldest son John, also bred to the law, had married Margaret Mauteby, who had received a present of a gown and a goodly fur upon the occasion. Her letters form a great portion of the family correspondence, written mostly from Norfolk to her husband in London. A country house in 1449 was anything but a safe abode, and it is difficult to understand the change from a defensive to an ornamental character which was taking place in the domestic architecture of that century. Reference is continually made to outrages and scenes of violence. Margaret writes to her husband praying him to get some cross-bows and bolts, as their house is so low that a long-bow could not be used, however great the need might be. Two or three short pole-axes, she suggests, should be kept within doors, as their enemies had made bars to bar the door crosswise, and wickets at every quarter of the house to shoot out at, both with bows and hand-guns, and five holes to fire through knee-high from the floor. The use of these warlike instruments was apparent enough, as in the following year, during the absence of her husband, Lord Moleyns attacked Margaret in her manor-house at Gresham, sending there "a riotous people arrayed in manner of war." They came with bows, arrows, shields, guns, and pans with fire, broke down the gates and doors with long trees, mined down the wall of the chamber in which Margaret was, broke up all the coffers, and stole stuffs of the value of 200*l.* Breaking of heads and wounding with daggers were everyday occurrences. Agnes

Paston had the greatest difficulty in maintaining her rights; at one time she is building a wall and stopping up the King's way, at another abusing her opponents, at another writing in all directions for a husband for her daughter Elizabeth, whose position at home cannot have been a very pleasant one. "She was never in so great sorrow as she is now," writes a cousin about the year 1449, "for she may not speak with no man whoever comes, nor with servants of her mother; but that she beareth her a hand otherwise than she meaneth. Since Easter she has been beaten once in the week or twice, and sometimes twice on one day, and her head broken in two or three places." Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that the chance of escaping from this virago of a mother, and marrying Stephen Scrope, was looked upon as pleasant. Yet Elizabeth shows that she is her mother's daughter in her anxiety about the state of his fortune, and the proviso, "if it so be that his land stand clear," is not omitted. This Scrope was a son of Sir John Fastolf's wife by a former husband, and the impression about him seems to have been that he ought to be encouraged, "without a better could be got," in which case he must disappear. This is expressed in the plainest language:—"Cousin, it is told me there is a goodly man in your inn whose father has just died, and if you think he were better for her than Scrope, it would be laboured, and give Scrope a goodly answer that he be not put off till ye be sure of a better." The writer ends her letter with the strictest injunctions to John Paston to burn it, which her correspondent seems to have regarded as most people do similar requests. The projected marriage with Scrope came, however, to an end, and plaintive cries of "forget not your sister," are heard at intervals from Agnes to her son. On the 30th of January, 1453, Margaret writes to her husband with regard to another match:—"My mother prays you to remember my sister, and do your part faithfully before you come home to get her a good marriage. It seems by my mother's language that she would never so fain be delivered of her as she would now. It was reported here that Knyvet the heir was to marry; his wife and child are dead. Therefore she wishes you to inquire whether it be so or no, and what his livelihood is, and if you think it would do to let him be spoken with thereof." But Knyvet the heir was not destined to be Elizabeth's husband, and was no doubt sold to somebody else. In spite of this discomfiture, John Paston does not remain idle, and labours for Sir William Oldhall to have his sister. Elizabeth, not unnaturally, is getting weary as each arrangement is broken off, and desires to have a full conclusion, while her mother gives her qualified approbation as usual—"If ye can think that his land stands clear, I hold me well content."

The next suiter who appears upon the scene is John Clopton, who in the beginning of 1454 enters into the matter in real earnest. He promises that Agnes Paston shall not be charged with her daughter's board after the day of marriage, which must have won for him the love of that economical housewife, and he assures his future brother-in-law that he has laboured to fulfil his wishes with regard to the jointure. The marriage articles provide for the payment by Agnes Paston of the sum of four hundred marcs dower, and the settlement of an estate of 40*l.* a year upon the heirs male of the wedding. The reader of the *Paston Letters* feels that a weight is taken off his mind when he finds that Elizabeth has at last succeeded in getting a husband, and it is with dismay that he discovers from a letter of Lord Grey of Hastings, on the succeeding 11th of July, that this match has shared the fate of its predecessors. Lord Grey writes to John Paston to say that, if Elizabeth is not married, he trusts to God he knows where she may be to a gentleman of three hundred marcs of livelihood, who is a great gentleman born and of good blood. John Paston is delighted at such an opportunity, and writes back on the 15th of the same month a most humble letter of thanks. As for his sister she is forsooth neither married nor insured to no man. He adds, without fear of contradiction, that there has been and is divers times and late communication of such marriages with divers gentlemen not determined as yet, and whether the gentleman his lordship meaneth of be one of them or no he doubts. Nevertheless he will take it upon himself that she shall neither be married nor insured to no creature until the Feast of the Assumption, during which interval he would like to know the gentleman's name, the place and country where he lives, and whether he has any children. John Paston concludes by assuring Lord Grey that it would be great joy to him that his poor sister (a most fitting epithet for Elizabeth) should be married according to her poor degree by Lord Grey's avise, trusting then that he would be her good lord. This letter may explain the rupture of the relations with John Clopton, to whom the Lord's nominee would certainly have been preferable. But poor Elizabeth was still to remain unmarried, for Harry Grey, the ward in question, would have nothing to do with her, and on the 6th of September the probability of Stephen Scrope's coming forward again is discussed. "Many would it should not prove, for they say it is an unlikely marriage. In case Cressener be talked of any more, he is counted a gentlemanly man, and a worshipful. At the reverence of God, draw to some conclusion. It is time."

It certainly was time. Scrope, Knyvet the heir, Sir William Oldhall, John Clopton, Harry Grey, Cressener, and no doubt many others, had for five years excited false hopes in the mother's breast of satisfactorily disposing of her daughter. We can only hope that the practice of giving marriage presents was not yet introduced, for, had it been, Elizabeth must have spent half her days in returning them. Her mother's temper, not a good one, as we have seen, at any time, is not improved by the disappointments she has to undergo. In some memoranda of the 28th of January, 1458, we have her educational views. If her son Clement will not behave himself properly, and do his duty in learning, she prays his tutor to "belassch" him, for his last master, the last he ever had, did so at Cambridge. If the belassching succeeds, his tutor is to have ten marcs reward. Afterwards mention is made of Elizabeth, who appears to have left her mother's house to stay with Lady Pole; 26*s.* 8*d.* are to be paid for her board, and she is recommended to work readily as other gentlewomen have done, and "somewhat to help herself with." This boarding out was, as is well known, one of the features of the age. Sir John Hevenyngham begs Margaret Paston to take care of a cousin of his, saying at the same time that he has laboured for her in other places, and that he will content her for her board. Frequent beatings and incompatibility of temper had no doubt induced Elizabeth's departure from home. The cost of communication with her suitors may perhaps have obliged her brother to economize, as among John Paston's accounts is an item of 10*s.* paid to William Wyrcester, "equitanti super negotia maritagii sororis." Some two hundred years later, in October 1667, we find Mr. Pepys in very much the same trouble about his sister Paulina. On the 10th of that month he was walking up and down the garden with his father, discussing the chance of a husband for his sister, "whereof there is at present no appearance; but we must endeavour to find her one now, for she grows old and ugly." The following year this exemplary brother succeeded in getting a Mr. Jackson for the purpose, whom he describes as a plain young man, handsome enough for her, one of no education nor discourse, but of few words.

Absence from her mother seems to have produced the desired result, and some time during the year 1458 Elizabeth Paston became the wife of Robert Poynings, who had acted as sword-bearer to Jack Cade during the insurrection of 1450. The bride writes to her mother a most affectionate letter on the 3rd of January following, in which she speaks of her husband as her best beloved, an epithet which has especial force when the large range of her acquaintances is considered. "He is full kynde to her," and, what Agnes Paston no doubt considered of far greater importance in the character of her son-in-law than any such sentimental nonsense, "he is as busy as he can be to make her sure of her jointure." Elizabeth had other reasons for writing, as she begs her mother that her best beloved fail not of the hundred marcs which had been promised to him on his marriage, and that Lady Pole, with whom she sojourned, might be paid all the costs done to her before her marriage. After this we hear no more of Elizabeth until the 12th of October, 1460, when she was expecting her confinement. "God send her good deliverance," is the wish of the writer, a sentiment which may fitly conclude this notice of her, and excuse us from entering upon the subject of her second marriage.

ULTRAMONTANE CRITICISM.

THE current number of the *Dublin Review*, the leading organ of English Ultramontanism, contains an article on "the Vatican Council, its Authority and Work," which is—though not perhaps to the ordinary readers of that periodical—quite a curiosity in its way. It is mainly occupied with an elaborate criticism of the *Letters of Quirinus*, reviewed in our own columns two years ago, followed by a shorter notice of Döllinger's *Lectures on Reunion*, to which we called attention last week. What makes the paper all the more instructive as a specimen of Ultramontane criticism is that the reviewer begins by insisting that he "has read *Quirinus* from cover to cover," and that "carefully;" so that he excludes *in limine* the suspicion or excuse of having ignorantly misrepresented an author whom he describes as "one of the greatest liars that ever lived"—"greater," it is added, "even than Macaulay's Barère"—and whom he labours in a note to identify with a very distinguished member of the Roman Catholic peerage. The article must therefore be taken as expressing the deliberate judgment of the *Dublin Review* as to the proper method of dealing with works of which it disapproves; and—putting aside the style, which is unpleasantly redolent of the fish-market—it is difficult to say whether its moral or intellectual peculiarities are the more remarkable. Ultramontane journalists are so fond of bringing wholesale charges of ignorance, stupidity, and dishonesty against writers whose opinions they dislike, especially if they happen to belong to the same communion with themselves, that it may be worth while for once to test the honesty and intelligence of their own criticism on a coreligionist who has dared to be candid in the statement of inconvenient facts. Such at least is the testimony of Bishop Strossmayer, whose alleged recantation, which reappears every six months or so in the Ultramontane journals, has, we may observe in passing, again been authoritatively contradicted. In a letter to Dr. Döllinger, quoted by permission in the *Guardian* of July 19, 1871, he says; "I have looked again through the *Letters of Quirinus*, and I repeat that they are the truest compendium which I have seen of the proceedings of the Vatican Council." We too read *Quirinus* "from cover to cover" at the time of its appearance, but we were inclined at first to think that our memory must have become rather hazy. It seemed scarcely conceivable that a critic just fresh from the study of the work could have fallen into such strange aberrations as these comments appeared to us to betray. We have therefore

refreshed our memory, and the result has been only to increase our amazement. Our readers shall judge for themselves. It is impossible of course to follow the reviewer through every detail of his elaborate indictment; but we will take the more important points in order as they occur. With purely theological questions we do not meddle here, and we shall therefore pass over the opening attack on Quirinus as half a Protestant and a Jansenist to the backbone, "with all that is worst and most odious in the worst and most odious form of that Protean heresy," with one remark. It strikingly illustrates the truth of an observation of the *Times* upon which the writer had just expended three pages of fierce denunciation as "a monstrous lie" (he is a considerable adept at abusing the plaintiff's counsel), to the effect that the Vatican Council has revealed to the public gaze the internal divisions which rend asunder the unity of the Roman Catholic system. Further evidence of the same fact, as will appear presently, is supplied in the course of the article. Nor shall we stay to discuss a passing reference to the first four Œcumenical Councils as having been presided over by the Pope or his representatives, which is notoriously untrue of all except the fourth; or make any comment on the startling assertion that no single authentic fact is produced by Quirinus which throws any doubt on the entire freedom of the Vatican Council. Many of our readers are familiar with the book, and many more will have learnt something of its contents from our columns. They can form their own opinion.

Passing over then the preliminary criticism on the *Letters* as "breathing the spirit of heresy from beginning to end, and reeking with its noisome odour," we come to the first definite charge. No reader of *Quirinus* is likely to forget his account, which indeed found its way at the time into several newspapers, of the Pope's outrageous treatment of the Chaldean Patriarch. It was derived, we believe, from the Patriarch's own lips, and, although he was terrified into submission for the moment, he has, since returning to his diocese, broken off communion with Rome altogether. We can well understand the irritation of the *Dublin* Reviewer at so ugly a disclosure, but it would have been wiser to pass it over in silence if he had no better refutation to offer than the following characteristic tirade:—"What an unruly, mischievous lad the Pope must have been in his schoolboy days; what a terrible fellow as a grown-up, bearded man [we were not aware that Italian priests wore beards], how peppery and pugnacious when now in his extreme old age, with the awful weight of Sovereign Pontiff pressing on his shoulders," he behaves in the manner ascribed to him. And then follows a long and slightly irrelevant story about a dishonest tradesman who cheated his customers, but was too pious to pay his debts on Sunday. Therefore "Quirinus is one of the greatest liars that ever lived." Q. E. D. The next offence charged against the unfortunate historian of the Council is his stating it to be well known in Rome that, small as are the intellectual qualifications required there of candidates for orders, "it was only out of special regard for his family that Giovanni Maria Mastai could get ordained priest." Considering how such matters are arranged in Southern Italy, and that the Pope, who is of noble family, passed from the army into the Church, there is nothing in the least improbable in the statement. It was of course quite open to the reviewer to bring forward any contrary evidence which he was in a position to supply; instead of which he devotes a page to drawing out in his own peculiar fashion all the alleged fact, "affirms" and "implies," and then observes, "It is surely needless to add a single word of comment." Quite so, but might it not have saved needless time and trouble to omit the whole page of comment which precedes the remark? The reviewer goes on to overhaul various passages referring to Archbishop Manning, which make him very angry; but there again all he has to say by way of reply is that a Cardinal's hat would be a less honour to that prelate than the "continuous, scurrilous, and even blasphemous invective" of Quirinus, which simply consists in uncontradicted statements of matters of fact. Be it so, but why not in that case leave the Archbishop in undisturbed possession of so flattering a distinction? The next comment we need notice affords a curious illustration of the temper of the reviewer. He is exceedingly wroth with Quirinus for the praise bestowed on the late Archbishop Darboy, for whom he can himself find no better description—though possibly from a lingering sense of shame he refrains from mentioning his name—than "a person who had given proof of an amount, not only of gross ignorance, but of erroneous doctrine such as we believe no other Bishop of the Church has exhibited since the Synod of Pistoia"—"the author of a condemned work." Considering the moral and intellectual qualities of the murdered prelate, and his noble bearing alike at the Vatican Council, in the dungeons of the Parisian Commune, and in the hands of his brutal executioners, we may reply in the reviewer's favourite formula, "Surely comment is needless." It is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and it is amusing, just after this generous and appreciative estimate of one of the most distinguished ornaments of the Roman hierarchy of our own day, to be gravely assured that "the Bishops who displayed the most profound theological knowledge, united to the highest order of ability, were—the Spanish and Neapolitan." The announcement may sound startling, but there can be no doubt about the matter. For why? "They came from the countries of Suarez and St. Alphonsus Liguori." And does not every one know that Spain and Naples stand at the head of European thought and learning?

We have already said that it is no part of our business to discuss the theological differences of Quirinus and his critic. But the reference of the former to the Council of Florence gives rise also to a violent attack on what the reviewer terms, with his accustomed urbanity, "the gross dishonesty of the scientific historian," which we read with some surprise. Why a definition of the Council of Florence should not be spoken of as such, because a very similar decree had been passed two centuries before at the Second Council of Lyons, is not very obvious, but let that pass. The special gravamen of the charge against Quirinus is that he speaks of the Council as having "bequeathed painful recollections both to East and West," and as having been rejected by the French Church. As to the first point, it is hard to see how any Roman Catholic at least can speak or think of the ill-omened Synod in any other light, considering the utter and immediate collapse of the much-trumpeted "union," which never indeed had any existence except on paper and for a few brief hours in the Cathedral of Florence. But the reviewer summarily denies it. "Is this true? It is false." And his reasons are, that beyond all question the great majority of the Eastern bishops at the Council continued faithful to Rome, and thus "saved their immortal souls," and that they subscribed the famous canon about the jurisdiction of the Roman Pontiff. As this same canon is never quoted in any Ultramontane text-book, and hardly ever alluded to by any Ultramontane writer without being both mutilated and mistranslated, it might have been wiser not to foist it head and shoulders into the argument. But about the bishops, how stands the fact? The decree of union was subscribed by the vicars of the three Patriarchs of Alexandria, Antioch, and Jerusalem, and by nineteen other Eastern bishops or their proctors, but not till a treaty had been negotiated with the Pope, *after a good deal of* haggling over the terms, by the Russian Patriarch Isidore, binding His Holiness to supply them with so many galleys and men-at-arms in return for their compliance with his wishes, and to pay their journey money. On their return home, where they found the whole of their clergy and people sternly opposed to them, the bishops confessed that they had yielded to their fear of the Franks, and sold the faith; the Archbishop of Heraclea expressed bitter remorse for having suffered himself to be compelled to this act of base apostacy. The churches where the renegade prelates officiated were deserted, and the new Patriarch of Constantinople, Bessarion, who had been Bishop of Cyzicum at the Council, could not command the attendance even of his own officials without an Imperial order, backed by severe penalties. He had the discretion to return speedily to Rome, where he received a Cardinal's hat, and figured thenceforth on State occasions as the ornamental representative of the Church which had publicly repudiated him. As for the rest of the bishops, "it is beyond all question" that many, if not all, of those who had been induced to sign the decree of union soon afterwards retracted their signatures. And even had it been otherwise, in any writer less grotesquely onesided and fanatical the allusion to their "immortal souls" in connexion with what may accurately enough be called the Florentine swindle would sound like a piece of rather profane jocosity. We need not waste many words on the charge of "falsehood" urged against Quirinus for mentioning the notorious fact that the Council of Florence, closed in 1442, was not received in France, as the only counter-evidence alleged by his critic is the expressed or implied opinion of two French writers in the eighteenth century, and one in the nineteenth, that it ought to be considered Œcumenical.

By this time our readers have probably had almost enough of this candid and courteous reviewer. They will observe that as yet he has scarcely even attempted to disprove any one of the statements on which his reiterated accusations of wholesale mendacity are professedly based. But his closing indictment is framed, by virtue of a skilful manipulation of garbled extracts, to assume the semblance of an argument. He is dealing with the charge of a want of freedom in the Council, though it "requires not now any serious notice, when the lapse of more than two years has displayed to the world such stupendous evidence of the perfect unity of the Church"—more especially, we presume, in Germany and Switzerland. And of all the arguments of Quirinus there is only one, he adds, that would really tell against the freedom of the Council, if his statement of facts were true. The particular fact in question, which is not mentioned so much to disprove the freedom of the bishops as to expose the insulting arrogance of summoning them to ratify a foregone conclusion, is this—that the original *Schemata* of the decrees to be laid before them were prepared beforehand by a secret Committee, and in the case of the first constitution, *de Fide*, turned out to be a simple transcript of the lecture notes of a Jesuit Professor at the Collegio Romano. The reviewer does not venture to deny this; indeed he implicitly admits it, but he insists at great length that the two constitutions, as actually passed, differ widely both in form and substance from the original drafts. And thereupon he winds up with the flattering verdict, already cited, that "Quirinus is one of the greatest liars that ever lived, greater even than Macaulay's Barère." Will it be believed that he has arrived at this conclusion by deliberately transferring to the decrees as finally passed what Quirinus says of the original drafts submitted to the Council, and carefully omitting to state that the fact and extent of the subsequent changes is as explicitly pointed out in the work he is engaged in traducing as his own comments upon it? As regards the first constitution, Quirinus says that "those four chapters, having been subjected to the pruning and toning down of the Opposition, bear little resemblance to

the original draft of the Jesuits, and the minority may lay claim to a victory." As regards the second, he says that the Jesuit Franzelin received orders to revise it, and that it was reproduced in a completely altered form. In other words, he says exactly what this veracious critic, who has "read the book carefully from cover to cover," calls him "one of the greatest liars that ever lived" for denying. Such language is happily not usually met with in polite literature at the present day, and we certainly have no intention of copying it.

Our readers will hardly care, after this specimen of his moral qualifications, to follow the reviewer through his comments on Dr. Döllinger's Lectures. But, as they have already seen what he considers a decent and appropriate epitaph for the martyred Archbishop of Paris, they may perhaps be interested to know that his treatment of the sole living theologian of his Church, with one exception, who enjoys European celebrity and respect is quite of a piece with it. Dr. Döllinger's followers are "a miserable rag-fair of apostates," and "this old man" is himself "a miserable figure in the threadbare rags of a decayed Tractarianism." And, finally, warming with his subject into that exquisite vein of refined irony which is so charming a distinction of Ultramontane journalism, this gracious critic dismisses the venerable and venerated Professor as "a German Chollop." And now, to adopt his own phraseology, "we think we have quoted quite enough." One parting caution, which might have been useful to Mr. Lowe if it had been given a week earlier, is all that need be added here. There are not probably many of our readers who are in the habit of studying the controversial articles of the *Dublin Review*. But if any such there be, they will do well to remember that no single statement contained there can safely be taken on trust, and no sort of weight can be attached to any quotation till both the passage itself and the surrounding context have been minutely verified.

HABITUAL DRUNKARDS.

ONE set of fanatics desires to shut up drink-shops, while another set insists that the frequenters of them ought to be placed under restraint. The Permissive Bill and the Habitual Drunkards Bill are equally unlikely to be passed, either by the present or any future Parliament, and we may contemplate both these proposals with curiosity unmingled with alarm. It is indeed wonderful that persons sufficiently sane to obtain seats in the House of Commons should gravely urge that the tendency of working-men to spend their increased wages in drink ought to be counteracted by imprisonment. The existing laws against drunkenness are in the opinion of these persons inadequate, and require to be made more simple, uniform, and stringent. They would desire to legislate in the spirit of the Act of King James I., which imposed the penalty (at that time serious) of 5*s.*, with the alternative of six hours in the stocks. They propose to raise the penalty, and to enact that after three convictions within twelve months magistrates should have power to sentence the offender to a considerable period of detention in an "industrial reformatory for inebriates." The expense of providing such reformatories would alone be a sufficient objection to this plan. There are many thousands of artisans and labourers in England to whom occasional drunkenness is the only form of conceivable enjoyment. Some of the best seamen that go afloat hold the notion that it is not wrong to be drunk on shore. It would be very easy to collect from either of these classes numerous subjects for the application of the proposed law. There are trades in which the practice is to work hard for five days of the week and to drink hard for the remaining two days. In a town where such a habit prevails a reformatory might be filled at one sweep of the legal net. The difficulty would be to find sober men to do the work of the drunkards who were undergoing the process of reformation. In the event, however, of a severe law against habitual drunkards being passed, the police, if left to themselves, would be likely to mitigate it in practice, in order to escape a responsibility which would be intolerable. The Chief Constable of Leeds stated to a Committee of the House of Commons the view of this question which is taken by many holders of similar positions. The man who gets drunk on Saturday night, and yet goes to his work sober on Monday morning, and does his work properly and fairly, is not in this view an "habitual drunkard," although he habitually gets drunk, and he ought not to be interfered with. The discreet officer of police would not interfere with a man who, coming into town on a market-day sober, went away tipsy. He would consider that at any rate the man went away, and could trouble him no more that night, and herein he would resemble another discreet officer of police who, having allowed a thief to escape, thanked God that he was rid of a knave. If persons under the influence of drink go quietly home to bed, the police, unless stirred up by fanatics, would be unwilling to interfere with them. But if the Bill now before Parliament should pass, and if the law thus made should be administered in the spirit of its authors, the police will be compelled to give a great deal of trouble to magistrates and judges as well as to themselves. If drunkenness is to be considered as a crime against a man's own self or his family, it may deserve punishment irrespectively of any disturbance of public order. According to the Bill, a person who is three times within six months convicted of any offence of the definition whereof drunkenness forms part, shall be deemed an "habitual drunkard," and on a further conviction of an offence of the same character may be sent to a "certified industrial hospital," and there detained under treatment for a period of not less than three nor more than twelve months. The Act of last Session, if stringently administered, may produce a plentiful supply of patients for these hospitals, and there may perhaps be a difficulty in supplying hospitals to receive them. But it is highly improbable that the public will undertake such an extensive business as this of reforming drunkards. Indeed, if such a proposal were likely to succeed, we should pray in aid of our argument against it the valuable principle that freedom is better than sobriety. It is remarkable that the first Parliament elected on an enlarged basis of representation has been more occupied than any of its predecessors with proposals for restricting liberty. There can, however, be no doubt that the present Parliament allows much freedom in ventilating crotchets. Among other objections to this Bill, we do not half believe in the efficacy of the plan proposed by it. Like the Chief Constable of Leeds, we have not a very strong faith in reclaiming drunkards. The picture which he draws of the effect of prosperity on the working classes is melancholy, but it by no means follows that this Bill is the proper method of improvement. "We have had," he says, "three years of very good trade in Leeds, and that has increased the offence of drunkenness." The effect of what is called the Saturday half-holiday is pithily described by the same authority by saying that a man has now time on Saturday to get drunk twice before he goes to bed. The Head Constable of Liverpool gives similar testimony in the words, "I think that many of the labouring classes abuse the half-holiday very much." He also does not believe in any permanent reclamation of habitual drunkards. He attributes increased drunkenness to high wages, and it also depends very much on the weather. "If it is very hot, people do not stay in their houses; they are then induced to drink, and then to fight, and then comes the conclusion." All this is doubtless very sad; but we hardly expect a Bill to be brought in to compel the working-men of Leeds or Liverpool to remain indoors in hot weather. Almost the only practical check on drunkenness is to close the public-houses at an earlier hour of the night; and it is fair to the authors of the Licensing Act of last Session to admit that in this respect they do appear to have done considerable good. Drinking is so much a matter of habit that it is by no means certain that a man will begin earlier because he knows that he must leave off earlier.

This Bill proposes to confer upon the Court of Chancery power to appoint a guardian of the person of an habitual drunkard. An order may be made in a summary way on summons at Chambers on such application and evidence, or after such inquiry, as the Court thinks fit. A guardian appointed by such order would have power to request the reception of the ward into a licensed house, and the Court on application of the guardian may appoint a receiver and manager of the income and affairs of the ward. The foreign Governments which we delight to call paternal could hardly desire larger power than would be thus conferred on the Court of Chancery. A man becomes an habitual drunkard by getting drunk and making a noise, or perhaps by only getting drunk, three times in six months. Being an habitual drunkard, a guardian may be appointed of his person, who may shut him up in an asylum, and proceed under the sanction of the Court of Chancery to receive and manage his income and affairs. The judges of that Court would be certain to protest emphatically against any such authority being conferred upon them; and when the proposal is plainly stated its absurdity becomes manifest. It is further proposed that an habitual drunkard should have power to consign himself to an asylum, and when he is once in he could not get out until the appointed time. The advocates of teetotalism ought to admire an invention far superior to their pledge, which any man can take and break. "A patient received into a licensed house on his own application may be lawfully detained during the period specified in such application." It would be easy to induce a person feeling remorse after drunkenness to make such application, and when that person had entered the house he must remain there. It would be extravagant to suppose that any Parliament would pass such a Bill as this. Indeed, if it were passed, a court of law might possibly hold that the authority given by a man to detain his person could not, except by the clearest language of the Legislature, be made even for a time irrevocable. But the proposal does not deserve serious attention. Mr. Dalrymple will some day air his hobby on a Wednesday, and there will be an end. But if this is freedom, we should like to know what is slavery.

In two States of the American Union power is given to detain "inebriates" for treatment, but this power is subject to limitations which are not found in Mr. Dalrymple's Bill. In the State of New York, a justice of the Supreme Court or a county judge has power to commit an "inebriate" to the State Asylum, on production of affidavits by two physicians and two citizens that such inebriate is lost to self-control, unable to attend to business, or dangerous to remain at large. This is very different from giving power to every court of summary jurisdiction to declare a person an "habitual drunkard," and then order him to be detained for treatment. Again, in the State of Pennsylvania, any relative of an habitual drunkard may present his case to the Court of Common Pleas or Quarter Sessions, which appoints a Commissioner to inquire with a jury into the case. Evidence may then be given to show that the man is an habitual drunkard, and incompetent to attend to his own affairs, and if the evidence is

satisfactory, a Committee of the man's person and estate may be appointed. The Committee has full power to take the inebriate and put him in an asylum. There is also power to the officers of the Institution at Media to receive an inebriate for treatment on "voluntary presentation," but it is not stated that the inebriate may be detained against his will. It is added that justices have no right to commit to any other institution than the gaol.

In further manifestation of the spirit in which the Bill is framed, it contains clauses intended to discourage the bringing of actions in respect of anything done in pursuance of its provisions. If in such an action judgment passes for the defendant, he shall recover against the plaintiff full costs as between attorney and client. In ordinary actions the successful litigant only recovers costs as between party and party, and usually finds that he has a bill to pay to his attorney for extra costs. It is manifest that the introduction of this clause into the Bill tends to complicate the general law of costs. This is the way in which our legislation constantly tends towards confusion. The author of the Bill cares of course for nothing but his Bill. He gives large powers to magistrates and others, and as far as possible excludes the courts of law from interfering to control them. Happily, however, these courts are ingenious in finding methods to restrain injustice. It begins to appear as if the Court of Queen's Bench would become the sole security for liberty against the encroachments of a liberalized Parliament. Can it be on this account that some leading Liberals perseveringly oppose any measure tending to promote the efficiency of the Superior Courts? In discussion of various projects of so-called law reform, it is often assumed that these courts exist only for the carrying on of litigation between private parties. But the Court of Queen's Bench controls all magistrates and officers of the Crown, and the course of modern legislation tends to make such a court more than ever necessary. Happily the judges of that court have both the power and the will to keep a check upon foolish legislation

THE HAPPY LAND.

THE Court Theatre has now attained a success which it has long deserved. Everybody in London will go to see the *Happy Land*, and although caricature and personal allusions are forbidden, the audience will mentally supply what is wanting of the original representation. It is perhaps trifling to consider the fortunes of a theatre when the welfare of a nation is in suspense, but the remark is obvious that the resignation by Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues of their offices will be likely to interfere with the popularity of this burlesque. When the three mortals return from fairy land to earth, and a fairy who watches their homeward progress with a telescope announces that they are getting into a four-wheeler, and the tall one is bargaining with the cabman to take them to Westminster for a shilling, everybody understands the allusion to the official parsimony of Mr. Lowe. But a successor to Mr. Lowe must come from the other side of the House of Commons, where it must be owned that thriftiness of public money is not the most conspicuous virtue. Again, when the fairy who has undertaken the duties of chief lord of an unnamed department announces that she has spoiled a ship for the sake of a ha'porth of tar, and the tall gentleman observes that a farthing's-worth of tar would have sufficed, the allusion must lose its point on Mr. Goschen's making way for a successor. Some of the economies of Mr. Gladstone's Government have been unwise, and almost all have been unpopular, but it will be difficult to appreciate the most clever ridicule of his Administration after it has been dead and buried for three months. The manager of the Court Theatre has therefore a strong interest in the political crisis of the present week. The prosperity of that theatre would have been best promoted by a prolongation amid difficulties and humiliations of Mr. Gladstone's Government. "Here a kick, there a kick, everywhere a kick"; but you cannot kick effectively unless there is something to be kicked. The right of Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues as patentees of the great invention of international arbitration will survive their loss of office, but their successors must be taken from a party which, with all its faults, may claim to have been heretofore consistently regardful of the country's honour, and to be unlikely to listen to impertinent proposals even from more powerful potentates than the King of Bonny. After the first few performances of this burlesque, the spectators only saw three actors who had represented existing Cabinet Ministers. But when they only see three actors who have represented gentlemen who have been Cabinet Ministers, it may be feared that the interest of the spectacle will gradually subside. In the meantime, however, it is gratifying to observe that these actors are able to ensure the success not only of the *Happy Land*, but probably also of any piece that could be placed upon the boards of the Court Theatre. A sufficiently dreary representation of the difficulties of a provincial theatre becomes lively by the simple fact that the part of the manager is undertaken by the tall gentleman of the famous trio. The character of Major Oakley in the *Jealous Wife* affords small scope for the display of comic talent, but the audience seem to find amusement in the knowledge that the stiff military stock will be exchanged presently for a scarf of resplendent green. If indeed Mr. Lowe could remain Chancellor of the Exchequer, the umbrella of the tall gentleman would become almost as famous as that of Paul Pry, and the Highland fling might be repeated nightly until the recess of Parliament offered a fresh opportunity for addressing Scotch audiences upon current politics. But one soon grows weary of flogging a dead horse, and there is little flavour in allusions to the snubbing of a Government which has resigned office in deference to an adverse vote of the House of Commons.

The original performance of this burlesque was very good fun while it lasted, which unfortunately, but necessarily, could be only for a very few days. Political partisans who agree in nothing else must be almost unanimous in approving, although regretting, the action of the Lord Chamberlain under the circumstances. "It's naughty, but it's nice," must have been the verdict of the audience of the first four nights. Unless the censor had interfered in such a case, it would be difficult to perceive the utility of maintaining any censorship at all. A London manager has seasonably reminded his brethren that it is better to continue subject to the Lord Chamberlain than to be handed over to the magistrates, whose decisions in granting or refusing licences would be liable to fluctuate from year to year, according to the views of morals and religion which might happen to prevail upon the Bench. There are many worthy persons upon the magisterial bench who would desire to proceed against stage-players in the spirit of the statute of Queen Anne which was passed "for the more effectual punishing of rogues, vagabonds, sturdy beggars, and vagrants, and for sending them whither they ought to be sent." This statute was by a later statute made applicable to persons who should act plays for reward without licence from the Lord Chamberlain. Such persons were liable as rogues and vagabonds to be publicly whipped or sent to the House of Correction, and they might also incur further penalties, including frequent whipping, as "incorrigible rogues," or might be sent to be employed in the King's service either by sea or land. The effect of these statutes was, that no person could perform at all without patent or licence, nor with it, unless within the prescribed limits, which were the city and liberties of Westminster and the actual residence of the Sovereign. It subsequently happened that many great towns were desirous of having theatrical entertainments, and Acts of Parliament were passed enabling the Crown to authorise them. Afterwards a general Act was passed enabling magistrates to grant licences in places beyond the limits of the authority of the Lord Chamberlain. This was the state of the law during the period extending from 1788 to 1843, which is almost exactly identical with that to which we now look back as the most flourishing period of the history of the English stage. By the Act of the present reign which now regulates theatres, the performance of unlicensed plays incurs a penalty of 50*l.* nightly, but the performers in them are no longer liable to be treated as rogues and vagabonds. This Act authorises the Lord Chamberlain, "whenever he shall be of opinion that it is fitting for the preservation of good manners, decorum, or of the public peace so to do," to forbid the acting of any play; and it was in exercise of this authority that the Lord Chamberlain interdicted the original *Happy Land*. It is well to keep in such matters on the safe side, and as ingenious actors can generally contrive to imply that which they are not permitted to express, the audience does not after all lose much of the fun, and is able at the same time to congratulate itself on its own cleverness. In the French theatres under the Empire the difficulty was that audiences would find opportunities for expressing political feeling even where the author did not intend to give any. Even the standard works of the French stage were found to contain passages of inconvenient significance, and we believe that the last scene of *Tartuffe* was curtailed in consequence of a chance observation of a spectator, which was heard and applauded by the entire house. It has been urged that if the Premier may be caricatured in *Punch* or *Vanity Fair*, the same thing ought to be allowed upon the stage. But the former process is found compatible with the preservation of the public peace, which is at least likely to be endangered by the latter.

After all, the success of a piece depends not only upon good writing and good acting, but also upon a full and sympathetic house, and this the intervention of the Lord Chamberlain has secured for the Court Theatre. An audience possessed with a common sentiment will be satisfied with the mere pleasure of giving vent to it. This was a great cause of the success of theatres during the long war with France. The news of a victory in the morning would make any play which contained a few patriotic allusions tolerable in the evening. In the early years of this century the nation was united in hostility to a foreign enemy, and the public has lately become almost unanimous in dislike to the measures or the men of Mr. Gladstone's Government. Hence, if that Government could only have remained in office, the Court Theatre might have become the most popular in London. The ridicule of competitive examinations will still be seasonable, but after Mr. Gladstone has chosen between doing nothing, dissolving, and resigning, it is to be feared that three courses will not be open to him for some time to come. The talent for making two and two come to three or five according to circumstances is likely in the present entanglement of politics to be useful to politicians of either side, and it cannot be asserted that this talent belongs exclusively to one side. The notion that representative government must necessarily be applicable to fairy land is characteristic rather of a past age of Liberalism than of the present. Americans apparently believe that a Republic could be made to work in Spain or Turkey or the Moon, but Englishmen have learned to doubt whether the political system which they find existing in their own country

will bear transplanting. It is at least conceivable that the fairies who visited England cared more for the chops and bottled stout, and even for the women of the country, than for its political institutions. But of course the three right honourable gentlemen who visit fairy land might be allowed to believe in the superiority of the English form of government as long as they administer it. We can only regret, from a theatrical point of view, that this condition has become non-existent. When Ministers become private persons, a burlesque of their appearance and manner of talking must lose its interest. The manager of the Court Theatre will deserve sympathy in the event of the partial disappointment of a well-imagined and skilfully executed plan. Miss Litton states that she had been induced to believe that "the principle of personal reference to unpopular public characters" had been conceded by the Lord Chamberlain. It was perhaps going too far to assume that Lord Sydney had conceded that his colleagues in office were unpopular. "Here a kick, there a kick, everywhere a kick," may be almost literally true; but a kick at a Prime Minister ought not to come from the Queen's Household.

REVIEWS.

WYVILLE THOMSON'S DEPTHS OF THE SEA.*

IN no department of zoology has there been of late years a greater revolution than in that to which belongs the existence of life at great ocean depths. Not twenty years ago, it may be said, with almost all naturalists as with one not less distinguished than the late Edward Forbes, the belief in a zero of life, or a depth below which no animal existence was possible, was an article of the scientific creed. Under conditions of pressure, of defective light, temperature, and aeration, such as were held to prevail in the abysses of the deep sea, nothing approaching to known varieties of animal life could, it was thought, by possibility exist. Cases, however well authenticated, of animals comparatively high in the scale of life having been brought up by sounding lines from great depths, were set aside even by men of eminent standing in science, as having been due to careless observation, or to the fact of the creatures having got entangled in the line while floating near the surface. It is to the operations involved in laying and subsequently fishing up the Atlantic telegraph cable that the first great impulse towards an opposite belief is to be traced. Solitary or infrequent cases had indeed occurred to stir the thoughts of naturalists. There was the beautiful Medusa's head, fished up by Sir John Ross from one thousand fathoms in Baffin's Bay, lat 73° 37′ N., September 1, 1818, and there were the rich hauls of corallines, and other varieties of invertebrate life, obtained by Sir J. C. Ross in equally far Southern latitudes and from much the same depths, suggesting to those able explorers, though contrary to the received opinion of naturalists, that the lowest depth to which we might succeed in penetrating would be found to teem with animal life. The minute samples of Atlantic ooze brought up by the sounding apparatus introduced by Mr. Brooke in 1854 made known the existence and diffusion of microscopic forms not distinguishable from the fossil constituents of chalk, which the discovery of identical specimens from the Pacific showed to be in all probability distributed over the whole ocean floor. Doubt still existed whether these organisms had their life at the bottom of the sea, or were precipitated in fine showers after death. The opinion of Ehrenberg in favour of the first of these hypotheses was balanced by that of Professor Baily, of West Point, on the contrary side; Professor Huxley in 1858, in his report upon the problem to the Admiralty, expressing himself guardedly as on the whole inclined to believe that the Globigerinæ and other foraminifers and diatoms really lived at these depths. Dr. Wallich's dredgings in the North Atlantic, though not conclusive of the question, contributed much to strengthen the same belief, which was generally held to be established for good when Mr. Fleeming Jenkin showed the manifold specimens brought up with the submerged cable between Bona and Sardinia from depths extending to 1,200 fathoms, among which Professor Allman readily identified fifteen animal forms, including the ova of a cephalopod. Subsequent examination of organisms derived from the same source enabled M. Milne Edwards to pronounce the problem finally solved. In the spring of 1868, while engaged in Ireland with Dr. Carpenter in working out the structure and development of the crinoids, Mr. Wyville Thomson conceived the idea of urging on the Board of Admiralty the fitting out of a vessel for the express purpose of submarine exploration and research. The influence of the Royal Society having been brought to bear, through the agency of Dr. Carpenter, the *Lightning* steamer was placed at the disposal of those two naturalists during the summer of 1868 for a trial cruise to the North of Scotland; and the *Porcupine*, Captain Calver, R.N., was assigned for a much wider series of surveys, under the same gentlemen, with the addition of Mr. Gwyn Jeffreys, in the summers of 1869 and 1870. At the close of these operations it was thought right that those who had been charged with their scientific direction should, in addition to their official reports, lay before the general public some account of their proceedings. It should first be shown that the value of the additions thus made to the sum of our knowledge justified the outlay of public money on this object; and next there should be given such a popular outline of the main results of the enterprise as might stimulate general interest, and urge forward the progress of curiosity and research in the boundless field thus opened to the student of animal life.

Had this undertaking come about under the auspices of the French or German Government, we can picture to ourselves the systematic and magnificent series of reports which would have been given to the world; each prominent member of the scientific staff contributing his methodical and exhaustive statement of facts and observations, the whole subjected to strict editorial control, clear in arrangement, rich in illustration, artistic in the style of getting up. Under the economical rule which prevails amongst ourselves, we have to rest content with such slender and grudging aid to science and literature as consists in now and then fitting out a spare gunboat and charging a few thousands upon the Estimates for the bare necessaries of the voyage, leaving it to private liberality or the heavily taxed means of our scientific bodies to present the fruits of the enterprise in an available form before the public. It would be hardly fair to complain of the comparative poverty of the guise in which the result of this quasi-official undertaking comes before us, of the slight degree of system or arrangement manifested in its preparation, or of the discursive nature of a large portion of its contents. It is only as a popular reporter, not as an authoritative or specially qualified expositor of the truths of physics, that Professor Wyville Thomson claims to make himself the mouthpiece of the expedition. Having, in common with his colleagues, plenty of other things to do, he could hardly, we suppose, be expected to bestow more time and thought on sifting and organizing his materials. As it is, there are not a few signs of the pressure of that haste in compilation with which there is proverbially the less speed. With a little more leisure at his command, he might have spared himself the trouble of repeating in later portions of the book many facts and considerations with which he had already made his readers familiar in the introduction. Allowing, however, for these drawbacks, there is in his report an abundance of novel and interesting matter for which it behoves us to be grateful.

In the first of these cruises the chiefs of the survey seem to have been feeling their way tentatively, and even timidly; the greatest depth sounded having been 1,500 fathoms, which, by special leave from the hydrographer, they felt emboldened on the second trip in the *Porcupine* to extend to 2,500 fathoms at a spot indicated in the chart 250 miles west of Ushant. It was felt that if the existence of life could be established, and its conditions to a great extent laid down with accuracy, at that depth, the general question might be considered solved for all depths of the ocean. It was of course hardly to be expected that the haul of results from abysses like this should equal in fulness of organization those obtained from lesser depths or in nearer proximity to the land. None of the deeper products of the dredge can well be compared in point of development or beauty with the magnificent *Brisinga coronata*, a new star-fish of the genus first established by M. Sars in 1853, and named by him from a jewel (*Brising*), of the goddess Freya, the engraving of which to the natural size (fig. 5), is conspicuous among the admirable woodcuts of the volume before us for accuracy of drawing and definition of texture. This wonderful creature, with its dozen or so of long spines of unequal length, only one of the longer ones unmutilated, thirty centimetres in length, looks at first sight intermediate between ophiurids and star fishes, the arms too thick and soft for the former, while much more long and delicate than is generally found in the latter group. It was brought up from about five hundred fathoms, the bottom temperature being a little below freezing point, the thermometer at the surface marking 10° 5′ C., amongst a mass of rhizopods, sponges, echinoderms, crustaceans and molluscs. Other species of this splendid asteria have been found by M. Sars, measuring not less than two feet across the extended arms. Among the sponges a finely characteristic specimen, beautifully drawn to half the natural size, is the sea-nest of the Setubal shark-fishers, *Holtenia carpenteri*, an ovul or approximate sphere nine or ten inches in height, with one large osculer opening at the top, whence a cylindrical cavity passes down into the substance of the sponge, the outer wall of which consists of a complicated network of the cross-like heads of five-rayed spicules, in aspect resembling many well-known varieties of the cactus. When the sponge is living, Professor Thomson writes, the interstices of this siliceous network are filled up both outside and in with a delicate fenestrated membrane formed of a glairy substance like white of egg, which is constantly extending or contracting the fenestræ and gliding over the surface of the spicules. This sarcode, the living flesh of the sponge, is fed by organic matter carried in a constant current by the action of cilia through apertures in the outer wall, passing out by the large osculum at the top. From the lower third of the sponge a perfect maze of delicate glassy filaments, like fine white hair, spreads out in all directions, penetrating into the fine semi-fluid mud, and supporting the sponge in its precarious bed, while adding but little to its weight. Of more slender form, another elegant species is the *Hyalonema lusitanicum*, previously found off the coast of Portugal by Barboza du Bocage (fig. 66), closely related to the glass rope sponges of Japan, long a puzzle to naturalists; anchoring itself by sending right down through the soft ooze a coiled wisp of strong spicules, each as thick as a knitting-needle, which open out into a

* *The Depths of the Sea: an Account of the General Results of the Dredging Cruises of H.M. S.S. "Porcupine" and "Lightning," during the Summers of 1868, 1869, and 1870.* By C. Wyville Thomson, LL.D., F.G.S. &c. With numerous Illustrations and Maps. London: Macmillan & Co. 1873

brush as the bed gets firmer, and fix the sponge in its place somewhat on the principle of a screw-pile. The sponges of the deep water ooze are by no means confined to one group. "The *Hexactinellidæ* are perhaps the most common, but corticate sponges, even allied to those which look so rigid when fixed to stones in shallow water, send out long anchoring spicules and balance themselves in the soft mud." Such is the case with *Tiniphonia agaricoformis*, so named by Professor Wyville Thomson from its resemblance in shape to a familiar kind of fungus. We can picture to ourselves the ocean floor overspread for the greater part of its area with a richly variegated carpet of sponges of innumerable kinds.

After describing at length the interesting operations of deep sea dredging, with a full account of the apparatus and instruments employed, our author gives, in his chapter on Deep Sea Temperatures, a series of facts and carefully drawn-up tables of observations bearing upon the relations between temperature and depth, and the influence of both those conditions upon animal organization and development. Combined with what has been done towards the analysis of sea water from different depths (as detailed in the appendices), imperfect as that branch of inquiry remains as yet, a basis has here been laid for building up a wholly new system of submarine zoology, showing the laws of distribution and development in animal life in correlation with the laws which regulate the physical conditions of the medium in which it exists. It is of importance to trace with Professor Wyville Thomson the differences in size, in development, and in other features of organization that are to be seen between the denizens of warm and cold areas, or greater and lesser depths. To take an instance; among the innumerable echinoderms with which the cold area to the north-west of Shetland abounds, many of them added for the first time to the fauna of the British isles, were sundry diminutive species which our author considers to be as truly a pony form of echinus, as is the Shetland breed among the varieties of *Equus caballus*. It would be interesting to know for certain what share cold may have had in dwarfing or modifying the growth of echinus within this area, or to what extent it may be related to depth. In comparatively shallow water *Cidaris hystrix* was observed to be most abundant and of large size, while the large form of *Echinus flemingii* was rare; though, on the other hand, a form four times the size of the pony echinus, in no way differing in colouring, sculpture, or form of the pedicellariæ, was common in the deep water off the coast of Ireland. Foraminifera, we are told, are not very abundant in the cold area; here and there, however, in isolated patches, large and remarkable forms came up in numbers on the hempen tangles attached to the dredge, principally of the *arenaceus* type. Among starfishes, which the deep water yielded in abundance, the most conspicuous were the genera *Astropecten* and *Archaster*, with their allies; the tangles coming up within the cold area scarlet with *Astropecten tenuispinus*, bringing up as well a handsome new form of a peculiar leaden grey colour, with paxillæ arranged on the dorsal surface of the disc in the form of a rosette, or the petaloid ambulacra of a *clypeaster*. Within the same area were found many specimens of a fine *archaster* (fig. 17), with a double row of large square marginal plates, giving the edges a thickened square-cut appearance like those of *Ctenodiscus*, each marginal plate covered with miliary grains, and with a prominent rigid central spine. This specimen is some six inches across the disc, and forms one of the most striking additions to our naturalists' tale of known species. Numbers of the handsomest of the Northern free crinoids also came up in the cold area hauls, such as *Antedon eschrichtii*; with many interesting crustaceans, figured by the writer as highly suggestive of the source of the cold water. These are some of the gigantic forms of amphipoda and isopoda of the Arctic Sea, imperfectly represented hitherto from British waters. Among them is a strange kind of skeleton shrimp, *Caprella spinosissima*, which fixes itself by its hind claspers to branching sponges, waving its quaint grotesque body about in the water; and *Arcturus baffini*, which has the same habit of clinging to some foreign body, and possesses an enormous pair of antennæ for the retention of its young. A queer sea-spider, *Nymphon abyssorum*, of large size, frequently comes up clinging to the sounding line. The mollusca yielded by the second cruise were altogether subordinate as regards number and variety to the other groups, nor was the difference between the molluscan fauna of the warm and of the cold area by any means so great. But few fishes were procured, owing, it was thought likely, to the unsuitableness of the dredge for captives of this kind.

From the warmer area, dredged later in the cruise, specimens of extraordinary beauty and interest were obtained. What most gladdened the heart of our naturalists was *Calveria hystrix* (fig. 27), named from the esteemed commander of the *Porcupine*, an echinus of exceptional size and conformation, in colour a rich crimson, which it retained in spirit without much loss, showing the jaw pyramid, "Aristotle's lantern," large and strongly developed. Combined with two other allied specimens *Calveria* is found to throw light upon a puzzling fossil specimen or two from the Kentish chalk, pointing to the survival of a family or tribe otherwise not known in the geological record. In crustacea and mollusca the warm area proved abundantly rich. An attack of fever unfortunately preventing Professor Wyville Thomson from accompanying the *Porcupine* into more Southern latitudes, the charge of operations in the Mediterranean devolved upon Dr. Carpenter, whose results our author only feels called upon to indicate in general terms. Nor does he deem it possible as yet to give anything like a full and exhaustive account of what has been added by the expedition to our knowledge of natural history. In his chapter on the Deep Sea Fauna, however, he presents us with a valuable though brief outline of the distribution of the animal forms resulting from the dredgings, with reference at once to the conditions of depth and temperature under which they were found to exist. So rich and varied is the material thus acquired that it will take years of the labour of specialists in each of the larger departments to work it up. The sponges are now, we are glad to learn, under the able hands of Mr. Henry Carter; and a general sketch of the sponge fauna of the deep Atlantic has been already put forth by Professor Oscar Schmidt of *Gratz*, the highest authority upon the subject. To Mr. Gwyn Jeffreys we look for the identification and description of the mollusca. From the conclusions thus far announced by so competent an authority as to the Northern origin of most of the molluscan fauna, and their transportation to the Mediterranean, and even to the Gulf of Mexico, by the great Arctic currents, our author opposes his own view of the retirement of Northern species from the British area, at least at the close of the Glacial period, and the immigration of Southern fauna, supported as it is by numerous proofs drawn from the comparison of living and extinct species. The question of priority of age, as indicated by fossil remains, is, he shows, complicated by the fact that beds which correspond palæontologically in their involved fauna may be proved to be by no means contemporaneous, owing to one of them being found overlaid by strata of newer date while the other is still forming. Moreover, as he urges, the conditions of temperature and light of our Southern seas at great depths correspond very closely with those of much shallower water in the Scandinavian seas. Hence not only have we had an earlier and more thorough knowledge of the Northern species, but they have been met with superior in size and richness of sculpture or ornament, which has been taken to give them a presumptive priority in order and rank. The tendency to dwarfing in deep water has been already referred to. With regard to the evidence of light penetrating the abysses of the ocean, as suggested by the vivid colours and the well-developed eyes of animal forms dredged up from two thousand fathoms and more, the writer throws out the idea that, in the absence of sunbeams, the submarine light may, beyond a certain depth, be due to phosphorescence, which is known to be very general, particularly among the larvæ and young of deep sea animals. This is one of the problems which stand over for further investigation, as do many questions raised in the chapter on the Continuity of the Chalk, in which his conclusions have been challenged to some extent by Sir R. Murchison and Sir C. Lyell. One main difficulty which he confesses to having before him in establishing the identity of the recent Atlantic chalk mud and the ancient white chalk lies in the total absence in the latter of free silica. When speaking, however, of its having been shown by the analysis of our chalk strata that siliceous organisms were entirely wanting in the ancient cretaceous seas, we fail to see that he has taken due account of the flinty masses of which siliceous sponges formed unquestionably the nucleus, and of which he himself proceeds to give typical instances, although in some cases all that remains in the chalk may be the moulds and outlines of organisms from which the whole of the silica has been removed by solution or otherwise.

In his chapter on the Gulf Stream, with reference to the phenomena of Atlantic currents and temperatures in general, while adding immensely to our materials for studying the great problem of ocean circulation, by means of the numerous observations recorded and the valuable tables which embody so much patient labour, our author has strangely limited his view of the primary causes of the great ocean currents. To the theory of Captain Maury, modified to some extent by the later views of Dr. Carpenter, that the motive impulse is due simply to the oscillation of temperature between tropical heat and evaporation on the one hand and arctic cold on the other—"comparable to the circulation of the atmosphere"—he is content to oppose his own hypothesis, which as simply assigns it to the "drift of the trade winds." The first point that strikes us in contrasting the opposite theories advanced by such able men is the total absence of any reference to the rotation of the earth, as well in relation to oceanic as to atmospheric circulation. This strange omission must, as far as we are concerned, place either hypothesis alike outside the pale of discussion. In the next place, were we disposed to treat Professor Wyville Thomson's trade-wind theory on its independent merits, can it appear to him, we would ask, that the mere action of periodical (not perennial) winds on the surface is adequate to set in motion a mass of water six thousand miles long, several thousand miles in width, and in places a mile or two in depth—an effect to which he considers Dr. Carpenter's convection-of-heat theory utterly inadequate? Whatever we may think of the power of the sun's rays to penetrate and to heat the ocean abysses at those great depths, it calls for a stronger effort of the imagination to conceive the ocean mass to be stirred in any degree in its depths by any force of the atmosphere agitating its surface, far less to be set in movement in those rapid currents which are found to extend to the very bed of the deepest waters. How, too, would our author account for the circulation of the other great ocean basins besides the Atlantic? Is he prepared with a theory of the corresponding action of the trade winds in every case? We have here one of the weak points in a work which in most respects is marked throughout by logical com-

mand of facts no less than by patience and skill in accumulating them. The mastery which Professor Wyville Thomson shows over the results arrived at during this comparatively restricted series of explorations augurs well for the harvest of knowledge to be reaped, we may hope, in the course of the more adequately equipped and more extensive survey over which he has now gone forth in supreme control. Wishing God speed to the *Challenger* and the whole of her scientific staff, we look with confidence to her return with a freight of precious fruits, to which the volume before us, choice and ample as it is, will serve but as the prelude and the foretaste.

ANIMALS AND THEIR MASTERS.*

WE are all, it may be presumed, tolerably familiar with the "Friends in Council" whose moralizing has now been public property for many years past. It would be useless to criticize this little volume, which contains a report of their last debates from a general point of view. Everybody knows the amiable good sense, running a little into prosiness, of Milverton, and the amiable sarcasms, in which the amiable predominates a little too clearly over the sarcastic element, of Ellesmere. It is enough to say that they and their friends talk in the old style with no perceptible diminution of freshness and thoughtfulness. We may, however, dwell a little upon the subject-matter of their private debates. They indulge of course in a good many digressions, and repeat various anecdotes not strictly relevant to the main subject; but they resolve to devote themselves chiefly to the topic of the relation between man and his dumb slaves. Milverton, it appears, had lately an escape from drowning. After his deliverance from danger he reflected, characteristically enough, that there was one subject to which he had never yet done justice. He resolved that he would not get into a boat, or travel on a dangerous railway again, before he had "said his say upon the important question of the treatment of animals." If, which we earnestly hope may not happen, Milverton should be crushed by the next train which he enters, or drowned in a rash attempt to see the University boat-race, his last moments may be consoled by the thought that he has spoken a good word for our humble friends, and a word which is certainly much needed.

We are all agreed in theory that kindness to animals is an important duty. In practice we—especially if the pronoun includes pigeon-shooters, cabdrivers, and students of physiology—have a good deal to learn. To take two or three simple instances, mentioned by Milverton; the use of the bearing-rein inflicts a great amount of discomfort upon horses, in obedience to a silly fashion which persists in spite of common sense and in spite of the professed love of horses of the English race. Omnibus horses again, who have not in any way a very cheerful existence, have their mouths wrenched and their limbs strained every few hundred yards because omnibuses are not provided with drags. Sheep and oxen go through an incalculable amount of suffering from thirst and overcrowding because we do not choose to make proper regulations for their comfort in ships and railway trains. The horrors of vivisection are too disgusting to be noticed in detail by Milverton, and we are only too glad to follow his example. It would be easy to add to this a brief list of notorious cruelties which are daily perpetrated, some of which might be at once remedied by legislation, whilst more generally a slight improvement in the general standard of sensibility would be amply sufficient to effect a radical cure. The time at which any expression of compassion for brutes would be treated as ridiculous has fortunately passed, and all we have to do is to impress upon men's minds a duty which is generally recognized. We think, therefore, that Milverton's effort to prove that animals have rights is rather superfluous. No duty is plainer, though many are of more importance. The sufferings of a horse are a less evil than the sufferings of a negro; but then the horse, being unfortunately, as Ellesmere remarks, a dumb animal, is unable to help himself or even to complain of his sufferings, and is therefore so far more entitled than the nobler animal to assistance from above. It need only be added that by enforcing humanity we are not merely diminishing the mass of pain which exists throughout the world, but are putting down a most demoralizing practice. The present volume is certainly calculated to give a keener edge to our sympathies. The kindly feeling which is obvious in every page must of course do good to its readers; and two or three lines of thought are indicated, though they are not completely worked out, which would deserve a fuller investigation.

The Friends, for example, amuse themselves by looking up a variety of authorities upon the subject; and they give us a sufficient number of quotations to make us wish that somebody would write a small systematic essay upon the development of this department of speculation. There is really much to be said about it from a philosophical point of view. Thus it is curious to observe that the great enemies of animals, so far as theory is concerned, are the metaphysicians of the Des Cartes variety. In the religious writings of almost all sects we find the duty of kindness to animals inculcated, and often with surpassing tenderness. The legends of St. Francis of Assisi give the most beautiful expression of this sentiment, and Milverton quotes a pleasant story from Humboldt to prove that the monks of his order clung to the tenets of their great founder. A Franciscan who accompanied the naturalist on some of his journeys used to say, when a storm was threatening at night, "May heaven grant a quiet night both to us and to the wild beasts of the forest!" But as soon as we turn to the metaphysicians the natural milk of human kindness seems to be dried up under the influence of their abstract theories. Thus, for example, Aquinas says in his *Summa*:—"Animalia bruta non delectantur visibilibus, odoribus et sonis, nisi in ordine ad sustentationem naturæ"; and we all know the theory of animal machines which was common to Des Cartes and many of his disciples. The reason is doubtless, in a general way, that which Milverton gives us. Philosophers have a foolish prejudice against animals, for fear that they should set up a claim to the possession of a soul, which would interfere with the roundness and neatness of philosophical theory. Reason is the human faculty, and it is necessary to draw the widest and deepest line of demarcation between it and everything which appears to be analogous in the lower animals. A creature which is incapable of forming a syllogism must be regarded as scarcely worthy to be called a living creature at all. We need not add the perplexities which result from the admission or the refusal to admit that animals have free will. And thus reasoners of this class have fallen into gratuitous absurdities which are equally revolting to the natural philosopher and to the religious thinker. The greatest advocates of animal rights in recent times, so far as theory is concerned, have been the philosophers who have most objected to *à priori* methods—such, for example, as Jeremy Bentham, who becomes really eloquent in defence of humanity to brutes, and Mr. John Stuart Mill, who has spoken with equal effect on the same side of the question. We may hope that this part of their theories at any rate will prevail, and that the closer connexion between ourselves and the brute creation which Mr. Darwin seeks to establish will at least lead to a stronger interest in our poor relations. Milverton or one of his friends mentions that he has heard in his time 1,320 sermons, and says that he has not heard in one of them the slightest allusion to the conduct of men towards animals. We commend the subject to the attention of the dignitaries who have been advocating a crusade against drunkenness. Cruelty to animals may not have so widely corrupting an influence as intoxication, but when sermons are preached against one variety of vice, something may fairly be added against the other.

And this brings us to the further question, What practical steps can be taken to enforce this duty upon people in general? The power of legislation, though legislation may do something, is obviously limited. Milverton defends himself against Ellesmere, who had complained of the absence of any suggestion for practical remedies, by remarking that hundreds of thousands of transactions take place every day in London in which the treatment of animals by men is more or less concerned, and that it is out of the question to lay down rules by which they can all be regulated. The great thing to do, he says truly, is to introduce a new spirit. But how, it may be asked again, is that to be done? If it is meant, What device can be suggested which will within any limited period make men humane instead of brutal? the answer is only too plain. No such device can be struck out at a moment's notice, nor, properly speaking, can it be struck out at all. A change in the character of men and nations requires generations rather than years. Something, however, may be effected by judicious action in different directions. Milverton, for example, thinks that a book might be written for schools to inculcate humanity to animals. Such a book would of course require a vast amount of special knowledge; but it might be compiled by "a Huxley, a Wallace, a Frank Buckland, a Hooker, or a Wood, or the Bates who wrote that book upon the Amazons." If this suggestion be taken literally and prosaically, we fear that it would not come to much. No man, not even Professor Huxley or Mr. Frank Buckland, who is perhaps more qualified for this kind of work, can sit down and say, I will write a book which shall wean English schoolboys from cruelty; which shall prevent them from unseasonable birds-nesting, and tormenting cats, and throwing stones at deserted dogs, instead of trying to help them in their sufferings. But the suggestion, if taken up in a judicious spirit, might certainly lead to much. When education means something more than familiarity with the three R's, it may properly include some kind of study of natural history. Nine boys out of ten take some kind of interest in descriptions of animal life; and, though their infantile propensities take the form of teasing rather than protecting their helpless dependents, the childish instinct may easily be turned in the right direction. Both girls and boys have a natural propensity to make pets; a pet creature may be a wretched victim, or it may enjoy a really happy existence; the master or parent who will take the trouble to guide the instinct in the right direction, who will teach the child how much keen pleasure may be derived from attending to the wants and observing the habits of dumb animals, may find the means of giving both a moral and an intellectual education to his pupils. There is an unfortunate confusion in the public mind between the study of natural history and the ruthless destruction of all varieties of beasts, birds, and insects; and yet it is perhaps not too utopian to imagine that a day will come when people will recognize the obvious fact that kindly affections and habits of keen observation can hardly be fostered more easily in early life than by teaching children to take an interest in the creatures by which we are surrounded. Even in any great town there are

* *Some Talk about Animals and their Masters.* By the Author of "Friends in Council." London: Strahan & Co. 1873.

abundant opportunities of stimulating an interest in birds, beasts, and fishes, wild or domesticated, and a child that learns to take advantage of them has the power of enjoying a pure and elevated pleasure, such as he does not always acquire by the power of reading cheap books and newspapers. In short, without endeavouring to follow out a subject of which innumerable applications will suggest themselves to our readers, we may safely say that an intelligent study of natural history would be in every way an excellent mode of cultivating good relations between man and brutes, from which both sides might profit.

We will not touch upon other suggestions briefly noticed in this book, such as the precedent set by Lady Burdett Coutts of giving prizes for the encouragement of humanity to animals. We are content to take leave of the "Friends in Council" with the acknowledgment that their conversations are likely to be of great service in a direction where much is still wanted to be done; and that they have given us some pleasant reading into the bargain.

LANFREY'S NAPOLEON I.*

THERE are certain very obvious defects in M. Lanfrey's History of Napoleon. It is too argumentative, controversial, and didactic. M. Lanfrey does not, like an ordinary historian, tell his story in his own way, and have done with it. He is constantly turning to his audience to point out how much other historians have gone astray, and to ask people to observe what a consummate humbug and impostor the supposed hero really is when you come to look into him. And then he weakens the general force of his argument by tripping up the hero on rather small points. In 1801 Napoleon, being anxious to bend the Spanish Government to his will, threatened, unless his orders were obeyed, to expose an unsavoury scandal connected with the Royal family, and M. Lanfrey expends a great deal of virtuous indignation on this "Borgian trap," this "stab of a stiletto dealt in obscurity at an adversary disarmed." No doubt, in one way, it was a very low, ungentlemanly trick; but, after all, if it was a question between threatening to show up an exceedingly disreputable household and having a great many men killed in war, something might perhaps be said in favour of the milder remedy. Again Napoleon is unfavourably compared with Frederick the Great, and censured for his want of "philosophical irony." "Listen," says M. Lanfrey, "to Frederick explaining the motives which led him to take possession of Siberia: 'Ambition,' he says, 'interest, the desire to be talked of, made me decide on war.' This is grand." And then, by way of contrast, we are asked to observe Napoleon's mock heroics, and affectation of noble impulses. Most people will be tempted to think that there is really not much to choose between Frederick's cynicism and Napoleon's hypocrisy. So grave and weighty an indictment as M. Lanfrey is able with indisputable justice to frame against Napoleon is necessarily enfeebled by the introduction of trivial complaints. If a man has been guilty of murder and arson, the jury are more likely to be unsettled than confirmed in their impression of his guilt by a long argument to show that he has been known not to wipe his boots on the mat when visiting at a friend's house. These defects, as we have said, are obvious on the face of the book. It is impossible to deny that it smacks too much of the pleading of the *advocatus diaboli*. In order, however, to do justice to it, it is necessary to remember the circumstances under which it was written. It is true that M. Lanfrey's History is not like the narrative of an ordinary historian, but then his task is very different. He has not only to construct, but to destroy; to destroy, in fact, in order that he may construct. He has to clear the ground of a thick growth of fancy and fable before he can build up the temple of truth. It has become a phrase now to talk of the legend of Napoleon, but few people have any idea of the mass of falsehoods of which the popular history of this man is composed. Napoleon was himself one of the most unscrupulous and industrious liars that ever lived. He was utterly destitute of any sense of honour or truthfulness. He lied from morning to night; he told lies to everybody he met, even to the smallest people, and about everything he had to do with, even the most petty and trivial things. Some persons are restrained from telling lies by the reflection that the people to whom they are told must know the statements to be untrue. But Napoleon was far above this weakness. He would gravely declare that he had never uttered certain words or signed a particular document before people who were quite aware that he knew they had heard him use the words or seen him sign the paper. He destroyed official reports—those of the battle of Marengo, for example—and forged others. His private correspondence, which has been published in our own day, constantly contradicts his official statements, and is also full of falsehoods. His last years were spent at St. Helena in weaving a bewildering web of fable and misrepresentation. Highly imaginative historians have garnished this mass of lies with little fancies and inventions of their own; and hence it is quite as much M. Lanfrey's business to show what Napoleon was not as what he was. M. Lanfrey's History may not be a final and perfect History of Napoleon; but it is at present the only one worth reading, the only one that gives anything like a true account of the real man. Other histories are only myths and legends.

M. Lanfrey's work is addressed especially to his own countrymen, whose illusions on this subject are stronger and more obstinate than those of other people, but it well deserved to be translated. The present volume has an especial interest for Englishmen, for it deals with the hollow Peace of Amiens and the renewal of the war between England and France. This is a very important part of our history, and one as to which English opinion is not so clear and well informed as it might be. M. Thiers, it will be remembered, makes very short work of this passage in the career of his hero. England, he says, made peace because she was exhausted, and then went to war again out of sheer jealousy of Napoleon's glory. The truth is that in 1801 each side had good reasons for desiring a truce, if not a peace. England was suffering from bad harvests, famine prices, heavy taxes, and the uneasiness produced by the King's illness and the Catholic claims. Pitt had made way for Addington. The gladness with which the news of the Peace was received proves the eagerness with which it was desired. "Never, perhaps," says the *Annual Register*, "since the restoration of Charles II. was the general joy in England so high and extravagant." On the other hand, however, Napoleon had equally pressing and urgent motives for wishing a cessation of hostilities. The Consulate was about to blossom into the Empire, and it was necessary that the change should be effected at a moment when everything seemed prosperous and glorious for France. A vast empire stretching to the Alps and the Rhine had already been created. Belgium and North Italy were governed from Paris; Holland, Spain, Portugal, and Switzerland were held in virtual subjection, and French influence was paramount in Germany. There was enough here to dazzle the imagination and to satisfy the national ambition of France, which had never been so powerful even in the days of Louis XIV. Bonaparte had hoped before this to have struck an effectual blow at England, the nation he feared and hated the most, but just then circumstances were hardly propitious. Nelson's victory in the Baltic and the death of Paul I. had broken up the League of Neutrals, on which he reckoned for important naval help. Russia, from being the enemy, had become the ally of England. For the moment it was clearly better for Bonaparte to keep what he had, and get it ratified by treaty, and to settle accounts with England at some more favourable opportunity. It is significant of the spirit in which he acted that the progress of the negotiations did not interrupt his projects of aggrandizement. Before the Peace of Amiens was concluded, he was already carrying out three or four different schemes which could not fail to endanger its stability. He effected the definite confiscation of all those small States such as Holland, Switzerland, the Republic of Genoa, and the Cisalpine Republic, which since the Revolution had fallen under the control of France. The English Ministry naturally refused to ratify these acts of violence and usurpation, but they made no attempt to oppose them. It is evident that Napoleon had taken the measure of the men he had to deal with, and had come to the conclusion that for the sake of peace there was scarcely anything they would not submit to. In this he was mistaken, but when we review the facts we must admit that the mistake was not altogether unnatural. The episode is not perhaps without its lesson for our own day.

During the negotiations Napoleon had repeatedly urged upon the English Government that "libellers"—that is, writers who dared to speak ill of him—should be classed with assassins, and should as such be liable to extradition. It was inevitable that the request should be refused, but unfortunately the refusal was conveyed with a gentleness which was certain to be misunderstood. Even when a demand was subsequently made for the expulsion or punishment of Peltier, Cobbett, and others, "in the name of the law of nations," Addington, instead of at once declaring that anything of the kind was simply impossible and could not for a moment be thought of, was weak enough to instruct Lord Hawkesbury to give a temporizing answer. Napoleon was assured that he was no worse treated by the newspapers than the English Government itself, which always disregarded such attacks; but it was added that the Attorney-General would be consulted as to whether any steps could be taken. As to the refugees, a promise was given that those in Jersey should be sent to England, and it was hinted that possibly Georges and the principal Chouans might be despatched to Canada. Bonaparte's only reply was a formal demand for the suppression of "seditious publications," the expulsion of the refugees in Jersey, the deportation of Georges and his adherents to America, and the banishment of all the princes of the House of Bourbon. These things were asked for under the alleged authority of the law of nations. At the very time when Bonaparte was pressing these insolent demands he had, with the assistance of the infamous Barrère, organized a special press for the purpose of slandering and insulting the English Government, and to these wretched sheets he was himself not above contributing an occasional passage of coarse and brutal invective, or some more than usually audacious falsehood. A familiar phrase occurs in one of the numbers of the *Moniteur* about this time:—"What a difference between a people who make conquests from a love of glory and a nation of shopkeepers turned filibusters!" His next stroke was the definitive union of Piedmont and Elba to France—a defiance which was accompanied by a show of preparations for war. Bonaparte, encouraged by the idea he had formed of Addington's weakness and pusillanimity, imagined that it was necessary only to heap up insults and outrages on the English Government in order to terrify it into submission. On January 3 the official *Moniteur* published Sebastiani's report of his mission to the East, giving an enumeration of the English and

* *The History of Napoleon the First.* By P. Lanfrey. Vol. II. London: Macmillan & Co. 1872.

Turkish forces, and stating by way of conclusion that "six thousand French would suffice to reconquer Egypt." At the same time Bonaparte took a high tone with Lord Whitworth, our Ambassador at Paris. When reminded that he had violated the treaty by his proceedings with regard to Switzerland and Piedmont, he observed disdainfully that these were mere trifles, and that what he had taken he meant to keep. As the English Government did not yet give way, he thought he would try a stronger dose of insolent menace. Two days after his interview with Lord Whitworth the *Moniteur* published the annual report on the state of the country. It described England as given over to the squabbles of rival parties, and added that, "while the struggle lasts, there are measures which prudence dictates to the Government of the Republic; five hundred thousand men ought to be, and shall be, ready to defend and to revenge it." This was too much even for Addington, and war was soon after renewed. It would seem that Napoleon had formed an exaggerated estimate of Addington's weakness, and that in any case he had left out of account that the Minister's power depended on the will of the country, and public feeling in England had undergone a serious revulsion since the peace was signed. There had been doubts as to the first war, which though justified by the temper and threats of the Convention, had the appearance of being an attack on the domestic freedom of France. There were no doubts as to the second war, because it was seen to be demanded for the safety, not only of England, but of Europe.

We need not follow M. Laufrey through the history of the European war, which in this volume is brought down to Jena. We will only say that he underrates, in our opinion, the perils of England at the time of the threatened invasion, when our fleet was put on a false scent, and, but for a combination of rather lucky accidents, things might have gone hardly with us. One of the most interesting chapters is that devoted to the authentic history of the way in which the conspiracy of Georges and Pichegru was nursed by Bonaparte and his police, the entanglement of Moreau, and the murder of the Duke of Enghien. Scattered through the volume there are some curious passages, which we are tempted to bring together, bearing on Napoleon's connexion with journalism and literature. He always spoke with the greatest contempt of men of letters; but this contempt was only an affectation which betrayed, instead of concealing, how much he suffered at their hands. Nothing made him detest England so much as the freedom of the press, which was open alike to natives and to foreigners. His private correspondence shows the importance he attached to getting the writers on his side. So intense was the morbid vanity of the man that, even in the height of his greatness, he would writhe under a sharp sentence from some obscure or unknown journalist, and would even take up the pen himself to answer the attack, or, rather, to overwhelm his critic with the coarsest and most outrageous abuse. In 1803, of the twelve newspapers to which the Consular decree of the year VIII. had reduced the press of Paris, only eight remained, owing to fresh suppressions ordered by Bonaparte. These wretched prints existed only on sufferance. In one day Bonaparte, amidst all his labours, found time to write three letters to the Grand Juge Régnier about the press. In the first he ordered the Grand Juge to reprimand the proprietors of the *Journal des Débats* and of the *Publiciste* for having published news taken from German papers relative to the "pretended armaments"—which were very real armaments—in the ports of Russia. In another he directed an intimation to be sent to the proprietor of the *Citoyen français* that he must change his editor. The third prohibited the newspapers from republishing political news copied from foreign gazettes. "The journalists," he added, "are free to report the news published by the official paper." Fouché having sent him some notes on the powerlessness of Russia, written by one of his agents, Bonaparte directed them to be published "in a newspaper, as translated from an English paper; choose the name of one that is little known." Not content with "inspiring" the press through the Grand Juge and the police, Bonaparte was at times a frequent contributor to the *Moniteur*, the official organ, and in fact the only paper which was read by the people of France. There is the true Napoleonic ring in some of the diatribes against England. The whole nation is accused in one of the articles of having caught the disease of its King. The refusal of Catholic emancipation suggests the remark that "a prince, insane and without faith, had re-established the laws of Nero and Domitian." "Why," the *Moniteur* asks on another occasion, "why are we at war? Because the English people have no one to conduct their affairs but a mad King and a Prime Minister who is like an old nurse." This is exactly the style which Napoleon did not hesitate to introduce even into his public bulletins—such, for example as those in which he pursued the unfortunate Queen of Prussia with vile and malignant calumnies. He described her as the sole author of the war, and attributed her interference to her passion for the Emperor of Russia. "The explanation," he said, "was to be found in the engraving which represented on one side the handsome Emperor of Russia and the Queen close to him, and on the other the King stretching out his hand over the tomb of the Great Frederick. The Queen, dressed in a shawl very much like the engravings of Lady Hamilton in London, is placing her hand on her heart, and appears to be looking at the Emperor of Russia." "The shade of Frederick," adds Napoleon, "must have been indignant at this scandalous scene." And in a succession of bulletins he repeated the cowardly slander. On the renewal of the war with England the First Consul offered rewards for verses against the enemy, and a "humorous" poem on the Goddams, supposed to be written by a French dog, filled the columns of the *Moniteur*. An unknown person having written some stanzas without being paid for it, Bonaparte's suspicions were at once aroused, and he immediately wrote to the Grand Juge, "It is advisable to know who is the author of this song; although it appears written with praiseworthy intentions, the police ought not to be unacquainted with any movement." Napoleon, with many great qualities, was certainly on one side of his character one of the meanest and shabbiest creatures in the world; and in a true picture it is necessary that both sides should be shown, though, as we have said, we think M. Laufrey sometimes makes too much of trifles.

BRIGHT MORNING.*

THERE are enigmas enough in life, confused, contradictory, inexplicable; but the various forms of morality patronized by novelists are among the most puzzling of all. Now we have the ascetic school, where people qualify themselves for canonization by all sorts of works of supererogation and unnecessary self-sacrifice; now the sect which wears its virtues like an old glove, and, for the sake of a passionate will, scatters the most solemn obligations and duties like chaff before the wind. One hero breaks his manly heart and wrecks a useful life through despair at an involuntary crime; another, meant to be accepted as a good fellow in the main, commits acts of baseness and rascality without an effort to disentangle right from wrong. A sweet and sensitive heroine sails perilously near the wind in the matter of certain clauses in the Second Table, but never seems to know that such a thing as remorse exists; while an angel of the back slums preserves a seraphic purity in circumstances wherein it would be impossible to find even ordinary decency. Between these two extremes—the virtue which is so tender that it cannot bear the rude breath of actual life without pain, and the virtue which is so tough that it can go through the mill and come out at the other end as good as new—we are at a loss to understand what is the truth of human nature; and were we to follow the creed of the novelists, we should be lost in a swamp only to land in a jungle.

Bright Morning is a book which, bristling with many commonplace defects, has this peculiar quality of an original morality. It is a story abounding with the vices of the virtuous and the loveableness of the vicious, and no great blame to anyone. Indeed it seems to make very little difference whether the characters are labelled bad or good to start with, for they all fall short of ordinary morality as they go on, and end in a happy confusion of qualities wherein wrong is not so very wrong after all, and right is by no means distressingly rigid. When a young woman, broken-hearted because her handsome scampish lover has jilted her, marries an elderly, worthy sort of man for his money, and fails in every honourable fulfilment of her covenanted duties, the writer shows no sense of blame. Because she loves her boy, and looks pretty while she spends her time in caressing him in the sensual, silly way which novelists delight to depict, and which is profoundly untrue to real life, she is held free to encourage the child to disobey his father, while she herself defies her husband, and holds his reasonable demands as insolent interference. Because she has had a heart blow, she allows herself to cherish years of bad temper and unwomanly hardness; lamenting herself as a sacrifice when she is in point of fact a criminal, and hating her husband as her tyrant when he is all the while her victim. We have seldom met with a more inane and provoking creature than this same Beatrice or Trixie O'Neil. Wayward, passionate, undisciplined, she does not come before us with one recommendation to our regard beyond her beauty. Hence Miss Grant has built up her heroine on the slenderest base on which that odd simulacrum of womanhood can be constructed, and the result is a person whose claims to our sympathy and esteem would be gravely endangered by a fit of indigestion, and totally destroyed by an attack of small-pox or a pimple on her nose. Of depth or dignity she has none; of pure and wholesome affection none; her love for Godfrey Hamilton is due only to the fact of his physical beauty and muscular strength; and his own style of love-making—which, by the way, strikes us as being singularly unlike the love-making of a gentleman to a lady, but more after the pattern of that of a *roué* to a barmaid, and which is a compound of impertinent familiarity and thinly veiled sensuality—gives the key to the source whence the heroine's passion draws its nourishment and maintains its force.

Nothing is more damaging to the true merit of a work of fiction than this constant presentation of personal beauty as a make-weight against the crooked morality of a low nature. The one is only a kind of outside fact to the reader, a mere bit of colouring; the other is the very soul of the story. Intrinsic worthlessness is not rendered interesting by continually dwelling on the pair of dark blue Irish eyes that have such witchery in their glances; and a snob is a snob all through, though he has a crop of golden curls and stands six foot two in his stockings. And when we are expected to be interested in the former, and to feel benovolently towards the latter, notwithstanding their joint worthlessness and because of

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* *Bright Morning.* By Maria M. Grant, Author of "Artiste." 3 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1873.

their joint beauty, we are only conscious of the author's unsubstantiality of treatment, and the want of a true insight and a high ideal.

The sensuality of *Bright Morning* is persistent and wearisome. It is stuffed full of dark eyes and scarlet lips, of hands that touch each other lingeringly in the twilight, and of heads that bend close together, with the dangerous consequences that follow. If a man looks handsome, a girl falls in love on the spot; if a woman looks bewitching, a man is ready to play the fool or the scoundrel, as his nature determines. Ogling is about the strongest line the fishers of hearts can throw; and Godfrey forswears Trixie, with whom he is desperately in love after his manner, because Adelaide Cathcart looks into his face, "and her eyes were very pleasing to him, so soft and dark, and so near his own." This Adelaide Cathcart, by the way, is a cold and heartless heiress with whom Godfrey has flirted in the past season, and made way. She has no love to give, having in her turn encountered the fate so liberally accorded by novel-writers to their ladies, which doomed her to a lifelong sorrow, effectually concealed by a liberal amount of flirting and the astuteness of an old gambler in making her game. She is rich, handsome, and a *parvenue*. It behoves her then to marry station for the one part and good looks for the other. At the moment when she looks into Godfrey Hamilton's face she is undecided between him and Lord Harry Palgrave. She has been questioning Godfrey of "the romantic story, you know, about your lady-love up in the North—your engagement, you know;" and he for answer has replied, "Rubbish; who could have told *you* such a story?" "Why not to me?" says Adelaide; and then their eyes meet, "hers dark and soft, and near his own." The scene goes on thus:—

"Why not to me?" she repeated.

"Because you are the last person I should have imagined could have believed such a thing," he answered her; and then his hand stole out in the dusky firelight, and for one moment his fingers closed fast on hers. She let him hold her hand for an instant.

He looked very handsome as he bent towards her in the fire-glow, a hot flush on his cheek, a bright glitter in his eyes.

"I think I will marry him!" she whispered to herself. "Harry Palgrave is such a hopeless fool!"

"Is it not true?" she said aloud, and her gaze still softened as it sank into his.

Ah, Godfrey! He would have found courage to face the bristling ramparts of a fortress, to walk to the very cannon's mouth; but with her eyes still upon him, with her hand still touching his, no courage came, no power to speak, in truth, the answer to her words.

"You are the last person who should believe such stories," he said.

And then some one interrupted them, and he rose from the sofa by her side.

"It is all a *canard*," she thought to herself; "he is fair game yet. I think I'll throw over Harry Palgrave, after all. Poor Harry!" and then she went off to dress.

After this we hear of a love-letter from Trixie, "warm and rich with tender names and little sweet love words," which "made his cheeks crimson and his heart beat anew." So Godfrey, or "Goff" for short, goes on for a few more sentences, vacillating between his love in the North and his enchantress in the South, with duns and debts to strengthen the hands of the latter, "whose subtle influence was gathering round him like a spell." It is some consolation to know that this "six feet two of such physical energies" loses both ladies; giving up one and being given up by the other; and that he disappears as a "failure," in the odour not of sanctity but of Basinghall Street.

After her disappointment through Godfrey, Trixie, having grown hard, and dangerous about the eyes, marries Mr. Forde, the wealthy shipbuilder, to whom she behaves with infinite ill-temper and want of feeling. He is not described as a very charming or fascinating man, but he is kind and generous, and he loves his pretty doll with truth and fervour, deserving better things at her hands than those she gives him. The marriage is unhappy, mainly owing to the young wife's morose humours; Mr. Forde, after trying to make matters better, yielding to the inevitable, and accepting his bitter fate with a spirit as hard and as morose as her own. They have a boy; and here Miss Grant's muse, from being sickly, becomes sickening. If such a child and such a mother were met in real life, how heartily tired of both we should be before ten minutes had passed! It is all in this strain:—

Trixie sat on a low chair near the window, and her boy, with his arms flung round her, leant his fair head back upon her shoulder, and was laughing in bright saucy triumph into her face.

They had been evidently having a contest, and Rupert had won; and she held him close to her, and bent over him a countenance flushed with exertion, and eyes full of eager tenderness, half-amused, half-unwilling, yet glad to yield, a countenance so lovely,—it seemed to Jim as if it came to him from his dreams.

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Jim looked into the handsome proud young face, and said nothing. It was such a curious picture to him, the combination; the little delicate features had the strong, determined expression he remembered in the countenance of the boy's father, and the blue shadowy eyes, the flushed cheek, the passionate quivering lip, were moulded and coloured with the rich warmth of his mother's beauty.

"Ru, go to your tea," said Trixie presently; "it is half-past five; it is more than time."

He looked at her from his contemplation of Jim with an indolent, half-rebellious glance, and hesitated a moment, then unexpectedly he made up his mind to go.

"Poor stern undemonstrative Andrew Forde," who "worshipped the child" and who happened to be only his father, is nowhere in this nursery idyl; and, by way of a last endeavour to exercise some authority in his own house, he takes the boy away in secret and puts him to a school where his mother cannot find him. On this of course Trixie goes mad, or what is equivalent to mad; and Godfrey, who has come home again, and is singeing his wings and hers by fluttering round the flame of an unlawful love, takes advantage of her distracted state to lure her away with him, and thus ruin her character for ever. If it had not been for "Jim," otherwise James Lindsay, her cousin, who had loved her undeclared and undetected all his life, she would have been destroyed in fact as she is in appearance. The incident is not too delicate, but it is only too much in harmony with the prevailing tone of the book; and, unpleasant as it is, comes in as the natural consequence of what has gone before. In the end the boy and the husband and Godfrey Hamilton all die; and Trixie is thus free to marry her faithful swain, and to reward a constancy that had withstood all assaults.

We have a word or two, however, to say about Jim Lindsay. He is the *preux chevalier par excellence* of the story; the man of merit and of virtue, pure, true, and manly. But even he can moon and gloat over the idea of seeing Trixie again when he returns from India to England, though he knows that she has been married for seven years; and when he goes with her to the nursery, and they both look on the sleeping child, "a wild, strong, intoxicating temptation" to tell her that he loved her, and had always loved her, nearly overpowered him. Because she did not love her husband, he argued that it "could *not* be sin now, surely, to bend over her in her utter loneliness, and whisper his lifelong devotion into her ear." We fear that Miss Grant's method would prove more pleasant than safe to souls battling with temptation and the Seventh Commandment; and that if the virtuous men think they may make love to a married woman over the bed of her child, because she has been an undutiful and unloving wife, there would be but little chance for poor shivering morality when it came to the vicious ones. If Joseph may palter with sin, what of Juan? Add to this questionable morality a loaded style, peculiarities of grammar that defy the authority of Lindley Murray, and a general air of slipslop that never deviates into correctness or dignity, and we have the main characteristics of a poor and worthless book.

THE REGISTER OF ARCHBISHOP GRAY.*

We are always glad to get a new volume from the Surtees Society. Their books always contain sterling matter, and their range spreads over so wide a field in point of time as to supply something for almost any taste which is a taste for past times at all. They give us matter ranging from the earliest days of Northumbrian Christianity down to the contemporaries of the Restoration of Charles the Second. Bæda and Cosin come alike within the sphere of Surtees editorship. The volume which Mr. Raine here gives us belongs to an intermediate stage. It has to deal with perhaps the most famous of the Archbishops of York in the thirteenth century. Walter Gray is, we suspect, best known from a wonderful story, to be found in Matthew Paris, or what we commonly call Matthew Paris (for of course it is really Roger of Wendover), and in a more modern form in Godwin's Catalogue, how he stored up corn for five years, how it was eaten of rats and mice—the later writer prudently substitutes "mures," a somewhat vague word, for the more definite and less likely "sorices," or shrews of the earlier—and how the snakes and adders and terrible toads put their noses out of the stack, and how "moreover they all heard an unknown voice saying unto them, Let the corne alone, for the Archb. and all he hath is the divel's possession." Mr. Raine evidently thinks much better of Walter Gray, who certainly was a man who played a great part both in national and local affairs; and even in the matter of the corn one would like to have some surer witness against him than that of toads, snakes, and unknown voices. Walter Gray held the see of York for forty years. And Mr. Raine tells us that he was the first English prelate who has left a Register behind him. He also tells us that this is the first Register of the kind which has been actually printed in England, though there is another—also from the province of York, though from the diocese of Durham—now printing in the series of Chronicles and Memorials. To the Register itself Mr. Raine has added by way of Appendix a great number of other documents in which Walter Gray was concerned, gathered together from various quarters. The Register itself consists of two distinct rolls, the entries in which begin in the year 1225, the records of the first two years of Walter's archiepiscopate having been lost. A great many of the entries are naturally only of a formal kind—records of institutions and such like ministerial acts. In these cases Mr. Raine has not thought it needful to reprint the whole of these documents, which of course include a great deal of mere legal phraseology which cannot differ greatly in each particular case. Documents of this class Mr. Raine has been contented to calendar, giving merely a summary in English. But he assures us that he has preserved every fact which these formal entries contain, and especially that he has given all the proper names in such shape as he finds them in the Register, whether right or wrong. Documents of any intrinsic interest he of course prints at length in the original. These different ways of treating documents which are brought close together in the same or in opposite pages give some parts of the book rather an odd look, and in the hands of some editors we can fancy that the practice might be

* *The Register, or Rolls, of Walter Gray, Archbishop of York.* With Appendices of Illustrative Documents. Published for the [Surtees] Society by Andrews & Co., Durham; Whittaker & Co., London, &c. 1872.

dangerous. We believe however that Mr. Raine may be trusted to settle what is worth giving in full and what is not, and certainly, for all general and for most local purposes, it is enough to have the names and dates without the endless repetition of the mere formulæ in each case. The documents which Mr. Raine has collected in his two Appendices are of course given at full length, and these are naturally more valuable for general purposes than the Register itself. Here is a specimen of the form which these documents take in the abridged form given them by Mr. Raine:—

Claverceburg, Kal. Dec. 14th, 1229.—License, with the consent of the prioress and convent of Selford, patrons, M. the rector and R. the vicar of Laxington, for dom. R. de Laxinton to build a chapel "in curia sua de Laxinton," and to have a chaplain ministering there, reserving the rights of the parish church. By the hand of Mr. Simon de Evesham.

Here we learn less than usual, for the names of some of the parties concerned are not given in full. But in this respect the perfect document itself could not have been any fuller, and we see how everybody was described, who was "Dominus" and who was "Magister." Mr. Raine's "Mr." has a singularly modern look as applied to these thirteenth-century personages. But as he uses it throughout as a received abbrevintion for "magister," there seems to be nothing to be said against it.

Mr. Raine in his Preface gives a general sketch of the state of things during the time that the see of York was held by Walter Gray. We must remember that during the fifteen years of his incumbency he was one of the chief persons in the kingdom, and was constantly employed in public affairs and holding great offices of all kinds. Yet it certainly does not seem that he neglected his own diocese, like his more famous successor, Wolsey, who never found time even to be enthroned till after his fall from temporal power. Walter Gray was evidently a great deal in his diocese, and he was constantly moving about to different parts of it when he was there. Mr. Raine gives a list of his movements during the year 1228, in which he appears in a great number of his houses and in other places in the diocese; indeed he seems seldom to have stayed a whole week in any one place. It must however be noted that, among these many places of archiepiscopal dwelling or sojourn, the metropolitan city itself is not to be found. The old connexion between the Bishop and his own church was fast falling asunder. Mr. Raine has a good deal to say about capitular matters. It is plain that in Walter Gray's time the Chapter had by no means lost its primitive character as the Bishop's Council, though the way in which it acted as such was beginning to take a rather strange form. Walter Gray seemingly did not trouble himself often to preside in the Chapter-house at York; but in 1227 he got a Bull from Pope Honorius the Third to allow "quatuor personæ majores et digniores Eboracensis ecclesiæ"—that is to say, the Dean, Precentor, Chancellor, and Treasurer, who were of course bound to strict residence at York—to come to the Archbishop wherever he might be, and give him the benefit of their counsels, without such absence being reckoned as breach of residence or involving any consequent loss of income. The license however ends with a warning against this liberty of occasional absence being turned into permanent non-residence:—

Dum tamen tales se per hoc ab ecclesia continuo non absentent per quod ipsa eorum obsequio defraudetur.

In another letter of the same Pope in the same year we find a question about a certain "Magister Laurentius de Sancto Nicholao," whom the Pope describes as "Subdiaconus et capellanus noster," who, like many other foreigners in those days, held English preferment in the form of a prebend at York. This prebend, it seems, had no particular endowment, but had simply a share in the common revenue of the church, whether its holder were present or absent ("tempore predecessorum ejus non erat alicujus certi valoris, nec consistebat in aliquo certo loco, sed tantummodo in communa, quæ quandoque plus quandoque minus pro temporum varietate valebat, ejusque proventus, sive præsentes essent sive absentes, percipiebant in duobus terminis annuatim"). But Archbishop Gray himself and his Chapter had lately made a statute, on account of the small number of canons who kept residence ("quia valde pauci canonici residentiam in ecclesia faciebant")—they at least did not look forward to a time when there should be only one—by which those canons only were to have a share in the dividend who kept residence and attended the services. By this statute the holder of the particular prebend held by Master Lawrence was to have as his corps a yearly payment of six marks, whether he resided or not, with a share in the divisible property if he resided. As these six marks formed a less income than that of the prebends in general ("quia prebenda illa quam contulisti prefato magistro respectu aliarum nimis videtur exilis"), the Archbishop had further given him the church of Trokelinton or Tockerington. On this the Dean and Chapter took occasion to refuse Master Lawrence his payment of the six marks on the ground of his being otherwise provided for, and the Pope writes to the Archbishop because this alleged wrong is to be redressed. This is one of those pieces of capitular history which show how nearly the same questions were going on in different places at the same time. Walter Gray at York was contemporary with Jocelin at Wells, and both were doing the same work, that of tempting their canons into residence, by making it their interest to reside. The stage of throwing hindrances in the way of residence, in order to increase the incomes of those who are already residing, came later.

Another matter about which there is a great deal in these documents is the jurisdiction of the Archbishops of York over the Archbishops of Scotland. Mr. Raine sets forth his private opinion on this matter in a shape which to many will sound startling:—

It is sometimes said that the Northern Convocation is too small in numbers. I long to see the Scottish bishops reincluded among the suffragans of York. The greatest blow that Scotland ever inflicted upon her Church was when she made it independent of York.

It is plain that in Walter Gray's time the Archbishop of York exercised full metropolitan jurisdiction over the see of Whitherne, or Candida Casa. At one time we find the Archbishop summoning the King of Scots to appear and discuss matters touching the election to that see. In another case we find Archbishop Walter and King Alexander joining to annul the election of the convent. Anyhow it is plain that the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of York in those parts was at least as fully acknowledged as that of the King of Scots, whom the convent speaks of in a somewhat significant way as "Dominus Rex Scotiæ qui modo Galwezzam tenit." But we do not find the Archbishop exercising any authority in any other diocese either of the kingdom of Scotland or of the other lands held by its King. We get however some notices of the Bishopric of Man, and of the fact, of which we should like some explanation, that the electors to that see were the abbot and convent of Furness. The see was then held to be suffragan to the province of Nidaros or Trondhjem in Norway; but as the perils of the sea were so great that the Bishops of Man could hardly ever get at their metropolitan, Innocent the Fourth allows that they shall be confirmed and consecrated by the Archbishops of York.

We mark in one entry of 1229 two persons described as Hugh the son of Waltheof and Edusa (Hadwisa?) the daughter of Alwy (Ælfwig). This is one of the endless instances in which we find the Norman names supplanting the English, the father being called after the elder, and the children after the newer, fashion.

We quote the following passage from Mr. Raine's preface:—

In one instance only do I find the archbishop mentioned in connection with education, and that is in the gift of a house in Oxford, called Black Hall, to the University, which was then really contained in the college of that name. In making this donation he had before him the example of one of his own friends—William of Lanchaun, Archdeacon of Durham and Canon of York. This brings the Archbishop into close connexion with the true founder of University College, and therefore of the University of Oxford, on which the gratuitous assumption of a remote antiquity confers nothing but the ridicule of scholars.

We are thankful to any one who will help us in showing up "the fable of the millenarians"; but we do not understand what Mr. Raine means by the University being "really contained in the College of that name," or by "founder of University College, and *therefore of the University of Oxford*." The University began in the twelfth century, the Colleges in the thirteenth. Nor do we quite understand Mr. Raine when he says:—

In the infancy of cathedral institutions the bishop resided at the cathedral church, and was its head, an *abbat* acting under him, with the title of vice-dominus, who was probably the deputy of the prelate.

He adds that at York Archbishop Thomas the First "placed a dean in the room of the ancient abbat." As York was always secular, we cannot make out about the "abbat."

It must not be forgotten that Walter Gray was one of the great builders of the thirteenth century, and that his works are to be seen both at York and in his other minsters and houses. Among them is Bishopthorpe, where he bought the manor and gave it to the Chapter in trust for his successors. In the manor-house—vulgarly called the "Palace"—his chapel still remains, with a building not designed by him standing over it. In the true Palace at York—now utterly forsaken for the rural retreat—he built the chapel which now forms the library where Mr. Raine so worthily presides over the capitular treasures.

PERSIA AND "THE DEBATABLE LANDS."*

IT would be difficult to over-estimate the usefulness of the task which Mr. Wheeler has lately undertaken to accomplish—the indication, namely, of "the political status of those countries which lie between Persia on the one side and Khiva, Bokhara, and Afghanistan on the other." But the difficulty, as well as the usefulness, of compiling trustworthy information on Central Asia has just been illustrated by our present geographical muddle over the boundary of Badakhshan, and also—we must say it—by the present work itself, for Mr. Wheeler's "political status" turns out to be something little short of chaos. The "Memorandum" reveals a state of things in which boundaries, principalities, and powers change and interchange in a manner suggestive of the doctrine of transmutation of energy. Mr. Wheeler very properly calls the border territories, of which he writes, "debatable lands"; and of these it would seem that Badakhshan is, or rather was, a continuation eastwards. To complete his sketch the author first submits a summary of modern Persian history, whose beginning is dated from about the year 1500, when religious bigotry or enthusiasm—always a convenient and potent political instrument in the East—enabled the Shiah prophet, Shah Ismail, to overthrow the Sunni successors of Timour, and

* *Memorandum on Persian Affairs; with a Supplementary Note on the Turkomans, Char-Eimaks, and Seistan.* By J. Talboys Wheeler, Secretary to the Chief Commissioner of British Burmah. Calcutta: Office of Superintendent of Government Printing. 1871.

to found the Sophi dynasty. Under the greatest of the Sophis, Shah Abbas, who reigned at the beginning of the seventeenth century, Persia reached the summit of its power and splendour—its limits reaching to the Oxus, and including Herat and Candahar. After him of course came the deluge; and Peria was despoiled of Georgia, Azerbidjan, and Koordistan. An Afghan reign of terror lasted from 1722 to 1730, when cannibalism was openly practised in the streets of the capital. But at the second date the usual saviour of society appeared in a Khorassan robber, Nadir Shah, under whom Persia included the whole vast tract of territory from the Oxus and the Caspian to the Indus, and therefore the homes of those lawless scoundrels, the Turkomans, whose "independence," as it is styled, has at all times been a curse to their neighbours. Nadir Shah was a Sunni, therefore not loved, and, probably for the same reason, murdered at the holy Shiah shrine of Meshed. After him came the Zend dynasty, whose representatives distinguished themselves by deeds of orthodox atrocity—poisoning their rivals, or beating out their brains "with wooden mallets." Even the noblest characters in that nation which has been styled an Oriental France occasionally break out like wild beasts. Lootf, last of the Zends, is described as "the ideal of an Iranian warrior"; yet he burnt a man alive for a comparatively slight offence, of which, after all, it was not clear that the victim was guilty. But the most appalling monster of them all was Agha Mohammed Khan, the first king of the now reigning Kajar dynasty. He is described as a shrivelled diminutive eunuch, who blinded 7,000 inhabitants of Kerman on the charge that they had assisted in the escape of his rival, and afterwards tore out the eyes of Lootf with his own hands. Agha's triumphal pyramid of skulls was seen by Sir Henry Pottinger in 1810, thirteen years after its erection. But the long reign—1796 to 1834—of Agha's nephew and successor, Futteh Ali, was a vast improvement upon that of any of his predecessors. The residence of English, French, and Russian representatives gave a new dignity to the Persian Court, whose interests were thenceforth intimately bound up with the course of European politics; and the moral force of the presence of a superior civilization was revealed in the abandonment of old and barbarous modes of execution, and in the gradual adoption of European manners. Yet our "Memorandum" shows how, even in Futteh Ali's time, the old Adam of savagery could break out on provocation. And Futteh's descendant, who, in spite of the pious arguments and warnings of the Mollahs, is determined to be the first Persian Shah to visit England, could tell tales of some unlovely scenes at which his own Majesty assisted—when headless bodies of Turkomans were dragged through the camp, and their bodiless heads paid for in hard cash.

Like other Asiatic princes ambitious of emulating Alexander, Darius Hystaspes, Timour, and other historic conquerors, Futteh Ali signalized his reign by repeated efforts to win back the limits of the old empire of Nadir Shah. Mr. Wheeler points out that some of these attempts were made in conscious violation of international law, according to which the Shah's claims must have become invalid after a lapse of sixty years. This argument, however, cannot apply to the case of the province of Khorassan, reconquered by Agha in 1796. Many readers will be surprised to learn how very recently it was that this important province became an integral portion of Persia. Indeed it would appear from the "Memorandum" that, until the year 1848, Khorassan might pretty correctly be described as "a debatable land." It was under the sway of petty chiefs who owed obedience to the "prince-governor" at Meshed, and paid it when it pleased themselves. Abbas Mirza, the ablest of these lieutenants, subdued the refractory chiefs in 1830; but they broke out again in 1835, during the reign of Mahmood Shah, the third Kajar. Once more they rebelled in the year 1848—the present Shah then reigning—while the Turkoman hordes went plundering over the province. Quite different, however, was the point of international law with respect to Herat, which Persia unsuccessfully attempted to seize in 1809, and again in 1817. The blood-and-iron argument having failed, the prince-governor, Abbas Mirza, in 1830 had the pleasure of securing the person of the Herati Minister, and then, by way of assuring him of the righteousness of the Shah's claims, drew two of his Excellency's teeth. It is gratifying to learn that the worthy Mirza had only the teeth for his trouble, and that Yar Mahomed went home to Herat with great *éclat*. It will hardly be necessary to remind our readers that the subsequent attempts of Persia on Herat ended in the Paris treaty of 1857, according to which "the Shah relinquished all claim to suzerainty in Herat and the countries of Afghanistan, and engaged to abstain from all interference in their internal affairs." Similar claims were made on Beloochistan in 1839, but that country revolted in about ten years, and since that time it appears to have remained independent. Lastly, after Nadir's death, the little territory of Seistan passed to the Afghans, and subsequently became independent. No doubt the public will soon be in possession of the political and geographical facts ascertained by the recent British mission to Seistan. Meanwhile we may state, on the authority of the "Memorandum," that "on every pretext" Persia renewed her claims every year after 1853; that in 1863 Lord Russell told the Persian Minister that the Shah and the Afghans must fight it out between them; that in 1867 the Shah established a permanent fort in the territory; and that in 1868 the debatable land formed part of the Persian district of Kayn. Now since, according to the "Memorandum," the districts on the north-western frontier of Afghanistan seem to be still more "debatable" than Seistan, it is not easy to understand on what grounds Lord Granville considers our "ally's" western frontier too well defined to be disputed. According to the map the Huzaras are the subjects of the Afghan Ameer; but according to this compilation the Huzaras are so much their own masters that their fellow-subjects the Heratis are, or have lately been, "a drug" in their slave markets.

The Persians, however they may have violated international law in their career on their Eastern frontier, have had reason enough for interference in Turkomania. Their endless and unsatisfactory wars with those whom we may call the dangerous classes of Cis-Oxania have been—sometimes at least—matter of absolute necessity. What were they to do with people who regarded plunder and kidnapping as the only respectable way of making a living, and who, being pious Sunnis, naturally counted the heretic Shiahs fair booty? Shah Abbas tried what Anglo-Indians would call a "buffer policy," by colonizing Koords on the frontier, and inducing them to keep the peace for a consideration. But in process of time these Koordish constables fraternized with the Turkomans, and became as arrant thieves as they. In 1830 Abbas Mirza marched against the Turkoman headquarters in Sarrakhs—now marked in Khorassan—and liberated three thousand Persian slaves, who fell on one hundred and fifty slave dealers and literally tore them to pieces. After that period they owed, it seems, allegiance to the Khan of Khiva, maintaining it of course only when convenient. Sarrakhs is called one of "the four chief cities of Khorassan"; but it would perhaps be difficult to say whether it is thoroughly Persian. Still more uncertain is—or lately was—the question of the ownership of at least the Northern portion of the Atrek valley. Quite recently a contemporary sounded the alarm over its discovery of "a secret treaty" by which Persia had in 1870 ceded the valley to Russia. But Lord Enfield has since declared, first, that the highest authorities both in Persia and Russia have emphatically disclaimed any knowledge of any such treaty; and, secondly, that "the territories described did not belong to Persia." In fact, the geography and "political status" of all the Turkoman tribes, or dangerous classes, south of the Oxus seem to be in the same state of glorious uncertainty. The Ersari Turkomans, for example, have over and over changed homes and masters, and at present their allegiance seems to be due either to the Khan of Khiva or to Russia's dependency—Bokhara. But of all the Turkoman cities, Merve has given most trouble to Persia. In 1860 the Persians suffered a terrible defeat there—retreating with only 2,000 men out of an army of 40,000. In 1840 Conolly passed by its slave-market, and its "pens," in which unfortunate men, women, and children were "handled like cattle." And in 1855 "the inhabitants were such desperate slave-dealers, that if a man or woman were incautious enough to go to the river alone, he or she were sure to be seized and carried off into slavery." In 1867 the Persians again joined issue with the Turkomans, with what result does not appear. We need not follow Mr. Wheeler's "Memorandum" any further, for the story of Sarrakhs or of Merve is that of every other Turkoman locality. Most readers will agree with the author that those lawless nomads can only be restrained by terror of some strong power. It seems at least that their abominable slave traffic might be suppressed simply by stopping the demand at Khiva.

GREGORY HAWKSHAW.*

IT were much to be wished that there were more authors who sought somewhat the same kind of renown as was gained last century by Single-Speech Hamilton, and who, after having written one good work, instead of writing more, would quietly rest on their fame, and hope that to their name might in time be tacked the epithet of Single-Book. And yet, however much the world noticed the after silence of a man who had shown that he knew how to speak, it might not perhaps be equally surprised at the silence of a man who had shown that he knew how to write. The range of subjects that fall within a speaker's knowledge and interest can scarcely be so confined but that he will from time to time find some matter coming up on which he can speak, and speak well; whereas a writer in his first work may have given forth all that he had to say on a matter which he had for years made his sole study, and which perhaps till he wrote had been but little touched on. Or he may have had in him a curious vein of humour which, though worth working, was nevertheless soon worked out. Or, without having any great literary power, he may have been brought by circumstances into a strange kind of life which he was able to describe with simplicity and truth. When it was said of Milton that he lost by *Paradise Regained* what he had gained by *Paradise Lost*, it was stated of him with an exaggeration that is carried off by the wit, what may, if generally expressed, be said with more or less truth, that a writer often loses by his second work whatever reputation he has gained by his first. More especially is this the case with the last of the three classes of writers whom we have just described; those, namely, who, not being really masters of the author's craft, have yet seen something worth telling, and have been able to tell it with a certain freshness and force. The author of *Tom Brown*, for instance, however successful he may have been in describing the life of a Rugby school-

* *Gregory Hawkshaw; his Character and Opinions.* By the Author of "Colonial Adventures and Experiences by a University Man." London: Bell & Daldy. 1873.

boy, failed utterly when he tried to write the life of an Oxford undergraduate. His first book, with all its faults of style, was interesting, because the writer had opened up a new kind of young life, and wrote with enthusiasm and knowledge. Many an author had told us of the tricks of naughty boys, and many an author had told us of the morality and the piety of good boys. But no one till Mr. Thomas Hughes wrote had traced the growth of that portent of these latter days, the Muscular Christian, who combines all the daring and liveliness of the naughty boy who used to be so dear to us in Smollett or in Marryat with the morality of a hero of Miss Edgeworth and the piety of a hero of Miss Yonge. Then, too, in Dr. Arnold he had to draw the character of a great man whom he had been happy enough to know in his youth, at the time when hero-worship comes most easily. There was nothing, however, in *Tom Brown's School Days* to lead any one who was capable of forming a judgment to suppose that its author would ever bring forth a second story worth reading. "Nec viget quidquam simile aut secundum" may be applied with truth to the first book of such an author as this, if he is so misguided as to follow it up by others. No doubt it now and then happens that one of those writers who are only able to bring forth one good book makes an improvident bargain with his publisher, and so gets little more than a name as his share of reward. He is little to be blamed in that case if he tries to trade upon his name, and to use the reputation of his first work to sell a second. More frequently, however, it happens, we suspect, that he himself, having no critical faculty, is unable to take a just measure of himself and his writings, and is utterly unaware how large a share in his success belongs to his subject.

Such, we have little doubt, is the case with the author of the work before us. His *Colonial Adventures and Experiences by a University Man* was a lively book, and was favourably received. We ourselves read it with interest, and had much pleasure in saying a good word for it. The author had not only a good deal that was interesting to tell of Queensland, the colony which he described, but he had quite as much that was interesting to tell of himself and of that unfortunate class of men—far too large—to which he belonged. His life, so far as it had gone, had been unsuccessful, and he was not ashamed to let the fact be known. He had done nothing at the University, and in the colony he had been little better than a hewer of wood and a drawer of water. Moreover, even at this drudge's work he had done but badly. He had learnt that the philosopher's stone is not to be picked up in Australia, and that if El Dorado is there, it refuses to open its treasures except to those who are good at pick-axe and shovel. He had come across a good deal of curious company, varied indeed in many respects, but almost all alike in having begun badly and gone from bad to worse. He was, as he himself tells us, saved from the utter ruin which befell so many of his comrades who had received a liberal education by the happy fact that he was disinclined to hard drinking. By the kindness of friends he was at last rescued from a life for which he was unfit, and came back to England to make a fresh start. Now, though he was by no means the first University man who had gone through the greatest hardships in one of our colonies, yet, so far as we know, he was the first to make known, not only how much he had suffered, but also how he had brought on himself what he had suffered. In the frankest manner possible he let us into all the foolish hopes he had dangled before himself when in England, and the utter hopelessness into which he soon sunk when in Australia. He had no false shame in telling us of the shifts he had been put to in getting food and lodging, or in making known to the world that a happy bodily temperament had saved him from a drunkard's fate. He had a curious story to tell, and he was lively in telling it. He wrote as long as he had anything worth saying, and when he finished his story, he finished his book. Now, even though a man has failed in a University and failed in a colony, and not only knows that he has failed, but is willing that the world should know it too, we do not therefore, lively though the narrative of his failures may be, at once jump to the conclusion that he is fit to turn author, and to write with a tone of authority on all the questions, little and big, of the age. We should have hoped that our author might, partly at Oxford and partly in Queensland, have attained that knowledge of himself which would have kept him from a third time falling into an absurd estimate of his own powers. He will have to learn by experience that, just as a luxurious college life does not fit a man for the backwoods, so the drudgery of the backwoods does not fit a man for oracular utterances on all matters, theological, moral, political, and social. We left him but a short while ago pleased with his simple modesty; we come back to him offended by his absurd conceit. We are acquainted with A. K. H. B. and his "Recreations," and of course Mr. Sala is not unknown to us; yet we do not believe that we ever read a sillier or a more wordy book than *Gregory Hawkshaw, his Character and Opinions*. We shall probably not do the author injustice if we assume that he himself is his own hero under the most transparent of disguises. Gregory had failed in his University career, had failed in the colonies, had come to England by the aid of friends, and had published a book which was a success. The delight is very evident with which he introduces Gregory's opinion on all kinds of subjects, expressed in the longest of passages. "Here," on one occasion he says, *à propos* of nothing, "by way of commenting I will insert an unpublished fragment expressing Gregory's views on prejudice." Thereupon follow six or seven pages on prejudice, beginning with its derivation from *præ* and *judicium*, which might have been stolen from the *Recreations of a Country Parson* or *A Gentle Life*. Who but has suffered under such passages as the following?—

> It is then of the abstract prejudice, which underlies and influences our feelings, that we wish here to discourse. If we are able to give a sensible reason for our tastes or antipathies, these are not prejudices at all, for if we judge the actions of others before the fact, our judgment is sure to be wrong, and contemptible, and stupid.
>
> All prejudice, or judgment, without a knowledge of facts, must be wrong and unfair.
>
> There are two distinct kinds of prejudice, one proceeding from weakness of intellect, the other from a twist in the understanding; this latter kind of prejudice we call bigotry.

Besides Prejudice, we find settled off for us more or less briefly, in no order at all, Compulsory Attendance at College Chapels, Special Training for the Church, Baptismal Regeneration, Special Providences, Women's Rights, Duties of Godfathers in Baptism, Marriages, High Church, Sunday Schools, the Elevation of the Cup in the Sacrament, Private Schools, Corporal Punishment, Natural Laws and Forces, Novels, Women, Belief, the Punishment of Death, and Mother with a capital letter and in italics. We have not in this list nearly exhausted all the subjects which Mr. Gregory Hawkshaw to his own satisfaction has so fully treated. We should do the author an injustice nevertheless if we were to lead our readers to believe that *Gregory Hawkshaw* is what is called a serious book, and one which, like the two we have named above, it would be a credit to be found reading on a Sunday. So far is this from being the case, that there is no doubt that the author, perhaps without knowing it, has copied from Sterne and from Thackeray, as well as from the severer moralists who still grace this age. When he wrote the opening chapters of the story he was probably fresh from *Tristram Shandy*, and thought that he, too, could catch Sterne's trick. How far he has succeeded the following extract will show:—

> But, good gracious! where, oh my pen, art thou conducting me?—I find that in these few pages I have actually had my hero born, christened, and married. He has written a love-letter which is waiting for an answer.
>
> I have alluded to so many events in his career, that, upon my life, I hardly know which to explain first. I have also introduced no less than three generations of Hawkshaws. I only hope I have not perplexed my readers as utterly as I have myself.

He soon, however, turns from Sterne to Thackeray, and we have him heading each fresh piece of moralizing by addressing his readers as "My friends," or "Oh! my brothers." It would have been well if he had remembered that *sibi constet* was the motto that Thackeray kept before himself, not only in the conception of a whole work, but also of every passage in it. Our author may, if he pleases, parody Thackeray as closely as he can, and bring in Amaryllis, Meliboeus, and Damœtas. But if he looks for his readers to keep in their laughter, let him not at the end of his fine passage turn Amaryllis into Hamaryllis and make a joke about "'am sandwiches." He is far safer in imitating Mr. Sala, as on the one hand he is much more likely to succeed, while, on the other hand, if he does not, his critics will regard his failure with indifference. We could have almost thought that it was the veteran Correspondent himself who was writing when we read:—

> How is it, I wonder, that a long pointed instrument, dipped in a black fluid, and placed in a man's hand, becomes instantly imbued with life and thought?

When a man begins to fall into such wondering as this, he had much better either keep clear of "long pointed instruments" and "black fluid," or else, if he must write, he should carefully commit what he has written with all speed to the flames. Our author's pen becomes "imbued" with memory quite as much as with thought. He tells a well-known story of the discovery by some settlers of a shipwrecked sailor who had been for years kept prisoner by the blacks, and coolly applies it to his own hero. The man, as the story is always told, when seen had called out "Don't shoot! me British object." Our author adds—though here at least we daresay we ought in fairness to allow that he is original—that his name was "James Morell." At all events, whether original or not, the name gives room for the following pleasantry:—

> His name was James Morell. "And," interrupted Gregory junior, with the idea of saying something witty, "was he the man who wrote the English Grammar?"
>
> "Of course he was," said Gregory. "Don't you see he wanted to prove that he really did know the difference between the subject and the object."

Nothing is more difficult than, without wearying our readers, to bring home to them the utter wearisomeness of a really wearisome book. A passage here and there from a book whose dulness spreads over 379 full pages can no more enable them to judge of the whole work than the brick or two which the man took with him enabled the purchaser to judge of the whole house. Dulness in itself is harmless enough; it is only when it is joined with flippant conceit that it becomes offensive. If any readers think that we have dealt too severely with *Gregory Hawkshaw, his Character and Opinions*, let them first, like us, wade through the book. When they have got to the end, we shall then be content to let our character as critics for justice and mercy rest in their hands.

ABBOTT'S LUCIAN.*

IT is not easy to estimate how much we owe to Lucian. If he did not, after dealing a death-blow to the crazy figments of heathendom and sham philosophy, assist in building up the faith that was permanently to supersede them, at least he opened a space for the new foundations by sweeping away the *débris* and rubbish of error. He taught the lesson, too, which has been studied with more or less success by modern satirists and humourists, of making truth and freedom of speech palatable and persuasive by a strong infusion of humour and gaiety. He dwelt for some time at Antioch, but without being led to embrace Christianity; he was possibly a friend of Origen's antagonist, Celsus, and certainly he was a writer to whom the stigma of scepticism has more or less attached itself. Lucian nevertheless would seem to have influenced Christian writers both of ancient and modern date by his lively exposures of the heathen mythology and his trenchant sallies upon the follies and vices of humanity. Few writers in any age have been able to enforce truth with a larger command of humour. Nor indeed, learned as he must have been, and encyclopædic in his researches into Pagan myths and philosophic dogmas, does Lucian frighten readers by any ostentation of learning. He is so bright and gay, and so much at ease with himself and his readers, that no part of the schoolboy's Greek curriculum comes to, or remains with, him more pleasantly. How far his "True History" influenced *Gulliver's Travels*, or how much Butler and Sterne and Rabelais and Cervantes owed to him directly or indirectly, is an inquiry into which we need not at present enter. But we may take for granted that the earliest notions of satire and of lively satiric dialogue which are supplied in the course of a liberal education come from the well-thumbed pages of Lucian in the *Analecta*, and in the *Scriptores Græci* (we speak from memory) in use at Eton. Hence it is that we are predisposed to welcome Mr. Abbott's selections from a favourite author more producible and easier to master than Aristophanes, and yet little, if at all, less entertaining. These selections include a fair sprinkling of the "Dialogues of the Gods," the "Dialogues of the Dead," and those of the Sea Deities, the two longer masterpieces of "Charon, or the Sight-seers," and "Timon the Misanthrope," and a probably early performance of Lucian, called the "Judgment of the Vowels," in which Tau is impeached by Sigma before the vowel dicasts for aggression and spoliation. This last piece will be new to many readers of Lucian, and it is curious as expressing his views on spelling and pronunciation, very much as in his Lexiphanes he gave his opinion about strange and obsolete diction.

Thus the samples before us belong chiefly to the period of Lucian's life (circa 165 A.D.) when he had given up rhetoric for literature, and was enjoying competence and learned leisure at Athens after a good many years of instructive vicissitude and not less instructive travel. The pains which he had taken to correct his originally barbarous *patois*, his experience of human nature, and his varied observation of life in different capitals, all combine to furnish matter for amusing reflections and sketches. "Every phase of life at all likely to interest a literary man of the period of the Antonines is brought before us in one or other of the dialogues or romances," whilst amidst dramatic surroundings which mingle East and West, and make us "verge at one time on the *Arabian Nights* and at another on the Dialogues of Plato," the cynic philosopher, the poor literary man, the demagogue, the parasite, or, on the other hand, the Greek God unveiled and in his naked inconsistency and abandonment to earthly passions, are figures that, one or other, always occupy the foreground. One learns to appreciate the extent to which the Olympian divinities were disestablished and undergoing disendowment in Lucian's day, when, as in the "Dialogues of the Gods," Ares and Hermes are made to mock at the fabled might of Zeus, the rays of whose lightning, we learn elsewhere, are sadly blunted and out of repair, through ineffectual launching at the sceptical sophist Anaxagoras ("Timon," § 10). In another Dialogue Apollo twits Hermes with the unreasonableness of the fabled immortality-by-halves of Castor and Pollux, an arrangement by which two notoriously devoted brothers could not possibly meet at any time after their apotheosis. In another ("D. Mortuorum," x.) it is Diogenes who finds a screw loose in Heracles's statement as to the distinction between his mortal and immortal parts, and, drawing him on by confusing questions, puzzles him as to the whereabout of his soul, his eidolon, and his body. This last Dialogue is in Lucian's happiest style of Plato travestied.

Amongst the shorter Dialogues—as well as in the "Charon" and the "Timon"—are to be found lively and telling hits at the prevailing wickednesses and vices of his age, which bring Lucian upon ground occupied in a bitterer humour by Juvenal. The same capitals, and kindred conditions of society, must have nursed the avarice which in Dialogue VII. is represented as having brought poison-cups into fashion, and in Dialogues VIII. and IX. exhibits its votaries in the character of legacy-hunters, outwitting one another by each naming the other his heir, and publishing their wills prematurely, ἐπὶ θανάτῳ, in the hope of the death of the legatee named. After death Cnemon admits that the little game of this kind betwixt him and Hermolaus has been a case of "diamond cut diamond." "And now," he says, "Hermolaus has got my property, like a big pike that, with the hook, has gorged the bait also." "Ay," responds his fellow-shade, "and the angler withal, so that you did but scheme a device against yourself." In the next Dialogue the shades of the cynics Crates and Diogenes exchange views on the subject, and Diogenes makes a reflection which is badly rendered in the translation "by various hands" (1711). In reply to the remark of Crates that no legacy-hunter courted him, because all he could leave was impalpable, Diogenes suggests the reason of this in a very vague sentence, which avoids paraphrase, but utterly ignores the gist of the philosopher's remarks. Literally rendered, these would run as follows:—"With good reason; for they could not receive such goods from us, because they were spoilt by luxury, like worn-out rotten purses; so that if ever one did put into them wisdom, plain-speaking, or truth, out these would slip and vanish away, because the bottom could not hold them, as in the case of the Danaids pumping into the perforated cask. But gold they would retain, tooth and nail, and in every way." Whilst we are on the subject of translations, it may be said, in passing, that Lucian has fared ill in this respect, at least as far as England is concerned. The version to which we have referred, and for which Dryden wrote a careless life, is scandalously unfaithful and perfunctory. That of Franklin is better, but not very good; and Tooke's (1820), though it gives the general drift of Lucian's Dialogues and romances, too often ignores the niceties of allusion and comparison which frequently contain the wit and humour of a whole passage. None of the three translations at all comes up to the capacity which Mr. Abbott, in the bits he has translated here and there, evinces for this task.

Among the "Dialogues of the Dead," there is one between Menippus and Hermes which treats of the frail tenure of beauty, and is appropriately headed in the notes, "No Loveliness in the Grave." The whole tenor of it, as well as the particular passage where Menippus wonders that the Greeks did not see how brief a thing, and how fleeting as to bloom, was Helen's beauty, for which they contended so long, reminds us of the hymns "De Contemptu Mundi" which are to be found in Latin Hymnology, and of which the stock examples are the same as, or counterparts of, those in Lucian. The "Marine Dialogues" are perhaps the most attractive of all Lucian's shorter efforts, by reason of the graphic style in which minor sea deities relate to their kinsfolk or patrons such tales as Arethusa's flight, Arion's preservation, the Cyclops's blindness inflicted by Odysseus, or the Apple of Discord flung amongst the guests at Thetis's wedding. Most interesting of all is the account of the ravishment of Europa told to Notus by Zephyr, who says 'twas the finest sea pageant he had ever witnessed since first he "began *to be and blow*" (ἀφ' οὗ γε εἰμι καὶ πνέω). The attitude of Europa in Tennyson's description is a little different from that in Lucian, but not more finished or beautiful. One seems to see Europa on her bull in the words ἡ δὲ πάνυ ἐκπλαγὶς τῷ πράγματι τῇ λαιᾷ μὲν εἶχετο τοῦ κέρατος ὡς μὴ ἀπολισθάνοι, τῇ ἑτέρᾳ δὲ ὑπεμωμένον τὸν πέπλον ξυνεῖχεν (§ 2), and it is no wonder that all the commentators should agree in surmising that Lucian had some picture in his mind's eye when he described Europa and her bridal procession. Mr. Abbott reminds his readers in a note that ancient pictures on this subject have been found at Pompeii.

The most popular Dialogue in the volume before us, however, will assuredly be the first of the two larger pieces, "The Charon, or Sight-seers," in which Lucian gives full play to his rare gifts of graphic description, gay fancy, and pungent satire. Charon gets a day's holiday to visit the upper world, and, fearful of stumbling in the unaccustomed light of the upper world, persuades Hermes to be his cicerone. To get a panoramic view, they borrow the giant's stale device of piling Pelion and Ossa on Olympus, with Parnassus to "crown the edifice." As the pile is a trifle steep and shaky, the lame boatman wants a hand, and complains of the elevation; whereupon his waggish conductor encourages him with the remark, which would be not a bad motto for modern Alpine climbers, that to be safe and a sight-seer are incompatible rôles (οὐκ ἔνι δὲ ἅμφω καὶ ἀσφαλῆ καὶ φιλοθεάμονα εἶναι) (p. 43). When the ascent is achieved, and Hermes has cried "Well done; all up!" and has perched himself on one peak of Parnassus, while Charon occupies the other, the boatman's sight is not clear enough for his present purpose till Hermes has improved it by a charm from Homer, which he applies at the same time with a quizzical injunction to remember the words and to have faith, and then he will see clearly. With his sight thus improved, Charon observes Milo the athlete, so soon to be tripped up by death, Croesus, and his conqueror Cyrus, Polycrates, and other types of uncertain earthly power; and comes to the conclusion, after general and particular scrutiny, that the upper world is a hive in which each bee has his own sting, and stings his neighbour, whilst a few wasps combine to pillage and plunder the larger and weaker body. He sees rare elements too of comedy in the manner in which the fondest hopes and ambitions are cut short, ὑπὸ τοῦ βελτίστου θανάτου, or, as Mr. Abbott neatly translates, "by good-man Death"; and he is at a loss to discover what life is but a series of smaller and larger bubbles, of which the smaller burst at once, the larger and more complex later, but not less surely. "You must have remarked" (we quote from Tooke) "those bubbles that rise in the spray of a rapid torrent and swell into a foam. Of these bubbles the generality are so small that they instantaneously burst and vanish; others remain somewhat longer, and meeting more in their passage, with which they become confluent, they grow to a bigger tumour, but presently break as well as the former, because by the nature of them it cannot be

* *Selections from Lucian; with English Notes.* By Evelyn Abbott, of Balliol College, Oxford, and Assistant-Master at Clifton College. London, Oxford, and Cambridge: Rivingtons. 1872.

otherwise. Exactly so does the life of man appear to me. All are for a short time tumid with the spirit of life, some more and others less; with many this inflation is of some, though very short, duration; others vanish the moment they arise; but break they must all" (Tooke's *Lucian*, vol. i. p. 377). When he has noted all this, Charon has a mind to proclaim it from his eyrie, but Hermes twits him with his simplicity. Does he not know that men's ears are full of wax, and that their minds are as Lethe? This lively drama ends with Hermes's answer to the inquiry of Charon as to the whereabout of earth's greatest and most historic cities. Nineveh is gone; Babylon is going; as to Troy, Hermes will not venture to show it to Charon, lest he should throttle Homer for a liar when he gets back to Hades.

To any one who approaches the other larger Dialogue, the "Timon," under Mr. Abbott's guidance, we can promise equal amusement and edification. A very graphic Dialogue, the characters in which are somewhat minutely and pictorially drawn before they severally appear on the stage, affords great scope for the editor's running commentary, illustrations, and explanations. As we have already said, his bits of translation are creditably accurate, and they are not cramped because they aim at being literal. In places where Lucian, unlike himself, is confused as well as prosaic—*e.g.* in the sections that relate to the mask of Plutus—Mr. Abbott's help is useful. First it is Plutus, he tells us, who is supposed to wear the mask; then it is the rich man, and, lastly, Plutus and the mask are identical (See § 28, note). In an earlier Dialogue, his note on the construction of the "cithara" by Hermes (p. 5, cf. 106) throws the clearest light upon a somewhat difficult passage.

We have no right to find fault with Mr. Abbott for having withheld in most cases the English equivalents for the harder words in Lucian's rich and rare vocabulary. Are they not written in the Lexicon of Liddell and Scott? The tiro who hunts for them there will retain the meanings longer. By the way, he will also find in this text-book authority for a slang adverb which does not seem to go out of fashion. Eros describes Athena to his mother as "awfully masculine," *δεινῶς ἀνδρική* (p. 6). Perhaps it may be doubted whether a zeal for stimulating youthful research does not go too far when, on a sentence in p. 3, it leads Mr. Abbott to say that it is an example of the figure *Chiasmus*. It would have been just as well to explain briefly the nature of this figure, which reminds us of a sum in proportion. For the most part we have found the critical and explanatory notes sound and serviceable. There is some oversight or mistake in the note on *ἀνθ' ὧν σε ἐκπορθμεύσαμεν* (cf. p. 19 and p. 119). In "Timon," §§ 45, too, we submit that *ἐξ ὑπερδοξίων ἀκροβολιζόμενος* means not "pelting them from a height *on the right hand*"; but rather, as the examples in Liddell and Scott would prove, "pelting them from a vantage ground." But these slips are extremely few and far between.

The sole objection to making Lucian a much more general text-book, out of which boys might gather knowledge of Greek and at the same time sharpen their wits, is that here and there (Mr. Abbott takes pains to show where), Lucian's Greek, good as it is, is not Attic, but decidedly post-classical. To children of an older growth who have kept up their classics sufficiently to enjoy the Greek authors, and who can afford to be indifferent to the possible corruption of style, Lucian's lively writings, and especially the Dialogues of which Mr. Abbott supplies such excellent samples, will be excellent and delightful reading.

PEARL AND EMERALD.*

PEARL AND EMERALD may be described as an *Arabian Nights* tale run into a modern English mould and cast somewhat on the model of Dickens's Christmas stories. The wildest extravagance of fancy runs riot through the whole, and the incidents outrage all experience and probability almost as much as the leading conceptions of the plot. In his brief preface Mr. Francillon stands on his defence against the objections he expects from his critics. In the course of it he makes some assertions which appear to us almost as daring as anything in his story, and he draws conclusions from them with a freedom perfectly consistent with the laws of the world of wonder which we are about to enter. Because the limits of the likely and unlikely are so inextricably blended that it is often impossible to distinguish between the two, he seems to argue that you may persuade people to accompany you any distance into the country of the unlikely without their becoming conscious of having crossed the border. He does not wish his "readers to transport themselves into an ideal world," but he does "wish them to bear in mind that few things are improbable, that nothing is impossible, and that in matters of art imagination forms a boundless territory, into which ordinary practical experience has no right to intrude." Let these premisses be granted, and we do not see where the logical deductions from them need stop. A sculptor may embody in marble the most extravagant conceptions he can fetch from the furthest confines of that boundless territory of the imagination, and impose these monstrosities upon us as pure, although peculiar, types of art. So with a writer who has madness in the blood, and has nursed his fevered brain on the more mystical fancies of men like Hawthorn, or the morbid horrors of sensationalists of the school of Mr. Harrison Ainsworth. He gives himself the spur, when they put on the curb, and heaven only knows whither his unfettered imagination may hurry him. We do not mean to say that Mr. Francillon has reduced his own audacious theories to practice, avowedly extravagant as his story is. His sound sense and artistic instincts have saved him in great measure, but others who accepted his teaching might be less discreet. The sculptor we spoke of might embody his monstrosities in marble, but, artistic or not artistic, they would find neither admirers nor purchasers; while Mr. Francillon has written a book in which the persons have a real individuality for us, and their actions a decided interest, in spite of the extravagance of the incidents which bring these various individualities into play. That it should be so is the more creditable to his undoubted power; for if, as he tells us, he does not wish us to transport ourselves into an ideal world, he does his best to remind us at every turn that we are not living in a real one. The consequence is that, lifelike as his leading characters are, his book suggests the playing of a pantomime where men and women are brought upon the stage attired like people in ordinary life; with their hats and umbrellas and shabby shawls, you might take them for respectable clerks and shopgirls going about their ordinary business, were it not for the paint and tinsel in the background, the professional costume of clown and harlequin, and the columbine's pirouetting in the dress of the ballet. If the triumph of fiction is to make the reader forget that it is fiction at all, it seems almost suicidal in an author wilfully to dispense with any possibility of creating an absolute illusion. While saying so much, however, we must give the author high praise for the dexterity with which in most instances he has confounded the commonplace and the extravagant; for the graceful art with which he has blended the probable, the possible, and the impossible. He mixes up matters of moonshine with matters of business in an easy and matter of fact way, as one might introduce an envoy from another planet in the act of negotiating a loan with a firm of financiers in the City. When you had once become fairly engrossed with the discussion over the terms of concession and the rate of commission, in studying the envoy's character and that of the City gentlemen with whom he does business, you might for the moment forget the intrinsic unlikelihood of Saturn seeking relief in the London money-market by borrowing terrestrial coin.

Thus the scenes of the tale lie for the most part in a thoroughly everyday world. The great house of Cranstoun has come to the ground with a crash, and the ruin has been even more widespread that the confidence reposed in it had been excessive. Its head, who has been trading for long on the phantom of his former credit, is unable to survive the disgrace of discovery and the loss of a reputation supposed to be spotless. His son Arthur, who is as honourable as he is eccentric, does his utmost to vindicate his father's name and credit by parting, for the benefit of the creditors, with all the property that has come to him by settlement. There is a sale of the priceless collection of pictures in the mansion in Grosvenor Square. The gems have been knocked down for fancy prices. Then the auctioneer puts up a worthless daub—a dead magpie, by Jones. The first bid is half-a-crown. Mr. Grode, a well-known dealer, notorious as a sharp hand, makes an advance of a shilling—by way of joke. A transcendently hideous Hebrew of the name of Levi outbids Grode. He sticks to the dealer, and as they run it up by trifling sums, he sees Grode endeavouring to suppress an excitement altogether out of keeping with the occasion. Thereupon he argues rapidly that whatever may be Grode's motive, it must be equally worth his while to outbid him. So convinced is he of this that he carries on the contest until his rival is constrained to come to a standstill from very inability to pay the price. Levi has the magpie for 80,000*l.* The scene is spirited from first to last, and indeed were we to criticize the novel by episodes instead of as a whole, we should cancel much we have written by way of prelude. We interest ourselves in the competition, although we foresee the result, and in our excitement we almost forget the staring improbability of a hard-headed and close-fisted Hebrew risking all the hard-won fortune of a lifetime on the idea that Grode must be in the secret of a miracle which makes a few inches of spoiled canvas cheap at 80,000*l.* Of course we understand what the lucky Levi does not. He carries his bargain home, and rolls on the ground in an agony of rage and grief when he finds there is nothing concealed under the coarse coating of the magpie. Had he found an undoubted Apelles, the portrait of Alexander by that artist, for example, it could not have brought him home his 80,000*l.* When morning breaks on his wretchedness, a faint green light from the floor aids the feeble glimmerings of the dawn. Levi is master of the great emerald of Kandahar, the noblest known gem in the universe. There can be no mistake about it; for all the trade knew its weight to a carat, and each point and peculiarity about it; and the great emerald of Kandahar is notoriously worth 6,000,000*l.* sterling, neither more nor less. Mr. Levi has not made a bad bargain after all, although a thing is only worth what it will fetch, and there are certain ugly flaws in his title which seriously embarrass him later. Meanwhile Grode is in despair. Grode knows all that Levi has got for his money. Somehow he had been admitted to the secret when the late Mr. Cranstoun chose this singular hiding-place for the priceless gem; a gem which the Czar of Caspia had pledged with him for an advance of 1,200,000*l.* Grode becomes more desperate still when he is visited by a certain Count Kromaski, who dresses like a Frenchman and talks perfect English. The Count is the Czar's envoy, sent over to search out

* *Pearl and Emerald.* A Tale of Gotham. By R E. Francillon. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1872.

the missing emerald, that the Caspian monarch may wear it on a grand State ceremonial. The finances of Caspia have improved so much of late years that the Count is ready to pay the enormous arrears of interest he owes, for the use of the gem for four-and-twenty hours. But the credit of the kingdom will not extend to the payment of the money for which it was originally pledged, so that after it has figured in the ceremony it is to be restored to the custody of the lender's representatives. The Count has every interest in the success of his mission, for its failure is to cost him his head. Yet, with the confidence of a high-bred gentleman, he accepts Grode's assurances that the gem will be forthcoming by the day he must start for Caspia; and in the meantime he makes his mind tolerably easy, and kills the time with the ordinary distractions of society. We have told enough to indicate the course of the story. Levi, like the man in the parable, has spent his all to become the possessor of the gem of great price; but, unlike his Scriptural prototype, his purchase proves his misery. He is reduced to the verge of starvation; he sees his mother dying slowly of want—he was really fondly attached to her—and finally he is deprived of his treasure by Grode, who takes advantage of his private information and Levi's extreme necessity. Grode gains nothing by the cruel bargain he imposes on his enemy. The stone sold at the sale was a false one. The real emerald was set in an old-fashioned brooch given to his daughter, "the Pearl," by her lover, Arthur Cranstoun, a brooch he had seen her wear under his eye at the very time he was chasing the sham that has proved the will-o'-the-wisp to him and to Levi.

We need hardly say the author heaps absurdity on absurdity, for the audacity with which he sets all possibility at defiance is his very merit, and no trifling one either. In many instances his absurdities are introduced with admirable cleverness; nor do we find the slightest fault with him when he talks of a stone worth six millions; when he makes Levi throw away his fortune in a desperate speculation; or when the Czar's European envoy assumes as a matter of course that in the event of his failure he must go quietly back to Asia to meet an inevitable doom. All these impossibilities are legitimate, and they preserve throughout the colouring that is appropriate to the story. But we submit that, the more the author ventures in this way, the more he is bound to be carefully accurate in what would be the hinges of an ordinary plot. Swift invented the Lilliputians, but he was scrupulously attentive to preserve the relation of proportions in the realm of Lilliputia. Thus, when the shrewd Levi had got the priceless emerald he loved better than his soul, he was scarcely likely to leave the shutters of his hovel open, so that his enemy Grode might see his acquisition and his raptures over it. Nor is Mr. Francillon wise in saying in an offhand manner that it does not concern us to know how it came about that a young clerk like Grode should learn the momentous secret of a great millionaire like Cranstoun. This seems to us precisely a point on which Mr. Francillon for his own sake should have been as minute and satisfactory as possible, if he desired to raise a mirage and cast a glamour over our eyes. Nevertheless we are bound to recognize the great merit of some of Mr. Francillon's psychological studies. The contrasts may be characteristically violent, and the displays of feeling and passion exaggerated, if not distorted. Yet the Jew Levi is very excellently worked out, when his love for the stone which has become all the world to him has turned to the very insanity of adoration; when his nightly rapture over its charms, and all the power and pleasures it represents, consoles him for days of abject misery and gnawing famine, and sustains him even against the remorse he feels at the idea of his mother being slowly sacrificed to his idol, although his nature nearly falls to pieces in the struggle. Then we have some good love scenes; and a pretty picture of romantic devotion in Felicia Grode, "the Pearl," who becomes the wife and ministering angel of the ruined Cranstoun. We do not like that touch of Dickens in the epilogue, when the stone that had shone like green glass in the old brooch throws of a sudden a flood of emerald light on the *dénouement*. But the faults of the book are those of the design, while all its merits are the author's; and though readers may differ as to how far they like it, we can tell them that at all events it will repay perusal.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

FEW topics of the day possess more vital interest than that of the reorganization of the French army, and the part which that force may be expected to play, whether in relation to neighbouring countries or to political parties in its own. Captain Max Jähns * offers a contribution to the question in the shape of a history of the official organization and individual temper of the French army from the Revolution to the present day. Historically, the work is little else than an indictment against the spirit of the force, supported by countless well authenticated instances of its insubordination. The judgment of a German staff officer cannot be slighted; nevertheless it appears to us that Captain Jähns decidedly underrates both the efficiency of the French troops during the period of which he treats, and the probability of their again becoming formidable after their late disasters. He writes, we are inclined to think, too much from the point of view of a German officer educated in the severest school, to whom anything like indiscipline is intolerable. In the abstract he is undoubtedly right, but perhaps he may not sufficiently consider that the very recklessness and levity of temperament which render such aberrations familiar to Frenchmen help them over their evil effects; that a certain amount of license is inseparable from the idea of a popular army, and that the army has always been popular in France in the sense of maintaining a lively sympathy with the body of the people. Whether this sentiment can survive in the midst of civil distractions is indeed a serious question, but one which it would be premature to determine until the issue of those dissensions is more apparent than it is at present. France will at any time acquiesce in any Government which can persuade her that she is looked up to by the world, and the mere fact of the present uniqueness of her Republican institutions among the constitutions of the principal European States will, should the Republic ever be consolidated, go far to enlist national pride in its favour, and establish discipline on its firmest basis—that of willing submission to restraint. Captain Jähns, on the other hand, thinks that the French army is going the way of the Spanish, and will in process of time become a degenerate Prætorian Guard, formidable only to the nation. This could hardly be the case if the system of universal compulsory service were fairly carried out; but this again he considers a system alien to the national genius. In thus deciding he seems to overlook the omnipotence of a strong centralized administration in France, and the probability of the Government being at no distant date in the hands of men pledged by their interests as well as their professions to rely upon the great mass of the people, and to make compulsory service a reality. In a word, the book is that of an able military critic, applying himself to questions whose solution demands a large share of political intelligence besides.

The first volume of Herr A. L. Ewald's history of the Conquest and Conversion of Prussia * includes the long and sanguinary struggles, attended with great vicissitudes of fortune, which preceded the organization of the Teutonic Knights, down to the assignment of the country to that Order by Pope Gregory IX., and the death of the Grand-Master Hermann von Salza, in 1239. By this time the obstinate contest was virtually decided. Herr Ewald's work evinces a thorough study of his materials, and is as clear and interesting as the confusion and obscurity attaching to his subject allow.

Dr. Julius Krebs † has explored an interesting department of the politics of the Thirty Years' War, which he finds to have been imperfectly investigated by Gindely. From the Bernburg archives he has extracted a large amount of material concerning the negotiations of Prince Christian von Anhalt, the confidential adviser of the Elector Palatine, previously to the acceptance of the Bohemian Crown by the latter. The unfortunate issue of these affairs is ascribed by him to the political shortcomings of the Prince, who is represented as a man of lively talents, but fickle, over-sanguine, and disposed to chimerical projects. One of the latter was an alliance with the Duke of Savoy, which occupied much of the attention of the Palatine Cabinet at the time, but ultimately came to nothing.

Ernest Augustus, Duke of Saxe Weimar ‡, the grandfather of Goethe's patron and friend, played no very important part in the politics of his day, but showed in a rudimentary form some of the qualities which made the fame of his descendant. To the taste not uncommon among princes for building and military display he united a turn for science, which seduced him into a quest after the philosopher's stone. On the whole, though politically insignificant, and as an administrator about midway between the few good and the many bad among his princely contemporaries, he was sufficiently interesting to justify the selection of his biography by Baron von Beaulieu-Marconnay as a contribution to the history of German culture in the eighteenth century.

Professor Nitzsch's work on the Roman Annalists § consists principally of a detailed inquiry into the sources of information of which Livy and Dionysius of Halicarnassus availed themselves. The result arrived at is that these historians were largely dependent on the works of Valerius Antias and Licinius Macer, composed about the time of Sulla in the interests of political faction, and from diametrically opposite points of view. By the time of Augustus this party tendency had dropped out of sight, and the unsuspecting use of their irreconcilable narratives, without due allowance for the motives which prompted their composition, is, Dr. Nitzsch considers, the principal cause of error and confusion in the accredited versions of Roman history.

Dr. Gustav Fritsch's comprehensive work on the Aboriginal Races of South Africa ‖ is a most important contribution to anthro-

* *Das französische Heer von der grossen Revolution bis zur Gegenwart. Eine kultur-historische Studie.* Von Max Jähns. Leipzig: Grunow. London: Williams & Norgate.

* *Die Eroberung Preussens durch die Deutschen.* Von A. L. Ewald. Buch I. Halle: Buchhandlung des Waisenhauses. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Christian von Anhalt und die kurpfälzische Politik am Beginn des dreissigjährigen Krieges.* Von Dr. Julius Krebs. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Ernst August, Herzog von Sachsen-Weimar-Eisenach* (1688–1748). *Kultur-geschichtlicher Versuch.* Von Carl Freiherrn von Beaulieu-Marconnay. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Die Römische Annalistik, von ihren ersten Anfängen bis auf Valerius Antias.* Von K. W. Nitzsch. Berlin: Borntträger. London: Williams & Norgate.

‖ *Die Eingeborenen Süd-Afrika's, ethnographisch und anatomisch beschrieben.* Von Gustav Fritsch. Nebst einem Atlas. Breslau: Hirt. London: Williams & Norgate.

pological science. The author, having in the first instance qualified himself for the description of these people by a long residence among them, has since his return to Europe made himself master of the rich literature previously extant upon the subject, and now presents himself in the character of a critic of the labours of his predecessors, as well as a contributor of fresh material. Many of the observations of former travellers are, according to him, highly inaccurate. One fertile source of error has been the constant tendency to embellish savage life by the unconscious importation of European conceptions into a sphere to which they are wholly inapplicable. Thus, for example, the belief in a Supreme Being, discovered by many travellers among the Hottentots, resolves itself on inquiry into the veneration of a deified ancestor, and the greater part of what has passed for religion among the Kaffirs is simply magic. Traces of religion, however, occur everywhere, even among the Bushmen. While, generally speaking, the morality and intelligence of savages have, under the influences of philanthropy or idealism, been represented in much too favourable a light, the Bushman has hardly received justice. Nothing can be more surprising than to find art, the last refinement of humanity, existing among these homeless, lawless wanderers in a far more developed state than among the Kaffirs with their settled abodes and tribal organization. The facsimiles of Bushman paintings here given leave, however, no doubt of the fact; their analogy to the primitive representations of the cave bear and mammoth must strike every one. Dr. Fritsch contests the theory of the Bushmen being merely degenerate Hottentots, though he appears to admit the possible affinity of the two races. They are alike in their incapacity, not precisely for civilization, but for the retention of their national integrity under its influences; they dwindle and disappear, while the Kaffir race adapts itself readily to circumstances. The work is arranged in sections corresponding with the eight tribes of which it treats: every material particular relating to any of them is circumstantially stated; the illustrations, partly included in the book, partly accompanying it in the form of an atlas, are numerous, and well executed. The author is not unconscious of the bearing of his researches on the problem of the origin of man, but considers it as yet premature to express any opinion on this point.

Keate's narrative of Captain Wilson's shipwreck and residence upon the Pelew Islands* belongs to the classics of English travel, and the Captain's interesting *protégé*, "Prince" Lee Boo, was within our own recollection one of the heroes of the nursery. It is, therefore, gratifying to have the means of renewing acquaintance with an archipelago so endeared by romantic associations, even although the account we receive of its present condition is less satisfactory than could have been desired. Dr. Semper, the well-known traveller in the Philippines, who visited the group in 1861 on board of an English merchant vessel, and spent nearly a year upon it, found the islanders suffering from the chronic mischief of dissensions among themselves, and still more from the sinister interference of foreign adventurers. One of these, a Captain Cheyne, known as an author on Polynesia, but represented by Dr. Semper as an unscrupulous man of singular craft and audacity, appeared at the date of the traveller's visit in a fair way to establish his authority over a considerable portion of the group. He had concluded a treaty with the principal chiefs (the text of which is given, and which is certainly a great curiosity) securing to himself a monopoly of the trade. He went a little too far, however, and shortly after Dr. Semper's visit was murdered, or perhaps justly put to death, by the natives. Dr. Semper comments in very strong terms on the retribution which an English naval officer was, in his opinion, misled into exacting for his death. A somewhat similar affair had taken place just before the arrival of the traveller, and was denounced by him in a communication to the *Diario de Manila*, here reprinted. No great blame can be attributed to the English naval authorities, who naturally make the protection of their countrymen their first object, and are in a manner compelled to rely upon the *ex parte* statements of the latter. Evidently, however, the residence of an authorised agent on each of these groups, charged with the protection of the aborigines, would have prevented not only these, but the far more lamentable and disgraceful transactions which we have had to deplore in connexion with Queensland. It is to be earnestly trusted that the matter will not be lost sight of. No remedy, it may be feared, will suffice to arrest the decay of the native population, which, though the Pelews have suffered less than most groups from actual intercourse with Europeans, has dwindled from 40,000 to 10,000 within the last century. The principal among its numerous causes is, in Dr. Semper's opinion, the abrupt introduction of firearms and other conveniences of an advanced civilization, which has destroyed the springs of energy and vitality by making life too easy to an indolent race. The pride and ingenuity of the Polynesian were previously called forth by the preparation of his weapons and implements; he now receives them at second-hand from the foreigner, and vegetates where he formerly lived. Dr. Semper's picture of the amiability and simplicity of the islanders is most attractive, and corresponds in all material respects to Captain Wilson's; the beauties of scenery and the picturesque traits of manners and customs are also vividly painted; and, notwithstanding the painful character of many of the details, the book produces on the whole a very agreeable impression.

The leading idea of Dr. H. Maurus's work on "Freedom in Political Economy"† appears to be that employers and employed are at present too much interfered with in some respects and left too much at liberty in others. It is easier to abolish restrictions than to impose them, and we do not clearly comprehend how the writer proposes to deal with the second branch of the evil he indicates, or indeed how he demonstrates its existence. Some disquisitions on incidental topics are clear and cogent. Without precisely belonging to the Socialist school, Herr E. Richter's "Humanity and Capital"‡ is an indictment of the latter. The writer would wish to see a less partial distribution of wealth throughout the community, but is apparently better qualified to denounce the evils of excessive accumulation than to propound any practical plan for abating them.

With German exactness, and un-German symmetry and conciseness, Professor E. Schrader§ has condensed the results of investigation into cuneiform texts into a moderate-sized volume. In the first part he treats of the materials; in the second of the method of decipherment; in the third of the grammatical rules and vocabulary elicited by this process. The last section of the book gives the Babylonian text of the trilingual inscriptions of the Persian monarchs at Behistun and elsewhere, with a translation and glossary. In his introduction the author states that he has formerly put forth an essay on the subject tentatively, in the vain hope of extorting a statement of the grounds of their incredulity from those who professed scepticism as to the value of cuneiform researches. The present challenge cannot be overlooked, and we trust that its effect may be to induce German scholars to enter freely upon a field of inquiry where they are so highly qualified to excel.

Karl Strack's interesting and instructive history of public education in Germany‖ describes the principles which have swayed it from time to time, and their effects as manifested in the educational legislation and organization of the various States, from the Reformation to the present day. One acceptable feature of the work is the full account of the ideas of the theorists like Rousseau, and the systems of the practical instructors like Comenius, by whom the development of educational methods has been principally influenced.

Dr. Weske's¶ little book is intended to lay the foundation of a comparative grammar of the Ugrian languages, on the plan of Bopp's great work. The writer has the advantage of being himself an Esthonian by birth, which has, he states, enabled him to correct many errors committed by his predecessors.

On January 13, 1869, the inhabitants of Gross-Gerar were disagreeably reminded of the originally volcanic character of the Rhineland by a smart shock of earthquake, which phenomenon has since been frequently repeated. To considerations on the causes of earthquakes in general, and of this Rhenish one in particular, Herr F. Dieffenbach** has subjoined a very useful chronological table of all the earthquakes and eruptions in any part of the globe which have been recorded from January 1869 to July 1872.

Professor Huber's essay on the Darwinian theory†† is chiefly valuable for a highly interesting analysis of the principal works which have appeared on the subject. As the general result of his examination we may gather that the conception of evolution is now accepted by most naturalists, that natural selection is usually admitted as a real element in the process, that hardly any one regards this factor alone as an adequate explanation of the phenomena, that evolution is consequently conceived as the development of some inner formative principle, or the embodiment of a pervading impersonal life. The substantial concurrence of so many independent inquirers is very remarkable, and affords proof of the concurring tendencies of modern scientific speculation. All the works here noticed, it is to be observed, were published before the appearance of Dr. Bastian's researches, which would have strongly corroborated the conclusions of the majority among them.

The second volume of L. Geiger's work on the origin of language‡‡, left imperfect by the deceased author, is principally devoted to retracing terms either employed in industry and art, or of ethical or metaphysical signification, back to the simple rudiments from which they originally sprang. In so far as the process can be depended upon, it is an invaluable aid to the reconstruction of the most primitive human epoch, but almost every derivation may be more or less the subject of controversy.

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* *Die Palau-Inseln im Stillen Ocean. Reiseerlebnisse.* Von Karl Semper. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Ueber die Freiheit in der Volkswirthschaft.* Von Dr. H. Maurus. Heidelberg: Winter. London: Nutt.

‡ *Menschheit und Capital.* Von Emil Richter. Bd. 1. Leipzig: Luckhardt. London: Trübner.

§ *Die assyrisch-babylonischen Keilinschriften. Kritische Untersuchung der Grundlagen ihrer Entzifferung.* Von Prof. E. Schrader. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Asher & Co.

‖ *Geschichte des deutschen Volksschulwesens.* Von Karl Strack. Gütersloh: Bertelsmann. London: Asher & Co.

¶ *Untersuchungen zur vergleichenden Grammatik des Finnischen Sprachstammes.* Von Dr. M. Weske. Leipzig: Breitkopf & Härtel. London: Williams & Norgate.

** *Plutonismus und Vulkanismus in der Periode von 1868–1872.* Von F. Dieffenbach. Darmstadt: Jonghaus. London: Williams & Norgate.

†† *Die Lehre Darwin's, kritisch betrachtet.* Von Dr. Johannes Huber. München: Stahl. London: Nutt.

‡‡ *Ursprung und Entwickelung der menschlichen Sprache und Vernunft.* Bd. 2. Von L. Geiger. Stuttgart: Cotta. London: Williams & Norgate.

In proportion to the cordiality of our concurrence with Dr. Gistel * as to the interest attaching to the biography of Linnæus is our regret that the task should have fallen into such absolutely incompetent hands. It might not be fair to describe Dr. Gistel's zeal for the subject of his work as a zeal not according to knowledge, inasmuch as his knowledge is obviously extensive and accurate; but it is certainly a zeal not in accordance with discretion and good sense. Linnæus's greatness was such that even his biographer's appreciation of it can perhaps hardly be pronounced excessive; what is really exceptionable, almost ludicrous, is his total incapacity to "deliver himself of it like a man of this world." The book is, from beginning to end, a series of funny little explosions of admiration, resembling the ineffectual spirts of a squib that declines to go off. Being conscientiously compiled from authorities, it does no doubt abound with interesting particulars, which will be enjoyed in proportion to the reader's resolution and success in ignoring the grotesque commentary with which the author has seen fit to accompany them.

The life of Franz Schubert † was not eventful, and although Herr August Reissmann, already honourably known as the biographer of Schumann, has bestowed due diligence on the external details, he is evidently more at home in musical criticism. The most generally interesting part of his criticism is the chapter on Schubert as the typical representative of the romantic school, the composer in whom, as the author considers (perhaps overlooking the influential genius of Weber), its peculiar tendencies first found adequate musical expression. The influence of Schubert on his successors Mendelssohn and Schumann is also analysed; the recent revival of interest in his compositions, begun by Schumann and carried to its height by English musical critics, is not noticed so fully as it might have been. A catalogue of Schubert's works is added, as also an appendix of some unpublished juvenile compositions and a facsimile.

A translation of Mr. Forster's *Life of Dickens* ‡, by Dr. F. Althaus, deserves especial notice for its remarkable excellence. It is at once very literal and very spirited.

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* *Carolus Linnæus. Ein Lebensbild.* Von J. F. X. Gistel. Frankfurt: Sauerländer. London: Asher & Co.

† *Franz Schubert. Sein Leben und seine Werke* Dargestellt von A. Reissmann. Berlin: Guttentag. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Charles Dickens' Leben.* Von John Forster. Ins Deutsche übertragen von F. Althaus. Bd. 1. Berlin: Decker. London: Trübner.

Professor Beesly *requests us to state that the article on the Game-laws in the current number of the* Fortnightly Review, *referred to in the* Saturday Review *of last week, was written not by him, but by his brother,* Mr. A. H. Beesly.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

The Saturday Review *is duly registered for transmission abroad.*

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—PARTICULAR ATTRACTIONS.
THIS DAY and NEXT WEEK.
Saturday (March 15).—Twentieth Saturday Concert, at 3.
Monday, Wednesday, and Friday.—Exposition of "Spiritism," &c., at 4, by Messrs. Maskelyne and Cook; and other attractions.
Tuesday.—Opera, "Lucia di Lammermoor," at 3.
Thursday.—Opera, "Lurline," at 3.
Saturday.—Twenty first Saturday Concert, at 3; Special Exhibition of Spring Flowers.
The Fine Arts Courts and Collections, including the Picture Gallery (the Works, the Technological and Natural History Collections), all the various illustrations of Art, Science, and Nature, and the Gardens and Park always open.
Admission, Monday to Friday, 1s.; Saturdays, 2s. 6d.; Guinea Season Ticket, Free.

CRYSTAL PALACE OPERA.—A SERIES of SIX PERFORMANCES will be given in the new Theatre before the Easter Holidays, preliminary to the commencement of the regular Season in May. They will take place on the Tuesdays and Thursdays, March 18, 20, 25, 27, April 1 and 3, on which occasions the following Operas will be presented:—Lucia (Donizetti), Lurline (Wallace), L'Elisir d'Amore (Donizetti), and on Tuesday, March 25, will be produced, for the first time, an entirely new Opera, entitled "The Corsair," by Charles Bellfi, the Libretto founded on Lord Byron's Poem. The undermentioned Artistes have been engaged:—Miss Blanche Cole, Miss Fanny Heywood, Miss Angela Goodall, Miss Thirlwall, and Mdlle. Arnault (her first appearance at the Crystal Palace); Mr. George Perren, Mr. Nordblom, Mr. Frederick (his first appearance at the Crystal Palace), Mr. Celli (his first appearance at the Crystal Palace), and Mr. Maas (his first appearance at the Crystal Palace). Chorus from Her Majesty's Theatre. Full Orchestra. Conductor, Mr. MANNS. The incidental Ballets by Madame Collier. The new Scenery by Mr. F. Fenton and Assistants. Mr. T. H. Friend, the Company's Stage Manager. Subscription now open; Central Stalls for the Series, Half-a-Guinea; Single Stalls, Half-a-Crown; Unnumbered Seats, One Shilling; and all exclusive of Admission to the Palace.

CRYSTAL PALACE OPERA.—REBUILDING of the OPERA THEATRE.—During the recess the Theatre has been reconstructed and greatly improved. The floor has been altered so as to rise gradually from the stage to the back of the house, by means of which an uninterrupted view of the performance will be afforded to every one present. Commodious side galleries (with excellent view of the stage) have been constructed, and the end gallery has been enlarged and raised, and provided with a solid roof, which makes it an excellent position both for seeing and hearing. Fresh entrances and exits have been formed, and at the same time the acoustic properties and the ventilation of the house have received careful consideration.

MORNING BALLAD CONCERT.—Mr. JOHN BOOSEY begs to announce a MORNING CONCERT, at St. James's Hall, on Monday, March 24, at Two o'clock, when the following Artists will appear: Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Jessy Pratt, and Madame Patey; Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Nordblom, and Mr. Santley. The London Orpheus Quartett. Pianoforte: Mr. Sydney Smith. Conductors: Mr. J. L. Hatton and Mr. Lutz.—Stalls, 5s.; Family Tickets (for four), 21s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery and Orchestra, 1s.—Tickets of Austin, St James's Hall, and Boosey & Co., Holles Street.

MR. SIMS REEVES and MR. SANTLEY beg to announce that they intend to give a BALLAD CONCERT, on Wednesday Evening, March 26, at St. James's Hall, for the BENEFIT of their old and esteemed brother artist, Mr. J. L. HATTON. Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. Santley most respectfully solicit the patronage of the Public on this special occasion. A New Duet will be sung by Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. Santley, and a New Ballad by Mr. Sims Reeves, both composed expressly for the occasion by Mr. J. L. Hatton. Tickets from 1s. to 5s.; to be had of Boosey & Co., Holles Street, and Austin, St. James's Hall.

MADAME SCHUMANN begs to announce that she will give TWO RECITALS of PIANOFORTE MUSIC, in St. James's Hall, on Thursdays, March 20 and 27. Vocalist, Madame Otto-Alvsleben. To commence each day at Three o'clock. Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s.—Programmes and Tickets at Austin's, 28 Piccadilly; and at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street.

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Patron—HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.
The ANNIVERSARY DINNER of the Corporation will be held in Freemasons' Hall, Great Queen Street, on Saturday, May 24, 1873, the very Reverend the DEAN of WESTMINSTER in the Chair. Since the foundation of the Society the sum of £34,713 10s. has been distributed in relieving the Widows and Orphans of British Artists, and during the past year 50 Widows and 15 Orphans have received Annuities amounting to £628 15s. The Institution is entirely supported by the Voluntary Donations and Subscriptions of the Patrons of the Fine Arts. Gentlemen wishing to act as Stewards are requested to communicate with the Secretary, Mr. L. Young, 4 Trafalgar Square, W.C.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, London.—LOGIC.—Professor CROOM ROBERTSON will deliver a COURSE of LECTURES on LOGIC, Deductive and Inductive, in the Summer Term, beginning on Wednesday, the 19th inst., and ending on June 11. The hour of lecture on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays will be from 1 to 2 P.M., and on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 2 to 3 P.M. Fee, £3 3s.
March 7, 1873. JOHN ROBSON, B.A., *Secretary to the Council.*

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THE MINISTERIAL CRISIS.

THE history of the late Ministerial crisis has been revealed to the public in the fullest and most explicit manner. That Mr. GLADSTONE resigned immediately after the vote on the Irish University Bill, and that Mr. DISRAELI at once and definitively declined office, were facts which every one knew, and it was in accordance with general expectation that Mr. GLADSTONE'S Ministry should resume office without change in the distribution of departments. What was obscure, and what the public wished to have explained, was why the crisis lasted three days after Mr. DISRAELI'S refusal. We now know the solution of the mystery. Mr. GLADSTONE held that Mr. DISRAELI had no business to refuse office. He had placed the Government in a minority, and was bound to accept the consequences. To this idea Mr. GLADSTONE clung with his accustomed tenacity, and he would not take Mr. DISRAELI'S refusal as final until it was repeated. He thought he had got his adversary at a disadvantage, and he did not like to let the opportunity go by. The Premiership was in his view a penalty which by the laws of Parliamentary warfare he had a right to call on Mr. DISRAELI to bear. In this view it is impossible to agree. The House of Commons would be far too much in bondage to the Minister of the day if he must carry every Bill and determine every question as he pleased, unless the Opposition was prepared instantly to assume office on defeating him. Already he has two powerful checks on his supporters—he can dissolve, and he can resign; and the chance that the Opposition may wish to take office if he does resign, and the weakness which resignation inflicts on his party as well as on himself, make the power of resigning a formidable one, even although resignation may not immediately lead to a transference of power. Whether Mr. GLADSTONE was right in resigning depends on whether he was right in coupling the fate of the University Bill with the fate of the Ministry; and although Mr. DISRAELI threw some doubt on this, Mr. GLADSTONE has no cause to regret the course he took. He believed that he had charge of a measure which in the interests of justice it was imperative to carry, and yet which it was confessedly difficult to carry; and the only chance of success lay in making the rejection of the Bill a very serious matter. Having resigned, he himself, as well as others, had to bear the cost of the step he took, and he was quite aware that this must be so; and one of his chief objections to resuming office was that, as Parliamentary history shows, a Ministry resuming office is almost necessarily a weak and a discredited one. He, however, very prudently, in making his explanation on Thursday night, removed one obstacle from his path. He gave it to be distinctly understood that the Ministry had not resumed office with the intention of recommending an early dissolution. The life of the present Parliament will be shortened or prolonged according to the reception which the measures of the Government meet with in the House of Commons; nor will Mr. GLADSTONE abandon any of the measures he was prepared to propose. We may take it for granted that the Irish University Bill will be allowed to die, although Mr. GLADSTONE seems to have carefully chosen words which would allow him to proceed with the Bill if he saw reason to do so. And the course which the Government will take with regard to Mr. FAWCETT'S Bill is still very uncertain. Apart from this burning question, the Ministry will go on, or try to go on, as if nothing had happened. They will bring on the measures they have prepared or announced, and if the House supports them there will be no need of a dissolution this year. Undoubtedly this was the only line for Ministers to take that gave them a chance of living on through the Session with credit and self-respect. But whether they will be able to carry it out is very uncertain, for any moment a question may arise which will be so handled as to make men look on a dissolution as the only means of settling it; and the variety of hopes and fears which the prospect of a dissolution excites is so great that a Ministry which has lost the hearty confidence of its followers may at some unexpected moment find that those of its followers who have hopes of being re-elected prefer to take the risk at once rather than lessen their chances by a year of anxious waiting.

Mr. DISRAELI entered into very full explanations as to the position of himself and his party. He published, in fact, a great Conservative manifesto. In the first place, he had to account to his party for not taking office, and here his general task was easy, although he chose some reasons which are certain to provoke criticism. If he had taken office he must have dissolved; and the QUEEN, it need not be said, was quite ready to agree to a dissolution. But he could not have dissolved before May, and in order to dissolve even then he must have accepted the Estimates of his predecessors and have taken votes on account; and his experiences of 1852 showed him that this is a very inconvenient course when a hostile majority dictates at every step the terms on which the Government is to be allowed to take these preliminary measures. If he had waited until the end of the Session, he would have been carrying on business for months under circumstances that must have placed him in continual difficulty. He would have had to govern with a House of Commons that was living, as he said, in a Paradise of abstract Resolutions. One member would denounce the Income-tax, another the expenses of the Diplomatic Service, another the exclusion of agricultural labourers from the franchise; and the minority would have no strength to resist motions which, although not leading to any practical results, would damage the Government by showing their inability to offer immediate resistance. There was also another reason to which Mr. DISRAELI very briefly referred, but which was of the greatest practical importance. He stated what the expectations of his party are as to the results of the next election. He hopes for a majority, but for a very small one. This was, of course, putting matters in the most favourable light. Perhaps if he had been at liberty to speak with a strict accuracy that might have damped the spirits of his followers, he would have said that he hoped for a great gain, but that he could not tell how nearly this gain would bring him even to an equality with his opponents. Under such circumstances it is a great advantage for his party to be out of office when the election comes. They will be the attacking party, and will have all the enthusiasm and confidence of the attacking party. Each seat will be a triumph to them, whereas, if they were in office, each failure to gain a seat would make their position insecure. A gain of forty seats would be to the Conservatives out of office a glorious triumph, but to the Conservatives in office a gain of only forty seats would mean that at any moment they would be subject to defeat. His supporters must have been quite ready to acquiesce in Mr. DISRAELI'S arguments, and if their disappointment needed soothing, it must have been very easily soothed. For the future he could only bid them regard themselves, and offer themselves to their constituencies, as the steady supporters of social order, at a time when every institution is attacked. But he took care to remove one stumbling-block out of their road. He wished to silence by anticipation the suggestion that the Conservatives are the allies of the Ultramontanes whose support lately placed them in an accidental majority. He said that he and his friends had been quite willing to erect and endow a Catholic University, but that the disestablishment of the Irish Church henceforth placed a permanent and insuperable bar to the adoption of any such measure. As a party move this declaration deserves the

highest credit. To Irish Catholics it represents that the Conservatives would have given them everything they wished, had not the perverse folly of the Catholics themselves made it impossible. To English Protestants it represents that the Conservatives are now the most firm opponents of the Irish hierarchy; and it leaves the party perfectly free to advocate Denominational endowment and Denominational education in England, and to insist on the retention of the English Church as the indispensable condition of these objects being attained.

But Mr. DISRAELI was not content with saying what no one could object to. He went out of his way to assign a very singular reason for not accepting office. He said that he could not have dissolved in May because he should have had no policy to offer to the country. To have a policy, he said, it is necessary to be in office, and the new Ministry would have been so short a time in office that it could not have got up its policy in time to tell the country what it was. He referred more particularly to the Central Asia question, to the payment of the *Alabama* indemnity, to the interpretation of the new Rules of the Washington Treaty, to the French Treaty of Commerce, to the scale of national expenditure, and to the readjustment of local taxation. These are the really important topics of the day, and a Minister going to the country must shadow forth his policy with regard to them, or the nation would have no confidence in him. But to pronounce an opinion on them he must, we are told, have had access to the mass of materials in the exclusive custody of Government departments. He must know how far the country is already committed, what are our real relations with foreign Powers, and what is the exact financial position of the country. Only men who have been some time in office can possibly know enough on such matters to give an opinion worth listening to. There is a sort of truth in this. The opinions of persons who have not had access to the best information attainable is on many political questions not worth very much, and no one but a person in such a position can deal practically with such questions as those to which Mr. Disraeli referred, can venture to commit the country with regard to them, or can frame measures with regard to them for the consideration of Parliament. But something very different is expected from a Minister who is merely issuing a general programme on the occasion of a dissolution. He either keeps silent regarding difficult matters, or he indicates the broad outlines of his opinions, and that is quite enough. If the public has confidence in the holders of office, it does not expect or wish for statements which, if minute, might be imprudent. Most people would not dream of looking for a decisive judgment on the Central Asia question in an electioneering manifesto penned by Mr. DISRAELI. They would simply ask themselves whether Lord DERBY was not as likely to take care of the interests of England as Lord GRANVILLE. No reference to the archives of the Foreign Office is necessary before a general opinion is arrived at as to whether England ought to admit the interpretation placed on the new Rules by the Arbitrators. If Mr. DISRAELI were now in office and wished to announce that in due time he would deal with Local Taxation, he could do no more in an election address than say that he would do justice to all parties. He could not, without having studied many complicated statistics, pronounce that land or houses were unduly burdened. But then no one would expect more of him. We are obliged on such an occasion to look to the man and not to the possible measures, and those who wish the Conservatives to be in office would think that on the whole it was best that the task of framing a measure with regard to Local Taxation should be left in the hands of Mr. DISRAELI. Mr. DISRAELI cannot think that at the time of the election of 1852 it would have been any gain to him to have been able to announce the scheme of the unfortunate Budget which, as soon as Parliament met, terminated his official existence. The truth seems to be that Mr. DISRAELI has erected into a general theory a proposition applicable to the circumstances of a particular time. The Conservatives have no policy on these subjects, but think that it might answer to have one. They look to Ministers to give them one. They entertain a legitimate hope of being able to make capital out of the debates on the Washington Treaty, on the Budget, and on Local Taxation. It so happens that just now none but Ministers who have been some time in office can furnish the Conservatives with a policy; and Mr. DISRAELI elaborated this fact into the sweeping assertion that none but Ministers who have been some time in office can ever have any policy at all.

MR. GLADSTONE'S ADMINISTRATION.

MR. GLADSTONE'S Administration from its commencement to his recent resignation has, as his admirers justly boast, been the most active and eventful in modern English history. Mr. BOUVERIE, who contributed his share to the late defeat of the Government, may boast of having by an inopportune taunt given the first impulse to a sustained burst of energy which is perhaps not yet exhausted. Five years have passed since Mr. BOUVERIE complained that the Liberal party had a leader who would not lead, surrounded by supporters who would not follow. Immediately afterwards Mr. GLADSTONE announced his resolution of destroying the Irish Church Establishment; and before the Session was ended he had carried against the Government a Bill providing that Irish ecclesiastical appointments should be suspended to await the decision of Parliament. The whole Liberal party at once rallied round their chief, who has assuredly never since incurred the imputation of deficiency in boldness and vigour. The election in the late autumn of 1868 afforded a superfluous illustration of the suicidal character of Mr. DISRAELI's Reform Bill. Even at that time there were many indications of the Conservative reaction which has perhaps now assumed larger proportions; but the followers of Mr. GLADSTONE were united and sanguine, and the result proved that they had been justified in expecting an overwhelming majority. The Irish priesthood spared no exertion to ensure the destruction of the schismatic Establishment, and the prejudices of English Nonconformists and of Scotch Presbyterians for once coincided both with the policy of Rome and with the deliberate judgment of dispassionate and enlightened politicians. Mr. GLADSTONE himself fought with characteristic tenacity a losing battle in Lancashire, where the close vicinity of a large Irish population has apparently not created sentiments of neighbourly affection among the indigenous population. It is possible that the familiar tendency of rhetoric to run into triads may have tempted Mr. GLADSTONE into an unnecessary pledge which has since produced untoward consequences. In a copious series of orations he promised to redress the grievances of the Irish in the matters of Church and Land; and, by way of climax, he added a rash undertaking to provide them with a satisfactory system of education. On his failure in Lancashire he easily found for himself a seat at Greenwich, and as soon as the results of the election were fully known, Mr. DISRAELI wisely retired to make room for his fortunate adversary.

In the following Sessions friends and enemies concurred in appreciation of the triumphant employment of Mr. GLADSTONE's marvellous powers. The wisdom and justice of his policy might be disputed by hostile critics, as historians may discuss the propriety and expediency of a war; but the energy and ability which were again and again rewarded by victory could not give rise to any difference of opinion. The combination of impetuous passion with unrivalled mastery of detail was equally conspicuous in the debates on the Church Bill of 1869 and on the Land Bill of 1870. It has been said that soldiers prefer a leader in battle who invites them to come on to one who merely orders them to go on. Mr. GLADSTONE in a great Parliamentary contest gives neither direction; but, like one of his favourite Homeric heroes, he prefers to fight alone in front of his army. With the exception of Mr. CHICHESTER FORTESCUE, none of his colleagues in the House of Commons gave the PRIME MINISTER any conspicuous aid in either struggle. Lord GRANVILLE on both occasions displayed much ability and temper in inducing an unfriendly majority in the House of Lords to concur, after much hesitation, in two unpalatable measures. Both the great Irish Bills had been in the first instance framed with extraordinary ingenuity and care. When the Church Bill was first introduced competent judges at once said that much of the impending opposition was by anticipation disarmed. There was a risk that the elaborate provisions for the security of life interests might be injuriously affected by any material alterations in the framework of the Bill; and even if the House of Lords had, in accordance with its inclination, rejected the Bill in 1869, it was not certain that equal securities would have been obtained at a later period. The most important speeches against the Bill were in the nature of protests rather than of arguments directed to a practical result. Thoughtful statesmen would gladly have profited by the opportunity to pacify the turbulent priesthood of Ireland by a modest provision of houses and glebes which would have given them an interest in the defence of property and order; but the Nonconformists clamorously denounced the policy of concurrent endowment; and the priests, in accordance with the conditions of the temporary alliance, abstained from asking for a concession which Parlia-

ment was at the same time afraid to offer. Mr. GLADSTONE perhaps apprehended correctly the practical impediments to a judicious system of endowment; and, according to his usual custom, he invented reasons which seemed to him at the moment to account for the conclusion which he had adopted. The Irish Land Bill, by which a large amount of property was transferred from the owners to the occupiers, could only be excused by urgent reasons of State necessity. Parliament felt that, if the Bill had been rejected, its provisions would ever afterwards have been regarded as the acknowledged minimum of the legitimate demands of the Irish tenantry. In some degree Mr. GLADSTONE had created the pressure which enabled him to carry his Bill. In the House of Commons his own resources were adequate to all the demands of the controversy; and in the last resort his solid majority easily overbore a faint-hearted and hopeless Opposition. The House of Lords, with patriotic prudence, submitted to an inevitable measure which had perhaps not a dozen genuine supporters among their body. Lord DUFFERIN, who had written one of the ablest treatises on the relations of Irish landlords and tenants, plainly intimated in his speeches in support of the Bill his belief that its provisions were extravagantly partial to the tenant.

In the same Session Mr. FORSTER confirmed and increased his Parliamentary reputation by his single-handed conduct to a successful issue of the Bill for improving elementary education. To the principle of the Bill, which combined a provision to supply existing defects with the maintenance of the voluntary machinery of education, Mr. FORSTER resolutely adhered. Though the details of the measure were subjected to prolonged discussion, all parties more or less willingly accepted an equitable compromise. It was at a later period that the more pugnacious Dissenters and Secularists discovered that the Bill had not inflicted any serious blow on the influence of the Established Church. Neither Mr. FORSTER nor Mr. GLADSTONE has yet consented to exclude religious teaching from schools; but it is probable that the measure which was this year announced in the Speech from the Throne may contain some concession to the demands of the Birmingham Education League. In 1871 Mr. FORSTER carried through the House of Commons the Bill for secret voting which had been previously introduced. Mr. GLADSTONE and the majority of his colleagues announced their conversion to the principle of the Ballot soon after their accession to office; and Lord HARTINGTON undertook, as a zealous proselyte, the charge of a Ballot Bill in 1870. Mr. FORSTER, who had always supported the Ballot, was more appropriately selected to conduct the more serious contest in the following year; but he found himself compelled to withdraw several of the provisions of the Bill; and the House of Lords rejected the measure, which had only been sent up from the House of Commons immediately before the close of the Session. A few democratic politicians who attempted to promote an agitation against the House of Lords utterly failed in their efforts; and when the Bill was with better fortune reintroduced in the Session of 1872, Mr. FORSTER candidly confessed that the House of Lords had been fully justified in giving time for reconsideration. The most important measure of 1871 was Mr. CARDWELL'S Bill for the reorganization of the army, which was finally passed in its integrity, though it was thought necessary to supply the place of one of its provisions by the irregular, if not unconstitutional, procedure of a Royal Warrant. With the exception of Mr. GLADSTONE and his Irish Bills, Mr. CARDWELL has been the author of the most comprehensive project of constructive legislation which was introduced by the Liberal Government. The merits of the new army system are variously estimated by professional judges; but it is easy for civilians to appreciate Mr. CARDWELL'S boldness of conception, and the remarkable skill and temper which he displayed during the long Parliamentary discussions. He may share with Mr. FORSTER the credit of never having provoked unnecessary opposition, either by want of courtesy to his adversaries or by the utterance of unnecessary declarations of abstract opinion.

The dissatisfaction which found practical expression in the late debate and division began to be generally diffused when the Ministers had been three years in office. Mr. GLADSTONE, in a speech delivered about that time to his Greenwich constituents, extemporized in his well-known fashion a general proposition that Governments always decline in popularity after three years of office. If it had suited his purpose, he might have accounted for the result which he acknowledged without resorting to arbitrary theories. The Royal Warrant, and the apology which the Ministers produced in the form of a testimonial from Sir ROUNDELL PALMER, had caused general and just offence. One or two official appointments in which Mr. GLADSTONE had gone out of his way to evade the meaning of Acts of Parliament increased the growing irritation, and little confidence was reposed in the resolution of the Ministry to resist the encroachments which the American Government was attempting under colour of the Treaty of Washington. The Budget of 1871 had been one of the most unfortunate on record; for the first proposals of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER were withdrawn partly through the intimidation of a mob, and in some degree in deference to the general dissatisfaction of the House of Commons. The final Budget consisted of provisions which Mr. LOWE had originally denounced as unjust; and the Ministry had thus displayed unexpected want of ability in the department where they were thought to be strongest. Mr. BRUCE'S unfortunate Public House Bill had still more seriously impaired the popularity of the Government; nor perhaps have the effects of the project on elections even now been wholly exhausted. As the Session of 1872 proceeded the position of the Government improved, and the final failure of the sharp practice of the agents of the United States removed a principal danger. The Scotch Education Bill passed almost without opposition, and the House of Lords prudently acquiesced in the establishment of vote by ballot. At last the Government, though its majority had not been seriously reduced, succumbed in the attempt to solve an impossible problem. The Liberals and Nonconformists with whom Mr. GLADSTONE professes to agree are irreconcilably opposed to concurrent endowment, which alone will satisfy the demands of the Irish Roman Catholic hierarchy. There is perhaps no sufficient reason why the confidence reposed by the party in Mr. GLADSTONE should be impaired by a solitary failure; but, as a local shock often produces unexpected injury to the general bodily constitution, there can be little doubt that the strength which Mr. GLADSTONE derives from the allegiance of his followers will be for a time diminished. His best chance of an immediate rally of the party was lost when Mr. DISRAELI declined to form a Government.

THE EVACUATION OF FRENCH TERRITORY.

THE news that in less than six months the last German soldier is to leave France has been received throughout the country with natural and apparently universal satisfaction. It is a very great triumph for France and for M. THIERS. Last June the French Government was thought to have made a very good bargain when it got the Germans to agree that two departments were at once to be evacuated, and, subsequently, the third milliard paid; that two more departments were to be evacuated in March of next year on the payment of the fourth milliard; and that the remaining two of the occupied departments and Belfort were to be evacuated on the payment of the last milliard in March 1875. The object of this arrangement was at once to gain time, so that, if the proceeds of the intended loan could only be slowly realized, France might not be hardly pressed, and also to get some portions of French territory out of the grasp of the foreigner at an earlier date than that contemplated by the Treaty of Peace. But the loan was a great, and indeed an astonishing, success, and the necessary funds have been at the command of the French Government much earlier than was anticipated. The whole of the fourth milliard will have been paid by the beginning of May, ten months before it was due, and the French are ready to pay the remaining milliard by four monthly instalments of ten millions sterling each, on the 5th of June and the three following months. As they can pay off the whole indemnity by the 5th of September next, eighteen months in advance of the stipulated time, the Germans have of course to go when they have got all they have a right to demand, and within a fortnight after the 5th of September the evacuation is to be completed. But meanwhile the French are to receive a very welcome reward for the anticipation of the payments due from them. On the 1st of July the evacuation of the four departments now occupied is to begin, and it is to be completed within a month, and Belfort is to be given up. The Germans will then have to receive only twenty millions sterling out of two hundred, and in a few days after the evacuation is completed ten more will be payable to them. But they have asked for security for these last payments, and it has been agreed that they shall keep Verdun until the last franc has been swept into the German treasury. At first the Germans wanted to keep Belfort for the purposes of this final guarantee, but M. THIERS knew that the national satisfaction would have been very incomplete if this famous fortress had been left in foreign

hands; and the Germans have behaved so mysteriously about Belfort, and have spent so much money in strengthening it since it came into their possession, that the French would have had a very uneasy suspicion that, in spite of all their efforts to pay the money due, they were not meant to get this object of their hopes and affections restored to them. The military party at Berlin, who have a strange love for Belfort and cannot bear to give it up, pressed the EMPEROR to keep it to the last moment that a strict adherence to the letter of existing engagements would allow. But Prince BISMARCK of all people in the world came forward as the friend of France, and under his influence the EMPEROR was persuaded, with apparently a cordial concurrence on his part, to agree that Verdun should be substituted for Belfort; and thus the long negotiations by which the new arrangement has been effected were brought to a happy conclusion.

M. THIERS hoped to have been able to announce the good news to the Assembly before its sitting came to an end on Saturday last. But he was not in time, although, with a pleasing civility which even M. ABOUT must own to be noticeable in a man who has run off with so many thousand clocks as King WILLIAM, the EMPEROR hurried on the signature in order that he might have the pleasure of congratulating in person the French Ambassador, a concert at whose house he was engaged to attend. When the Assembly did hear what had happened, it was in a state of great excitement, and immediately proceeded to draw up a manifesto. Every one agreed that M. THIERS should be declared to have deserved well of his country, but the Right protested that a little share of the credit of the arrangement ought to fall to the Assembly. That an Assembly should thus recognize itself seems unnecessary, but the Assembly is perhaps obliged to bring the fact of its existence to the notice of a public which is too apt to think only of one man. Nor was this all. It was thought that not only should the assistance rendered by the country at large be acknowledged, to which no one could object, but that a tribute should be paid to the exertions of the colleagues or subordinates of M. THIERS. It was in vain that one of them protested that they did not wish to be thanked, and that in this matter M. THIERS had done everything. The majority were determined, as they had to thank M. THIERS, to thank every one else that could possibly be thanked, so that as much as possible might be done to mitigate the solitude of his eminence. The Left were in a state of boisterous rapture. They were determined that the triumph should be specially their triumph, and after first shouting "Vive la République!" which stung the Right to the heart, they rushed off to be themselves the bearers of the vote of congratulation to M. THIERS. M. ABOUT next day informed the public that the good news had produced a truce between parties that might last twenty-four hours. But he seems to have been mistaken. Party spirit seized on this, as it does on every occasion in France. The Republicans made no pretence of being even momentarily calmed into moderation and charity. They at once associated M. THIERS and his new treaty with themselves, vowing that he was their man, and that the treaty was their treaty, and roundly asserting that the Right secretly lamented an arrangement which would hasten the dissolution of the Assembly, and remove their friends the Germans, to whom they look for the preservation of the order they love so dearly. To welcome the new treaty sincerely shows patriotism, but as members of the Right are never patriotic, they cannot possibly, according to the simple logic of their enemies, be sincere when they say that the treaty is welcome to them.

To have concluded this treaty is the greatest success M. THIERS has ever obtained, and every one must agree in admiring the inflexible determination with which, amid all the noisy and wearisome contests of French parties, he has kept his eye fixed steadily on the one great object of his policy, to get the foreigners out of France. The resources, the energy, the patience, and the adroitness which he has displayed in fulfilling the task he assigned himself are beyond praise, and certainly he may truly be said to have deserved well of his country. It must also fill Frenchmen with just pride to think that their country has paid so gigantic a sum of money in so short a time, and has attracted capital so widely by the confidence which the willingness of all to bear their burdens has inspired. Nothing can detract in these respects from the merits of M. THIERS and of France. But there are questions not only as to the political, but as to the financial, state of France which the new state of things suggests. What is the real financial position of France? When the last payment shall have been made in September next to the Germans there will still be a considerable sum due on the last loan. But the whole of the loan was wanted for the payment of the indemnity and the interest, and for other indispensable purposes; although the amount payable for interest will of course be largely diminished, and so will be the expenses of the army of occupation. The Government has also agreed to reimburse Paris a portion of the eight millions sterling paid on the capitulation, and large sums are ascertained to be due to the departments that suffered most from the war. It is idle to suppose that there is any surplus from current taxes. The indirect taxes showed a deficit as compared with the estimates during the early part of the financial year, and it is only lately that the yield has been satisfactory. If it is true that the Government propose to augment the direct taxes both on land and on personal property, the want of money must be serious after the repeated declarations of M. THIERS as to the injustice of throwing greater burdens on the payers of direct taxes. It is impossible to believe that the taxes on raw materials have at all answered the expectations of M. THIERS; and many of the smaller taxes, such as the match-tax, which last week was the subject of an animated debate in the Assembly, have caused the Government much difficulty and annoyance. The discussion of the Budget will come on shortly, and then more will be known; but, so far as is known at present, it is prudent to hesitate before accepting without qualification the enthusiastic accounts of the financial position of France which the news of the Evacuation Treaty has awakened. All that we can be said to be sure of is that France has borrowed with great rapidity an enormous sum at six per cent., and has very nearly provided for the interest out of current revenue. How much she will have borrowed when all the accounts of the war are liquidated, what it will have cost her, and how severe will be the pressure of the whole amount of consequent taxation, are questions that ought never to be forgotten, although it is at present impossible to answer them.

MR. MILL ON LANDED PROPERTY.

THE owners of land are exposed to the assaults of two classes of enemies, or rather of one eminent theorist and an indefinite number of ignorant and greedy communists of a more practical character. Professor THOROLD ROGERS indeed, and a few other advocates of the new land doctrine, belong, like Mr. MILL, to the educated class; but it may be said without disrespect that they would scarcely obtain a hearing if they were deprived of their leader. Mr. MILL's influence with the multitude is of a peculiar kind, but it is natural and intelligible. Greedy or ambitious politicians of the humbler sort are astonished to find that a scholar and philosopher comes down from the clouds to offer them, on grounds which they could never have discovered for themselves, the long coveted objects which they have always thought desirable. Democratic leaders like Mr. BRIGHT are perfectly intelligible to followers whose aspirations they share, while they express them with an eloquence beyond the reach of ordinary agitators; but when Mr. MILL appeared in the House of Commons, he seemed to descend from unknown regions. Those who had, not without a consciousness of immorality, simply wished for their neighbour's property were delighted with an unexpected revelation that they had all their lives held doctrines conformable with the most transcendental doctrines of justice. Mr. MILL would make the application of his principles dependent on various and complicated conditions. Although he unsettles all the foundations of property, he proposes to compensate landowners for everything which they possess at the present moment; and it is certain from his character that he would insist as strongly on those rights of property which he still recognizes as on the contingent interest of the State in the future increment of value. The audience which applauded his speech on Tuesday last cares only for one side of the bargain; and the ODGERS and BRADLAUGHS whose aid would be indispensable to Mr. MILL if he attempted to expropriate the landowners avow, with a candour which rises to effrontery, in their Land and Labour League and other revolutionary Clubs, their intention of seizing the land without reference to the rights or interests of owners. Mr. MILL is in all his sophistical schemes original and independent; but if the agitation which he promotes is ever to produce any practical result, he will only have been an auxiliary in a rude scheme of confiscation.

It was scarcely worth while to bestow the feeling and passion which characterize all Mr. MILL's economical judgments on the secondary question of the inclosure of commons. By far the greater part of the available common

land in England is already inclosed, and it seems probable that a few zealous patriots in the House of Commons will prevent for a considerable time, if not permanently, the further progress of inclosure. The main result of their efforts will be the prevention of improvements which can only be effected on land held in separate ownership. Large tracts of Welsh mountain might be more advantageously depastured if there were no concurrent or conflicting claims of common, and many of the lower slopes of the hills might with great advantage be drained and fenced, and in some instances cultivated. The London artisans who cheered Mr. MILL are not aware that the great sheepwalks on common land are by no means occupied by the poor. A man must have a flock large enough to pay for the employment of a shepherd if he keeps sheep at all on the hills, and unless he, his men, and his dogs have a certain aptitude for fighting, it is highly probable that he will get less than his share of the common pasture. The only losers by inclosure would, as a general rule, be admirers of scenery and tourists, who would find the smallest possible sympathy among Mr. MILL's adherents. The smaller commons in other parts of the country may be either inclosed or preserved in their present condition without producing any perceptible effect on the state of the population. Even Mr. MILL's faculties and attainments fail to secure him against the exaggeration and the absence of sense of proportion which always affect the judgments of angry and enthusiastic politicians. His larger project of appropriating to the national use the increase in the value of land is more serious; and if it imposes on the popular mind, it may possibly become more formidable. It is intolerable to Mr. MILL that private owners of the WESTMINSTER, or PORTMAN, or STANLEY estates should be enriched by the growth in the value of their property which may be attributed to the increase of general wealth and prosperity. As might be expected, Mr. MILL lays no claim to the additional wages which accrue to miners and artisans from almost exactly the same causes. If Lord WESTMINSTER is not to profit by the increase of rents in Belgravia, the State ought in common justice to compensate the owner for the losses which his land had suffered when the squares and streets of Bloomsbury went out of fashion. Mr. MILL says that a man's savings and earnings ought to be sacred; but if they are invested in land, in the hope of profit by a future re-sale, the imprudent speculator will forfeit the gain earned by his foresight to the State. It will be quite as easy to take all the rest of the property as to appropriate the so-called increment; and those who attempt the smaller operation will not stop short of total confiscation.

The strongest objection to Mr. MILL's schemes is one which his intellectual temperament inclines him to undervalue. In conformity with a theory and a sentiment, the so-called land reformers propose to subvert a great part of the social and economical institutions of England. Their ulterior purpose is either to vest the ownership of the land in the State, or to offer artificial and legal encouragements to the establishment of a peasant proprietary. The present system may at least claim to be considered as a natural result of a long succession of circumstances. The great feudal estates have with few exceptions been long since dispersed; and the modern accumulation of land has been formed by purchases from voluntary vendors. It has been thought worth while by the majority of landowners to content themselves with a small return of income in proportion to the saleable value of the land; and consequently they have outbidden the occupiers or speculators who may have only sought for a profitable investment. The preservation of landed estates in families for two or more generations has been tolerated but not enforced by law; and it is agreed on all sides that it is only by a compulsory division on the French plan that the traditional practice could be effectually checked. All the results of the existing system are distasteful to Mr. MILL and his adherents; but they are exclusively due to the habits and inclinations of the wealthier class of Englishmen. It is not enough to show that the practice is liable to plausible criticism, unless it can be made certain that a revolutionary change would produce desirable and definite effects. No civilized country has prohibited private ownership of land; nor would it be possible without the exercise of minute and constant vigilance to prevent the growth of some kind of estates in land. In those parts of India where the sovereign power is supposed to be the universal landlord, it has again and again been deemed just and necessary to secure to the lessees a greater or less fixity of tenure, which in the majority of cases constitutes a beneficial interest. If all the land in England were appropriated by the State, it must be demised to tenants who, unless they paid an extreme rack rent, would have a margin between their payment and their receipts. Even where the subdivision of property is enforced by law, the mortgagee takes for some purposes the place of the landlord. Nearly all personal incomes consist of charges on some kind of visible property; and rent is as legitimate and harmless a form of revenue as interest or dividends. Unless the whole spirit of legislation is fundamentally changed, property must at some point or other be let alone. A great change in the tenure of land made once for all would expropriate actual or expectant possessors; but unless interference were incessantly renewed, the relations which seem to Mr. MILL to be abuses would gradually revive. On the other hand, it is certain that constant or periodical revisions of the distribution of property would be found odious and intolerable. The claim of the State to what is called the natural increment of the value of land could only be made good against a small number of owners who might be too weak to resist oppression. No Government which has ever existed in France could compel three or four millions of proprietors to part with the excess in value of their estates which might be attributed to the general growth of wealth. Mr. MILL himself would probably infringe ancient rights and disturb the security of present and future owners with philosophic impartiality; but all the popular support which he receives proceeds from envy, or perhaps from disapproval of large landed possessions. It would be easy to show that many other kinds of property besides land grow in value in proportion to the general prosperity without trouble or merit on the part of the proprietor; nor would it be possible to argue that a different rule ought to be applied to the respective increments of realty and of personalty. Mr. MILL would perhaps accept the inference that in all cases the State should assert its imaginary right; but it would be absolutely impossible to distinguish between the various kinds of property to which the principle would apply. Through the increase of wealth, and therefore of demand for expensive luxuries, the price of horses has been largely raised within two or three years; but the profit on a re-sale of a horse bought two years ago would escape the clutches of Mr. MILL.

There is no need to call the attention of landowners to the menaces of Mr. MILL and of their less philosophical enemies; but it is highly desirable that those who are interested in other kinds of property should understand the inevitable consequences of a total or partial confiscation of land. It is impossible in default of experience to say positively whether society could exist or thrive without the institution of property. It has often been shown that a communistic tenure of property would involve the necessity of a strict despotism; but some zealots would *willingly* sacrifice freedom to equality. Whatever may be the merits of communism, the door must either be open or shut. Property capriciously taken or left according to the fancies of social theorists would no longer have any value or security. The task of transferring all the property in the country from those who have to those who want, though it is the natural and logical consequence of Mr. MILL's theories, would not be unattended with difficulty.

ULTRAMONTANISM AND LIBERALISM.

IT would be a matter for sincere self-congratulation if we could believe that no more would be heard of the difficulties of which the Irish University Bill was the symbol and expression. It is true that the particular recognition given to those difficulties in the defeated measure is not likely to be again accorded to them. The Government has been overthrown in a sincere and energetic attempt to redress a grievance the existence of which was denied or doubted by a majority of its supporters, and its overthrow has been the work of the very persons whom the Bill was designed to benefit. Mr. GLADSTONE's Irish policy would have been far more popular and intelligible if it had included only the disestablishment of the Church and the protection of the tenant; he would have pleased his party better if he had treated Irish University Education as an open question, and allowed them to say No to his proposals without fear of any ill consequences to the Government. He introduced the Bill at risk and cost to himself, because he thought that the Roman Catholics of Ireland were not fairly treated as regards the higher education. He pressed the Bill even after Cardinal CULLEN had refused to accept it as an adequate settlement, on the ground that it is the duty of Parliament to redress proved grievances, whether the attitude of those who suffer under them is reasonable or unreasonable. But when a Minister has been defeated by his own clients, and has resigned office in consequence, he may fairly abandon the effort

to serve them any further. Indeed it is no longer possible to contend with anything like assurance that the grievance which the Government undertook to remedy really exists. That grievance was the inability of the Roman Catholic laity of Ireland to give their sons a University education. The Bishops have virtually said that the grievance which Parliament ought to remedy is not the inability to procure a University education, but the inability to procure it at an endowed Catholic University. If the Bishops are right, there is no use in further argument. Their demand involves an impossibility. If the Bishops are wrong, the Roman Catholic laity have only themselves to thank for contentedly allowing them to become the mouthpieces of Irish sentiment on the Bill.

It is not, however, the attitude of the Irish opponents of the University Bill that is most calculated to suggest uneasy reflections as to the future. Unfortunately Ultramontane intolerance is not the only nor the most formidable intolerance that the Liberal party has to fear. Ultramontanism is an open enemy, and you know pretty well the worst that it can do. It is very noisy just now and very aggressive, but in the region of politics it is nowhere really powerful. It has not prevented revolutions in France or Spain. It has not maintained the POPE on his throne. It has not kept South Germany and Prussia from making up a single Empire. Its greatest achievement has been to keep an English Minister out of office for a week, but even in this case the catastrophe was brought about by an accidental combination which is never likely to repeat itself. As a religious influence it is mischievous in a very high degree; as a political influence it would be daily growing less important if it were not for the short-sighted policy resorted to by some of its adversaries. If anything can give the Roman Catholic Church a new lease of power in Germany, it is the sort of treatment to which Prince BISMARCK is now subjecting it. So long as PIUS IX. lives the Church will probably derive no benefit from this cause. The POPE is too old to adapt himself to a changed position, and a lifetime spent in defending his temporal sovereignty is a bad preparation for a policy which requires as the first condition of success a frank identification of the Church with revolutionary rather than with conservative forces. In the meantime there are not wanting even in this country signs of an outbreak of intolerance similar to that of which Prince BISMARCK is the author in Germany. The position taken up by the Radicals upon educational matters is one of these symptoms. In England they have set themselves against Denominational education in elementary schools; in Ireland they have set themselves against Denominational education in Universities. If they hold Denominational education to be in itself an evil which the State is justified in preventing by all the means in its power, they are no doubt consistent in their opposition to it. Many of them, however, are not prepared to go this length. They still cling to the old Liberal doctrine that religious differences lie outside the sphere of politics, and that if religious fanatics insist on ignoring the frontier line, that is no reason why Liberals should follow their example. But a doctrine which has already ceased to govern men's conduct cannot long be trusted to govern their convictions. The tendency of Radicalism is more and more to treat those who hold any definite religious belief as natural and irreconcilable enemies; and it must be admitted that the language and acts of many of those who do hold a definite religious belief give some colour to this view. But the prophet of this variety of Radicalism is not to be found among the Radicals; it is theirs to find the practice, but a writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* stands always ready to supply the theory. The latest, and perhaps the most unmistakable, exposition of it will be found in the number for Monday last. It is so remarkable that we will not venture to reproduce it except in the writer's own words. The way to beat the Ultramontanes, he says, is to encounter them "with a creed which, while "equally definite and thoroughgoing, is more reasonable. This "creed is that religion is matter of opinion and probability; "that whoever claims to know much more about it than other "people, and in particular whoever claims to be the exclusive "guardian and authorised interpreter of a Divine revelation, "is condemned *ipso facto*, and that the fact that he makes "such pretensions disentitles him to any advantages which he "may claim from public authority." The holding of this creed by "the enormous majority of rational men, whatever "their nominal religion may be," will some day lead the Englishmen to tell the Ultramontanes that they will not only not be bullied by them, but that they will consider very seriously how far they are justified in allowing them to bully their dupes. "Once in its history the English nation had occasion "to express in an emphatic way its opinion of the POPE and "all his works. If it is baited beyond a certain point, it will "be apt to express the same opinion still more emphatically "and with a wider sweep; and if it does, it is to be hoped it "will make much cleaner work than it did before."

Considering that the Ultramontanes have lately been baiting the English nation by throwing out a Bill which this writer probably thought worthy of all contempt, it is a little hard to take this particular occasion for warning them of their coming destruction. Putting this aside, however, it will be wise to consider how far the doctrine of the *Pall Mall Gazette* is better than the old Liberal "commonplace" that in politics religion should be treated as a matter of indifference. On the Continent the way of looking at religion which this writer desires to see prevail in England has been common for some time. There Clerical is as much a recognized political epithet as Liberal; if you know a man to be a Catholic or a free-thinker, you know at the same time to what political party he belongs. The *Pall Mall Gazette* is perfectly alive to the consequences of this state of things in France and Spain. "The clergy have con- "trived to associate themselves with the Conservative view of "things," and the Liberals are thus thrown into the dilemma of having to go "against the clergy, in which case they are prac- "tically forced into violent revolution," or to "go with the "clergy, in which case they have to give up their character "as Liberals." This is a very natural result from the Continental habit of identifying religious and political controversies; but it hardly constitutes a reason for introducing the same habit into England. It would have been very much better for France if the Liberals did not hold themselves forced to give up their character as Liberals if ever they find themselves on the same side in politics as the clergy. It is a further disadvantage of this doctrine that it tends, not only to force Liberals into positions which they do not wish to take up, but also to force religious partisans into equally extreme positions on the other side. The writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* is obliged to give a definition of Ultramontanism which includes every religion which has any genuine title to be called a religion. He is tolerant up to a certain point. He does not propose to subject any one to disabilities for merely holding an opinion on religious subjects, provided that he shows by his conduct that in practice he regards it "merely as an opinion "about a matter in which you cannot get beyond proba- "bilities." But whoever claims to know "much more" about religion than other people—a trifling excess in this direction will apparently be passed over, but if a man is prepared to lay more than five to four on his creed he may get into trouble—becomes a fit object of penal legislation. In other words, every religion that has ever exercised any influence over mankind is the natural enemy of the State. We can conceive of nothing that would give so much well-grounded satisfaction to Ultramontanes as the diffusion of this view throughout Europe. They have always insisted that Christianity and Ultramontanism are really identical, and they would then be able to point in support of their theory to the fact that the State everywhere regards them as identical. To elevate the impossibility of arriving at certainty in matters of religion to the rank of an established creed, the denial of which entails upon the dissenter all manner of civil disadvantages, is to entangle the State once more in the inconveniences which, since the loss of unity of belief, have always followed upon the effort to make religious agreement a condition of political co-operation. We should like before entering upon such a path to be shown much more clearly than has yet been attempted what are the evils which await us if we do not enter upon it. In proportion as we agree with the *Pall Mall Gazette* that "at "no very great distance ahead of us lie the most vehement con- "troversies, religious and social, that have yet occurred in "human history," we should be indisposed to aggravate those controversies by investing them with a political character which does not necessarily belong to them.

MR. HARCOURT ON THE INCOME-TAX.

THE tradesmen who are urging the repeal of the entire Income-tax for the purpose of getting rid of Schedule D, and re-erecting Schedule A in an aggravated form, were lucky in catching Mr. VERNON HARCOURT to take the chair at one of their meetings. Mr. HARCOURT, whose position in the House entails political responsibility, is not equally to be congratulated on his temporary association with one of the

obscurest and least reasonable of the numerous Leagues which have been organized for various special purposes. The Chairman was not even in harmony with his scanty audience, whose opinions were probably expressed with appropriate vehemence by a certain Mr. JONES. Mr. HARCOURT has persuaded himself that the revenue arising from the tax could be spared even without any extraordinary reduction of expenditure, and he hastily infers that the whole question of the expediency of a tax upon income would be solved by the simultaneous reduction to the same extent of direct and indirect taxation. He remarked in the course of his speech, with perfect truth, that the tax pressed most heavily on the owners of small fixed incomes, and he appreciates the difficulty of distinguishing between different amounts of income arising from similar sources. There are strong arguments against Mr. HARCOURT's conclusions, but they undoubtedly admit of a plausible defence. There is no reason why he should not express his opinions in the House of Commons on fit occasions, but it was a mistake to lend his name to Mr. ATTENBOROUGH's agitation. He would probably find on inquiry that not a single owner of a fixed income, large or small, has taken an active part in the movement of the shopkeepers. The abolition of Schedule D would inevitably increase the burden on rent, on interest, and on dividends, although it may for the moment suit the purpose of the agitators to offer relief to all classes of the contributors to the tax. Mr. JONES candidly blurted out the real object of the agitation when, after applauding the House of Commons of 1816 for repealing the tax, he proceeded to demand that the whole expense of the naval and military establishments should be exclusively borne by the landowners. There is no doubt that it would be possible to exempt trades and professions from taxation if the entire burden were transferred to one special kind of property. Perhaps some of the attendants at the meeting may have suspected that there was a kind of anomaly in relieving moneyed capitalists at the expense of landlords; but, as far as fundholders are concerned, there would be a reason, not suspected by Mr. JONES, for abstaining from taxing their dividends, since, according to their contract, they are not to be subjected to burdens which are not equally imposed on every kind of income. It was perhaps for the promulgation of such doctrines that Mr. HARCOURT expressed his gratitude when, with touching humility, he assured the meeting that he came to learn and not to teach, and when he added that he had attained his object. He disavowed any feeling of regret for the absence of numerous members of Parliament who had been invited to attend, probably on the ground that they could have added nothing to the ripe wisdom of Mr. JONES. Although it may seem invidious to criticize excessive modesty, it is nevertheless true that in assemblages of small and unknown politicians the business of an eminent member of the House of Commons is rather to communicate than to imbibe wisdom. Mr. HARCOURT could, if he had thought fit to become a teacher, have explained to the meeting that the main objection of the House of Commons of 1816 was to the tax upon land. He might also have suggested that it was not the business of Finance Ministers and Parliaments to readjust the relative wealth of different sections of the community. It is not easy to understand the nature of the valuable information for which he thanked his supposed instructors, who seemed not inclined to follow him in his calculations of possible surpluses of revenue over expenditure in successive years.

It might have been hoped that the opinions expressed by Mr. GLADSTONE several years ago would not, after so long an interval, have been quoted as conclusive against the Income-tax. In 1862, and for some years afterwards, Mr. GLADSTONE was Chancellor of the Exchequer, and he has now for four years exercised an undisputed control over the whole policy of the Government. If his colleagues were to dissent from his proposals on ordinary questions, they could scarcely fail to defer on a question of taxation to the judgment of the greatest living master of finance. Whatever Mr. GLADSTONE may have said in 1853 or 1862, he has firmly maintained the tax down to 1873; and when Mr. LOWE's unfortunate Budget collapsed two years ago, the PRIME MINISTER was not less responsible than the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER for the increase of the Income-tax by one-half. When Mr. GLADSTONE denounced the Income-tax under Lord PALMERSTON, he was indirectly pointing at a scale of expenditure which he never heartily approved. In talking of the tax as the last reserve of the nation, properly applicable only to a time of war, Mr. GLADSTONE for rhetorical purposes forgot that in the Crimean War the rate was exactly four times as great as the present percentage. Mr. HARCOURT relied exclusively on Mr. GLADSTONE's authority, which is, unless occasional phrases are to be considered more significant than systematic acts, entirely on the side of the tax. One or two of the minor speakers at the meeting complained, not without justice, of the frauds which are exclusively perpetrated by the contributors under Schedule D. As the promoters of the agitation profess to represent the very persons who commit the frauds, their grievance seems to admit of a simpler remedy than the abolition of the tax. Conscience-stricken tradesmen are at liberty to make honest returns, if they choose to do so.

According to Mr. HARCOURT's calculation, the tea duty and the Income-tax might be repealed in three or four years without disturbing the financial equilibrium. The annual growth of the revenue is undoubtedly considerable; but the anticipation of a surplus of 9,000,000*l.* in a short period is, to say the least, sanguine. The question would be better worth discussing if there were any reasonable probability that Mr. HARCOURT's proposals would be adopted. It may perhaps be practicable at some future time, with the aid of popular agitation, to repeal the tax; but the same force which might be capable of destroying the present system would be sufficient to revive the imposition of a heavy tax on property. Although Sir ROBERT PEEL promised the ultimate abolition of the tax when he introduced it thirty years ago, and although Mr. GLADSTONE twenty years and ten years ago repeated the same prophecies or pledges, the owners of incomes beyond a small amount have now for an entire generation been compelled to pay a percentage to the State. If they were to relieve themselves from their burden by Mr. HARCOURT's exertions, they would be assailed by irresistible and not wholly unfounded clamour. The advocates of direct taxation as the only mode of raising revenue have many plausible arguments in their favour; and they would easily convince the constituencies that the exemption of wealth from taxation was intolerably unjust.

One change in the mode of assessment might perhaps be advantageously adopted, although it would extend an existing inequality. The deduction which is allowed in the return of incomes below a certain standard might, without practical injustice, apply to a somewhat larger income. Through the great and sudden rise of prices, the value of all incomes which are chiefly expended in necessaries has within a few years been reduced, perhaps by a third. There would, therefore, be no innovation in adopting a higher standard for the exercise of an exceptional, but not unreasonable, indulgence. Whether it would be possible at the same time to raise the limit of total exemption is a question to be principally determined by the amount which would be sacrificed. An income of 150*l.* a year is now worth about as much as an income of 100*l.* a year in 1842. If the revenue could afford the sacrifice, there would be some advantage in removing the inequality between the poorer middle class and the highly paid artisans who contrive to evade direct taxation. It would perhaps be possible to excuse the exemption of the working classes on the ground that they are the patriots who drink the country out of its difficulties; but it is unsatisfactory to know that the incomes of a numerous section of the community at present escape the taxation to which they are legally liable.

THE AUSTRIAN REFORM BILL.

A SUCCESSION of exciting events in other parts of Europe has diverted the attention of Englishmen from the progress of constitutional government in Austria. Yet Austria, partly by the moderation and good sense of her people, and partly by the character of the changes which have taken place in other countries, now deserves to be ranked among the favourites of fortune. The Hungarian difficulty belongs only to history. The discontent of the non-German provinces included in the Western half of the Empire, to which the triumph of Hungary served as a natural stimulus, is slowly being laid to rest. It has not, as it was in Hungary, been made more intense by recollections of civil war and of tyrannical usage, nor is it now kept alive by any resistance to the popular wishes, except as regards the one impracticable demand of local independence. While France has been reduced—speaking constitutionally—to something like primitive nakedness, and the resurrection of the German Empire has been signalized by a revival of religious persecution, Austria has by degrees brought her Constitution into working order, and has done this without having recourse to measures either of exceptional violence or of exceptional intrigue.

One of the most important of the measures by which this has been effected is the Reform Bill which was read a third time in the Lower House of the Council of the Empire

on the 6th of March, and the adoption of which has just been recommended by a Committee of the Upper House. Hitherto the Lower House has been elected by the Legislatures of the several States, so that if a bare majority in any Provincial Diet happened to be hostile to the Government, this view was exclusively represented in the members whom it returned to the Council. In Bohemia and in Galicia this arrangement has been especially inconvenient. It has inflicted practical disfranchisement on the Germans in the former kingdom and on the Ruthenians in the latter. The German population of Bohemia is superior both in wealth and in practical capacity to the Czechs, and it is far from desirable that any part of the population of Galicia should feel that it has neither share nor interest in the proceedings of the Legislature at Vienna. The inconsiderate obstinacy of the Particularist deputies has made it unexpectedly easy to apply a remedy to this state of things. As to what the remedy must be there was no room for doubt. The direct election of the members of the Council by the constituencies would give the minorities in the Provincial Diets an opportunity of making themselves heard in the Council of the Empire. Under the system of election by the Legislatures, the real majority in the Empire might constantly be set aside by a majority obtained by the simple process of striking the separate minorities out of the calculation. Supposing a hundred German deputies to be returned by half the population of the Empire, and a hundred and one Particularist deputies to be returned by the non-German races, the latter would have a majority in the Council; although in the Legislatures by which the latter had been returned, the Particularist element might have been the stronger only by a few votes. In this way a majority in the Council of the Empire need only have represented a little over a fourth of the whole population.

The difficulty was that the consent of two-thirds of a House constituted after this manner had to be obtained to the Reform Bill. The Lower House consists of 203 members, and out of the 136 votes necessary for a majority only 116 could absolutely be counted on. But here the Particularist members came to the aid of the Ministry. There were 36 deputies who had never taken their seats, and the rules of the House provide that, if they persist in staying away after a formal summons, their seats are forfeited. When the form of calling them was gone through, they one and all refused to attend, and by this convenient obstinacy the actual number of the House was reduced to 167. In the subsequent debate this policy was severely and justly criticized by a Particularist deputy from Southern Tyrol, who attributed the success of the Reform Bill to the folly of his own party in resorting to a Parliamentary strike. It is possible that they may have better reasons than are apparent to outsiders for taking such a course, but it certainly is hard to see the wisdom of abstention when their presence in the Council would have ensured the defeat of the measure to which they are opposed. The necessary majority was thus brought down to 112. The passing of the Bill was therefore assured, and the minority against it was further reduced by the secession of the Polish deputies before the division. The plea on which they defended their action was the incompetence of the Council of the Empire to change the mode of election without the consent of the Provincial Diets. This question had already been argued with much elaboration in the Report of the Committee on the Bill. The position of the Ministry is that the right of the Diets to send members to the Council of the Empire was conferred on them by the Constitutions of 1861 and 1867, and that this right can consequently be taken away by a constitutional amendment. The Diets were not parties to a contract with the Council; they were simply the recipients of a right created by a particular instrument, which instrument admits of being varied, provided that certain conditions are complied with. These conditions have been complied with by the adoption of the Bill by a two-thirds majority, and to ask the consent of the Diets to the change would be a mere constitutional superfluity. There was a precedent also for the Bill in the law of last year, which gives the Council the power of ordering direct election whenever the Diets refuse to elect members, or the members elected refuse to take their seats. To this it was answered that the right of election was reserved to the several Diets by their provincial statutes; but the solitary speaker on that side does not seem to have met the difficulty that, as the Council of the Empire only exists by virtue of the Austrian Constitution, it cannot be unaffected by valid amendments of that Constitution. In the end the Bill was passed by 120 votes against 2, one of the minority being the Tyrolese deputy who had protested against Parliamentary strikes.

It now remains to be seen how this reform will be received in the provinces. Will the Diets ignore it altogether, and go on electing deputies to the Council as though it had not been passed? And, if they do, how far will the populations play into their hands by keeping away from the direct elections? The latter expedient, which is the only one that can cause any real inconvenience to the Government, is not likely to be tried on a large scale. It is dull work for a majority to sulk at home and see a minority profiting by its ill-temper. Yet this is the only result which the abstainers could promise to themselves. In every constituency probably there will be a minority favourable to the Austrian Government, and if the Particularists stay away from the polls, the effect will be that, instead of the Government getting a slightly increased majority in the Council from elections here and there going in their favour, they will get a very largely increased majority from the elections going universally in their favour. Nor is it by any means certain that the Particularist majority in the constituencies will take the same view of the situation as the Particularist majority in the Diets. There are obvious advantages in sending your representative direct to the Council instead of having him sent there for you by a body in the return of which you have only a fractional share. It is probable that in electing the members of the Diet the voters have usually had only local politics in view, and that the thought that their vote will help to determine the choice of a representative in the Council of the Empire has seldom occurred to them. In this case the institution of direct elections will appear as a new right conferred on themselves rather than as a right taken away from the Diet. The Particularist resistance in Austria would hardly perhaps have maintained itself in its present vigour if it had not been seconded by the Ultramontane resistance. If the Austrian Liberals prove superior to the temptation to copy the German Liberals by declaring open war against the Catholic Church, the religious opposition is not unlikely to lose much of its force. However much the Austrian clergy may dislike the course things are taking, they cannot wish, unless they are playing a very deep game indeed, to irritate the Government into substituting a policy of religious oppression for a policy of religious indifference. The alliance which has hitherto subsisted between the Ultramontanes and the Particularists will come to an end if the Ultramontanes begin to doubt whether their interests do not point to exerting influence over the central Government rather than to helping the Diets to paralyse its action. The direct election of the members of the Council may tend to raise this doubt by bringing the clerical electors into contact with the Council. Hitherto they have had to choose between supporting the Particularists and throwing their votes away. In future they may prefer that their representatives shall swell a Catholic minority rather than a Particularist minority. As regards the consolidation of the Empire, such a division of the hostile forces would be an appreciable gain.

GOING TO THE COUNTRY.

WHEN are we going to the country? is the question of the hour, but this time it is a political and not a domestic question. Domestic jaunting may perhaps in some degree depend upon the answer, but the answer, it may be assumed, must be determined by political considerations. It is a question which is heard everywhere except among the supporters of the just re-established Ministry. It was an old Court custom in France never to allude to such an uncomfortable thing as death. "Feu roi d'Espagne!" cried Louis XV. in horror when he came on the unlucky phrase in a State paper. "Monseigneur, 'tis a title they take," replied the ready Secretary. In those days polite conversation was based on the tacit assumption that great people never died. In select Ministerial circles at this moment it is deemed a sad breach of etiquette to hint at the possibility of a dissolution. Dissolutions are not perhaps unknown in history, but they are occurrences which it is not quite decent, or even humane, to mention in the hearing of Ministers or of their devoted friends. Somehow the ugly word slipped out in Mr. DISRAELI's brief statement on Monday and produced a dreadful effect on the nerves of Radical journalists. The *Daily News* was shocked, the *Telegraph* scandalized. It was pointed out that the use of this painful expression was not only revolutionary and unconstitutional, a blow at the Monarchy and a dagger stroke at political freedom, but also very bad manners. A real gentleman would be quite incapable of indulging in such an indelicate and uncalled-for observation. It is not without a severe effort that the Radical prints can bring themselves to allude even to the fact that, by an old and awkward rule, Parliaments must be renewed every

seven years—which the unwritten law of usage rigorously interprets to mean six—and that the existence of the present Parliament cannot be stretched beyond next year. Their logic, however, if good for anything, would seem to point to a proposal for the immediate abrogation of this inconvenient custom. "As matters stood a month ago," says Mr. GLADSTONE's more peculiar and private organ, "it was a fair inference "that Parliament would run out its term and die a natural "death in 1874"; and we are given to understand that all that has just happened merely suggests that it is a pity it should die so soon. In this trying hour the organ consoles, or at least distracts, itself by dipping into history. In 1812 there was a state of things, we are assured, very similar to the present. A Government went out, and came in again, and stopped in for fifteen years. "We "have yet to see," observes the faithful and ecstatic worshipper, "whether the renowned GLADSTONE Ministry is to "have an equally long lease of power." This is indeed one of the sights we have yet to see, but whether we are destined to see it is another question. Fifteen years of heroic remedies, sensational legislation, and sentimental confiscations is not altogether a cheerful prospect, and it is hard to say what would be left when at last the Government went out. Mr. GLADSTONE has certainly been a much abused man, and perhaps he is not perfect; but at any rate it is clear that he is not malicious. He carries into statesmanship the precepts of Christian meekness. Smite him on one cheek and he immediately offers the other. Once he had a majority of one hundred, and now he is in a minority of three on a question on which, as he repeatedly intimated, the Government staked its existence; but the only effect of finding himself in a minority is to make him cling more closely, affectionately, and resolutely to the House of Commons which has just chastised and humiliated him. Unkind and distrustful as the present Parliament may be, yet he is loth to part with it, and his humble content supplies perhaps the measure of his fears.

Everybody may have been mistaken, but there was certainly a general impression at the beginning of the Session that the Government, which of course then hoped to carry its Bill, would dissolve in the course of the summer. It is only a week or two since the House of Commons had a little discussion as to the best time for taking the air in the country, and Mr. GLADSTONE, with his easy capacity for fermentation, worked himself up into quite a pretty enthusiasm about the glories of the country in June. He bewailed the dismal fate of unfortunate legislators doomed to linger on the hot pavement of the town during that genial and delightful season, and when he thought of the London shopkeepers, who, as he said, are debarred from studying the beautiful processes of nature at the most interesting and instructive period of the year, his emotion almost overcame him. It is difficult to imagine what might be the effect of a June holiday on the moral nature of this sensitive and poetical class. After gambolling among the buttercups and daisies, they might possibly come back converted to co-operation and discount for cash, and virtuously resolved to repudiate Mr. BRIGHT's insidious justification of adulteration as a form of legitimate competition. Three weeks ago Mr. GLADSTONE was ready to do almost anything in order that legislators and West-End tradesmen might have a taste of early summer in the country. He was quite sure then that there was no month like June, and that life was hardly worth living unless one had a chance of spending June in the country. But all at once his passion for June has been dissipated, and he does not seem to care now how long it is before he sees the country. He spent last Sunday, as he next day told the House of Commons two or three times over, in the country. This is quite in accordance with Roman precedents. The statesman lays down his power and goes quietly back to his turnips, or to some friend's turnips kindly placed at his disposal for the occasion. Messengers are sent to seek him among the turnips, and to bring him back to power. It is a familiar trick of a certain school of poets to represent the landscape as sympathetically responding to the feelings of the person who is gazing on it. If you are merry, then all nature is gay and frisky too; the sky smiles, and the trees nod with quite a waggish air. If you are sad, the scene mourns with you, the foliage droops, and the very sunshine is pathetic. Since his enthusiasm about June Mr. GLADSTONE has perhaps been looking at the country through the gloomy medium of the division of March 12, and it would seem at any rate that his anxiety to get away to the country at an early date has suddenly declined. It is announced that the Government returns to office unpledged as to the period of the dissolution, or, in other words, resolved to postpone it as long as possible. The natural inference would appear to be that the existence of the Ministry is bound up with the existence of Parliament. Had all gone well, there would in all probability have been a dissolution in June or July. Nothing succeeds like success, and if the Ministers had carried their University Bill, they could have pointed to it as the finish of the Upas-tree programme which Mr. GLADSTONE sketched out at the last election. But just at present the Upas-tree is not exactly the sort of thing to parade up and down the country. It awakens dangerous hopes and uncomfortable recollections. The defeat which Mr. GLADSTONE has just sustained is a striking example of poetical as well as political justice, and supplies a significant commentary on his Irish policy. Ireland was to be governed strictly according to Irish ideas. The Irish alone knew what they wanted, whatever they wanted was sure to be good for them, and they were told that they had only to ask for it in order to get it. It has been found that concessions made in this spirit have led only to a continual increase of demands, and that the complete realization of Irish ideas is not compatible with Imperial legislation. Expectations were raised which could not possibly be fulfilled, and a message of peace which took the form of a promise of unconditional surrender has produced its natural and inevitable results.

The present situation of affairs is really so simple, natural, and obvious, that it is not worth while to attempt to disguise it by flimsy pretences. The plain truth is that the Ministry are in want of a cry. They have done some great things since they have been in office, but the great things are beginning to look distant, and some of the consequences of the way in which the great things have been done are just now unpleasantly conspicuous. Gratitude dies out more quickly than resentment, and to go back on the past would be treading on delicate ground. On the other hand, there is no great subject sufficiently ripe for a new cry. It is perhaps a melancholy reflection that a pious and heroic Minister should be reduced to the necessity of competing with the Tadpoles and Tapers in concocting a cry for the elections, but the hard necessities of things, however much they may be lamented, cannot be ignored. A cry is not to be got up on the instant. It must have time to become familiar to the common ear, to grow in volume, to multiply itself by all kinds of natural and artificial echoes. The Ministry, no doubt, hope that if they had only another year for their preparations, they would be in a better position to face the constituencies; but will they get this other year? At first sight it might seem as if the anxiety of the Government not to dissolve would be likely to propitiate members of the House of Commons; and if the preparations for a dissolution could be postponed as well as the date of the dissolution itself, this would perhaps be the case. Unfortunately things have now reached a point at which even members who are doubtful whether they will ever return to the House of Commons are beginning to think of a dissolution as a welcome release from anxious and painful suspense. Anybody who reads the daily column of election intelligence in the morning papers will be able to understand what a sitting member has at present to endure. He is exposed to all kinds of private pressure from his constituents; an election may happen any day, and he must have all his friends in good humour and well in hand. In obliging his friends he must be careful not to exasperate his enemies, and he knows that all the while rival candidates are doing their best to undermine his position, to prepare subterranean explosions, and even to marshal forces openly against him. He finds himself, in fact, in the very thick of an election contest, with the actual election indefinitely postponed. It may be next month, the month after, or not for a year and more. While Parliament is sitting questions are constantly turning up on which he has to take sides under the watch of vigilant malicious eyes; he cannot fight for his seat with the same free hand as during a general election, and all the trouble, expense, and vexations of the struggle are multiplied many times over. It may be doubted whether many members possess a sufficient share of Spartan fortitude to endure this kind of torture for another year. Anything, they may reasonably think, would be better than the agony of this long suspense. Human nature is selfish at bottom, and members will be apt to consult their own comfort rather than the convenience of the Ministry. A beaten army is always for a time demoralized, and Mr. GLADSTONE's temper will be only too likely to land him in the traps of his enemies. Even his own better qualities, his earnestness, generosity, and daring, will be turned against him, and no pains will be spared to fan his petulance and impulsiveness, and to entice him into committing himself by rash, ill-considered language. There were symptoms of the malady even before

the recent division in the feverish way in which he plunged into the small squabble about the County Court Judges' travelling expenses. On the other hand, Mr. DISRAELI's peculiar gifts will be brought into play in teasing and provoking his antagonist, and tempting him into false and undignified positions. A policy of sarcasm and negation suits the political circumstances as well as the natural talents of the leader of the Opposition, and on Thursday we had a foretaste of the sort of sport that may now be looked for. On the whole, we should say, Mr. GLADSTONE and his friends will not have a pleasant quarter of an hour to spend before the elections come off.

OPTIMISM AND PESSIMISM.

THE question is often asked—and one would think at first sight that it should admit of an answer—whether any man would choose to live his life over again. A plausible reply of Burke's is reported by Boswell. It was plain, he argued, that everybody would wish to live his past life again, because almost everybody, even at an advanced age, is willing to go on living. Now a man, say, of sixty or seventy cannot expect to have as much enjoyment in the future as he has had in the past. If, therefore, we are all anxious to drink the lees of life, it cannot be doubted that we should all be willing to take the first fresh draughts a second time. The argument is perhaps satisfactory as regards the immediate question at issue. No doubt if an angel could appear to any of us and offer us a fresh start, we should accept his offer thankfully. The reason for hesitation is that we do not generally answer the question quite fairly. We look back with a certain weariness upon the long devious track of our past existence, and fancy ourselves starting again with the knowledge of what is to come, or at least with the shadow of our actual experience cast back upon our earlier past. The real question is, of course, whether we would live again with the old hopes and the old freshness; and not whether we would go through the same performances with spirits jaded by the weary journey of later years. Admitting, however, that Burke's reply is as true as it is ingenious, it does not answer the underlying doubt which prompted the question. That we should choose to live again is probable enough; but would our choice be wise? Have most men on the whole enjoyed a surplus of pleasure? If, before accepting the offer of a repetition of life, they were calmly to consider that problem, they might return a different answer. Burke's remark as to our willingness to go on living does not show that we have good grounds for expecting happiness, nor even that we do in fact expect it. Very few people sit down to make a calculation of their prospects and determine to live or not to live according as the balance inclines in one or the other direction. If the practice were at all common, suicide would not be so rare as it is. The instinct of self-preservation is strong enough to make people accept almost inevitable misery; and what we call love of life may be nothing but a prejudice against the act of dying. Thus we can by no means accept this short cut to the solution of the difficulty. Men do not make the calculation imputed to them; and it may be added that, even if they did, their calculation would be worth exceedingly little. A man can hardly say, if we look into it fairly, whether he has on the whole led a happy life or not. He has forgotten a very large fragment of his earlier life altogether; he no more knows what he felt before he could talk than he knows what he will feel next year; and several years elapse before memory becomes at all continuous. Even the memory of his later years is altogether distorted by perspective. He remembers accurately a few conspicuous events, but the long hours of monotonous existence which fill by far the greater part of every man's life pass away without visible trace. Then the true nature of his feelings at the time is often quite perverted by associations of later growth. The man looks back upon the pleasant games and friendships of his boyhood, and forgets the bullying, the isolation, and the absurd importance attached to childish trifles. Because he now sees that a broken toy is a very slight grievance, he forgets how many tears it cost him in his infancy. Because he is now vexed by many troubles he fancies that a time when he had no such troubles must have been happy. These delusions are tolerably familiar: but they affect our estimates of life much more widely than we sometimes observe. Few men are trustworthy witnesses in regard to the happiness of their schoolboy days: and not very many can be relied upon even for the present time. Ask a man whether he enjoyed a dinner-party yesterday; he ought to know, and he will probably give a confident answer: and yet a bystander may often see reasons for doubting his accuracy. Perhaps he was laughing and talking in the highest spirits till the very end of the evening, but the memory is entirely poisoned for him by some rebuff which he received as he was taking leave; or, *vice versâ*, he was bored to death, till some pretty compliment which he gathered at the last moment irradiated the whole dreary scene in memory. Most people, if they are asked whether their lives are happy, apply some test which is manifestly insufficient. A man thinks that he ought to be happy because he has a wife and children with whom he never openly quarrels, and therefore, both to himself and others, sinks the fact that they bore him to death, and that three-quarters of his waking hours are passed in providing for them by some distasteful occupation. "I had ought to be a happy cove," says one of Leech's characters, who reposes his argument on the fact that he has an unrivalled bull-terrier and a wife that can thrash any woman of her weight. Even such advantages do not always produce unmixed felicity in this world, as the hypothetical mode of statement seems to imply; but most people argue from what they "had ought" to be to what they actually are.

Nothing, therefore, is more hopeless than to discover from a man's own evidence whether or not he enjoys a surplus of happiness; and yet it is difficult to see what better evidence could be produced. Further, as we generally argue from our own case to that of the world at large, our estimates of the average happiness of the world vary within the widest limits. One set of moral philosophers, for example, base their arguments on the supposed fact that, even in this world, the amount of happiness is incomparably greater than the amount of misery. That amiable old gentleman, Abraham Tucker, calculates (though it is true that he has to venture upon some very bold hypotheses to make out his case) that the proportion of pain and pleasure may be accurately represented by the case of a man who has one minute of misery to twenty years of enjoyment; and Hartley says, though he uses words in a non-natural sense, that every man not only will be in the long run, but actually now is, infinitely happy. These observers, however, include another state of existence in their calculations, and arrange it according to their own notions. Yet they hold that the facts given to us by observation are sufficient to justify this sanguine estimate of the amount of happiness in existence. The other extreme finds equally energetic and perhaps more able advocates. According to Butler, for example, a mitigation of misery rather than positive happiness is all that we are entitled to expect in this life; and perhaps the deepest thinkers are most ready to accept in sober sadness, and not as a phrase of rhetoric, the opinion that all worldly happiness is mere vanity and vexation of spirit. The fact however, if it be a fact, that the deepest thinkers take the gloomiest view, raises no presumption that they are right. Optimism is the natural frame of mind of men who do not like to look facts in the face, and prefer to cover the ugly side of the world under a flimsy sort of rhetoric. Pessimism, on the contrary, implies a certain intellectual courage, as well as a width of sympathy and a capacity for deep emotion which naturally accompanies a strong understanding and a vivid imagination. But the testimony can in neither case be accepted as of much value. One man is sad when he contemplates the world, and another is cheerful, and each naturally assumes that his emotion is produced by the objects presented to him. But every one can see, in all cases but his own, that the condition of the observer tells for more than the condition of the thing observed. The disorder in the philosopher's liver, and not the disorder in the world, really saddens him. A great thinker generally remarks that most men are fools; and he is naturally vexed at the consequences. But, properly speaking, his remark merely comes to this—that he and some others are much cleverer than the average. Stated in this way, the fact gives cause for congratulation rather than for sadness; and one statement is just as accurate as the other. Everything depends on the level from which we start. To an Australian savage white men should appear marvels of intelligence; to Mr. Carlyle they appear incredibly stupid; that is merely because Mr. Carlyle is much above, and the Australian much below, the ordinary level. When we judge of the folly or happiness of mankind at large, we are mistaking a relative for an absolute assertion. The same result will appear to be good or bad according as we choose to fix the zero point upon our thermometers.

If the observations even of the ablest men are thus vitiated by their inevitable prejudices, the attempt is scarcely more hopeful when we try to take an objective view of the question. We may endeavour to attribute our own feelings as little as possible to other people, and to obtain some external test of their happiness. The first and most obvious fact that meets us is that the overwhelming majority of mankind live by manual labour, and are more or less engaged in a struggle for existence. Does that imply a balance of pleasure or of pain? A certain intensity of struggle is necessary in order to call out a man's energies, and it may be argued that an exertion of our faculties is always more or less agreeable whilst we are in the normal condition of health. But the principle is rather difficult when we come to the application. Take, for example, one of those peasant proprietors who are so much admired by the school of Mr. Mill. He is certainly so far relieved from anxiety that he is tolerably certain of a sufficiency of food, fire, and clothing. On the other hand, his intellectual activity, except so far as the needs of his occupation are concerned, is reduced almost to a minimum. He labours day by day from early morning till night, lives on scanty fare, enjoys a rare holiday, and his keenest enjoyment is probably in cheating his neighbour at a bargain. Is such a man to be counted as happy on the whole? Looking at him from our own point of view, we are apt to exaggerate his discomforts because we pity his incapacity to gratify tastes which he has never developed. His own account of himself will be equally untrustworthy because he regards as an evil all the conditions of his life which force him to exert his faculties. To arrive at a fair estimate we must credit him with a great deal of what we may rather paradoxically call unconscious enjoyment. Such enjoyment indeed obviously exists. The large fraction of our life which is spent in sleep is probably an agreeable, if not the most agreeable, part of our existence; but we are utterly unable to

estimate its value, for the simple reason that the enjoyment is forgotten at the instant that it is felt. In like manner it may be said that most healthy labour is in some sense enjoyable. The contraction of a muscle, when not overworked, is in itself pleasant, only that we do not attend to the pleasure distinctly enough to remember it. Thus a man who has been digging all day in a field may have been quietly enjoying himself, though his enjoyment has been of that evanescent kind which never distinctly emerges into consciousness, and of which he would therefore deny the existence if it were suggested to him. And thus it is conceivable, though it is hardly demonstrable, that a very large proportion of the total aggregate of human pleasure is of so unobtrusive a character that we can never distinctly grasp it in imagination, and much less determine accurately its value.

Many other sources of apparently insuperable difficulty might easily be suggested. How, for example, are we to compare pains and pleasures of different classes? Is an hour's toothache sufficient to cancel an evening of pleasant conversation, or two evenings, or half an evening? When you have decided which you would choose, you are still unable to say whether you would choose rightly, and probably your choice would vary indefinitely according to the passing humour of the moment at which it was made. Without pursuing the subject further, we certainly feel that no one has hitherto answered, and perhaps nobody can ever satisfactorily answer, what nevertheless appears to be the most important question, whether, on the whole, the optimist or the pessimist has most to say for himself. The chief consolation is that the question is hardly so important as it seems. We are enveloped in mystery on all sides; but, whatever the facts, it is equally clear that, whether the world is on the whole a scene of misery or of happiness, we have to make the best of it. For practical purposes that is enough.

CAPRI.

WE can hardly wonder at the love of artists for Capri, for, of all the winter resorts of the South, Capri is beyond question the most beautiful. Physically indeed it is little more than a block of limestone which has been broken off by some natural convulsion from the promontory of Sorrento, and changed by the strait of blue water which now parts it from the mainland into the first of a chain of islands which stretch across the Bay of Naples. But the same forces which severed it from the continent have given a grandeur and variety to its scenery which contrast in a strangely picturesque way with the narrowness of its bounds. There are few coast-lines which can rival in sublimity the coast-line around Capri; the cliff wall of sheer rock broken only twice by little dips which serve as landing places for the island, and pierced at its base by "blue grottoes" and "green grottoes," which have become famous from the strange play of light within their depths. The reader of Hans Andersen's *Improvisatore* will remember one of these caverns as the scene of its closing adventure; but, strange as Andersen's description is, it is far less strange than the scene which he sketches, the deep blue light which turns the rocks into turquoise and emerald, or the silvery look of the diver as he plunges into the waves. Twice in their course the cliffs reach a height of thirteen hundred feet above the sea, but their grandeur is never the barren grandeur of our Northern headlands; their sternest faces are softened with the vegetation of the South; the myrtle finds root in every cranny, and the cactus clings to the bare rock front from summit to base. A cliff wall hardly inferior in grandeur to that of the coast runs across the midst of the island, dividing it into an upper and a lower plateau, with no means of communication save the famous rock stairs, the "Steps of Anacapri," soon to be replaced by a daring road which is being driven along the face of the cliff. The upper plateau of Anacapri is cold and without any striking points of scenery, but its huge mass serves as an admirable shelter to Capri below, and it is with Capri that the ordinary visitor is alone concerned. The first thing which strikes one is the smallness of the place. The whole island is only some four miles long and a mile and a half across, and, as we have seen, a good half of this space is practically inaccessible. But it is just the diminutive size of Capri which becomes one of its greatest charms. It would be hard, in fact, to find any part of the world where so much and such varied beauty is packed into so small a space. The visitor who lands from Naples or Sorrento mounts steeply up the slopes of a grand amphitheatre flanked on either side by the cliffs of St. Michael and Anacapri to the white line of the village on the central ridge, with the strange Saracenic domes of its church lifted weirdly against the sky. Over the crest of this ridge a counter valley falls as steeply to the south till it reaches a plateau crowned with the grey mass of a convent, and then plunges over crag and cliff back again to the sea. To the east of these central valleys a steep rise of ground ends in the ruins of the Palace of Tiberius and the great headland which fronts the headland of Sorrento. Everywhere the forms of the scenery are on the largest and boldest scale. The great conical Tors, Tuoro-grande and Tuoro-piccolo, the boldly scarped rock of Castiglione with its crown of mediæval towers, lead up the eye to the huge cliff wall of Anacapri, where, a thousand feet above, the white hermitage on Monte Solaro glimmers out fitfully from its screen of cloud. Among the broken heights to the east or in the two central valleys there are a hundred different walks and a thousand different nooks, and each walk and nook has its own independent charm. Steeps clothed from top to bottom in the thick greenery of the lemon or orange; sudden breaks like that of Metrompain, where a blue strip of sea seems to have been cunningly let in among the rocks; backgrounds of tumbled limestone, slopes dusty grey with wild cactus; thickets of delightful greenery, where one lies hidden in the dense scrub of myrtle and arbutus; olive-yards creeping thriftily up the hillsides, and over the cliffs and down every slope, and into every rock-corner where the Caprese peasant-farmer can find footing; homesteads of grey stone with low domed Oriental roofs on which women sit spinning, their figures etched out against the sky; gardens where the writhed fig-trees stand barely waiting for the foliage of the spring; nooks amidst broken boulders, and vast fingers of rock, with the dark mass of the carouba flinging its shade over them; heights from which one looks suddenly northward and southward over a hundred miles of sea—this is Capri. The sea is everywhere. At one turn its waters go flashing away unbroken by a single sail towards the far-off African coast, where the Caprese boatmen are coral-fishing through the hot summer months; at another the eye ranges over the tumbled mountain masses above Amalfi to the dim sweep of coast where the haze hides the temples of Pæstum; at another the Bay of Naples opens suddenly before us, Vesuvius and the blue deep of Castellamare and the white city-line along the coast seen with a strange witchery across twenty miles of clear air.

Beautiful as the place is, it is luckily dull enough to escape the rush of visitors which is fast turning every nook of the Riviera into a little Brighton. There is as yet no kind of society: the strangers are few; an English resident or two, a dozen winter exiles, half-a-dozen artists make up the foreign world of Capri. The casual Yankee girl who runs over to "do" the Blue Grotto votes the place a bore in an hour or two, and sails off to the balls and cotillons of Nice. Even the rheumatic dowagers, the botanical young maidens, and the inevitable chaplain who hover vulture-like over the pretty nooks of the world, find Capri too "uninteresting" for their swoop. Its one shop is the barber's shop in the Piazza, its one public building the communal round-house where the solitary offender against the laws of Capri may be seen playing cribbage through the lattice with the sympathizing loungers without. There is but a single road, and that still incomplete; and there are no wheeled vehicles beyond a single cart, the first which has appeared in Capri and at which its children still stare as at a prodigy. The island is a paradise of silence for those to whom silence is a delight. One wanders about in the vineyards without a sound save the call of the vine-dressers; one lies on the cliff and hears a thousand feet below the dreamy wash of the sea. There is hardly the cry of a bird to break the spell; even the girls who meet one with a smile on the hill-side smile quietly and gravely in the Southern fashion as they pass by. It is the stillest place that the sun shines on; but with all its stillness, it is far from being the home of boredom which the American girl votes it. There are, in fact, few places in the world so full of interest. The artist finds a world of "studies" in its rifts and cliff walls, in the sailor groups along its beach, and the Greek faces of the girls in its vineyards. The geologist reads the secret of the past in its abruptly tilted strata, in the deposit of volcanic ash, in the fossils and bones which Augustus set the fashion of collecting before geology was thought of. The historian and the archæologist have a yet wider field. Brief as was the period of its historic glory, Capri is a perfect treasure-house of Roman remains. Twelve Imperial villas were crowded into the little island, and the remains of two, the so-called "Palace" and "Baths" of Tiberius, still exist on the largest scale. But the whole island is a mass of broken fragments. One can hardly dig without coming on the wreck of Roman houses, on tesselated pavements, and marbles, and stuccoed walls, on hypocausts and drains, on urns and sepulchres. Every peasant has a handful of Roman coins to part with for a few soldi. In later remains, as might be expected, the island is far poorer; but the ruins of mediæval castles crown the heights of Castiglione and Anacapri, and the mother church of San Costanzo, with its central dome supported by marble shafts from the ruins hard by, is an early specimen of Sicilian or Southern Italian architecture. Perhaps the most remarkable touch of the South is seen in the low stone vaults which form the roofs of all the older houses of Capri, and whose upper surface serves as a terrace, where the women gather in the sunshine in a way which brings home to one oddly the recollections of Syria and Jerusalem. For loungers of a steadily uninquiring order, however, there are plenty of amusements of a lighter sort. It is hard to spend a day more pleasantly than in boating beneath the cliffs of Capri, bobbing for "cardinals," cruising round the huge masses of the Faraglioni, as they rise like giants out of the sea, dipping in and out of the little grottoes which stud the coast. On land there are climbs arounds headlands and "rock work" for the adventurous, easy little walks with exquisite peeps of sea and cliff for the idle, sunny little nooks where the dreamer can lie buried in myrtle and arbutus. The life around one, simple as it is, has the colour and picturesqueness of the South. The girl faces which meet one on the hill-side are faces such as artists love. In the church the little children play about among the groups of mothers with orange kerchiefs on their heads and heavy silver rings on every finger. Strange processions with cowled faces and crucifix and banners borne aloft sweep into the piazza and up the church steps. Old women with Sibyl-like faces sit spinning at their doors. Maidens with water-jars on their head which might have been dug up at Pompeii;

priests with broad hats and huge cloaks; sailors with blue shirts and red girdles; urchins who almost instinctively cry for a 'soldo' and break into the Tarantella if you look at them; quiet, grave, farmer-peasants with the Phrygian cap; coral-fishers fresh from the African coast with tales of storm and tempest, and the Madonna's help—make up group after group of Caprese life as one looks idly on, a life not specially truthful perhaps, or moral, or high-minded, but sunny and pleasant and pretty enough, and harmonizing in its own pleasant way with the sunshine and beauty around.

As we have already said, "dulness" and distance have as yet saved Capri from a flood of visitors which would rob it at any rate of the silence and solitude which now give it half its charm. But this exemption from the common doom of really beautiful places can hardly be expected to last long. The completion of the railway from Nice to Genoa will probably bring about the flight of a good many winter exiles from the Riviera, where Mentone has become almost as bustling and as dear a place as Nice, and San Remo is on its way to become as bustling and as dear a place as Mentone. The difficulty of the voyage to Algiers and the discomforts of Sicily may again draw the attention of wanderers in search of health to a spot which has gone out of fashion ever since the days of Tiberius. If the climate of Capri is inferior to that of Catania, it is distinctly superior to that of either San Remo or Mentone. Those who remember the Riviera with no little gratitude may still shrink from the memory of its sharp transitions of temperature, the chill shade into which one plunges from the direct heat of its sun-rays, and the bitter cold of its winter nights. Out of the sun indeed the air of the Riviera towards Christmas is generally keen, and a cloudy day, with an East wind sweeping along the shore, will bring back unpleasant reminiscences of the England one has left behind. Capri is no hotter perhaps in the sunshine, but it is distinctly warmer in the shade. The wraps and shawls which are a necessity of health at San Remo or Mentone are far less necessary in the South. One may live frankly in the open air in a way which would hardly be safe elsewhere, and it is just life in the open air which is most beneficial to invalids. It is this natural warmth which tells on the temperature of the nights. The sudden change at sunset, which is the terror of the Riviera, is far less perceptible at Capri; indeed the average night temperature is but two degrees lower than that of the day. The air, too, is singularly pure and invigorating, for the village and its hotels stand some four or five hundred feet above the sea, and there are plenty of fairly level and accessible walks along the hill-sides. At San Remo, or in the Eastern bay of Mentone, one purchases shelter by living in a teacup, and the only chance of exercise lies in climbing up its sides. Of the beauty of the scenery and the quiet of the place we have already spoken, and we may add that it is of all winter resorts as yet the cheapest. But it must fairly be owned that these advantages are accompanied by some very serious drawbacks. If Capri is fairly free from the bitter East wind of the Riviera, the Riviera is free from the stifling scirocco of Capri. In the earlier part of the winter—in the early part of December, for instance, during the past year—this is sometimes almost intolerable. The wind blows straight from Africa, hot, dusty, and oppressive in a strange and almost indescribable way. All the peculiar clearness of the atmosphere disappears; one sees every feature of the landscape as one would see them through a raw autumn day in England. The presence of fine dust in the air—the dust of the African desert; to which this effect is said to be owing—may perhaps account for the peculiar oppressiveness of the scirocco; certain it is, that after two days of it every nerve in the body seems set ajar. Luckily, however, it only lasts three days, and dies down into rain as the wind veers round to the West. In the spring its effects are far less annoying, but they are never pleasant, and though it is easy to escape the worst violence of the scirocco by choosing a home in the Northern instead of the Southern valley, this is a course hardly open to an invalid. As we have said, one of the great advantages of the island is the shelter which one can find either in one quarter or another from almost every wind. On the other hand, its position and its hills make its winds very violent ones, though fortunately they are seldom very cold. But it is the want of adequate medical advice and of domestic comforts which puts Capri out of question as a residence for persons suffering from extreme ill-health. The hotels are simply superior country inns, fairly comfortable, and very cheap, but rough in their style of accommodation, and certainly unsuited for very delicate invalids. There are no villas such as often make a residence in the South tolerable to those who cannot bear the inevitable discomforts of hotels. There is one good Italian practitioner, but there is no English doctor, and in any serious or critical case it is necessary to obtain medical assistance from Naples at a very serious cost. For invalids, too, who are not strong enough for walking or riding, the want of roads and carriages is a terrible drawback, although it is in great measure compensated by the use of litters. If we add to this the distance of Capri from England, and the difficulties of communication with the mainland, from which its residents are utterly cut off by bad weather, we may perhaps find ground for hoping that the island will for some time yet remain uninvaded by the horde of winter exiles.

LONG AGO.

SOME time back we stumbled on a paper bearing the name of the *Antiquary*, and now we have before us two numbers of another paper called *Long Ago*, but which, we are told, was very near being called "The Olden Time." By a shorter description than its rival or brother the new paper styles itself "A Monthly Record of Popular Antiquities." Now what are Popular Antiquities? If the study of antiquity or any other study can be made popular, so much the better. We only ask that it shall not be made popular at the cost of ceasing really to be a study. And we are quite certain of this, that scientific and accurate treatment is really the way to make anything popular. After much reflection we have made up our minds that the mass of mankind, the general reader and his brethren, are by no means such fools as at first sight they might be thought. So far as they are fools, it is mainly because those who undertake to teach them will persist in treating them as if they were fools. Of course there are some people who are absolutely hopeless, who cannot be got to make any intellectual effort of any kind, who will read nothing and listen to nothing which requires the smallest process of thinking. Yet, even with many of these, we suspect that it is much more will not than cannot; and we suspect that the unwillingness often comes from the dull and uninviting shape in which things are set before them. There are plenty of people who are not great scholars, who are not specially intellectual, as the phrase goes, but who still wish to learn something; and they are a great deal more likely to learn something if things are clearly put before them, in their right order and their right relations, with their causes and with their effects. To put things forth in a scholarlike and orderly way is really a more popular way of treating things than to shovel out masses of facts without order or connexion. People really understand and remember better when they are called upon to make use of their understandings and not simply to burden their memories.

We have been led into this train of thought by looking at what we suppose are the chief articles in the two numbers of *Long Ago* which are now before us—those which seem meant to form a series, called the "Olden Laws of England," by the Editor. Here is a most interesting subject, and one most thoroughly capable of really popular treatment. But we maintain that the really popular treatment of such a subject is not to jumble together a confused mass of scraps out of Acts of Parliament and elsewhere, but to trace out everything scientifically—that is, clearly and simply—from its beginnings and its first principles. The first chapter of the series is headed "King, Lords, and Commons." Here is a field for tracing out in a terse and simple way the origin and growth of kingly power, the changes which have happened at various times in the nature and extent of the kingly authority and of the kingly title. But the editor of *Long Ago* simply throws together a mass of stray facts about the royal style and anything else that has to do with King, Lords, and Commons, without any attempt at order, and without any attempt to set forth a reason for anything. We start with Henry the Eighth and then run backwards and forwards anyhow, and we meet with the strange comment that "of course the further we go back, the greater do we find the tendency to assume an arbitrary power on the part of our Kings." We suspect that after all *Long Ago* is not so very long ago, and that the process of going back has not yet reached the days when Alfred so modestly laid his laws before his Witan. The earliest fact to be found is that "the early Norman Kings" called themselves *Reges Angloruw*; but of the gradual change from the national to the territorial title, and all that is implied in that change—just one of those things which could be so easily and so usefully dealt with in a really popular way—we get not a word. At the other end we read as follows:—

> With the Hanoverian succession came the addition, "Brunsvicæ et Luneburgii Dux, Sacri Romani Imperii Archithesauri et Princeps Elect"; but in the reign of George III. the absurd appendage of "Francia" was dropped from the king's style.

We print this as we find it in our text, but the titles as given are so amazing that one really suspects that our instructor did not understand the abbreviations for "Archithesaurarius" and "Elector." And if the thing was to be popular, it would surely have done somewhat to enliven the dryness of all these Latin formulæ if some explanation had been given of titles which certainly would not carry their meaning with them to every one, and if the searcher into popular antiquities said at what stage of George the Third's reign and for what reason it was that the title of King of France was given up. Presently the editor lights, in a parish book in Kent, on a document of the time of Philip and Mary, which he gives at length with a somewhat curious comment:—

> "Our Sovaigne Lorde and Lady Phillip and Mary, by the Grace of God, Kinge and Queene of England, France, Naples, Jerusalem, and Yreland, Defenders of the Faythe, Prince of Spaine and Cycele (Sicily), Archduke of Austrya, Duke of Acquittan, Burgundy, and Brabant, Countys of Flanders and Tyrolle." All that Philip seems to have done for the crown of England seems to have been to bring a number of empty titles to it; but it strikes the student of our laws that he was more completely recognized as king regnant than readers of our ordinary histories would discover.

We should really have thought that any one who took upon himself to teach others about King, Lords, and Commons hardly needed to go to the Church-book of Burton Bleen in Kent to find out that Philip was King of England for Mary's lifetime. Perhaps it was lucky that the document on which he lighted was older than the abdication of Charles V., or he might have found a great many more titles, some of them perhaps not altogether

empty, added to those which he has given us. But mark further the minute accuracy of the Kentish document, and all that its minute accuracy implies. It reminds us, what many people do not remember, that Philip was a King when he married Mary. He was, as the Church-book of Burton Bleau describes him, King of Naples and Prince of Sicily. And he was the only person who ever could have been so described. Very few people have ever called themselves Kings of Naples, because very few people have ever held the Neapolitan kingdom without either holding or claiming the insular Sicily as well. But of those few Philip was one. His father had given him the continental kingdom, but had kept the Island. He was therefore King of Naples and Prince of Sicily. He might have called himself "Rex Siciliæ citra Pharam"; but it was simpler to call himself "Rex Neapolis," as Lewis the Twelfth had done before him. The abdication of his father made him King of the Two Sicilies as well as of many other kingdoms besides. Jerusalem, it may be noted, seems to be treated as an appendage to the continental kingdom. The document hidden in this Kentish church, which seems to have so puzzled our editor, is really a very instructive one.

Then come a number of odds and ends about the two Houses of Parliament, scraps from statutes, journals, and other places, winding up with a little notice of the practice of the House of Commons as to letting in and keeping out strangers The following is rather a choice bit of English:—

> Before closing the subject of the House of Commons, we must allude to the remarkable fiction by which it has been governed for centuries, the pretended seclusion in which the business is conducted.

There is also a kind of summary of what has been done in the way of repealing obsolete statutes; but of anything likely to give the popular mind clearer notions than it sometimes has of the origin and constitution of either House of Parliament there is not a word.

The second chapter of the "Olden Laws of England" has not reached us, but we have the third, headed "Trial by Ordeal and Wager of Battle." It begins by telling us that *ordeal* is "a word compounded of the Saxon 'or,' meaning privacy, and 'del,' not guilty." For this wonderful etymology we are sent to Coke's *Reports*. Where Coke got his "or" and his "del" from it is not for laymen to guess; but *ordeal* is simply itself, simply *ordæl*, in the High-Dutch form, *Urtheil*. We may here remark that most people sound this word in three syllables, as if it were a Latin adjective *ordealis*, whereas the *deal* is simply *deal*, *dæl*, *Theil*, and the word is one of two syllables. The confusion is one of the same kind as that by which people treat the good English substantive *bridal* (*bride-ale*) as if it were an adjective. In this, to be sure, it does but suffer the same fate as the more dignified substantives *Church* and *Gospel*. Our editor goes on to give us nearly five pages about the ordeal and the wager of battle, in which we do not see a single reference to original authorities. Except one or two statutes, all is made up from modern law-books. We of course get all about the corsned; and will it be believed that in 1873 the following words are gravely printed in a journal of popular antiquities?—

> The latest case we have on record of this form of ordeal being had recourse to was in the reign of Edward the Confessor, when Godwyn, Earl of Kent, accused of the murder of the king's brother, claimed to be tried by the Corsned. Unlucky appeal! the "morsel of execration" stuck in his throat and killed him.

We had really thought that this monstrous fable had by this time been handed over to its proper owners, the comparative mythologists. To say nothing of this—to say nothing, too, of cutting down the Earl of the West-Saxons, "totius pene regni dux et bajulus," into a mere local Earl of Kent—it is at least hard to deprive his name of its masculine ending, and to turn the male Godwine into a female Godwyn. In the like sort it is not many days since we saw Baldwyn as the name of a man—the great Count of Flanders, the "marchio potentissimus," the father-in-law of the Conqueror, being thus cruelly cut down into a Countess.

About the wager of battle we get some curious learning:—

> Selden preserves a list of appeals to battle which he had collected, beginning soon after the Conquest:
>
> *Tempore* William Rufus, he records that one William de Owe, accused of treason to the king, challenged his accuser, but he does not tell us the result.
>
> Edgar, son of Malcolm of Scotland, accused by Orgar, an Englishman, of claiming to be heir to the Crown, challenged and "foyl'd his false accuser."

It was not likely that Selden could find many instances of this distinctively Norman practice before the Conquest; but in treating of the wager of battle as part of the olden laws of England, it might not have been amiss to point out that it was a distinctively Norman practice, and how often in Domesday the Norman appeal to "bellum" is opposed to the English appeal to the "judicium Dei." "One William de Owe" is a strange way of describing a near kinsman of the King, of the great line of the Counts of Eu, and if Selden "does not tell us the result," the Peterborough Chronicler, Florence, and Orderic have none of them forgotten to record the fearful punishment which fell upon the man who was convicted of treason by wager of battle. Now as to the story about Edgar, it rests on very poor evidence, not being mentioned by any contemporary writer. Still, even in repeating a legend, it is as well to repeat it in its received shape. We should put very little faith in any one who told us that Tell shot Gessler, but we should put still less faith in any one who told us that Gessler shot Tell. The story will be found in the twelfth book of Hector Boethius, at page 261 of the Paris edition of 1575, and therefore in the *Buik of the Cronicles of Scotland*, ii. 690. The story is there told, not of Eadgar the son of Malcolm, afterwards King of Scots, but of his uncle, Eadgar the Ætheling, who was charged with having brought his nephews out of Scotland in order to set up their rights against the reigning King, William Rufus. The following is to us quite a new view of an Act of Attainder:—

> A peer can only forfeit his nobility by attainder; but there is only one instance upon record, occurring in the reign of Edward the Fourth, when George Neville, Duke of Bedford, was degraded by Act of Parliament on account of his poverty, which rendered him unable to support his dignity. The Act of Attainder ran thus: "Forasmuch as oftentimes it is seen that when any lord is called to high estate and hath not convenient livelihood to support the same dignity, it inducèth great poverty and indigence, and causeth oftentimes great extortion, embracery and maintenance to be had, to the great trouble of all such countries where such estate shall happen to be: therefore," &c.

We are bound to say that the instructor from whom we have learnt all this has in some sort a modest notion of the capacity of himself and his helpers, though it might be wished that their studies had gone so far as to teach them the proper spelling of the word *Sphinx*:—

> We are no Sir Oracles nor modern sphynxes, and do not undertake to solve problems; but we invite queries nevertheless, and trust to a spirit of literary reciprocity for the interchange of information where our own imperfect knowledge fails us. In this department we trust to have a large circle of "friends in council;" and country investigators, removed from the great centres of inquiry, shall have through our columns, the aid of practised members of our staff specially retained to make researches in our metropolitan storehouses of historic volumes.

"Metropolitan storehouses of historic volumes" sounds like something almost as much beyond our reach as "a spirit of literary reciprocity." Yet one would think that such storehouses must contain the more obvious original sources of English history, and that any one who undertakes to expound the olden laws of England might have taken the trouble to turn to them, instead of taking things wholly at secondhand. We may indeed say in the words of Earl Simon's poet:—

> Nec cuncti provinciæ sic sunt idiotæ.

Even "country investigators removed from the great centres of inquiry" may sometimes have the means and the will to turn to the genuine sources of history, while it seems that practised persons "specially retained to make researches" can get no further than the compilations of lawyers. We should really have thought that, after all that the present and last generation of scholars have done, we had got beyond this. But what shall we say when we found the following sentence in a number of the *Times* a few days back:—

> Last year there was a considerable discussion whether the University of Oxford was a thousand years old or only, perhaps, nine hundred; and the impression left was that there might have been *something of the sort* in Alfred's time, or before.

What impression may have been left on the *Times* is a subject too mysterious for us, as is the prudent vagueness of the words "something of the sort." But one would have thought that even the *Times* might have known that there was no "discussion" about the matter. There cannot be said to be a discussion when there is notaing but the exposure of a monstrous fiction whose defenders had nothing to put forward beyond a few paltry jokes after dinner and the convenient doctrine that it did not matter whether things were true or false. Will the *Times* tell us who suggested the date of only nine hundred years as an alternative to a thousand? The only thing we can think of is, that the *Times* may somewhere have seen it said that the *town* of Oxford is first mentioned in history in the tenth century. The *Times* perhaps does not descend to such subtle distinctions as that between the University and the city, though the difference is one which at various times, especially in the fourteenth century, has led to serious results. Altogether our friend in the *Times* seems one degree more hopeless than our friend in *Long Ago*. The one has never heard of things, and may therefore perhaps some time learn them. The other has heard of at least one thing, but he has heard of it in a spirit on which all facts and arguments are thrown away.

PIUS II. AND PIUS IX.

SOME of our readers may have come across two papers in recent numbers of *Macmillan's Magazine*, on the career of one of the most remarkable, though by no means most widely remembered, of the long line of pontiffs who have sat in St. Peter's chair. Mr. Creighton's sketch of Pius II., better known as Æneas Silvius, is an interesting though somewhat unkindly one, and hardly does justice to the really great qualities of the single Pope of the fifteenth century who has left an abiding reputation by his greatness and not by his vices. We are not, however, going to review the articles in *Macmillan*, and shall only refer to them so far as may suit our immediate purpose. The life of Æneas Silvius Piccolomini is sufficiently various and eventful to bear being treated from many points of view, both as a study of personal character and as it illustrates a critical epoch in the history of the Papacy. It is difficult not to be struck, in spite of several obvious points of contrast, with some curious resemblances, besides the probably accidental coincidence of name—for Pius V. was, we believe, the chosen model of his present Holiness—between Pius II. and Pius IX. Both obtained the tiara at almost the same unusually early age—the former being 53, the latter 54, at the time of their

election. Both were in early life great travellers: for Pius II., though he could not of course visit South America like his Papal namesake of our own day, had visited what were then the equally remote regions of Scotland and Norway, and indeed almost every country in Europe. If Pius II. has been called by a late writer "the most genial character among all ever raised to the Papal throne," it is fair to remember that the praise of geniality has been almost universally conceded to Pius IX. It is a more important coincidence that both Popes had originally professed strongly liberal opinions, which they afterwards as emphatically retracted; and again, that Pius II., as we shall presently see, displayed in his pontificate, like Pius IX., a remarkable recurrence to mediæval ideas, though he has been justly called by an Italian writer "the first Pope of a transitionary era"—*in eo primum apparuit sæculi mutati signum.* On the other hand, it is of course equally true that Æneas Silvius, unlike Mastai Ferretti, was one of the first scholars and ablest writers of the day, and that he rose by sheer force of genius from a very humble position (he was one of eighteen children of a decayed, though noble, family, and had to work in the fields as a boy at his native village of Corrignano) to the highest dignity in Christendom. He had been of a studious and religious disposition from boyhood, and at eighteen he was sent to study law at Siena. On his leaving that city six ducats were all his father could give him, on which he lived till he became secretary to Cardinal Capranica, whom he attended to the Council of Basle. That there is some truth in Milman's censure of his "treachery" in first coming forward as "the bold apostle of ecclesiastical freedom, and then skilfully preparing his own way to bishoprics and cardinalates, and finally to the popedom," cannot certainly be denied; but as little, we think, can it be fairly doubted that there was also another and a nobler side to his character, which came more to the surface as life advanced. His future greatness might seem to be foreshown by his hair-breadth escapes in childhood. At three years old he fell from a wall and was taken up for dead, and at eight he was tossed by a bull. A brief notice of his career, which naturally divides itself into the period before and after his elevation to the Papacy, may not be uninteresting to our readers.

Æneas Silvius first came into public notoriety at Basle, where he was named secretary and reporter, and then one of the twelve presidents of the Council, and where his eloquence made him a great power. Though still and for many years afterwards a layman, he obtained his first piece of preferment there, in the shape of a canonry of San Ambrogio at Milan, and he preached on the feast of St. Ambrose a panegyric of that Saint before the Council with much applause. At that period he threw himself heart and soul into the cause of the Council as against Eugenius IV., and became the secretary and main supporter of the anti-Pope, Felix V. Indeed he had been strongly urged to qualify himself for election by taking orders; and it should be recorded to his credit that he steadily refused on account of his irregularities of life, which at the time would have been readily overlooked in a priest, or even in a pope. Later on, however, he gained a reluctant permission from Felix to transfer his services to Frederick III., the new Emperor, by whom he was crowned poet-laureate, though in fact poetry was the least conspicuous of his many literary gifts. At the age of forty he took orders, having then abandoned his juvenile immoralities, and rapidly rose in Court favour and influence under the patronage of Gaspar Schlick, the Imperial Chancellor. Gradually, and without indecent haste, he came round to the side of Pope Eugenius, only following, it must be allowed, the general current of feeling in the Catholic world; for the Council of Basle had played its cards so badly that the cause of Felix V. was rapidly losing ground. There is no reason to doubt that Æneas Silvius was doing what he really believed to be best for the interests of the Church, though he was also of course gratifying his own ambition, when he undertook an embassy from Frederick III. to Pope Eugenius, in order to effect a reconciliation between the Church of Germany and the Holy See; but the terms of the agreement, and still more the means employed for securing their acceptance by misrepresentation and wholesale bribery, it is impossible to excuse, except indeed by saying that such devices were far more common, and less severely condemned by public opinion, than in our own day. Eugenius IV. was too discreet not to receive such an envoy favourably. He made him apostolic secretary and Bishop of Triesto; and his successor, Nicholas V., continued him in those offices, and in 1450 appointed him bishop of his native city of Siena. Calixtus III. raised him to the cardinalate. He had meanwhile negotiated the marriage of Frederick with the Portuguese princess Leonora, and his coronation at Rome by Nicholas, as well as the resignation of Felix V., and the Concordat of Aschaffenburg. In 1458, on the death of Calixtus III., he was elected Pope, and took the name of Pius, as he characteristically explained, in memory of Virgil's *pius Æneas.* The reference to his classical tastes leads us to say a word of his literary productions, which embraced a wide range of subjects from theology and Church history to love letters, and even one novel, *Lucretia and Euryalus,* all of which were still allowed to circulate freely after he became Pope. His published works cover 1,100 folio pages in the Basle edition of 1571, which is by no means a complete one, and there are also many manuscript writings of his extant, including a treatise "On the Nature of the Horse," besides many more which have been lost. His *Commentaries,* describing minutely many incidents in his early life, and exhibiting an appreciation of natural scenery very unusual in that age, were dictated after he became Pope; and it is to be regretted that the work, eventually published under the name of Gobelinus, a priest of Bonn, was touched up and somewhat mutilated by his favourite secretary before publication.

The pontificate of Pius II., which only lasted six years, was not a long, and cannot be called a successful, one; but it has a grandeur and unity of its own. We have already seen that he retracted as Pope what he had written as a private person. He even issued a Bull especially condemning appeals from a Pope to a General Council, in direct contradiction to his uncompromising vindication, in his history of the Council of Basle, of the decrees of Constance on the superiority of Councils to Popes; and he managed to induce Louis XI. to revoke the Pragmatic Sanction of Bourges, which the Council of Basle had approved, and which Bossuet considers the foundation of the Gallican Liberties, as he had already by the Concordat of Aschaffenburg reimposed the yoke of Papal absolutism on the German Church. But if Pius II. strove to reconquer for the Papacy all its mediæval splendour, he also desired, with unquestionable sincerity, that its powers should be used for the highest interests of Christianity. The one grand enterprise to which all his energies were devoted, even before he became Pope himself, and in which he sacrificed his life, was a common European crusade for the recovery of Constantinople from the Turks. It has been said indeed that he never suffered this design to interfere with his personal or political interests; and it may be allowed that he was a nepotist, in an age when nepotism was universally practised and hardly ever seriously condemned, and that he was unwilling to do anything to imperil the temporal prerogatives of the Papacy, which he probably believed to be a sacred trust committed to him. But his nepotism sprang from genuine family affection, not from self-interest, as we may gather from his crying like a child on his deathbed to think that henceforth there would be no one to look after his nephews; and he always sought to further his objects, whether public or private, by conciliating opponents; not, like his fellow-Cardinal, and afterwards his successor, the infamous Alexander Borgia, by killing them. No doubt the age of crusades had passed away, and, like his modern namesake, Pius II. was vainly trying to galvanize a dead idea; but his aim was not the less a noble one. Feeble as he was, and suffering from a complication of diseases, he set out from Rome in the midwinter following his election to hold a Congress at Mantua for organizing the new crusade. His speech of three hours length, frequently interrupted by tears, kindled a warm though only temporary enthusiasm in his hearers. It may still be read, and the advocates of women's rights may be interested to hear that female eloquence was also called into play on this occasion. Two illustrious ladies, Ippolita Sforzia, wife of Alfonso II. of Naples, and Isotta Nogarola, whom Cantu describes as "filosofessa, teologante, letterata," addressed the assemblage. Nor was Pius II. content with appealing to the zeal of Christian Europe. He also wrote an elaborate letter to the Sultan Mahomet II., remarkable alike for its evident earnestness and its skill and force of reasoning, entreating him to embrace the true faith, and thus qualify himself for recognition as Emperor of the East. But neither the Sultan nor the Christian sovereigns responded to his call. One last attempt he made to move the sluggish conscience of Christendom, which cost him his life. "Perhaps," he said, "when they see their father, the Vicar of Christ, aged and infirm as he is, setting out for the holy war, they will be ashamed to remain at home, and will embrace with courage the defence of our holy religion." In June 1464 he left Rome for the last time, so ill that he had to be carried in a litter on the weary journey to Ancona, which he reached on July 18, to put himself at the head of the crusading forces. But he was too feeble on his arrival even to receive the Doge of Venice, who had come with eleven triremes to join the expedition. For a month he lingered, and on the Feast of the Assumption (August 15) he expired with his arms round the neck of his favourite Cardinal of Pavia, who has minutely described the scene, saying, with his last breath, "Do good, my son, and pray for me."

A modern writer has described the pontificate of Pius II. as a bright gleam flashing across the evening sky of the mediæval Papacy, and shedding on its decline a bright but passing ray of glory which contrasted strangely with the utter darkness that was immediately to follow. He failed, it is true, to read the signs of the times, and attempted to achieve the impossible; but we must remember that the news of the capture of Constantinople in 1453, only five years before his accession to the Papacy, caused a shock throughout Europe which it is difficult for us to realize, and was not unreasonably felt as a serious menace to the whole fabric of Christian society and civilization. No sacrifice could be too great to avert the seeming danger of a horde of Oriental unbelievers reversing the labour of centuries and plunging Europe afresh into barbarism. Pius II., as we have shown, had some points of contact with his latest successor, but his history recalls with a far deeper reality that of the greatest of all his predecessors, Gregory VII. Like him he had stood behind the Papal throne and shaped its policy through several reigns before he himself ascended it; like him he laboured with consummate ability, but with very inferior success, to make the formula of Papal coronations which describes the Pontiff as "lord of lords, king of kings, emperor of emperors, supreme Vicar of Christ, our Lord on earth," into a living reality; and, like him, too, he died in exile. If his last words lacked the epigrammatic force of the famous sentence in which Hildebrand sought to sum up the labours of a lifetime, they display more of Christian humility. Whatever may have been the faults of Æneas Silvius, he possessed a charm of manner and warmth

of genuine affection which made him beloved in life, and combined with the tragical romance of his premature death at Ancona—an exile like Hildebrand, though by a self-imposed sentence of banishment—to invest his memory with almost the halo of martyrdom. It was currently reported that a Camaldulese hermit, the Blessed Pietro Cornelio, keeping his solitary vigils on the Tuscan Apennines at the still night hour when the Pontiff passed away, beheld a choir of angels conducting his glorified spirit to the mansions of eternal bliss. There is a quaint mixture of wisdom and common sense in the recorded apophthegms of Æneas Silvius, "useful for the guidance of life," preserved by Platina, a few specimens of which may fitly close this notice of him. "Literature ought to be as silver to the people, as gold to the nobility, to princes in place of jewels." "As all rivers flow into the sea, so do all vices meet in the courts of the great." "The vagabond monk is a servant of the devil." "With good reason were the clergy formerly forbidden to marry, and there is still better reason now for permitting it."

IRISH JURIES.

ON the 29th June, 1871, Mr. Glass, cashier of the Northern Bank at Newton Stewart, was murdered in the back office of the bank. The murder was discovered by a servant-girl about an hour after the closing of the bank, and it is presumed that it must have been committed within that hour. The doors of the bank were shut at three o'clock, and almost immediately afterwards three men standing just outside thought they heard strange sounds like the dragging of a bench or table and then a fall accompanied by a moaning sound. Their suspicions, however, were not aroused. When the house was examined it was found that a sum of 1,695*l.* had been carried off, and most of this money was afterwards discovered in a gravel-pit at Grange Wood, along with a billhook, the shape of which corresponded to the wounds on the head of the murdered man. The only man who is known to have been about the bank on the afternoon of the murder was Sub-Inspector Montgomery of the Constabulary force. He is known to have been in the bank at half-past two o'clock, and was next seen leaving it soon after three. He opened the door, looked out up the street, went back into the house, returned with a waterproof coat on his arm and a stick in his hand, and walked in the direction of Grange Wood, where the money and the billhook were found. Several persons met him as he was going this way, and he was seen in the same neighbourhood next morning as early as two o'clock and afterwards at six. These circumstances naturally pointed suspicion at Montgomery. He had been a clerk in a bank before he joined the Constabulary, was acquainted with Mr. Strahan, the manager of the Northern Bank, and with Mr. Glass, and knew all about the arrangements of the office, where Glass usually sat, where the money was kept, and so on. When he called at half-past two he saw Mr. Strahan's aunt, and learned that he was absent. It will be observed, therefore, that Montgomery was the only man known to have been in the bank between the hour of closing and the discovery of the murder; he was seen leaving the bank and going off in the direction where the money and the billhook were found; he was seen hovering about the same spot twice next morning. It would appear that the murder was committed with a view to plunder, and it was shown that Montgomery was at the time under the pressure of pecuniary difficulties. He owed 30*l.* to one of the constables, of which payment was required before the 1st July; the murder was on the 29th June; he had received 800*l.* from his brother and lost it; 200*l.* had been entrusted to him by another friend to invest; and all these sums had to be made good. Circumstantial evidence must always be received with great caution, but in this instance it certainly seemed to point very strongly to Montgomery. In his defence he urged that he had no ill-will against Glass, but then it was a murder which had been committed rather with a view to robbery than revenge; and that he was not in want of money, which was shown to be untrue. He also laid great stress on the fact that there were no stains of blood on his clothes. This was certainly a point in his favour, but it was attempted to account for it by his having taken the precaution to wear the waterproof when he attacked his victim, or by the blood from the wounds of the latter flowing another way. It was of course not a conclusive piece of evidence, like a well-established alibi. Montgomery was tried on the charge of murder last summer, but the jury could arrive at no conclusion, and had to be discharged. He has just undergone a second trial, and again the jury have been discharged without a verdict. It is understood that a third attempt will be made to get a verdict one way or the other.

We have, of course, no right to assume that it is beyond doubt that Montgomery murdered Glass, but the course of the trial which has just terminated without a verdict suggests some rather uncomfortable reflections as to the capacity of Irish jurymen. If a constable had been the victim of a murder instead of being the accused person, a political reason might perhaps have been suggested for the reluctance of the jury to convict the murderer. There are parts of the country where the murder of a constable would probably be regarded as rather a meritorious act. But here it was a constable who was on his trial, and there is no suspicion of political partisanship. The murder had nothing to do with any of those questions which touch the hearts of Irishmen; it had nothing to do with creed, nationality, or land-holding. It was an ordinary brutal murder, perpetrated for the sake of plunder. We must suppose, therefore, that the jury were not particularly biassed in favour of the prisoner, although it may be suspected that in capital cases generally Irish juries have got into a habit of rather taking sides against the Crown. None of the jurors in this case had ever served as such before, and they seem to have had very vague ideas both as to the nature and exigency of evidence. One day a thirteenth man got mixed up with them when they were consulting, and spent some time with them. At the close of the trial a juror obtained leave to recall two witnesses. One was the coroner, who was asked whether he had held an inquest on a blind woman who was killed at a railway crossing: and the other was the county inspector, from whom it was elicited that if he wished to detect persons committing outrages on the railway *he* would go by the more private routes. This was all, and it is difficult to imagine what bearing this testimony could possibly have on the question of Montgomery's guilt or innocence. After the jury had been locked up for two hours they returned into court, and the foreman put it to the judge whether the law permitted a man to be convicted of a crime which no one had seen him commit. The judge of course replied that a man could certainly be convicted on circumstantial evidence. Two hours afterwards they again came back to say that they could not agree; they were locked up once more, and were finally discharged at midnight without having been able to arrive at a verdict. It is said that ten jurors were for a conviction, while the foreman, who apparently still held to his distrust of circumstantial evidence, and another juror were for an acquittal. As we said before, we have no right to assume that the jury were bound to return a verdict of guilty, but the questions which some of them asked, and especially the doubts raised by the foreman as to the right of convicting a man unless he had actually been seen committing the crime charged against him, would seem to justify the doubts which are entertained as to the capacity of the jury. Unfortunately this is not an isolated case. There was a discussion in the House of Lords the other evening in which numerous examples were given of the hopeless stupidity and ignorance of Irish jurors, who are now, it should be noted, drawn from a lower class than formerly. In the same impression of the *Times* which contains a report of the conclusion of Montgomery's trial there is a letter from a gentleman who says he has lately served as foreman in several trials in Ireland, and that his experience during the recent Sessions showed the impossibility of getting together into a jury-box twelve trustworthy men able to comprehend the cases put before them. "How," he asks, "can we expect a lot of humble, poorly-educated farming-men suddenly to shift themselves from the plough, the manure-heap, or cleaning out pig-styes, to travel from ten to thirty miles to be penned up in a jury-box bolt upright, for hours together, listening to and trying to comprehend the nice distinctions and different statements of counsel, of highly educated men?" In one simple case he turned to a man behind him in the box, and asked him his opinion, and the man answered very frankly, "I know nothing about it, I don't understand it." In the course of the trials arising out of the Galway Election Petition similar complaints were made of the ignorance and incapacity of jurors. One old fellow in a long frieze coat, who had gone out at the lunch hour to get a penny roll, could not find his way back again for some time, and the proceedings had to be suspended until he reappeared. The Chief Justice remarked that a man who was unable to find his way through the passages of a Court did not seem to him to be very fit to be on the jury-roll. Many of the jurors are quite illiterate, and scarcely understand the language used in Court.

It is easier in a case of this kind to point out the evil than to suggest a remedy for it. It has been found that in England we have gone too low in reducing the qualification of jurors, and one of the objects of the Attorney-General's Bill is to raise the qualification, and to secure the presence of men of good education and social position on common juries as well as on special juries. In Ireland a still lower depth of ignorance, stupidity, and incapacity has unhappily been tapped. It was thought that jurors under the old system were composed in too large a proportion of Protestants, and one of the concessions negotiated by the present Lord Chancellor of Ireland on behalf of the Church to which he belongs was a reform of the jury arrangements which would introduce a larger number of Catholics. In order to carry out this change, the qualifications were lowered, various checks which formerly existed, such as the sheriff's power of preliminary selection, were abolished, and juries are now made up too often of men who barely understand the language in which they are addressed, and who are utterly incapable of comprehending either the drift of evidence or the arguments of counsel. But then religious equality had to be satisfied, and the question was not how to get really intelligent and competent jurymen, but how to give to the adherents of a particular religion a balance of authority. It is idle to say that the Irish are quite unfit for trial by jury. It is no doubt perfectly true that the great body of the people have no conception that the institution has any other purpose except to enable them to indulge their personal sympathies, and even if they could understand the duty of forming a strictly judicial opinion on the cases put before them, they would, from their want of education, be scarcely able to fulfil it. Trial by jury, however, has been established in Ireland, and it would now be impracticable to disturb it. It is doubtful indeed whether even the false step which has lately been taken can now be retraced. The Catholic clergy value the influence which they derive from the presence of their flocks—especially the more ignorant and submissive of them—in the jury-box, and

would probably resent the suggestion that they are deficient in education and intelligence. This is only another example of the disastrous consequences of the policy which has been pursued by the Government of managing Irish affairs, not in accordance with sound common-sense principles, and with a view to wise and efficient administration, but only, or at least mainly, with a view to conciliate and appease the pretensions of the Roman Catholic priesthood. From all parts of the country—from Clare, Limerick, and Galway, from Roscommon, Monaghan, and Clonmel—we have the same story of justice mocked, and law frustrated by incompetent jurymen. It may be said that this is only governing Ireland according to Irish ideas, and that if the Irish are content to be tried by jurors who are destitute even of an elementary conception of their functions, that is their business and not ours. It is evident, however, that there are many people in Ireland who do not relish the present state of things, and who feel that, apart from the injury which may be done to the interests of private persons, the scandals which are connected with almost every trial that takes place cannot fail to impair the dignity of justice and popular respect for law. The ignorant peasants who are dragged from their ploughs and muck-heaps to stare and slumber through a long bewildering trial are by no means grateful for the privilege which has been conferred on them, and it may be doubted whether there ever was any eager desire on their part to obtain it. Universal suffrage, without regard to education or capacity, even though admitted in politics, had better be kept at arm's length from the processes of justice.

LIFE IN CUBA.

WHEN all is said and done, it is not surprising that Spain should cling to slavery and Cuba, for the two mean one and the same thing, and without slavery Cuba would be worthless. It is not a mere question of the pride and *Españolismo* which hold to all that is left of the magnificent Empire of the Indies, and shrink from accepting the humiliation implied in the renunciation of the Queen of the Antilles. In spite of troublesome Creoles and mutinous slaves, notwithstanding the drain on the army and Exchequer of Spain kept up by the partisan war of Cespedes, the fact remains that, thanks to slave labour, Cuba, so far as the State is concerned, has paid its way and more. But naturally the State benefits comparatively little compared with individuals. Cuba has long been the paradise of the Spaniard who has energy sufficient to bestir himself in search of money and bliss. The old Iberian Peninsula still in more ways than one makes good its claims to the epithet "dura" which the poets bestowed upon it. A living is somewhat hard to come by there; the scorching sun of its semi-tropical climate bakes the shadeless soil and makes it slow to repay cultivation. Trade stagnates in the towns, except where foreign commerce enriches the merchants of the greater seaports, for the penurious people are very chary of their reals and maravedis. The barren mountains that glance in the blazing sunshine are a type of the country generally; a little gaudy show covers a sore lack of the substance of prosperity. As for the Government Exchequer, that is of course always far below low-water mark. The official who has expended a world of intrigue and patience in arriving at his place is doomed to fret himself to death while he worries the Treasury for the accumulating arrears of his pay and allowances. To venture on a metaphor suggested by a traveller's common experience in the country, the hungry flea that starves in domestic grazing is ready enough to hop away and feed and fatten in foreign parts. The Captaincy-General of Cuba has from time immemorial been the ambition of those Spanish soldiers who are intriguers and politicians as well. A voyage to Havannah and a brief sojourn there was like a voyage to El Dorado or a dip in Pactolus. The rich stream of the Cuban customs flowed through the empty pockets of this fortunate official, leaving a precious sediment behind. Proconsuls, after administering the colony for a few years, came home with fortune sufficient to support the dignity of the title that was generally in store for them. A Captain-General of Cuba might look forward to buying anything, short of the grandeeship of Spain, which was a matter of blue blood and quarterings; and so it was with his various subordinates in their several degrees. But, after all, the gains of Government officials were limited, like the posts which there were to be filled. It was cultivation and commerce that offered a really boundless field to enterprise and avarice. The Spaniard who could carry capital to Cuba might watch it growing and multiplying with scarcely an effort or a risk. He found a system all ready organized: if he betook himself to sugar and coffee raising, he had only to fall in with it, and his fortune was assured. He purchased his plantation with the slaves on it. The district in which he selected it decided the crops he was to grow. He engaged a competent overseer, who professed to know how to hit the happy mean between letting the negroes shirk their work and using them up by excessive labour and over-parsimonious arrangements. Whatever may have been the occasional disproportion between the overseer's professions and performance, there was always an ample margin left to make good indiscretions or incompetency. The Spanish Antilles had thriven on the misfortunes of their neighbours, and English emancipation and free-trade in sugar had raised the production of Cuba twentyfold or more. Rich planters in the country made rich merchants in the sea-ports. Petty trade flourished as well as the commerce that was carried on on a grander scale, and every class in the island shared in the common prosperity. The *Times'* Special Correspondent, in the interesting letters he is at present sending from Havannah, tells what an easy and lucrative business is done by the small shopkeepers there. It is too hot to higgle, it is not worth while descending to small economies where the climate is so warm and life so precarious. The very Gallego water-carriers made so good a thing of it that it is hard to understand why so many of the fraternity should remain to drudge in Madrid, when they can do so much better in the Indies. They are a race as prudent as they are steady, and their moderate gains very quickly roll up into savings which might enable them to emigrate. Perhaps it is their native prudence which prevents their hasting to be rich in a land where the chances of surviving to attain your object are disagreeably numerous.

It is indeed its uncertainty that gives its marked character to life in Cuba as elsewhere in the West Indies. It is not exactly the "let us eat and drink for to-morrow we die" of the old Jamaica planters, for the Spaniard is constitutionally temperate, and by no means so freely disposed to hospitality as the more jovial Briton. It is not his way to keep open house for all comers, with tables groaning under loads of European cheer, supplemented with turtle, land-crab, and all manner of tropical dainties; with buffets covered with decanters filled with the ardent wines of Southern Europe, with rummers of sangaree, and "beverage" perpetually on the flow. He has rather imported the more frugal fashions of the Peninsula; he throws his house open in tertullias and dances in place of giving dinner parties; he offers by way of refreshment the light iced drinks which certainly come like the nectar of Olympus to the scorched palate when the thermometer is standing at something like ninety odd; you have fragrant coffee, and chilly water with *azucarillos*, and salvers heaped with fruits that are fair to the eye and pleasant to the taste, although death or disease may be the penalty of indiscreet indulgence. The harp and guitar and piano are in these Cuban feasts, and there are unhealthy white complexions and eyes unnaturally bright, and figures which want of exercise makes over-voluptuous, or which are somewhat wasted by a climate that dries up the blood in the veins. But the people take thought for the morrow even less than in Jamaica; for, although not much given to thinking, there is a vague impression on them that the future is absolutely uncertain. There may be a few who, under the strength of that impression, wisely make up their minds to be content with a competency—more than they are ever likely to want—and then to go home. But, as a rule, they find it difficult to stop when they are busy in the pursuit of wealth, and when everything is going on prosperously. So they stay on, with the idea that Cuba is not their home, but only a place of temporary sojourn, persuading themselves that they mean to return some day with a fortune to end their lives in old Spain. All the time they are probably conscious that the temptations to linger where they are will always be too strong for them; that they will drop out of existence some sunny day, very likely when they least expect it. Yellow-fever, cholera, and the terrible *vomito prieto* are the scourges of the island. Malaria in its most malignant shape lurks in the richest districts; in Havannah itself the town is wretchedly drained, and the fresh breezes from the sea blow over poisonous mango swamps or are tainted by the decaying abominations that strew the beach. So life in the capital is marked by a certain recklessness and an utter indifference to the morrow. The municipality pays no attention to sanitary arrangements. Wealth elbows poverty; palaces rise in the most squalid quarters, and many of the most imposing houses are whited sepulchres. When the present prosperity comes to an end, as it must ere long now that slavery is irrevocably doomed, the place will tumble into ruins in a few years, and the men who make its prosperity now will shun it as if it were a city of the plague. In Jamaica Englishmen and Scotchmen have fought doggedly against the ruin that was brought upon them by a succession of disastrous, if inevitable, legislative measures. We doubt whether the Cuban Spaniards will give proof of English muscle and fibre; it may be that the Cuban climate is more relaxing than that of the English islands; it is certain that the Spanish race always deteriorates terribly even in the first generation, and runs altogether to weeds in the second.

We must rejoice of course that slavery is doomed, even if Cuba and the Cubans perish with it. Assuredly they have not done much either to deserve our respect or win our compassion. Never perhaps did a community attain prosperity so entirely by absolute *laissez-aller;* their wealth has all been gathered for them by others, while they lay placidly on their backs looking on, listening to their slave-drivers cracking their whips. Yet we must own to a certain sentimental regret, such as one feels when contemplating some picturesque grey ruin on the Rhine which in the days of its pride and power was a den of thieves founded upon torture-chambers; or such as we felt when we heard that Rome had passed from under the rule of the Pontiffs, that the brooms of the new Italian kingdom were to sweep away the old Roman associations with the old abuses and all the cruel iniquities of a suspicious and tyrannical Government. Rome, however, may possibly flourish under its new masters as it has never done since the days of the Antonines; but, happen what will to Cuba, it can never see the good old easy days again. If the Americans are sensible and unselfish enough to leave it alone, it will be delivered over to the creoles, the negroes, and anarchy. It needs no prophet to tell that the towns will crumble into ruin and the plantations run to jungle; that the harbours will be choked up, and the few

roads that are left will yield a precarious livelihood to the brigand bands who will swarm on them. If the Americans do take the island, as they very possibly may, then we may expect to see a sight that will gratify the shades of the old Spanish slave-masters —smart and spry men struggling manfully with impossibilities. They will have to settle and strive to work hard in a climate which is fatal to white life, and utterly hostile to severe exertion. They will have to keep order among hordes of emancipated and uneducated blacks, to train them to appreciate their new responsibilities as free citizens and enlightened electors of the Union, persuade them to work if they can, and prevent them, while their education goes forward, from cutting the throats of their instructors. Failing success with the blacks, they will have to attempt the problem of successful cooly immigration. In any case they will have to replenish the white garrisons in which the men are dying off like flies. Amid mortality, hostility, anarchy, anxiety, and general gloom, it will be their business to endeavour to make the island show a satisfactory balance sheet, while they attend to their private fortunes at the same time. It will be a life that will offer them abundance of objects and plenty of excitement, but certainly it will be neither so easy nor so agreeable a life as that which the Cubans lead at present.

A QUESTION OF PEDIGREE.

A CURIOUS example of the operation of the law of descent has been afforded by a case tried last week at Maidstone. The land which was in question in the case is "customary freehold," and the manor of which it is held has been in existence more than nine hundred years. The tenants pay a quit rent, which probably has not been altered in amount since Saxon times, and on the death of a tenant a "relief" is also payable. On the death of a tenant without heirs his land would "escheat," not to the Crown, as in the case of an ordinary freehold, but to the lord of the manor, of which the land is held. Speaking generally, however, a man cannot die without heirs, although it may be difficult or impossible to produce an heir of the deceased. In the present case the lord of the manor of Aldington, in Romney Marsh, claimed an estate by "escheat," and it was claimed on the other hand by a person who alleged kindred with the deceased tenant as descending from a common ancestor who lived about two hundred years ago. The jury, being unable to agree, were discharged, and thus the case remains undecided. But although the claimant has not succeeded in proving the alleged kindred, he came very near doing so, and the case is at any rate useful in showing the sort of evidence by which such a claim may be made out. The tenant of the estate in the early years of this century was John Chapman, who died in 1826, leaving three daughters his co-heiresses. These three ladies all died unmarried. On the death of the last survivor of them intestate in 1869 the lord of the manor claimed her share for want of heirs. There was no doubt that John Chapman had left no lineal heir, and, so far as he and his daughters knew, no heir at all. But a claimant appeared and set up the following case. He alleged that John Chapman was descended from William Chapman, who was born in 1650, in the time of the Commonwealth, and died in 1731. This progenitor of the Chapmans left two sons, John and William, and the late tenant of the estate, John Chapman, was descended from the latter. But the former also left a son, and his issue still survive, and should be heirs to the last surviving daughter of John Chapman, although she never heard of their existence. The case thus set up involved the proof of a pedigree upwards from John Chapman, through three generations to William Chapman of the Commonwealth, and then downwards from the common ancestor through four generations to the claimant. In the result the claimant proved his own descent from the common ancestor, but doubt was thrown upon the proof of the ascending line. In other words, the claimant proved that he was descended from William Chapman of the Commonwealth, but he failed to satisfy the jury that John Chapman, father of the three ladies, was descended from the same William Chapman. The difficulty arose in identifying William Chapman, the younger son of William Chapman of the Commonwealth, with a William Chapman who was undoubtedly the grandfather of John Chapman, the father of the three ladies. According to the pedigree produced by the claimant, William Chapman, the younger son of William Chapman of the Commonwealth, was baptized in 1683, and therefore would probably have been sixty-five years old in 1748. But there exists in Westwell Churchyard a tombstone with an inscription stating that William Chapman died in 1748 aged seventy-seven years. This William Chapman was an admitted ancestor of the last tenant, but, if he was seventy-seven years old in 1748, he could not be identical with William Chapman, son of Chapman of the Commonwealth, who in that year ought to have been only sixty-five.

Upon the credit given to the tombstone the decision of the case seems to have turned. It was shown that a William Chapman had been born in the neighbouring parish of Badlesmere, who would have been seventy-seven in 1748, and it was suggested that this was the William Chapman who was buried at Westwell. On this theory the connexion upwards with Chapman of the Commonwealth would have been severed, and the claim of the descendants of Chapman of the Commonwealth would have been defeated. It is so common to find a particular name prevalent in a district that it would be going too far to assume that a William Chapman baptized at Faversham was identical with a William Chapman buried at Westwell, even if the age stated on the tombstone corresponded with the age obtained by supposing baptism to follow a few weeks after birth. But here the claimant's case was helped by a piece of family tradition. It was admitted that William Chapman, buried at Westwell, the ancestor of the last tenant, married Martha Manooch, and the claimant produced a witness, a member of his own family, who stated that he had heard his grandfather say that "he was connected with the Manooch family."

The ordinary rule of law which excludes "hearsay" evidence is relaxed in these questions of pedigree from the necessity of the case. The witness already mentioned had heard his grandfather talk about his family, and he was allowed to repeat much, but not all, of what his grandfather had said. If he had been allowed to repeat all, he might have proved the pedigree from himself and the claimant to the Commonwealth Chapman without further evidence. But the Lord Chief Justice ruled that the witness might be asked as to his grandfather's statements as to his (the grandfather's) father, but not as to his grandfather, if he had not known him, nor could have known him. It may be doubted whether this ruling does not unduly narrow the limit within which tradition may be received. But the claimant was able to prove his descent from the Commonwealth Chapman by other means. It would appear, however, from reported cases, that if the grandfather of the witness had written down all that he told the witness the whole might have been received. It is stated in one of these cases that "an old pedigree, professing on the face of it to be compiled from registers, wills, monumental inscriptions, family records and history, and going back to a fabulous date, is not evidence, though proved to be signed by members of the family, except so far as it relates to persons presumably known to the party signing it, or respecting whom the party signing it may have obtained information from other members of the family." It seems unnecessary to quote authority to show that a pedigree "going back to a fabulous date" is not entitled to be received in its entirety as evidence. The pedigrees of some Scotch families do go back to a period which we will venture to call fabulous; and doubtless the members of those families devoutly believe the whole of them. There are many families in the peerage, or immediately below it, which can produce unquestionable pedigrees of several centuries; but when we descend into a lower stratum of society, and get among the Chapmans, the task of proving a pedigree becomes more difficult.

It is not unlikely that this case may attract the notice of the philosophers who are now engaged in framing proposals for altering the land laws of the country. To the philosophic mind the mention of a manor and of a pedigree must be almost equally exasperating, and we shall expect to hear from some disciple of Mr. Mill a suggestion of a short method of settling the question which has puzzled a Kentish jury. But it is to be feared that the love of English lawyers for groping amid musty records of the past is ineradicable. There is hardly another country in the world where such an inquiry as this into the pedigree of the Chapman family would be possible. Yet in England, in spite of the philosophers, such inquiries are interesting to many persons besides lawyers, and such inquiries occur not infrequently. There is little doubt that the elaborate report of this case in the *Times* has been read by many thousands of persons with as much care as the reports of the Tichborne case, and the arguments for and against adopting the statement of the tombstone will have been canvassed with the same attention as was bestowed upon that famous controversy. If such inquiries are to be prosecuted, it is highly important that parish registers should be preserved with a care which until lately has seldom been bestowed upon them, and also that inscriptions in churches should be treated with a reverence which may be sometimes inconsistent with the full accomplishment of the desires of ardent church restorers. In a case which is often cited in this branch of law, an inscription in a chancel containing a pedigree of a family had been copied in pencil by a person employed in certain repairs which involved the obliteration of the original, and the pencil marks had been inked over by another hand, supposed to be that of the incumbent of the parish. This document, and also a copy of it, bearing an endorsement by a member of the family, were among the evidence produced by the claimant in that case, and the endorsed copy was admitted. It would seem to follow that if, instead of a written endorsement, there had been a verbal adoption of the paper by a deceased member of the family, the paper would equally have been admissible; and, if so, the whole of the statement of the grandfather of the witness as to the Chapman pedigree would appear to be admissible. In the "Troutbeck Case," which excited great interest some forty years ago, a paper in the handwriting of a deceased member of the family, purporting to give a genealogical account of the family, was held to be admissible, though never made public by the writer, erroneous in many particulars, and professing to be founded partly on hearsay. In that case the claimant sought to recover from the Crown an estate which had been "escheated" for want of direct heirs. There are certain industrious persons who occupy themselves in prosecuting genealogical inquiries, and occasionally make bargains for a share in the result of litigation, which the law calls by the old-fashioned names of "maintenance" and "champerty." In a recent case a plaintiff alleged that, in consideration that he would take steps to contest a will, and would advance money and obtain evidence for that purpose, and instruct an attorney, the defendant promised to share with the plaintiff the property which might come to him by reason of such proceedings; and

it was held that this agreement was "champerty," and could not be made the foundation of an action. In the argument in this case another case was cited in which a professor of genealogy had stipulated to supply a claimant "with evidence that should be sufficient to enable him successfully to recover the property." It was rather too audacious to come into court with a claim founded upon an agreement which appeared to assume that evidence was a commodity capable of being supplied to order. But these things can be done, and habitually are done, in a more decent way. It is very seldom that a plausible claim to an estate fails of prosecution for want of means. There is always an air of romance about such cases which makes them interesting, and we fully anticipate that the full and accurate report of the Chapman case in the *Times* will be made the foundation of a novel in three volumes by some popular performer in that branch of art. Indeed the reading public may think themselves fortunate if they get a novel with so much foundation as this case would supply.

THE *VANITY FAIR* ALBUM.

IF there is not much fame nowadays, at any rate there is plenty of notoriety, and in the crush of public life the famous, the infamous, and the notorious get oddly mixed. To judge by the display of photographs in the shop-windows, the interest of the public in men and women of the day is singularly comprehensive and impartial. The eminent statesman, the last new murderer and his victim, judge, jury, and counsel, bishops and ballet-girls, the fashionable medicine-man, the popular actor, the pet singer, the successful author, and the most recent arrival at the Zoological Gardens, appear to meet together on a footing of perfect equality. The gazing crowd seems to be as anxious to fix on its mind the features of the great criminal as those of the philosopher or hero. Making a figure in the world has ceased to be a metaphor, and may be taken literally. Everybody who gets into the papers is sure to be seen next in the shop-windows, and we become as familiar with his physiognomy as with those of our country cousins in the family album. In this way the list of public characters is continually increasing, and may be expected before long to include the greater part of the community. Even the humblest and most insignificant of us have now a fair chance of at some time becoming notorious. There are those who are born to this sort of greatness, and who begin life under the "fierce light" of newspaper paragraphs and photographic cameras; others have it thrust upon them; while to many it appears to be an object of ambition, and one not very difficult of achievement. A very simple accident or a little pushing will bring a man into the focus of public curiosity. Any of us may be summoned as a juror, and jurors share the notoriety of the criminals they try. Only let a name be mentioned often enough, and the public is miserable until it has found a face to match with the name. The multitude of faces gets bewildering at last, and, meeting suddenly a familiar countenance in the street, one is puzzled to say whether it is an Australian uncle or the murderer of a month ago.

This desire to know how people in any way distinguished or notorious actually look in the flesh is no doubt natural and legitimate in itself, although it may be associated with a morbid curiosity. It is scarcely possible to think of any one without instinctively, and perhaps unconsciously, conjuring up some mental image of him—a fanciful deduction perhaps from the phrases of a letter or some fragment of news. And one of the most curious experiences of life is that of meeting for the first time a man with whom we have corresponded, or of whom we have heard a great deal, but whose personal appearance is altogether unknown to us. A familiar saying warns us not to judge people by their looks; but it is difficult to feel that we really know a man until we have seen him, or at least his likeness. What is meant by the caution of the proverb is not, we presume, that looks should be altogether put out of the question in judging of character, but only that we should be on our guard against too hastily and confidently passing judgment from looks alone. Personal appearance is not bad evidence as far as it goes, and no biography can be considered complete which does not give us a portrait. A portrait will not tell you all you want to know about a man; but it throws important light upon his character, and supplies a clue to much that might otherwise be dark and hidden. It is this which invests the admirable caricatures of *Vanity Fair* with a kind of historical value. They are an abstract or brief chronicle of the age, a necessary supplement to the *Times* and the news of the day. In the preface to the latest series of these sketches the Editor observes that portraits are usually a failure, because of the artist's desire to disguise or improve upon the handiwork of Nature. "The avoidance of that desire is," he adds with innocent humour, "the central feature of the work here given." It will be admitted that the illustrations do not err on the side of aiming at too high a standard of ideal beauty. In some of the pictures there is an evident, sometimes even a painful, straining after comic effect, and the result is, as might be expected, a failure. But, as a rule, the artists are content to seize upon certain striking peculiarities of feature, expression, or bearing, and to allow them to speak for themselves. Of course the figures are presented in familiar moods and attitudes, as remote as possible from the grim solemnity of the photograph, or the heroic grandeur of the "portrait of a gentleman." Even the greatest men have an everyday look and everyday walk, or, it may be, shuffle. Napoleon is not always crossing the Alps on a prancing charger, with arm extended and his cloak floating in the wind; and Mr. Gladstone has moments when he dozes over Homer and a cup of tea, and lets the upas-trees alone. The object of the caricaturist is to present the man as he appears "in those unguarded moments when alone he is himself." "Unfortunately," the Editor remarks, "the result occasionally appears droll." Between good portraiture and caricature of the higher kind there is but a narrow line. Mr. Millais's portrait of an eminent contractor which was exhibited at the Academy not long since would have done very well for *Vanity Fair*, and it would be refreshing to find some examples from the latter "on the line." The excellence of a portrait lies in its vivid presentment of dominant characteristics, which to an ordinary eye would perhaps be lost in a crowd of other details. This forcing of points may of course be overdone, but it is the secret of all good portrait-painting. When any of the principal characteristics of face or figure are very strongly emphasized, the portrait becomes a caricature; and it is to this style of portraiture that the pictures in *Vanity Fair* belong. The object is to show how much human nature there is in men.

Either by accident or design, the Presidents of the two great Republics appear on succeeding pages. It is impossible to imagine a greater contrast than is presented by these two figures. The intense vivacity and self-assertion of the Frenchman seem to quiver through every fibre of his diminutive frame, as he strains on tip-toe, while his hair curls into a cockatoo tuft of imposing grandeur. The American, still, silent, and imperturbable, disposed to take things easy, but with a clear, quick eye, and a great reserve of latent force, lounges in a rocking-chair, with his half-smoked cigar between his fingers. His support of Providence would appear on ordinary occasions to take the shape of passive approval. It is a good likeness of General Grant, but it is impossible not to suspect, comparing it with other American portraits in this volume, that the influence of partisanship is here observable. In Grant we get the President rather than the man, while the picture of Greeley represents only the burlesque side of an oddly mixed character. Nothing can be better than the portrait of the American Foreign Secretary, Mr. Fish, who figures under the title of "Consequential Damages;" his rough vigour, aggressiveness, and consequential, not to say bumptious, air are vividly portrayed. "Mr. Fish's qualifications," says the Editor in his biographical notice, "for managing the foreign affairs of the Republic are various. He is very rich, he is sixty-three years of age, he has cultivated considerable natural talents by much reading and travel, and he has never yet learnt to write English." Mr. Fish is evidently just the man to make things lively for his diplomatic friends. Since he has been in office he has insisted for personal reasons on the removal of four foreign representatives from Washington. Mr. Sumner is a heavy-looking man with a massive head, become mane of shaggy hair, a broad, square forehead, and full passionate lips that twitch with temper and caprice. "For us of the old country," the Editor observes, "it is lamentable and humiliating, and should also be instructive, to find that the foremost man among those of our own blood who have gone out from among us should take for the key-note of his politics a profound distrust of, and animosity towards, the rulers of England." We should be disposed to suggest that Mr. Sumner's hostility applies to the English nation, and not merely to its rulers, and that, however lamentable and instructive the fact may be, it is humiliating for others rather than for ourselves.

Turning to the domestic sketches, we are confronted with Mr. Walpole, and the day of Hyde Park is fully explained in the respectable but rather bulb us forehead, amiable eyes, weak, flaccid lips, and feeble chin. You see at once how soft and flabby this sort of statesmanship must be; mere jelly-fish stuff that looks to have shape and substance as it floats calmly in the clear water, but collapses into pitiful pulp the instant it is handled. Mr. Glyn, the Liberal Whip, comes next—brisk, dapper, fussy, with half-shut eyes, as if demonstratively anxious to put himself on a level, in the transaction of business, with ordinary people, and not to take too much advantage of his own cleverness; the odd cerebral development towards the back of the head is perhaps suggestive of a large stock of brains being kept there, not for current use, but in accordance with sound banking principles as a reserve against an emergency. Mr. Hardy's portrait has somewhat of the hardness of a photograph, though his shrewd, practical air and common-sense expression are happily caught. Sir Wilfrid Lawson, the representative of Permissive Prohibition, is portrayed too much like a gloomy ascetic, and we lose the humour of the contrast between the bluff, genial fox-hunter and the harsh fanaticism of his pet crotchet. People who know Mr. Samuel Morley only through his association with the promiscous tribe of revolutionists for whose benefit he maintains a bountiful civil list, will perhaps be surprised to find him a mild, meek, soft-spoken, elderly gentleman, clad in the sober garb of a Dissenting magnate. He does not wear a red cap, or wave a torch, and the Insurance Company which not long ago raised the insurance of the hall at Bristol where he was going to speak, would perhaps have imagined there was some mistake if he had called personally to demand an explanation—

> Is this the Talbot so much fear'd abroad,
> That with his name the mothers still their babes?

To complete the picture, Mr. Morley's allies should be represented in the background, so that, pointing to the mob, he might say, with Talbot, "These are my substance—sinews, arms, and strength." There are some things which must be seen to be believed, and perhaps it is enough to say that the portrait of the Irish mem-

ber who desires to abolish specie payments (No. 130) is not a wild caricature, but a prosaic reality. If a famous French actor had not invented Macaire many years ago, Mr. Delahunty might have accused him of plagiarizing his appearance. As it is, the plagiarism, we suppose, must be the other way. Mr. Horsman greets us in these pages with all the condescending superiority of a most "superior person;" Professor Fawcett, the prize schoolboy, lectures in his jacket; Roger, "whose name for postal purposes is Eykyn," smiles with cheerful sympathy on the nobility, gentry, and policemen; and Mr. Charles Villiers, who "advocated Free-trade before it was safe to attack Protection," gazes with amused wonderment, which is evidently about to find expression in an epigram, on the headlong pace of statesmen who have long outstripped the old-world Liberalism which identifies itself with freedom and abhors despotism in every shape. Admirers of "Tom Brown" will be pleased, though perhaps surprised, to see him in the flesh, and "the realization of the ideal" in Mr. Ruskin throws light perhaps on his social philosophy. Mr. Kingsley is represented in a fit of righteous indignation, perhaps at the Parson Lots of our own day. His "intimacy with the counsels of Heaven," says the Editor, "which his religious language has always implied, seems to have grown closer and closer with his worldly success, until the attitude of the Canon towards Providence and the aristocracy are almost equally puzzling to the ordinary mind." The other portraits of contemporary divines are evidently a divergence from the principle of these caricatures. One preacher in a pulpit is very like another; human nature should be sought beneath the gowns.

REVIEWS.

LLOYD'S HISTORY OF SICILY.*

WE gladly welcome a fresh explorer in the border-land which lies between the regions of mythology or folklore and that of continuous contemporary history. There was work to be done among the popular traditions and the disconnected historical notices or fragments relating to the early fortunes of the Greek colonies in Sicily, and it was likely that in this field any one would work to some purpose who did not approach it armed with Mr. Rawlinson's method of ingenious conjecture and with the instruments which can extract history from the stories of Ninus, Belus, and Semiramis, and therefore, of course, from those of Alpheus, Arethusa, and Phalaris. Mr. Watkiss Lloyd happily does not belong to this band of guessers, and we admit the more readily at starting that his book is one which the historical student will be the better for reading, because our remarks must be chiefly taken up with an examination of those parts of his work in which he has failed to give to such a student the guidance without which his researches must tend to little profit. Mr. Lloyd has chosen to break ground in a period for which we have little more than a traditional history. Fragments of genuine contemporary materials happily we do possess; and Mr. Lloyd has done good service by giving us a careful translation of the most valuable of these materials in the Sicilian odes of Pindar. If for such a period the history is to be reconstructed at all, it must necessarily be by a complete examination of the evidence at every step, and by putting before the reader, not merely the conclusions which, after mature thought, the writer may accept as true, but the conflicting versions and statements from a comparison of which those conclusions have been derived. Mr. Lloyd has, we doubt not, worked conscientiously throughout; and some of his chapters, and especially the pages which he gives to the career of the Sikel Ducetius, deserve high praise; but he has by no means always thought it necessary to lay before his readers either the full evidence of the case or the sources from which that evidence is obtained; and as the object of the historian is the attainment of truth, our task must be confined to those points on which we have to charge Mr. Lloyd with such shortcomings.

These shortcomings would have been fewer and probably more slight if Mr. Lloyd had employed everywhere the comparatively strict method which he applies to the legend of Phalaris. Mr. Grote, who regards the story of the brazen bull as resting on sufficient evidence, justifies his belief by a reference to the passage in which Pindar speaks of the monster, as well as to the statements of Polybius, Diodorus, and Cicero, and dismisses the matter with the assertion that the bull, after having been carried away to Carthage, was on the fall of that city restored to the Akragantines by Scipio. Mr. Lloyd perceives that the figure brought back by the conqueror of Carthage tells as little for the story of Phalaris as the pickled sow kept at Lavinium in the days of Cato tells for the story of Æneas, and he admits that "we come upon credible testimony of the existence, in later days, of his instrument of torture with something of the surprise that would greet such a claim for a fragment of the Trojan horse or the cow of Pasiphaë." In truth we have for it no credible testimony at all. Pindar, the nearest to Phalaris in point of time, was born at least half a century after the alleged date of his tyranny, and he distinctly speaks of the bull and its master as a matter of hearsay. Polybius, in a passage amusing from its unbridled vehemence, reviles Timæus as a virulent and malignant liar for daring to assert that the Akragantine bull never had any existence. Facts had refuted his impudent scepticism, and the very bull had been restored from Carthage. Diodorus merely echoes Polybius, and neither of them says that the figure had any inscription or mark to connect it with the tyrant or the city of Akragas. The words of Cicero are worth nothing; and when we turn to those of a real contemporary of Phalaris, the poet Stesichorus, we find something which exhibits him much in the same light with other Hellenic despots, but not a word about his bull. Mr. Lloyd is, however, fully justified in saying that

> The tradition of such a contrivance at Akragas may be relied on as proving that at some time Phœnician customs had obtained a prevalence in Sicelist settlements, that revolted the more humane Hellenic sentiment, and induced a revolution which decided the final subjection, if not extrusion, of Phœnician savagery.

This sentence cannot be called a specimen of clear or smooth English; and unfortunately far too many of Mr. Lloyd's sentences are of this awkward and rugged sort. But in this instance we have nothing to urge against his conclusion. It is otherwise when we come to the story of Aristodemus Malakus of Cumæ. About this tyrant Mr. Lloyd tells us that he was general of the Cumæans in a war caused by an attack of confederated Tuscans, Umbrians, Daunians, and other barbarians, in enormous force; that in this war he slew the general of the enemy; that being deprived of the reward due to him for gaining these *spolia opima*, he took to the trade of demagogue; that being sent some years later with a rotten fleet to the aid of the men of Aricia, he again came back after an astonishing victory, and having again slain the enemy's leader; that then, slaying the Cumæan Senate by stratagem, he became tyrant; that he then sought to guard himself especially by debarring his subjects "from the use of liberal Hellenic education, and so reducing them to servile manners and conditions or to effeminacy"; and that, finally becoming unbearable, he was murdered. Not a word is said of the sources from which this narrative is derived, nor is any hint given that any other narratives were in existence. Of the writers who speak of Aristodemus, the oldest and the most respectable is the Halikarnassian Dionysius. From whom Dionysius may have received his materials we cannot say; but before he wrote, four or more centuries had passed since the events which he proposes to relate are said to have taken place. At once then we regard with the extremest suspicion a narrative which begins by telling us that, in the first year, Aristodemus with five thousand Cumæans completely vanquished half a million confederated Daunians supported by eighteen thousand horsemen, and which goes on to say that he twice won the *spolia opima* which, in all Roman history, are said to have been won only thrice. It is scarcely fair in Mr. Lloyd to reduce to a mere prohibition of a liberal Hellenic education the ridiculous details which Dionysius gives of the tyrant's measures; and when Mr. Lloyd adds, with doubtful grammar, that, "excluded from the city, and dispersed about the country, he hoped that they would grow up dull, debased, and ignorant," he jumbles together the grown youths who were sent out to be shepherds with the young boys who are ordered to be brought up like girls, going to the dancing schools attended by women to fan them and shield them from the heat of the sun. This absurd picture clearly reflects the advice of Crœsus which Cyrus is said to have adopted for the more complete subjection of the Lydians, while the story of the death of Aristodemus, as given by Dionysius, only repeats that of Zopyrus at Babylon, which reappears in the legend of Sextus Tarquinius at Gabii. The story is thus seen to be internally weak; it becomes worthless when, turning to Plutarch, we find that Aristodemus, before he becomes despot, is sent to aid not the Aricines, but the Romans; that the war, far from being decided in a single battle, is a long one, and that he gives a wholly different account of the tyrant's death.

The same inadequate treatment of the evidence marks Mr. Lloyd's narrative of the battle of Himera. The story of the interview of the Spartan and Athenian ambassadors with Gelon he translates in full from Herodotus, and notes the failure of the embassy in the following wonderful sentence:—

> So came to an end a scheme of such an extended combination of the Central with the Western Greeks, that the Central Greeks gained their chief triumph by effecting among themselves—but once—incompletely—for a short time, and were ruined by inability to compass ever again.

Mr. Lloyd admits the difficulty of believing that in this interview Gelon could have spoken as though all danger from Carthage had passed away; but for the mission which follows this embassy he accepts the account of Diodorus, and therefore states that the horsemen of Gelon forced their way into the Carthaginian camp by stratagem, and having slain Hamilkar in the midst of his preparations for sacrifice, set fire to the fleet. Now, Herodotus speaks of Hamilkar as living until the issue of the battle was decided against him, and Herodotus lived four centuries nearer to the event than Diodorus. Still more strangely, after noticing the Carthaginian version of the story, and the divine honours paid to Hamilkar, he adds:—

> On what principle this extraordinary veneration was paid to an unsuccessful general, even though of royal standing, it is not easy to conjecture—can it be that Carthage recognized that by this disastrous expedition had at any rate been warded off an attempt of the Greeks previously impending upon Carthage itself, or at least on its Sicilian dependencies, which remained thereafter free from molestation?

We must take the account of Diodorus as a whole; and if we do this, we shall see in it a tradition disfigured throughout by the vanity of the Sicilian Greeks. As in one version of the Eastern story Xerxes was suffered to reach the Asiatic shore with only one

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* *The History of Sicily to the Athenian War; with Elucidations of the Sicilian Odes of Pindar.* By W. Watkiss Lloyd. London: John Murray. 1872.

solitary boat, so with Diodorus a single vessel reaches Carthage with the miserable remnant of the army which Hamilkar had conveyed to Sicily in more than two thousand ships. There is, in fact, no limit to their humiliation. Carthaginian envoys fall in tears at the feet of Gelon, praying him in the name of humanity to have mercy upon them. His wife Damaretè plays the part of Queen Philippa in the scene between Edward III. and the burgesses of Calais, and the Carthaginians are pardoned on condition of paying two thousand talents as the cost of the war, and building two temples in which the treaty of peace might be preserved. Like men reprieved from a sentence of death, they accept these terms with a gratitude which finds expression in the gift to Damaretè of a golden crown two hundred talents in weight. Such trash as this it would not be worth while to notice were it not for the striking contrast which it presents to the words of Pindar, who, writing a very few years after the event, prays that Zeus may put off as long as possible the conflict then impending with the Carthaginians, which he feels must be 'a struggle for life or death. But the prayer of the poet sufficiently explains the difficulty which Mr. Lloyd feels about the honours paid to Hamilkar, and implies, although it does not assert, that the battle of Himera was not that decisive victory for Gelon which the traditions of later generations represent it to have been. It is perhaps even more wonderful that Mr. Lloyd should accept as historical the scene in the Syracusan Agora with which Diodorus completes his extravagant romance. The time which immediately followed the battle of Himera Mr. Lloyd thinks was one which Gelon might well deem favourable for challenging "during the first contentment with glorious effect recognition of his foresight and of his patriotic energy." The scene is painted for us by Diodorus, and not by Herodotus, and by the former it is connected directly with the story of the embassy from Sparta, when he asserts that Gelon was thus merciful to the enemies whom he had crushed because he was anxious to take part in the continental war against Xerxes; that, before he could set sail, tidings came of the victory of Salamis and the retreat of the tyrant; that, on receiving the news, he summoned the citizens to appear armed in the Agora, and going thither unarmed, and even without a tunic, entered into a review of his acts and policy, and was hailed with acclamation by his subjects as their benefactor, their saviour, and their king. In one point only does this agree with the Sicilian tradition mentioned by Herodotus, which stated simply that Gelon wished to aid the central Greeks, but was unable to do so. It is only necessary to say further that, according to the romance of Diodorus, the battle of Himera took place some time before the battle of Salamis, while, according to Herodotus, it was fought on the same day. So thoroughly unhistorical are all the details relating to this struggle between the power of Syracuse and that of Carthage.

Generally, then, Mr. Lloyd, dealing with a period for which on the whole we have only a traditional history, seems to have begun his task without defining precisely the canons which he intended to apply in sifting the evidence. His chapter on the primitive population and the Hellenic settlements of Sicily may be favourably contrasted with the speculations of many ethnologists; but he is not on his guard himself, or at least he does not set his readers sufficiently on their guard, against those chapters in which Thucydides treats of the early occupants and the later Greek colonization of Sicily. It may be true that "the historian recounts as of knowledge, and with a satisfied precision that cannot be mistaken, the diversity of resident races and their local distribution"; but it would be rash to say with Mr. Lloyd that this precision cannot be mistrusted. Thucydides is not less precise in his chronology for events stretching back to the Trojan war; and Herodotus, who in some places draws the sharpest lines of distinction between Pelasgians and Hellenes, in others speaks of them as practically the same people, and as speaking the same language. If the Pelasgians called the Gods Theoi from their government of the Kosmos, they not only spoke Greek, but were able to devise new names from Greek roots by not very obvious analogies. In all matters of ethnology the statements of Thucydides must be received with the greatest care; and on the migrations of Sikeli and Sikani the traditional accounts are utterly conflicting and contradictory.

JOHN OLDHAM.*

SOME time in 1676 or 1677 the Free Grammar School of Croydon was honoured and startled by a visit of a company of fine gentlemen of wit, pleasure, and quality from London—Lord Dorset, Lord Rochester, Sir Charles Sedley, and others. They were introduced to the head-master, whom they did not want to see, and they inquired for a young usher of the school, some of whose poetry in manuscript had come to their knowledge. This was John Oldham, then three or four-and-twenty years of age, destined soon to attain great fame by his Satires against the Jesuits, and fated to early death after a short but most brilliant poetical career. It may be presumed that Dryden, as he is not mentioned, was not of the company who did homage at Croydon to the humble usher. Dryden had not then quarrelled with Rochester, and Dorset and Sedley were his lifelong friends. Fierce and vigorous satire is the great point of resemblance between Dryden and Oldham; but Dryden did not begin to write satire until several years after this Croydon visit, or until after the publication of the Satires of Oldham. Early non-satirical poems of Oldham's show that he had most diligently studied and even learnt by heart the early inferior compositions of his senior Dryden—senior by two-and-twenty years. Lines of Dryden in his first and very stiff poem on the death of Lord Hastings are reproduced by Oldham in his elegy on the death of his friend Charles Morwent; and in Oldham's paraphrase of David's Lamentation for the Death of Saul and Jonathan lines of Dryden's "Annus Mirabilis" reappear. These were boyish imitations. Oldham could soon trust his own wings; he needed not to copy. From usher at Croydon Oldham became tutor in the family of Baron Thurland, a judge of the Exchequer, living near Reigate; and there, in 1680, he produced his Satires on the Jesuits. He had been recommended to Baron Thurland by a barrister—Mr. Harman Atwood—on whose death he afterwards wrote a Pindaric ode; and it helps to show the fame of Oldham for some years after his death, that the matter-of-fact historian of Surrey, in which county Atwood lived, near Baron Thurland, says of Atwood that "his reputation can never die while any respect is due to exemplary virtue, or while the celebrated Oldham bears any vogue in the world." Oldham died of small-pox in December 1683, in the house of William Pierpoint, fourth Earl of Kingston, where he had been for some time housed as an honoured friend and guest, after refusing to be Lord Kingston's chaplain. He was only thirty when he died. Dryden bewailed his death in beautiful lines. *Absalom and Achitophel*, and *The Medal*, and *Mac Flecknoe*, had now been published, and the two poets were fellow-satirists; and the author of the *Spanish Friar* and of *Religio Laici*, later to become a Roman Catholic, pursued now common game with the great anti-Jesuit satirist:—

> Farewell, too little and too lately known,
> Whom I began to think and call my own;
> For never were souls more near allied; and thine,
> Cast in the same poetic mould with mine,
> One common note on either lyre did strike,
> And knaves and fools we both abhorred alike:
> To the same goal did both our studies drive,
> The last set out the soonest did arrive.
> Oh, early ripe! to thy abundant store
> What could advancing age have added more?
> It might (what Nature never gives the young)
> Have taught the numbers of thy native tongue;
> But satire needs not these, and wit will shine
> Through the harsh cadence of a rugged line.

Waller too, now in his seventy-ninth year, whom Oldham held cheap as a poet, poured out some weak artificial lines to his memory. The wits of Wills's styled him "the darling of the Muses." Bishop Burnet has called him the lustre of his age. His fame did not die with him, though now he is little read and little known. His poems had reached a seventh edition in 1710—twenty-seven years after his death. Another edition in two small volumes, with many engravings, was published in 1722; and, again, another in three small volumes appeared in 1770, under the injudicious care of Captain Thompson, the eccentric and unskilful editor of Marvell. The Satires on the Jesuits, the chief foundation of Oldham's fame, had neces-arily owed much of their success to the time at which they appeared, in the height of the Popish Plot fury. Their occasional character, and the calm that has come over the bitter religious controversy which Oldham so bitterly treated, will go far to explain why interest in his poems has died away. His other poetry, though creditable and meritorious, has not had sufficient character to stand by itself. The exceeding grossness of Oldham's language in his Satires—not worse, however, than Marvell's—has been in later times a great impediment to the circulation of his poetry. He is not in any way a licentious writer; but he called bad things by bad names; he waged war with a tomahawk against Jesuitry, the vices of monasteries, and the abuses of the confessional. The custom of the times also permitted words which modern delicacy proscribes. Pope, who studied Oldham and acknowledged his power, describes him as indelicate and his satire as Billingsgate. But Pope was a Roman Catholic. There is nothing so indelicate in Oldham as what is to be found in Pope's youthful translations from Chaucer. Pope has suggested that Oldham's not being a man of the world accounts somewhat for his lavish indulgence in gross words; his youth must also be remembered, for he died at thirty. He emerged from quiet diligent private-tutorship to live for a couple of years, until Lord Kingston took him into the country, in the gay dissolute society of the London fashionable wits; and the profligate Rochester was his chief friend. There is a youthful ostentation in his profusion of bad words and his display of newly acquired knowledge of fashionable vices. The two years which he passed in London did detriment to his scanty purse and to his health, never lusty, and for the time to his morals; but late poems of his which remain, and a solemn confession in prose, "A Sunday Thought in Sickness," show that after temporary aberrations he recovered a sound heart and healthy conscience.

Amid late general neglect, Mr. Hallam has given a high estimate of Oldham's powers. He justly ranks him considerably above Marvell as a satirist, and places him near Dryden. An accomplished American critic, Mr. Lowell, has, in his admirable essay on Dryden, suggested that Mr. Hallam's praise of Oldham is because he had not read him. This unworthy imputation is repelled by Mr. Hallam's known conscientious carefulness, and for literature like Oldham's there can be no safer critic. In comparing Oldham with Dryden, the ages of the two poets must be thought of.

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* *The Poetical Works of John Oldham.* Edited by Robert Bell. Annotated Edition of the English Poets. London: Parker & Son. 1854.

Oldham was but twenty-seven when he published, and was younger when he wrote, his astonishing Satires on the Jesuits. Dryden did not produce his first satire, *Absalom and Achitophel*, until he was fifty. Dryden produced nothing at all till he was twenty-seven, when he wrote his poem on the death of Cromwell, giving little promise of his future fame. If Oldham had lived to prune and polish, to smooth his numbers and soften harsh cadences of rugged lines, what might not have been expected at fifty from ripened wisdom and regulated power? We are not sure that he has not even more native power than Dryden. If Dryden's satire may be likened to a grand and stately cascade, Oldham's is as a fierce and raging cataract.

We quote some lines, which are an average sample, from the prologue to the Satires on the Jesuits, in which Oldham opens his war:—

> It is resolved; henceforth an endless war
> I and my muse with them and theirs declare:
> Whom neither open malice of the foes,
> Nor private daggers nor St. Omer's* dose,
> Nor all that Godfrey† felt or monarchs fear,
> Shall from my vowed and sworn revenge deter.
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> * * * * * *
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> The rage of poets damned, of women's pride
> Contemned and scorned, or proffered lust denied;
> The malice of religious angry zeal,
> And all cashiered resenting statesmen feel;
> What prompts dire hags in their own blood to write,
> And sell their very souls to hell for spite:
> All these urge on my rank envenomed spleen,
> And with keen satire edge my stabbing pen,
> That its each home-set thrust their blood may draw,
> Each drop of ink like aquafortis gnaw.
> Red-hot with vengeance, thus I'll brand disgrace
> So deep no time shall e'er the marks deface;
> Till my severe and exemplary doom
> Spread wider than their guilt, till it become
> More dreaded than the bar, and frighten worse
> Than damning Popes' anathemas and curse.

Dryden's Satires were of a special character, directed against individuals, against Shaftesbury and his political followers, against Shadwell and fellow-poetasters. Oldham followed Horace and Juvenal, and was a satirist of the manners of the time. He has contributed much towards Lord Macaulay's well-known description of the domestic chaplain of the seventeenth century:—

> Some think themselves exalted to the sky
> If they light in some noble family,
> Diet, an horse, and thirty pound a year,
> Besides the advantage of his lordship's ear,
> The credit of the business and the State
> Are things that in a youngster's sense sound great.
> Little the inexperienced wretch does know
> What slavery he oft must undergo,
> Who, though in silken scarf and cassock dressed,
> Wears but a gayer livery at best;
> When dinner calls, the implement must wait
> With holy words to consecrate the meat;
> But hold it for a favour seldom known,
> If he be deigned the honour to sit down.
> Soon as the tarts appear, Sir Crape, withdraw,
> These dainties are not for a spiritual maw;
> Observe your distance, and be sure to stand
> Hard by the cistern with your cup in hand;
> There for diversion you may pick your teeth,
> Till the kind voider‡ comes for your relief.
> For mere board wages such their freedom sell;
> Slaves to an hour and vassals to a bell;
> And if the enjoyment of one day be stole,
> They are but prisoners out upon parole.
> Always the marks of slavery remain,
> And they, though loose, still drag about their chain;
> And where the mighty prospect after all?
> A chaplainship served up and seven years' thrall,
> The menial thing, perhaps, for a reward
> Is some slender benefice preferred;
> With this proviso bound, that he must wed
> My lady's antiquated waiting-maid,
> In dressing only skilled and marmelade.

A stanza from Oldham's "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day," in which he preceded Dryden by several years, will give a specimen of another style of his poetry:—

> Music's the cordial of a troubled breast,
> The softest remedy that grief can find;
> The gentle spell that charms our care to rest,
> And calms the ruffled passions of the mind.
> Music does all our joy refine,
> It gives the relish to our wine;
> 'Tis that gives rapture to our love,
> And wings devotion to a pitch divine;
> 'Tis our chief bliss on earth, and half our heaven above.

The chief interest of Oldham's poems is now historical; for the drawing-room, and for ladies who are not philosophers, they cannot be recommended. But the student of the manners and literature of the times cannot dispense with them, and their merit is sufficient to require an adequate supply for English gentlemen's and public libraries. In 1854 Mr. Robert Bell conceived the idea of republishing Oldham in what he called "a revised and carefully annotated edition of the English poets." The series was a lamentable failure. Mr. Bell, though skilful in writing biographical sketches, was without scholarship, and without critical knowledge of English language and verse; and his texts, though much vaunted, are, from ignorance and gross negligence, singularly faulty. His edition of Oldham furnishes abundant proof of this statement. *Groat* is printed for *goat* in the following couplet:—

> Those who did first in tragedy essay,
> When the vile goat was all the poet's pay.

Carthaginian is printed *Carthagenian*. Father Simon, a well-known French writer on divinity, is Father *Simeon*, probably from some confusion with a late Cambridge preacher of the name.

> Discourse all Reynolds *and* the Passions through

is Mr. Bell's change from "Reynolds *on* the Passions." Dr. Reynolds, Bishop of Norwich, was author of a treatise on the Passions and Faculties of the Soul of Man. *Strangury* is printed *stranguary*. *Through* and *thorough* were used in Oldham's time indiscriminately; but Mr. Bell must needs substitute, in violation of metre, *thorough* for *through* in this line:—

> Give me your through-paced rogue who scorns to be.

Sheriff and *sheriffalty* were Oldham's words, the accent being on the syllable *iff*, and the *e* of the first syllable all but elided in pronunciation. With this caution, the two following lines of Oldham sound all right:—

> Whether for sheriff he has been known to pine,
> And all the under-sheriffalties of life not worth a name.

But Mr. Bell prints *shrieve* and *under-shrievalties*. *Prentice* and *complice* were the current words for *apprentice* and *accomplice*. Mr. Bell, where he can, turns *a prentice* and *a complice* into *apprentice* and *accomplice*; and where there is not the *a* to help him, puts an apostrophe before *prentice* (*'prentice*). Similarly he puts an apostrophe before *scape*, the word of that day, thinking that it must be an abbreviation of *escape*. Oldham, warning a poor poet of his bitter end, writes:

> Mayst thou go on unpitied till thou be
> Brought to the parish-badge and beggary.

Mr. Bell changes *parish-badge* to *parish-bridge*. *Courtesy* he must turn into *courteousness*. *Common-shore*, the spelling of the time, he alters to *common-sewer*; the pronunciation *shore* is not extinct; it here fits the rhyme:—

> The common-shore
> Where France does all her filth and ordure pour.

Mystery, the obviously correct word, is turned by Mr. Bell into *mastery* in the following passage:—

> One of the meanest workmen in the town
> Can imitate the nails or hair in stone,
> And to the life enough perhaps, who yet
> Wants mystery to make the work complete.

We cannot conceive why Mr. Bell should have turned *inhabitant of* into the clumsy *inhabiter to* in the following lines:—

> Hail Thou, the world's Redeemer! whom to free
> From bonds of death and endless misery,
> Thou thought'st it no disdain to be
> Inhabitant of low mortality.

We have probably given instances enough to prove our assertion. Mr. Bell specially stated in the preface to his Oldham that "the text, which in all former editions is full of errors and corruptions, has been carefully revised throughout." There lies before us one of the earlier editions—the sixth, of 1703—with a fine engraving of the poet by Van der Gucht, with large type, on stout paper, and of goodly small octavo form, which, subject only to some slight printer's errors, has a good text. The question of *Bowdlerizing* Oldham is a delicate one; but Mr. Bell has boldly Bowdlerized, and with very questionable discretion. After all, those who wish to study the real Oldham must study him as he is; virgins and boys must leave him alone. All will probably say that Mr. Bell was too squeamish in changing these lines in Oldham's imitation of the Ninth Satire of Horace's First Book:—

> "Come, let us take a bottle." I cried, "No!
> Sir, I am in a course, and dare not now."

To be in a course of medicine does not seem so indecent; but Mr. Bell thought right to substitute *Sir, I'm an invalid*, forgetting probably that this substantive use of *invalid*, a later importation from the French, was not known to Oldham. If Oldham's works should ever be reprinted to take their place among classics with the works of Butler, of Dryden, of Marvell, of Popo, of Prior, and of Swift, it is to be hoped that Mr. Bell's ways of change will be avoided. One instance, by the way, of his bad editing has been omitted. In Oldham's poem to the memory of Charles Morwent there is a puzzling word:—

> Anguish through every member flies,
> And all those inward gemonies
> Whereby frail flesh in torture dies.

Gemonies is a word used by some of Oldham's predecessors for torments—derived, it need not be said, from the *scalæ gemoniæ*, the stairs of groans, by which criminals of Rome were hurried from prison into the Tiber to a drowning death. Ben Jonson uses it; Cleaveland uses it. Mr. Bell, of course, knew nothing of the Latin word; he may have thought *gemonies* an indecency. He cut the Gordian knot by substituting *agonies*.

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* The Jesuit college at St. Omer's. The name must here be pronounced as an English word.

† Sir Edmund Bury Godfrey.

‡ The basket, or tray, in which the relics of the dinner were carried away.

FREEMAN'S SKETCH OF EUROPEAN HISTORY.*

THIS is a wonderful little book, a miracle of compression as of clearness, of learning as of plainness of speech. As we gather from the preface, it is intended to serve as the introduction to a series of special Histories of the principal European countries, which will aim at putting forth "clear and correct views of history in simple language and in the smallest space and cheapest form in which it could be done." As far as size and cheapness are concerned the present work certainly justifies the pledge of its preface. A summary of the history of the civilized world is not dear at three shillings, nor is it long when summed up in three hundred and sixty pages. The language is "simple" in the best sense, familiar without degenerating into talkee, and preferring (sometimes a little oddly perhaps in point of effect) the common word for a thing to the high-flown phrase which is generally considered suitable to the dignity of history. The clearness of exposition which is one of Mr. Freeman's greatest gifts is shown in this little book at its best. The restriction of size has in fact told advantageously on its writer's style; he has not been tempted by space, as in his larger work, into occasional fits of rhetoric or repetition. On the contrary, he is throughout terse and vigorous, rapid in movement, and clear and lucid in expression. One of its greatest merits as a book for schools is that there is no mistaking throughout what its writer means. He has realized, what so few writers of school books realize, that boys and beginners need for a start in any branch of knowledge simply clear ideas put in clear words. No doubt a great reformation has been brought about of late in this respect, but the reformation has sprung from the simple fact that school books have at last begun to be written by men who are really masters of their subjects. Mr. Freeman's success proves, as that of Professors Huxley and Tyndall proved before, that learning of a high order is pretty sure to express itself in a clear and simple way.

It is the special work of an introductory sketch of this kind to lay down the "main principles" which, in Mr. Freeman's phrase, are to be "taken for granted" in the works which follow, and to define the general lines of historic treatment to which the after Histories will have to conform. We have to go a very little way in the work before we see what some at least of these "main principles" are likely to be. Here, as in his *Old English History for Children*, Mr. Freeman at once dismisses the traditional mode of teaching history as if it were a set of indubitable facts dropped straight down from heaven. From the first his reader is made to regard it simply as an account of the past which is founded on just such evidence as we require for the establishment of any fact in the present, and to bear in mind that its certainty and fulness must vary with the fulness and certainty of the evidence on which it rests. It is so wonderfully difficult to get these simple truths into men's heads that one can hardly begin too early; but there is another reason for especially insisting on them in a school book such as this. History has been so recently introduced into our educational course that teachers have hardly yet learned in what its educational value really consists. It is so easy to regard it as means of enforcing "moral lessons"—that is to say, whatever conclusions the teacher himself has a fancy for—that its use as a means of training the mind to estimate the real worth of evidence and the real correspondence of statements with the facts on which statements are based is too generally forgotten. It is clear, at any rate, that the establishment of the principle of evidence will spare learners a vast deal of unlearning. When Mr. Freeman places the beginning of "trustworthy" Greek history at the Persian wars, or the beginning of "trustworthy" Roman history at the Gaulish Invasion, he no doubt runs counter to ordinary school books. But a boy who thus learns at once to distinguish between what is "trustworthy" and what is not will not have first to fill his head with a world of legendary rubbish in the belief that he is learning history, and then, in the same belief, to set about the task of getting the rubbish out of it again. If the new historical method, however, rejects much that has hitherto been taught, it must be remembered that it introduces much that has never been taught at all. The ablest and the most interesting part of Mr. Freeman's little work lies at its very opening. He seizes, as the foundation of his book, the unity which has been given to European history by the linguistic discoveries of modern times. In a few clear pages he parts off the Aryan race from its rival families of mankind, follows its migrations eastward and westward, and by an ingenious application of geography shows how the physical characteristics of Europe determined the relative development of its various branches as they settled in their historic bounds:—

> A glance at the map will show that of the three continents which form the Old World, Europe, Asia, and Africa, the first two are far more closely connected with one another than either of them is with the third. Africa is a vast peninsula—in our own day indeed it may be said to have become an island—united to the other two by a very narrow isthmus. But Europe and Asia form one continuous mass, and in some parts the boundary between the two is purely artificial. Some maps, for instance, make the Don the boundary; others make it the Volga. The most northern and the most central parts of Europe and Asia form continuous geographical wholes; it is only the southern parts of the two continents which are quite cut off from one another. And it is on these southern parts of each that the earliest recorded history, at all events the earliest recorded history of the Aryan nations, begins. Central Europe and Central Asia form one great solid mass of nearly unbroken territory. The southern parts of each continent, the lands below these central masses, consist of a series of peninsulas, running in the case of Europe into the great inland sea called the Mediterranean—the sea which brings all three continents into connexion—in the case of Asia into the ocean itself. Europe then consists of a great central plain, cut off by a nearly unbroken mountain-range from a system of islands and peninsulas to the south, which is again balanced to the north by a set of secondary system of islands and peninsulas, the Baltic being a sort of northern Mediterranean. We might almost say the same of Asia, as the mouths of the great rivers which run to the north form several peninsulas and inland seas. But then this part of the world has always been, so to speak, frozen up, and it never has played, nor can play, any part in history.

It is only when a geographical picture of this kind is fairly grasped by a beginner that he really understands the course of history—the successive seizure of the southern peninsulas of Europe by the advancing Aryans, the priority of Greek civilization to that of Italy, or the late date at which the historical importance of central and northern Europe begins. But we have quoted it not merely as a specimen of intelligent teaching, of the teaching which counts on something more than mere memory and parrot work in the learner—the converse, in a word, of the sort of teaching which has hitherto dished up history as a mere jumble of so-called "dates and facts," and made it of all his studies the most tedious and hateful to a schoolboy—but as a specimen of the vast store of new material which the critical method, while robbing him of his "legends" and "pretty" stories, places at the command of a teacher of history.

If Mr. Freeman finds a centre of ethnographical unity in the Aryan race, he finds a centre of political unity in Rome. "Through the whole of our sketch," he says at its opening, "we must be ever thinking of Rome, ever looking to Rome, sometimes looking forward to it, sometimes looking back to it, but always having Rome in our mind as the centre of the whole story." The common division of the subject into "Ancient" and "Modern" History, in spite of the sanction which Mr. Gladstone has recently attempted to give it in an Act of Parliament, is silently brushed aside for a threefold division of a very different sort—namely, the history of the States out of which the Roman Empire was formed, of the Empire itself, and of the States which arose out of the breaking up of the Empire. Of these the first portion is the least complete. By the limitation of his sketch to European history Mr. Freeman escapes the necessity of dealing with Egypt or Assyria, but, however convenient such a limitation may be, it can hardly be regarded as historical. The influence of Egypt, at any rate, as the first instance of a really organized State, on the later destinies of the world, can have hardly been less than that of Phœnicia, and Mr. Freeman has devoted one of his most charming pages to the Phœnicians. The political life of Greece, on the other hand, is admirably realized:—

> The Greeks with their many small States were the first people from whom we can learn any lessons in the art of politics, the art of ruling and persuading men according to law. The little commonwealths of Greece were the first States at once free and civilized which the world ever saw. They were the first States which gave birth to great statesmen, orators, and generals who did great deeds, and to great historians who set down their great deeds in writing. It was in the Greek commonwealths, in short, that the political and intellectual life of the world began.

But it is not till he reaches Rome that Mr. Freeman is at his best. He grasps boldly and at once the continuity of its history as the thread on which to string the history of the world:—

> This [he says of the rule of Augustus] is the beginning of the Roman Empire, but the rest of the history of Europe is the history of the Roman Empire in one shape or another, and we shall see that the title of Roman Emperor went on almost to our own times. The first Emperor then was Caius Julius Cæsar Octavianus, and we may count the Empire as beginning in B.C. 27, when he received the title of Augustus. The last Emperor was Francis, King of Germany, who gave up the Empire in A.D. 1806. The differences between the early and the later Emperors we shall see as we go on, but there was a continuous succession between them without any break.

We may perhaps demur to the title of "the Heathen Empire," which Mr. Freeman gives to the period before Constantine, but he has brought finely out the Roman character of Christianity itself:—"Christianity has hardly anywhere taken firm and lasting root except in those countries which either formed part of the Roman Empire or learned their religion and civilization from it, and from this time the history of the Church and of the Empire go together." We may note, as characteristic of the way in which old blunders are quietly set aside, the mode in which the "Close of the Western Empire," so famous in the pages of Gibbon, is reduced to its true proportions:—

> In 476 the succession of the Western Emperors came to an end, and the way in which it came to an end marks the way in which the names and titles of Rome were kept on while all power was passing into the hands of the Barbarians. The Roman Senate voted that one Emperor was enough, and that the Eastern Emperor Zeno should rule over the whole Empire. But at the same time Zeno was made to entrust the government of Italy, with the title of Patrician, to Odoacer, the chief of a German people called the Heruli. Thus the Roman Empire went on at Constantinople, or New Rome, while Italy and the Old Rome itself passed into the power of the Barbarians. Still the Roman laws and names went on, and we may be sure that any man in Italy would have been much surprised if he had been told that the Roman Empire had come to an end.

We have the same clear grasp of this central fact of the Empire through the later times of Otto and the German Cæsars, while the story of the Eastern Empire is restored to something of its real importance. We could have borne, however, a little more of this; indeed we should not have grumbled if up to the capture of Constantinople the two Empires or divisions of the Empire had been kept side by side as common centres of Christendom, rather than the Eastern thrown into the background. From the end of Frederick II.'s reign the imperial unity of European history is lost, and with it

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* *General Sketch of European History.* By E. A. Freeman, D.C.L. London: Macmillan & Co. 1872.

we lose much of the clearness and definiteness which has up to this point marked Mr. Freeman's sketch. His "centre" is no longer central; Italy, as he confesses, now becomes "the centre of Europe," and though the revolution of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the rise of intelligence, commerce and nationality, is told with a good deal of vigour, the old unity of treatment disappears. The three chapters in which Mr. Freeman has condensed the history of Europe from the close of the middle ages to the French Revolution indicate in their very titles. "The Greatness of Spain," "The Greatness of France," and "The Greatness of Russia," an "outerness" of view which stands fatally in the way of a real grasp of the times. The truth is that events grouped themselves round ideas rather than round this State or that, and that religious, political, and intellectual freedom are the three points in which the history of the three centuries finds its centre. Nothing proves this more clearly than the case of the eighteenth century. Within the bounds of Europe the only great political upgrowth, so far as the map goes, was that of Russia; but whatever may be its after results, Russia has not as yet influenced European history in any considerable degree. Whether we are right or wrong, however, in our judgment of the cause, it is certain that, in spite of great fulness and accuracy of detail, Mr. Freeman gives us no such clear notion of the new world of European history as he gives us of the old.

But whether in the modern or ancient parts of this little sketch, we feel throughout that we are in the hands of an historian. The whole book is a model of historic method. Nothing can be better than the care and precision with which the *voces equivocæ* of history are disentangled from each other, and what people call "natural" blunders guarded against. When, for instance, Mr. Freeman is dealing with Cæsar's conquests, and is stating that the Romans now "first began to have to do with people of our own race," he is careful to add that "our own people, the English, were still in their old land by the Elbe, and Cæsar never came near them." In a host of little phrases we see the difference between a really accurate writer and the mere compiler. When a boy reads that Mary of Scotland was "kept in *ward* for many years," he would note the phrase, and escape a very natural blunder about the character of Mary's detention. So in the admirable account of the Swiss League common errors on the subject are simply prevented by the quiet sentence which describes it as "one of the many German leagues which circumstances allowed to become more independent than the others, and, as it turned out, to survive them." The book is no doubt weakest on the intellectual and moral side of history. There is always a touch of reluctance and of coldness in the way in which Mr. Freeman approaches literary or artistic or religious matters which makes his touch uncertain and vague. When a boy hears that "more learning and science flourished as they had never flourished before" after the conquest of Macedon, he may gladly ask for a more exact description of the additions to human knowledge which the world owes to Aristotle and Alexandria. The same inadequate style of statement sometimes results from Mr. Freeman's endeavours to avoid the shoals of theology. "In England," he tells us, "John Wycliffe, a doctor of Oxford, had written against many things in the received belief and practice of the times, especially against the begging Friars, that is, the Dominicans and Franciscans who professed to live on alms." Had this been the "special" point of Wycliffe's teaching, one hardly sees why he should have been more heretical than the Archbishop of Armagh or a hundred other orthodox opponents of the Friars. We hardly see, too, why, when Wycliffe is mentioned, all mention of Savonarola should be omitted. Florence, in fact, fares a little badly. We are no lovers of the Medici, but to say that "in the later days of Florence there were no men like Dante" is to leave out a figure quite as great, the figure of Michael Angelo. We take Mr. Freeman's steady use of the right names of people to be one of the best points of his book, but these again are wavering when we cross the Alps. "Jane I." and "Jane II." of Naples are hardly known by those titles in Neapolitan history, and if, as is possible, the intention was to point out that these princesses were not Neapolitan, but Angevin, "Jane" is hardly more Angevin than Neapolitan. From the sin of allusiveness Mr. Freeman is freer in this little book than in any of his other writings; still, in his ebullition of wrath when "the Turkish fleet was actually brought by the Most Christian King into the waters of Italy and Provence," a beginner could hardly be expected to recognize Francis I. in the title which points the sneer. The simplicity of the style is here and there a little forced and pedantic. When we hear that the Parthenon was "broken down" in 1684, we hardly realize that it was in fact "blown up;" and we doubt the grammatical correctness of such a sentence as, "A state which does this can never hold up for good against one which uses native armies." In such a phrase, too, as "Antonius did nothing great, for he was utterly bewitched by Kleopatra," the style fairly topples over from simplicity into archaic affectation. "But" and "now" are far too thickly sprinkled over Mr. Freeman's pages in this as in his other books. We point out flaws of this minute order simply because graver faults are wanting. The exactness of the book is wonderful. We pause indeed at the statement that Venice "had gradually become quite independent as it was now," in 1201; but the question is a difficult one, and there is something novel and refreshing in running over three hundred pages of a school history with the detection of hardly a single error. What it wants to make it complete is a sketch map attached to every chapter, and a revision of the summaries at the close of each, some of which appear to us the weakest things in the book. If we have passed without notice over some of the digressions which are scattered over its pages, it has not been from any mistake as to their merit. Such an excursus as that on the Romance tongues, or that on the bearing of language on the early European literature, are models of the brief treatment of great subjects. The special merit of the book, in fact, lies in this—that while simple enough for the boy learner in our schools, it contains a mass of information from which the most advanced historical students will find much to glean. We can only hope that the after volumes of the series will fulfil the promise of this introductory "Sketch."

PAUL'S *FAUST*.*

As the Iliad and Odyssey are the great representative poem of the Greek heroic age, so *Faust* may be considered the great representative poem of modern European life. Both works are almost impossible to translate, and both have a wonderful fascination for translators. Already the translations of *Faust* bid fair to be as numerous as the translations of Homer, notwithstanding that the worshippers of Homer had the start of the worshippers of Goethe by full two centuries. In both cases, too, a somewhat similar progressive development may be observed in the aims and ambitions of those who undertake the work. The authors of the earlier attempts are satisfied with producing an effect sufficiently like that of the original to convey a fairly correct general notion to the reader who relies on the translation alone; they pay comparatively little attention to the details of interpretation, and still less do they concern themselves to follow the particular form and structure of their text. Succeeding translators, however, gradually come to take a stricter view of their office. They set themselves to reproduce the work for foreign readers, not merely in its features of general interest, but in its national and artistic individuality: instead of filling in the outline according to the genius of their own literature, they strive to present an image full and exact at all points. The difficult constructions and unfamiliar forms which their predecessors thought it allowable to evade or soften are now regarded as an integral part of the thing to be rendered, which it would be an abandonment of duty not to cope with. And at last it may so fall out that the interpreter is carried away by his zeal for literal fidelity even to forgetfulness of his first duty, which is to make himself understood. There is much Homeric translation executed by very competent scholars which is all that could be desired but for one defect—that, whatever else it may be, it is not English verse. The translations of *Faust* have not yet arrived at this extreme, but they are quite past the primitive stage marked by the other extreme, and for the future we may expect them to err rather by straining after an impossible adherence to the very words of the poet than by wandering into diffuseness. This is at once apparent when we compare Anster's spirited paraphrase of *Faust*—still the English version in which the first part of Goethe's tragedy is most commonly known—with Mr. Bayard Taylor's elaborate work, or with Mr. Paul's volume now before us.

There is no question but that the later fashion of translating is preferable to the older, if the result is judged either from the purely artistic point of view or by the help afforded to those who wish to use the translation as a commentary on the original. It is perhaps not so certain that the literal method now prevailing makes any material difference—at least any difference so material as to be in itself worth the additional toil and trouble—to the class of readers whose wants a translator is presumed chiefly to contemplate; those, namely, to whom the mother-tongue of the book is unknown. Indeed any determined preservation of the letter in a shape to them strange, and perhaps unwelcome, may be a positive hindrance to their entering into the spirit of the author. At all events the most popular translations have, as a fact, belonged to what we may call the pre-scientific class. As to *Faust*, we entertain a belief which may be deemed a very shocking heresy by orthodox German culture; but, having weighed the consequences, we are nevertheless deliberately of opinion that the right way for an Englishman to know something of *Faust*, if he cannot see the play acted in German, which is the best way of all, or read it in German, which is the next best way, is to take his first impression from Gounod's opera. The superficial ornaments of the piece do no justice to the dramatic insight and sympathy of the composer, which are the more felt the oftener the work is heard. And when M. Faure plays Mephistopheles, whoever has seen him has seen the very Mephistopheles of Goethe. Next to this, our advice would be to go to Mr. Bayard Taylor's version, which was noticed at some length in this journal at the time of its appearance. It is on the whole wonderfully successful in combining accuracy with freedom and beauty of language; it preserves the original metres with great exactness; it has the advantage—to our mind a considerable one—of comprising the Second Part; and its notes, though of some bulk, are an addition which no careful reader of *Faust* will be inclined to call superfluous. There may, however, be those who are alarmed at the proportions of Mr. Bayard Taylor's work, and would rather take their chance of obscurities than accept a poem laden with the apparatus of criticism; and such less patient readers will find in Mr. Paul's new contribution a rendering closer and not less readable than is given by any of his rivals except Mr. Bayard Taylor, who is not likely to be disturbed yet

* *Faust*. A Tragedy, by Goethe. Translated in Rime, by C. Kegan Paul. London: King & Co. 1873

awhile in the supremacy which he has fairly won. It is difficult, and perhaps hardly justifiable, to speak with confidence from the impression produced by comparing a translation step by step with the original and with other translations. The only way in which a really complete and satisfactory opinion might be formed would be for the critic to tell off one half of his brain to forget all about the existence of an original, and read the book through simply as an English poem, while the other half looked after the analytical and comparative department of the task. Unfortunately science has not yet made any such division of labour possible; and instead of getting two distinct results of two processes, we have to find our way to a sort of mixed conclusion as best we can. We may at once state our conclusion in this case before going into any details. Mr. Paul is a zealous and on the whole a faithful interpreter, though his power now and then falls obviously short of his will—which perhaps amounts to no more than saying that a translator cannot expect to be Goethe's equal. He aims at an exactness as nearly literal as may be, translating line for line; accordingly he is best in sustained and continuous scenes, not so happy in the more abrupt flights of poetry, and least successful in the songs and other pieces to which the literal method is not fairly applicable.

It will be juster, we think, to take an extract from a comparatively unconspicuous place to show the general execution of the work than to select any of the most renowned and most difficult passages. We choose the soldiers' song and Faust's speech to Wagner immediately following it, in the early scene before the gate:—

SOLDIERS.

Cities that tower,
Walled o'er the plain,
Maidens with haughty,
Scornful disdain,
These would I gain!
Keen is the struggle,
Lordly the pay!

Rings out the bugle,
Rousing us all,
Whether we conquer,
Whether we fall.
That is a storming!
That is a life!
Cities and maidens
Yield in the strife.
Keen is the struggle.
Lordly the pay!
Soon are the soldiers
Up and away.

FAUST *and* WAGNER.

FAUST.

The rivers and streams are freed from ice
Through the springtide's bright and quickening glow;
Green buds of hope in the valleys blow;
Old winter away in his weakness hies
Back to the rude hills from below.
Thence, in his flight, he only hurls
In streaks over the greening plain
A harmless scatter of icy pearls,
The sun in his scorn dissolves again;
Everywhere rises motion and form,
All with colour is quick and warm;
Though no flowers are in the field,
Men in their best the tints can yield.
Turn yourself round, and from the height
Back to the city direct your sight.
Out of the dark and hollow portals
Presses a varied swarm of mortals;
They sun themselves gaily with one accord,
And greet the arising of the Lord:
* * * * *
The village revel rings loud and clear;
The paradise of the people is here,
Both old and young are glad and gay;
I dare be Man with them to-day.

We subjoin part of Mr. Bayard Taylor's version for comparison:—

SOLDIERS.

Castles, with lofty
Ramparts and towers,
Maidens disdainful
In Beauty's array,
Both shall be ours!
Bold is the venture,
Splendid the pay!

Lads, let the trumpets
For us be suing,—
Calling to pleasure,
Calling to ruin.
Stormy our life is;
Such is its boon!

Maidens and castles
Capitulate soon.
Bold is the venture,
Splendid the pay!
And the soldiers go marching,
Marching away.

FAUST.

Released from ice are brook and river
By the quickening glance of the gracious spring;
The colours of hope to the valley cling,
And weak old Winter himself must shiver,
Withdrawn to the mountains, a crownless king:
Whence, ever retreating, he sends again
Impotent showers of sleet that darkle
In belts across the green o' the plain.
* * * * *
Out of the hollow, gloomy gate,
The motley throngs come forth elate;
Each will the joy of the sunshine hoard,
To honour the Day of the Risen Lord!

Our opinion that ballads do not admit of close translation will be justified, we think, by reference to Margaret's songs. Both in the *King of Thule*, and in the unapproachable *Meine Ruh ist hin*, we rather prefer Mr. Theodore Martin's version to any other; for his manner of treatment, which is to be graceful and poetical without very strict verbal accuracy, is in these instances the only right and practicable one; and Mr. Paul, and even Mr. Bayard Taylor, unwilling to give up any part of the letter, are baffled in their efforts to do justice to the letter and the spirit at once. The opening of the Dedication, as rendered by Mr. Paul, may be added as a further specimen of his handling:—

As once ye passed before my troubled sight,
Again ye near me forms who come and go!
Shall I attempt to-day to clasp you tight?
Feel my heart bent to each delusive show?
Ye press me close! So be it; put forth your might,
Who out of cloud and vapour round me grow;
The magic breath which waves about your train
Brings youthful tremors to my breast again.

Ye bring the pictures of a happier time,
Many dear shadowy visions round me move;
And like an old and half-recited rime,
Friendship returns with you and early love;
And pain grows fresh, my grief renews the prime
Of life perplexed like labyrinthine grove,
Naming those dear ones, who, in fair days done,
Found not the joys they hoped for, and are gone.

In one way indeed these lines are not a fair test, for they contain two slips in one stanza, which is by no means according to the average of the work. We cannot tell how "half-recited" comes to stand for *halbverklungnen*, nor what a "labyrinthine *grove*" has to do with *labyrinthisch irren Lauf*. The exigency of the metre is not enough to justify the intrusion of a foreign idea which almost seems to have been unconsciously suggested by the resemblance in sound of *Lauf* and *Laube*.

We must not leave Mr. Paul's book without giving him due praise for one thing, which, though it is only collateral to the merits of his translation, deserves to be specially mentioned. He has the courage to spell *rime* throughout as it ought to be spelt, and as it may perhaps yet be spelt some day if a few more writers will run the risk of being thought eccentric in the cause of the English tongue.

PROFESSOR BLACKIE ON ACCENT AND QUANTITY.*

WE were very near framing a most hopeless wish—namely, that we could become young again and go and learn Greek in Professor Blackie's class at Edinburgh. At any rate we wish that we could somehow get over that mysterious law of our corporate being which drives us to judge of things by the eye only as they show themselves on paper. We want to hear Professor Blackie at least read Greek; if he could be got to sing it, it would be better still. By the Professor's account of himself he has in his own person solved the great problem, and has found out how to pronounce Greek without neglecting either the accent or the quantity. This, as some of our readers may know, is a thing which we have been long striving after. We have always held that our received pronunciation, which pays no regard to accent, and the modern Greek pronunciation, which pays no regard to quantity, can neither of them be the right thing. It is quite impossible to believe that two such elaborate systems as the Greek quantity and the Greek accent can have existed side by side simply for one or the other of them to be taken no notice of. Of course the great difficulty is to know how to attend to either without sacrificing the other to it. Now we had always fancied that Mr. Blackie had altogether thrown in his lot with the modern Greeks, that he read only by accent, and paid no heed at all to quantity. In this we find we were mistaken. The modern Greeks, according to him, are right in so far as they attend to accent, wrong in so far as they do not attend to quantity. Or perhaps, if we understand Mr. Blackie aright, it might be more correct to say that their mistake lies in so attending to accent as to make it the same as quantity, in making every accented syllable long, and leaving every unaccented syllable short. We, on the other hand, in reading Greek, do not scruple to lay the accent on a long unaccented syllable for fear of leaving it short, and to leave a short accented syllable unaccented for fear of making it long. That is to say, our mistake and that of the modern Greeks are really the same; both start from a hidden belief that accent and quantity are the same thing. It is something like the old doctrine of *feræ naturæ*, from which the English Law has inferred that there ought to be Game-laws and the Civil Law has inferred that there ought to be none. But Mr. Blackie tells us that it is quite possible to pronounce Greek, and that he himself does pronounce Greek, in such a way as to avoid either of these wrong inferences, because he avoids the wrong assumption from which both of them start. Accent is accent, and not something else; that is to say, it really is a stress laid on the accented syllable. But according to Mr. Blackie, this stress, though it may lengthen the syllable somewhat, does not lengthen it so much as to make it

* *On the Place and Power of Accent in Language.* By J. Stuart Blackie. Edinburgh: Printed for the [Royal] Society [of Edinburgh] by Neill & Co. 1871.

a long syllable. Still less does the fact that a long syllable is unaccented make it a short syllable. About this last there can be no doubt. Any one who can say *grándfather* and *hóndhólder* can, if he chooses, say ἄνθρωπος without falling either into ἄνθροπος or ἀνθρῶπος. This we have often said before. Our difficulty has always lain on the other side—how to say σοφία without making the ι long. But Mr. Blackie says that this can be done also. And, after several efforts, we are inclined to think that it can. To be sure, with us it needs a good deal of effort to do it. But very likely it might be otherwise if we had been taught by Mr. Blackie from the beginning. And very likely it might be otherwise even now if we had the opportunity of hearing Mr. Blackie utter a good deal of Greek. Still we think that the effort must always have been something of an effort, and that it is to the fact that it always was something of an effort that the whole later history of the matter is owing.

Mr. Blackie reminds us of what we have often heard before, that the greater part of the changes in language, phonetic decay and the like, are really owing to mere idleness. Men will not take the trouble to utter in full a sound which it needs some little effort to utter. All manner of nice distinctions thus get wiped out, and the four distinct sounds of *rite, write, right,* and *wright* all come to be uttered alike. The fact is undoubted, but it suggests some curious speculations as to the state of mind of those men of earlier times who did not feel any dislike to the trouble of uttering everything in full. And this question is only part of another—namely, how men went on for ages instinctively obeying elaborate rules about inflexions and the like, rules so elaborate, and enjoining forms so full, that what we get in any form of written Greek or written Teutonic comes to little more than traces and survivals. But, however this may be, the fact of the idleness of succeeding generations of men in most parts of the world with regard to the utterance of sounds is beyond all doubt. And it is doubtless owing to this cause that accent supplanted quantity as the rule of verse both in Greek and in Latin. That is to say, instead of going through the subtle process which was needed to keep a short accented syllable from becoming long, or to keep a long unaccented syllable from becoming short, men found it less trouble to let the accent determine the quantity, to let all syllables on which the stress came be long, and not to trouble themselves particularly whether those on which the stress did not come were left long or short. Thus we get the accentual metres which supplanted the quantitative metres both in Greek and Latin. We say in Latin as well as in Greek, because the natural Latin metre through the whole of the middle ages was that accentual metre which sounds so much like a revival of the old Saturnian. Men went on writing hexameters and pentameters, but it was as a learned exercise, just as men write them now. Anything that was meant to be popular was accentual, whether it was written in Latin, English, or French. In Greek, we need not say, the metres which depended on quantity went out of use altogether, and the στιχοι πολιτικοι and metres of the same kind became universal. Our own notion is that purely accentual pronunciation came in very early, and that poems like the hexameters of Nonnus were a mere learned exercise on the part of men whose common pronunciation went wholly by accent. We need not to prove that till the sixteenth century all people in all parts of Christendom who knew any Greek at all sounded it as the Greeks did—that is, without any regard to quantity, or, in more accurate speech, making accent to serve as quantity. Then came the reaction in favour of quantity which began with Erasmus, of the whole literature of which Mr. Blackie has given a very valuable and interesting summary. The main point is that Erasmus did not at all want people to neglect the accent, but only to attend to the quantity as well. That is what Mr. Blackie wants us to do now. Erasmus himself complains of the dulness and carelessness of those who, because they were called on to attend to the quantity, immediately began to pay no attention to the accent. That is to say, the difficulty of attending to both at once was again felt, and, as the Greeks themselves had ages before sacrificed the quantity to the accent, so now Greek scholars in the West sacrificed the accent to the quantity. It was too much trouble to remember to say ἄνθρωπος, so, when they were told to leave off saying ἄνθροπος, they took to saying ἀνθρῶπος. Mr. Blackie goes through a long list of writers, some of them quite strange to us, who have treated the subject at different times between Erasmus and our own days. Meetkerche, late in the sixteenth century, wrote complaining of the density of those who could not reconcile the accent and the quantity; but at the same time he seems to have thought that it was a bad job, and that it would be better to give in, for a while at least, to the new fashion of attending to quantity only. Then at the latter end of the seventeenth century came Isaac Vossius and Hennin, who argued, not as a matter of expediency, but as a matter of principle, for getting rid of the accents altogether. But Hennin bears a most important testimony to the fact that the accentual pronunciation is still in use in his time, when he proclaims "Graecam linguam secundum accentus, ut vulgo ab omnibus huc usque fieri consuerit, pronunciandam non esse." So at Cambridge in Bentley's time there were still men who sounded Greek by accent, though all the remark which so important a fact calls out from Bentley's biographer Bishop Monk is that they must have made some strange false quantities. Then comes Wetstein, in answer to Hennin, and Bentley himself on the same side as Hennin. Then came in England Gally, Foster, and Primatt—names we confess with shame hitherto unknown to us, but the last of whom must have been a very remarkable scholar in 1770. But the most remarkable thing of all was the anonymous work of Bishop Horsley in 1796. He saw one fact which we have ourselves noticed before now, and which Mr. Blackie also insists on—namely, that what we call reading Greek by quantity is really not reading it by quantity. In the Bishop's words as quoted by Mr. Blackie:—

> A practice is adopted in this country of reading Greek verse with the Latin accent, and this is most absurdly called reading by quantity; and having adopted this strange practice of reading one language by the rules of another, it is not unnatural that we should wish to prove the practice right.

About the truth of Horsley's saying there can be no doubt; but he might have gone on to say—or perhaps rather he took for granted—that we really read Latin also, not by quantity, but by accent. We read either a Greek or a Latin hexameter so as to keep up a sort of rhythm, but we certainly do not accurately regard the quantity. This is shown by every one feeling a difference between *reading* and *scanning*. In scanning we really do attend to the quantity, and every ear feels the difference. Every ear too is offended by a false quantity, if it carries with it a false accent; but a mere neglect of quantity, if it does not affect the accent, is not felt to be grievous in the same way. A generation or two back men made no difference in reading Greek between the first vowel in πῶλος and that in πόλις, and Mr. Blackie not unjustly rates the schoolmasters who make no difference between *o* in "bonus" and *o* in "nomen," between *a* in "cano" and *a* in "canus." As a rule, in pronouncing Latin, we make the first syllable of a dissyllable long, and the first syllable of a trissyllable short, without any regard to its real quantity. Everybody makes the *o* in "bonus" long; many people make the first *i* in "spiritus" short. Most people make no difference between the *o* in Socrates and the *o* in Isocrates, and it has been shown over and over again that the received way of pronouncing such words as Miltiades and οἰλομένην sins as heinously against quantity as the accentual way. In all these cases quantity is disregarded, because the neglect of quantity does not carry with it any neglect of accent; but the moment the breach of quantity carries with it a breach of accent as well, our ear is offended, and we cry out "false quantity." The man who, without compunction, makes the *a* in "cano" long would shriek if any one made the *a* in "canebam" short; one man may say *spíritus* and another *spiritus*, but both will shriek if anybody calls it *spíritus*. That is to say, the mere quantity, as quantity, goes for a very little; it is only when accent also is sinned against that our ears are really offended But there can be little doubt, as Mr. Munro shows in a passage quoted by Mr. Blackie, that exactly the same process has happened in Latin which happened in Greek, and that a system of accentuation which at first did not affect the quantity has been changed into one which does, so that, under pretence of reading Latin by quantity, we really read it by an accentual system which makes us indifferent to quantity.

The upshot of all this seems to be, that the genuine rhythm of the Greek hexameter must be something quite different from anything we are used to. In all modern languages, including Greek and Latin in their later forms, we know of none but accentual metres. Quantity has no direct share in determining the flow either of an English verse or of that of a Latin verse in the metre of Walter Map. We say direct share, because an English verse which is much clogged up with unaccented long syllables sounds harsh and awkward; though it is not strictly unmetrical. But, in reading the Greek metres we ought to attend to the quantity of every syllable, and not merely to the quantity of those syllables where the Latin accent requires us to attend to the quantity. And we must further attend to the accent of every syllable, and must take care that we do not make an accented short syllable long, or an unaccented long syllable short. We believe that all this may be done; we take for granted that Professor Blackie can do it; but still it is rather hard to do, and we do not wonder that so elaborate a system died out before the simpler accentual metres of later times. In the iambic metre, as Mr. Blackie shows, the opposition between the two ways of utterance does not come out so strongly as it does in the hexameter. What if the iambics of Simonides should really have been the first downward step in the direction of the στιχοι πολιτικοι?

Mr. Blackie's paper or pamphlet bears date in 1871, but our belief is that we have not had it in our hands so long as that date would seem to imply. If it should chance to be otherwise, we can only say "better late than never."

HEROINES OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.*

THE contents of this volume fully merit the care which M. Louis de Lasteyrie has bestowed on their translation. Not only are they interesting as biographical sketches, but they have in various ways an historical value. There is an indefinable charm in French notices of family life which is rarely to be found in corresponding works from English pens, however inspired by love or veneration. Homely without being trivial, tender without descending to adulation, they seem to combine greater delicacy of touch with a much juster insight into the limits of sympathy. In addition to this charm, which they exhibit in common with such works as the *Récit d'une Sœur* and others of a similar kind,

* *Lives of Madame de Lafayette and of the Duchesse d'Argen.* Translated by Louis de Lasteyrie. London: Barthès and Lowell.

the memoirs under review have an historical interest of their own. The very circumstances under which the first of them, the memoir of the Duchesse d'Ayen, was written, recall a momentous incident in the history of the Revolution—the denunciation and subsequent flight of Lafayette. "This narrative," says our translator, "was written by Madame de Lafayette in the prison of Olmütz, on the margin of a volume of Buffon, with a toothpick and a piece of Indian ink." Then, too, the fact of the existence of so exemplary a wife and mother as the Duchess of Ayen during the last years of the reign of Louis XV., and in the ranks of the *haute noblesse* of the ancient *régime*, that privileged class whose vices and tyrannies have furnished a text for so much stump oratory, is not without an instructive significance. Of some periods, as of individuals, it may be said that

> The evil which men do lives after them,
> The good is oft interred with their bones.

History, or the picturesque jargon which sometimes calls itself history, has a niche of infamy for a Pompadour and a Du Barry. It is silent as to the virtues of an Ayen and a De Noailles.

But it is from the graphic sketch which it contains of Paris under the Terror that this book derives its chief historical interest. Of all the victims of the iniquitous Revolutionary Tribunal, none are more entitled to excite pity and admiration than the Duchess of Ayen and her daughter. The Duchess was a lady of singular beauty of character, whose whole life had been devoted to the education of her children and to works of piety. But, however blameless, a lady who was by birth a D'Aguesseau and by marriage a Noailles was not likely in 1793 to escape the tender mercies of the Committee of Public Safety. In October of that year she was put under arrest, but allowed to remain well guarded at the Hôtel de Noailles. A strange infatuation would seem to have led the Duchess to remain with her daughter, the Viscountess de Noailles, at Paris, instead of escaping with the Duke to Switzerland, or with her son-in-law to England. This was due partly to a religious motive. "Let us not murmur at the thought," remarks Madame de Lafayette, "that the motives that were constantly attracting them to Paris contributed to prevent them leaving that spot so full of danger for them, but where the faithful never ceased to find the consolations of religion." But they would also appear to have persistently underrated the danger of their situation, in the face too of repeated warnings. In May 1794 they were ordered to quit the Hôtel de Noailles; but, unhappily, some steps which they took with respect to their furniture reminded the authorities of their existence; and, after having been led through Paris from one prison to another, they were at last conducted with the Maréchale de Noailles, the aged mother-in-law of the Duchess, to the Luxembourg. From the Luxembourg there was but one step further—to the fatal Conciergerie. An interesting account of the night spent in this dreadful place by the three ladies who thus represented three generations of the Noailles family, is given by an eye-witness and fellow-prisoner. Arriving late in the evening, they were refused food and beds, being unable to pay the turnkeys the sum of forty-five francs which they wanted to extort from them. Moved by pity, a certain Madame Lavet gave up her bed to the old Maréchale, who slept at intervals, awaking now and then to read over her *acte d'accusation*, and, like a true Frenchwoman, to arrange her dress and settle her cap, utterly unable to realize that that day was to be her last. Madame de Noailles obtained a prayer-book and light, and spent the whole night in prayer, while her mother and grandmother dozed. At six in the morning Mesdames de Boufflers, who were also fellow-prisoners, brought them some chocolate, and bade them an eternal farewell. Three hours later the *huissiers* carried off their victims. Unaccountably sanguine to the last, the two elder ladies made some arrangements for the event of an acquittal. The youngest, who did not doubt of the doom which awaited them, thanked Madame Lavet with the charming manner which was in her a gift of nature, and added, "Votre figure est heureuse, vous ne périrez pas." Their passage to the guillotine is described in great detail by the Abbé Carrichon, a non-juring priest who had been their spiritual adviser, and who had promised, if ever they went to the scaffold, to accompany them thither. This promise it was not easy to fulfil, owing to the throng and the difficulty of approaching the captives. M. Carrichon made repeated attempts to attract their notice by stationing himself at various points on the route of the tumbrils as conspicuously as possible, but in vain. At last accident favoured his kindly efforts. The street was cleared by a sudden thunderstorm, and as the crowd thinned, he found an opportunity to rush forward towards the second cart in which the Duchess and her daughter were seated. The younger of the two ladies perceived him, and whispered the fact of his presence to her mother. As the cart slackened its pace, the Abbé made a sign that he was about to give the prisoners absolution. They piously bowed their heads with a look of repentance, contrition, and hope. Raising his hand, and without uncovering his head, he "pronounced the form of absolution and the words which follow it very distinctly and with supernatural attention." At the foot of the scaffold the carts stopped, and were immediately surrounded by the soldiers. A ring of numerous spectators was soon formed, most of whom were laughing and amusing themselves at the horrible sight. The end of the tragedy may be best told in M. Carrichon's own words:—

> The mother and daughter took a last farewell of each other, and descended from the cart. As for me, the outer world disappeared for a moment . . . I found myself opposite to the wooden steps which led up to the scaffold. An old man, tall and straight, with white hair and good-natured countenance, was leaning against it. I was told he was a *fermier-général*. Near him stood a very edifying lady, whom I did not know. Then came the Maréchale de Noailles, exactly opposite me, dressed in black, for she was still in mourning for her husband. She was sitting on a block of wood or stone which happened to be there, her large eyes fixed with a vacant look. From where I stood I could only perceive Madame d'Ayen, whose attitude and countenance expressed the most sublime, unaffected, and devout resignation. She looked as she was wont to do when she had the happiness of approaching the altar for Holy Communion. . . The Maréchale de Noailles was the third person who ascended the scaffold. . . Six ladies followed. Madame d'Ayen was the tenth. How happy she seemed to die before her daughter! The executioner tore off her cap; as it was fastened by a pin which he had forgotten to remove, he pulled her hair violently, and the pain he caused was visible on her countenance. The mother disappeared, the daughter took her place. What a sight to behold that young creature all in white, looking still younger than she really was, like a gentle lamb going to the slaughter! I fancied I was witnessing the martyrdom of one of the young virgins or holy women whom we read of in the history of the Church. What had happened to the mother also happened to her; the same pain in the removal of her cap, then the same composure, and the same death.

It is by the light of such scenes as this that the present attitude of political parties in France must be studied. As one reads them, one ceases to wonder at the exaggerated dread and passionate hatred which M. Gambetta and the Red Republic which he is supposed to typify excite in the minds of M. de Lasteyrie and his friends of the Right. The ghosts of their guillotined ancestors haunt them.

Madame de Lafayette was a Frenchwoman of a different type from her mother and sister. Ardent in temperament, ready of speech, full of energy and resource, she was much more fitted for the stormy times in which her lot was cast. And her position was one of peculiar difficulty. All the traditions of her family and education were opposed to the revolutionary movement, which, as the wife of the Commander-in-Chief of the National Guard, she was expected to countenance. She had adopted liberal opinions; she approved and admired her husband's conduct; she did the honours of his house to his numerous guests. "But what she suffered in her heart," says her daughter, "can only be understood by those who have heard her talk of those times. Never did she see him leave the house during that period without thinking that she was bidding him adieu for the last time." Upon one point alone she refused to sacrifice her religious convictions to the exigencies of her husband's position. When the "civil constitution" of the clergy was established, she testified her attachment to the Catholic cause by her presence in the church of St. Sulpice, when the curé, whose parishioner she was, refused from the pulpit to take the oath. M. de Lafayette was often obliged to receive "constitutional" priests at dinner. On such occasions his wife would express before them her attachment to the cause of the former bishops. Once only did she depart from the rule she had laid down for herself—that of receiving all sorts of persons equally well. This was when the Bishop of Paris, the notorious Gobel, came, after his instalment, to dine with the General. Declining to meet him as the bishop of the diocese, Madame de Lafayette dined out that day, though her doing so was much remarked. When Lafayette fled from France, his wife was at the family seat at Chavaniac, in Auvergne. The house was soon invaded by a revolutionary commissary charged with an order from the Committee of Public Safety to bring Madame de Lafayette and her children to Paris. Thanks, however, to her own skilful management, and the efforts of local friends, the perilous journey was deferred, and an order was obtained from M. Roland, permitting her to remain a prisoner under surveillance at Chavaniac. This interval of comparative repose did not last long. A Jacobin Committee was formed at Le Puy, the chief town of the province, and empowered to grant certificates of *civisme*. This document Madame de Lafayette failed to obtain, and in November 1793 she was arrested, and carried to the jail at Brioude, which was full of ladies of the local aristocracy, who treated her with much impertinence on account of her supposed liberal opinions. A few months later the order to convey her to the prison of La Force, in Paris, reached Brioude. Luckily the order was entrusted to a friendly officer, who spared her all the annoyance in his power, and facilitated her communications with her friends. She arrived at Paris on the eve of the Festival of the Supreme Being; when no less than sixty persons were daily falling victims to the revolutionary tribunal. The next five months were passed in momentary expectation of death. But this period of despair ended with the revolution of the 10th of Thermidor. No sooner was she released from prison than, with characteristic energy, she determined to rejoin her husband in his captivity. Having despatched her son to America, with a recommendation to the care of General Washington, she obtained a passport, and started for Germany with her daughters. At Vienna she had an interview with the Emperor, who gave her permission to proceed to Olmütz. Here she remained for nearly two years, sharing the hardships of M. de Lafayette's captivity. It was not until July 1797 that, on the demand of General Bonaparte, now in command of the army of Italy, the prisoners of Olmütz were released. The exiles turned their steps towards Holland, but upon the occurrence of the revolution of the 18th of Brumaire, General Lafayette determined, on the advice of his wife, to return at once, and without any formal permission, to France. The Ministers declared that he must retire again to Utrecht, there to wait till his name should be effaced from the list of *émigrés*. But his indefatigable wife sought an interview with Bonaparte, who received her graciously, remarking, with characteristic *brusquerie*, "Vous avez beaucoup d'esprit, madame; mais vous n'entendez pas

les affaires." Her pleading, however, was successful, and Lafayette obtained permission to remain in France. The rest of her days was devoted to the repose of family life. In 1807 she was attacked by a violent brain-fever, and after a long delirium, in which her peculiar devotion to her husband was very touchingly manifested, her chequered career was brought to its final close. No heroine of romance ever encountered more vicissitudes of fortune, or more bravely.

Both on biographical and on historical grounds these Memoirs are full of interest; and M. de Lasteyrie shows good taste in leaving them to tell their own tale, without preface or comment. That they should leave an indelible impression upon the minds of those who now represent the victims of the Reign of Terror is only natural; but it is not the less a misfortune for the France of to-day that the hatred of political parties should be fed and exasperated by the record of atrocities which moderate Republicans repudiate with as much horror as Royalists and Reactionaries.

UNIVERSITY OARS.*

DR. MORGAN has published a very seasonable book, upon a question brought into prominent notice some years ago by the late eminent surgeon, Mr. Skey, as to the effects of the University race upon the health of the competitors. We need not waste words in proving that it was desirable to have a scientific investigation of a point upon which popular writers had pronounced such confident and such contradictory opinions. It is enough to say that Dr. Morgan is excellently qualified to arrive at the truth, both by his previous acquirements and by a laborious investigation of the special facts. He was formerly captain for three years of a college boat at Oxford; and he is now an experienced surgeon, and especially has devoted much attention to the important question of the deterioration of race. Everything which he says upon the subject deserves attention for its intrinsic value; and he speaks plainly and decidedly. We will endeavour first to give some notion of his method and his results, and we will then add our own opinion.

In the first place, Dr. Morgan has carried out his inquiry into the personal history of University oars with a completeness which leaves little to be desired. He tells us that 255 oarsmen were alive at the end of 1869; he succeeded in obtaining letters from 251 of these gentlemen giving the results of their experience; and, in addition to these, he has received many particulars as to thirty-nine who had died since their performance. Out of the 294 oarsmen who had rowed since the race began, seventeen either describe themselves or are spoken of by their friends as having suffered certain definite injuries. Omitting for the present any notice of their cases, the most instructive part of Dr. Morgan's inquiry is an elaborate statistical return compiled from the facts before him. Taking, for example, the Oxford crew of 1829, and assuming (which may be taken as approximately accurate) that the age of each competitor was twenty, it would follow from Dr. Farr's life-tables that each man should have lived on an average for forty years. Three were dead before 1869. Five were alive at that time, and, assuming that each survivor would enjoy the average life of a man of sixty, we should find, by the same tables, that they ought to live for fourteen years apiece. Thus the five would live for seventy years; and, adding this amount to the years actually enjoyed by all the oarsmen between 1829 and 1869, we find that the aggregate lives of all the crew will probably amount to 370 years. The calculated value of the eight lives in 1829 would be only 320 years; and thus the particular crew in question would have 50 years' more life than eight men of average health, or each rower would live for about 46 instead of 40 years. Applying the same method to all the crews down to 1859 we find the following results. An average man of twenty should live for forty years; the average member of an Oxford University crew lives 43·7 years; of a Cambridge crew 40·7 years; and of a University crew without distinction of Oxford and Cambridge, 42·2 years. On the whole, therefore, the result is that a man who rows in the University race may be expected to live rather longer than a man who is regarded as a select life by an Insurance Office.

If we attempt to trace the special causes of death, we find that accidental and violent deaths and deaths from fever have been unusually numerous in proportion to the whole. Deaths from consumption have been less numerous than usual, and deaths from heart-disease are in about the ordinary proportion. It must be added, however, that the number of deaths is scarcely sufficient to enable us to come to any safe conclusion. We may remark that twenty-four Cambridge men died during the period in question, and only fifteen Oxford men; a difference which is too great to be ascribed with any probability to the deadly influences of the pestiferous Cam or to any occult agency of mathematical study. The result shows, in fact, that pure accident is sufficient to affect very materially such small numbers; and that it would be rash to place any great reliance upon the statistics.

Without going into further inquiries, we may draw one or two obvious inferences. The popular legends of the fatal effects of University races must be dismissed. Mr. Justice Denman, himself a very distinguished oarsman, mentions two or three of the absurd legends which have been current. It was generally said that every member of a certain six-oared crew which rowed from Oxford to London in a day died within a very short time. In fact four of them were alive forty years after the performance, and the other two had been killed in battle. The narrator was himself informed that he was the only survivor of his own crew, which was head of the river in 1842; the fact being that all were then alive, some twenty years after their victories. Such stories are familiar to all rowing men; and though their currency is interesting as illustrating the growth of a modern mythical legend, they may be regarded as devoid of all historical foundation. Dr. Morgan has proved conclusively that University races are by no means as dangerous as alarmists have represented.

Other questions, however, still remain. We may observe that whereas the Cambridge men ought to have averaged forty years of life, they in fact averaged about six months more. Is this a satisfactory result? In each year the very flower of the young men of the time were chosen. The strongest, and presumably the healthiest, eight lads in the University were carefully picked for the contest. Ought they not to have exceeded the average duration of life by more than six months? or, even if we take Oxford instead of Cambridge, by more than three years and a half? This is a question to which, for many reasons, it is difficult to give a competent answer; but we confess that the result does not impress us quite so favourably as it appears to impress Dr. Morgan. Again it is to be observed that the whole system was exceedingly different twenty years ago from what it is now. The work done was in some respects more severe; whilst, on the other hand, the training was far less rigid and prolonged. Dr. Morgan has very properly excluded from his tables the life-rate of all crews since 1859; the experiment has not yet been tried on a sufficiently extensive scale by the later crews to warrant any great reliance upon the results. This limitation, however, excludes the greater number of oarsmen who have performed since the recognition of rowing as one of the leading duties of a good Christian. We are not surprised to hear that every member of the Cambridge crew of 1840 was alive in 1869; and seven of them write to say that they were none the worse, whilst some declare that they were the better, for their exertions. This crew may be expected to enjoy an average of fifty instead of forty years' life after the race. But thirty-three years ago rowing was conducted upon such different principles that the precedent loses much of its value. We will remark parenthetically that a similar circumstance quite destroys to our minds the value of certain statistics alleged by Dr. Morgan to prove that rowing is compatible with reading. He gives a list of honours obtained by rowing men, and says that the percentage who distinguished themselves in the schools and the senate-house was rather larger amongst the University oars than amongst the rest of the students. Now strength of constitution is so important an element in both kinds of success that we might expect some such result. But a slight examination of his facts entirely reverses the inference, as far as recent years are concerned. Down to 1849 the Cambridge oarsmen had supplied seven wranglers in ten crews; the next sixteen crews, down to 1869, only supplied one wrangler, who was moreover the lowest in the list. The first ten crews included two senior classics, three second, and one fourth, in the first class; the last sixteen included one senior classic, one fourth, one fourteenth, and one sixteenth in the first class. In other words, the ten crews down to 1849 altogether distanced the sixteen crews since 1849 in University honours; and a similar result is apparent in the Oxford list. In fact, any University tutor would tell Dr. Morgan, what is noticed in one or two of the letters he publishes, that at the present day it is impossible for any but a very powerful, and moreover a very determined, man to devote himself to both pursuits at once. Rowing has become far too absorbing a profession to admit the interference of any rival.

One other class of evidence must be noticed before we express our conclusions. Dr. Morgan says, with very great truth, that the opinions of relations as to the causes of death and injury are not to be taken too confidently. We need not expatiate upon the reasons, sufficiently well known to every University man, which cause rowing to be saddled with a responsibility not properly belonging to it. Dr. Morgan, however, has hardly given due attention to the corresponding deductions from the evidence of rowing men themselves. The letters which he publishes from old University oarsmen are almost touching in the unanimity with which they repudiate any suspicion of evil resulting from the race. We turned to two or three cases in which we had personal reasons for expecting that some injury would be admitted; but we found that in each instance the supposed sufferer declared that rowing had been perfectly innocent in regard to himself. Now we have no right to set our private guesses against the opinion of the gentlemen who are most interested, and who have the best means of judging; but it certainly occurred to us very forcibly that the evidence of an oarsman as to the effects of rowing is not more likely to be impartial than the evidence of a confirmed smoker as to the influence of tobacco, or of a Roman Catholic as to the influence of confession. The witness is simply testifying to the excellence of the sect of which he is a devoted and distinguished member; and it is only in the plainest cases that he will admit that his favourite practice was to blame.

After making such deductions from Dr. Morgan's evidence, we still admit its great value, and we think that he may help us to certain definite conclusions. In the first place, we heartily agree with all he says as to the extreme value of manly exercise, and the great need of encouraging it at a time when the population is

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University Oars. By Dr. Morgan. London: Macmillan & Co. 1873.

more than ever gravitating towards great towns and showing ominous symptoms of physical deterioration; and, further, we think that he has shown the utter groundlessness of the popular belief in the extreme danger of the pursuit. Besides his statistics, Dr. Morgan gives some very sensible medical remarks upon the benefit which may be derived from strong regular exercise. But all this does not quite meet the difficulty. We should be exceedingly sorry to see our undergraduates give up their love of athletic exercise; but we may still ask whether the variety of exercise of which the University race is a type is not an abuse of a good principle. The argument seems to stand thus. No one would say that so violent a strain upon the constitution as is implied in a long course of training culminating in the Putney race is in itself desirable. A lad may be all the better for two or three hours a day of good hearty bodily exercise; but if he could be persuaded to take such exercise without the powerful stimulus of a race watched by all England, he would attain all the benefit without any of the danger. That danger may have been exaggerated; but it exists. Dr. Morgan, as we have seen, mentions seventeen cases of supposed injury, and we strongly suspect that the list might be extended. If, therefore, it were possible to remove the abuse whilst preserving the judicious use of the art, all scruples would be obviated, and we might contemplate the sports of our undergraduates with unmixed satisfaction. But, it is urged, this is impossible. One of the best letters published in the book is from the Rev. H. A. Morgan, Fellow and Tutor of Jesus College, Cambridge. He says that the College races would languish if it were not for the stimulus of the University race. We cannot separate the good from the evil. A few young men must be sacrificed on the Thames in order to encourage a great many to take healthy exercise on the Isis and the Cam. Mr. Morgan may very probably be right, and there is at any rate little immediate prospect of the abolition of the London race. Assuming, however, that it is one of our sacred and unalterable institutions, it follows, as Mr. Morgan puts it, that a place in the University boat ought to be made as free as possible from danger to the health. The price which we pay for the stimulus to rowing should be as low as possible. We will add, moreover, that the passion for athletics is so powerful that we need not make the stimulus stronger than at present. It is more in need of restraint than of encouragement, for, whatever is done, there is no visible danger that physical excellence will be undervalued at the Universities for a long time to come; and, from this point of view, two remarks suggest themselves very forcibly after reading Dr. Morgan's book.

In the first place, whatever danger there may be to health is enormously increased by the profound physiological ignorance of the young men and their trainers. Dr. Morgan, for example, makes some valuable remarks as to the cases in which rowing is likely to aggravate or to diminish a predisposition to consumption. Assuming his statements to be accurate, nothing is more certain than that they are systematically disregarded by the oarsmen themselves. Rowing is just as likely to be encouraged when it is a poison as when it is a medicine. We need not dwell upon what sensible rowing men are beginning to discover, that the superstitions about training are of the silliest kind, and imply a total ignorance of the human framework. Hence it certainly appears to us that there is much sense in a remark made by Mr. Richards, an old Cambridge oar, who suggests the value of a little more medical superintendence. Nobody ought to row in the race—as several old oarsmen admit—till he has been passed by a physician, and probably some regular system of inspection would often detect symptoms of approaching mischief which are now disregarded. It is common to find that the men who shirk their work are just those to whom it would be beneficial; and that others, to whom it is really injurious, persist with a courage worthy of a better cause in concealing their ailments to the last. We could give some important facts bearing upon this topic, as to men who have rowed in an utterly unfit state of health; but it is enough to say that either the boat-clubs themselves or the College authorities might do well to insist upon a more systematic subjection to medical advice.

Secondly, a still more important suggestion is made by Mr. Morgan in the letter we have noticed. He speaks very strongly, but not one bit too strongly, of the evil effects of the great amount of public notice now bestowed upon the crews. The daily and weekly bulletins of the newspapers, he says, "lead to a perpetual excitement which is in every way bad for the men." And he mentions, with proper disgust, the appearance of the University race in the betting lists. The stimulus, in fact, provided by the University race may be good up to a certain point; but that part which depends upon the lads becoming for a time the public property of penny-a-liners is altogether bad and demoralizing. It is hardly pleasant for a gentleman to see his personal peculiarities accurately described in the columns of a dozen papers as if he were a prize pig; to have his ribs felt, or at least inspected, by the touts of sporting newspapers; and to have accurate details published as to the quantity of fat deposited upon his abdomen. As to the betting element, which is constantly trying to obtrude itself, it would be difficult to use too strong language. The result of the modern system is that a youth is kept for many months of his academical career in a state of feverish excitement which is generally fatal to his studies, which can hardly be good for his health, and which is certainly not favourable to his self-respect. Rowing becomes less an amusement than a profession; the manly sport which ought to be encouraged is in reality degraded by an infusion of lower motives, and the intellectual tone of the University is palpably lowered by the ridiculous importance attached to mere muscular excellence. The question is too often argued, even by Dr. Morgan, as though the only question were between excessive devotion to athleticism and utter physical idleness. The true question is, how a pursuit which everybody must admit to be excellent within certain limits can be kept from exceeding those limits. We cannot discuss that question at present; but we will throw out one trifling remark which perhaps deserves notice. Of late years the crews have appeared on the Thames at a much earlier period than formerly. It is on the Thames that they chiefly become the objects of the delicate attentions of touts and reporters, and are made the heroes of daily tittle-tattle. The plan is doubtless favourable to their improvement in the art of rowing; but in many other respects it seems to us to be injurious. The University authorities might surely keep the young gentlemen to what is supposed to be their proper work a little longer, and not allow them to cut out so large a slice of the term. This very moderate reform would perhaps help on a further change which is likely to be imperatively demanded before many years, though visionary enough at present—namely, the removal of the race from the London waters altogether. Half the evils of the present system are the result of the fact that the young gentlemen have now to perform, not for their own amusement, but for that of many thousand cockneys. We should be sorry to deprive the cockneys of an innocent pleasure; but it may be doubted whether their patronage is altogether healthy.

GENERAL HAZEN ON THE ARMIES OF GERMANY AND FRANCE.*

WE do not know that it was ever our fate to meet with a book of more varied qualities than that before us. We have shrewd and original remarks here, large patches of well-known works inserted without acknowledgment there; profound and interesting reflections on men and events, mingled with petty gossiping details picked up at second-hand; impartial observations on foreign institutions, interspersed with bits of buncombe worthy of a local electioneering speech in the West. General Hazen's volume reminds us of nothing so much as of certain numbers of the chief New York papers at the height of the Civil War, when events of surpassing historical interest were reported with a commentary so patched and unequal that one could almost distinguish the parts of the conversations woven into it, varying from the well grounded opinions of scientific soldiers to the guesses of the newly commissioned volunteer, all caught up with equal eagerness by the listening Correspondent eager to anticipate by prophecy the news of his brethren of the craft. At first, we confess, we were tempted to put General Hazen's work aside as not deserving a detailed notice; but a second reading has convinced us that the matter, if not the form, of the book is good, and that, whatever objections may be taken to its spirit, the gallant author had both opportunities to see and powers to observe which entitle him to be heard as a witness of much value on the ever fresh subject of the fall of France.

General Hazen is one of the carefully trained West Point officers with whom America supplies the modest needs of her regular army in time of peace. Like most of these, when the exigencies of war came he rose rapidly, and, serving in the rough school of Sherman's Southern campaigns, distinguished himself at the head of a division, and rose to the command of a corps, being still but a young man. The civil strife over, he found himself thrown back to an inferior regimental position, with his brevet rank of General doing him no real service, and conferring on the holder only the awkwardness of a false position. A keen and practical observer, sent nominally to view the shortcomings and advantages of other armies, he could not but fail to bring his experience to bear on his own; and there probably is no chapter of the work more valuable than that in which he analyses the imperfections of the American service during and since the war. Any one among ourselves who wishes to understand how the administration of a suddenly augmented army by untried civilians, even when aided by the advice of such staff officers as cling to the bureaux in time of peace, will inevitably result in costliness, jobbery, and inefficiency, may read the causes plainly for himself in the chapter of Comparative Observations on the United States Army. We have, however, rather to deal with General Hazen's reflections on the forces of our neighbours, and need only observe as a preliminary that the General received his credentials for Europe rather late, and consequently reached the German headquarters when they were already firmly established before Paris, and the blockade fairly begun.

Prince Bismarck, who is said to affect severity and curtness in his bearing to our own countrymen, was all smiles to the newly accredited American Commissioner. On receiving him at Ferrières he not only met General Hazen cordially, but undertook, almost unasked, to expound to him the whole history of the Hohenzollern candidature and of the outbreak of the war in "a very interesting talk of at least two hours' duration, in which he was the uninterrupted speaker." This discourse of the great statesman, as related by the listener, is no doubt interesting enough; but it was reported in this country before the work itself was published by

* *The School and the Army in Germany and France; with a Diary of Siege Life at Versailles.* By Brevet Major-Gen. Hazen, U.S. Army. London: Trübner & Co.

a weekly contemporary supposed to have especial sympathies with America; and the writer shrewdly pointed out that the interest lay, not in accepting its statements as literally true, but in regarding them as what Bismarck desired the Americans to believe. There could be no better or more sufficient commentary. Posterity looking back will judge the events of 1870 more disinterestedly than any Englishman or American, much more any German or Frenchman, can do now; and if Napoleon be condemned for his share, few will believe that the part of Bismarck was chiefly that of ignorant simplicity and surprise, for which he would have had General Hazen accept it.

To the report of this remarkable conversation succeed several chapters of the author's impressions of the siege of Paris; and where these are founded on his own observations, they are fresh and interesting in a high degree. Unfortunately General Hazen seems, in narrating them, to keep one eye as constantly directed on his countrymen at home as the other on the German picquets; and so, in the midst of remarks of real value, we are called off to listen to platitudes on the subjects of divine right, princes, patriarchal rule, and individual liberty, which seem to have got by accident into the work out of some Fourth of July oration, being plainly inspired by the sight of the star-spangled banner rather than that of the homely black and white flag of Prussia. Anon we pass from patriotic sentiment and military notes to a bit of Versailles scandal about the Duchess de B—— or the Countess A——, their villas, and the occupants, proper or improper, all which might well have been spared the reader. How sound the General's views are when he sticks to his profession let the following description of the German system of investment prove. There has been a great deal of very silly and needless mystery made about this matter of the works before Paris. General Hazen puts the whole clearly enough in the following passage:—

> The posting of the investing lines is a novelty to an American officer, and yet there is wisdom displayed everywhere. There is, in fact, no investing line anywhere, but a zone of occupation about five miles in depth. . . . This zone of German investment embraces hundreds, and perhaps thousands, of villas, châteaux, farms, and gardens. In France everything of this kind, of however little pretence, is surrounded by a rubble-stone wall about eight feet high and two feet thick. This has simplified the military problem for the German, as a starving siege consists mainly in the defence of the besiegers. Different lines of these walls, occupying commanding positions, have been loopholed for musketry, embrasures have been cut for artillery, banquettes thrown up, and sometimes staging built for two tiers of infantry. These strong positions naturally deflect an assaulting column to the right and left into more open ways, where it is soon enfiladed by a strong fire from infantry, and often taken in reverse by a force securely posted in loopholed houses or garden hedges. The Germans at once saw and availed themselves of the great advantage of these combinations for defensive purposes, and prepared covers and open roads through farms and gardens for artillery and infantry; so that, with their reserves comfortably quartered in the rear, they could at any alarm speedily man these successive positions with their lines and sweep the open roads with their batteries. A combination of defences practically impregnable has thus been formed. The advance positions are given up at the right moment, and the various covers prepared for retreat make it easy and safe. From this statement it will be seen how utterly hopeless and mad a night sortie would be, as it could not overcome even the physical difficulties. None will ever be tried.

Or, again, take the following extract. Would it be possible in few words to explain more lucidly the absurdly conventional and unreal nature of most of the French sorties? It will be seen that General Hazen convicts his own countrymen of a precisely similar error in their war, and shows how he had the wisdom to avoid it in the affair of Fort McAllister, in which he won just distinction for his boldness and judgment:—

> The French, like ourselves in the late war, preface and publish such a movement by a long cannonade, thereby greatly aiding their adversary to make ready to receive them. This use of artillery is one of the absurdities of modern warfare. It seems to owe its existence to the old custom of using artillery in order to make a practicable opening in a permanent fort before sending forward the assaulting party, when musketry fire was effective only at a short range. Since the introduction of long-range rifles with thin lines of troops posted behind slight earthworks, the practice has become vicious, for it hurts no one, and only advertises your intentions. The French collected a large number of field-guns near the assaulting line on the 21st instant, and for two hours fired an average of more than a hundred guns to the minute, many of their shells bursting thousands of feet in the air. At the assault on Fort McAllister, during our war, artillery officers stood aghast when told that I had no use for artillery. By quietly pushing up sharpshooters and driving everybody [on the enemy's side] into the bomb-proofs, and at the same time deploying an assaulting party just out of sight, I was able to send it quietly forward, so that it nearly reached the enemy's lines before they were aware of the presence of a large force. Had they known our intention, our loss would have been doubled.

Once more, as regards Trochu's neglect of the means at hand in preparing for the siege. We say Trochu purposely, believing that an officer who forces himself forward into the tremendous responsibility of the military governor of a great fortress about to be invested has no right whatever to complain that those under him would not obey nor work. Here, too, General Hazen shows very effectively and simply what should have been, and what was not, done:—

> By the remarkable policy of depopulating the environs of Paris, and calling the people within the lines, the French have not only some hundred thousand more mouths to feed, but have left excellent quarters for their enemy. While engaging in impossible attempts to burn the green forests, the French have left thousands of cords of bundles of fagots for fuel, and the extensive forests of St. Cloud, Versailles, and St. Germain are full of small saplings just to the hand of the Germans for making gabions and fascines. The surrounding country, instead of being desolated, is left covered with stacks of grain and barns full of hay; the gardens are full of potatoes, turnips, beets, and vegetables of all kinds, abundantly raised for the Paris market. It seems that everything of a military nature that France ought to have done she has neglected, while she has done all manner of things she ought not to have done.

Again, as regards the more general, but not less interesting, question of the increased power given to the defence by breechloaders, we doubt if the question has anywhere been so happily summarised as by General Hazen in the following lines:—

> This new strength of the defence is mostly due to the late improvements in firearms, by which their range, rapidity, and accuracy of fire are greatly augmented. I think it may be safely said that a single line in two ranks, composed of thoroughly good troops, with the new style of breechloading arms, and protected by some slight work, can defy any sort of attack that can be devised, provided it be made in front, and over ground affording no cover. This comes from the fact that there is a moral limit to the capacity of men to face danger. This limit may be increased by discipline; but one in three put *hors de combat* is about the highest in fair fight. When every third, or even fourth, man is struck, the body of troops of which they are components is neutralized until it is reorganized and recovers its confidence, impaired by the presence of death.

Passing from the war in France to speak of that in America, the vicissitudes of which he shared throughout, the General is no less striking in his remarks. The waste, extravagance, and general loss of power of the American system as compared with the Prussian, are admirably sketched in his eighth chapter. Here is what he has to tell us on the discipline of the volunteers of the North, a subject by no means wholly foreign to the military question among ourselves:—

> I say not a word in disparagement of our men; but we lost incalculably by not employing the means in our hands for bringing our commands to the highest efficiency. There were regiments in one of the divisions of my corps at the close of the war—veterans of '61—in which the enlisted men felt but very slightly, if at all, the spirit of subordination, and manifested few soldierly qualities, except courage. They did not rise in the presence of officials, no matter what their rank, and scarcely knew how or when to salute. These may appear little things, but it is by them all good soldiers are known. The good these troops did us was gratuitous, and not because their officers had the power, as they ought to have had, to compel it. They were earnest, patriotic men, but not soldiers.

And this, be it remembered, is their description after four years' field service in war on a grand scale.

As to the standing peace army of America, those who wish to study its imperfections and to see the vices of our own system of military administration outdone by our cousins, cannot do better than study the same chapter. The story has never been written in this country before, and is well worth the perusal of military reformers, as a patent warning to ourselves.

We could wish to leave General Hazen here at a point where comment cannot but be pleasant. But it is impossible to lay down the volume without a warning to the reader of the manner in which it is made up, when General Hazen leaves the post of witness to turn historiographer. From his lively and instructive reflections on what he saw before Paris we pass on to glance through a survey of the progress of the military power of Prussia. In a single line of a footnote at the close of this he informs us, "In this discussion I have followed Colonel Chesney somewhat closely." He has indeed. So closely that the preceding eight-and-twenty pages are for the most part actually borrowed—not merely in the sense of the matter, but by transferring paragraph after paragraph bodily, without any sign of quotation—from the essays on the Military Resources of Prussia and France by Colonel Chesney and Mr. Reeve. These fragments of a well-known book are interlarded here and there with bits from Captain Hozier's *Seven Weeks' War*, just sufficiently to break the continuity of the narrative, but not enough to disguise the process from any one who has read the original works. In a similar spirit a brief reference in the preface covers the abstraction, for other chapters of the volume, of large quantities of the Blue-book of Reports on Foreign Military Schools prepared by another Captain Hozier for the Commission on Military Education. It must, no doubt, be gratifying to the authors we have mentioned to find their works recognized by an American of distinction as of such standard value. But they probably will agree with us in wishing that General Hazen may soon have the opportunity, in a second edition, of distinguishing their writings from his own, or at least doing his work of literary annexation in a less arbitrary and indefensible manner.

LITTLE KATE KIRBY.*

THOSE people who delight in mysteries, and who are never so happy as when there is a secret which they have a chance of tracking out, will be, we have no doubt, not a little pleased with this story. For ourselves, we must confess that the age has long gone by when the excitement of that kind of a chase was pleasing. Schoolboys, we know, delight in following over hedges and ditches, ploughed fields and bogs, steep hills and long levels, two or three comrades who, with a start of a few minutes, have run on ahead, marking their course by shreds of paper which they scatter as they go. The paper-chase which a novel-writer leads us is, after all, much of the same kind, except perhaps that he often keeps on the same long levels for a much greater time than any schoolboy would care to do. Those, however, who know the game well, both in the one sport and the other, can often make short cuts, and so escape a good deal of uninteresting country. There is a safety in doing this in the literary game which its rival cannot boast of. For a too confident runner may find that

* *Little Kate Kirby.* By F. W. Robinson, Author of "Grandmother's Money," "No Church," &c., &c. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1873.

his short cut has only resulted in giving him a still longer reach of flat country to cross, whereas in a novel it is most improbable that the short cut, or the skip, as it is called, should be so long but that the reader will at once and with the greatest ease gain the track again. Then, too, in the novel, the reader, unless indeed he can only get one volume at a time from the circulating library, can always turn to the end of the course and see how the track ends. And there is this further likeness to be drawn. Neither in the one game nor the other do all who start come in at the end. Among the boys who lead the way there is always one who gets weary and breaks down, just as in every novel there is always some one who gets killed off. And among the pursuers, too, in both cases, there are numbers who soon weary of following the track, and will have nothing more to do with any such sport. The first time, no doubt, one runs up hill and down hill following the long-drawn track of one who steadily keeps ahead, there is a certain excitement in it, just as in the first of these long mysterious stories which one happens to read there is a certain excitement in following up a secret that is not allowed to be revealed till the end of the third volume. But to most people the sport must become, if often repeated, a little tedious, and would scarcely be kept up were it not for the constant succession that there is of youthful runners and youthful readers. It is indeed the case that the literary paper-chase, to not a few ladies, would seem to offer great attractions for a long course of years. It is supposed, however, that they go on joining in it, not so much because they really take great pleasure in it as because it is somewhat less wearisome than doing nothing at all. For even in the case of a fine lady's head it may be seen that, in the words of the old philosophers, nature abhors a vacuum. We do not know but that *Little Kate Kirby* will do very well to fill up that vacuum which artificial people, quite as much as nature, abhor. There is a kind of cleverness about it, which would not be very tiring if only it were presented in a much smaller quantity. Given only the fitting circumstances—a rainy day in a country inn, a long journey in a train, or a bad cold which rendered thinking painful—we should find Mr. Robinson for about one volume a tolerably entertaining companion. For reading the second volume we should not think it necessary to provide a paper-knife, while the third volume we should with pleasure pitch into the fire before we had had it very long in our hands.

Mr. Robinson, it seems to us, has been a very careful reader of Mr. Dickens and of Miss Brontë. The title, indeed, of *Little Kate Kirby* must have been suggested, consciously or unconsciously, by the toast drunk to "Little Kate Nickleby," while the earlier chapters are, as regards style, curiously like Mr. Dickens's later works. The following passage will remind our readers of scores of similar passages in the works of the great novelist:—

> I could hear coughs of various degrees of business echoing from dusky interiors; there was a steam on all the windows, as if the clerks had had their hot dinners brought them, and had taken off the covers simultaneously; there were shadows of humanity darting to and fro from the street that opened right and left, and led to busier thoroughfares; there were two waggons blocking up the street, and their drivers arguing with each other as to right of precedence; and there was a dog which had lost itself, and was sniffing in and out of every open doorway.

While the style is to a great extent founded on that of Mr. Dickens, one or two of the characters remind us too much of those in which Miss Brontë used to delight. Mr. Robinson is daring enough to throw his hook into the form of a woman's autobiography. The writer of it is a governess formed on the model of the heroine of *Jane Eyre* or *Vashtie*, and she marries a man who, like Miss Brontë's heroes, beneath a cold and even rude outside carried a warm and tender heart. There is scarcely any attempt that we can see to imitate a woman's way of thinking, or a woman's way of writing. Unless at every page we were constantly reminded by the course of the story that it was a woman's narrative, we should never have remembered it for ourselves. The supposed writer of the tale is as unlike, in her way of writing, to a pious, timid girl of twenty, who had lived for the last few years with her old uncle, a missionary in Africa, as she well can be. She writes much more like a smart commercial youth who had lived all his life in London, and had studied only the penny papers and novels. In the first page of her story she talks of having only "ten shillings and fourpence-halfpenny still to the good," and in the fifteenth she says "there had been no more Kirbys to the good." Later on—though still in the first volume—in writing of her sister Kate, she says "she was by ninety per cent. the happier woman of the two." In another place she talks of a "flashy semblance of affection," and, in describing Lowestoff, she says "fast men had long since voted it as a place with no 'go' in it, snobs were preternaturally scarce." At times Mr. Robinson, we must admit, puts into her mouth a good sounding word, as when he makes her say, "I wailed forth that truth in answer to the voices thundering in my ears," and, again, "Service even in Abel Westmair's house was neither derogatory nor cowardly." The word "derogatory," by the way, has, we have remarked, peculiar attractions for both novelists and vestrymen. We rarely read a novel or a report of a vestry meeting in a local paper without coming across it. But our author is not able to keep his heroine often at such a height as this, and so, to refresh himself for the effort he has made, he comes down exhausted to a whole page or so like the following:—

> "Yes, it's a stunning good song," said Pounce, in assent, but he said not a word about excluding the Manchester from the benefit of it.
>
> "I'd stand another quid if you'd keep the Manchester out, Tommy," said Mr. Baxter, on whose mind the song had evidently made a deep impression.
>
> "I should like to oblige you, Baxter, my boy," said Pounce, in a plaintive tone, "but I can't sing hexclusive songs; it ain't the fair thing on me to do."
>
> "Just as you please. Will you have a glass of wine?"
>
> "I don't mind a B. and S."
>
> "B. and S., if you like—anything," he said, touching the bell.

The plot of the story, as plots nowadays go, is simple enough. The heroine, the writer of the story, while in her quiet home in South Africa, receives a mysterious letter from her father and another from her young sister Kate telling her to come home at once, as they will soon be rolling in wealth. Up to this time he was a clerk, as his father had been before him, in the house of Messrs. Westmair and Son, the makers of a celebrated polish. This polish plays a most important part in the story, and, slightly to change well-known words, may be aptly described "as the chief feature on which the whole story hinges." Its composition is a secret known only to the hero of the story, Abel Westmair. He, wealthy though he is, has twice every month to shut every one out of his manufactory and to turn workman himself, while he puts the last touches to the "great Westmair polish." When the heroine, Faith Kirby, arrives in London from Africa, and goes to see her father at the counting-house, it is only to find that he has been sent to prison for two years for robbing his employers; while from their lodgings her sister, Little Kate Kirby, had disappeared altogether. She utterly disbelieves in her father's guilt, and feels the greatest possible anger towards his employer, "a tall, stiff-backed man," who "was very dark, with black eyes that seemed cold and unsympathetic, and unlike black eyes in general." We need scarcely inform our readers that by the end of the third volume she marries the gentleman who owned the peculiar polish, and the still more peculiar black eyes, and who, we had forgotten to mention, "had shorn himself of all hirsute decoration." But before this takes place there are many secrets to unravel. She goes to their old lodgings and finds that the landlady's son, a drunken fellow just discharged from the gas-works, knows more about her sister than he would tell. His mother, too, accused Kate of being the cause of her son's ruin, who, sot that he now was, had been a short while before a teacher at a Sunday School. The reader is soon, therefore, comfortably provided with two mysteries—three, indeed, if, like the characters in the story, we may regard the polish as one. He is allowed by the author to worry himself as to how the highly respectable Mr. Jonathan Kirby got into Holloway Prison, and as to where Kate Kirby can be, whom Dick Simmonds, the landlady's son, seems to know of. Faith one evening follows Dick to a Hall of Harmony, and there discovers her sister in a Miss Baskerville, the celebrated singer whose entrance "was the signal for a shout of welcome from three thousand voices." Drunken Dick was in love with her, and spent every evening in gazing at her from the pit. So also was Mr. Abel Westmair's nephew, Herbert, who, however, never suspected that she was a Kirby. Faith went to live with Kate, and, if she agreed with her readers, must have found her one of the most unnatural and unpleasant characters that could be imagined. In a pic-nic in Bushy Park given by the manager of the Hall of Harmony to his company, Faith protects a young girl from the rudeness of the actors. The young girl is no other than Mr. Abel Westmair's only daughter, though Faith does not find this out till later on. Novelists have such an abundant store of extraordinary coincidences that, though one would do the work very well, they never hesitate for the credit of their story to employ at least two, just as two footmen may be seen standing by a carriage, though there is only one door to be opened and one lady to come out. Faith seeks for a post as a governess, and is led by the Fates to Mr. Abel Westmair's house, where she recognizes in his daughter the girl she had protected. As one mystery had been by this time explained, so another is brought in to supply its place. There is an old half-witted grandfather in the house, the founder of the great firm. On his first meeting with the two sisters he shows that there is something on his mind and makes them as curious as the reader. He happened to overhear one sister say to the other that she wondered if rich people's money were as honestly come by as her own. "The smile left his cheek and was replaced by an eager inquiring look which chilled one's blood to witness." Later on, learning that Mr. Kirby had been thrown into prison by his son, he gives Faith a cheque for 800*l.*, the sum that had been stolen by her father. It is not till the close of the book that the mystery of this blood-chilling look is explained, when the old gentleman mistakes Faith's missionary uncle, who had just returned from a missionary tour in "the interior of Africa," for her grandfather's ghost, and, in a fit of superstitious terror, owns that it was a Kirby and not a Westmair who had invented the grand polish. He went on to say that he had stolen the secret of the mixture from among old Kirby's papers, as he lay dying. Meanwhile, Herbert Westmair, though in love with Kate, had quarrelled with her, and had lost sight of her altogether, without discovering that she was no Baskerville, but a Kirby. To console himself he falls in love with Faith, and is generously supported in his suit by his stern uncle Abel, the man with the peculiar black eyes, but without the hirsute decoration, though he too nurses in secret a love for her. They get engaged, and are on the point of being married, when at Lowestoff he meets his old love Kate in the presence of her sister, and shows at once that he has not really smothered the old flame. Faith insists on resigning her lover to her sister; but the same evening drunken Dick turns up on the scene, and in a fit of jealous fury, trying to shove Herbert over a cliff, is the cause of Kate's death. She, in her alarm, stepped back and lost her footing. As

she only fell about ninety feet she was not killed on the spot, but is able to spread her dying over some fifty or sixty pages. We feel thankful that drunken Dick only "disappeared," and that "this little history has no further record of him." Nevertheless scant justice is done to him, as he had done quite enough to deserve to have his last dying speech and confession set forth at length. In the end Herbert Westmair gets the polish and the business, and Abel gets the heroine, which was perhaps as fair a conclusion as could have been looked for in what Mr. Robinson calls "the drama of life" that his characters "were playing."

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OF

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MINISTERS AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

THE occasion of the banquet at the Mansion House was very interesting to those principally concerned, but not calculated to incite the Ministers present to very stirring or inspiring orations. The LORD MAYOR had asked all the other Mayors to dinner, and had asked the Ministers to meet them. As many of the Ministers as were able to be present attended, and as Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. LOWE were among them, and both spoke, the Mayors could not have wished for anything more. There could scarcely be much novelty or variety in what was said. With two hundred Mayors around them, the LORD CHANCELLOR and Mr. GLADSTONE could do little else than sing the praises of municipal institutions and local self-government. Lord SELBORNE told the Mayors that local Corporations were very like the House of Lords, and Mr. GLADSTONE told them that Mayors were actuated in their desire for office by a keen sense of public duty. Lord SELBORNE had to return thanks for the House he has recently entered, and he had to address the heads of Corporations. He joined his two duties by saying that the local Corporations were almost as much of an hereditary institution as the House of Lords, because they went on and on without intermission. So also do the Sovereigns of England, and the House of Commons, and the Bluecoat School; so that in this fortunate country all our institutions are very like one another, especially the House of Lords. The Mayors could not possibly have expected anything kinder to be said to them, and the LORD MAYOR was very justly complimented on the liberality and enterprise with which he had arranged the great meeting of the heads of English borough government, as well as on his own personal career, and the efforts he has made to mitigate the misery of the poor of London. But, grateful as the Mayors no doubt were for the attentions bestowed on them, they remembered that gratitude ought always to include the anticipation of favours to come. The LORD MAYOR having, therefore, got the principal Ministers before him, and got them in a good humour, thought that he might profitably take the opportunity of asking for something. He suggested that the time was now come when municipal Corporations might be allowed greater liberty. So vague but comprehensive a suggestion was answered by Mr. GLADSTONE with equal vagueness, and he entreated all Mayors to believe that he personally would be heartily disposed to accord all that they could properly ask. Mr. LOWE, however, who loves to ask himself what other people really mean, and who, as he spoke later, had had more time to think over the suggestion, arrived at the conclusion that what the LORD MAYOR and his colleagues really meant was that they should be allowed to spend more money. Nothing could have better hit off Mr. LOWE'S fancy. He is always suggesting to one set of people after another that they should spend as much more money as they please, provided only that it is their own money that they spend. He was quite in favour of increasing the powers of boroughs to spend money, so long as the money they spent was exclusively raised in the borough, and they never came to the State for assistance. Probably none of the heads of boroughs that want to spend more money have at present any notion of troubling the State to help them, for they must be rich and enterprising boroughs to feel this craving for easier and larger expenditure; but little boroughs might long to imitate their example, and then the fatal thought might spring up in the breast of the provincial ratepayer, that it would be above all things delightful to throw off a portion of his burden and place it on the Consolidated Fund.

As, perhaps, this is the only practical direction in which the happy conjunction of Mayors and Ministers is likely to operate, it may be worth while to think what it would come to. There was indeed a subject which might have seemed especially appropriate to the occasion, but which was carefully and scrupulously avoided. Some of the assembled Mayors might have been surprised to learn that in the close vicinity of the spot where they were dining there was an English town population equal to that of half-a-dozen counties which is without any municipal government whatever. Londoners outside the City have no Mayors to show them an example of public spirit, and no indestructible Town Council to counterfeit the House of Lords in their midst. Either Mayors and Town Councils are precious possessions of which an enormous urban population ought not to be deprived, or they are possessions which such a population can get on without, and this is a possibility which must hurt the feelings and damp the enthusiasm of Mayors. Either way the subject was not one to be referred to without interfering with the harmony of the meeting, and it was no doubt pleasanter to think of spending money freely. What is intended is apparently that borough Corporations should be allowed to set on foot works of public utility in their area, and tax the ratepayers to pay for them without the necessity of getting a Private Act of Parliament for the purpose. It is possible that before long a movement may be made in this direction, for Home Rule will be a subject of discussion; and the only basis on which the cry for Home Rule can be legitimately rested by those who resolutely decline to break up the Empire and abandon any part of the United Kingdom to its own perversity, is the alleged grievance of questions which might be properly treated as matters of local administration being compulsorily referred to the decision of a very expensive and uncertain, though highly impartial, tribunal at Westminster. But when borough Corporations ask to be relieved from the necessity of coming to Parliament to sanction their schemes, it is right that they should reflect on the cost at which they would purchase their gain. It is not a cost perhaps sufficient to deter them, but it is one well worth considering. In the first place, Committees of the House of Commons, although they make the carrying out of wise schemes more expensive than it otherwise would be, and although they occasionally, if rarely, allow too much weight to unimportant objections, yet also snuff out many silly schemes and prevent much money being wasted. The LORD MAYOR allowed that, if Corporations had the powers he asked for, they would at first make many mistakes; but then, he argued, it is only by making mistakes and smarting for them that men learn wisdom. This is true in the main, but unfortunately in boroughs it is generally found that those who make such mistakes and those who smart for them are different sets of people. It is the wealthy and the enterprising who start ambitious schemes, and the poor and humble who groan under the rates which those schemes make necessary. If indeed such schemes were all started in perfect honesty, the result, although involving much suffering to individuals, would cure itself, for sympathy with the victims of mistakes might check similar attempts for the future. But it is impossible to be sure that honesty would always reign in boroughs. There is a perpetual danger of jobbery. The LORD MAYOR was quite alive to this objection, but then he replied that jobbery would be made impossible by the censure and criticism of an independent local press. Probably it is not too much to say that the English local press is at present independent and averse to jobbery. But when we think of the recent history of the United States, we are not quite comfortable as to the certainty of its remaining so under a reign of lavish expenditure in boroughs. Nothing would be easier, as New Yorkers know, than for energetic and unscrupulous schemers to start a local paper of

their own. At present there is no temptation to do this, for no local paper would produce the slightest effect on a Committee of either House of Parliament. But money might be very profitably expended on newspapers if the expenditure of large sums by local jobbers was to be made possible by local intrigues and local election manœuvres. The result of the concession of new powers to municipalities might be, not that jobbery would be controlled by the independent local press, but that the local press would lose its independence under the influence of jobbery.

Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. LOWE, however, did not confine themselves to municipal affairs. They had a word or two to say about their own affairs and the position of the Government. It was the first public occasion on which they have appeared since the late Ministerial crisis, and it was indispensable that they should refer to it. They both spoke in a vein of extraordinary despondency. Mr. GLADSTONE had just had a majority of 63 on the Burials Bill, and yet he was not happy. By one of the odd accidents of English politics, the vote on this Bill had been made a strictly party one, and the Government had shown that on a strictly party vote it could command a majority such as it is given to few Governments to command. Yet Mr. GLADSTONE was not in the least encouraged. He cheered himself a little by an obvious misdescription of the Irish University Bill and its history, and flattered himself that among the two hundred Mayors none would fail to believe that the cause of his defeat had been that the House of Commons would not agree that the University of Dublin should have an independent and honourable existence. But if he showed that he still loved his Bill, he also showed that he did not by any means love his present position. He did not know whether his Ministry was now young or old, whether it united the folly of youth with the imbecility of age, or the energy of youth with the wisdom of age. He hoped the latter, but he was not sure; and if the country thought the former description more accurate, he had not the slightest wish to contest the point, and only asked to be relieved from the burden of office. Mr. LOWE speculated on the chances that the existence of the present Parliament would be prolonged, and his views were certainly not such as to cheer those who think that a dissolution may be conveniently postponed. He hoped that the existing House might live on to die a natural death, for it is a very good House, and likely to be replaced by a worse. But he could not think that its prospects were very good. The fiat had gone forth, he said, that it must perish, and the author of this fiat was Mr. DISRAELI. It was hard on the House that Mr. DISRAELI should have determined on its destruction, for it had done nothing else to him than offer him office. But, as he had resolved that it should cease to exist, Mr. LOWE thought it was almost sure to succumb. Mr. LOWE may be right, but it is impossible not to see that when a leading Minister says that the duration of the House will be found to be at the mercy of the chief of the Opposition, his prophecy is likely to ensure its own fulfilment. Waverers will fall away, and the constant expectation of a dissolution will make a dissolution necessary. The business of the country cannot be satisfactorily conducted by a Ministry that has no confidence in itself, and by a House of Commons the continued existence of which is allowed by a Ministry to be in the discretion of the leader of the Opposition. Party politicians and journals on the Liberal side may prove to demonstration that there is no reason whatever why the Government and the House should not go on exactly as before the last crisis; but if the speeches of Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. LOWE are to be taken as indicative of the real facts, it is evident that the Ministry has lost heart and hope; and then we may expect that the spirit of despondency will soon infect their followers.

SPAIN

BY far the most alarming symptom of the condition of Spain is the progress of dissolution in the army. Before the fall of the BOURBON Monarchy and during the continuance of the Provisional Government the risk of military insurrections was a pressing and constant danger. NARVAEZ, O'DONNELL, and PRIM all rose to supreme power by the aid of conspiracies among the troops; and it was probable that their example would be followed as opportunity offered by successive adventurers. As it is believed that a great majority of generals and officers are hostile to the Republic, it seemed not unlikely that the existing Government would be assailed by some military chief who might consider the suppression of anarchy a profitable undertaking. It now appears that the promoters of the latest revolution had already taken precautions against a danger which might otherwise have been imminent. The officers may be sufficiently willing to resist the civil authority, but the agitators have reduced them to helplessness by cultivating disaffection among their men. For some time past the conscription, which has been long established in Spain as in other Continental countries, has been denounced by Republican demagogues. The institution is undoubtedly obnoxious and oppressive; but there is no reason to believe that a regular army could be raised or maintained in Spain by voluntary enlistment. Popular declaimers contrasted the existing system with the famous military organization of Prussia, without informing discontented recruits that German military service is both compulsory and universal. The present Government cannot view without uneasiness the prospect of being left without an army at its disposal, but some of its principal supporters were pledged to abolish the conscription as soon as they obtained the control of the administration. The patriotic enthusiasm which is vaguely excited by democratic revolutions soon demands for its satisfaction some tangible advantage. The rank and file of the army could not hope to be all promoted to the rank of corporals and sergeants; and the only boon which they could expect from the Republic was immediate release from their contract of service. In the meantime the men have in some districts threatened and insulted their officers; and in Barcelona violation of discipline seems to have been encouraged by the local authorities. The Carlists naturally hoped in the general confusion to detach some of the troops from their allegiance; but soldiers who are beat on escaping from military service will not often be inclined to re-enlist for an arduous and perilous campaign. Among the officers Carlist intrigues are likely to be more successful. Well founded disgust at the present condition of affairs may readily take the form of hostility to the Republic, and for the moment Don CARLOS is the only Pretender in the field; but the Northern civil war is not perhaps the most pressing risk which threatens the Government. The volunteers and the other sections of the rabble have been armed with lavish imprudence; and if the regular army is disbanded, the lowest class of the community may at any moment assume supreme authority.

If the disorganization of the army implied the predominance of the civil power, the relaxation of the bonds of discipline might be regarded with comparative equanimity; but in the absence of the ordinary securities of order, force will decide all political controversies. It may well be believed that the PRIME MINISTER is disappointed with the result of his visit to Barcelona, and he will derive little comfort on his return from the state of Madrid. Twice already since the proclamation of the Republic an armed mob has compelled the Legislature to revoke its decisions; and the smallest pretext seems sufficient to produce a riot. When the mob of a large town is excited and armed, it can only be restrained from violence by the presence of regular troops; and it would seem that the Republican Government has no disciplined force on which it can rely. The volunteers were at the first outbreak of the revolution supplied with arms in the belief that it might be necessary to hold the army in check; and since the spread of a mutinous spirit among the soldiery, peaceable citizens are at the mercy of Republican ruffians. It is possible that the leaders of the mob may for the present not wish to disturb the Government; but they will soon be tired of the respectability of FIGUERAS and of the eloquence of CASTELLAR. In the civil struggles which are too probable, the law of natural selection will secure the final victory to the combatants who approach most nearly to the discipline of regular troops; and ultimately a new army, under some capable chiefs, may perhaps re-establish order.

According to one of the latest rumours, some Provincial Deputations had proposed to raise a general levy of armed men to overwhelm the Carlists by superior numbers. The regular troops were, by an inversion of ordinary practice, to support the volunteers; and perhaps the demagogues of the towns may have seriously thought it possible to conduct a campaign without generals or officers who could exercise any authority over the mass of the troops. If attempts of the kind are made in Catalonia or elsewhere, there can be no doubt that the armed Republican bands will, like their predecessors in the French Revolution, direct their first efforts, not against the enemy in the field, but against that part of the neighbouring population which may be justly suspected of feeling but a lukewarm sympathy with their enterprise. To this day Jacobin apologists excuse the September massacres and the atrocities committed by ROBESPIERRE and his associates by the alleged necessity of terrifying traitors and domestic enemies,

while armed patriots were engaged in the defence of their country against the foreign enemy. As there is happily no risk of any invasion of Spanish territory, the Carlists will represent the hostile force which is not likely to be checked by the efforts of the volunteers. If the Legitimists really possessed a hold upon the nation, any impediment which may prevent Don CARLOS from marching on Madrid is likely soon to be removed. According to one account, the men of a mutinous regiment shouted on parade for Don ALFONSO; but it is added that there were no means of knowing whether they applauded ALFONSO the brother of CARLOS or ALFONSO the son of ISABELLA. At present it would seem that the Carlists are powerless beyond the limits of the Northern provinces which have always supported their cause. The clergy, who for the most part favour the pretences of Don CARLOS, seem to have little influence even in the rural districts; and in the great towns they are the objects of popular animosity.

Only two months ago, in the midst of intrigues and factious disputes, the country beyond the range of the Carlist insurrection was tranquil, and the army was still obedient to the constituted authorities. The mere announcement that a Republic had been substituted for a Monarchy has been sufficient to produce general anarchy and military mutiny. The Republicans had for many years taught the populace to regard all legal authorities as hostile, and agitators promised a general division of property as a consequence of a change in the form of the government. The Spanish theory that a Republic ought to be federal or local has aggravated the universal disorder. It is intelligible that some of the great provinces should enjoy a local government, while central affairs were administered under the direction of a national Assembly; but the federalism which is demanded by the rabble means the exercise of independent authority by the demagogues of every town or village which can muster a few armed patriots to overawe the respectable part of the community. FIGUERAS and his principal colleagues, though they are professedly Federalists, never intended to countenance the general disruption of government and society. It is generally believed that CASTELAR, disappointed with the brief realization of the dreams of a lifetime, is about to resign his place in the Government. He has perhaps discovered, too late, that mobs are not governed by the fine phrases which may incite them to disaffection against established institutions. In France it has often been said with much show of plausibility that the Republic is the form of government which divides parties the least. In Spain it appears to operate in a precisely opposite direction; nor is it disputed that the Republicans of all colours form but a small minority of the whole population. The Constituent Cortes which assembled after the overthrow of Queen ISABELLA probably represented more faithfully than any previous or subsequent Assembly the real feeling and opinion of the nation. At that time an overwhelming majority determined to maintain a Monarchy in the most unfavourable circumstances, inasmuch as PRIM had at that time failed to find a candidate for the throne. Later elections have, in accordance with Continental custom, been largely influenced by the Minister who was at the time in office, but the Republicans, if they had really represented the popular wish, could scarcely fail to have held a stronger position in the Cortes. They had the advantage of including in their ranks the greatest orator in Spain; and some of his allies possessed cultivation and ability; yet in the long and factious struggles between Moderates and Progressists the Republicans were never strong enough to turn the scale. On the resignation of King AMADEO, which had, according to the statement of FIGUERAS, been accelerated by Republican intrigues, the only faction which had courage to profit by the occasion succeeded in surprising the Cortes and the country into a ruinous decision. There was no reason why the Provisional Government which had ruled Spain for two years before the arrival of AMADEO should not be re-established at his departure. The Cortes was fully justified in assuming the administration of affairs, but not in repudiating the Constitution under which it had been summoned. From that moment real power passed into the hands of the mob of Madrid, and of the armed rabble in Barcelona and other provincial towns.

THE DEBATE ON THE NEW RULES.

THE discussion which was raised by Mr. HARDY on some of the obligations arising out of the Treaty of Washington was useful, and on the whole satisfactory. With the exceptions of Mr. RATHBONE and Mr. LAING, whose arguments deserve consideration, all the speakers on both sides of the House were substantially of the same opinion. The Government promises to append to the formal communication of the Rules to other Powers a statement that England declines to be bound by the reasons assigned for the Geneva Award. It was evident that before the discussion of the matter on the first night of the Session Mr. GLADSTONE had overlooked the difficulty, inasmuch as he then thought that the Rules had been communicated in the terms of the Treaty. He has since explained his oversight by stating that he had confused certain despatches on the subject with the formal proceedings prescribed by the Treaty; and it is impossible that he can have thought that the reservation to which the Government has now pledged itself had accompanied the communication. Mr. LOWE in the same debate expressed his opinion that the Rules ought to be simply presented to foreign Governments without any explanation; but, as Mr. FORSTER, the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, and Mr. GLADSTONE himself have since assented to the expediency of a protest against the mistaken doctrines of the Arbitrators, it is unnecessary to recur to the hasty expressions of some of the Ministers on a previous occasion. It was not desirable that the House of Commons should record in a Resolution its dissent from the recitals of the Award; and there was some force in Mr. FORSTER'S objection to a vote which might have implied a censure on the Arbitrators. If those personages have, since their return into private life, had access to translations of English and American newspapers, they have probably derived little gratification from the criticisms on their decision. According to Mr. FORSTER, Mr. HARDY'S motion would, if it had been carried, have been equivalent to a vote of censure on their legal qualifications; and the Congress of the United States has, with greater freedom from scruple, intimated a belief that the damages awarded were not supported by the evidence. The American Senate and House of Representatives may be supposed to be the best judges of the claims of their citizens; and by separate Bills, which have however not become law, they have reduced by one-half the amount which the clever agents of their Government had persuaded the Arbitrators to allow. The modest remuneration which the members of the Tribunal will receive for their services will scarcely compensate for the mortification of finding that their judgment commends itself neither to plaintiff nor to defendant; but the charge of incapacity which is involved in the proceeding of the American Senate and House has not been adopted by the English Parliament.

Although the blunders of the Arbitrators found no apologist in the House of Commons, Mr. RATHBONE and Mr. LAING contended that their decisions might be advantageously accepted as providing for the security of England against unfriendly neutrals in the event of a war. As Mr. RATHBONE clearly explained, the benefit resulting from maritime supremacy was almost entirely destroyed by the Treaty of Paris. In the great war at the beginning of the century, English merchantmen carried on trade under the protection of convoys with all parts of the world, while the goods of the enemy were liable to capture and condemnation although they might be covered by a neutral flag. The adhesion of England to the new rule which secures immunity to hostile goods in neutral bottoms would in time of war operate to the detriment or ruin of the commercial marine of a belligerent. The injury would, as Mr. RATHBONE urged, not be measured by actual loss, but by the risk incurred, and by the consequent rise in the rate of insurance; nor is it certain that the loss inflicted on the English carrying trade would be repaired on the restoration of peace. Mr. RATHBONE shares the opinion so obstinately held by Lord PALMERSTON, that the Suez Canal will injuriously affect the competition of London and Liverpool with the ports of the Mediterranean and the Black Sea. For the present, English skill and capital have prevailed against the rivalry which is aided by a better position; but Mr. RATHBONE fears that trade once transferred to Marseilles and Odessa might not be afterwards recovered. On these grounds he considers that the disabilities imposed on neutrals by the Geneva Award would be useful in diminishing as far as possible the risks of the belligerent; and if it is thought probable that England will be more often a party to a war than a neutral, it is impossible to dispute Mr. RATHBONE'S conclusions. On the other hand, recent experience has illustrated the risks which beset a neutral, especially when one or both of the belligerents are litigious and grasping. The risk is not merely of pecuniary loss, or of humiliation; for it is not unlikely that arrogant demands might provoke resentment and refusal, and that the result might

be war. It must also be remembered that the question is not whether a rule would be beneficial to England, but whether it is tenable and just. If Mr. RATHBONE is right, foreign Powers could not fail to see that a doctrine exceptionally advantageous to England might be proportionally detrimental to nations which have a smaller commercial marine. The concessions of Paris were, as Mr. RATHBONE admitted, unavoidable, because the future enforcement of the maritime claims of England would necessarily have provoked a rupture with neutral Powers. In 1780 and again in 1800 nearly all the neutral States had combined to resist the right of search; and although the resolute energy of England on both occasions overbore resistance, the balance of power is now so far altered that it would no longer be possible to set the pretensions of neutrals at defiance. It might perhaps be scarcely less difficult to enforce against a State of the first rank the interpretation attached to the Washington Rules by the Geneva Tribunal.

The Treaty of Washington, although it contains no express provision for the concerted action of England and the United States, seems to indicate the propriety of a joint communication to other Powers. As Mr. GLADSTONE suggested, it would be useless to prepare a separate demand for adhesion, especially when the English Government would simultaneously attach their own meaning to the Rules which they proposed for acceptance. Any Government which had not special and urgent motives for adopting the Rules would, as a matter of course, wait for a similar communication from the United States; and, in default of a previous understanding, the American Government would certainly not concur in the English interpretation. Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. FORSTER were perfectly justified in holding that the present time was not favourable to any overtures to the American Government. The stipulations of the Treaty are not yet fully executed; and, although some of the doctrines propounded by the Arbitrators are inconsistent with the permanent policy of the United States, their Government will be for the present disinclined to repudiate any portion of a judgment which was strictly accordant with the contention of the American counsel. Mr. FORSTER stated that the discussion of the matter was interrupted by the sudden promulgation of the Indirect Claims at the end of 1871. The last despatch came from the English Government, so that it is the turn of the United States to proceed with a negotiation which requires no hurry on either side.

It is not improbable that the whole clause in the Treaty may become inoperative by the tacit consent of both parties. The ambiguity of the Second Rule has been for the moment corrected by an informal understanding between the English and American Governments; but, if the Rules were formally tendered to the acceptance of the German Government, they might perhaps be accepted without any reference to the gloss which was affixed by the authors of the Treaty. The Rule is so awkwardly drawn that it might be understood to prohibit the sale of arms by the subjects or citizens of a neutral Power to a belligerent Government. As both England and the United States had recently supplied arms to France, while English traders had during the Civil War dealt largely with the Federal Government, both parties found it convenient to correct the obscure language of the Rule. Mr. LOWE's proposal of the exclusion of note or comment might involve considerable risk of misunderstanding; but no foreign Power will be bound to accept the commentary as an authoritative interpretation of the Rule. If it is true that the German Government has resolved to reject the Rule unless the sale of arms to a belligerent is prohibited, there will be little use in commencing a negotiation on the subject. It is also reported that the Austrian Government intends to affix unacceptable conditions to the acceptance of the Rules, and it would be highly inconvenient that different European Powers should be bound by varying rules of international law. The kind of danger which is apprehended in case of war by Mr. LAING and Mr. RATHBONE would probably be inflicted, if at all, by the United States, which are already bound by the Rules, whatever the Rules may mean. It is improbable that cruisers under a hostile flag would issue from the neutral ports of France, of Russia, of Germany, or of Austria. The Americans are pledged, as far as the Treaty of Washington has any effect, to abstain as neutrals from all similar operations; and if they think fit to adopt the Geneva interpretation of due diligence, they will be still more strictly bound to restrain the enterprises of their adventurous citizens. The debate in the House of Commons proved that the Treaty, the Arbitration, and the Award have so far not been useless that they have attracted general attention to the subject of international rights and obligations. Mr. HARDY, Mr. HARCOURT, and the ATTORNEY-GENERAL throw a valuable light on the whole controversy between belligerents and neutrals.

M. THIERS'S DIFFICULTIES.

THE Conservatives of Paris have up to this time been prominent among those French electors who hold that a vote is a dangerous tool to handle. They have again and again allowed themselves to be represented by Radical deputies without taking the trouble to find out whether a candidate of their own would have any chance of success. For once, however, they seem disposed to bestir themselves a little on behalf of their own interests. It is possible that if M. DE RÉMUSAT consents to stand, and if there is a fair probability of his being returned whether the Conservatives vote or not, they will for once show themselves at the poll. It will not be a case of Heaven helping those that help themselves, so much as of those whom Heaven helps a great deal consenting to help themselves a very little. M. DE RÉMUSAT was asked to stand by the Mayors of Paris, and as the Mayors of Paris are appointed by the Government, their nominee has something of the character of an official candidate. The title is very dear to the Party of Order in Paris, for it seems to carry with it an unexpressed assurance of good things reserved for the voter. An official candidate is a candidate in favour with the powers that be, and some part of this countenance may be extended to those who support him. Where there is no indication of this sort the Paris shopkeeper only feels that by voting against a Radical he will earn the hostility of the powers that may be. He is ready to show his devotion to the Republic of M. THIERS if M. THIERS will show him unmistakably how to testify his piety. The appearance of an official candidate gives him the direction he wants. He understands the Government to say, Love me, love my candidate; and now that he knows his affection will not be wasted, he is willing to give it full play. But support gained in this way is by no means an unalloyed advantage. If M. DE RÉMUSAT receives some votes because he is supposed to be an official candidate, he will lose others for the same reason. A system which was so abused under the Empire is naturally not held in much esteem by the Republican party. Those Republicans who wish to see Paris represented by a Cabinet Minister get over the difficulty by denying that M. DE RÉMUSAT is an official candidate. It is true, they say, that the Mayors of Paris are appointed by the Government, but they do not for that reason lose their power of divining what the Parisians really wish for. In asking M. DE RÉMUSAT to stand, they did but give voice to the spontaneous feeling of the city that some return was due to the Government for the great services it has rendered to France. Paris cannot make that return more suitably than by choosing the Minister who, next to M. THIERS, has been the chief author of the Evacuation Treaty to be its representative in the National Assembly. At present it is not clear which of these two theories will find most favour among the Paris Republicans, and in the absence of some certainty upon this head M. DE RÉMUSAT finds himself in a dilemma. Indeed, if the Right had shown any evidence of political cleverness, they might almost have been suspected of having suborned a Mayor to suggest M. DE RÉMUSAT's name to his colleagues. If the Radicals would consent not to put forward a candidate, and if the FOREIGN MINISTER were returned by a unanimous vote, the Government would no doubt be a gainer by the election. Such an expression of confidence offered by all parties in the capital would supply M. THIERS with a convenient text whenever he next chooses to draw a distinction between the country which trusts him and the Assembly which distrusts him. But, if there is a contest, it will be difficult for the Radicals to support so moderate a candidate as M. DE RÉMUSAT; and if they set up a rival candidate of their own, they will become the open antagonists of the Government, which is not at all what either they or M. THIERS desire. It is hardly possible that such an antagonism should be only nominal, for it will be of great importance to each party that its candidate should win, and a hotly contested election is sure to bring out all the bitter things that can be said on each side. Yet if M. DE RÉMUSAT finally declines to stand, he will give occasion to the Left to say that Paris will have no one for its representative who is not a Radical, and to the Right to say that the Conservative party even in Paris have not confidence enough in M. THIERS to make it wise for one of his Ministers to ask for Conservative votes. Perhaps the inconvenience which this suggestion of the Mayors is likely to cause the Government may make M. THIERS hesitate before venturing on any consider-

able change in the municipal arrangements at Lyons. If there are advantages in having the nomination of the officials of a great city in your own hands, there are disadvantages also.

The Assembly will shortly adjourn for five or six weeks—the holidays being made unusually long in order to give the Government time to prepare the Bills which it has undertaken to produce before the end of the Session. It is probable that the task does not grow easier as it comes to be looked at more closely. The law as to the continuance of the Executive after the dissolution may not cause much trouble, since, whatever may be the nature of its provisions, their effect will equally be to leave the power in the hands of M. THIERS. But the two other subjects are surrounded with difficulties on all sides. The electoral law openly demanded by the Right—and secretly desired, perhaps, by a majority of the Assembly—is a law which shall put some effective obstacles in the way of the return of Radical candidates at the next election. M. THIERS knows perfectly well that to attempt this in good earnest would be to alienate the whole Republican party, to run great risk of an immediate insurrection, and to put a dangerous weapon into the hands of any adventurer who might try to win popularity by restoring universal suffrage. He has pledged himself, however, to make some move in this direction, and his aim will be to construct a measure which shall admit of being presented in different lights according as the spectator belongs to the Right or the Left. As one party demands that universal suffrage shall be maintained in its integrity, while the other insists that it shall be subjected to restrictions which will make it no longer mischievous, it is not easy to see how M. THIERS is to invent a neutral theory which shall not dissatisfy either. He is understood to be opposed to the postponement of the age of political majority to five-and-twenty, and to the requirement of a three years' residence. Either of these plans would make a very large reduction in the list of electors, and would have the further merit in the eyes of the Right of making the reduction just in the right place. From one-and-twenty to five-and-twenty is ordinarily the period in which men are most likely to be Radicals, or at all events in which Radicals are likely to be most radical. After that they settle down to the serious business of making a livelihood, and politics become insensibly less important to them. A few hot spirits there will always be whom no lapse of years can effectually tame, but under a well-administered Government there is always a chance that these will have been shot before their twenty-fifth birthday, or at worst will keep it in the colonies. The extension to three years of the residence necessary to confer a vote would be equivalent to the disfranchisement of a large proportion of the working classes. Many of the artisans employed in Paris and in some of the other great cities spend only a part of the year there, and return during the winter to their country homes. In this way they would never, under any but the easiest conditions of residence, get on the register anywhere. But, if M. THIERS sets his face against these alterations, what can he propose in their room that will not be either open to similar objections on the part of the Left, or so transparently delusive as to ensure the hostility of the Right?

As regards the creation of a Second Chamber, there are two obvious difficulties in M. THIERS's path. In the first place, how is it to be constituted? in the second place, what is it to do? M. THIERS seems to contemplate a legislative, not an administrative, body; and it may therefore be assumed that he means the members to be elected. But in a country where universal suffrage governs the election to the First Chamber, what else can be devised to govern the elections to a Second Chamber? To vest the election of the Senate in the hands of a limited constituency would be to proclaim that it did not represent the national will with the same completeness as the Chamber elected by the larger constituency. The plan of making the departmental Councils the electors is not open to this objection, inasmuch as those Councils are themselves the product of universal suffrage. But it would certainly be urged, whenever a disagreement arose between the two Chambers, that a Chamber which represented the nation directly had a better claim to be listened to than one which only represented it indirectly. Besides which, a plan which gives the election of a political Assembly to bodies which have been primarily chosen on other grounds is far from satisfactory. A member of a Council-General may be an authority on matters of agriculture or commerce, and yet be no more fit than one of his own labourers to have a voice in the election of a Senator. If the constituency is the same as that which returns the popular Chamber, and a property or official qualification is required from the candidates, every surrender made by the Second Chamber—and it is likely to have to make many surrenders—becomes a triumph of numbers over capital and station, and so paves the way for further contests of the same kind, ending in a similar result. If M. THIERS can invent a scheme which involves none of those drawbacks, he will prove even greater as a political philosopher than he has shown himself to be in practical administration.

THE BURIALS BILL.

MR. O. MORGAN'S Burials Bill is another example of that class of insidious and dangerous measures by which attempts are occasionally made to unsettle a great subject, under pretext of touching only a little corner of it. The question which is immediately and directly raised by the Bill is in itself a very simple one. A parishioner, as everybody knows, has a right to a seat in the parish church, and to a grave in the churchyard attached to it, and this right is not in the least affected by his own religious opinions. He may, if he chooses, renounce the Church, but the Church is not at liberty to retaliate by renouncing him. It is the national Church, and its services are open to all and sundry, to Nonconformists and Churchmen alike. It is known that, in point of fact, a large number of Nonconformists are married according to the rites of the Established Church, and it does not appear that the voluntary acceptance of the offices of the Church in this respect has yet been discovered to be a grievance. Complaint is made, however, that nobody can be buried in a parish churchyard without having the burial service of the Church read over the body, and this is represented as a very serious and intolerable grievance on the part of Nonconformists. It happens that this burial service is part of the prescribed offices of the Church of England; but, if a committee of members of all Christian denominations were to meet together for the purpose of composing a form of prayer which they could all use in common without coming across anything that would wound sectarian susceptibilities, it is scarcely possible that they could hit upon anything more suitable for the purpose than the Burial Service of the Prayer Book which is supposed to be so painful and exasperating to the Nonconformists. According to Lord BEAUCHAMP's compromise, Nonconformists would have been at liberty to dispense with the service altogether if they felt any objection to it, but this is not enough for them. They insist upon freedom to hold any kind of services they choose in the churchyards without limit or restraint; and the object of Mr. MORGAN's Bill is to confer this freedom upon them. It is proposed that any minister or member of any religious body or congregation having a registered place of worship may conduct the service or "other "religious act" at the grave. It is provided that all burials under this law "shall be conducted in a decent and solemn "manner"; that "no service, or any part thereof, shall be "other than of a religious character"; and that the service, if not according to a published ritual, shall consist only of prayers, hymns, or extracts from Holy Scripture. It will be observed, however, that these provisions are only in the nature of general directions or suggestions. No authority, as far as we can see, is given to any person to enforce the observance of the rules, nor, except in the case of "riotous, violent, and "indecent behaviour," is any penalty attached to their infringement. Indeed we are not sure that, if any person attempted to interfere for the purpose of calling attention to the requirements of the law, he might not find himself exposed to the penalties of the next section, which provides that any one wilfully obstructing a burial, or any prayer or service thereat, shall be placed in the same category as those who are guilty of riotous, violent, or indecent behaviour, and held to be guilty of a misdemeanour. If a member or minister of any so-called religious body chose to introduce a performance which went beyond prayers or hymns or extracts from Holy Scripture, he would certainly be disobeying the law, but he could disobey it with perfect impunity. Nobody would be able to prevent him, and there would be no means of punishing him afterwards; on the contrary, he would be entitled to prosecute the incumbent or any one else who ventured to remonstrate with him. It is obvious moreover that it is impossible to say what might not be passed off as a prayer or hymn.

Supposing that the Nonconformists had a grievance, it would of course be necessary to take care that, in redressing it, offence should not be given to other people. The Nonconformists occasionally require to be reminded, like some other sections of the community, that they are not the people of England. As it happens, they are only part of the people

of England—a very respectable, important, and influential part, no doubt, but still only a part. It is quite right that the feelings of Nonconformists should be treated with consideration, but some consideration would seem to be also due to the feelings of Churchmen. Any desecration of the churchyards by the introduction of eccentric ceremonies, or provocative and distempered addresses, would certainly be painful not only to Churchmen, but, we should hope, to a good many Dissenters also; and Mr. MORGAN's Bill provides no check or restraint whatever on scandals of this kind. There are no means of enforcing the general directions as to the decency and solemnity of the services, and even if there were, it is scarcely possible to define what might or might not come within the meaning of "prayer," "hymns," or "services of a "religious character." A Presbyterian clergyman in the North of Scotland the other day took it into his head to pray at a local editor; the editor replied, and for anything we know the clergyman may be still going on with his comminatory orisons. It also occurred to the POPE a few years since to pray in a very significant manner for the bodily and spiritual welfare of the Emperor of the FRENCH; and we recollect reading not long ago in one of the American papers a vigorous party prayer delivered by the Chaplain of the House of Representatives, in which the "sorcheads" certainly got it very hot. We are indebted to Mr. GLADSTONE for some acquaintance with Mr. BRADLAUGH's Hymnal, and a very pretty selection might no doubt be made from it for use at the funerals of ardent atheists and revolutionists. Mr. BRADLAUGH would of course contend that, according to his notions, this was a strictly religious service, though it may be questioned how far other people would agree with him. The Shakers, who have a registered place of worship in a railway arch in the South of London, would also be entitled under the Bill to give a lively entertainment in the churchyard. Possibly the great body of clergymen who are known as Nonconformists might be trusted not to prostitute their office to the purposes of partisan malice or political demonstrations, though there is no saying what might not be the influence of example if the fashion were once started; but Mr. MORGAN forgets the vast number of different sects and congregations which are all classed under the head of Nonconformists. According to Mr. MORGAN, the Bill "bristles with safe- "guards," but in point of fact such safeguards as there are are utterly unreal and unsubstantial. The penalties of the Bill scarcely go beyond threatening an incumbent with two months' imprisonment if he dares to suggest to the Jumpers that jumping is not for edification when it is practised over tombstones. In the public cemeteries there are rules and regulations, and a staff of officers to see that order is preserved, and that nothing indecent or outrageous takes place. The old churchyards of the country, the churchyards which have become part of the national and family history of the people, and with which so many tender and pious associations are connected, are alone to be thrown open, without restraint or supervision, to the antics, mummeries, and indecent and scandalous profanities of every class of fanatics and agitators. It has been said very truly that, if the question had now arisen for the first time, it would without any difficulty or hesitation have been settled by prescribing one common form of worship, such as the Burial Service, in which all sects of Christians could join without embarrassment. It is simply impossible to define what is decent, solemn, and religious in an Act of Parliament, except by setting out the form of the service in the schedule of the Act.

The course of the agitation on this question has been an amazing, if not amusing, history of inconsistencies and self contradictions. The *Times*, which formerly approved Lord BEAUCHAMP's compromise as fair and reasonable, is now satisfied that nothing will serve except throwing open the churchyards to every form of religion—or rather irreligion, for the *Times* has been seized with doubts as to the propriety of religion in a churchyard. When people die, it seems, they should give up all that sort of thing, or at least the survivors should. Mr. DISRAELI summed up in his pithy way the inconsistencies of the Dissenters. They revolted against consecrated ground as a grovelling superstition, and went in for cemeteries. Now they are eager to get themselves, or at least their relatives and friends, covered over with superstitious sods. They carried on a thirty years' war against having to bear any part of the charge of maintaining the churches and churchyards, and now they insist on their right to treat the churchyards as common property, as a step towards getting a similar footing in the churches. We shall not trouble our readers by going into the statistics of burial-grounds. Where Mr. MORGAN comes from at any rate, there seems to be plenty of choice. But the plain, and indeed notorious, fact is that it is the political Dissenters of the towns, where there are ample cemeteries, who are trying to get up an agitation based on the circumstance of rural parishes, where the Dissenters, so far from having any objection to the rites of the Church, would certainly resent the idea of their being withheld from themselves or their friends. It is the greatest mistake in the world to confound the town and the country Dissenters. They are two utterly opposite types. The town Dissenter hates the Church for its supposed social superiority, and with the characteristic venom of democratic jealousy—the sort of childish, petty jealousy, for example, which has just led a member of the School Board at Staplehurst to protest against the choice of a steeple for the device of the official seal, as being "a distinctive ecclesiastical emblem, which could only be "regarded as a gratuitous insult to Nonconformists." The rural Dissenter has a taste for strong preaching, and goes where he can get it; but he clings to the rites and ordinances of the Church as part of his inheritance, and he would feel very uncomfortable at the thought of being either married or buried except by the parish clergyman. The experts in "blazing principles" who work behind Mr. MORGAN's back are quite aware that the way into the church is through the churchyard; that a casual shower would be an excellent pretext for transferring the "religious act" of the churchyard to the shelter of an adjacent roof; and that the freedom of the stump by the side of the grave would supply a plausible argument for claiming similar freedom in the use of the pulpit. It will be observed that this goes a step beyond disestablishment. It is simply a proposal to turn the churches and churchyards into a sort of lawless No Man's Land, and to reduce the clergymen of the Church to the position of acolytes and candle-snuffers to every form of religious or irreligious Nonconformity.

FRENCH WORKMEN AND THE FRENCH ASSEMBLY.

A DISCUSSION has taken place this week in the French Assembly which is worth noticing on account of the light it throws on some features of the social condition of France. A proposal was made by some advanced members of the Left that 4,000*l.* should be voted to defray the expenses of a body of workmen who should go to Vienna and see the Exhibition at the public expense. A Committee reported against the project, but its authors appealed to the Assembly. The notion is borrowed from the precedents of the Empire, as workmen were so sent to London in 1862 and to Paris in 1867. Such a mode of petting a class which the EMPEROR always strove to flatter while he repressed it was quite in keeping with the traditions of Imperialism, but the present Assembly was all the less likely on that account to regard it with favour, and no one could deny the awkward fact that, from the mission of French workmen to London in 1862 sprang the first beginning of the International. M. TOLAIN, who was the main supporter of the proposal, attempted to get over this difficulty by saying that in the first place the International was no longer dangerous, and that in the second place the workmen had not been chosen on former occasions in the right way. His scheme was that elections should be held under the control of the Municipal Councils, so that on the one hand the workmen might not fear to offend the Government by voting, and on the other they might understand they were fulfilling a public duty. M. TOLAIN complacently assumed that, if workmen did but vote under these guarantees, they would be sure to elect the most moderate, sensible, and competent men to be found. The main object of the grant was, of course, to let the best French workmen profit by a personal examination of products in their own line of industry coming from all parts of the world; but then the grant would carry with it subsidiary advantages of great importance. In the first place, it would create a kindly feeling towards the Assembly on the part of French workmen generally, and mitigate the spirit of hostility which divides the lowest class from those above it. In the next place, it would in some measure compensate French workmen for not being able to arrange strikes with the happy facility known in other countries. The French law sternly represses combinations of workmen, but M. TOLAIN thought it hard that Frenchmen alone of all people should not sometimes meet the workmen of other countries, confer with them, and possess themselves of all the information as to wages and duration of labour in different countries which is so interesting to workmen. Lastly, he thought that the reports which French workmen would bring home from Vienna would tend to make the

whole class contented. For there are no workmen better off, he said, than the French, and their representatives would find this out at Vienna, and would spread the comforting news when they got back home. The framer of the Report of the Committee, who was enthusiastically supported by the majority of the Assembly, had naturally much to urge in answer to these suggestions. He observed that the International, although kept down in France by rigorous laws, was as noisy, as mischievous, and as fanatical as ever when it dared to show itself; that enough competent workmen would in the natural course of things be taken to Vienna by their employers, who would be the best possible judges as to which of their men would be likely to learn anything profitable from foreign specimens and processes; and that, as to the charge that the Assembly was hostile to the workmen, it was out of the question to make any grant founded on the assumption that such a charge need be specially disproved. This was exactly what a moderate French Conservative was sure to say, and it calls for no remark; but the speaker gave one detail which is interesting as showing to what a large extent the ranks of the French *bourgeoisie* are recruited from the ranks of the workmen. In his native town, he said, out of fifty employers of labour, twenty-five were workmen twenty years ago. In Paris he had discovered that out of many hundred master builders, seventy-five are entirely self-made men, twenty are the sons of men who made their fortunes, and only five have had a grandfather with money. Finally, this zealous inquirer had personally called on fifty manufacturers of *articles de Paris* and found that thirty-five out of the number had started as common workmen.

We often hear in England of a wish that there should be some members in the House of Commons who should be working-men themselves, and able to speak for their fellows; and we may be quite sure that, if they were genuine specimens, and not agitating adventurers, they would be sincerely welcomed by a body which is always lenient and just to those who speak of what they know. In France they have some such members in the Assembly, and two of them spoke on M. TOLAIN'S motion. A French workman speaking about French workmen in the Assembly is worth listening to, and what these two members had to say was instructive, as showing modes of looking at such a subject that might not have occurred to men in a higher social position. One was for the motion, and the other against it. M. CORBON, who supported the grant, dwelt chiefly on the mortifications which the workman has to undergo. He is not duly considered and honoured in modern society. In old days he was in one way better off. For industry was carried on upon a much smaller scale, and he lived with his employer, and formed part of his family. Now he is one of a herd, not badly treated, but unthought of and unhonoured. One bad consequence of this is that workmen who make money are above all things anxious that their sons shall not be workmen, and at great exertion give them enough education to make it possible for them to hope for some sort of employment that is thought gentlemanly; and so they flood the streets of great towns, wasting their time in idleness. If this grant were made, the Assembly would show that it honoured manual labour, and then perhaps fathers would not wish that their sons should rise above them. Nothing could mark the difference between English and French ideas more strongly than that a working-man, who spoke with sober sadness of the social hardships of his rank, should think that the State, by spending 4,000*l.*, could so mark its respect for workmen that working fathers would henceforth strip off the black coats from their sons' backs and make them wear blouses. Nor is it less surprising to find that M. CORBON insisted that the danger of the elected workmen aiding the International at Vienna was chimerical, because of course the French Government would have its police agents there, who would watch the workmen night and day, and see that they kept no improper company. That people who might possibly compromise or hurt the State should live, even in a foreign country, under the incessant supervision of the spies of the French Government, seemed to M. CORBON so natural that it did not in his eyes in the least diminish the incitement to virtuous endeavours which the tribute to the claims of honest labour involved in making the grant would produce. That the State could glorify labour by spending a trifling sum of money on the visit of a few delegates from the working classes to a foreign Exhibition, while it protected itself from all injury by watching them during their outing as if they were criminals, does not seem a very enlightened or philosophical or practical notion; but then it was the genuine notion of a working-class member, as to whose deep feeling of the mortifications which he and his fellows had to submit to there could be no mistake. And it may be added that he remarked that nothing brought home the feeling of dissatisfaction more keenly to workmen than the occasions when they are called on to exercise the privileges of universal suffrage, as then for a moment they are the equals of every one, while, directly they have voted, they sink again into obscurity, if not dishonour. There are many political lessons to be learnt from the revelations of a man on whom, as on his fellows, modern society and democracy inflict so many sharp pangs, and who can see no ray of comfort unless the State will throw a little coat of cheap, temporary, and mock gilding over the sombre framework of his existence.

The other spokesman of the workmen, M. MALARTRE, opposed the motion on grounds which, if not exactly peculiar to one of his class, had probably a force to him which few but one of his class would appreciate. He altogether disapproved of the election of workmen by workmen. Far from thinking with M. TOLAIN that such an election would ensure the appointment of moderate and competent men, he thought that it would ensure the appointment of incompetent men. The men who would make themselves prominent would be good-looking, voluble, noisy fellows, who would make speeches, and canvass and captivate the workmen by vulgar arts of pleasing. They would go to Vienna, look about there, and string together a mass of sham philosophical platitudes and superficial criticism by way of a Report. The men who really know a special branch of industry, said M. MALARTRE, are as a rule silent, thoughtful men, living a life apart, and not very popular with their fellows. These are the men who, if the object of the grant were to foster French industry, ought to be sent to Vienna, but they are exactly the men whom workmen electors would overlook. But even if it were assumed that men would be sent to Vienna who knew something of the mysteries of their craft, there would be a danger to France from such men. They would have nothing to do at Vienna, and they would not have much money to spend, for the grant was not large enough to do more than give them a maintenance. They would roam about Vienna idle and needy, and nothing could be more probable than that they would be got at by unscrupulous foreigners, and bribed to tell the secrets of their respective trades. French industry depends largely for its success on the possession by employers of many little ingenious arts by concealing which they thrive. Foreigners would be delighted to rival France by imitating these arts, and yet, said M. MALARTRE, France, under pretence of fostering French industry, would be putting a number of poor Frenchmen under a very strong temptation to sell information that would be ruinous to France. This, again, may not be a very enlightened or philosophical way of looking at things, but it showed a knowledge of what in real life might be the position of French workmen under the circumstances that came from the personal experience of the speaker. Only one other point in the debate needs notice. The Government naturally opposed the motion, and the MINISTER of AGRICULTURE and COMMERCE made objections to it that were almost a matter of course. But one of his objections must have reminded his hearers in a very striking manner of the peculiar political position that France holds at present. He advised the Assembly not to forget that to get to Vienna these workmen would have to pass through Germany, and that at Vienna they would be in the midst of a German population. If a body of French workmen, having the official recognition of the French Government, and yet suspected of being agents or friends of the International, and deeply imbued with the feelings which the late war has evoked, were in their folly, or in the ardour of their patriotism, to give offence to the German Government, the French Government would be placed in a most awkward position, and serious embarrassment might ensue. The Assembly entreated the Minister not to dwell on this point, as it was perfectly understood, and he replied that, as it was understood, he would not dwell on it. It was a painful subject, and after the hint which had been given there was no use in pursuing it, but many of those present must have looked back in memory to 1867, and have asked themselves who could then have expected that France would not venture to send workmen to the next great Exhibition lest Germany might take offence.

CURRENCY AND THE BANK ACT.

THE currency debate of last Tuesday may have reminded a few veteran members of the discussions which were periodically raised by the late Mr. MUNTZ in a former generation. Sir ROBERT PEEL often enjoyed the opportunity of puzzling his pertinacious assailant by the famous question,

"What is a pound?" but he must have known human and controversial nature too well to imagine that a disputant was necessarily convinced because he was silenced. The dry and abstruse theory of currency, like vexed questions of theological metaphysics, tends to produce in certain minds a kind of fanatical indignation. The truth seems so clear to the unconsciously mystified student that he can scarcely comprehend the persistent refusal of his opponents to adopt his views. Mr. ANDERSON has failed to understand why the price of gold should be fixed, although the precious metals, like all other commodities, vary from day to day in value. As Sir ROBERT PEEL said, in answer to his own question, a pound is such a quantity of gold of a certain fineness that 3*l.* 17*s.* 10½*d.* represents an ounce. The proposition may be inverted without impairing its accuracy, for an ounce of gold is worth 3*l.* 17*s.* 10½*d.* What the Legislature has fixed is not the fluctuating value of gold, but the meaning of all contracts which involve pecuniary consideration. An undertaking to pay any sum is a promise to deliver a given amount of gold or its equivalent; and it has been found necessary by all civilized nations to establish some kind of monetary standard. If, as Mr. ANDERSON proposed, an ounce of gold were, according to the supply and demand, to be sometimes worth 3*l.* and sometimes worth 4*l.*, it would be utterly impossible to conduct business until some other kind of currency was invented. This indeed is probably the object of the currency reformers; but they have never succeeded in providing any intelligible substitute for gold. It is undoubtedly a grave inconvenience that, in consequence of modern gold discoveries and of other causes, gold no longer retains its former fixity of value. In the Tithe Commutation Act, and in some agricultural leases, contracts are regulated by the price of corn instead of the price of gold; but no commodity has yet been found which would serve the same purpose in the ordinary operations of trade. It fortunately happens that the dates of the majority of contracts are not so distant as to leave time for any great variation in the value of money; but even if the process of depreciation were more rapid, it would be more convenient to refer to a variable standard than to have no standard of any kind. If the nominal value of gold or of any other medium of currency were not positively fixed, neither debtor nor creditor would be able to estimate the magnitude of their obligations and rights.

Mr. ANDERSON'S crotchet would scarcely deserve examination if it were not shared by a certain number of more or less ingenious reasoners. His project of a general license to issue notes, limited only by the possession of a certain amount of Government securities, has often been suggested before; and it may be presumed that fallacies which reappear from time to time are recommended by some plausible arguments. Some humourist in the days of the Bank Restriction Act defined banknotes which were only exchangeable for other banknotes as an interminable series of broken promises. Mr. ANDERSON would refer the holder of a note to the security of the deposit of Consols or of other stock, which might certainly be preferable to reliance on the personal credit of the banker. It is nevertheless difficult to understand how the ordinary holder would, on Mr. ANDERSON'S plan, obtain the conversion of notes into a safer or more convenient currency. It would seldom suit his purpose to distrain upon the banker's reserve, even if it were large enough to meet his demands. The nominal sum to which he would be entitled would always be an uncertain quantity, unless the entire issue were strictly limited by law. The paper currency of the United States derives its value from the undertaking of the Government to exchange the greenbacks at some future period for gold. As the volume of the paper currency has been reduced, the premium on gold has become smaller and smaller; and if the finances of the Republic are prudently administered, gold payments may be renewed at no distant period. The liability of a paper currency to artificial derangement has been illustrated by the caprices of the late Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. BOUTWELL, on his own authority, and, as it afterwards appeared, in violation of the law, re-issued, for the purpose, as he alleged in a phrase which has become a standing joke, of "moving the crops" in the autumn, a considerable number of greenbacks which had been withdrawn from circulation. An English Chancellor of the Exchequer would not venture to break a plain Act of Parliament; but the mischief might in some instances be perpetrated in strict conformity with the law. If any discretion is reposed in the Government, it must sometimes be abused; nor indeed is it possible for any Minister to judge of the quantity of currency which is required for the public use. It would be utterly absurd to make the amount, and consequently the prices of all commodities, depend either on the magnitude of the National Debt or on the value of the securities which might from time to time be held by the banker. As long as paper money is compulsorily and instantly convertible into gold, bullion will be bought at the market price to any extent which may be required. The existing law only interferes with supply and demand by providing as far as possible for the certain performance of the contract made by the issuing bank. For thirty years it has been impossible that the issue department of the Bank of England should become insolvent, as long as the State which owes the Bank fourteen millions was able to discharge its obligations. The existence of private banks of issue results exclusively from the habitual regard of Parliament for vested interests. Since 1844 no fresh right of issue has been conceded, and when any of the privileged banks cease for any reason to issue notes, the power of issue is finally lost.

The only advantage of Mr. ANDERSON'S motion consisted in the exposure of his misapprehensions by some of the best authorities on the theory and practice of banking. Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, after giving a clear explanation of the purposes and operation of the Bank Act, concluded his speech with a somewhat paradoxical motion for inquiry by a Select Committee. Fifteen years had, as he said, elapsed since the last investigation of the kind, and much valuable experience had been accumulated in the interval. It is remarkable that after the disasters of 1866 there was no Parliamentary Committee on the currency, nor is it easy to understand why inquiry has since become more necessary. The frequent changes in the rate of discount have, in the opinion of the most competent judges, no connexion with the Act of 1844, and they are in part caused, or rather rendered visible, by the increased vigilance of the Bank Directors. Every speaker except Mr. ANDERSON approved the principle of the Act, and the appointment of a Committee to re-open the whole question of currency would have implied the existence of an imaginary doubt. It is perfectly true that since the establishment of the great Joint Stock banks the Bank of England no longer controls as formerly the London trade in money; but the Act of 1844 was not intended to determine the supply of capital or the rate of interest, but merely to secure the convertibility of banknotes. Sir JOHN LUBBOCK contrasted the enormous balances which are exchanged at the Clearing House with the comparatively trifling amount of the paper currency. The transactions of the Clearing House will in the present year reach six thousand millions; and in the daily adjustment of accounts neither a sovereign nor a banknote changes hands.

Mr. LOWE concluded a forcible argument against the appointment of a monetary Commission or Committee by a promise to consider Mr. W. FOWLER'S plausible suggestion for investing the Government with a discretionary power to relax the conditions of the Act. It is well known that during each of the three great panics of 1847, 1857, and 1866 the Treasury offered to procure for the Bank Directors an Act of indemnity for any excess of issue which they might deem expedient. On all three occasions the question was not whether the Bank could redeem its notes in gold, but whether it might not be compelled to refuse further accommodation to traders. In 1847 the Bank availed itself of the official permission; but in 1857 and 1866 the intimation that the power of exceeding the limited issue had been granted was sufficient to render the actual increase of the paper currency unnecessary. Mr. FOWLER not unnaturally thinks that, if administrative interference is periodically necessary, it ought to be authorised and regulated by law; and perhaps the anomaly which is implied in an Act of Indemnity may be avoided for the future without inconvenience. It may be conjectured that Mr. LOWE, as he gave the proposal favourable consideration, approves of the various suspensions of the Act of 1844; but some economic theorists of great practical experience have entertained the contrary opinion. It is perhaps scarcely to be expected that any Chancellor of the Exchequer should firmly refuse to follow the example of his predecessors when he can check a ruinous panic at the cost of a letter to the Governor of the Bank; but there is some reason to fear that Governments may be more pliable when they are relieved from the necessity of adopting a palpably irregular proceeding. In times of commercial difficulty traders may perhaps place a pressure upon Government, and the adoption of Mr. W. FOWLER'S plan will to a certain extent weaken the power of resistance. The whole question is only of secondary importance; and the general tenor of the debate was highly satisfactory. The doctrines which seem to have migrated from Birmingham to Glasgow appear to have only one articulate supporter in the House of Commons.

THE NAVY.

THE English are supposed to be a particularly practical and business-like people, and Mr. GOSCHEN is held to possess those qualities in an eminent degree. Yet Mr. GOSCHEN can think of no better way of submitting the Estimates of his department to the House of Commons than to publish a vast mass of incoherent and bewildering figures—213 closely printed pages of Navy Estimates, 121 pages of Appropriation Accounts, with various odds and ends of minor returns—and then to waste three hours of valuable time in the House of Commons by delivering a speech which ought never to have been delivered at all, but should have been written out and printed along with the Estimates, so as to make them intelligible to ordinary minds. If this had been done, the discussion on the Estimates would have been begun in earnest on Monday, whereas the whole night was wasted and the real discussion postponed until members had studied Mr. GOSCHEN'S speech in the *Times*. No doubt there is a great deal of information in the Estimates and other Parliamentary papers, but why should not members of the House of Commons be furnished with the key to the puzzle when the puzzle itself is first put into their hands? Mr. GOSCHEN'S speech in itself was candid and instructive. What strikes us most on the face of it is the significant change of front which has been effected by the Government since they came into office in regard to reductions of expenditure. At the last election Mr. GLADSTONE was in opposition, and stumping Lancashire with impassioned denunciations of the bloated Estimates of the Government. Mr. GOSCHEN now explains very clearly and conclusively that, as far as one great department is concerned, the chief part of the expenditure is fixed and inelastic, and that reductions are apt to be at the expense of efficiency. It will be remembered that when the present Government came into office, the Army Estimates were cut down in a great hurry, and the savings at once distributed in the shape of relief from indirect taxation. It was found, however, that the army could not very well be carried on without stores, and, as stores could not be bought without money, the reduced taxation was restored—this time in the shape of an addition to the Income-tax. It appears that the Navy Estimates have also been subjected to a similar process. There is an increase of 300,000*l.* in the Estimates of the present year. This is in some degree due to the rise of prices, but at the same time there are fewer men, and dockyard and other work is very backward. And as regards prices it must be remembered that, with a provident supply of stores on hand, the Admiralty would have been less at the mercy of a high market. We learn from the Appropriation Account, which explains how sums voted for one purpose have been applied to another, that the savings effected by keeping down the personal strength of the fleet and deferring shipbuilding have been chiefly spent in the purchase of victuals, clothes, and stores. Nothing of course can be easier than to contrive fictitious economies by deferring purchases and allowing stores to be exhausted, but it is a policy which is open to some objection on the score of safety. In the case of the *Megæra*, the reluctance of dockyard officials to incur expenditure of any kind if it could possibly be avoided, for fear of offending their Parliamentary superiors, cost the country 80,000*l.*, and very nearly the loss of the ship and all on board. Tested by results, it can hardly be doubted that the sort of economy which was set up as an idol at the last elections—economy for its own sake, as a mere matter of saving, and without regard to what might be got by spending a little more—has not been remarkable for its cheapness. Of course we are far from denying that the Government has introduced some sound economies, especially in the reduction of an overgrown establishment of clerks. It would be as absurd to say that economies are always bad as to say that they are always good. They are good or bad according to circumstances; but hasty and indiscriminate reductions can hardly fail to be disastrous. It is to the credit of the Government that they have had the courage to abandon the policy of right retrenchment with which they started on their official career; but it may also be suspected that they found it impracticable to go on with it.

Mr. GOSCHEN sees very little hope of reducing the number of ships on active service. There are police duties, transport services, the slave-trade and kidnapping to be watched, and so on, and the work of the navy in peace tends continually to increase. Even if there were less work to be done, it would still be necessary to keep ships on active service for the sake of training. If there were to be a reduction of expenditure, it could only come out of stores and dockyards; and this, Mr. GOSCHEN showed, was impracticable, not only on account of higher prices, but of arrears to be made up from last year. We must continue to build; for, though we are very strong in ironclads, and have in fact twelve ships of that class stronger than any other twelve that can be mustered by all the nations of the world, there has been a reduction in the number of other kinds of ships. Some have become obsolete; others have been built for one purpose, have been converted to another, and have "quickly vanished." Ships not strong enough to hold the powerful engines put into them have been turned into screw-steamers, and have not been able to endure the wear and tear of the engines—bad economy again. The Admiralty does not intend to bring up the number of unarmoured ships to the old standard, but still it must build some more. As to ironclads there is still plenty of controversy. It seems to be agreed that the vitals of a ship—the machinery in every case—should be protected by iron plates, and also that armour should either be used thick or not at all. Then there is the question of masted and unmasted ships. A masted turret-ship is, on account of its masts, at a disadvantage as a battery, as the masts are in the way of the guns, and it has been decided therefore not to build masted turret-ships. But masted ironclads, it is thought, cannot yet be dispensed with, as it would be dangerous for an ironclad to depend solely on steam; if her coal were exhausted, or anything happened to her machinery, she would be helpless. A good deal of interest naturally attaches to the performances of the mastless sea-going monitors *Devastation* and *Thunderer*. The *Thunderer* has just rounded the Land's End, and is the first monitor of the kind which has done so. Mr. GOSCHEN gave a glowing account of her trip, but it would seem that she met with only smooth water and a not very strong wind off the land. Her stability is well spoken of, and so is that of the *Devastation*, but their safety at sea will have to be further tested. The danger which is apprehended in the case of these mastless monitors is that, being without sails, they may be unable to resist the continued beating of the great waves of the Atlantic on their bows. When the bows plunge, the foremost turrets will be under water, and then—say the prophets of evil—before the hull can recover from this bearing down in front, a second or third wave will follow up the attack, and by sheer weight press the ship down bows foremost. This is an ugly prospect, and, though the Admiralty is sanguine, careful experiments are to be made on the Irish coast in rough weather. A new sea-going ship is to be laid down at Portsmouth, but Mr. GOSCHEN wishes to delay as long as possible before deciding what sort of a ship it is to be. This certainly does not look as if anything like a settled judgment had been come to as to the best type for the ship of the future. The torpedo ship of last year seems to have made little progress, but it is argued that loss of time has been compensated by gain of ideas. Only, after all, a ship ready for sea is worth a good many ideas on the stocks.

The proposal to reduce the number of boys by five hundred is one, we hope, which will be reconsidered. Mr. GOSCHEN says the reduction has been resolved on, not with a view to decrease the number of sailors, but because it has been found that, with the smaller number of boys, we shall be able to keep up the number of sailors at eighteen or nineteen thousand as fixed upon. This may be so, but it is a pity in such a case to decide rashly. The reduction will not save a great deal of money, and a few years hence we may regret the loss of the boys. There is also to be a reduction of five hundred officers, chiefly non-fighting men; but Mr. GOSCHEN had nothing to propose with a view to providing more regular employment and more uniform incomes year by year, for officers. Admiral ERSKINE put the grievances of the officers in a very clear and striking form by detailing his own experiences. Thirty years ago, when he was receiving 180*l.* a year on half-pay, he was suddenly appointed captain of a ship, and received 600*l.* a year for three years, when he again fell back on half-pay. Another time he was drawing 1,500*l.* as Rear-Admiral commanding a division of the Channel Fleet, but he had to haul down his flag at twenty-four hours' notice, and found himself reduced to a professional income of 450*l.* It must strike every one that these vicissitudes are trying to the temper and, under certain circumstances, to the character of officers, and we should think that some means of making their pay more equal and certain ought not to be beyond the ingenuity of statesmen. Efforts to improve the terms of service in the navy have of late years been confined perhaps too exclusively to the lower ranks. All that has been done for the seamen and petty officers has no-

doubt been in the right direction, but it is time that some attention should be paid to the circumstances of the officers. The navy has become a highly scientific profession. A variety of qualities and accomplishments which are by no means too common go to the making of a good officer, and men of this stamp deserve better treatment than irritating and humiliating transitions from competence to poverty.

THE TELEGRAPH SERVICE AND THE TREASURY.

EXCESS of zeal is not the fault which most often calls for criticism in a public servant; but Mr. SCUDAMORE has contrived to bring himself under censure upon this account. It is not difficult to conceive the process by which he has been led into the grave financial irregularities disclosed in the first Report of the Committee on Public Accounts. He is keenly interested in the successful extension of his department, and proportionately irritated at anything which even threatens to interfere with it. One of the most troublesome obstacles with which men of this temper have to deal is the possible parsimony of the House of Commons. They have marked out a whole and perfect scheme, and they want to see it brought into operation with the least possible delay. But the House of Commons is sometimes disposed to be captious as to the need for carrying it all out at once. By and by, says the head of the department, this branch of the service will become self-supporting, and the sooner it is organized on a proper scale the sooner that time will come. Why not go more slowly, asks some economical member, and let the extensions just keep pace with the growing income? To an enthusiastic official there is something almost brutal in this cold and sluggish mode of looking at the question; and in considering what money will be wanted for the ensuing year, he must often be tempted to wish that there were some other source from which to get it than the House of Commons. In the present case there was another source. The peculiar circumstances of the Telegraph Service enabled Mr. SCUDAMORE two years ago to avoid the control of Parliament as regards the expenditure of 644 936*l.* in extensions and improvements, and the peculiar functions of the Post Office have given him a similar advantage as regards a further outlay for the same purposes of nearly 800,000*l.* The "incomplete condition of the telegraph "accounts as to separation of capital from current expendi- "ture" allowed of the former sum being transferred from the Telegraph Vote to the Capital Account, by which expedient the department was relieved from the necessity of submitting estimates for extensions. As an Act of Parliament was subsequently passed granting an additional million on capital account, this irregularity must be taken to have been condoned; and at all events it was of a nature which cannot often recur. The unauthorised expenditure of a second and still larger sum is in every way more serious. Twelve months ago the additional million of capital had all been spent, and apparently no further grant was hoped for from the same quarter. But the need for extensions remained; the dislike to applying to Parliament for a further grant remained; and there happened to be very large balances in the hands of the POSTMASTER-GENERAL. From those balances the means of defraying the desired expenditure were taken, and during the past financial year the expenditure of the Post Office has consequently been not much less than a million in excess, or in anticipation—whichever the department likes to call it—of the Parliamentary vote.

In dealing with this state of things, two important questions naturally suggested themselves to the Committee. How did the Post Office come to have so large a balance, and how did it come to have so uncontrolled a power of dealing with it? The first question was soon answered. The balance was largely made up of Savings Banks' deposits. The second question was answered by distributing the blame over three different departments—the National Debt Commissioners, the Audit Office, and the Treasury. The National Debt Commissioners seem to be responsible for the balance being so large. They are kept constantly informed of the sums due to them on account of Savings Banks' deposits, and it was their duty to have called for them from time to time for the purpose of investing them. The Audit Office is supplied with monthly statements of the sums received by the POSTMASTER-GENERAL, but it apparently has no power to check the expenditure of these sums. The Treasury is supposed to have the control of all the spending departments, but its officers have told the Committee that they had no knowledge that the authorised capital had been exceeded. The excuse appears to be a peculiarly lame one, for they knew that an Act of Parliament had been passed to cover a similar excess in 1871, and the evidence given before the Committee of Public Accounts last year had shown that additional funds would be needed to cover the contemplated extensions of the Telegraph Service. Supposing, however, that the excuse was valid, and that the Treasury had not, and in the ordinary course of things could not have, any knowledge of what was going on, what, as the Committee rightly ask, is the value of its control "if such things "can happen not once, but repeatedly, and if the abstraction of "such enormous sums from their legitimate destination can "continue to be unnoticed throughout the whole of a financial "year, even up to the time when the formal statement of the "year's income is formally submitted to the public?"

The House of Commons will show itself inexcusably blind to the warning conveyed by the scandals which have lately come to light in the United States if it does not take care to make such dealing with public funds impossible for the future. It is of the very essence of an incorrupt public service that no misappropriation can take place without its becoming known to several sets of independent officials. In theory this was the case here. The National Debt Commissioners were supposed to invest the Savings Banks' deposits as they came in. The Audit Office was supposed to know the state of the balances in the hands of the Post Office authorities, and to disallow the appropriation of any part of them to purposes not directed by Parliament. The Treasury was supposed to check each item of expenditure in the Public Departments. Yet every one of these authorities either lacked the powers necessary to meet the case or failed to use such powers as it possessed. It does not affect the question in the least that the misappropriation was made in what Mr. SCUDAMORE conceived to be the interests of the public. No public servant, however zealous or however eminent, ought to have the power of anticipating or overriding the will of Parliament. It might have been an act of reprehensible parsimony in the House of Commons if it had refused to vote the sums necessary for bringing the telegraph system into full action as soon as possible. But on this matter the House of Commons is the supreme and final judge. If it likes to be stingy, it must be stingy; if it likes to be economical, it must be economical. There is probably no department that does not think that it could do its work better if it were allowed to spend money more freely; and if there is nothing to prevent a department from turning to its own purposes any balance it may happen to have in its possession, whether belonging to itself or not, the control of the House of Commons over the public expenditure will in time be reduced to finding the money to meet payments for which the credit of the State had been pledged beforehand. The special character of the balance from which the advances were drawn in this case makes it additionally important that a complete and conspicuous check should be placed on any similar dealings with them for the future. The class which invests its money in the Post Office Savings Banks is easily made suspicious, and there are numbers of semi-insolvent societies which will be ready to use the misappropriation of the deposits as an argument why the poor should entrust their money to persons whom they know and can watch rather than to the Government, about whose proceedings they must necessarily be ignorant, and which they cannot call to account. The extension of one department of the Post Office has been purchased perhaps at the cost of inflicting a serious check upon the operations of another and not less useful department.

There is a more serious consideration still that suggests itself in connexion with this business. The corruption which so often accompanies the development of the democratic element in modern society has commonly been fostered by the gradual abandonment of the checks with which the expenditure of public money was surrounded in days when the purity of the public service was less believed in. The integrity of the officials who hold places of trust under the Crown has long ceased to be suspected, and there is a natural temptation to let precautions originally designed to meet a very different state of things go by degrees out of use. At first either no advantage is taken of this neglect, or at most it is only turned to account, as in the present case, for the supposed benefit of the public. By and by, however, there comes an official who is less conscientious or more tempted. If the old checks had remained in force, the idea of making use of the public money for his own purposes might never have occurred to him, and, if it had done so, it must at once have been put aside by reason of the certainty of detection. But when the course of his work makes a man acquainted with the fact that large sums of money are for a

time in his power, and that the fact of his turning them to his own use is certain not to be discovered until he has had time to replace what he has withdrawn, the danger that he will yield to the temptation becomes very much greater. The public service is reduced in the matter of checks to the level of private service, while experience shows that there are many persons who will rob the community though they might not be prepared to rob an individual employer. There is no more short-sighted policy than to abolish the restrictions which have hitherto protected the public revenue from misappropriation, in the belief that they have served their purpose and are required no longer. They have served their purpose in creating a race of public servants of unimpeachable integrity; but they will not cease to be required until some equally efficacious means of creating public servants of unimpeachable integrity shall be found to take their place. That they will grow up in the future without such aids is highly improbable. As the public service becomes more extensive, and the appointments to it are more and more made the prize of superior intellectual quickness, the social restraints which often supply the place of moral principle will become less operative. The disparity between the salaries paid by the Crown and the incomes that may be made in commercial employments will supply another motive for using the incidental opportunities for growing rich quickly which will occasionally present themselves. If Parliament neglects the warning that has now been given it without a scandal, it may find that the next warning will be vouchsafed to it on harder terms.

DIETETICS OF THE SOUL.

DIETETICS of the Soul is the title of a little book which has recently been translated from the German, and which, whatever the merits or defects of its composition, deserves the praise of good intention. The leading thought is the intimate connexion between bodily and spiritual health. The text is one which has suggested a good many sermons and been illustrated by abundant anecdotes. One story will do as well as another to point the obvious moral. A man, it is said, read in the newspapers an account of a death from the bite of a mad dog. The reader was instantly seized with hydrophobia and taken to a hospital, where he died. Whether this cheerful narrative be true or false—and we certainly do not give it with implicit confidence—there are abundant instances of that reciprocal influence of the imagination and the physical organization which it is supposed to exemplify. Commonplace, however, as is the doctrine, we have perhaps hardly learnt to apply it as systematically as could be wished. One favourite piece of contemporary slang sets forth the advantages of physical education. Our young men interpret this theory after their own fashion by endeavouring to convert themselves into finished athletes. But the misfortune is that they overlook the intimate connexion between the two purposes of education. They argue—assuming, indeed, that they argue at all, which is, we need not add, a very bold assumption—that because the mind and the body are intimately connected, therefore the more you develop your body the more you must improve the mind. The fallacy is obvious enough. Neither the mind nor the body can be in perfect order without a corresponding development of its ally; and any change in one reacts upon the other. But it does not follow that you can stimulate the imagination by improving the digestion, or, reciprocally, that a cultivated imagination is incompatible with dyspepsia. No part of this complex machinery can be touched without some influence being propagated to every other part; but the inference is not that we are at liberty to attend exclusively to one set of functions, but, on the contrary, that a good system of education should regard the harmonious development of all.

Familiar as the observation is in theory, it is strange to observe how completely it is neglected in practice. Mr. W. R. Greg has lately published an interesting essay on the Non-survival of the Fittest. If we examine into the meaning of his rather melancholy forebodings, we find that they rest chiefly on the neglect of which we are speaking. We will take one instance. The "fittest," in one sense of the word, are the men of highly developed brains. Now it is said that in America, for example, the most intelligent and cultivated classes scarcely increase at all; whilst they are being gradually swallowed up by the comparatively brutal and ignorant, but more prolific, masses. If this be true, it is really a case of the evil consequences of one-sided development. One class cultivate brain at the expense of muscle; and the other muscle to the neglect of brain. Now, whatever the value of our higher faculties, it is plain that the lower are in one sense more necessary; they supply the base without which there can be no satisfactory superstructure. A man can manage to live and even to thrive with a very limited allowance of intellect; but nobody, were he a Shakspeare and a Newton combined, could thrive or live without a stomach. If, therefore, society is so organised in any case as to stimulate intellectual activity at the price of the still more essential quality of sheer vitality, we shall have such a phenomenon as that which Mr. Greg laments. With all the advantages of keener intelligence, the weaker race will be gradually worn down by the stronger. The fittest—if by the fittest we mean the cleverest—will not survive; but the true inference will be, that in the case suggested the fittest are really the most vigorous. In short, it is plain enough that, permanently to improve any breed of men, their animal nature must be developed simultaneously with their spiritual faculties. However civilized we may become, that nation will have the best of it in the long run which has the toughest physical fibre, and the problem is how to combine this with the greatest intellectual energy.

If we ask how far our modern methods are favourable to such a result, the answer does not at first sight appear to be encouraging. Granting the general proposition that physical and spiritual health are closely connected, the doctrine scarcely seems to be verified in individual cases. There is an obvious limitation to Mr. Galton's doctrine of hereditary genius. It has been often said since the time of Bacon, though we do not know that any one has collected statistics to prove the fact, that great men seldom leave descendants. If we run over a few of the most eminent names in English literature, it certainly strikes one that the doctrine has at least a *primâ facie* justification. If we take the eminent names that occur at the moment, they almost all give the same result. Nobody now living can boast of a descent from Bacon himself, or from Shakspeare, or Milton, or Hobbes, or Newton, or Locke, or Swift, or Pope, or Addison, or Johnson, or Hume, or Gibbon; and it would be easy to increase the list without mentioning more recent names. If men of exceptional ability are seldom the forefathers of a distant posterity, it is evident that we cannot expect to breed men of genius as we breed racehorses; and, beyond this, it seems to be also true that an abnormal development of certain faculties is generally accompanied by a defect of others. The man of genius is more liable to certain temptations than his commonplace brethren, though the highest results are obtained where the other faculties are too strong to be overpowered, and first-rate intellectual power is consistent with perfect health. For the great bulk, however, of even the most cultivated classes these instances are not quite in point. Few men's minds are so powerful as to upset the balance of their faculties. But it may still be argued that, even in a class far below the great leaders of thought, the tendency is in some degree to sacrifice general constitutional vigour to the development of special talents. The University boat-race is bringing before our minds at this moment the natural tendency of our system. We have a great opinion of the value of bodily health, and therefore we encourage one set of young men to devote themselves exclusively to physical excellence, whilst another set is encouraged to indulge in the opposite excess. Competitive examination brings to the front the young men who have converted themselves into machines for the rapid assimilation of knowledge; whilst competition in athletic pursuits induces the most physically vigorous to starve their brains for the sake of their bodies. Instead of an army of lions commanded by asses, to which profane observers compared one part of our arrangements, the modern ideal would seem to be a set of invalids ruling over a race of strong-bodied persons, to whom it would be uncivil to give a coarser name. There is, indeed, a natural limit to the process. Great lawyers are notoriously men of strong constitution, for the simple reason that men cannot succeed at the bar without great constitutional strength. Until we have applied the competitive system with much greater completeness, the man who has a power of treading on his neighbour's toes with unceasing energy, who is thick-skinned, loud-voiced, and generally capable of thrusting other people to the wall, will always have a vast advantage in the open struggles of life. Indeed competition itself requires physical strength, though it may be that it also tempts a man to exhaust himself at the first entrance into life, and leaves him a comparatively poor creature for the rest of his days. Assuming, however, that we are still distant from the day when such methods will be applied to select our statesmen, our bishops, and our Chancellors, we have to a certain extent a natural guarantee in the fact that bodily vigour is of immense advantage in every profession.

Yet the guarantee, such as it is, acts rather clumsily. If it keeps out the feeble, it weakens the strong. Take, for example, the case of a great Parliamentary leader. Nobody can go through the labour of such a career, the sitting up in a bad atmosphere, the incessant excitement of recurring contests, the labours of office, and the worryings of constituents and the whole race of interviewers and wirepullers, without a considerable fund of strength to draw upon. Unless, therefore, he is a man of unusual placidity of temperament or of amazing energy, the chances are that his temper will be ruined and his brain enfeebled by his unhealthy course of life. When the "dietetics of the soul," or whatever the science may be called, are properly understood, statesmen will begin to appreciate the advantages of bodily training a little more completely. At present a man generally works on till his physician informs him that he is in danger of softening of the brain, and then he retires to recruit himself for another series of excessive exertions. Now, if matters were better arranged, this alternative would be avoided. The Ministry would be put through a course of training at least as carefully as the University crew. They would be seen every day taking their morning's run round St. James's Park, the newspapers would inform us which of them had showed symptoms of thickness of the wind, and which was pulled up at the end without a hair turned. Their diet would be carefully regulated,

and their hours of rising and going to bed prescribed on sanitary grounds. Of course every man of ordinary sense attends more or less to such considerations, and keeps himself in tolerable order by exercise and moderation in food. But individual efforts at a rational system are not allowed for in the public regulations. We work our Ministers to death without considering that they require as much care as cab-horses. Whatever care they manage to take of themselves is in spite of, and not in accordance with, the recognized system. Instead of a proper course of physical training being provided by public regulations, it has to be attained, if attained at all, by the spontaneous exertions of the sufferers. The state of a Minister's digestion is at least as important as the state of his brain. A good governor should be in that perfect state of health described in Walker's *Original*, when dirt actually refuses to stick to him. But, in the absence of a most exceptional power of self-command, nobody could even aim at such a result under the ordinary conditions of public life. And yet who can count up the evils which are produced by our stupid disregard of all such considerations? Voltaire remarks that the massacre of St. Bartholomew was primarily due to the utter incapacity of the King to digest his food. How much of the distracted state of recent legislation has been produced by the work of law-making being carried on when the brains of the law-makers are obscured by fumes of dinner, and their lungs disordered by an impure atmosphere? The evil is one which everybody recognizes in general terms; but the recognition is of that imperfect kind which produces no corresponding fruit in action. The most important part of all public business is probably performed by men whose state of health is below par, and at hours of unusual fatigue and obfuscation. Everybody who is accustomed to intellectual work knows the importance of seizing the few hours during which his faculties are perfectly fresh, and he is unconscious of the load of heavy matter which he is compelled to drag about with him. But in practice, legislation of all kinds frequently consists in first reducing some hundreds of gentlemen to a condition in which their brains are working with diminished energy, and then inducing them to catch at the first compromise which allows them to escape from a dilemma which they are too dull to solve logically. "If you want to hang him, hang him; and if you want to let him go, let him go; but, for God's sake, let's get out of this!" were the emphatic last words of the celebrated Cornish juryman; and they pretty well represent the state of mind in which decisions are taken by a distracted meeting of any kind. Now a genuine appreciation of the vast importance of thorough physical health would lead to the conclusion that you should no more set people to decide difficult points of legislation when they are necessarily in a state of muddle than you should set a man to row a race just after a heavy dinner. The work which is done well is that which is done with a fresh brain and a system not overloaded. Our present system seems to go on the hypothesis that the digestion is far too contemptible a thing to be taken into consideration at all. Perhaps the consequences are about what we might expect from the premisses with which we start.

CONTINENTAL MARRIAGE.

THANKS to repeated discussions, and in particular to Lord Selborne's relentless dissection of the Common Serjeant's Bill, that large majority of English people who wish to keep their sisters-in-law are beginning to superadd to that natural and laudable desire a more definite appreciation of the ulterior mischiefs to which the acceptance of the measure would leave them liable. The patent equality of the claims of the brother's widow, and the superiority of those of the wife's niece, to share and cheer the mourning widower's bed and board, can only be met by the impudence of blunt denial; but the allegation that the passing of the Bill will at no distant day lead uncles to want their nieces, and melt aunts into tender love for their nephews, requires the evidence of facts to make it clear to minds brought up under the imperceptible influence of the better traditions of England. The task is not pleasant, but we feel it our duty to show that there is no country in Europe where marriages between one or other class of brothers in-law and sisters-in-law is permitted in which the almost parental relations of uncle and aunt to nephew and niece are an insuperable bar to the closer ties of matrimony. Where these particular marriages of affinity are free to all by their own leave, so are those particular marriages of consanguinity; where some one else's leave has first to be asked in one case, the same dispensation is equally potent in the other. In Russia, as in Great Britain, there is a definite code of prohibition which does not admit of any dispensations.

The authority to which we shall primarily appeal is one above suspicion for our purpose, from the evident bias which charactorizes it in favour of the particular relaxation against which we contend. It is the Report of that Royal Commission which was appointed in June 1847 to inquire into the state and operation of the law of marriage as relating to the prohibited degrees of affinity, and to another distinct object—a Commission composed of Bishop Lonsdale, Mr. Stuart Wortley, Dr. Lushington, Mr. Blake, Mr. Justice Vaughan Williams, and Mr. Rutherford, which reported in the following year on the first branch of its inquiry. It will be seen from the very words of the appointment of this Commission how unsatisfactory and untrustworthy its conclusions must be, from the scope of the inquiry having, either from design or carelessness, been limited to prohibited marriages of affinity, when it is manifest, even from the grudging acknowledgments which we are able to extract from its pages, that the prohibited degrees of affinity are so interwoven with those of consanguinity that it is impossible to discuss the one without taking count all along of the others.

It is not surprising that Commissioners brought together for so one-sided an object should have further discredited the value of their conclusions by an interpretation of their functions still more contracted than the original Commission. They say in their Report:—

> We have directed our inquiries to the laws of other countries with respect to marriages within the prohibited degrees of affinity, and more especially to a marriage with a sister of a deceased wife. From the evidence which we have taken there can be no doubt that this last class of marriages is, of all those within the prohibited degrees, the most frequent; so much so that it necessarily forms the most important consideration in the whole subject. When, therefore, for the future we speak in this Report of marriages within the prohibited degrees, we intend, when it is not otherwise declared, to confine our observations to marriages with the sister of a deceased wife.

In other words, the Commission deliberately chose to bolster up a foregone conclusion by excluding all collateral considerations without which a fair and full investigation was impossible.

In spite, however, of their precautions, information leaks out of the evidence as to those further aspects of the question which we propose as briefly as possible to bring together. One of the witnesses examined was Mr. Adolphus Bach, a German lawyer settled in England. From this gentleman's evidence it appears that in the kingdom of Prussia, by a law dating from 1791—while marriage between "relations on the ascending or descending line," "brothers, or half-brothers and sisters," "step-parents, or parents-in-law, and their step-children or children-in-law, without distinction of degree," are "totally prohibited," even after death or divorce has dissolved the original tie—"in all other degrees of relationship and affinity marriage is permitted and requires no dispensation." These degrees include, as well as wife's sister, brother's widow, aunt, and niece. In other parts of Protestant Germany an antecedent dispensation is requisite, and on this point Mr. Bach's evidence is instructive:—

> 978. Are you aware that in Protestant Germany uncles and nieces are permitted to marry?—Yes; but it is a rare thing. A dispensation is rarely granted for such a marriage. *Respectus parentelæ* is a point taken into consideration in such a case, if existing between an uncle and a niece, or between an aunt and a nephew. I know myself an instance in which a dispensation had been granted; the uncle had been living in one country and the niece in another. She scarcely knew her uncle before; so there was not that *respectus parentelæ* which would be a ground for refusing dispensation; but it is a rare case; it is not often granted.

The next answer places this event at Frankfort. Then comes:—

> 980. Is it permitted generally throughout Germany for an uncle to marry his niece?—Only under dispensation. [In Prussia, as we have seen, it is allowable on the mere motion of the parties.]

Further on Mr. Bach, after stating that the law is very different in different parts of Germany, continues:—

> In the kingdom of Wurtemberg, for instance, an uncle cannot marry his niece by the common law of the land; but even there by a law of 1797–1798 such a marriage is in certain cases indispensable [clearly a misprint for "dispensable," for we shall have further on to quote a marriage of this kind in the present Royal family of that kingdom]. In the kingdom of Hanover an uncle cannot marry his niece.
>
> 982. But in some parts of Germany he can?—In some parts he can. In Prussia such a marriage is permitted; but a marriage with an aunt older in years is only permitted under a dispensation on very special grounds; but it is not easily granted.

Mr. Bach leaves unexplained the discrepancy between this reply and the evidence of a general statute of permission for the Prussian kingdom which he has quoted, but he continues to give his own opinion:—"It is, however, an infringement upon the divine precepts; it is a permissive law bad in its nature, which I would not hold up as an example." He then goes on to state that in those parts of Germany where the Code Napoléon is in force, the prohibition which it contained in its original form of marriage with a wife's sister has been abrogated. As to the value of Protestant dispensations in Germany, Mr. Bach further on makes this remarkable statement:—"A marriage without dispensation would not render the marriage absolutely void; the parties would be fined, but the children would not be considered as illegitimate." So it is after all a pure question of money with the stripling nephew who woos his mature aunt, whether it is cheaper to go in for a dispensation or to run the risk of a fine.

"Neither in Protestant Germany nor in Catholic Germany?" asks the somewhat puzzled Commission, and the reply comes ready, "In neither." Further on the home question is put:—

> 990. Is the marriage of an uncle with a niece considered incestuous?—In a very great part of Germany it is not; in some parts of Germany it is.

It is in vain that, after this statement, Mr. Bach splits hairs between such marriages being exceptional and those between a widower and his sister-in-law being normal. As to Holland, the witness quotes the Dutch code, to the effect that (after reciting the absolute prohibition of marriage between persons in the ascending or descending line, and between brothers and sisters)—

> Marriage is also prohibited (1) between brother-in-law and sister-in-law, legitimate or illegitimate; (2) between an uncle or granduncle and niece or granduniece; likewise between an aunt or grandaunt, and nephew and grandnephew, legitimate or illegitimate. The king may, on weighty grounds, remove the prohibition contained in this article by the grant of a dispensation.

Dr. Pusey, who from his intimate acquaintance with Germany

is an authority on questions relating to that country, and who had already appeared as a witness, had anticipated Mr. Bach's evidence as to the most repulsive class of alliances:—

495. Do you say that in Germany the marriage of uncles and nieces is permitted?—Very generally.

496. In Protestant States?—In Protestant States. I have been told so by Germans, and they lament it very much. They have told me that all domestic relations are in consequence broken up; that the uncle's house cannot be the home for the orphan niece, nor the sister-in-law take charge of her deceased sister's children, since marriage is permitted.

So much for Germany and Holland. As to other Protestant countries of the Continent we can find no real information in the Report as to any degree except that of wife's sister, owing to the skill with which the *ex parte* inquiry, so carelessly adopted by the Commission itself, had been framed so as to limit its questions to that one class of affinity, and to exclude any light from being thrown upon other prohibited degrees.

In France, however, the case is very simple. The framers of the Code Napoléon, under a reaction of moral feeling, alike forbade the alliance of brothers-in-law with sisters-in-law and of uncles or nephews with nieces or aunts, which had existed by dispensation under the old *régime*. This state of things proved a little too moral to last, and in 1832 a law was passed on the 16th of April in these words:—"L'Article 164 du Code civil est rectifié ainsi qu'il suit: Néanmoins il est loisible au Roi de lever, pour des causes graves, les prohibitions portées par l'Art. 162 aux mariages entre beaux-pères et belles-sœurs, et par l'Art. 163 aux mariages entre l'oncle et la nièce, la tante et le neveu." In the shape in which the proposal was originally brought before the French Chambers, this licence was suspended in case one of the parties had been divorced. But, for reasons known to himself, Louis-Philippe refused the royal assent to the measure in that modified form, and it eventually became law as we have quoted it. It will not be forgotten that, although the majority of Frenchmen are Roman Catholics, yet, as marriage in that country is a purely civil contract, this law for all practical purposes opens the matrimonial door to every person within the specified degrees. A Papal dispensation, repulsive to non-Romanist minds as the idea may be, at all events contains within itself the theory of its being granted by a person acting upon moral and not merely material considerations. A dispensation from the head of the State is void of any colour of such pretence. As to the custom in general of Roman Catholic countries (inclusive, of course, of Austria, Italy, and Spain, upon which the Commissioners are silent), if we are to believe Cardinal (then Bishop) Wiseman, who was among the witnesses examined, the marriages of uncles and nieces and of nephews and aunts assume the peculiarly offensive character of an aristocratic privilege:—

1196. Does your Church ever grant dispensations in cases of marriage between an uncle and a niece?—Very rarely. I think in general they are confined to cases where great family interests are concerned, or where there exist weighty reasons of State, as in Royal marriages and alliances between great families; but, otherwise, they are granted with very great difficulty.

The "otherwise" will not be overlooked; showing that Dr. Wiseman had not after all exhausted the categories. We refrain from mentioning cases which we know in our time of such marriages, contracted no doubt in the upper ranks, but hardly among "great families." In illustration of the tone of mind created under the system of dispensations, Dr. Pusey in his evidence quotes the great matrimonial authority Sanchez for the opinion that the Pope could give a dispensation for marriage between a father-in-law and daughter-in-law, and between a son-in-law and his mother-in-law, while both he and Soto (another theologian of much weight) incline to the opinion that the impossibility of dispensations between grandparents and grandchildren must be qualified by a *perhaps*; while other authorities are given who indulge in similar speculations as to brothers and sisters. Before we quit the Report of the Commission we must, for the benefit of the Common Serjeant, call attention to the circumstance that, in none of the foreign countries into whose connubial economy we have snatched a glimpse, have the legislators for one instant thought of drawing fine distinctions between wives' sisters and brothers' widows. In every case the two perfectly corresponding degrees are linked together, under the common appellation in France of "beau-frère" and "belle-sœur," in Holland of "schoonbroeder" and "schoonzuster."

In order fairly to test the question in its results, we have waded through the genealogical portion of the *Almanach de Gotha* for 1873, a work which represents, as far as it goes, *Lodge's Peerage* in two respects; the first, that it is not, properly speaking, antiquarian, but stops short generally at persons still living, or at their deceased parents or spouses; and, secondly, that it dares to publish ladies' ages. The first part of the *Almanach* recapitulates the reigning Houses of Europe, thirty in number, of which, for our purpose, we may omit Great Britain, Russia, and Greece, in which such marriages are forbidden, and Turkey. The second is supposed to enumerate the princely Houses of Europe, although it ignores the Duke of Marlborough and Lord Cowper, well known to be Princes of the Holy Roman Empire, and the Duke of Wellington, Prince of Waterloo in the Netherlands—as well as, with two exceptions, families bearing that title in Russia. The remainder are 102 in number. The third part consists of 28 county Houses in Germany which were more or less sovereign under the old *régime*, and whose chiefs may style themselves "Most Illustrious." These of course are a mere fragment of the German nobility.

A deeper investigation of the volume might, we dare say, yield more cases; we are satisfied to offer the result of a single perusal. Among sovereign Houses, a certain Countess, whose name we need not give, has within the last fifteen years married two brothers of that remarkable Lutheran family who are all christened Henry and entitled Princes of Reuss; while a sister of the reigning (Lutheran) King of Wurtemberg is widow of her paternal uncle. There remain among Roman Catholic Houses two instances of the marriage of an uncle with a niece, and one of a widower with a wife's sister, although these three cases only make up two marriages. The original Don Carlos, who battled for the Throne of Spain with Isabella II., took to himself successively two Portuguese Princesses, daughters of his sister and of King John VI. of Portugal, of whom the first was grandmother of the actual Don Carlos. In the princely class we do not find that any brother's widow has won favour with her brother-in-law, but wives' sisters have been more successful; for a scion of the Roman Catholic House of Colonna of Naples married two princesses Doria—while a similar alliance has taken place in that of Waldburg-Waldburg, as well as in the Lutheran one of Schoenburg. On the other hand a lady of the Roman Catholic family of Beaufort Spontin of Vienna joined herself to her mother's brother; and an Austrian prince and princess of a great hereditary diplomatic name are paternal uncle and niece; as were also, amongst the "Most Illustrious" Counts who figure in the third part, the father and mother of the reigning (Lutheran) Count of Stolberg-Stolberg. So the sum total of our researches in the *Almanach de Gotha* yields four patent instances within our own time of marriage between a widower and his wife's sister, one between a widower and his brother's widow, and six between an uncle and a niece; and this is irrespective of the coincidence of one sister-in-law being also a niece. So the last-named and most repulsive alliance stands in a majority over both the others. We have not discovered that any aunt within the cognizance of the current *Almanach* has wedded a nephew; but earlier volumes must have recorded the fact familiar to any reader of Wraxall's Memoirs, or of the various Lives of Pombal, that the Queen of Portugal, who so cruelly persecuted that Minister, enjoyed the society of a nephew husband.

It will be very easy for the Common Serjeant or Lord Houghton to meet these facts with the smug plea that the instances are, after all, not so many, and that England is not as other countries, or even as that Germany or Portugal. Few or many, the numbers show that the impulse which leads a man with whom distinguished birth is a law to itself to seek alliances which are as yet repugnant even to the Marriage Law Reform Association is greater than that which drives such a man to seek companionship where Chambers and Stansbury beckon him on. As for the self-righteous brag that results which have shown themselves inevitable on the Continent are impossible within an island which is known to enjoy the exceptional favour of Providence, all we can say is, that the assertion is either profoundly illogical or nauseously arrogant. Domestic life in England, with all the practical abatements from which the Divorce Court has lifted the veil, does, in theory at all events, stand upon a more satisfactory basis than in countries in which the effects of unrestrained divorce and of an attenuated schedule of prohibited degrees have combined to degrade the ideal of the nuptial union, or in countries where the possibility of dispensation has beaten down the safeguard of impartial and inflexible rule. But if you dig away your basis, it is evident to all but lunatics and supporters of Sir Thomas Chambers's Bill that the superstructure must topple down. Lord Selborne has given a fair challenge. He has proved that the Common Serjeant's Bill is hopelessly illogical, incomplete, and chaotic, whether in the marriages which it proposes retrospectively to validate, or in those which it refuses prospectively to legalize; while he has indicated the measure which that learned Judge must introduce if he prefers the assertion of a principle, in which we suppose he believes, to the selfish interests of those impenitent and anonymous law-breakers whose claims he has so pertinaciously urged. It may be a very short measure, simply embodying for the future in a consistent and harmonious shape the matrimonial customs of those countries of Europe in which marriage with a wife's sister is not at present a prohibited degree, and it might run somewhat in the following form:—

Whereas certain persons desire to contract marriages heretofore declared by the law of this realm to be forbidden and contrary to the law of God; be it therefore enacted by, &c., that henceforward any man not otherwise hindered may lawfully contract marriage with his deceased or divorced wife's sister or niece, his brother's widow or divorced wife, his uncle's widow or divorced wife, his nephew's widow or divorced wife, his aunt or his niece.

Such a Bill would be an harmonious and intelligible *précis* of the marriage code of countries to which Sir Thomas Chambers's *protégés* fly for matrimonial joys forbidden to them within Great Britain. But it would, after all, be only in a less degree than the measure so happily snuffed out on the 13th of March an affront to logical consistency, if tested by the principles upon which it must rely for acceptance. These may be reduced to two—(1) No marriages are plainly repugnant to right natural instinct except those between persons in the direct ascending or descending degrees, or between children of the same parent; (2) The impediment of marriage between children of the same parent does not attach to relationships of affinity created by the marriage of a brother or a sister. Here we are at once confronted by a flagrant anomaly. Parents and children may not marry, brothers and sisters may not marry, brothers-in-law and sisters-in-law may

marry. What are we to say to step-parents and step-children, fathers-in-law and daughters-in-law, sons-in-law and mothers-in-law? They do not seem to have had as yet their claims recognized in any European State, and so we have omitted them in our draft Bill. But their claims for connubial relief are so obviously on the same level as those of brothers-in-law and sisters-in-law, that we cannot conceive that the Common Serjeant will refuse to take a step in legal reform in advance of Continental jurists, and include them in his great future measure of matrimonial reform. To be sure St. Paul is prejudiced enough to talk of the marriage of a man with his father's wife as an offence absolutely unheard of among the Gentiles; but, as the Stansbury ring are never tired of dinning into our ears, the "Scriptural argument" is at an end, while this hasty condemnation of an enlightened legal reformer on the part of the ex-Pharisee Paul is obviously the result of narrow prejudices imbibed in the fanatical schools of Jerusalem.

We make no doubt that the husbands *de facto* or *in posse* of their wives' sisters or of their brothers' widows will meet this plain statement of an irrefragable logical deduction with much gushing declamation regarding the delicate sacredness of the parental and filial tie even where it is factitious, and the consequent monstrosity of permitting persons who have hitherto dealt with each other as mother and son or as father and daughter at once to change parts, and plunge into connexions which would be infamous between blood-parents and children. All this reasoning from any lips but theirs would be incontrovertible. To them, however, there is one plain answer:—"Do you regard the union of own brother and own sister with horror and detestation? If you do, and yet if you allow those who have by affinity been drawn into fraternal relations to shuffle off the tie, and assume instead the closer yoke of matrimony, while you deny the same privilege to quasi-parents and quasi-children, you in effect assert that while there may be an insurmountable natural obstacle to the alliances of parents and offspring, a similar impediment does not exist to that of the common progeny of the same parent." In short, Marriage Law Reformers will sooner or later be driven by stress of argument to reduce their already scanty table of prohibited degrees by the excision of brother and sister.

In either case, whether that which is the only possible Bill, since Lord Selborne's exposure of the scheme hitherto propounded, is to appear in the Continental or in the complete form, it will for the first time place the question before the common sense of the country in its real and full bearings, stripped of the sophistries, disentangled from the limitations, and purged of the condonations with which, for their own selfish ends, the hidden wirepullers of this social revolution have hitherto tricked out their bantling.

SPYRIDÔN TRIKOUPÊS.

WE have received a bundle of Athenian newspapers and one Venetian, containing funeral orations and biographical sketches of a man who, though belonging to a small, and of late a discredited, country, has won for himself a place both in the history and in the literature of Europe. As the native historian of the Greek War of Independence, the name of Spyridôn Trikoupês ought to be well known to our readers. As one who was so long the Minister of Greece in our own country, he must also be well known in certain circles. But his place as himself an actor in the history which he recorded is perhaps less known. Trikoupês was not a soldier, but an orator and statesman. During the time of the war men of warlike action of course came to the front, and since the establishment of Greece as an independent State, its internal politics, except on one or two striking occasions, have been so confused and unintelligible to the world in general that but little European fame can be gained by an actor in them. But Trikoupês, though not a man of the sword, was not the less an actor in the liberation of Greece than the men who fought her battles by land or by sea. In his death, in his eighty-fifth year, one of the links between the present and the past has been snapped asunder. And while we are reading the testimonies of general grief and respect with which Greece has followed to the grave one of her own most illustrious sons, the news comes that another link in the same chain has been snapped also—the news of the death of one of the few survivors of the band of Philhellênes from Western Europe who played so great a part in the struggle which broke the Ottoman yoke. Within less than a month after the death of Trikoupês, the telegraph brings tidings of the death of Sir Richard Church, the Τσώρτσης of his own history. Whatever may be the judgment of history on the success or discretion of some of the English general's military operations—on which Mr. Finlay is characteristically far more severe than Gordon or Trikoupês himself—there can be but one feeling either in Greece or in England, at the loss of a tie between the two countries in the person of an old and true-hearted friend of the land which he had made his own. And Trikoupês and Church have thus much in common, that both alike, the English military officer and the Ætolian civilian, represent the civilized side of the great struggle. Both alike in their several ways had to struggle with the difficulties of dealing with men who, though brave and patriotic after their own fashion, had not learned fully to understand the restraints either of military discipline or of civil life. It is unfair to be hard either upon a people whom long slavery to the barbarian had in some measure barbarized, or upon leaders who found it a hard task to guide them according to the ideas of Western Europe either in peace or in war. Greece has within a short time lost two of the men of the heroic age of her modern history, actors in a struggle which not the less deserves our admiration because its results, as we now see them, have been less successful than men looked for a generation back.

We need not here again go through all that can be said on one side and another about the state of Greece since her revolution. That the bright hopes of the Philhellênes fifty years back have been far from being fulfilled, that their lack of fulfilment has been largely the fault of the Greeks themselves, no honest friend of Greece will deny. But it would be equally unjust to forget that that lack of fulfilment has also been largely owing, partly to the unavoidable difficulties of the case, partly to the injudicious meddling of Western friends or enemies. Still we suppose that none would wish to see the work of the War of Independence undone; none could wish to see Greece again in bondage; none can regret that European Christendom has been enlarged by the addition of a revived nation and a revived language; none can regret a chapter of European history in which the fate of Para and Mesolongi, the deeds of Miaoulês and Kanarês, have been recorded by the pen of Trikoupês.

Spyridôn Trikoupês, whose picture of the two sieges of Mesolongi and of the last heroic scene which has made its name immortal forms the best part of his History, was himself a native of that Ætolian city, a city of comparatively recent origin and whose history belongs wholly to modern times. He was born in 1788, thirty-three years before the beginning of the War of Independence. Like many Greeks of that generation, he sought for knowledge in Western Europe, and spent several years in France and Italy. We do not hear of his having at any time during his youth paid a visit to the island with which he was afterwards so closely connected; and indeed in the days of Trikoupês's youth it was not easy for any one who had much to do with France and Italy to have much to do with England also. But his connexion with England did not at all begin in the days when he appeared there as the representative of the newly created kingdom, the first representative, if we mistake not, which that kingdom sent to any European Court. When Lord Guildford, whose name we are glad to find is spoken of with becoming respect and gratitude by our Greek informants, was Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands, Trikoupês had a share in his great work of founding the Ionian University. In those days it must be remembered that the people of the Ionian Islands were the exceptionally favoured part of the Greek nation. The Septinsular Republic, the United States of the Ionian Islands, might be somewhat of a mockery, still they were at least under English rule, instead of either Turkish or Venetian. As the time for action in Greece itself drew near, we hear of the man who was to be the reviver of Hellenic historical prose-writing beginning his literary career as the author of a popular—our papers do not scruple to say a klephtic—poem, Δῆμος by name, which we only know by report, but which is said to have had much effect at the time. Through the whole course of the revolutionary war Trikoupês was a zealous actor, for we suppose that it is possible to be an actor in a war without doing any fighting with one's own hands. We do not hear of him as personally engaged in any military exploit, and the ancient parallel whom his panegyrists pick out for him is Tyrtaios. But we find him actively serving his country wherever his tongue and his pen could serve it. He is a member of every Assembly, he fills some office under every form of Government, under the irregular republic of the days of the war, under the administration of Capo d'Istria, under the Provisional Government, the Regency, and the Kingdom. After his long diplomatic career in London and Paris, he went back to his own country to act as a member of the National Assembly which followed the driving out of Otho, and there to plead earnestly on behalf of an English prince as the choice of the kingdom which it was then hoped was about to turn over a new leaf. We may doubt the wisdom of the choice, we may doubt the wisdom of any choice; for the great evil of modern Greece has been the imitation of unsuitable Western institutions, and the attempt to transplant bodily those peculiar relations of King, Ministry, and Parliament which answer here because they have grown up here in the course of ages, but which do not answer in a state of things so utterly different. Still we see here a side of Trikoupês's character which we are certainly pleased to find his biographer prominently putting forward and making a subject of special praise. He appears throughout as the champion of constitutional institutions, especially in the Revolution of 1843 which gave the kingdom its first constitution, and as one in whose eyes England was the model of constitutional institutions. The Αἰών, a paper which contains the best sketch, as far as it goes, of Trikoupês's life of any of the papers which we have seen, but of which the first part only has reached us, quotes with some pride a letter written to Trikoupês by Lord Palmerston in 1834, setting forth the necessity of a constitutional system in Greece, and his sympathy with those who were labouring for it. The comment which follows is worth copying:—

Τοιαύτας προεκάλουν ἀπαντήσεις καὶ εἰς τοιαύτας ὑπὲρ Ἑλλάδος ἐκτιμήσεις ἔδιδον ἀφορμὴν εἰς τοὺς μεγάλους πολιτικοὺς ἄνδρας τῆς Εὐρώπης τὰ ὑπομνήματα τῶν Ἑλλήνων ὑπουργῶν καὶ πρεσβέων πρὸ τεσσαρακονταετίας. Ὁποῖα ἡ σήμερον ἀντίθεσις! Ἀλλὰ καὶ ὁποία ἡ διαφορὰ τῶν γάννων τῆς καθ' ἡμᾶς ἐποχῆς πρὸς τοὺς ἀληθῶς μεγαλουργοὺς ἄνδρας τοῦ ὑπὲρ ἀνεξαρτησίας ἀγῶνος τοῦ 1821.

This is indeed the weak point of the whole story. The men of

1821 are, in the natural course of things, dying out, and no one seems to be taking their places. That even the men of 1821 did not do all that was looked for from them, that they did not show as much of skill in laying the political foundations of a new State as they had shown of energy in working its deliverance from barbarian oppressors, is in no way wonderful; it is hardly blameworthy. They had to struggle against all kinds of difficulties, the burden of illustrious forefathers, or at least reputed forefathers, being by no means the least of them. The dreams of a past which could not be called back, the imitation of existing models which could not really be transplanted to so strange a soil, hindered the Greeks from making the most of the most promising elements for a regenerate political life, those rude local institutions which the Turks themselves had spared. A truer following of Western examples would have been, not to attempt to transplant constitutions whole and ready made, but to remember that it was out of such rude local institutions that the great States of Western Europe themselves sprang. But it is idle to say that the Greeks ought to have learnt such a lesson as this when there was no one in Western Europe to teach it them. The men of 1821, hampered by all kinds of difficulties within and without, did, we doubt not, what they could. That their work has come to less than it was once hoped it would come to, is really matter much more for regret than for condemnation. But something might have been done since. Greece has for thirty years been quite free, not only from Turkish tyrants, but from Bavarian regents and Bavarian despots. For thirty years she has been a constitutional State, with her affairs in her own hands as much as any other constitutional State. For ten years she has had a King and a Government wholly of her own choosing. In all this time she ought to have done more. She ought to have raised up a generation of men able to carry on in peace the work which the men of 1821 began with the sword, able to consolidate the free institutions of the land which they delivered. She ought to have reared up men able to work on their foundations, to improve and to complete their work. She ought not to have to speak, as the *Αἰὼν* speaks, of the present generation as dwarfs beside the greater stature of men of so very recent a past. We do not forget that some of the evils of Greece are not peculiar to Greece, but are common to Greece with the rest of Southern Europe. Brigandage is to be found not only in Greece, but in Spain, Sicily, and Southern Italy; still we do not hear in any of those countries of brigandage being mixed up with politics in the wonderful and unintelligible way which it seems to be in Greece. One of the papers before us bears the name of the Θεοφύλαξ. Its heading represents the guardian of the nation with his sword by his side, leaning on his musket in an attitude of thought, with the Acropolis and its ruins rising behind his back. The only moral which we can draw from his posture is, that it is well for the guardian of the nation to cast behind his back, we will not say the memories of the past, but the mistakes to which those memories have led. Yet one would think that an armed defender of public order ought just now to be doing something else than leaning thoughtfully on his musket. One is tempted to say, "Friend, thou hast no business here. Why are you not out at Marathon, or wherever else you may be wanted, eager, in the pithy words of the Master of Stair, 'to extirpate that sect of thieves?'"

All this is sad enough, but it in no way stands in the way of the honour due to a man who has done his work both in making history and in writing it. Trikoupês spoke the funeral oration of Byron and the funeral oration of Karaiskakês—that Karaiskakês who, in words which perhaps Byron also might have used, said that he could at pleasure be either angel or devil. The speaker of their funeral orations had to deal with the best side of each, as the last days of each were the best. The funeral orators of Trikoupês himself had a wider range; they could speak of a career which doubtless had its mistakes like the careers of other people, but which was in the main honourable and consistent throughout. It is pleasant to see a whole nation thus joining to pay honour to one of the men of a greater past. In England we fancy that Trikoupês is less known than he ought to be. A modern Greek writer has difficulties to overcome at the hands both of the learned and of the unlearned. It is said that many years ago, when the work of Trikoupês was still new and when he was still Greek Minister in London, it was proposed at Oxford to give him an honorary degree, a compliment often paid to foreign Ministers who had neither written history nor played any part in it. It was suggested that the place of Trikoupês in one stage of Greek history answered remarkably to that of Polybios at another. This was in the days of the old Hebdomadal Board. Some of the Heads and Governors of Colleges and Halls had never heard of Trikoupês at all; some thought that any Greek must be a dangerous character; in bestowing a degree on the historian of the Greek Revolution, they might be playing into the hands of the Czar, or endangering the integrity and independence of the Ottoman Empire. Perhaps if Polybios himself had been proposed for the honour, there might have been the same questions who he was, the same doubts whether it were expedient to encourage any Greek history later than the sacrifice of Thermopylæ. Trikoupês left England without his degree, we believe without any English honour or acknowledgment of any kind. But we are glad to be able at least to pay such a tribute to his memory as we are now doing. And with his memory we will again couple the memory of the fellow-worker who has so soon followed him. We cannot hear without deep interest of the death so near together of a Greek who loved England, and of an Englishman who loved Greece, and both of whom played their part in a struggle which was great and not the less noble because its final results have been less happy than men once hoped.

ITALY AND THE NEW EDUCATION BILL.

THE indefatigable combatants who are fighting in England over secularism and sectarianism, fees, and gratuitous instruction, compulsion and free attendance, are apt to regard these difficulties of the school question as something peculiarly English. But it hardly needs a glance at such a Bill as that which has lately been laid before the Italian Chambers by Signor Scialoia to remind us that the social and religious problems which education has to solve are much the same everywhere. The mere introduction of this fresh measure by the Italian Ministry in the midst of their present embarrassments proves the sense which they entertain of the pressing importance of the question of education. For Italy, indeed, education is everything. The superstition which gives his dangerous foothold to the priest, the "ignorant impatience of taxation" which makes room for the reactionary and the Republican, the agrarian crime and barbarism of the South, can only be effectively met by the general extension of public instruction. Education is the one point on which all Italian statesmen are agreed, and the rapid creation of schools, of teachers, and of educational machinery since 1859, if it has added much to the financial difficulties of the kingdom, is universally felt to have been a work of strict necessity. The strain, however, has been great, and just now Italy is suffering from a cold fit of disappointment with the results. At first sight, indeed, they are discouraging enough. In 1870 sixty-one Italians in the hundred were unable to sign their names, while in England the proportion was only twenty per cent. The truth is simply that in this, as in most other things, the South hangs like a dead weight on the nation at large. In Piedmont, Lombardy, or Tuscany, the educational progress of the people would compare fairly with our own; but the terrible ignorance of Rome, Naples, Sicily, and Sardinia, weighs down the scale. In Sicily, it must be remembered, there was not a single school under the Bourbons, and only one in a thousand of the population was able to write. From Terracina southwards the commonest machinery of education had to be provided, and the provision has been made ungrudgingly and energetically; but the disproportion between what has been done and what remains to be done is still enormous. In spite of the vigorous exertions which have been made to promote education in Naples itself, where the proportion of children of school age amounts to 75,000, the actual number of scholars in attendance in day and evening schools there hardly exceeds 11,000. But our own familiar difficulties of irregular attendance and early withdrawal are felt universally throughout Italy, and a small proportion of the million and a half of children whose names were in 1870 on the school books are really receiving anything like an efficient education. Though the principle of compulsion has been adopted for the last ten or twelve years, no attempt has been made during that period to provide means for putting it into execution, but the provisions of the new Education Bill prove that, in the opinion of the Italian Ministry, the time has now arrived for a more strenuous effort on the part of the State. A fine ranging from two to ten lire or francs is to be imposed in cases of non-attendance or of wilful irregularity in attendance; and half of the fines levied are in all cases to be applied to the provision of books and educational apparatus for the school itself. More indirect measures are devised in support of the system of compulsion. After a year has passed from the date of the present Bill a knowledge of reading and writing will be required from all persons who are appointed to any office under the State, the Province, or the Commune. After three years have passed the conscript who is uninstructed, whatever number he may have drawn, will be placed in the first category, and at once ordered into active service. The last provision is more educational than penal, for the army has for some time been one of the most efficient of Italian schools. All soldiers are placed under a system of graduated instruction, and holidays or leave of absence are made conditional on their progress in the military schools.

Compulsion has been so long the theory of Italian education that its legal enforcement, however difficult in practice, is not likely to excite any political opposition. But the abandonment of the principle of gratuitous instruction will probably excite warm discussion. The question is in great measure a financial one. The total cost of instruction in Italy amounts to over 1,100,000*l.*, 400,000*l.* of which is devoted to middle-class and University education, and is mainly drawn from general taxation; but the 700,000*l.* which is actually spent on the million and a half of scholars in the elementary schools falls wholly on the resources of the commune or parish, and is raised by communal rates. It has been calculated that the introduction of compulsory attendance would, on the present system of gratuitous instruction, raise the burden thus imposed on the communes to over 2,000,000*l.* a year; and even allowing for a good deal of exaggeration in this estimate, it is plain that the increase of expense would be enormous. The addition of any heavy taxation at the present moment would be a serious political danger, and we can hardly wonder that Signor Scialoia is driven to the expedient of a school fee in all communes which exceed the number of 400 inhabitants. The annual payment is to range between twenty francs and four, at the discretion of the School Board of the district. In actual working, no doubt, this measure is designed to fall, not on the

poor, but on the middle classes. Education in Italy is far from being aided by the abundance of private schools which we find here at home. In 1870 the private schools of Italy were instructing only 150,000 scholars, or but a tenth of those under instruction in the schools of the commune. The private schools which existed have in fact been drained by the gratuitous education of the public schools, and it is a remarkable fact that where the general improvement of education has been attended by an increase of scholars, the increase has come from the middle classes and not from the poor. Much of the irritation expressed by the poorer communes at the increase of the school rate has sprung from a consciousness that they were in this way paying for a class which could well afford to pay for itself. Considerations of this sort may bring about the adoption of such a graduated school fee as Signor Scialoia proposes, but even with this provision the economical difficulty remains a very serious one. The provinces in which education remains most backward and schools are rarest, such as the Basilicata and Calabria, are precisely those which are the poorest and least able to bear the heavy expenditure which a system of compulsory education must necessarily involve.

The gravest defect of the present system, indeed, is one with which it is most difficult to deal. The commune or parish is the paymaster; and in the hands of its council or parish vestry has hitherto been solely placed the government and management of the school. A knot of utterly uneducated peasant farmers, hating instruction and the burden of it, is entrusted with the duty of providing schools and school apparatus, electing the master, and enforcing the law of attendance. Those who are inclined to hand over our rural schools in England to Boards of Guardians might study with some advantage the working of such a system in Italy. The one aim with the communal council is simply to cut down the expenses, and the miserable stipend of the schoolmaster is the first fruit of its exertions. Population is so sparse in many of the rural districts, and attendance so utterly neglected, that each of the existing 30,000 communal schools is attended on an average by only forty scholars. The work looks small, and the farmers think the smallest stipend too large for the work. The law indeed fixes a minimum stipend, but a needy commune finds an easy way of evading the law by a secret arrangement with the new master for the return of a portion of the stipend assigned to him. Instances of this sort are common enough in Southern Italy, and the victims whom the necessity of re-election every three years places wholly in the hands of their persecutors naturally suffer in silence rather than risk the loss of their remaining pittance. Communes yet needier, or sheltered by their local position from observation, simply ignore the law and the obligation of building schools altogether. So far as we understand Signor Scialoia's Bill, he proposes to do away with the control of the communal councils altogether, and to replace them by communal School Boards, grouped round the School Board of the province, and united by a system of Government inspection with a central Education Board which will serve as adviser of the Minister. It is not likely from the social circumstances of Italy that the parish School Board will differ much in composition from the parish vestry, but the grouping of these lower bodies round a central Board, and the visits of official inspectors, will probably infuse a new temper into their administration of the schools. By another provision the Bill does something to raise the stipend, and with it the position, of the schoolmasters in rural schools. They are divided into two grades; the stipend of the first ranging from 28*l.* to 36*l.* per annum, that of the second from 24*l.* to 28*l.* Small as such a payment seems, measured by an English standard, it is practically a considerable advance on the incomes actually enjoyed by the teachers of Italy; and, what is of yet greater importance, the severance of the School Board from the communal council will probably ensure the money being actually paid. An additional payment of four lire on each child above the number of thirty in a school will secure the active co-operation of the masters in securing a good attendance. Great, however, as we may expect the obstacles to be in the way of emancipating the school from the control of the commune, a yet fiercer resistance may be expected to the Minister's proposal to recognize "non-communal" or private schools as institutions for elementary teaching side by side with the communal, and the teaching of "the principles of justice and social morality" as a necessary part of elementary instruction. In English phrase, we may call these clauses proposals to recognize Denominational schools side by side with the older unsectarian State schools, and to give a State sanction, which has hitherto been withheld, to religious teaching as a part of the system of public instruction. As yet the religious character of the education given has been left wholly at the discretion of the communal council, and the results have been correspondingly various. A council where the Republicans predominate prohibits all religious teaching whatever; a council where the priesthood has weight orders the latest Ultramontane catechism to be made a text-book. The last municipal election at Naples turned in great measure on the desire of the rival parties to get hold of the schools, and the example of such a struggle may be expected to spread. But whatever heart-burnings may be caused by the working of the system at present, it is plain that the introduction of compulsion has forced the Government to see the necessity of some decision on the point, and Signor Scialoia's clause may be taken as indicating the wish to steer a middle course between the zealots of both parties. But a vague phrase such as "the principles of justice and social morality" will require official exposition from the new Educational Board before it can do much in the way of pacification.

The recognition of private schools springs partly, no doubt, from the wish to relieve the financial pressure of the project, but still more from the religious difficulty we have noticed above. At present the priest exercises a great, though an indirect, weight on the education of the rural communes. He soon makes it understood that if the new master or mistress do not enjoy his confidence, they will see very few faces in their schools. With the introduction of compulsion this check will cease, but the Government shrink from direct encounter with the religious difficulty. The rise of private schools—for the most part taught by priests and of a directly Catholic character—is evidently regarded by them as a safety-valve which may prevent any direct explosion of the religious sentiment. Whatever may be the merits of a policy of conciliation, which is characteristic of the present Ministry, it will hardly escape a fierce opposition from the anti-ecclesiastical party in Italy, or be regarded with much favour by the mass of cooler politicians who have been looking for a means of escaping from the sway of the priesthood in the very education which is thus in good part handed over to them. The question indeed of a rival system of education conducted by bodies of a directly religious character is a yet more difficult one for Italy than it has been found for France. In the first place, the political belief of the priest, the friar, or the nun, who thus mould the opinions of the youth of Italy, is a belief absolutely adverse to the very existence of Italy itself. Across the Alps the priest may advocate a Legitimist, a Bonapartist, or a Catholic France, but he does not question the right of France to be a country. In Italy he does and he must do this. Then again in France, the Christian Brethren, who are the principal agents in the religious education of the poor, are a body specially trained for educational purposes. They may be badly trained, as their opponents allege, they may shrink from a State examination and require a certificate granted simply by the bishop, but they are trained in some fashion at any rate, and they have some evidence to show for their competency to exercise the office of teachers. In Italy the case is wholly different. Teaching Sisters abound in the Neapolitan province, but they are in many cases without certificates at all; in others they evade the rule which requires one by handing on their certificate from one holder to another, with small risk of detection. In addition to their purely educational defects, these teaching Brothers and teaching Sisters are in many cases foreigners; and when we remember the violence of Catholic antipathy to Italy in countries across the Alps, we can hardly wonder at the demand of Italian friends of education that citizenship shall be regarded as an indispensable qualification for the office of a teacher, even in private schools. If, however, these private schools are not only to exist, but to be formally recognized by the State, a more rigid execution of the law, which already requires from all teachers an official certificate of proficiency, will be imperatively required to reduce the number of Sisters and friars employed in education, and to compel their schools to raise the character of their instruction. With difficulties like these before it, it is impossible to forecast the fate of Signor Scialoia's Bill. To Englishmen its chief interest must lie in the curious parallel which it brings to light between our own educational difficulties and those of Italy. Both countries are taking refuge in compulsion, but Italy is repudiating universal free instruction, while we are clearly drawing nearer to it. Italy is proclaiming the unfitness of parish vestries to act as School Boards, while we are suggesting the employment of Boards of Guardians in that capacity; and while we are edging all religious instruction out of our schools, Italy is finding herself driven to edge it in again. It is curious to watch the likeness and unlikeness of the two educational movements, and in their points of opposition it will be yet more curious to see which proves to be in the right.

MR. PLIMSOLL'S AGITATION.

MR. PLIMSOLL had what is called a very enthusiastic meeting in Exeter Hall on Saturday night. The great hall was filled with people, who rose to their feet and cheered and waved their hats and handkerchiefs when Mr. Plimsoll and his friends came on the platform, and again when Mr. Plimsoll rose to speak, and once more when he sat down; and strong resolutions were passed denouncing the shipowners and pledging the meeting to support Mr. Plimsoll's movement. Lord Shaftesbury was in the chair, and those who are acquainted with Lord Shaftesbury's peculiar style of eloquence will not need to be told that strong language was not wanting. He said that he asked for no restraint of language, hardly for any restraint of manner, and certainly he set the example of relieving himself as far as possible from any restraints of the kind. He drew a striking picture of the "diabolical" shipowner on the one hand, and on the other of the British sailor "as helpless as a child," who did not know his own interest, and could not protect himself, and who must be taken care of by the public. The professional agitators who are always parading themselves as representative working men also turned up on this occasion, and it appears that the organization of the Trade Unions is to be employed in order to excite the working classes on the subject. With every respect for Mr. Plimsoll, and with the deepest sympathy with the enterprise in which he is engaged, we venture to doubt whether the course of agitation in which he has now

embarked is really calculated to promote the permanent success of the objects he has at heart. We are quite aware that this is not a case for soft kid glove touches and a subdued drawing-room tone and polite euphemisms. It is just as well that the sort of things which the shipowners are accused of doing should be called by their right names, and we admit that it is not very easy to speak of such things with perfect calmness. It is not, however, as a question of good taste that we are disposed to argue the matter, but as a question of expediency. In the first instance Mr. Plimsoll found that he could make no head against the interested hostility of the shipowners, the inertia of the Board of Trade, and the indifference of the House of Commons. Year after year he brought forward his motion, but in vain, and at last he resolved to appeal to public opinion. His book is certainly violent and sensational, but its best justification is that it has answered its purpose. Public opinion has been roused, and everybody is now on Mr. Plimsoll's side. He has whistled for a wind, and the wind has come at his call; but what we fear is that, unless he knows how to set his sails and trim his craft, he may possibly find that he has more wind than is good for him. It seems to us that what is wanted now is not frothy declamation, and the pouring out of Shaftesburyian vials of wrath, or the factitious agitation of "representative working-men," but hard facts and clear-headed, sagacious, practical counsels. Mr. Plimsoll wishes he had Dickens to help him with a novel, and he tells us that he proposed to M. Gustave Doré to paint a great picture representing the bottom of the North Sea strewn with wrecks, and drowning seamen who had been sent to their death in rotten ships from certain notorious ports. Mr. Plimsoll, however, has not yet found a novelist, and M. Doré has declined his offer. Mr. Plimsoll does not seem to have realized that there are two stages in a movement such as that with which he has identified himself. There is, first, the stirring up of public opinion, and next there is the question how the force thus raised can best be turned to practical account. And in this instance the second of these stages would appear to have been reached. One of the dangers of trusting too much to mere popular excitement is that its gusty vehemence is subject to equally sudden reactions. At present Mr. Plimsoll is having it all his own way. The shipowners are discreetly silent, but when they come forward with their defence, people will perhaps be surprised to find that there are two sides to the story. There is also some risk of popular enthusiasm being chilled by the discovery that in legislation good intentions are not enough by themselves, and that an impracticable Act of Parliament is worse than useless.

Mr. Plimsoll has certainly exposed himself to the charge of inconsistency by first demanding an inquiry, and then, when an inquiry has been granted, turning round and saying that it is necessary to proceed to legislation at once, without waiting for the result of the inquiry. Mr. Plimsoll might retort the charge of inconsistency; for the Government which now opposes legislation on the ground that inquiry is indispensable, formerly opposed inquiry on the ground that the facts were notorious and the subject ripe for legislation. Questions of personal inconsistency are, however, trivial in themselves. The important question is whether, on the whole, it is expedient to anticipate the report of the Commission by immediate legislation. For our own part, we have before said that we believe sufficient materials are at hand for the purposes of legislation. As, however, there is to be a Commission, and as the Commission can easily finish its inquiries and report before next Session, no great harm can come from postponing legislation for another year. Already Mr. Plimsoll's agitation has had the effect of making shipowners more cautious about sending out doubtful vessels; the sailors feel that, if they have a case, they are pretty sure to be supported; and every disaster that occurs becomes the subject of sharp questioning in the House of Commons. Under these circumstances shipowners must feel that they are living in a sort of glass case, and for their own sake they are pretty sure to be careful what they do. When we turn to Mr. Plimsoll's Bill we find an additional reason for delay. It is not a favourable specimen of draughting. It is wordy and confused, and the sections do not follow each other in logical order. It seems to us that it has also more serious defects. It strikes at the principle of the present law by which an attempt—a feeble and ineffectual attempt, we admit—is made to fasten responsibility on the owner for sending out an unseaworthy ship, and supplies what we are afraid would be found practically to be a substitute of doubtful value. It is proposed that no British ship shall be allowed to leave or enter a British port unless it can produce a certificate from the Board of Trade that it has been passed by a surveyor of the Board of Trade, or by a surveyor either of Lloyd's Register or of the Liverpool Underwriters' Registry. The surveyor is to furnish the owner with a statement of any defects which he may discover in the ship, and these defects must be remedied to his satisfaction before a certificate can be obtained. In the case of surveys by Board of Trade surveyors, there is to be an appeal to the Board; and the Board may at any time cancel or suspend a certificate if it has reason to believe that the certificate was issued upon false or erroneous information, or that anything has happened to injure the soundness of the ship. Deck loads are to be prohibited from January to March inclusive, and from September to December in every year, except under special license from the Board of Trade. It is further provided that a load-line denoting the minimum depth of freeboard of every British ship—the freeboard to be determined by a table in the Bill—shall be painted in white on the hull of the ship amidships in a conspicuous manner. No ship which is so loaded that the depth of the freeboard of such ship is less than the minimum depth of the freeboard as indicated by the load-line will be allowed to sail from any port, and if a ship enters without sufficient freeboard, the owner and master will be liable to heavy penalties. Foreign ships entering our ports are to be subject to similar requirements. At present passenger vessels are obliged to be surveyed, and many owners find it for their own interest to have surveys by the officers of Lloyd's Register or the Liverpool Underwriters' Registry. There is no reason why the rule should not be extended to merchant vessels as well as passenger vessels. The difficulty of marking a load-line is that the depth to which a vessel might safely be loaded would depend in some degree on the nature of the cargo; but this difficulty might be got over if the suggestion of the Institute of Naval Architects were adopted—to mark on the side of each ship amidships the point at which a horizontal plane would cut off one-fourth of her internal capacity. This would supply an indication of the weight of the cargo in proportion to the cubic capacity of the ship, and would be at least important evidence in any inquiry as to alleged overloading. The prohibition of deck loads is certainly justified by experience, but it must not be forgotten that a former statute on the subject had to be repealed as impracticable.

During the week the case of the *Sea Queen* has turned up in the course of discussion in the House of Commons; and as the case is a very good illustration of the sort of questions which occasionally arise in inquiries as to the soundness or overloading of vessels, it may be worth while to give an outline of the evidence. The *Sea Queen*—originally the *Normanby*—was built in 1859. After passing through several hands with various changes of name, we find her finally registered as the *Sea Queen* in 1864. She had then been lengthened, and an upper deck had been built on her. In February 1870 she was loaded at Newcastle for Malaga with coals—in all some 1,117 tons, or about one-third more than her gross tonnage. The firm who then owned her had bought her some years before for 7,500*l.*; she was insured for 10,000*l.* She went to sea on the 12th. On the 14th fragments of the ship were washed up on the North Scroby Sand, and "the inference was that every soul on board perished." The owners were paid the whole of the insurance money. One of them stated in court that he sent 3*l.* to a widow at Sunderland. Before the vessel went to sea her depth in the water attracted attention. The captain's wife remonstrated with the owners about it. The steward said to his wife—this at least is in the wife's evidence—"Look what a shameful state we are going out in, without a mainmast, and so deeply laden." The cook, who had never seen the vessel till he went on board, was startled to find her so deep in the water, and so long and narrow. He was so low-spirited that his wife urged him to come away. He said he would have done so had it not been for her sake and the two children, but he was afraid of two months' imprisonment. One of the crew told his sister he was going in the *Sea Queen* only because, if he did not go, he would get three months' imprisonment, and that would forfeit his certificate. Another man was urged by his father and mother not to sail in her, but he said he had signed articles, and was compelled to go. Joseph Hubbard, who had been twenty-one years a seaman, and was then a river policeman, was struck by the depth of the ship; he had never seen a steamer going to sea so deep before. The mate told him that two of the men were inclined to refuse duty, and the constable then told the men that they must not refuse duty, but if they had anything to complain of they must come ashore and go before the magistrate. The men said they did not care if they were locked up, as the ship was nigh sinking. The constable saw the water at that moment "dabbling over the gunwale in different places." The men went to sea and were drowned with the rest. The depth of the *Sea Queen* in the water seems to have been the common talk of the docks. The examining officer of the Customs who cleared her made a remark about it. The assistant staith-master thought she was "dangerously deep." A ship-chandler observed that the ship as she passed out "looked low in the water, was of great length, and, being without a mainmast, had a ghastly appearance." The dock-master "considered the vessel nothing better than a coffin." The deputy dock-master when he saw her go out said she was in a disgraceful state and would never reach her destination. A shipwright and surveyor under the Board of Trade said she was the deepest ship he ever saw afloat; he thought her "a coffin to some of the poor fellows." The captain of a steam-tug to whom he made the remark agreed with him. The lock-gateman, an old seaman, thought she was in a dangerous state, and said he would not go to sea in her if the owners would give her to him for nothing. The dock-gateman said, "If I had signed articles to go in the ship, I would go six months to gaol rather than go in her." A dock pilot declared he would not have gone to sea in her. On the other hand, the Lloyds' surveyor at Hartlepool who had superintended the original construction and also the lengthening of the ship, a shipbuilder at Hartlepool, a London shipbroker who had superintended the loading of the *Sea Queen* on different occasions, a surveying officer of the Admiralty Transport Service who had surveyed her in 1867, the pilot who took her out of dock, and one of the owners gave evidence as to her seaworthiness; but of these only the pilot and owner had seen her when actually loaded for this voyage. It was suggested that such a long vessel without bulwarks would look very deep and low in the water, and this might mislead a casual

observer. The Court of Inquiry came to the conclusion that the *Sea Queen*, "though deep, was not overladen to that extent as to render her dangerous," but they "respectfully urged on the Government the necessity of instituting some inspection to prevent a system"—that is, overloading—"which has become so notorious in vessels leaving the Tyne." Mr. Galloway, the chief surveyor of steam-vessels, drew up a minute on this case for the Board of Trade. He thought the vessel had sufficient freeboard, but was not strong enough to carry so large a quantity of dead weight in safety. "This case," he added, "shows the absurdity of the proposal that Government should interfere with the stowage or loading of ships. If this ship had been a very strong ship, and without the cargo-ports, I have no doubt she would have carried the dead weight named with safety, but, as it was, such a weight was decidedly a source of danger. If the Board of Trade are to interfere with the loading of ships, they will have to make provision to meet the special case of each ship, for it does not follow that two ships of like tonnage and of the same dimensions can with safety be sent to sea with a like cargo, unless the details of construction are also alike, and the quality of the material and the workmanship are identical." It is obvious that under a system of surveys there would be a better guarantee than at present for the soundness of vessels, and that the painting up of a load-line as suggested by the Institute of Naval Architects—not an absolute limit of loading, but an indication of the weight of cargo in proportion to the cubic measurement of the vessel—would meet the objections raised by Mr. Galloway, and would at the same time supply a trustworthy basis for the judgment of a court of inquiry. It is above all important, however, not to diminish the responsibility of owners for the seaworthiness of their vessels.

ARCHBISHOP MANNING ON UNIVERSITY EDUCATION.

IF the only direct result of the defunct Irish University Bill has been to bring about a Ministerial crisis, it has at least served indirectly to apply a fresh stimulus to the eloquence of Roman Catholic prelates. A discourse of Dr. Vaughan's, the newly appointed Bishop of Salford, is reported from Rome, which ought to fill Mr. Disraeli with shame and compunction at the course he saw fit to adopt on that occasion. Whether or not he was consulting the best interests of the Conservative party or of University Education, we will not now discuss. But he is proved to have been deplorably unmindful of what was due to the traditions of the great Caucasian race. It is true indeed that the Jews are no longer "the chosen" and "peculiar people." Their "missionary work" has been confided to other hands, but the principle remains unchanged. There is still on earth "a peculiar people set apart by Providence to do the missionary work of the Church;" and that people is the Irish nation, which has been trained under the bondage and oppression of England, as Israel was trained of old under Egyptian bondage, for its glorious destiny. It has moreover been endowed by Providence with "the theological virtues of faith, hope, and charity," and "the two great gifts of poverty and chastity." Its apostolic energy has already evangelized "England, Scotland, Germany, and France," and is now engaged in converting America, and is destined to convert the world. To be sure, it has generally been believed that the special distinction of Judaism was to be an exclusive rather than an expansive and missionary power, and that St. Augustine converted England. And we seem to have heard before now bitter lamentations from the most orthodox quarters over the scandal brought on their religion by "the low Irish"—who, according to Dr. Vaughan, are "the greatest moral power in the world"—and their frequent apostasy when removed from the restraints of home. It must have been most gratifying to such of them as are to be found in the Eternal City to learn on such unimpeachable authority that their extensive contributions to the dirt and drunkenness of the chief cities of England and America are in truth the outward signs of a magnificent Christian apostolate, which has for fourteen centuries been conquering the allegiance of mankind, and before which those "legalized bandits," the "hypocritical Kings, and Ministers, and Parliaments," of the present day, will be compelled to bow. Bishop Vaughan, however, is hardly a preacher whose theological—or, we should rather say, ethnological—lucubrations are likely to attract serious attention beyond a very select and very Hibernian circle. The collapse of Mr. Gladstone's measure has inspired a more intelligent, if hardly more intelligible, flow of episcopal eloquence nearer home. Archbishop Manning is so constantly on his legs that it is perhaps hardly to be expected that his utterances should always be quite coherent. The silver stream of his oratory is too seldom interrupted by any golden interludes of silence. But we must confess that his speech at the Liverpool Catholic Club the other day has rather puzzled us on more accounts than one. It was evidently intended as a sort of profession of his political faith in general, and of his particular opinions on the subject of University education. On neither point is it very easy to understand him.

The Archbishop began by disclaiming sympathy with any political party, and assured his hearers that this was the proper attitude for Catholics, and that it was illustrated by his own lifelong example. During forty years he had only once exercised his franchise, and then it was on Mrs. Poyser's principle, not because he liked the candidate for whom he voted best, but because he disliked him least. "I wanted to keep out somebody else." "A more supreme disregard for party politics and party Governments—and a plague, I say, upon both their Houses—no man in that room could possess." Whether Dr. Manning really wishes to see both Houses of the Legislature abolished is not explained. His language, strong as it is, does not go quite so far as that of his colleague, Bishop Vaughan, who spoke, we are told, "with a contempt nothing could exceed of Liberal Governments and Parliaments." But he went on to observe that, when asked some years ago by a distinguished politician what line Catholics would take in the elections, he replied, "We care nothing about you or your politics, but there are two things we do care for, and if you touch either of them every Catholic in Great Britain will vote against you." To these two things we will return directly. But meanwhile the Archbishop's profession of political faith, or rather of political scepticism, which is expressly put forward not as his own theory, but as common to him with all his co-religionists, strikes us as an extremely odd one. If he only means that Roman Catholics, as such, are not bound to be Whigs or Tories, Liberals or Conservatives, nothing can be more obviously reasonable; but just the same thing might be predicated of the members of every other Communion. Circumstances may have often inclined Anglicans to the Conservative and Dissenters to the Liberal side in politics, as circumstances have also established an alliance in former years between the Liberal party and the Roman Catholics. Such connexions are no doubt accidental and variable; and if the Archbishop simply meant that it was open to Catholics as much as to any one else to choose their side in politics according to their personal convictions, he could have been charged with nothing worse than a gratuitous assertion of truisms. But the general drift of his speech, and his pointed reference to his own abstention from voting during the last forty years, point to a different interpretation of his words. What he appears to have really meant was, not that Catholics were free to take their side in politics, but they ought to have no politics at all, except where their own religious interests are concerned, and ought then to vote against any and every Government which refused to do their bidding. If "the Holy See and religious education are touched, every Catholic in Great Britain" must vote against the Government. On all other questions Catholics are wholly indifferent and will not vote at all. That is to say, in other words, not that on all points concerning the social, moral, or political welfare of their country, which have no direct bearing on the interests, real or supposed, of their Church, Catholics may differ in opinion and take opposite sides, but that all such points are really beneath their consideration, and they had better have nothing to do with them. It is difficult to believe that Dr. Manning has really attained to this very unpatriotic state of what the Stoic philosophers would have called ἀπάθεια, still less that he has "possessed" it, as his words would imply, for the last forty years. But that, if he is correctly reported, is certainly the upshot of this portion of his speech.

The two points on which alone Catholics do care to have and express an opinion are alleged to be "the Holy See"—meaning evidently the temporal power—"and religious education." And these two are practically reduced to one, for the somewhat startling reason that "the former point (the Holy See) Divine Providence has taken into His own hands, and we will await the issue." We should ourselves have imagined that to a believer in Divine Providence there were no "points" which did not fall within its scope. And there was a period not very long ago, if our memory serves us truly, when Dr. Manning was by no means disposed "to await the issue" quietly as regards the particular point which Providence has now, it seems, for the first time taken charge of. We have some recollection of being inundated with an endless flood of sermons, speeches, pastorals, and pamphlets from his pen for years, both before and after his appointment to the archbishopric, until the still more "burning question" of Papal infallibility turned up to give a new direction to his thoughts. But a French bishop publicly announced at the beginning of the Italian war in 1859 that "God, with the assistance of France, was writing a magnificent page in the history of the world." And so it appears that Providence, with the assistance of Victor Emmanuel, has for the present, at all events, decided the question of the temporal power—decided it wrongly, we fear, if Archbishop Manning's earlier declarations on the subject may be relied upon. The one remaining point, therefore, which Providence has not yet removed from human guardianship, is that of education, and to the Irish University Bill the rest of the speech is devoted. Dr. Manning "felt it his duty" to hear the whole debate, not because he has itching ears, but because it is impossible to watch the course of a discussion by reading the reports in the newspapers. We hardly see why, but considering how frequently the Archbishop feels it his duty to attend the debates in both Houses—notwithstanding his "plague on them"—we may venture to hope that in this case duty and inclination did not rudely clash. It is perhaps also natural to infer that he is not—to his own credit—so entirely indifferent as he would fain persuade us to the political interests of his country. Be that as it may, some of his comments on the University Bill are sufficiently surprising, and all the more so as he was very generally reported at the time to have expressed his satisfaction with it as a just and reasonable measure, and all that could fairly be expected. He does indeed distinctly repeat to his hearers at Liverpool his conviction of the honest and honourable desire of the Government to do full justice to the Irish Catholics, and he admits that the rejected Bill would have placed them in a much better position as regards University degrees than their English co-religionists. But his account of the position of these last is not very intelligible, according

to the report in the *Times*, of which no contradiction has appeared:—"No Catholic in England can take a degree without either exposing himself to the *pestilential infidelity* of Oxford, or *going to* the London University, and at the London University no Catholic can take a degree without being examined in the ethics and metaphysics which are taught by *the Professors of that University*." As to the latter statement, a graduate of London University wrote to the *Times* next day to point out, what we should have supposed was tolerably notorious, that it is a purely examining body, having no professors at all, and that nobody need "go to it" for the purpose of obtaining a degree, in the sense of residing or attending lectures there, though it is open to those who so desire to attend University College in Gower Street, the great majority of students being in fact prepared for their degree examinations at Denominational Colleges or by private tuition. He also pointed out that the provisions introduced into Mr. Gladstone's Bill against making the examinations a vehicle of imposing or excluding any particular doctrines in theology or philosophy are in practice strictly carried out at London University. The Archbishop's complaint is, therefore, based on a complete ignorance of the facts. As to the "pestilential infidelity of Oxford," he has, of course, a right to his own opinion. It may perhaps help to explain the very curious circumstance that twice within the last ten years, after collecting subscriptions for the purpose and (if we are not misinformed) actually purchasing ground at Oxford for building upon, Dr. Newman has been compelled to relinquish his scheme, not by any opposition of the University authorities, who manifested a friendly disposition, but by the authorities of his own Church. But it is not equally easy to reconcile with this fact, or with the Archbishop's sweeping denunciation of the "pestilential" atmosphere, another circumstance. It was only two years ago that the Jesuits resumed charge of the Roman Catholic mission at Oxford, which they had given up about ten years before, and began making arrangements for building a new and handsome church in a central position—presumably with the object of attracting Catholic undergraduates, for the present chapel abundantly suffices for the wants of the small body of resident members of their Communion. This hardly looks as if they, any more than Dr. Newman, shared the Archbishop's view of the matter.

We need not follow Dr. Manning through his pathetic description of the young Catholic who has had his faith disturbed and "the structure of his brain altered" by the heretical teaching of the metaphysical Professors of London University—meaning, we presume, University College. It is not till nearly the end of his speech that he comes back to the subject which he had all along been professing to deal with, the Irish University Bill. And, having already expressed his conviction that the Government had every desire to act justly, and that their measure would have given far greater advantages to Roman Catholics than any they enjoy in England, he seems to have felt the difficulty of harmonizing these admissions with the suicidal refusal of the Irish bishops to accept a much better offer than is ever likely to be made to them again. He says, however, that he believes the bishops would gladly have accepted the offer, "though there was no endowment," if it had not consolidated and rendered permanent the mixed and godless system of education established in 1845. On which we have only two remarks to make. In the first place, if the bishops refused an offer which "gave the Catholics of Ireland power to obtain degrees on terms consistent with their consciences," and "much better than those on which Catholics can obtain degrees in England"—and that is a very moderate way of stating what was offered them—because it did not also abolish the existing system of "the godless colleges," which none of them need have attended, their manner of reasoning must have been more profoundly Hibernian than we should have ventured to suppose. In the next place, if their meaning be that with which Dr. Manning credits them, their way of expressing it is so purely Hibernian as to recall the fatal ejaculation of the drowning man whom "nobody shall save." In their public declaration against the Bill, the bishops do indeed complain of "mixed and secular education," and of the retention of two of the obnoxious Queen's Colleges; but the main stress is laid on the very objection which the Archbishop thinks they did not really care about, two long paragraphs being devoted to an elaborate protest against the "aggravated injustice" of no endowments being provided for them. And the same point was emphatically dwelt upon by their spokesmen in Parliament. The Archbishop is naturally anxious to make out the best case he can for his episcopal brethren on the other side of the Irish Channel, but his speech suggests a shrewd suspicion that, if he had occupied Cardinal Cullen's post, the Bill would have met with a very different reception at the hands of the hierarchy.

LARCENY IN ADULTERY.

AN important question of woman's rights has arisen in a criminal court. The law of England does not punish a man for abducting another man's wife, but some English lawyers have been disposed to punish the abduction, together with the wife, of that which would commonly be considered as the wife's property. There was a case in which an elopement was planned, and the wife packed her boxes ready to start. The man told her to bring all the money she could, and she had placed money in one of the boxes. The boxes were actually placed in a cart and carried away, but the husband awoke in time to intercept his wife's departure. The man was tried and convicted for stealing this money, and the judge who tried him intimated that he might have been found guilty of larceny even if the boxes which he carried away had contained only wearing apparel of the wife. This, however, was rather alarming doctrine, and it has not been maintained in later cases to its full extent. If a woman elopes, she necessarily takes some clothes on her person, and, according to strictness of law, these clothes are the property of her husband, and the taking of them *invito domino* might be considered felony. But if adultery is to be criminally punished, that result ought to be attained directly, and not by treating it as a sort of constructive larceny. As regards clothes, indeed, the law has been for some time settled, but doubt might still exist in the case of jewelry.

It may of course be urged that, if a woman of the least refinement elopes, she naturally takes her jewel-case along with her. This is indeed what happened in the recent example of Mrs. Brown, whose paramour was tried for stealing the jewels which he had helped to carry away or dispose of. There is in contemplation of law such a unity of interest between husband and wife that ordinarily the wife cannot steal the goods of her husband, nor can an indifferent person steal the goods of the husband by the delivery of the wife. If, therefore, the wife deliver the goods of the husband to an indifferent person for that person to convert them to his own use, this is no larceny. But if the person to whom the goods are delivered by the wife be an adulterer it is otherwise, and an adulterer can be properly convicted of stealing the husband's goods, though they be delivered to him by the wife. If no adultery has been actually committed by the parties, but the goods of the husband are removed from his house by the intended adulterer with intent that the wife should elope with him and live in adultery with him, this taking of the goods is in point of law larceny. Thus the law was correctly enunciated by a learned judge more than thirty years ago; but he went on to say that if a wife eloped with an adulterer who took her clothes with them it was larceny, and this proposition would hardly be supported at the present day. It is true, indeed, that the ancient maxims of the Common Law would still be applicable to the case. That law knows nothing about "separate use," which is an invention of Courts of Equity. All that is the wife's is the husband's; but as husband and wife are one, the wife cannot steal from the husband, nor can another person help her to steal from him unless that person be an adulterer. It seems doubtful whether this exception of an adulterer is not of later date than the rule. The exception was either introduced or recognized in a case decided in 1829, which has been followed in later cases. The judges have, however, been unwilling to carry the principle thus established to its full extent, because the result would have been to make every case of what used to be called *crim. con.* a case of felony. In every case of this kind the man who takes away the wife of another man must necessarily take with him something which is in law the husband's property. They may elope together, or the wife may leave the house alone, and join her paramour at an appointed place. In the one case she perhaps hands her dressing-case to her lover as he helps her to descend a ladder of ropes; in the other case she brings it in her hand. In the former there would be a "joint taking," and in the latter there would not; and if this be, as in some of the reported cases it has been made, the ground of decision, the law would make a distinction between two cases where the moral guilt of both is the same. It was said in the first of the series of modern cases that "this was larceny, for, though the wife consented, it must be considered that it was done *invito domino*." But this observation would apply to all cases that occur, except indeed those in which the husband connives at the wife's departure. In that case money and plate to a considerable amount had been carried away, and it may be that both judges and juries have been insensibly influenced by the value of the property abducted. In a later case the paramour, who was a lodger in the husband's house, went away leaving the husband and wife together; then the husband went out, and then the wife went out and joined her paramour. They were followed, and overtaken on the road in company, and he was found carrying a bandbox containing wearing apparel of the wife, which was of course the husband's property. He was convicted of stealing this property, but the judges held that the conviction could not be sustained. There had been, however, a previous case in which, besides wearing apparel of the wife, a coffee-pot and candlesticks were taken away, and in this case the paramour was convicted, and the conviction was sustained. In that case the wife stated that the paramour assisted in removing the property, whereas in the case previously cited it is probable that the wife carried the bandbox in her hand. It was further stated by the wife that the coffee-pot and candlesticks had been used by her and her paramour during a cohabitation of upwards of a year, and the paramour had pledged some of her wearing apparel, and applied the money to his own purposes. This is an unsatisfactory case, because it can hardly be supposed that the paramour had any *animus furandi* as regards the coffee-pot and candlesticks, and the distinction between a joint taking by the two parties and a taking by the wife alone is not of any moral value. There was another case in which the wife stated that the paramour told her to "bring all the money she could," and it might be thought in such a case that there was an intention to despoil the husband, not only of his wife, but of his property. In another case the property taken did not consist merely of female apparel, or of articles exclusively for female use, but the wife brought this property to the paramour's lodgings, and it was simply found there. Thus there was no joint

taking and no separate possession by the paramour, and the judge who tried the case said that there could be no conviction.

It appears difficult to extract from these cases any principle that can be confidently accepted as conformable either with law or common sense. We know, of course, how an elopement is managed by the heroines of novels. The husband finds that his presents to his wife have not only not been taken by her, but have been scattered on the floor, or otherwise treated with contumely before her departure. But these elopements on the highest principles are not perhaps exactly similar to what occurs ordinarily in the world. In the first place, an actual guilty pair have got to live, and require therefore the means of living, and this is a consideration which novelists sometimes ignore. Then, again, if a wife who goes away intends to stay away, she may consider that some arrangement as to property must at some time be made with her husband, and her instinct may coincide with legal teaching as to the value of possession. Even as regards money, if she took only the income of her own settled estate, and she and her paramour lived upon this money, a jury would probably be unwilling to act upon the law, which would certainly warrant them in finding the paramour guilty of stealing property of the husband. We may be quite sure that if Lady Eustace had married before the celebrated diamonds were stolen from her, and had eloped, she would have taken the diamonds along with her. The extreme advocates of woman's rights in America insist that she ought to be at liberty to leave a husband for another man whenever she is so pleased. In England at present the same party do not go to an equal length, but we may expect that this doctrine of a husband's right to all his wife's property would not be allowed to be applied without question even in a criminal court. We ought not at any rate to feel surprise at finding a jury prepared to hold that when the wife of a hatter at the West-end of London elopes with an actor, she may naturally be expected to carry with her jewelry of the value of 200*l.* or 300*l.* Having these jewels, and wanting money for necessary expenses, she handed some of them to her paramour, and he pawned them. Without complaining of the verdict in this case, we cannot help remarking that the man who became joint possessor of a coffee-pot and candlesticks was rather hardly dealt with; but that was more than twenty years ago, and besides he was apparently a low, vulgar fellow. People who live in elegance and refinement must be allowed to conform to their daily habits even in their vices.

The summing-up of the learned judge in this case shows that lawyers can sometimes be more reasonable than the law. In civil questions the Married Women's Property Act of 1870 has to be taken into account, and it might be expected that that Act would influence the administration of the criminal law, although it does not directly affect it. Sir W. Bodkin told the jury that the broad question for them to consider was "whether, looking to the value of the jewelry, the prisoner must reasonably be supposed to have known that he was dealing with the property of the husband, or whether he could have been led by Mrs. Brown to believe that she had a right to dispose of it as she liked." If this be accepted as a sound exposition of modern law, it follows that a wife who elopes from her husband may take with her such articles as have been considered as her property, and that her paramour may safely assist her in removing them from the husband's house or in disposing of them afterwards. To recur again to the case of Lady Eustace, if her first husband had lived and she had eloped from him, taking with her the diamonds (both which suppositions are very reasonable), and if a jury could have been persuaded that her husband gave them to her, the diamonds might have been dealt with by her paramour without liability to punishment. As regards the case of the coffee-pot and candlesticks, it is highly probable that the wife took them as being in her view her own and not her husband's property. But, although we may think that the adulterer in that case had rather hard measure compared with others, it is probable that he got no more than his deserts, while other defendants under similar circumstances may have got less. But it is a matter of regret that judges in administering criminal law should rely upon distinctions which are not differences, or should apply an ancient legal principle which is manifestly discordant with modern practice. It would now be considered absurd to punish a man for stealing the clothes which a married woman took with her, and which he helped to carry, when she eloped with him; and yet a very learned and able judge declared that such was the law in 1841. If this were the law at that time, it has since been modified, but it would be difficult to say whether this result is due to the influence of common sense or to the prevalence of adultery.

HIGHLAND SHOOTINGS.

AS we cannot hope for anything like perfect happiness in this world, we suppose it is only natural that there should be enmities and heartburnings between the occupants of the Highland shootings on the one hand and the sheep farmers on the other. Otherwise the lot of the sportsman who is blessed with a sound constitution, a good digestion, an equable temperament independent of weather, who makes sport the object of his life, and sets exhilarating exercise above all other earthly joys, would be too enviable. As it is, if he is a man of ordinary sensibilities, if he hates hot water, and likes to keep on pleasant terms with his nearest neighbours, he is by no means likely to lead an unruffled existence. It would be premature to attempt to sum up the evidence that is being laid before the Parliamentary Committee while the examination of conflicting witnesses expressing themselves with equal decision and bitterness is still in progress. But quite enough has come out already to confirm what we have always been constrained to believe of the very disagreeable relations existing between the farmers and the sportsmen. It is the more unfortunate since each must always be very much at the mercy of the other, and both must more or less go to the wall unless they can manage to pull together pleasantly.

Every one may be presumed to be aware that there are two classes of shootings in the Highlands. There are the deer forests, where the pasturage is monopolized for the purposes of sport, and where everything is sacrificed to the preservation of the deer. And there are the grouse-shootings, which are let at the same time for sheep farms, where there are keepers and shepherds in charge of the same ground, and where the two are only too often at feud. The deer love a solitude, and a solitude is indispensable to the stalker if his sport is to be at all successful, so that the forests are made sanctuaries as much as may be. The very grouse are carefully kept down, because nothing is more likely to give the alarm to the wary stag, and to spoil at the last moment a stalk elaborately planned and patiently carried out, than an old outlying grouse cock keeping a bright look-out upon everything from the top of some hillock. Consequently the animals that prey upon the grouse are encouraged—eagles, hawks, ravens, hooded crows, and ground vermin of all kinds. Much more are men and sheep discouraged. The sight of a strange human being—for the deer gets tolerably accustomed to any one he is in the habit of seeing—will clear a wide extent of hill and valley, and may ruin the day's sport on which the occupant of the costly forest has been counting. Most people must remember a question of right of way which created much sensation at the time, when the late Duke of Athole disputed the title of tourists to make a passage from Braemar to Blair Athole through his forest of Glen Tilt. But cases of that kind are comparatively rare, and do not provoke the indignation of the Highland farmers. They have as little sympathy with tourists as his Grace could have, and are no lovers of the picturesque themselves. Their own grievances come of accidents which are necessarily of perpetual occurrence, and which foster continual heartburnings. Where a deer forest "marches" with a sheep farm there is no keeping the sheep within bounds. There are no fences of course, sheep are of very wandering habits, and the temptations to trespass are often irresistible. The charm of a forest is its seductive pasture, the soft green grass that grows in the sheltered nooks and corries. In the very best stocked forests there is always far more herbage than the deer can possibly consume, while the sheep are distributed over the adjacent farm so as to make the very most of the grazing, and something more. Professing plenty to penury, they stray in search of it, guided by their instincts. They break bounds when the shepherds and the dogs are out of the way; the keen-eyed keepers are down upon them forthwith, and proceed to impound them. The shepherds when they take stock of the flock find that so many are missing. Experience tells them where the wanderers are most likely to be found. But the keepers object to parting with the trespassers that are always getting them into trouble with their masters, or at least to letting them be taken home by the nearest way. They have disturbed the ground once already, and their disturbing it again is not to be thought of merely to save the shepherds some trouble. They must be driven round by the road in place of being taken "over the hill," and the road may possibly mean a circuit of a dozen times the distance. A mountain shepherd, although perpetually on his legs, hates above all things straightforward exercise with a purpose, and is proportionately grateful to the keeper who compels him to take it. Nor is he without means of avenging himself. Possibly he keeps an available fowling-piece somewhere about his sod-built hut which serves him sufficiently well at short ranges. He has a scrap of corn land reclaimed from the moor, and his bit of oats, scanty and ill ripened as it is, has irresistible fascinations for the red deer. Every night, as the shepherd has reason to know, the antlered epicures come trying the strength of the frail fences with their horns, while a horde of long-eared sharp-set hinds are hovering about in their rear. He ambushes himself accordingly, a white shirt drawn over his clothing, blending him with the grey mists of the night; as the deer approaches within a few yards of him against the wind, he empties the contents of the ancient single-barrel into his shoulder. Even if he goes out of his way to watch the passes at early dawn, and shoot the deer as they straggle home to the forest from feeding on the sheep farm, he is pretty sure to have the sympathies of his master the farmer. Each blade of grass devoured by marauding deer is so much taken from the sheep. The farmer, in fact, regards as his natural enemy the keeper who protects these poaching and trespassing beasts; he is disposed to believe him capable of every species of meanness and atrocity, and assumes that the occupant of the shootings is the accomplice of his basest actions.

In saying this, we do not exaggerate. The tenant of an extensive farm, in giving his evidence the other day, mentioned as a matter of course that it was the practice of keepers in his neighbourhood to drive the tenants' sheep maliciously with their dogs, so that many of the frightened animals were annually being smothered or drowned in the "mossputs." Closely pressed, he was compelled to confess that he knew nothing of this from personal knowledge, but understood it to be the common impression of the country. Another gentleman had been unfortunate

enough to have had a difficulty with the keeper in the adjacent deer forest, who is said to have revenged himself by driving the farmer's sheep over precipices, thus killing a dozen or fifteen annually. The farmer assumed that the keeper's malevolence, which he never questioned, had been prompted and sanctioned by the man's master; although, on closer examination, he admitted that he had no ground whatever for the fancy, the mortality having stopped when the man was dismissed. The charge broke down altogether on the farmer's own confession; he had merely given currency before a Parliamentary Committee to stories which he had so often told himself and his neighbours that he had come at last firmly to believe them. And the cases are only worth noticing as illustrating the strong and often unreasonable antipathy felt by the sheep farmers towards the occupants of deer forests.

Perhaps on the grouse moors the unfriendly feeling is more apt to originate on the other side, but of course the causes of heart-burning become more frequent and the quarrels grow more envenomed when the farmer and the sportsman are actually joint occupants of the same ground. When it is a deer forest that is in question, it is likely that it is the farmer who has the more substantial grievances. He can do his sporting neighbour comparatively little harm—no more, at least, than comes of his sheep occasionally breaking bounds, which for his own sake he does his best to prevent, or some stray deer being occasionally shot down by his shepherds. On the other hand, he sees the capricious deer continually leaving their own luxurious feeding grounds to browze with his sheep on the scantier pasturage, and yet he has no means of proving damages on which to found a claim for compensation. And those who know the Highland sheep farmers—generally stern Border men who have migrated from the South—know how the injury must rankle when they see the land for which they pay a full rent laid under contribution by the deer that are kept for the enjoyment of their enemies. But if the farmer must suffer sometimes at the hands of the lessee of the forest, and grumbles less perhaps at the loss than at the submission with which he must endure it, it is his turn to command the situation as between himself and the gentleman who rents the shooting over his farm. His shepherds are ranging the hills at all hours of the day from dawn to evening. It is impossible for the keeper whose hut lies in the shelter of some deep valley, and whose beat is many miles in extent, to keep his eyes upon these men. As they go lounging about in the pursuit of their business, the hill and all that is upon it is at their mercy. They find the nests of the grouse in the spring, they train their dogs to seek for them, and they take the eggs. Later, when the young birds are hatched from the nests that have escaped, a wave of the hand sends the sheep-dog open-mouthed and ravening among the broods. They have the satisfaction of knowing that they can pay off their grudges by doing an incalculable amount of injury to all three classes of their enemies. The keepers lose character with their employers when they fail to show a good stock of game; it was their "confounded carelessness," of course, which let the poachers and the vermin come to such a head upon the ground. The tenant loses the sport he counted upon, and has to grumble over an expenditure which has gone for worse than nothing, while in the course of successive seasons the moor loses its reputation, and the landlord has to submit to a terrible reduction in the fancy rent he was wont to demand. On many moors, no doubt, there is nothing of all this, otherwise we should not hear of the bags that are so often made. In many instances the farmer and the sportsman live in amity, as they might always do, seeing that there is no special reason for the sheep farmer and grouse-shooter being anything but friends. Where the game tenant is wise in his generation, he will make himself friends by help of the mammon of unrighteousness with men who, if they please, may easily spoil his sport; and he will insist upon his keepers being on good terms with the shepherds. But where the sportsman is not in the way of being forbearing and something more with the farmer, and generous to the shepherds, where he does not keep a sharp eye on his keepers, and choose them for their tact and their temper as much as for their professional skill, then it is very sure that there will be a succession of bad years on his moors, although probably the grouse disease and the bad breeding seasons will bear the blame of them.

Perhaps the most fruitful cause of contention on grouse moors is the shepherds' dogs. It used to be very irritating to a man who paid a fancy rent for his shooting to see and hear shrill-mouthed curs jumping up on the roof of every hut he passed, baying at him as he went by. He knew they were always ranging the hill, disturbing the breeding birds, and snapping up the cheepers. He knew there was no chance of any deer who might happen to come to his ground remaining on it while that abominable yelping was always being borne to their ears. So his keepers, who shared his detestation, understood that if they laid poison on the sly he would not regard it as a heinous crime. The curs ate and died, and their masters were furious; perhaps some old friend of the shepherd's, who had passed many a year with him on the hill and saved him many a bit of rough labour, some dog whom he had found more affectionate than any woman, and far more intelligent than the minister himself, ate of the accursed thing and died also. The bereaved shepherd could not trace the crime by distinct evidence to any one's door in particular, but he never doubted at whose door it must be laid. He brooded over the vengeance which might have scarcely stopped short of murder had a safe opportunity come to him, and in the meantime the breaking of the grouse eggs went on faster than ever. The dog-tax, we should imagine, must have done away a good deal with the frequency of this sort of thing; it has thinned the number of useless curs, and removed the inducements to have recourse to poisoning. But in its way it is scarcely less of a grievance with the shepherds because it is felt as a universal one. It is the dog that often makes the difference between a good shepherd and an indifferent one; certainly between an easy life and a very hard one. Of course the shepherd likes to have plenty of such useful animals, and a reserve to replace those that may come to grief in the winter. And this matter of the dogs, viewed as it must be from standpoints so antagonistic, is but a type of the many questions that introduce discord into social relations in the Highlands. We do not know what may come of the present inquiry. "As you are" is the watchword on the one side; total abolition is the cry of the extreme advocates on the other. But in the meantime, when each must lie so much at the mercy of the other, it is plain that mutual conciliation is the only sensible policy.

CRIMINAL LAW UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

THE public of New York was occupied, according to the latest advices, in discussing the question whether the perpetrator of what is called "the carhook murder" should be hanged. Probably the question has been by this time decided, and we shall await with curiosity the result. The *New York Herald* "put down its foot" on the 7th March that Foster should be hanged, but nevertheless it seemed to be nearly even betting between Foster and the gallows, or say 5 to 4 against him. Between the abundance of murderers and the difficulty of hanging them in New York, the respectable and law-abiding class of citizens seems likely to disappear. The law's delays are entirely favourable to scoundrelism. After hearings and re-hearings, lasting several months, a criminal either escapes or the atrocity of his crime has been obliterated by other crimes of more recent date. In the meantime the humanitarians take up his case, and he gets preached about in the pulpits, and perhaps the Governor of the State is requested to show mercy, on the ground that the criminal is an Episcopalian churchman like himself; and thus almost the only chance for justice and public security is that, from the unhealthy atmosphere of the Tombs prison, while the question of hanging him is in suspense the prisoner may happen to die. The latest "development" of the Foster case is an allegation that the widow of the murdered man, who had written a touching appeal to the Governor for mercy to the murderer, was bribed to write by the sum of 15,000 dollars. Even the *New York Herald*, which had not then "put down its foot," was moved almost to mercy by the pathetic tone of this appeal. And that gifted journal is now devoting its best energy to the elucidation of the question whether Mrs. Putnam has been bribed. A reporter has been sent to wait upon the lady, and to deliver a written statement for her consideration; and as Mrs. Putnam, after taking a day to think about it, declines to address the reporter either in speech or writing, the reporter draws his own conclusion as to the reason of her silence.

The act which the judges of the State of New York persist in calling murder was committed as long ago as the 26th April, 1871. Thus, supposing Foster to be hanged, the lawyers will have taken nearly two years to get the job done. In the meantime the Tombs is full of murderers of more recent date, and the *Herald* sends a reporter to the Recorder of New York to ask what is to be done. That vigorous administrator of criminal law answers that he would undertake to clear the gaols within thirty days, and the reporter highly approves of a special arrangement for this purpose, thinking that, if only the clear and undeniable murderers could be hanged and the doubtful ones discharged, the security for human life in New York would be considerably enhanced. The Recorder complains of the system of appeals from judges who do understand criminal law to other judges who do not, and he thinks that at any rate there need not be a further appeal to the Governor of the State, who is not a lawyer at all. However, to return to the case of Foster, we learn that on the above-named day Mr. Avery D. Putnam got into a Broadway car accompanied by Madame Duval and her two daughters; shortly afterwards William Foster, much intoxicated, got into the car. He behaved rudely to the ladies, and quarrelled with Putnam, who endeavoured to protect them from his incivility. Presently Putnam got out, and while he was handing out Madame Duval, Foster, in a drunken rage, ran from the front of the car with a "carhook" in his hand, and delivered two powerful blows on the back of Putnam's head, fracturing his skull. Putnam died of these injuries two days afterwards, and Foster was fully identified as his assailant. This is the whole case. It need not have taken long, we should think, to decide to hang this man, or at any rate to decide between hanging him and imprisoning him for life. But the lawyers, preachers, and journalists have had the case in hand ever since. "The greatest excitement and indignation was manifested by the community at the time in regard to the murder," but it is a long time ago, and the community has since been excited and indignant at several other murders, without visible result. Justice took the case in hand at once, as if pretending to be speedy. The trial of Foster began on the 5th May, and ended on the 28th May, 1871, in a verdict of "Guilty of murder in the first degree, with a recommendation to mercy." If the trial of this simple case took twenty-three days, we can only admire the power which American lawyers possess of interminable talk. The execution was appointed for the 14th July, but in the meantime a

judge of the Supreme Court granted a stay of proceedings, and in January 1872 an application for a new trial was heard before three judges. This Court affirmed the former judgment, and Foster was again sentenced to be hanged. The execution was appointed for the 22nd March, 1872, but one more stay of proceedings was obtained. Meanwhile a jury had given a verdict against the Broadway Railway Company in favour of Mrs. Putnam for 5,000 dollars for the loss of her husband's life. The case of Foster was now carried to the Court of Appeals at Albany, and awaited hearing there during the remainder of the year. The judgment of the Court below was affirmed on the 21st January last, and now it was announced for the third time that Foster must die.

There were no more Courts to which it was possible to appeal, so now the friends of Foster set to work upon the Governor of the State. Meanwhile the *Herald*, expecting public interest in the case to revive, sent a reporter to wait upon both Foster and his counsel. But the prisoner declined to be "interviewed" at all, and the only information that the reporter got from the prisoner's counsel was that it was a damp evening. However, in spite of these discouragements, the *Herald* has managed to keep its columns full of the Foster case ever since. "Shall milk-sick sentiment come between justice and one million citizens?" This question was asked by a correspondent of the *Herald*, who declared his satisfaction at the position taken by that journal, and his confidence in the firmness of Governor Dix. The Governor, it appears, is entitled to this confidence by having penned, in time of war, the immortal words, "If any man attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot." But there is many a brave soldier who cannot face a woman or a newspaper, and we should doubt the prudence of backing the firmness of General Dix at more than even money against the solicitations of Foster's friends. "Thirty or forty Protestant clergymen have visited the Governor during the past four weeks, and have besieged him night and day with prayers for mercy." Several delegations of citizens have urged a commutation of sentence on the ground that Foster would do them still more service by labouring for the remainder of his life in prison than by being hanged. When these delegations "became explanatory" of their views, the Governor must have had a hard time of it. Madame Duval, like everybody else concerned in the case, has been interviewed by a reporter, who desired her to state whether, from her impression of Foster on the night he fractured Putnam's skull, she believed him to have been an exemplary Sabbath-school pupil. Madame Duval answered, with more force than elegance, that she believed him to have been "a drunken loafer." An impartial correspondent of the *Herald* desires to start the ball rolling, and asks whether there is not some poor devil in the Tombs who has neither money nor religious friends, and who may be hanged without any more delay. Another correspondent deals with the plea that Foster did not intend to kill Putnam. "He made the remark that he would fix him, and he did fix him." This kind of thing will not do, says the correspondent, in a city like New York. He refers to the case of Josh Reynolds, who had no money, friends, or ministers to write for him, so he had to swing. The *Herald* of the 14th instant goes deeply into the question whether Mrs. Putnam was bribed to write to Governor Dix on behalf of Foster, and it prints affidavits of several persons who heard Mr. Allen, a friend of the Putnam family, say that he knew that Mrs. Putnam had received a bribe. At this rate the literature of the subject must reach an enormous size, and we almost wish that Foster may be hanged to make an end of a wearisome discussion. The reporters of the *Herald* seem to have interviewed all the householders of the street in which Mrs. Putnam lives, in order to obtain their opinions as neighbours as to the veracity of her denial. One of them does not believe it, and does not disbelieve it, and knows no more about it than the man in the moon. Another has received the impression that somebody has told a lie, but he can't say who. The reporter also called on a brother of Mr. Putnam, "a tall, stalwart, finely built man," who emphatically declared that Mrs. Putnam's denial was false. He also stated that Mr. Allen had admitted to him that Ellen (Mrs. Putnam) "was pretty well fixed"—meaning, apparently, that she had got 5,000 dollars for losing her husband and 15,000 dollars for trying to save her husband's murderer. The prevailing opinion in the street was that Mr. George Kemp, uncle of Foster, a wholesale druggist and a millionaire, had found the money to bribe Mrs. Putnam, and to him of course the industrious reporter applied. A brother of Mr. Kemp remarked that "these reporters have a nice way of meddling in other people's business"—which is the only incontrovertible statement that we have met with for some time. However, the reporter made his way to Mr. Kemp, and got from him a distinct denial of having paid money to Mrs. Putnam.

The *Herald* of the 15th instant announced that, "in all human probability," Foster would be hanged on the 21st. The military secretary of Governor Dix had called upon the Sheriff and conveyed to him, unofficially, "the crisp intelligence" that the Governor declined to interpose any further clemency. The news soon spread among the public, and the general expression was that of sympathy for Foster, coupled with the belief that his death is a public necessity in order to make street ruffianism as dangerous to the ruffians as it is to decent citizens. The *Herald* closes with an extract from an Episcopalian religious newspaper, which declares that the discussion of this subject has been beneficial "as an education of the community in the great principles of justice." Certainly this education is greatly needed. If Foster had committed his crime in California he would either have been hanged outright or have gone free. We observe that Lynch law still prevails in that remote State, and it is better than the paralysis of all law in New York. Foster might have been hanged amid general execration when his crime was fresh, but now that it is nearly two years old, his death on the gallows would be likely to excite pity. The worst possible kind of criminal law is that which is dilatory and uncertain.

NEWSPAPER HISTORY.

In noticing the two bulky volumes which Mr. James Grant called a *History of the Newspaper Press* we pointed out a number of stupid and ignorant blunders, but we certainly did not suppose that we had by any means exhausted the catalogue of the author's errors and misrepresentations. Mr. Grant was not content with attempting to record the public history of journalism in this country. He also undertook, for the gratification of a vulgar curiosity, to disclose the strictly private and personal affairs of the different newspapers of the day; and here, of course, it was impossible for us to follow him. Even if the statements which Mr. Grant put forth had been correct, it would have afforded no justification for the grave breach of decorum involved in meddling with such matters at all. But we had no means of testing their accuracy, and no desire to do so. It was natural, however, to suppose that a man who blundered egregiously in regard to matters of common literary notoriety was hardly likely to become a more trustworthy guide when he turned aside into the devious ways of scandal and eavesdropping. Since then Mr. Grant has published a supplement to his "History," giving what purports to be an account of the "origin and progress" of the *Saturday Review*. Although we cannot pretend to be an authority as to the private affairs of other people, we happen to know something about our own, and we now say that we quite underrated Mr. Grant's supernatural capacity for blundering and misrepresentation. There is indeed hardly a single statement concerning ourselves which (when it is not a pure invention) is not wildly, and to those who know the facts, ludicrously and incredibly, inaccurate.

Mr. Grant promises to resume in a future publication his offences against the recognized decencies of English journalism. He says, "It is high time that the mask should be torn off the visages of the *Saturday Review* gladiators," and "I feel called on, in justice to myself, as well as in the general interests of literature, to let the world know who are the chief anonymous would-be assassins of the reputations of authors in that journal." Meanwhile he defers the discharge of this duty until he has "obtained the information" of which he is "in quest." We can await with tolerable equanimity the further exhibition of Mr. Grant's talent for ignorant blundering. He has evidently been mercilessly hoaxed—not for the first time in his life—by some person or persons unknown, and he is laying himself out to be hoaxed again. It must be admitted that he is an inviting subject for this sort of cruelty. Of the statements in the present pamphlet it is enough to say that three or four allegations which by their pretended particularity seem to stand out from the dead level of twaddle and abuse—we refer to statements relative to the capital sunk in the establishment of the paper, the conditions of the proprietorship, past and present, and the private history of the successive editors—are simply not the fact.

REVIEWS.

BUCKLE'S POSTHUMOUS WORKS.*

We have broken down in a conscientious attempt to read through these three volumes. But we are comforted by thinking that perhaps even the editor did not expect anybody to read them straight through, while we are quite sure that Mr. Buckle himself would never have laid any such burden upon us. We are sure that no philosopher would ask any one to read his commonplace-book. Out of the contents of these three volumes about half a volume might perhaps have been put together which would have been worth preserving for its own sake, and which would have been a proper tribute to Mr. Buckle's memory. Every author works after a fashion of his own, and every author will commonly do his work the better for working after his own fashion. Mr. Buckle's fashion seems to have been to write a great number of fragmentary passages which were doubtless meant to find their place at the proper points of his great work. Many of these begin and go on for a page or two with great elaboration and in his best manner. But towards the end the finished composition often gradually changes into mere jottings, mere notes to suggest what was to come next. A selection of the best of these fragments would have been quite worth preserving. Even those who differ most widely from Mr. Buckle must allow that anything which shows us his deliberate judgment on any matter is worth having. And there is a certain interest also in seeing how he traced and worked out his materials. The fragments, for instance, about the reign of Elizabeth are in a state perfect enough to enable us to compare Mr. Buckle's views on many matters with those of Mr. Froude. And there are

* *Miscellaneous and Posthumous Works of Henry Thomas Buckle.* Edited, with a Biographical Notice, by Helen Taylor. 3 vols. London: Longmans & Co.

many other pieces, finished or nearly so, which are quite worth keeping. On the other hand, there are other pieces which are mere collections of jottings, mere gatherings of notes which Mr. Buckle must have meant to expand, about which we are doubtful. And about the commonplace-book which fills up so large a part of these volumes we are not doubtful at all. We are sorry to have to say it, but the contents of the commonplace-book have often reminded us of the writings of Mr. Timbs. This is no fault of Mr. Buckle's; anybody's commonplace-book would doubtless have the same look; but then why publish a commonplace-book at all?

To the papers now printed Miss Taylor has prefixed a biographical notice, a good deal of which comes from an outline of Mr. Buckle's life supplied by his sister, from extracts from his own journals and letters, and—what is the most valuable part of it—from "reminiscences" supplied by a lady whose name is not given, but whom from other passages in the notice we infer to be Miss Shirreff. Mr. Buckle's life was not an eventful one, and it comes to little more than the history of his book. His great misfortune was the strange solitude in which his life was spent. An admiring son seems to have had hardly any companion except an admiring mother. The grotesque dedication of the first volume of his book will not easily be forgotten. Mr. Buckle never mixed with the world in any way; he had no knowledge of any form of practical life; he had no regular education; he never went to school or college, or anywhere where he could measure himself with others or learn to understand and tolerate the opinions of others. To us the wonder is that under all these disadvantages he ever did the tenth part of what he did do. Miss Taylor on the other hand strangely looks on all these frightful drawbacks as so many advantages:—

> But Mr. Buckle's good fortune consisted more especially in two other circumstances which fell to his lot. In the first place, his mother, who seems to have early formed a high estimate of her son's abilities, unceasingly stimulated and encouraged him to exertion. And, in the second place, the delicacy of his health, from childhood upwards, shut him out from schools, from the universities, and from the professions—from all those places and pursuits, in short, where boys and men learn to imitate one another; where they learn to accept conventional solutions to the problems which are sure to present themselves to every active intellect; or where they learn to limit their ambition to the acquirement of wealth or of worldly success. For his love of study, as well as for his undoubted ambition to distinguish himself, Mr. Buckle was probably indebted to his mother. But to the weak health which led him to solitary study, must be attributed much, not only of his universally admitted originality of thought, but also of that characteristic vigour of expression which enabled him to bring his thoughts home to the popular mind with such striking success. His standard of expression was formed like that of most other people, by his mental companions; but these companions were, in his case (fortunately for his renown and his readers), composed of the great minds of all ages.

Miss Shirreff, on the other hand, while fully explaining the causes—causes perhaps quite sufficient—which shut him out from the common means of training, certainly does not, like Miss Taylor, look on the great misfortune of his life as an advantage. Her words are:—

> The first obvious step was to acquire instruction; and it was proposed that, after some preliminary study, he should go to college, whence the opening to any liberal profession was secure. But the painful sense of his own ignorance made him most reluctant to adopt this course. His whole acquirements then consisting of little more than reading and writing English and proficiency in chess, it seemed indeed hopeless, within such limits of age as University education commonly embraces, to make up for lost time; and his growing sense of power, and the new ambition beginning to stir within him, would have ill brooked defeat among his contemporaries. He knew that he had not only to acquire knowledge, but to learn to be taught—one of the most difficult things when the mind has attained a certain point of maturity without having followed any groove of teaching; and thus, hopeless of success upon the too-long neglected beaten tracks, he determined on choosing a path for himself.

To us it seems that throughout Mr. Buckle's writings, amid all their strength, there is a marked element of weakness which was largely owing to this ill health and its consequences. It is hard to say what is to be made of a man who could write such a sentence as this:—

> The air here is really so fine, and my mother is so much improving in it, that I am almost beginning to like the country. A frightful and an alarming degeneracy! Pray God that my mind may be preserved to me, and that the degradation of taste does not become permanent.

Again we read in his sister's account:—

> He disliked horse exercise, and though ordered when he was young to ride for his health, would never ride alone, as he said he forgot he was on horseback; and on one occasion, when riding with Mrs. Hutchinson, one of his sisters, at Hastings, he was so entirely absorbed with his own thoughts that he allowed his horse to take him into the library on the Parade.

We really think that a horse who had so delicate a sense of the proper place to which to take his rider as to carry Mr. Buckle straight to a library deserves the special care of Mr. Darwin.

In looking through these volumes we are certainly more and more struck with the real amount of what Mr. Buckle did, notwithstanding those grievous hindrances which Miss Taylor so strangely looks on as advantages. It is not that we are mere zealots for the ancient University system of England, though we certainly are old-fashioned enough to believe that there are few minds so great that they will not be the better for its training. It is not merely that Mr. Buckle was lacking in technical scholarship; it was his isolation from mankind in every way that forms the weak side of all that he wrote. This isolation, combined with a lack of all sense of humour which was remarked by the present Attorney-General in a controversy which it was a pity to rake up again, made Mr. Buckle utterly unable to understand the position of anybody whose view was not the same as his own. This failing affects the whole scope of his work. He writes the *History of Civilization*, but he seems throughout to feel a sort of indignant surprise because long ages and large parts of the world have not always been so civilized as he was himself. He never really understands the people of times and places which are uncongenial to himself. He is pursued throughout by the great fault of despising large parts of his subject. Now it is quite certain that no man can be a real historian of a subject which he despises. The real historian of civilization is one who, like Mr. Tylor, will go with thorough love of his subject through every detail, from the lowest forms of culture to the highest, despising nothing, wondering at nothing, throwing himself into every possible stage of the human mind, and therefore finding the key to the problem which he set before himself. Mr. Buckle, on the other hand, from the height of his philosophy, seems to have looked on all ages and nations as knaves or fools if they did not come up to his own level. Again, Mr. Buckle's reading was certainly very great, but for large periods of history it was very superficial. For the whole classical and mediæval periods, he seems to have taken nearly everything at second hand. His references to original writers are rare, and where there are any they often come from translations. Both the fragments and the commonplace-book are full of extracts, sometimes long extracts, statements of the most obvious things copied from the most obvious books which we could fancy a very young scholar might have set down at the very beginning of his studies, but which it is wonderful that he never got beyond at any later time of his life, and which it is cruel to his memory to publish. We open at a spot at the eighty-ninth page of the second volume. There must be a time in the life of every man when he does not know the "etymology" of "hieroglyphic," "ostracism," "paper," and "Bible"; but most people would find out that "etymology" from a Greek Lexicon at a very early stage of their studies. If, however, Mr. Buckle had not learned such obvious things till he read Massey's *Origin and Progress of Letters*—a book which we must confess we ourselves only know from Mr. Buckle's reference—he certainly did well to write down his newly-gained pieces of knowledge, but it is really cruel to go and publish such things after his death. Conceive anybody, too, reprinting scraps of Hume and Henry by way of English history, or solemnly reprinting such a thing as this:—

> "Wittenagemot imports a Council of wise men, the Saxon word *witte* signifying a wise man, and the British [*sic*] word *gemot* expressing a synod or council. During the Heptarchy each kingdom had its Wittenagemot" (*Lectures on the Constitution and Laws of England.* By the late P. S. Sullivan. Dublin, 8vo. 1790, p. vi.).

We are sorry to say that we are altogether in the dark as to the late P. S. Sullivan, and of course we do not expect him or any one else to spell the mysterious word Witenagemót, but we really should like to know something about the "Saxon" and "British" elements in the word. Now it is no kind of shame to Mr. Buckle if there was a time in his life when he looked on such a piece of confusion of this as a real bit of newly acquired knowledge; the first jottings down of the greatest scholar would most likely contain something as little to the purpose; but surely it is not kind to Mr. Buckle's memory to put such things forth now as specimens of his real work, or as something which can be of the slightest value to anybody else.

In some cases however the fragments and entries in the commonplace-book do give us a distinct key to the weakest side of Mr. Buckle's mind. It is not the way to understand, still less to record, the progress of men's minds in distant times, to sit down with a deliberate contempt for writers in another state of society because they did not reach the highest philosophical level. It does not bode well for what Mr. Buckle's treatment of early English history would have been when we find such a heading as "Absurdities as Specimens of Historians"; when we find in a note "we may pass over the wretched Gildas and Nennius." "Wretched" is Mr. Buckle's favourite epithet for every writer who is not quite up to the mark, and a critic will smile at the notion of putting Gildas and Nennius together; and he goes on to tell us that either Bæda or William of Malmesbury—we cannot make out which—"was usually credulous, bombastic in his style, and *relates nothing of real importance.*" Then comes Geoffrey of Monmouth, of whom Mr. Buckle says he gives a long account "because his work was highly valued and procured for himself great honour, and also because it was the last elaborate historical absurdity." Why "the last" passes our powers of guessing; we should have rather thought it was to be called the first. It is plain that Mr. Buckle, with all his philosophy, looked on Gildas, Bæda, William, and Geoffrey as writers of the same class. But such unphilosophical people as Gildas and Bæda must put up with what they can get, when, under another heading of "Absurdities in Early History," De Thou and Melanchthon are called up for Mr. Buckle's favourite process of contemptuous wonderment. When Mr. Buckle, a few pages on, talks of "the Hebrew, a language the scanty literature of which has always displayed a marked deficiency in historical productions," we cannot help remembering that a little more knowledge of that scanty literature might have saved Mr. Buckle from thinking that the phrase "hell hath enlarged herself" was the invention of a Scotch Presbyterian divine. But when we find (i. 194) *Leibnitz* described as quoting Sir James Mackintosh, we feel sure that there

is some blunder of transcriber or printer, and that for this at least Mr. Buckle is not answerable.

It is here only fair to quote a passage in which Miss Shirreff tries to defend Mr. Buckle from a charge which has certainly been brought still more forcibly home to us by looking through these volumes:—

> He is reproached with never quoting original documents, ranging among well-known authors and neglecting the sources of historical knowledge. I will answer first what my remarks above recalled to my mind, that he confessed he never could have borne the fatigue of studying MSS. The effect upon his sight, and through the eyes on the brain, was such that a short time of such a work would have unfitted him for anything, therefore he doubly rejoiced to feel that no such labour was needful for his purpose. It was not tried and laid aside, but deliberately neglected, because printed matter supplied in abundance all the materials he wanted. It was not his province to examine into the accuracy of this or that particular document, or to search for proofs for or against the received version of individual conduct or national transactions. All he wanted was the great outline of history, which furnished him with the data for some of his speculations, and the proof of others. It was the broad history of nations that he sought to illustrate, and erudite researches would have afforded him no assistance. The accusation has been brought against him as a slight upon his literary industry; but it only proves that those who brought it knew neither the man, nor the scope of his work.

It would seem that Miss Shirreff, if not Mr. Buckle himself, was possessed by the very odd notion that original authorities must needs be in MS. Now we fully allow that there was no kind of need for Mr. Buckle even to look at a MS.; but this was no excuse for "deliberately neglecting" those vast stores both of classical and mediæval literature which certainly come under the head of "printed matter." The charge against him is not that he did not go and grope among MSS., but that he did not master the facts of his own subject, that he "deliberately neglected" the sources of early English history and of other large parts of history. The truth is that Mr. Buckle, with all his philosophy and with his vast reading in particular branches, had no real idea of the progress of the human mind. Anything that was not up to his own standard, whether the early institutions of a nation, or the point of view of an early writer, was at once branded as an absurdity, a superstition, whatever hard word came first. That these absurdities, these superstitions, had their place in the march of things, that something which was neither absurd nor superstitious could some day grow out of them, never came into Mr. Buckle's head. This way of looking at things is certainly shallow and illiberal. But we believe it to have been largely the result of Mr. Buckle's unhappy isolation. His way of looking at past times is very much as if a man should sit down and write a treatise on the absurdities and superstitions of children in a tone of grand contempt, setting forth his wonder that they have not all at once reached the standard of full-grown men. Had Mr. Buckle lived more among his fellow-creatures, had he had the opportunity of measuring himself with his intellectual equals, we feel sure that, with his undoubtedly great powers and unwearying industry, he would have been led to a course of study and thought of a less one-sided kind.

At all events he is not to be blamed because injudicious friends have chosen to publish his commonplace book. The only way in which it could, as it seems to us, have been made of any interest or value would have been by dating the entries, so that they might make a kind of record of Mr. Buckle's studies and progress. But this is not done; they remain in the state of scraps, scraps which unluckily put forward, not the strongest but the weakest, side of their diligent collector. Of course they do not make up the whole of these three volumes. There are, as we said at starting, pieces here which, fragmentary as they are, it was quite right to preserve and publish. But to publish a huge gathering, sometimes of obvious truths, sometimes of obvious blunders, bits from books which are in everybody's hands, bits from books which do not deserve to be in anybody's hands, is no real tribute to Mr. Buckle's memory; it is what we trust he would not himself have wished to be done. It seems to us to spring from a feeling which he would have put under the head of absurdity or superstition, from that blind spirit of relic-worship which might have been just as reasonably spent on Mr. Buckle's old clothes.

THE GERMANS IN BRAZIL.*

THE discouraging reports lately laid before the public from British immigrants in Brazil contrast painfully with the golden visions which had been held out, and are even now being held out, to intending settlers in that part of the South American continent. Contradicted as those sinister rumours have been on official authority, we can but suspend our judgment until more decisive information has thrown light upon the actual state of things and the prospects for the future within those regions. Were the causes of failure, if failure there has been, in the case of these recent immigrants due simply to shortcomings of their own? were they inherent in the design and management of the enterprise? or are they to be sought in the climate, the soil, the political, economical, or other local conditions which rendered the effort futile? It would be deplorable were no better end than this to follow the vigorous impulse to European capital and labour in the far West imparted by the visit of the Emperor, by the floating of Brazilian securities and schemes in the money market, and by the grand plan of opening up an El Dorado of industry and prosperity by sending out 150,000 British emigrants in batches of 10,000 yearly to the virgin plains of Rio Grande, San Paulo, Santa Catalina, &c. So little is known in England of the vast territory of the Empire, that the record of a flying visit paid in the summer of the year before last by Mr. Michael G. Mulhall to the province of Rio Grande may be welcomed by many for the information it imparts as to the condition of the largest and most flourishing of the Federal States of what is in reality a Republic under an Emperor as President. The author has done well to prefix to his narrative of personal experiences some account of the geography, population, and commercial statistics of San Pedro do Rio Grande do Sul, the southernmost and most advanced of the twenty provinces of Brazil; a province which, though one of the least in area, is yet three times the size of England. What strikes the visitor on landing at the city of Rio Grande, and still more at Port Alegre, which has of late years attained the rank of capital, and forms the centre of life in this thriving province, is the evidence everywhere present of English energy and capital. Railways, dredges, gas-works, coal-mines, foundries, which are the order of the day, are all in the hands of English engineers, founded and carried on by English money. Port Alegre, at the northern end of the great littoral Lake of Patos, which with Lake Mirim to the south forms the most characteristic feature of the geography of the province, has already some 40,000 inhabitants, being double the population of the old capital. The new Hamburg Railway, now constructing, is expected to open up an important trade, shortening by half the present route to San Leopoldo, along which even now three distinct lines of steamers are plying, and to form the main trunk from which other lines will branch out towards the Atlantic and the Uruguay. Its immediate object will be attained by bringing the city into direct communication with the German colonies, the most recent wonder of the New World, which have won for the province of Rio Grande the name of the Granary of the Brazilian Empire. It is to this new and remarkable element in the prosperity of the province that Mr. Mulhall's attention was most prominently directed, and to the novel and striking facts elicited by him during his visit the main interest of his little volume is due.

Sixty thousand German settlers have converted virgin forests into waving corn-fields, interspersed with neat farmhouses and all the appliances of agricultural life. Port Alegre itself is in a manner a German settlement, the first colony having been established there in 1825. These Teutons never think of returning to Europe, but, like the Irish in North America or Buenos Ayres, become permanent settlers in their adopted home. Still they preserve, we are told, the warmest recollections of their Fatherland, and in language, sentiments, and traditions are as true to their native country as though they were only temporary denizens of a strange land. From the crowded deck of the steamer as the noble roadstead was opened out went up the hearty refrain of the "Wacht am Rhein." Three newspapers are already issued in German, and German clubs abound. The very negroes often talk German, and the whole city forms a German principality in the heart of the Brazilian Empire. At the foot of Monte Bonito among the Pelotas hills an Irish colony was introduced some twenty years ago, but it proved a failure. Some of the settlers remained only a few months, alleging that they could not eat sawdust, as they called the flour of the country. Most of them returned to Buenos Ayres after a trial of a few months. One of the last survivors of the colony, an old woman, left fifteen years ago with several small children, was met by our author on her way home from market with the proceeds of a load of butter in her ass-cart. Agriculture seems to have been by no means the forte of immigrants from our islands into these fertile plains. Such of the Monte Bonito colonists as tried sheep-farming at Buenos Ayres are reported to have been for the most part more fortunate, and to be now wealthy estancieros. It is the Germans who have turned farming on the widest scale to the most profitable account. Agriculture is almost exclusively left to them, as engineering enterprise has fallen to the share of our countrymen. The favourite occupation with the native inhabitants is raising cattle, the first estancias having been marked out in 1715, when Juan de Magelhaes came hither with a band of adventurers, by order of the Governor of Santa Cattarina. The preparation of hides and jerked beef gives employment to thousands of people in the various charqueadas or saladeros at Pelotas and elsewhere. These form the principal exports, though cereals are largely shipped from the German colonies to other parts of Brazil, the port of Rio Grande shipping annually nearly a million hides, and from 30,000 to 40,000 tons of dried beef. The Imperial revenue derived from the custom-house at Port Alegre averages 350,000*l.* per annum, two-thirds accruing from import duties, one-sixth from export, and the rest from other taxes. Of the shipping one-third is British, and one-tenth Brazilian; the German, Dutch, and Portuguese flags dividing the remaining tonnage.

Of the forty-four German colonies now flourishing in Rio Grande, the oldest, San Leopoldo, was established by the present Emperor's father, Dom Pedro I., in the fertile lands of the old Fábrica Real de Canhamo (Royal flax factory), still called Fábrica Velha, on the banks of the Sinos river, forty-seven years ago. The first batch of settlers, comprising 26 families and 17 unmarried persons, amounted to 126 souls, which were shortly after recruited by 157 more families, and in the four subsequent years by 3,701 arrivals. A check was set to immigration by the civil wars which followed, at the close of which numbers of disbanded German soldiers received free grants of land, rapidly swelling the census, which in 1866 amounted to 25,000 in the

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* *Rio Grande do Sul, and its German Colonies.* By Michael G. Mulhall. London: Longmans & Co. 1873.

single district of San Leopoldo, the farm lots ranging in value from 10 to 28 contos (1000*l.* to 2,800*l.*). An error is thought to have been made in not restricting the choice of the first colonists to such persons as small peasant farmers; a mixture of shoemakers, coopers, saddlers, charcoal-burners, and others unused to agriculture having been let in. And to the same cause might be plausibly assigned whatever of failure has attended the British experiment at Cananea. On the other hand, to this diversity of qualifications, when subject to efficient direction and control, may have been due the remarkable development which has taken place in industries of the most multifarious kind. It would be impossible, writes Mr. Mulhall, to enumerate the saw-mills, oil-presses, breweries, tan-yards, distilleries, sugar-presses, and manufactories of hats, firearms, iron-works, &c., established at San Leopoldo, Hamburgerberg, Feitoria, Hortensio, and in the country round. All the saddlery for the army, farmers, &c., is made here, as well as the lances, spurs, and accoutrements. Adding to this the hides, butter, pork, fowls, and eggs poured into Port Alegre, the official report estimates the produce of San Leopoldo alone at 10,000 contos per annum. Of late years the colonists have begun to cultivate the vine, and now the yield is over 1,000 pipes of wine yearly. They are also giving their attention to bees for the production of honey and wax. Flax and cotton being easily cultivated, there is an increasing home manufacture of these staples, rude and simple as the mechanical appliances are as yet. To make the tour of the whole forty-four settlements which have sprung up from the seed first sown at San Leopoldo would take, our traveller declares, a full month at least. He deems it sufficient to have made a round of four or five days through the Baumschneitz Valley, New Hamburg, Acht-und-Vierzig, Tea-forest, Coffee Schneitz, and intermediate "picadas." Imagine, he writes, a country nearly as large as Belgium or Holland cut out of these Brazilian forests, where the inhabitants are exclusively German, and speak no other language, where chapels and schools meet the eye at every opening in the wood. Although the Roman Catholic is the established religion, the Bishop of Alegre being diocesan of the province, the religious difficulty seems to have been solved by the complete toleration of Protestant places of worship and schools, the two persuasions being about equally represented, and intermarriage between them being common. Public instruction is almost on a level with that of Prussia, and crime is said to be unknown. Women travel alone through the forests in perfect security, while agricultural and manufacturing industry flourishes undisturbed. The several colonies have been founded from time to time much on the same principle; an agent or a firm bringing out so many families either from the mother-country or from neighbouring settlements at a bounty of from 2*l.* to 5*l.* per head, patches of land being in the first instance granted free, and subsequently sold at moderate prices payable in yearly instalments. The State has laid out a great deal of money on roads and forest clearance. Pomerania is the province which appears to have supplied the largest quota of German immigrants; but a good many Swiss are intermixed, and here and there a Portuguese community has kept itself nearly intact for generations, as in Serra dos Quevedos, near Cannaquan, and Faxinal de Cangussu. The Italians who flood the River Plate countries are seldom met with. Only one, who was playing a hurdy-gurdy, was seen by our traveller. Nor do the Americans seem to fall well into place here. There was a group of seventy-five families to whom the Imperial Government had given a land grant in Santo Angelo, but many of these Americans left the colony in disgust after a short trial. These, it was said, were not suitable people, many being unmarried, unaccustomed to country work, and displeased with everything. A mixed lot, 157 in number, of whom only 13 were native Americans, the others a rabble of English, Irish, Scotch, French, and Germans, engaged in New York in 1867, and brought to Brazil at the expense of the Imperial Government, were reported of badly by the Inspector of Colonies, who insinuates that they were shipped off at the instigation of the New York police. They were charged with repeated robbery, violence, and other misconduct. Many to whom farm lots were given, besides 2*l.* each in cash, took the first opportunity of running away, mostly to the Banda Oriental. Of 85 who were sent to Novo Petropolis, the greater part also deserted—a great relief, reported the Inspector, who speaks in the highest terms of the German settlers, in which he is supported by the personal testimony of our traveller. Whatever danger might be apprehended from the presence of so large and growing a foreign element in the province may be regarded as neutralized by the orderly disposition and the loyalty of the Teutonic race, who, as in the United States and Australia, identify themselves thoroughly with the land of their adoption, and are esteemed among the best and most useful citizens.

Of the future of this fine province Mr. Mulhall speaks in terms of hope which seem to be borne out by the proofs to be adduced of its resources, and of the wholesome spirit at work among the population. If the national debt of Rio Grande, 65,000,000*l.*, seems heavy for a youthful State, there is reassurance in the fact that this load is no more than seven years' income, or 6*l.* per head of the population. The produce of the country has moreover risen within the last four years to nearly double what it was; cotton 150 per cent., sugar 9, coffee 80, india-rubber 44. The total value of exports in 1869 was over 20 millions and that of imports over 16½ millions sterling. Great expectations seem with reason to be founded upon the progress of railway enterprise, strengthened as such hopes must be by the opening of the coal-mines of San Jeronimo, whence it is calculated that 300 tons a day may at once be raised, the seam being 4 ft. 8 in. thick, and estimated at 6,000,000 tons. The contracting Company bind themselves, we are told, to sell this coal, which took a prize at the Paris Exhibition, at Port Alegre at 24*s.*, the cost of English coal being 60*s.*

For climate, scenery, and promise of varied culture this province may vie with the choicest parts of the New World. Nor should we omit to state that for lovers of sport it offers game in variety and abundance, from bandurria (a kind of water-fowl) to ostriches and even tigers. The native Indians have had to be repelled rather smartly now and then of late in the more outlying tracts, but they are rapidly being improved off the face of the land. There is an unpleasant snake or two like the vivora de Cruz, whose bite is not easily cured, and there is a kind of upas-tree, the Arueda, under which the traveller must beware of tying his horse if he would not have the animal's body or his own swell most disagreeably, although the native women are said to have herbs for curing this inconvenience. On the whole the picture drawn of Rio Grande and its colonists has much in common with that of the model schemes of Fourier, St. Simon, Owen, or Hawthorne, while it has the advantage of sober reality in the place of speculative fancy or utopian promise.

THE LAST NEW HORN-BOOKS.*

NOWADAYS, when everything small and great, from a pianoforte down to a dust-pan, must have won a medal, or must at the very least have been approved at some Exhibition or other, we wonder that no inventive genius has as yet started a competition in school books; the prizes to be awarded, after the manner of donkey-races, to the competitors who stand lowest on the list—those who have managed to cram most blunders into the smallest compass. In any such competition we feel confident that the little books which can claim schoolmasters as their authors would bear off the palm. There are two sets of Primers now before us; the *New Code Progressive Readers* and *The Royal Readers*. On turning over the leaves we find that, though both are bad when compared with our own ideal Primer, yet the "New Code Readers" are very much the worse of the two. Yet those "New Code Readers" have been put together by a schoolmaster and the Principal of a Training College, and profess to be specially suited for working up the several standards of scholars to the pitch required by the last revision of the Education Code. The result arrived at by these two officials, thus laying their heads together, is so very dull as to remind one of Sydney Smith's witty suggestion to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, of the best means for deadening the sound without the church.

A great authority on education once wrote, what every wise man has often thought, that "Learning to read is the most difficult of all human attainments." And yet this difficulty must be overcome when the mind is young and tender, and more inclined to shirk any task that is hard to learn than to grapple with it. Indeed it seems to be the young shoots only that have life and elasticity enough to make so tremendous an effort. Not many men who try to learn to read after they are full grown ever make much of it, the Ettrick Shepherd and a few other notable examples only excepted. But, though a child's mind may escape being crushed into utter imbecility by this first learning to read, it runs great risk of being grievously warped and injured by an injudicious teacher or a stupid system. Surely, then, the great aim of all elementary education ought to be to make this terrible first step as easy and as attractive as may be. It stands on record of that terribly superior woman, Susannah Wesley, that as each of her children reached the mature age of five years she made it taste the wormwood draught of toil in all its bitterness. She herself held the cup to its lips on the day that its sixth year began. The education of the wretched little victim was begun by requiring it to master the first verses of the First Book of Moses, through which it was afterwards driven day by day. Had those children been any other than the Wesleys, such an ordeal must either have reduced them to hopeless imbecility, or made them hate not only the Book of Genesis, but all other things bearing the semblance of a book, for the whole term of their natural life. But such strong-minded parents are now few and far between, and any little Primer that aspires to popularity must present itself under some such seductive title as the "Royal Road to Reading," or "Reading without Tears," and must moreover hang out many baits in the way of pictures and gilt covers designed to lure little scholars unawares into the hard path that leads to wisdom.

Every one, from Plato to Mrs. Malaprop, has had his or her say about that much worried subject, education. Nowadays it almost seems as if every one had taken it into his head, or rather his fingers, to write about it too, so constant is the shower of little volumes under the guise of school books which the press rains down upon us. But among them all it is amazing how few can hit on a rational plan of teaching reading. They all seem to be in league together to make the first sight of the Tree of Knowledge unpleasant to the eyes, and the first taste of its fruit as bitter to the taste as may be. Their writers clearly cannot grasp the idea that the threefold aim of all primary education ought to

* *New Code Progressive Readers.* London: Collins, Sons, & Co. 1873.
The Royal Readers. London, Edinburgh, and New York: Nelson & Son. 1873.

be, first, to show the learner how to learn; secondly, to make him so relish what he has learnt that he may long for more; thirdly, to mark every day by teaching something that is new, but nothing but what is true. No knowledge gained in later years ever sticks so fast in the memory as the seed first sown there. The writers of Primers then have it all their own way. The field lies fallow. There are no stumps of error as yet to be rooted out. They may sow in it what they will. But if they will sow tares, from whence can it bear good seed? Alas! that they should chiefly find delight in sowing tares. Our *New Code Progressive Readers* and *Royal Readers* are no whit better than their fellows. They follow the lead of those who have gone astray before them, and, if we had our way, would with them be forthwith borne away into obscurity among "our failures." Their sins begin on the very first page. In No. I. of each series we find the same stumbling-block set in the way of the young beginner. Both start off with that array of signs commonly called the alphabet, bearing names that have no connexion whatever with their sounds when joined together into words. Now to learn the alphabet may be all very right and proper for pupils who aspire only to reaching the standard of learning which Sir Anthony Absolute deemed desirable in woman—to wit, that she should know her letters well enough to mark his linen, but on no account so as to be able to combine them into words. For any one who looks to getting beyond this, it is merely clogging the memory with a quantity of useless stuff.

> Hinter dem U' kommt gleich das Weh,
> Das ist die Ordnung in A B C,

said the Friar, whose ready wit described the misery wrought by Friedland's lawless soldiery. But we are in advance of this, for do we not contrive to make a woe attendant on every single letter of the alphabet? Can anything be more absurd than to tell a child that C A T spells "cat"? If the child has any common sense, it must feel that such a statement is untrue, though it may not have the courage to say so. C A T must remain *see-a-tee* till the end of time, and it would be just as rational to affirm that it spells *puss*, or *hen*, or *dog*, as to insist that it spells *cat*.

The phonetic system of teaching reading is of course the only rational one. Instead of overstraining and overloading the memory with arbitrary decrees that such and such letters spell such and such words, it brings the reasoning powers into play from the very first. By it the child first learns the true sounds of the vowels, and then the force of the consonants when in combination with the vowels. It finds out that some of the consonants are dentals, some gutturals, and so on. At last it begins to put together these sounds which it now knows by sight, and finds that they make some word already familiar to its ear. Thus each renewed effort is rewarded by the delight of a discovery. If the day ever comes when the world shall awake to consciousness of the fact that nothing ought to be taught but what is absolutely true, the first step towards carrying out the reform that must follow will be to sweep remorselessly from our nurseries all the boxes of letters and picture alphabets. A the archer and B the butcher will have to "move on" with their fellows; the children will soon find out that A and B, as they pronounce them, have just as little natural connexion with either of these worthies as one and two have with "buckle my shoe."

Hard as the task of teaching reading is, the little books now on our table are not content with it. They aim higher still. The editor of the *New Code Progressive Readers* tells us in the advertisement to the Third Standard that he has had before his mind "the gradual development of the mind of the child and of its moral faculties":—

> The lessons have been carefully selected with regard to their *subject-matter*. Hence natural history, natural productions, and passages from English history are mingled with others of an amusing character, and of a moral tendency.

For our own part we find the passages from English history so very comic that we think it quite needless to look further in search of anything more amusing. As for their "moral tendency," we cannot say much in its favour when in the first historical passage in the Fourth Standard we find this shameless breach of the Ninth Commandment in dealing with the character of Edward I.:—

> Edward resolved to bring that people (the Welsh) under his dominion, and, raising an army, attacked Llewellyn Prince of Wales. Llewellyn was killed in battle; and from that period Wales became a part of England. Edward sullied the glory of his victory by ordering all the Welsh bards to be massacred.

A little further on, in treating of the trial of the Great Cause at Norham, the writer astonishes us by telling how Edward "astonished the claimants" of the Scottish crown "by declaring himself to be the rightful heir." Of course the much-maligned Governor of Dunbarton comes in for a dab of the blacking-brush which is so liberally used on his master. We read that William Wallace,

> after many glorious efforts, was betrayed by a pretended friend into the hands of Edward, brought to trial, and hanged—a most undeserved punishment for a man whose only political sin was his heroic patriotism.

We believe that under the present regulations all pupil-teachers are required to pass an examination in English History. If so, Mr. Ridgway and his assistant, the schoolmaster, may thank their stars that their school-days did not come under the rigorous sway of the New Code. If the "historical passages" are to be taken as specimens of their knowledge of history, we feel sure that they ought to have come out of any such examination without a feather. Above all, we would entreat them to beware how they thrust into their pupils' hands such broken reeds as the following:—

> Several helps to the memory have been introduced by variations in type, *e.g.*, the Constitutional History is in old English; the termination of the name Rich *ard* will serve to remind the pupil of the *third* Crusade; the four letters in J-o-h-n, and five in H-e-n-r-y, of the *fourth* and *fifth*; so, too, the grouping of events, &c., into triplets, in Edward the Third's reign, are all intended to be *memoriæ technicæ*.

The Royal Readers are great in "historical outlines," and whoever has drawn them up seems to be in a very hopeless state indeed. The light of truth has crossed his path, but it has only made the darkness of his own mind more visible. Our historical outliner has read Mr. Freeman's *Old English History*, but without the power of understanding it. His mind cannot take in the simple fact that "The country in which we live is called England—that is to say, the land of the English." He gravely calls the first six centuries of English history the "Gothic Period," and our forefathers certain "Gothic pirates who had been in the habit of plundering the coasts" of Britain. By some mystery more profound than the Gothic origin of Pinkerton's Piks, we are told that these "Gothic pirates became the founders of the English nation."

Turning to the Angevin Kings, we find them classed as "Plantagenets proper." As they start off with Henry II. and his sons, we fear our outliner must have very odd ideas of propriety. However, we are glad to find that he does not look on Henry the Eighth as the pillar of the Protestant faith, but knows that in those days, when every one's head was shaky on his shoulders, there was as great a risk of getting into trouble for heretical notions about the mass as for orthodox views as to the supremacy of the Pope. We should be glad to know whether there is any portrait still in existence of Oliver Cromwell sitting "on the throne in royal robes," as we are now informed for the first time of his having ever done so. Like their "New Code" fellows, these *Royal Readers* profess to convey information in many branches of science. Geography, chemistry, natural history, all come in for a share of notice. The geographer seems to be as much in the dark as his historical brother as to the connexion between lands and the people who dwell in them. He tells us that "a tribe of busy little people who live in the frozen zone are called Lapps, which is short for Laplander." No doubt, then, Scot is the short for Scotlander; but we might just venture to suggest a doubt whether the dwellers in Greenland are yet generally known as *Greens*, though their winter life is little better than vegetation.

We used to wonder why the compilers of such little books cannot choose pieces from our really good English authors, instead of cramming their pages with ridiculous nonsense by way of science, verses by nameless poets, and flabby little stories filled with the wise saws of sententious schoolmasters, which we are sure the children can find no pleasure in reading. Dull indeed must the boy or girl be who would not rather go on the ramble with honest Sir Roger, or have a hearty laugh at the expense of simple Moses and his green spectacles. But our wonder ceases when we find that the highest aim of the schoolmaster is to turn out scholars who shall be able to read an "ordinary newspaper." Certainly they will not, in the pages of either Addison or Goldsmith, become familiar with the English of the *Daily Telegraph* and some other of our contemporaries. Our only hope is that the inspector who requires a child to read the strange words to be found in the columns of those journals is himself called on to explain them.

Somehow our system of national education, though it looks very well on paper, does not work as well as it ought to do. We have seen it stated that the average number of pupils who leave school able to read and write well and easily is somewhere about one for every teacher employed. And yet the teachers are first examined, and then tried, and finally certified; and the schools are subject to periodical visitations, at which times the little scholars may be seen with scared faces and clean pinafores scampering along to school to be inspected. The inspector himself is a formidable being who scares their little learning well nigh out of their heads altogether. He affects a critical knowledge of "button-holes" and "herring-bone," and shines forth from the midst of that halo of wisdom and learning which the vulgar see encircling the head of every "Oxford man." But the result of all his labours is such as to make one think of the children's gardens which remain bare of flowers because the too curious little gardeners will dig up the seeds to see whether they are really sprouting. Indeed, there are we believe some persons so sceptical as to doubt the efficacy of so much examining, and to hint that, after all, there may be some truth in the old adage about the "watched pot that never boils."

LESSONS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.*

WHAT are the lessons of the French Revolution? A good many different answers to this question have been given since 1789, and a good many more will probably be given as time goes on. Some day or other political science will perhaps be something

* *Lessons of the French Revolution, 1789–1873.* By Lord Ormathwaite. Bentley & Son. 1873.

more than a name, and we shall then be qualified to draw definite inferances, from which we are at present precluded both by the prejudices which blind contemporary observers of so startling a phenomenon, and by the want of any established principles acknowledged on all sides. Lord Ormathwaite has ventured, however, to express some very decided opinions, and has expressed them, as we hasten to acknowledge, with vigour and ability. We find it hard to go much further in commendation of his book. Almost every page includes many assertions from which we dissent as imperfect, or as radically erroneous; but to discuss them fully, we should have to write not an article, but a book, or rather a library. What are the merits and defects of Imperialism? What was the real provocation to the first Revolution? What was the state of French society before that Revolution, and what is it now? These, and other such inquiries, are essential to the appreciation of many of his arguments, and the bare mention of them is enough to show how hopeless would be the attempt to follow him in detail. Lord Ormathwaite, however, has no scruples in announcing the most positive convictions. His point of view is simple and unequivocal. His great authority is Burke, as Burke revealed himself in those tremendous onslaughts upon the regicides which induced Mr. Buckle to doubt his sanity. The writer in later times with whom he would appear to sympathize most closely is Sir A. Alison, who always speaks of the French Revolution as though it were a direct result of diabolical agency. "From its very birth and during its whole course," says Lord Ormathwaite, "the first French Revolution was pregnant with evil, was false in principle, and was disfigured by violence and crime." His favourite metaphor is to compare it to the cholera, and in its later manifestations he says that its animating principle resembles "some poisonous effluvium pent up in some smothered drain, and bursting forth wherever it can find an issue to scatter death and destruction in their ghastliest forms." It is superfluous after this to add that Lord Ormathwaite holds that events have pronounced decisively in favour of Conservatism, or to say that he regards all Liberals of whatever shade as more or less completely the dupes of the detestable agitators who are threatening the ruin of society.

It is really pleasant in these times of faint convictions and half-uttered doubts to find a man pronouncing himself in so unsparing a fashion. Lord Ormathwaite is well qualified to play the part of Abdiel; and we cannot but agree that it is high time for men of his principles to speak out. If we are all going post-haste to utter destruction, it is well that we should be warned of the fate which is in store for us. Without discussing the justice of the various assumptions involved in this vigorous invective, it will be enough if we briefly point out what in our view is the fundamental error of the method. For though few people would accompany Lord Ormathwaite to his conclusions, a good many adopt doctrines which only differ from his in being less explicitly stated and not so logically carried out. Since the Prussian war and the Commune we have been treated to innumerable warnings identical in spirit, if less vehement in tone; and though on many points we are as far as Lord Ormathwaite himself from approving of revolutionary principles, we yet hold it to be eminently desirable to form a sane judgment upon such matters, and not to allow our hostility to error to degenerate into a mere shriek of wrath.

History, as Lord Ormathwaite reminds us, is, or perhaps ought to be, philosophy teaching by example. We may regard it as the record of a number of experiments on human nature, made on a large scale. As disciples of the inductive system of philosophy, we may fully grant that experience, and nothing but experience, can demonstrate the soundness or unsoundness of political theories. So far we fully agree with Lord Ormathwaite, and we may add that the French Revolution was a vast experiment which should be fruitful in results to the judicious inquirer. But we must add that the experimental method is applicable to historical problems under very narrow conditions; and the reason is obvious. The student of the natural sciences can vary his experiments at pleasure so as to isolate the particular force the law of which he wishes to investigate. The student of political science has a comparatively small number of experiments before him, and it is by the rarest possible accident that any two are tried under conditions sufficiently similar to admit of close comparison. If we could find two nations precisely alike in every other respect, but of which one adopted universal suffrage and the other a limited suffrage, we should be able to say with some certainty what were the effects of extending the franchise; though we should still have the difficulty of applying the results thus obtained to nations under a different set of conditions. But this is what we can never do even approximately. Democracy, for example, means one thing in America, another thing in France, and quite different things again in Switzerland or in Athens. And thus it is impossible to say offhand that the experiments which have hitherto been tried condemn or justify the theories of democrats. One conclusion, however, is pretty obvious, and has been expressed very forcibly by Lord Ormathwaite's great idol, Burke. That principle is that it is absurd to lay down any one constitutional theory as universally applicable. A constitution should fit a people as shoes should fit a man; and it would be as silly to demand that all nations should be democratic or aristocratic in their politics as to demand that Tom Thumb and Daniel Lambert should have their boots made on the same last. This is a commonplace, but it is still curiously forgotten in most discussions. Lord Ormathwaite, for example, is a believer in the British Constitution, and for the good old-fashioned reason that it is an admirable mixture of democracy, aristocracy, and monarchy. He regards a Constitution, that is, as a kind of chemical product which should be judiciously compounded by a legislator as a chemist makes gunpowder out of saltpetre, sulphur, and charcoal. From this conception it follows that the Constitution is best which is most permanent. The danger to be avoided is that, by adding too much of one ingredient, the stability of the compound will be endangered. Too much democracy will lead to anarchy, too much monarchy to despotism, and so on. The French, at the time of their first Revolution, had an opportunity, as Lord Ormathwaite thinks, of mixing their materials according to the orthodox prescription; the Italians have had a chance of arriving at the same happy consummation; and, in proportion as any nation approximates to this result, it is likely to be able to preserve itself in a position of permanent equilibrium. The French, however, unfortunately for themselves and the world, inserted the poisonous ingredients known as the principles of 1789; these principles, as summed up by Lord Ormathwaite, are the absolute equality of men, the negation of all religion, and the denial of any right of property; such a process of political chemistry naturally produced what Shakspeare calls a hell-broth, which has been seething ever since, occasionally boiling over, and poisoning all people unlucky enough to come within the sphere of its influence. Now, as we venture to submit, a more satisfactory analogy is to the gradual evolution of an organism, which requires different treatment and develops different symptoms at every stage of its development. If revolutionary principles are to be regarded as germs of a disease, we must still ask how they were generated, why the constitution was susceptible to their action, and how far they must be considered rather as symptoms of a necessary stage of human progress than as an abnormal intrusion of evil influences from outside.

In fact, Lord Ormathwaite seems to think that somebody said one day—There is no God; there ought to be no property; and all men are equal; that the mass of the people immediately agreed with him, and that a whole race of fanatics, whose sincerity he acknowledges with horror and amazement, have been trying to propagate these views ever since, and destroying everything that came in the way of their cheerful sentiments. Still we must ask, Why and whence? How did such notions occur to anybody? Why were they believed? What is the secret of their abiding influence? Any satisfactory answer to such questions would reveal a whole set of considerations which he calmly leaves out of account as non-existent. Thus, for example, Burke ought to have taught him that when a people break out into violent revolution the cause should be sought, not in any spontaneous desire for change, but in some intolerable defects of the government. The Revolution so far justifies itself. The ferocity which was displayed by the Revolutionists, and the violence of the changes introduced, must have been due to the want of adaptation of the system to the conditions of the country. Murder, atheism, and robbery are very bad things, but, to know why they became rampant at a particular period, we must know what made people discontented with the religion and the laws under which they lived. Rousseau might have thrown about as many firebrands as he pleased and have produced no explosion had there not been a store of explosive material ready for ignition. But why, asks Lord Ormathwaite, were not the evils met by the adoption of the British Constitution? Because the British Constitution was the fruit of a long series of political changes, and the development of a set of political instincts which were only possible under the peculiar conditions of English history. It was not adopted in France because the classes which worked it successfully in England were too weak and too cowardly to seize power in France. And why were they too weak and cowardly? Because of the peculiar system which had grown up in France, and dissociated them for many generations from active influence upon the Government. And why had that system grown up? From the French national character, from the geographical position of the country, and from a thousand other causes, which it would require the labours of a lifetime to elucidate. After reviewing the long series of causes and effects, we might be enabled to say with some authority what were the conditions which generated these poisonous principles, how far the principles were founded on a misapplication of facts, and how far they included a legitimate demand for the redress of grievances. Thence we might proceed to discuss the best mode of meeting them, what concessions must be made to the sounder theories involved, and when we can successfully withstand those which involve erroneous assumptions. Lord Ormathwaite is like a physician of the old school, who finds that his patient is making too much blood, and proposes summarily to bleed him till the superfluity is removed. A more reasonable practice would prescribe a careful diagnosis with a view to removing the deeply-seated causes of the constitutional disorder.

Lord Ormathwaite indeed asserts explicitly that these poisonous principles are entirely absurd and wrong; and his method is to state them in their most extravagant form and to argue against them accordingly. He urges, for example, that men neither are nor ever can be absolutely equal. That is a very true and important, though not a very original, remark; but it does not prove that the revolutionary demand for equality does not involve a protest against many real grievances, though, like most protests, it has been pushed beyond all reasonable limits. To meet the revolution it is necessary to understand it, and mere general attacks

on its most extravagant theories are therefore so much labour thrown away. A controversialist should always state his adversary's principles in their strongest form, if he wishes to convince any one who is not convinced already. And, finally, if the principles are utterly false, it still remains to be asked why false principles exercise so much influence and attract so many proselytes. That is a question to which we need not attempt any answer, but which we commend to Lord Ormathwaite's serious consideration; for it will lead him to the root of the problem. The phenomenon which he describes is far too complex to be settled offhand by a few vague propositions about democracy and the British Constitution.

ROBINSON'S MANSIONS AND MANORS OF HEREFORDSHIRE.*

ALTHOUGH a complete county history involves the labour of at least a lifetime, it is unfair to ignore the contributions towards such a *magnum opus* which are made by pioneers and outsiders. Without endorsing the rule that in composing a county history one main ingredient should be abuse of your predecessors in the task, we must admit that, whilst Price and Lodge did little more than begin a History of Herefordshire, the two quartos of Duncomb carry it over but two or three of the hundreds. In the absence, therefore, of a complete history there should be room for volunteers who confine themselves to a district or a speciality. Curiously enough, in Herefordshire the chief contributors in this line have hitherto been "foreignors." Townsend's *Leominster*, an octavo of merit, not only gathers up the *notabilia* of the borough from the time of Leofric and Godiva, but also throws collateral light on the surrounding districts. Yet Mr. Townsend was connected with Leominster only by a brief incumbency, coming and going through a system of exchange of which little good can be said save that in this case it produced an historian for the neighbourhood. Mr. Robinson, too—the author of the "Castles" which we reviewed two or three years ago, and now of the *Mansions and Manors of Herefordshire*—is not, we believe, a native of the county in which he is now beneficed. Bringing to his task quick observation, active research, and a knack of grouping together matters of local interest both of the past and present, he has produced a second volume of considerable merit, and earned the thanks of the county of his adoption by preserving valuable historical matter which might otherwise have become obliterated. In this volume are recorded such facts as he has been able to collect relative to the manor-houses of the county and their owners. As regards literary distinction Herefordshire has less to boast of than most counties. Philips, the author of *Cider* and the *Splendid Shilling*, and William Broome, Pope's ill-requited coadjutor in the translation of the Odyssey, contemporaries at Church Withington and Ewithington, may be fairly claimed as natives. So, too, Richard Payne Knight, the author, as Mr. Robinson notes, of a didactic poem, *The Landscape*—he might have added, of the *Prolegomena to Homer*, the *Principles of Civil Society*, and an *Analytical Enquiry into the Principles of Taste*—and his younger brother, Thomas Andrew Knight, the author of *Pomona*, were undoubtedly Herefordians, born and brought up at Wormesley Grange, one of the most sylvan, but least visited, spots in modern Herefordshire. Mrs. Barrett Browning was born at Hope End in Colwall parish, where her father, Edward Barrett, bought an estate and built a mansion of Moorish character, which he sold in his lifetime. Brinsop Court, curious in an antiquarian point of view, cherishes the remembrance of visits from Wordsworth and Southey to Hutchinson, a former tenant, who was a relative of the first-named laureate. The two bards planted a tree there, still shown, and a Wordsworth window in the church has been projected and is being subscribed for. Southey is more closely connected with Dilwyn in this county, through his aunt Miss Tyler, whose father owned one of its old mansions—the Great House—where the poet spent a portion of his early days. For the rest, there is some reason to suppose that Brewster, the translator of Persius, in 1741, was a member of the family which then owned the old mansion of Burton Court in Eardisland; and Jacob Tonson, the variously estimated bookseller, publisher, and secretary of the Kitcat Club, purchased—Mr. Robinson rhetorically says, "out of the proceeds of poets' brains"—the Hazle, a seat of the Eltons in Ledbury.

It may be questioned, perhaps, whether the infusion of a little more poetry into the composition of the Herefordshire worthies might not have made them more conservative of the grand old timbered houses which told no less of their ancestry than of the great staple of the county. No doubt there are laudable exceptions, due in some cases to the spirit of their inheritors, and in others to the resistance of the materials to the inroads of time. As extreme instances of re-edification which is in no sense restoration, we take from Mr. Robinson's "Mansions" two in the Bromyard district. Brockhampton, the seat of the Barnebys, to whom it came in marriage from the Habingtons, in 1552, was an old timber mansion and moated grange. But the proprietor in 1760 built upon higher ground a modern brick house with a stone entrance, which is "a copy of the East Front of St. Paul's, Covent Garden." At Whitbourne, in the same district, the modern mansion is "an extremely careful reproduction of a pure Greek building—the details of the interior being borrowed from the Temple of Erectheus at Athens, with which the Ionic columns supporting the pediment also correspond" (p. 300). The homely saw—"a place for everything and everything in its place" might have suggested that pure Greek edifices are not exactly adapted to the woodland scenery of rural Herefordshire. But if these are extremes, it has fared scarcely better with other seats of old county families. Modern Moccas, in a park of unequalled timber, is a structure which, as Mr. Robinson notes, recalls too vividly the Adelphi Terrace in London, which was built by the same architects, the brothers Adam. Canon Frome, which stood years of pounding and assaulting in the Civil War, when its owner, Sir Edward Hopton was "Yeoman of the Stirrup" to Charles I., is now a modern brick mansion with no vestige of its antiquity save a trace or two of the moat. Berrington, the seat of the Rodneys, is a modern stone-built mansion on the site of an old castle or mansion; but for character and style it has no pretensions to compete with the old manor house at Eye, in the same parish, which was built in 1680, and is a fine specimen of the architecture of the period. Rotherwas depends for its associations with antiquity upon its "non cuivis homini" proverb, and owes no thanks to the red brick pile which has supplanted the old timbered house. Garnston and Hampton Court are castellated mansions, the former of very recent erection, the latter a fairly happy restoration of primitive characteristics. And yet we cannot compare either with Dingley's drawings, in his *History from Marble*, of the ancient structures which they superseded, without thinking that the "old was better." This is notably the case with Newport, near Almeley, of which also Dingley gives a drawing as it was in 1680. It may be regretted that its many gables and its tokens of old days should have been exchanged either for the later mansion built by the Foleys, or for the more ambitious structure with which the present proprietor has supplemented it. We are old-fashioned enough to think that the old bits of Hom Lacy preserved in a drawing reproduced in p. 136, and belonging to the date of 1545, are far more picturesque than the cold-looking, massive, and inharmonious modern house, though the park and gardens atone for many defaults of later architecture. Hom Lacy as it is, as well as Stoke Edith and Eywood, might easily be paralleled by modern mansions of like date in any county where money was forthcoming to build them. If the sketch which faces page 249 of the old hall at Pengethley is at all faithful, the erection of a new house by the last proprietor in 1826, in place of a curious timber and stone mansion approached by an arched gateway, was nothing less than flat Vandalism. In a great many instances fashion has given the impulse to demolition, as it did at one time in the case of avenues which fell under a ban, and which could not be repaired when the fashion changed.

On the other hand, it will be seen from Mr. Robinson's pages that a fair number of Herefordshire mansions have been preserved or have been restored to their first estate and character. To pass over the fine old timber houses at Orleton, the seat of the Blounts—one of whom we ought to have recorded above as a name not unknown to literature, for he was the author of *Ancient Customs and Jocular Tenures*, a Law Dictionary, and made manuscript Collections towards a History of Herefordshire—at Dilwyn, at Weobley, at Wythall in Walford, at Kingstone, and elsewhere, we have notices of one or two seats of the thirteenth, two or three of the fourteenth, and yet more of the fifteenth century, of which not a few original features remain. At Ludford, a parish of Herefordshire separated by the Teme from the town of Ludlow, is one of the most ancient mansions of the county, parts of it being referable to the thirteenth century. From the roadside it looks gloomy enough, and its Edwardian archway introduces us only to a sombre quadrangle; but the side which faces the garden—the park across the road is, we believe, alienated from the house—preserves its ancient aspect, and parts of the interior bear the same witness. Older still perhaps, and curiously unique in its character of a fortified mansion of the thirteenth century, is Treago in St. Weonards, near Ross, the ancient seat of the Mynors family, which has held the manor for four hundred years, and has had its representatives in Herefordshire since 1150. "It is quadrangular in shape, having at each corner a small tower pierced with eyelet holes for discharge of bows and arrows. The external walls are very massive, that on the south-east side being still seven feet thick, and there are indications in many places of secret passages and chambers. The mansion was at one time surrounded by a second wall, the intervening space being employed to protect sheep and cattle from Border forays. Beyond the outer wall was a wet moat fed by the river Garron." It cannot indeed be said that Kentchurch, the modern castellated seat of the representative of the younger branch of the Scudamores, retains a like antiquity, for in 1824 a new building took the place of the old, which had some characteristics in common with Ludford and Treago. Still it preserves one or two old features—notably the Tower, where John-a-Kent, or Owen Glyndwr, was wont to conceal himself, one of his daughters having married a Scudamore, while the other gave her hand to a Monington. Near Presteign, and close upon the Radnorshire border, is Knill Court, the residence of the Knills, who were probably called after it, at least as far back as Edward II.'s time. Their descendant, who entered his pedigree at the visitation of 1569, was the father of Barbara Knill, who married John Walsham, and whose descendant in the female line is the present Sir J. J. Garbett Walsham. Although it must not be supposed

* *The Mansions and Manors of Herefordshire.* By C. J. Robinson, M.A., Vicar of Norton Canon. London: Longmans & Co. Hereford: Hull. 1872.

that the present mansion is ancient, having in fact been thoroughly restored within the last few years, yet, as may be learnt by a comparison of it with the drawing of the old house, which was Edwardian, with additions of about 1561, it is one of the very rare instances where restoration has not involved the disappearance of any of the old features. The court, the church, and the valley, once seen, are not easily forgotten. Some parts of Croft Castle date back to the fourteenth century, and so does the ancient hall of Brinsop Court, which has a good timber roof. A moat round the court, which is now a farmhouse, is the only other vestige of its antiquity. In connexion with the Danseys or Daunteseys, to whom Brinsop belonged from the fifteenth century till fifty years ago, Mr. Robinson has made a curious discovery by the aid of a flat stone in the neighbouring churchyard—namely, that one of them, the son of the cavalier Roger Dansey, married (perhaps while on foreign service) the Lady Douglas Dudley, granddaughter of Robert Dudley, Elizabeth's Earl of Leicester. The date of this marriage must have been before 1643, and it is a contribution towards the history of the favourite's progeny. In the pedigree of the Danseys, the first John Dansey is given as of Herefordshire and Wiltshire. We believe that a slab in the chancel at Elton, near Wigmore, traces the name Dansey to Dauntsey near Chippenham. So in Herefordshire the Burleys, Bodenhams, and Moningtons get their names from their respective parishes. Bridge Solers preserves the names of the blended lines of "de Brugge" and Solers; and Lenthall Starkes is curious as illustrating both processes. It gave its first name probably to the distinguished family which some time held Wigmore and Hampton Court. It took its second name from an ancient mesne lord, Starkes or Starker.

With the old houses the old names in many instances have perished out of the county. The Moningtons, Audleys, Aubreys, Garnons, Gomonds, Hackluyts, Lochards, Pyes, Rodds, and others are extinct. One or two of them succumbed to the demands on their loyalty in the Civil War: others are indirectly represented in other counties. The rest are totally eclipsed, unless perchance there linger in some out-of-the-way village the humble namesake of a once proud lord of the manor. On the other hand, some families seem to possess amazing vitality. From 1085 until now there has been a long succession of Crofts, who have mingled their blood with the best in the county, as a glance at the pedigree will show. Their ancestral castle was sold in 1746, but the present baronet represents his native county, *more majorum*. The Lingens, too, are not all gone, though the old demesnes which gave them their name know them no more. The Clynors—as old, antiquaries say, as the Roman mines on the forest side of the Wye—have kept their patrimony and added to it; and the Scudamores of Kentchurch, though not so old as these last, stand almost alone in the county as proprietors of the same soil which their fathers held five centuries ago.

With his other matter Mr. Robinson blends happily biographical sketches and opportune gossip and folklore. The accounts of Serjeant Hoskyns, Viscount Scudamore, Thomas Blount, and of that time-serving Jack-on-both-sides, Colonel Birch, leave nothing to be desired. Of the last he tells us that, having enriched himself with the spoils of war as a zealous Cromwellian, "these he contrived to retain when the tide of affairs changed, for with rare foresight he took part in the negotiations for the return of Charles II., and, consistently inconsistent, ended in supporting the Prince of Orange." It is due to Herefordshire consistency to note that this imitator of the Vicar of Bray's tactics was a "packhorse driver" from Lancashire. Of the romance of county history our author has been more sparing in his Mansions than in his Castles, though under the head of Wellington he tells the tragedy of the two sons of Sir Edward Goodeve, the owner of Burhope, in that parish. "The elder inherited Burhope, but having no children, and being on bad terms with his brother, threatened to disinherit him in favour of his nephew, John Foote, of Truro. To prevent the execution of this threat, Captain Samuel Goodeve caused his brother to be kidnapped at Bristol, and then to be strangled by two sailors on board the man-of-war which he commanded. The murder took place 17th January, 1741, and on the 15th of April following the fratricide was executed at Bristol."

More than one good epitaph is rescued from the oblivion of old walls in these pages. Pedigrees must be awkward things to handle, yet, as far as our knowledge serves, Mr. Robinson has dealt with those given in his book without fear or favour. The only slip we have noticed is where through inadvertence in one of them he has made the last heiress of an old name and estate marry her nephew (see p. 8). There are undoubtedly minor inaccuracies as to the precise succession of buyers and sellers of estates in divers parishes; and probably others besides ourselves will detect a few of these in the accounts of the districts in which they are chiefly interested; but these detract little or nothing from the value of the work. As a matter of taste we differ from the author in his estimate of the conservatism of the first Viscount Bateman, in introducing the ruins of the old church of Shobdon into his park to enhance its beauty. It was a twelfth-century church with richly sculptured pillars and arches; and as it was pulled down in the last century, and the first Viscount came into possession in 1725, we suspect that the restoration was only an after-thought when the old structure had been razed to the ground, and a modern structure of no architectural merit, but accommodated with roomy pews and luxurious cushions, had taken its place. With these slight reservations, we tender our thanks to Mr. Robinson for his valuable and entertaining book on county history.

CALENDAR OF THE CLARENDON STATE PAPERS.*

THE great bulk of the State Papers calendared in this volume relate to the reign of Charles I., the majority of them belonging to the last few years of the reign. They are the materials from which Lord Clarendon compiled his celebrated History. The whole number of papers is about three thousand, and they have found their last resting-place at the Bodleian Library at different times—part having been purchased, part presented, and part bequeathed. Many of them have been printed in the three handsome folio volumes published at Oxford in 1786, and entitled *Clarendon State Papers*. There are amongst them three hundred copies of letters of the early years of Elizabeth's reign, which, as the writer of the preface truly observes, are of considerable interest, relating as they do to the mercantile and religious affairs of the kingdom. Considering that some of these papers are copies of letters addressed by Elizabeth to foreign princes, it is somewhat surprising how many of them do not appear in the corresponding volumes of Mr. Stevenson's Calendar of Foreign Papers of that reign. The great majority of them do indeed appear there, especially those of the first year, during which period Mr. Stevenson incorporated with the State Papers in the Record Office those which are to be found in the Cottonian, the Lansdowne, and other collections. We have before now (see *Saturday Review* for March 3, 1866) complained of the restriction which was imposed on Mr. Stevenson when he had reached the middle of his second volume. It seemed to us unreasonable to leave out of a Calendar of State Papers about half the number of documents known to exist in this country which are entitled to that name. All historians know of the valuable collections of papers belonging to the reign which may be found in public libraries, though perhaps few are acquainted with those which are here calendared as Addenda, and occupy a separate volume of the Clarendon Papers. They are headed by the following account:—

> The following papers, Nos. 1—326, form the contents of one volume of official transcripts of letters on foreign affairs during the early part of the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

They are only copies, and of course therefore are of no value to any one who can see the originals; and the question naturally arises as to whether the originals exist, and where they are. And here we think the editors have fallen short of what might have been expected of them. There is no attempt made either to supply this information or to explain where any of the documents have appeared in print. The editors observe that they should be read in conjunction with the Foreign Series of State Papers edited by Mr. Stevenson for the Master of the Rolls. Nothing would have been easier than to add a note to such papers as do not appear calendared in Mr. Stevenson's volumes. As regards the first volume and the first part of the second volume of that work, such notice would have gone a good way towards proving that the originals do not exist at all, though unfortunately the same argument would not hold good with regard to State Papers of a later date than 1559. It is obvious to remark that, if the original has disappeared, the value of a copy such as we find in this volume is considerably enhanced. We have compared the two publications as regards the first two years of the reign, and observe that nearly all of the State Papers calendared here appear in Mr. Stevenson's work, and, we may add, much more fully epitomized than in the volume which we are reviewing. The very first page, however, enables us from the copy to correct a wrong date given by Mr. Stevenson, possibly by a mistake of copying from the original. He assigns October 18 as the date of Albert Duke of Prussia's letter to Mary, which was acknowledged after her sister's death by Elizabeth, on December 28. The date November 13, as given here, is no doubt the correct one. But we have a graver fault to find with the editors in that they have made no attempt to supply a date where it has been inadvertently omitted by the writer, or forgotten by the transcriber of the letter. The second page of these Addenda affords an instance in point. The letters Nos. 11 and 12 are placed between April 25 and June 4, without any other note than the marginal one—"No date." They appear in Mr. Stevenson's volume with the conjectural date "[April 15]". In the very next entry we have the startling intelligence that the Queen, writing to Philip of Spain, acknowledges the receipt of "his letter of May 8, informing her that the Bishop of Aquila is to succeed to the Crown of Feria, speaking highly of the latter." Of course this would mislead no one who is conversant with the history of the period, but if the editors have represented the scribe correctly, they were at least bound to explain what he meant, and not leave the unlearned to search out the meaning of the expression "Crown of Feria," which is of course nothing but a wrong transcript or an error of press (which, we cannot determine) for "the Count of Feria." This letter, again, is without date, but has the probable date of "[May 17]" tentatively assigned to it by Mr. Stevenson. These are specimens of the small amount of trouble bestowed upon these papers. After January 11, 1560,

* *Calendar of the Clarendon State Papers preserved in the Bodleian Library*. Vol. I. to January 1649. Edited by the Rev. O. Ogle, M.A., and W. H. Bliss, B.C.L., under the Direction of the Rev. H. O. Coxe, M.A., Bodley's Librarian. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1872

there is a long series of letters without any break, all copies, the originals of many of which we know nothing about. They are probably in existence, and will perhaps be found some day. They are not of much importance, with the exception of the first two—the one to the Archduke Charles, the other to his father, the Emperor Ferdinand, both of them containing a refusal to entertain the offer of marriage which appears to have been received about the end of the year 1559. The latter is among the Royal MSS. in the British Museum.

The chief interest of the letters of the earlier part of the year centres in religious and educational matters. It is curious to see how persistently Elizabeth says she will carry out the true worship of God after the model of the Augsburg Confession; and in one of these letters to Albert Duke of Prussia, July 2, 1559, she informs him that at his request, as well as for Barlow's own merit, she had promoted that scoundrel to the see of Chichester. And here again we observe this is not a strictly accurate description of what the Queen says. She notices the praise bestowed by Albert Duke of Prussia on William Barlow, and states the fact that she has promoted him to Chichester. She may have wanted the Duke to believe that his recommendation had value with her; but she does not venture on the statement, which would have been a mere falsehood, that the Duke's opinion had anything whatever to do with the appointment. Afterwards, in another letter to Augustus Duke of Saxony, she declares that she will purge religion in her kingdom in spite of the Devil himself. It is not till the summer that the proposals for marriage appear to come in pretty thickly. To the King of Sweden she avows that God has filled her heart with the joys of celibacy. To the Archduke she says she has no inclination to matrimony. There are, however, but few letters referring to the subject in comparison with the number to be found in the Record Office, the next being about the middle of 1561, when she declines, with some vehemence, the renewed proposals of marriage from Eric, who had lately succeeded his father Gustavus on the throne of Sweden; and the last two, bearing date respectively December 14, 1561, and March 27, 1562, in the first of which she begs Eric to cease from taking any further steps in these negociations, and in the last declines again to enter upon the subject at all. The remainder of her letters to the King of Sweden do not allude to the subject, which had been dropped soon afterwards by mutual consent. We have no more to say of this volume, which is calendared apart from the others in the Addenda, except that from the end of the first year of the Queen's reign we are being perpetually reminded by the papers which appear here, and do not appear in the volumes issued in the series of the Master of the Rolls, what an immense loss we have sustained by the restriction placed on Mr. Stevenson and his successor, Mr. Crosby, as to the papers they are allowed to calendar. All this period will have to be gone over again before we shall be in possession of the information which English libraries are able to supply us with regard to the history of this reign.

These Addenda are concluded with the insertion of thirty more articles, which range from 1586 to 1648; but whether they occupy a separate volume, or have been accidentally omitted by the editors and afterwards added, does not appear. The last must contain curious matter. It is calendared as "*State Colors and Complections*, in which are reasons against the proceedings to try the King," signed John Clayton, with a note as follows:—"This I delivered to Ireton about a fortnight before the King's trial."

We have noticed the Addenda first, for they are entitled to this precedence owing to their priority in point of time, nearly all of them having reference to Elizabeth's reign. That they are so briefly epitomized is no great loss, as Mr. Stevenson's Calendar has done this office so abundantly as regards most of them, and the few that are not in that Calendar are of minor importance.

As regards the papers calendared in the body of the work, they are nearly all of the reign of Charles I., with the exception of a few letters of no importance which belong to the reign of Elizabeth, and a few of the reign of James I. Among these latter are some interesting papers relating to the projected marriage of the prince with the Infanta of Spain, and "A discourse written by the Earl of Devonshire in defence of his marriage." This refers to the celebrated marriage of the Earl to Lady Penelope Devereux, the divorced wife of the Earl of Essex, which forms so conspicuous a blot on the reputation of Archbishop Laud. From the year 1621 forwards, many of the documents have been printed in the *Collection of Clarendon State Papers*, and all these are duly entered as printed in that publication, as well as some others which have appeared elsewhere; but here again there is indication of carelessness on the part of the editors, who have not in all cases noted the places where these documents may be seen in print. We may instance No. 1132, of the publication of which in the sixth volume of the edition of Laud's works no notice whatever has been taken, though here again we have another complaint to allege. There is a wholly unnecessary note explaining some of the contents of this letter, an incongruity which is strikingly contrasted with the very meagre analyses which appear of most of the documents.

The first thousand of these are for the most part in the Clarendon Papers, so we need say nothing of them, as they have long been accessible to all readers of history. After the date of 1637 A.D. there is a larger number of papers which have never appeared in print. There are, however, few that we can notice, for the epitome of them is so brief as only to be just sufficient to identify them, and all the more important documents may be seen in the *Clarendon State Papers*. Nevertheless the two editors have not been absolutely consistent as regards this point, some of the letters having been represented more fully, and one appearing at full length, being a letter from Henrietta Maria to the Prince of Wales. It is no doubt a curious specimen, showing how little knowledge of English spelling a French Princess who had lived nearly twenty years in England possessed. But as the document had already been published in the *Clarendon State Papers*, there was no reason for reproducing it at length in a Calendar of State Papers. Several of the papers of the year 1646 have been printed in the collected works of King Charles. But this information, instead of being appended, as it ought to have been, to each of such letters, is conveyed in a note at the foot of page 323, where it is vaguely said, "The above controversy is printed in King Charles's works." The letters referred to form the well-known correspondence which took place between the King and Alexander Henderson, but the note itself does not explain how many, or whether all, of the letters that occupy the three or four preceding pages are alluded to. We need not make any further mention of them, but we may observe that neither the King nor the Scottish divine appear to have had the slightest perception that neither of them could ever satisfy the other on the knotty point of episcopacy, so long as the ultimate reference was to the letter of Scripture, which was sure to be interpreted by a Presbyterian in favour of a presbytery, and by an Episcopalian as equally conclusive in favour of episcopacy.

There is one paper, however, which has an interest of its own, independently of its never having been printed. It belongs to the month of May 1646, and consists of forty-one pages, chiefly treating of military affairs. It is headed:—"Brief memorials of the unfortunate successe of his Majestie's army and affairs in the yeare 1645, being only such as the laps of tyme, want of papers and the sadnesse of the subject have suffered me to retoyne in memory." It is summed up in the following melancholy terms:—

> To conclude this sadd discourse, which is an acumulation of misfortunes, it is observable that if from May 1645 unto that time 1646, his Majestie had beene successefull in any one of his undertakings, or had donne the contrary to what hee did, hee had beene eyther Master of all, or at least had kept himself on foote a much longer time.

No. 2934 contains the papers which passed in the Treaty of the Isle of Wight, at length, down to November 27, 1648, and the few documents of later date than this that are calendared in this volume take us down to the execution of Charles I.

Though we have found fault with some part of the execution of this volume, some allowance must be made for its having had two editors in succession, and for the difficulty of one editor's following exactly in the footsteps of his predecessor; but, taken as a whole, the Calendar has been carefully edited, and has an admirable index.

GOLDEN MEMORIES.*

THE chief characteristic of this novel is exaggeration. Everything is in mental and moral superlatives, and all the butterflies implicated are broken on wheels of the first magnitude. "Effie Leigh," who tells her own story, is a young woman of what old-fashioned people would call an ill-regulated mind. She is as wearisome, too, as such young women usually are, with her pettishness and her pride, her self-consciousness and easily wounded susceptibilities, her vanity and childish tempers, her extravagance in pleasure and in pain, in love and in dislike. Craving for excitement and distinction, at seventeen years of age she has the happy chance presented to her of playing in a public concert at which her father is one of the performers; when she receives a bouquet of lovely roses, and, having been left alone for a few minutes, is addressed by a tall, handsome young man, with "speaking black eyes." Those eyes, by the way, have the faculty of changing their colour, for a little later we find them catalogued as dark brown. She makes a decided success both by her beauty and her music; but even in the supreme moment of her triumph her self-love is such that she can be "chilled" by hearing herself described as with "pink cheeks and blue eyes," and can moralize on the "sting in the wound" of her "beauty" being held to "consist merely of pretty childish colouring." Soon after this she goes to a private party to play, where she meets again her "hero-knight" Gerard Miles, who bites his long moustache, and makes sudden and secret love to her in a way which no really pure-minded girl would have allowed. Of course she falls desperately in love with him. What girl of her stamp could resist the fascinations of a tall and handsome young man who speaks slightingly of his host's daughters and his own cousins, to one of whom he is engaged; who asks her what is her name, and when he hears it is Euphemia, exclaims "with a slight start," "Good heavens! what a mouthful for such a mite!" and then, on her *naïve* invitation to him to call her "Effie," takes her hands, and says "Sweet Effie," by way of improving the occasion? If this kind of thing is really true of our modest English girls, then "Miss Lucy of Bayswater" was no dream of a spiteful fancy, and Azamat Batuk's caustic portrait was only too much like life. For ourselves we do not accept such a person as Effie Leigh as possible among the ranks of the good girls. There may be, and unfortunately there are, too many who, like her, have nothing of the reticence of modesty, nothing of the innate wisdom of purity—for we reject entirely the theory

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* *Golden Memories.* A Novel, by Effie Leigh. 2 vols. London: Samuel Tinsley. 1873.

of Effie's overwhelming innocence, or that she did not know the accidence of maidenly reserve because she was too pure to understand evil; but we do not hold them up as creatures to be praised and admired; and when we paint them, we give them in their true colours. It is this glozing over evil which does the moral sense of the young so much harm. The false affectation of innocence by which certain girls are represented as doing outrageous things with quite seraphic intentions is a real injury to youthful readers, impressionable and imitative as youth generally is; and "pretty Fanny's way," received with indulgence because pretty Fanny does not choose to know right from wrong, but poses herself as an *ingénue* all roses and lilies, is likely to lead those out of the straight way who think it a fine thing to get pleasure by wrongdoing, and to win immunity from deserved blame by pretence of not knowing it was wrong. From this point of view *Golden Memories* is as mischievous as such a weak bit of work can be; and "Effie Leigh" would have been all the better for passing under some of the wholesome discipline in use among our grandmothers.

The picture of the scrambling, expensive, hospitable artist's family, whereof Effie is the eldest daughter and of course the beauty and the pet, is good in its way, but confused and excessive. The canvas is overcrowded; and as the younger branches of the family count for very little in the subsequent history—indeed are never more than mere names and clothes-horses—the author might have spared herself the trouble of creating them. Her intention, however, was good; and her sketch of the twins, Idalia and Alice, spending all their time at the Kensington Museum, looking at everything as food for crayons, valuing all they see just in proportion to its artistic worth, and getting sallow over their paints, is natural enough. But they are too young; as indeed is Effie; the author evidently belonging to the school which likes its fruit green. Mr. Leigh is a music-master who has married one of his well-born lady pupils, and is discarded by her proud family in consequence. They have seven children—"seven gifts," as they are called—whom he educates according to their respective inclinations, and brings up in the wildest domestic freedom. His wife is a gentle and devoted woman, who works well with her needle, and has no force of character, but enough sweetness to remain the tender lover throughout; and their life may be summed up in music, painting, debts, and duns, open house kept for all friends, no regularity in anything, any amount of money earned running out like water through a sieve, and the idle ones of the family suffered to be idle as much as they would, and to live on those who would work. All this is well schemed. But we feel a certain rawness in the combinations. Too many unlikenesses lead to a sense of discord; and when we see figs and thistles on the same stem we are more inclined to question than admire. The coarseness of the boys goes well enough with the scrambling of that unthrifty life; but the ethereality of the heroine, her "passionate soul" and poetic temperament, would, we fear, have been sadly jarred in such an atmosphere. And surely the children of professional men, who enter on professional life themselves, do so with the ballast of familiarity to steady the romantic aspirations which belong rather to amateur dreamers than to actual workers. They are so much accustomed to the "public" as their possible patron and harvest-field that, when the time comes for them to face the footlights on their own account, in spite of the faintings and failings incident to youth and novelty, the prosaic end in view lifts them out of such fluid romanticism as Effie ascribes to herself. The one all-important thing they think of is to play their piece well, whatever it may be; not to "pour out their soul," as we may suppose true of an improvisatore in a fine frenzy. Inspiration coming on the accurate performance of a nocturne or a sonata which has necessarily been played and practised till every bar is as familiar as the alphabet, and every expression as precisely determined as an actor's points, is not, we imagine, the thing most likely to mark the rendering of a music-master's daughter of seventeen, playing for the first time in public. She might be frightened, but she would not have been ecstatic.

Following immediately on this first outpour of her soul on a platform comes the episode of Gerard Miles, with the sudden familiarity and secret love-making we have indicated; and then Effie's "Golden Memories" get a little tarnished. For she soon after discovers that her hero-knight, as she calls him, has been all the while engaged to his freckled cousin Jane, and that he had been playing traitor as well as lover to both girls at once. This discovery, following on a highly coloured scene where she and Gerard act together in a tableau, she as the Sleeping Beauty, and he as the Prince, and where "passionate kisses" are given and returned in the full light of the gas if not of the sun, of course ends in an illness. This style of heroine always does fall ill when she is disappointed in love. In real life she would probably suffer from a disagreeable form of indigestion, and her family in their turn would suffer from her disagreeable temper. She would cry easily and be cross over trifles; but we question if she would go to bed and stay there in a kind of trance for six days, and then get up again and creep downstairs like a ghost, to smile on a denied lover on the eve of quitting England. For all the lovers flock to Effie—Vincent, Mark Richmond, Bernard Gresham, besides Gerard Miles—all are in love with her, while the poor twins have no one. And in this multiplication of lovers the authoress has made another mistake. Vincent, Mark Richmond, and Bernard Gresham, each in his own way represents a nobler kind of thing than Gerard. He was beauty, fascination, ignobility, and passion; they are all true and pure and good and loyal; one rather more personable than another, one perhaps a little more religious than another, but all built on the heroic plan of unselfishness and chivalrous devotion; and all far too worthy for a vain little girl to trifle with. The author should have been content with one of them. And that one should have been Vincent. It was due to his early love and long time-serving. Or, at all events, if she must have had two, she ought not to have gone further than Mark. It was absolute cruelty to create a triplet of nice young men only to make two out of the three unhappy because a fourth has been a scoundrel.

What shall we say of Effie when she meets Gerard Miles again, as a married man now, and indulges in the dangerous game of confidences in the conservatory, of pseudo-maternal attentions to his children, and emotional references to the fond past? Though warned of her lingering passion by her own face, "from which every morsel of colour flies" when she first sees him, by her "turning hot and cold" at his approach, and by the other stereotyped physical signs of the passion called love, she yet draws near the flame, plays about it as long as she dares, and all but singes herself severely. Had she been a good girl she would have escaped from such a time of temptation; but she stayed and paltered with it; and the odd part of the matter is, that the author does not seem to think she has done anything doubtful in her representation. The fairy scene where Effie refuses to act again the perilous part of the Sleeping Beauty, and Gerard says, in a "low rigid voice," "I swear I will never kiss another Princess," is a rich piece of mock heroics and silly affectation. It leads, however, to nothing after all; for Effie acts as Undine, and the "adoring lover" is Gerard; and there is an immense amount of sentimentality and love-making more or less disguised all through, with no thought of the feelings which Jane with the freckles may be supposed to entertain. All this part of the book is offensive; and if it were not that the "passion" of it is at times so intensely ludicrous, and so oddly mixed up with familiar phrases and bad grammar, that it is more likely to make the reader laugh than blush, we should hold it as extremely pernicious. So indeed it might prove to the very young and very silly; but we trust that mothers and guardians will keep out of the way of such a book which contains a scene of passionate love-making by a married man, with the half confession of the woman that she loves him still. The characteristic conclusion to this scene is that Effie bolts herself in her own room, and then flings herself on the bed, "burying her face in the pillows to stifle the tearless sobs that were shaking her whole frame." We said "characteristic," because there is scarcely a chapter which has not sobs, or "hot tears," from Effie as her contribution to the general liveliness of the story. She seems to imagine that a pretty girl can cry and look none the worse for it, and that crying "like a baby" is no disgrace to a full-grown woman of good understanding. The book is, however, so silly all through that perhaps Effie's author is right in supposing that a little more absurdity here and there is of no great consequence when the whole is so deeply saturated. After we have been made acquainted with finery and vanity, want of self-control, temper, excess, and exaggerated emotions all in their very best clothes, it really does not signify if we have one or two more inanities to make up the full account. *Golden Memories* is high-flown, sentimental, and destitute of true delicacy, while pretending to the most ridiculous refinement. It is a silly example of a bad school, at once repulsive and sickly.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

MR. DONNELL'S *Chronological and Statistical History of Cotton*[*] is a dull book on a subject whose general interest depends entirely on its mode of treatment. The story of cotton, of its earliest introduction to Europe, of its original manufacture in the East, of the gradual transfer of the main production from India to America and of the manufacture from India to Lancashire; of the gradual growth, on the one hand, of the factory system of England, which began with a few pieces woven in handlooms here and there, and in the course of a century became perhaps the most important industry of the United Kingdom; and, on the other hand, of the plantation system of the Southern States, which began about the middle of the last century on so small a scale that the Liverpool Custom House refused to believe that a score of "bags" could be grown in the whole of the American colonies, and insisted on seizing them as of foreign production fraudulently entered as colonial, and in less than a hundred years became the staple growth of the Gulf States, and the pivot of their social system, their political institutions, and their commercial interests—such a story, told in a lively and connected style, with the more important figures inserted in their proper places, and a clear account of the mechanical inventions which exercised so signal an influence over both the crop and the manufacture, would be one of the most interesting books ever published on a commercial or industrial subject. But a mere chronological list of the chief steps in that wonderful progress, with extensive tables loaded with technical *details*, and bare notices of the great inventors *and inventions* that from time to time gave a new impulse and new possibilities to the

[*] *Chronological and Statistical History of Cotton.* By E. J. Donnell. Published by the Author. New York: Sutton & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

infant industry, can at the most only be a useful book of reference. It does not even contain the full materials for such a history as we have supposed; in which a principal ingredient would be the description of such inventions as those of Watt, Arkwright, and Whitney, and the manner in which they affected the progress of the cotton trade. In short, though Mr. Donnell's book contains many most curious and interesting facts, and supplies a large part of the matter which a clever writer who knows nothing about cotton might work up into a readable article, it is a book which only such a writer will be likely to read through, and in which, for the reason we have mentioned, even he will be disappointed. It indicates many interesting points, such as the existence of a trade in muslins between India and the Levant in the days of the Roman Empire, the greatness and decadence of the Indian manufacture, and the immense consumption of cotton in local and domestic manufactures by the vast population of China; but it does not show where the facts are to be found. It has little to tell us of the incalculable political influence of the impulse given to the English factories and the American plantations by the invention of the spinning-jenny, the power-loom, and the saw-gin; and it is encumbered with a mass of price lists and the like commercial details which, however great their importance at the time, can hardly be said to have a true historical interest. It is a book useful enough for certain purposes, but even for these incomplete; a curious historical fragment rather than a history.

We can make no such complaint of Mr. F. Hudson's *Journalism in the United States.** It is prolix, overfull of small personal details and trivial incidents, gossipy, often frivolous and often tedious. But the reader is at liberty to skip much that the writer could hardly have omitted respecting the past history of a multitude of local journals, some still living in insignificance, some which have long since died, and to confine his attention to those chapters which are either amusing or interesting, which either relate the adventures of audacious editors and the laughable incidents of newspaper rivalry, or throw light on the character and management of the existing American press. Imbedded in a great mass of necessary dulness, are to be found a multitude of very amusing anecdotes of men and journals; for instance, the races run for European information between the *New York Herald* in its brightest days and its more respectable and scrupulous, but slower and less ingenious, rivals, when pilot-boats raced the Cunard steamers across the Atlantic, and their owners were mortified by receiving the first news of the departure of their express from Cork in a civil message from the victorious and indefatigable Bennett. The chapters which deal with the New York press sufficiently explain the wonderful success achieved by that notorious personage, and show that, like most real success, it was in a sense deserved. It was not by the low scurrility, the impertinent intrusiveness, the vulgarity, and the utter want of political principle and professional decency ascribed to the *Herald* that it won its place as the most widely circulated of American journals. Mr. Bennett may have been a bad man; we incline to think that he was rather a man of average personal character who, for some reason or other, had no scruples in professional matters; but he was very clever, very courageous, and very industrious, and he gave all his ingenuity, daring, and painstaking to make the *Herald* come up to his ideal of a first-rate newspaper. It beat its rivals by the organization, energy, and expenditure which enabled it to give earlier, fuller, and more various news than any of them, and compelled those to read it who were honestly ashamed of it. If no man had a lower idea of the political and moral character of a newspaper than Mr. Bennett, none of his contemporaries so thoroughly understood or so efficiently performed the merely professional functions of an editor and manager. These chapters contain also some lively sketches of the principal editors of the generation which is now passing away—of Bennett himself, Webb, Raymond, and Greeley; of the personal and professional perils of editorial life in New York; of the relations between the press and the great political parties; and of the struggles and vicissitudes through which the leading journals of to-day established their position. The author gives us moreover some valuable information respecting the quality of the American press, the conditions of its existence, the means by which newspapers sold at one cent each, and wholesale at seventy cents a hundred, contrive not only to keep themselves afloat, but to make large profits—particularly in such passages as the extract which gives in full the evidence of Mr. Greeley before a Committee of the British House of Commons on the Newspaper Stamp and Advertisement Duties. There is much in the book that is not agreeable to English notions of literary decorum, much invasion of what we should consider merely private life, and some disgraceful incidents told in a style which suggests the idea that the writer has been demoralized by the tone of American journalism, and lowers himself to the level of his subject: but, on the whole, the volume is at once instructive and readable, allowing, as we have said, for a considerable amount of judicious skipping.

Mr. Kenly's "Memoirs of a Volunteer in the War with Mexico"† is a plain story of camps and campaigns by a soldier who had no particular opportunity of distinction in the field, and has no peculiar gift of narrative writing; but who can tell in simple language what he saw, did, suffered, and felt, and can give a passing interest even to a theme so utterly bygone as the Mexican war. There are wars, of course, whose interest is perennial; and we conceive that the story of the great Confederate struggle will be read and canvassed by Mr. Kenly's great-grandchildren with as much interest as we feel in the story of the Peninsula and of Waterloo. But the war with Mexico was not of this class. In spite of occasional feats of heroic daring, of one or two instances of severe loss, well nigh becoming actual disaster, on the American side, and of the disparity of numbers which gave occasion for no ordinary display of military talent on the part of such chiefs as General Scott and General Taylor, and such subordinates as Lee, the utter inequality of the contending forces was such as to deprive the war of that kind of glory which attaches to more equal struggles, and ensures to their history the attention of future generations; nor was it of a kind to afford important military lessons. It was rather the inherent superiority of the English race over the mongrel races of Mexico, half Aztec and hardly one-quarter Spanish, than any strategy or any tactical arrangements, that rendered every encounter an assured victory for the invaders. The interest that belongs to Mr. Kenly's narrative lies chiefly in the lively idea it gives of the individual share of a single soldier in battles fought on so small a scale that each battalion had really a part of its own to play, and in the frankness with which the officer of Volunteers relates his difficulties in the camp and on the march, and now and then his disasters in the field. The story of Monterey—of which Americans, especially Southerners, are so proud—is a very remarkable illustration both of the style of the author and of the kind of fighting in which he was engaged; the glory, if any, of the actual attempt to storm, being rather of the kind which belongs to the hopeless charge at Balaclava than of that which attaches to desperate adventures guided by intelligent courage to a hopeful end. The whole incident affords an example of the real confusion and local disorder which underlie many of the movements which seem so smooth and regular when related, as historians relate them, from the point of view of the general who ordered and not of the soldiers who participated in them.

Mr. Richardson, Assistant-Secretary of the United States Treasury, has published for the information of bankers, brokers, and the public generally a detailed account of the various stocks which represent the debt of the United States*, the laws by which they were authorised, the legal character given to them by the sanction of Congress, the action of the Government, and the decisions of the Judiciary; the nature of the security they afford for payment in coin and for exemption from taxation, the terms and periods of their redemption, and, in short, all that it concerns a dealer or an investor to know. The volume—not a thick one—also contains a manual of the Banking Laws of the United States, and is, we should think, likely to be serviceable to men whose connexion with the Stock Exchange obliges them to make acquaintance with Federal securities.

In a treatise on the Relation of the Government to the Telegraph†, Mr. Wells, relying much on the statements of Mr. Orton, the President of the chief Telegraph Company of America, the Western Union, argues at great length against two several schemes for the transfer of the telegraphs to the Post Office. His arguments, however, are all or nearly all of a kind peculiarly national, depending upon circumstances in which America differs from England, and therefore are not applicable to our own case. But for this very reason they have a certain political interest, as throwing light on the way in which the American system works, especially since the Civil War has so vastly enhanced the powers of the Federal Government. Mr. Wells objects to transfer the telegraphs to the Post Office, because the Post Office does not pay, and the telegraphs under its management would impose new burdens on the taxpayers of the country; and he shows incidentally that England is almost the only country in which an extensive system of Government telegraphs does pay. He objects to trusting Government with the vast increase of patronage and the acquaintance with people's private affairs which the possession of the telegraphs would involve, and insists as on a notorious fact that that confidence in the honesty and privacy of the telegraph which is accorded to a private company would be refused to a Government department. Incidentally he brings out the one strong argument for a change—that the telegraphic system of the States is rapidly becoming a monopoly in the hands of the Company which already controls more than two-thirds of the whole mileage.

Dr. W. C. Fowler reprints from local periodicals some interesting observations on the Local Law of Massachusetts and Connecticut‡, the object of which is to show, that from the very

* *Journalism in the United States, from 1690 to 1872.* By Frederick Hudson. New York: Harper & Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1872.

† *Memoirs of a Maryland Volunteer. War with Mexico, in the years 1846-7-8.* By John R. Kenly. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

* *Practical Information concerning the Public Debt of the United States; with the National Banking Laws.* For Banks, Bankers, Brokers, Bank Directors, and Investors. By William A. Richardson, Assistant-Secretary of the Treasury. Washington: D. C., W. R., & D. H. Morrison. 1872.

† *The Relation of the Government to the Telegraph; or, a Review of the Two Propositions now pending before Congress for changing the Telegraphic Service of the Country.* By David A. Wells, late United States Special Commissioner of the Revenue, Chairman of the Tax Commission of the State of New York. With Appendices. New York. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

‡ *Local Law in Massachusetts and Connecticut, historically considered.* By William Chauncey Fowler, LL.D. Prepared for the New England Historical and Genealogical Register; with Additions. Albany: Joel Munsell. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

first foundation of those colonies they have, at every risk and in spite of all authority, practically asserted the supremacy of their local laws over all other law, Royal or Federal, within their boundaries. He shows that at a time when the Church was supreme at home Massachusetts dared to persecute and expel Episcopalians; that she refused obedience to positive injunctions from the later Stuarts to check the maltreatment of the Quakers; and that she legally incurred the forfeiture of her charters by systematic encroachment on the authority of the Crown and Parliament, and was so conscious of this as to allow judgment to go by default. Under the Constitution of 1787 he traces the perseverance of the two States in a similar course; the limitations on the Federal power originally imposed at their instance; the interpretation placed on the Constitution; the all but treason of the New England States in the war of 1812; the repeated and positive assertion of a right to secede at pleasure; and the systematic violation both of the Constitution and of Congressional law by the "Personal Liberty Laws" of Massachusetts. He proves, in a word, beyond all question (whether he meant to do so or not), that when Massachusetts and Connecticut first raised the cry for war against the South, they were attacking her for imitating their own example—for repudiating a compact which they had constantly, deliberately, and wilfully violated at her expense, and asserting that sovereign right to treat the Union as a treaty terminable at the pleasure of the Powers which made it, which had been maintained by themselves from 1787 down to 1861.

In the *Wonders of the Yellowstone* * Mr. James Richardson has given to the public, in a very small compass and in plain and intelligible language, though with somewhat too much brevity and too little clearness of description, an account of one of the most marvellous regions in America, or indeed in the world. The district immediately about the Yellowstone Lake, on the southern border of Montana, from which the Yellowstone—deriving its name apparently from the colour of the walls of the great cañon through which lies the earlier part of its course—flows to gain the Missouri almost at its commencement, has been lately appropriated as a national park, in order that no private owners may be at liberty to spoil its natural wonders by turning them to commercial account. The same course has been taken by California with equal reason for the protection of the Yosemite Valley and the mammoth trees. But the Yellowstone district is far less beautiful and much more marvellous than the Yosemite. It is a scene which fire and water seem to have done their utmost to render weird and terrible; a land of vast natural walls, shaped as by the hands of giants, of uncouth forms of stone, of stalactites and mineral incrustations; and, above all, of hundreds and thousands of geysers, hot-springs, natural baths, and mud fountains, to which scarcely any parallel is to be found in the known world. Its actual discovery was only effected in 1870, and it remains very difficult of access, and by no means suitable for the habitation of the invalids who might be attracted by a "watering-place" of such unrivalled magnificence. We hope ere long to have a much fuller and better illustrated description of this wonder of the West. Of the volume before us the most telling chapter is that which relates the adventures of one of the exploring party, who was lost in the wild regions for thirty-seven days, without food, and without either gun or compass, guide or defence. His impressions and feelings seem in some places strange and overwrought; but then the situation was unique, and few men have survived with memory intact to describe sufferings so prolonged and a tension of nerve so terrible.

The Minnesinger of Germany †, by A. E. Kroeger, is an elaborate account of the origin, character, life, and poetry of these earliest forerunners of modern lyrical poetry. Their appearance in a time when learning and literature were in most countries at a very low ebb, and Europe was scarcely emerging from mediæval darkness, the peculiar tone of their verse, the romance of life which mingled with and lent a reality to the romance of their writings, such as has been wanting in general to their lyrical successors, and the high, if eccentric, standard of art which they maintained, as well as the entire difference of style and quality, subject and treatment, which separated them from the minstrels of German epics and English ballads, render them and their history a most instructive and important part of the study of literary antiquity; and no one will be disposed to complain that Mr. Kroeger has in this little volume treated the topic at too great a length. The weakest part of his work is the translation of the Minnesongs—a task of extreme difficulty, in which a far abler writer could only have succeeded by emancipating himself summarily from the restraints under which Mr. Kroeger has placed himself in trying to reproduce in a new age and a foreign language all the metrical and structural peculiarities of men who wrote in the German of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. To reproduce the movements of men who chose to dance in fetters, but in fetters adapted to their own limbs and the conditions of their language, is almost impossible; and we must not complain if, in order to enable us to realize the rhythm and the laws of the Minnesongs, Mr. Kroeger has sacrificed their sense and spirit, and given us in many cases a painfully barbarous and inharmonious medley which is neither verse nor prose. In a few instances of simpler character and less artificial conditions he has succeeded better, and given a faint notion of the style and spirit as well as of the metre. Altogether, the work is one of true German industry and devotion; great labour has been bestowed to make the best of a difficult subject, and to produce, not a large show of accomplished work, but as complete a performance as possible of the unostentatious task undertaken. In these respects the book presents a signal contrast to the generality of American treatises, which, even more than those of our own second-rate writers, endeavour to display the maximum of product with the minimum of actual labour.

Mr. G. Bryant Woods appears, from the memoir prefixed to the collection of his writings which lies before us *, to have been a young man of considerable promise and yet more considerable fluency. Dying before he was twenty-five, he has left behind him a multitude of essays, articles, and stories, out of which this volume has been compiled; and his friends naturally suppose that if he had lived he would have ranked among the first of his countrymen. Perhaps so; perhaps not. Americans above all others are prone to forget that fable of the lioness and the fox which so vigorously rebukes the boast of writers prolific of multitudinous nothings; and one really superior achievement, however rude and unfinished, giving token of decided power, is a better augury of future success than a vast variety of pieces on none of which has anything like real labour been needed or bestowed. These essays bear evidence of unusual facility and industry; hardly, we think, more than that.

An unpretending little practical treatise of advice to men who wish to acquire the blessing of education † without enjoying the ordinary facilities, under the title *How to Educate Yourself*, seems likely to be of considerable service to those for whom it is intended, though we think it might have gone into more detail, and been of all the greater benefit. It is a little too elaborate in language and too general in treatment for men whose education is yet to be begun.

Mr. Isaac M. Wise addresses to the young Israelites of America, under the title of *Judaism* ‡, a small summary of Jewish tenets and principles, as he interprets them. He belongs apparently to the liberalizing rather than to the strictly orthodox school, and insists on the *rational* aspect of his creed. In strange contrast to this simple and practical little manual are the elaborate *Photographic Views* § in which Dr. Weninger, of the Society of Jesus, draws from each of several thousand natural scenes, incidents, or phrases descriptive of nature, a moral or religious sentiment, contrast, or parallel. Our advice to the reader would be to read three pages at a time, and take them in different parts of the volume. To read through such a series of unconnected fragments, related only by their common character of forced or fanciful analogies, is to lose all chance of appreciating them.

Concord Days ‖ is a volume of rambling discourses about things in general, by Mr. A. B. Alcott, best known to English readers by Lowell's kindly sketch of him in the *Fable for Critics*. For once this "lamb among men" has not "gone to sure death in going to his pen." Mr. Hale's *Christmas Eve and Christmas Day* ¶ is a series of stories, all in so far of a Christmas character that their *dénouement* at least belongs to that season, and some of them are very characteristic. *The Lawrences* ** is one of those fictitious family biographies of which the *Daisy Chain* is perhaps the one bearable example.

The Council of the City of Boston has ordered the publication of a memorial to Mr. Edward Everett, in the shape of a collection of speeches, testimonials, and funeral orations called forth by his death, prefaced by a memoir of the statesman himself.†† Such a volume has its place, no doubt, in public libraries and on the tables of private friends; but can it ever hope to find readers in the proper sense of the word?

Of poetry we have this month a larger supply than usual. We have a resplendent edition of Griswold's "Poets of America" ‡‡, which suggests the remark, What a number and what a bulk in two centuries at most! Can they be all swans?—*A Memo-*

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* *The Illustrated Library of Travel, Exploration, and Adventure. Wonders of the Yellowstone.* Edited by James Richardson. Illustrated with 17 Engravings. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1873.

† *The Minnesinger of Germany.* By A. E. Kroeger. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Cambridge: The Riverside Press. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

* *Essays, Sketches, and Stories, selected from the Writings of George Bryant Woods; with a Biographical Memoir.* Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

† *Putnam's Handy-book Series. How to Educate Yourself with or without Masters.* By Geo. Cary Eggleston. New York: Putnam & Sons. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1872.

‡ *Judaism; its Doctrine and Duties.* By Isaac M. Wise. Published in the Office of the "Israelite." London: Trübner & Co.

§ *Photographic Views; or, Religious and Moral Truths reflected in the Universe.* By F. H. Weninger, D.D., of the Society of Jesus. New York: P. O'Shea. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

‖ *Concord Days.* By A. Bronson Alcott. Boston: Roberts Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1872.

¶ *Christmas Eve and Christmas Day.* Ten Christmas Stories. Boston: Roberts Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1873.

** *The Lawrences: a Twenty Years' History.* By Charlotte Turnbull. New York: Sold by the American News Company. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

†† *A Memorial of Edward Everett, from the City of Boston.* Boston: Printed by Order of the City Council. London: Trübner & Co.

‡‡ *The Poets and Poetry of America.* By Rufus Wilmot Griswold. With Additions by R. H. Stoddard. Carefully revised, much enlarged, and continued to the present time. With Portraits on Steel from Original Pictures. New York: James Miller. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

rial of Alice and Phœbe Cary *, two New England ladies of strong mind and feeble constitution whose later poems, here given, are not unworthy of a humble place in the preceding collection; *Garnered Sheaves* †, the collected poems of Dr. Holland, which, if not exactly of the first order, have character, power, and point; *The Brook, and other Poems* ‡, by W. B. Wright, of which we cannot say so much; *Rhymes Atween-Times* §, by Thomas McKellar—as good as their title warrants us to expect, but not very much better; and, finally, *Treasure Trove* ‖, in which the legend of the death of Cœur de Lion is turned to comedy of a melodramatic sort.

* *A Memorial of Alice and Phœbe Cary; with some of their later Poems.* By Mary Clemmer Ames. Illustrated by two Portraits on Steel. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Cambridge: Riverside Press. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1873.

† *Garnered Sheaves.* The Complete Poetical Works of J. G. Holland. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1873.

‡ *The Brook, and other Poems.* By William B. Wright. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1873.

§ *Rhymes Atween-Times.* By Thomas McKellar. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1873.

‖ *Treasure Trove.* With Illustrations. By S. Eytinge, Jun. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

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THE COMING BUDGET.

ALTHOUGH it is always possible that a Chancellor of the Exchequer may effect a surprise, it is probable that the Budget of Monday next will bear an unpretending character. If the receipts of the past year form, as usual, the basis of the estimates, the total prospective surplus of revenue over ordinary expenditure will approach to the large amount of 5,000,000*l*.; but Mr. LOWE some time since announced that the greater part of the balance would be absorbed by the payment of the *Alabama* damages. Of a million and a half which will remain at his disposal, a portion will probably be applied to the redress of special grievances which have been more or less definitely admitted by the Government. No large sum will be required to provide relief to tavernkeepers from the assessed tax on cooks and waiters; but the claim of Railway Companies to a repeal or modification of the passenger duty would involve, if it were conceded, a considerable amount of revenue. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER lately allowed that the London underground railways had established a strong case against a tax from which their competitors who carry passengers in steamboats and omnibuses are either wholly or partially exempt. It will be difficult to draw a distinction between urban and rural railways when the question of taxes on locomotion is once reopened. It is almost impossible that the Government should maintain and enforce the decision of the Board of Inland Revenue, which imposes a heavy and distinctive duty on improved accommodation for third-class passengers. Two or three years ago Mr. LOWE made an attempt to remove the anomaly of a tax upon travellers by proposing to substitute an impost on net receipts which would have been equivalent to an additional Income-tax. The immediate effect of the change would have been to relieve the Southern lines, which depend chiefly on passenger traffic, at the expense of the great systems which are in large measure devoted to the conveyance of goods and minerals; and consequently the most powerful Companies vigorously opposed the readjustment of duties. The proposal illustrated the anomaly of imposing a special tax on a kind of income which is less secure than interest or rent. The passenger tax either operates as a discouragement to locomotion, or it amounts to an undue burden on the profits of one particular kind of enterprise. A few years ago Mr. LOWE abolished the duty on post-horses and hired carriages, which are now merely subject to the ordinary rate of assessed taxes. He would probably extend the exemption to railways if it were certain that the passengers would profit by the repeal of the tax; and there is no reason why shareholders should be exceptionally mulcted. Mr. LOWE's laudable faith in the doctrines of political economy induces him as far as possible to apply general principles; and he is constantly in the habit of expressing his conviction that all taxes on commodities are ultimately paid by the consumer. In his answer to Mr. LAING, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER was forced to rely on the farfetched excuse that Railway Companies enjoy a monopoly. The House of Commons at the present moment is not inclined to look favourably on railway property; which is nevertheless as innocently possessed as any other kind of investment. The passenger tax is not mitigated in the innumerable cases in which a temporary monopoly is disturbed by the introduction of competitive lines; but it was evidently hopeless to induce the House of Commons to make either Railway Companies or their customers a present of the entire disposable surplus. By extending his proposed exemption to private horses and carriages, Mr. LAING came unnecessarily into collision with the popular prejudice which has been sympathetically expressed in one of the emptiest and most frivolous arguments which have ever been published. The theory that owners of private carriages and first-class passengers on railways are a mysteriously favoured class of mortals is worthy of the least wise among contemporary writers on politics.

The existence of a respectable surplus which is not large enough to provide for the repeal or reduction of the more important taxes would justify some extension of relief to the poorer class of payers of Income-tax. The friends of direct taxation assert the doctrine that all incomes ought to contribute to the public wants; but, in fact, the great multitude which is engaged in labour escapes from the Income-tax, while the humbler members of the middle class find themselves within the clutches of the assessor and collector. Indulgences to the recipients of small incomes could scarcely be defended if the entire revenue were raised by direct taxation; but as long as Excise and Customs duties exist, they must be principally paid by those who form the great bulk of the population. Duties on costly luxuries only discourage the consumption of the articles which are taxed; and at best they produce an insignificant return. Beer and gin and tobacco and tea are never consumed in proportion to their wealth by the richer members of the community. It therefore seems fair, in the arrangement of direct taxation, to make an allowance for the greater proportional burden of Customs and Excise duties on the possessors of incomes below a certain standard. The limit of total exemption is now fixed at 100*l*. a year, and the possessor of 200*l*. a year is allowed to deduct from his taxable income a sum of 60*l*., which is probably supposed to represent his absolutely necessary expenditure. Since the last adjustment of the Income-tax, money has rapidly diminished in value, and some indispensable articles of consumption, including coal, have become extravagantly dear. The policy of former Governments would be consistently maintained if the standard of liability were raised to a moderate amount; nor is it probable that the remaining taxpayers would grudge the additional inequality which would be introduced into the tax. The agitators against the Income-tax, who are almost exclusively retail traders, are not likely to regard the hardships which affect the owners of small fixed incomes; but there might be an advantage in detaching from the body of assailants a considerable number of petty shopkeepers who would be exempted if the lowest liability were fixed at 150*l*. a year. The sacrifice of revenue would not be inconsiderable, but it may be doubted whether any alternative remission of a tax would afford equal relief. It will not be in Mr. LOWE's power to accomplish during the present year any heroic reform such as the repeal of the whole, or even of the half, of the malt duty. There is no urgent necessity for dealing with tea or sugar, and the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER has frequently expressed his contempt for the demand for a free breakfast-table. It is possible that judicious reductions may be still found possible in nooks and corners of the fiscal system, but the only burdensome taxes which remain are for the present protected by their own bulk and weight.

Some dissatisfaction may perhaps be caused by the determination of the Government to pay the *Alabama* damages out of the revenue of the ensuing year; but, on the whole, their decision may perhaps have been judicious. The demand might have been met either by an application of the surplus of the current year to the discharge of the liability, or by a distribution of the burden over two or three ensuing years. There would have been little practical inconvenience in raising two-thirds of the money by the issue of Exchequer Bonds or Bills; and if the payment had been due at a time when the national income was barely sufficient to meet the expenditure, it would have been better to borrow a part of the money than to increase the burden of taxation. It was a perverse measure, adopted by both parties in the House of Commons,

to increase the rate of Income-tax for two or three years to meet the charges of the Abyssinian war. On the other hand, it will be better to pay the damages out of income than to borrow the money for the purpose of taking off taxes. The present rate of Income-tax is sufficiently moderate, if the tax is to be raised at all, because it would not be worth while to preserve the unpopular machinery of collection, except for the purpose of raising a considerable income. A temporary reduction of the tax would involve a mischievous inequality; and it is not for the interest of the payers of Income-tax that the amount of their contribution should depend on the casual existence of a deficiency or a surplus. The plan of paying the damages from the surplus of the past year might have been easily adopted if the Government had wished to divert the necessary amount from its legal destination. An Act might, if necessary, have been passed for the purpose at the close of the last Session; or probably the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER might at his own discretion have retained the necessary funds. In the absence of interference, the surplus has been employed as it accrued in the reduction of debt; and it is much more satisfactory to pay off debt out of ready money than to resort to the artificial contrivance of creating Terminable Annuities. A year of usual prosperity affords a suitable opportunity for the reduction of debt, although it is doubtful whether it would be expedient deliberately to provide in every year a surplus revenue for the purpose. Every million of debt which is paid off relieves the country from a charge of more than thirty thousand a year; and the effects of a repetition of the process would soon become sensible and substantial. Mr. LOWE and Mr. GLADSTONE are probably not unwilling to maintain the existing revenue for another year nearly at its present level. A twelvemonth later, if commercial prosperity continues, and unless some untoward contingency arises, the present Ministers or their successors will have great facilities for accomplishing some brilliant financial feat. A decline in the revenue would furnish a still more complete justification for a cautious policy. Experience shows that it is almost impossible to reimpose indirect taxes which have once been removed.

M. THIERS AND M. GRÉVY.

TWO subjects of great importance have been brought forward in the French Assembly during the past week, and, as commonly happens, both have been thrown into insignificance by the party and personal incidents which have risen out of them. On Saturday the expulsion of Prince NAPOLEON was under discussion. In itself, the action of the Government was indefensible, unless M. THIERS possesses evidence of a Bonapartist conspiracy going on at the time of the Prince's visit of a very much stronger kind than any that he has thought fit to produce. The technical plea on which M. DUFAURE rested his case was quite insufficient to sustain it. There is no necessary connexion between the deposition of a dynasty and the banishment of all the collateral members of the dethroned house. If there were, some princely families would have to leave Europe altogether. Upon the inherent merits of the case, therefore, the Government deserved to be defeated. But then it was precisely the sort of case in which inherent merits go for very little. When a Government alleges reasons of State for the expulsion of a Pretender or of a Pretender's relations, it expects, and expects with reason, to have its conduct judged by more general considerations than those which lie within the four corners of a motion. The discussion cannot help resolving itself into one of confidence or no confidence. The safety of the country is the supreme charge with which the Government is invested. If, in administering this great trust, it goes so far wrong as to make a vote of censure inevitable, it is no longer fit to retain its office. In pronouncing, therefore, upon such an issue the Assembly to which the Government is responsible is bound to take the whole situation into account. When M. THIERS maintains that he had good reasons for sending Prince NAPOLEON out of France, to vote, however mildly, that these reasons were inadequate or inapplicable is to deprive the Executive of its full liberty of action in a matter in which full liberty of action is peculiarly essential to successful administration. In the division of Saturday the Government had a majority of fifty-six votes. In point of numbers, therefore, they obtained a substantial victory. But their triumph was dashed by the unexpected defection of the Right Centre. For some time past the whole policy of the Government has been coloured by one paramount desire. The Left Centre always sides with M. THIERS. The Moderate Left, and for the most part the Extreme Left also, sides with him whenever there is a really critical division. The Right is almost always opposed to him. There remains the Right Centre, and, as the attitude of all the other sections of the Chamber is pretty well ascertained beforehand, M. THIERS has of late devoted himself to keeping the Right Centre faithful. This is the explanation of M. DE GOULARD's appointment, and of all the petty concessions to the Conservatives of which M. DE GOULARD is the author. A little time back the end seemed to be gained. After three months of manœuvring the PRESIDENT and the Right Centre had apparently come to understand one another. The hearts of the Right Centre might be far from M. THIERS, but they had agreed to support him with their lips. The division of Saturday is inconsistent with this state of things. It displays the Right Centre voting against the Government upon a question of confidence, and doing this under no pressure of party ties or party traditions. The Orleanist Deputies can have no special love for the BONAPARTES, and the Monarchy of July, to which they look back with peculiar affection, was not characterized by any impracticable reverence for individual liberty. The only explanation of the vote of the Right Centre is that, though their reason bids them support M. THIERS, their instincts and their feelings from time to time get the better of them and carry them away into opposition. But a conversion which is qualified by such frequent outbursts of the natural man is at best a conversion of doubtful value. One lapse in a critical division will outweigh in the eyes of a Government years of straight voting, and when, as in the case of the Right Centre, the falls are extremely frequent, their support is, on the whole, a little less worth having than their hostility. The latter would probably win for the Government a few additional votes on the Left; the former cannot be trusted to give the Government any votes at all.

The debate on the Bill for reorganizing the municipality of Lyons has reduced the debate on the expulsion of Prince NAPOLEON into absolute insignificance. M. THIERS has so thoroughly set the fashion of threatening resignation without meaning it that M. GRÉVY's sudden retirement has taken the Assembly by surprise. The importance of this change is not to be measured by its immediate consequences. These may or may not be serious, according as M. GRÉVY's successor happens or does not happen to be a man of like firmness with M. GRÉVY. The control of the Assembly will of course be more difficult, from the fact that the bounds of decency have once been transgressed; but the Right may be satisfied with the glory of having driven from the Chair the man who by common consent was the best qualified to fill it, and it may not be anxious to prove that M. GRÉVY was right in thinking that he could no longer hold the post with dignity. In that case M. MARTEL's work, if it is M. MARTEL who is to succeed M. GRÉVY, may not be exceptionally difficult. There is another point of view, however, in which the results of M. GRÉVY's resignation are more difficult to forecast. He is said, on the authority of REUTER's telegram, to have told M. THIERS that, in order to remain President, he should require not only a unanimous vote of the Assembly, but also an assurance that the Government will renounce its temporizing policy; and in answer to an assurance from M. GAMBETTA that the Republican party rejoiced to see one of its most eminent chiefs quit a policy of neutrality which patriotism originally induced him to accept, he is further said to have referred to "recent political "changes" as rendering it impossible for him to occupy his post impartially. These two statements taken together seem to indicate that one of the most moderate and self-restrained Republicans in France, a man who in the discharge of a most difficult duty has shown himself absolutely superior to partisanship of any kind, thinks that the time has come for more vigorous action on the part of the Republicans. Whether he has been led to this conclusion by his study of the Assembly, and by a conviction founded on that study that the Right are no longer willing to observe the unexpressed compromise under which alone a Legislature that no longer represents the country can continue in being, or by the motives of personal ambition attributed to him by the Legitimist papers, is not of much moment on this score. By whichever road it has been reached, it is still the conclusion of a very able and cool-headed politician—a politician who is exceedingly unlikely to have taken such a step without having fully counted the cost. M. GRÉVY probably intends it in the first instance as a warning to M. THIERS that he may try the patience of the Republican party too far. They have submitted to see the country governed by an Assembly in which the majority refuses to dissolve because it knows that it has no chance of being returned again. Their reason for this submission has been the fact that though the Assembly itself

is reactionary, it consents to govern through an Executive which is not reactionary. But of late the Government has allowed its antagonism to the dominant temper of the Assembly to become obscured. M. DUFAURE's speeches and M. DE GOULARD's acts have all looked towards the Right. It is one thing to submit to an Assembly which is under the thumb of M. THIERS, and another thing to submit to an Assembly which has M. THIERS under its thumb. In the first case its reactionary leanings are of no importance. They do not influence the action of the Government, and consequently they leave no mark in the country. In the second case, it becomes extremely difficult to say how important they are, because the correctness of the estimate will altogether depend upon the extent to which the Government is influenced by the Assembly. In reality, it may be very slightly influenced; but if the Republican party is constantly examining the question, and trying to regulate its relations with the Government by the result of this examination, observation will more and more tend to become suspicion, and suspicion to become open enmity.

As yet M. GRÉVY's warning has had no effect upon M. THIERS. The debate on the Lyons municipality was resumed on Thursday, and M. DE GOULARD announced that the Government would accept the Bill introduced by M. DE MEAUX. The object of this Bill is to assimilate the government of Lyons to the government of Paris. The Mayor is to be removed and his office is to be abolished. The city will be placed under the control of the Prefect of the Rhône, as Paris is under the control of the Prefect of the Seine, and the Government will nominate the Mayors and Adjoints of the several arrondissements into which Lyons is divided. To apply this system to Lyons in 1873 is a very much stronger measure than to apply it to Paris in 1871. Paris had just been the theatre of an insurrection based on the municipal principle, and the withdrawal of the right of self-government might be regarded as the natural penalty of the sin. But the withdrawal of the right of self government from Lyons has no such obvious justification. Troublesome as the municipality has been, it has never been in arms against the Assembly; and M. THIERS declared not long since that the defeat of the Communists was in part owing to the support which it rendered him at a time when, without that support, it would have been impossible for him to concentrate his troops upon Paris. The attack comes with peculiar ill grace from the Right, because they have constituted themselves in an especial manner the champions of decentralization, and to interpret decentralization so as to exclude the great towns from its operation is avowedly to legislate for purely party purposes. On more than one occasion, however, an unmistakable declaration on the part of a Minister has been merely the overture to an equally unmistakable, but quite opposite, declaration on the part of M. THIERS. It is not impossible that this convenient practice will once more be resorted to.

THE GOVERNMENT AND MR. FAWCETT.

AN indefensible blunder in tactics has apparently been rewarded with undeserved success. There were obvious reasons why the Government should wish to hear no more of Mr. FAWCETT's Bill in the shape which it were down to Wednesday last. It proposed to reorganize the University of Dublin in a manner which the PRIME MINISTER had again and again declared to be inadmissible. The alterations which Mr. FAWCETT had made since the Bill was introduced had done nothing to meet this initial objection. The constitution of the Council of Organization, however good it might be in itself, was vitiated from the Ministerial point of view by the fact that it neither gave Roman Catholics any immediate share in the management of the University, nor provided any means by which they might receive a University education without sacrificing their religious convictions. The elements of which this Council of Organization was to be composed were more various on paper than in reality. In addition to seven Fellows of Trinity College elected by the Fellows, there were to be four Professors elected by the Professors and four graduates of the University elected by the graduates. But inasmuch as the University of Dublin has hitherto had no existence outside Trinity College, its professors and graduates are only fragments of Trinity College under another name. It is part of the alleged grievance of the Roman Catholic laity that the constitution of Trinity College is such that the great majority of them cannot conscientiously send their sons there. If they were already there in numbers sufficient to make Mr. FAWCETT's Council of Organization an adequate governing body for a University comprehending Irishmen of all creeds, the existence of this grievance would be disproved by the very means taken to remedy it. On Mr. FAWCETT's own showing, the object of the constructive parts of his Bill was to make the University of Dublin thus generally available, and if the Bill had been fairly worked, it is quite possible that another generation of the Catholic youth of Ireland would have won their proportionate share both of University and Collegiate honours, and thus commanded the elections to the Council. But what is to happen during the interval which must be allowed for before this other generation has grown up? Trust, says Mr. FAWCETT, to the theological fairness of a governing body mainly composed of Protestants, or at most containing a few Catholics through the operation of the cumulative vote. Mr. GLADSTONE rightly holds that to give this answer to the Roman Catholics of Ireland is only to add insult to injury.

There are good reasons, however, why Mr. GLADSTONE should not care to insist on this aspect of the subject any further just at present. He has been beaten by the Irish themselves in a generous and energetic effort to throw open to Irish Catholics the advantages of a University education. In making this effort he risked a separation from many of his ordinary supporters, and it must always be doubtful whether, if his Irish University Bill had been read a second time, this separation would not have become a fact before the Bill left Committee. This possible schism in the Liberal party was averted by the sudden defection of the Irish vote, and Mr. GLADSTONE naturally did not wish to revive the thought of it by any fresh declaration of principles as regards University education in Ireland. Yet, if Mr. FAWCETT had asked the House to read his Bill a second time in its complete form, it is difficult to see how such a declaration could have been avoided. Ministers could not have absented themselves from the division nor have contented themselves with giving a silent vote. We find no fault, therefore, with Mr. GLADSTONE for wishing that Mr. FAWCETT's Bill should be got rid of for the Session. Indeed the wish must have been shared by every Liberal who did not wish to see the divisions already existing in the Ministerial majority increased for no better purpose than to pass a measure which would not have brought the question any nearer to a definitive settlement. But we find great fault with Mr. GLADSTONE for the means he had recourse to in order to shelve the Bill. The technicality of his plea that Mr. FAWCETT ought to give fresh notice of the first reading of a Bill which had been in every member's hands for nearly a fortnight, and which did not differ in any essential particular—in any particular, that is to say, which involved principles—from the Bill originally introduced, was too transparent to impose upon anybody. The Irish members had not done him such good service that he need have constituted himself their champion or condescended to a quibble to secure them an additional chance of talking the Bill out. However interested he may have been in getting rid of the measure, he ought to have been so much the more on his guard against allowing his personal wishes to lead him into anything like sharp practice. The rules of the House and the watchfulness of the Speaker are sufficient guarantees against any section of the House being really taken by surprise, and considering how remote Mr. FAWCETT's chance of carrying his Bill through this Session appeared a week ago, the plea that the Irish members must not be deprived of their opportunity of voting against the first reading was not one that could be set up except as a scarcely disguised expedient for gaining time at any cost.

As matters turned out, however, Mr. GLADSTONE's error seems to have been more profitable to him than a strict adherence to the paths of virtue could have been. From Mr. FAWCETT's point of view, the sacrifice he has made in abandoning the constructive clauses of his Bill is a very great one. He gives up, for this Session at all events, the chance of associating his name with the settlement of a question which has baffled successive Governments and overturned the most powerful Minister of modern times. He gives up the chance of throwing a formidable obstacle in the way of any future attempt to settle this question on a different basis from that which he advocates. The passing of his Bill in its complete form might in no way have contributed towards satisfying the Irish Catholics; but it would have rendered it very much more difficult to make any further attempt to satisfy them. If the University of Dublin had been provided with the governing body contemplated in his Bill, future Governments would have had an excuse for saying, Let us wait and see how the existing constitution works before we devise another, even though that other may in itself be a better one. All this Mr. FAWCETT has surrendered. Neither his love for Mr. GLADSTONE, nor his dread of causing divisions

in the Liberal party, is likely to have been great enough to induce him to act in this way, unless there had been some other reason behind; and that other reason can hardly have been anything but the conviction that the whole Bill must suffer shipwreck unless he consented to lighten it of one half of its provisions. The amount of necessary business that has to be got through is so great that no Bill which is looked coldly on by the Government has any prospect of becoming law this Session. Mr. GLADSTONE's action on Friday week may have helped to bring home to Mr. FAWCETT's mind the fact that his Bill was looked coldly on by the Government, and, in so far as it did so, it served to get Mr. GLADSTONE out of a dilemma from which a more creditable policy might have failed to extricate him.

As the Bill now stands, any serious opposition can scarcely be looked for. Trinity College wishes to be released from the obligation of imposing religious tests upon its Fellows, and no one can have any interest in preventing it from getting its own way. Under any possible solution of the Irish University difficulty, this measure of emancipation would be included. Tests were abolished in Trinity College by the Government Bill; they are abolished by the Bill which Mr. HERON purposes to bring forward in the form of a string of amendments to Mr. FAWCETT's Bill; they would probably be abolished by Cardinal CULLEN's own Bill, if his Eminence had a seat in the House of Lords and were competent to introduce Bills in person. No theory of endowment can make it reasonable to endow a religion against its will, and since even the disestablished Church of Ireland no longer wishes the connexion between itself and Trinity College to be maintained, it would be an obvious impertinence for Parliament to insist on maintaining a union which is repudiated by both parties. It is something to have one half of a troublesome question disposed of, and this advantage the Session of 1873 seems really to have in store. The fact that the Bill was allowed to be read a first time between two and three o'clock on Friday morning may be taken to show that the hostility of the Irish members as well as of the Ministry is appeased by the sacrifice to which Mr. FAWCETT has consented; and even if they should resort from habit to their usual tactics, the possibility of talking out a measure supported by the Government is extremely slender.

THE JUDICATURE BILL.

IT was almost a matter of course that the Judicature Bill should be referred to a Select Committee, and one need not seek any explanation beyond what the nature of the subject supplies to account for the facility with which the LORD CHANCELLOR yielded to Lord CAIRNS's suggestion. Multitudes of details, of which many rise almost to the rank of leading principles, have to be moulded into shape before a measure for the reconstitution of all our courts of justice can be safely passed, and it is of vital importance that the discussion required for this purpose should take place in the House of Lords. There are not now many subjects of legislation on which the House of Commons will allow the Upper House to take the lead, but this is unquestionably one of them. As the Bill leaves the Lords it may be expected to pass with but little alteration, for only a small minority of the representatives of the people would profess to have given any serious consideration to the subject, and the opinions of lawyers cannot be expected to command that deference in the Lower House which the Peers habitually pay to the eminent phalanx of Law Lords who guide their deliberations on professional questions. The Bill will go down to the Commons simply as a Government measure which all good Liberals will support mainly on the authority of the legal wisdom and experience which will have been brought to bear upon it in the Upper House.

We deeply regret to find that Lord CAIRNS has given in his adhesion to the timid counsels of the LORD CHANCELLOR, and has pronounced it impossible at the present day to pass any but a confessedly inadequate measure. That the existing severance of the Common Law and Equity Courts should be maintained in practice while it is abolished in theory, Lord CAIRNS, in common with the LORD CHANCELLOR, seems to deplore as an inevitable misfortune. So at least we interpret this passage in his speech:—"I quite agree with those who "hold that there never can be a complete fusion of Law and "Equity till the distinction between them is abolished; but "as regards the present day, I believe my noble and learned "friend is right in the course he has adopted. He has taken "as large a step as can be taken at the present time." We are not insensible to the difference between the points of view of those who criticize and those whose duty it is to legislate, but after every allowance for such considerations, we are utterly unable to comprehend why men who can wield the overpowering influence possessed by Lord SELBORNE and Lord CAIRNS should be so wanting in the courage of their opinions as to concur in recommending a measure which both alike admit to be unequal to the occasion. That there is a lion in the path we must assume from the shrinking hesitation of our reforming champions; but what are the features of the formidable monster, and why it should strike such terror into such hearts, we can neither discover from anything which has passed in debate, nor picture to ourselves by any force of imagination. However, the fiat has gone forth that we are to have a scheme of Law Reform confessedly imperfect, a fusion which shall be at least as much nominal as real; and we are told to console ourselves with the hope that what begins with the semblance only of unity will one day clothe itself with reality, that a measure which cripples and narrows the expansive jurisdiction of Equity by hard and fast limitations of authority will result in ultimate freedom, and that the jurisprudence created by a line of illustrious Chancellors will thrive and grow the better for being handed over to the fostering care of Courts which have yet to acquire the principles ingrained in the course of centuries into the mind of the Court of Chancery. We would gladly indulge such hopes, if all experience did not teach us that they must prove delusions. How a measure which begins in imperfection is gradually to develop a perfect and harmonious system of legal administration we have not found a word to explain. The broad view of the LORD CHANCELLOR is intelligible enough to those who can condone the fatal error of giving a distinctive character to each of the divisional Courts. He says in effect that so long as you have distinct tribunals the true division will be, not between Courts which apply Common Law doctrines and Courts which apply Equity doctrines, but between Courts of litigation and Courts of administration; and accordingly he proposes to constitute three divisions exclusively for purposes of litigation, and one as nearly as may be exclusively for administrative work. On this principle all litigation, whether involving legal or equitable doctrines, is intended as a rule to be led into the Common Law Courts; while all administration such as has hitherto been entrusted to the Courts of Chancery, Bankruptcy, and Admiralty, is to be dealt with by what will remain of the old Court of the Chancellors. There is a certain symmetry about this plan which would be pretty enough in appearance if any such distinction of Courts were needed at all, and if the object of the measure were to found a new set of tribunals for a country wholly devoid of juridical traditions. But even in such a case a sounder method of distributing business would be to assign in practice administrative work to one (or, if need be, more than one) judge of each division, and so to preserve the requisite harmony between the doctrines applied in litigious and administrative suits by the constant supervision of the entire divisional Court.

In the actual problem with which the Legislature has to deal, considerations of a much weightier kind come into play. If it were conceded that one complete division should be engrossed with administrative work, it would not follow that the whole experience in Equity learning which is to be found on the Bench should be absorbed by this one Court, and that the only tribunals to which litigants are to be allowed access should be carefully purged of any taint of Equity traditions. The LORD CHANCELLOR in framing his scheme found at his disposal a certain amount of judicial power, of which three-fourths had been evolved out of Common Law traditions, and one-fourth only out of what we cannot help calling the higher traditions of Equity jurisprudence. Is it not a thriftless use of such materials to withdraw the whole of your specially developed Equity power from the field of litigation in order to use it up entirely in the narrower field of administration, and to leave nothing with which to leaven the old Common Law Courts? But it is as vain to argue with the masters of many votes as with the masters of many legions, and it will be more profitable now to consider how the mischief which we are told cannot be cured "at the "present day" may be mitigated, if not from the first, at any rate in some distant future.

It is not easy indeed to see how any sufficient mitigation is to be secured, but Lord CAIRNS has indicated two directions in which some improvement may be made in the Bill. One—and the most important—of these points to a radical change in the procedure laid down by the schedule of the Bill, the other to the preservation of the Chancellor's presidency over the Court of Chancery. The subject

of procedure calls for more detailed consideration than we can give to it at present, but we propose to recur to it at an early day. The proposed withdrawal of the Lord Chancellor from his ancient Court is a provision to which it is difficult to assign any motive except the desire to give to the Court of Queen's Bench a predominance which it has never yet enjoyed, and which it would be inconsistent with the dignity of a Lord Chancellor to submit to. Nothing perhaps could more clearly show that the limitation of the Court of Chancery to administrative work is understood as a degradation of its once supreme authority than the necessity which it has been supposed to imply of placing it under the presidency of a judge of rank inferior to that of the Chancellor; and, though we do not attach the same importance to matters of sentiment which the Bill seems to ascribe to them, it does strike us as unfortunate that the prestige of the Court of Chancery should be lowered at the moment when its power is to be taken away, and when prestige alone will remain to encourage the gradual assimilation of the doctrines of Equity by Courts which have hitherto known them only as amateurs, and whose judicial habits and instincts have been formed in a very different school. It is a strange time to destroy the primacy of the Court of Chancery when it is desired to establish on a surer footing the primacy of Equity jurisprudence. We trust that Lord CAIRNS will not falter in his resolution to save what he describes as "the "life and essence" of the Chancellor's Court.

In truth, it will be found on examination that this projected divorce of the Chancellor and his ancient Court is but a single part of one grave misconception which pervades the whole treatment of the so-called second division of the High Court. The grouping together of the Equity tribunals in one division is founded altogether on a false analogy. The Courts of the Master of the Rolls and the Vice-Chancellors are for all practical purposes as much distinct divisions as the Courts of Queen's Bench, Common Pleas, and Exchequer. It may be said, no doubt, that historically and theoretically the Vice-Chancellors are mere deputies of the Lord Chancellor; but in substance the Chancellor and the Lords Justices are Judges of Appeal only, and each Vice-Chancellor has an independent primary jurisdiction. A cause, it is true, may be once for all transferred from one Vice-Chancellor to another, as under the new scheme it may be transferred from the Queen's Bench to the Exchequer; but, to whatever Court it may be entrusted for the time being, the other Vice-Chancellors have no shred of jurisdiction over it, and cannot make the simplest interlocutory order. It is only because the Vice-Chancellors have been single-seated judges, and consequently few in number, that the idea of combining them into one division has been suggested. The truer analogy would have been to create a division out of each Court of primary jurisdiction in Equity, as well as at Law, and to appoint judges enough to enable them to escape in future the reproach of sending serious matters of law to Chief Clerks, and deciding matters of fact without hearing witnesses in open court. All and more than all that is now done by the two official examiners, backed by hosts of special examiners appointed for particular causes, ought, as every one admits, to be done by the Court itself, and the Bill, though it leaves a certain option in the matter of evidence, evidently intends that *vivâ voce* evidence should be used in every case of real conflict. If this direction is not meant to be as nominal as some other parts of the Bill, a Vice-Chancellor's Court will require nearly, if not quite, as many judges as any Common Law division. No one can seriously dispute this, or can fail to see the only remedy; but suggestions in this direction are, we imagine, among the things not to be listened to "in the present day," and the Court of Chancery is, according to the scheme of the Bill, to be condemned by its insufficient strength to go on as of old, trying facts by affidavit evidence, and to submit for ever to a reproach which it is not allowed to wipe away. The historical accidents by which suitors in Chancery have been denied the inestimable advantage of a fair trial of facts are well enough known; but why this grievous blot on the jurisdiction of the Chancellor should be practically stereotyped in the modern edition of the Judicature of England passes the skill of men who are not politicians to comprehend.

THE RUSSIAN EXPEDITION TO KHIVA.

THE official exposition of the motives which have caused the Russian expedition to Khiva is a dignified, temperate, and becoming State paper; and, like State papers in general, it contains so much of the truth as suits the immediate purpose. The document is addressed, not to the enemy, but to the Governments of Europe, and principally to the Power which is most directly interested in the affairs of Central Asia. The facts which are recapitulated will be recognized as probable and familiar by all who are, through experience or study, acquainted with Indian history. The Russian Government has, according to the official statement, desired to acquire only a peaceful and civilizing influence in the regions bordering on its Asiatic dominions; but it has been incessantly thwarted by the ignorance and prejudice of half-civilized tribes. Where proposed treaties of commerce have been rejected, more stringent methods of extending trade have been adopted; and it is alleged that Bokhara and some more distant States are gradually reconciling themselves to friendly intercourse with their powerful neighbour; Khiva alone, the most westward of the Khanates, has maintained its hostile attitude and its predatory habits. Protected tribes of Kirghese have been sometimes attacked by freebooters from Khiva, or they have been tempted to rebel against the paramount power; and the ruler of Khiva has been capricious and disrespectful in the conduct of his diplomatic relations with the Governor-General of Turkestan. For these and other reasons it has been thought necessary to take vigorous measures for bringing the contumacious Government and people to reason; nor can there be any doubt that, sooner or later, the supremacy of Russia will be established. Some of the converging forces which are moving from several different directions through the desert will probably meet under the walls of the capital, which is wholly unable to resist the attack of a regular force. The remainder will pause at different parts of the route to keep the warlike tribes of the neighbourhood in order. The irregular horsemen who form the army of Khiva will give the Russian commanders some trouble by attempting to interrupt their communications; but the most experienced officers of the Empire have been consulted on the preparations, and the generals in command fully understand the nature of the obstacles which must be encountered. At the worst Russia could, in the event of an unexpected failure, organize without difficulty in succession a dozen similar expeditions in equal force. The Government is not likely to be wanting in persistence and resolution; and ultimately victory must remain with the combatant who can rely on a practically inexhaustible reserve.

As Sir HENRY RAWLINSON lately explained to the Geographical Society, the gravest difficulties will commence when the Russian army has taken possession of Khiva. The victors will have to choose between the retention and the evacuation of their conquest; and either course presents serious inconvenience. During the recent negotiations the English Government was assured that the Russian army would retire when its objects were accomplished, and that it was not the purpose of Russia to reduce Khiva to the condition of a province. It is remarkable that the pledge is not renewed in the proclamation or manifesto which is addressed to the Russian nation and to Europe; and the newspapers of St. Petersburg systematically assume that their Government will repudiate the formal promises of Count SCHOUVALOFF. Perhaps it may have been deemed inexpedient to remind the Russian people that the EMPEROR could regulate his policy by any other consideration than his own sense of expediency and justice. The extension of the Empire is popular with all Russian politicians. Although the mass of the people is habitually averse to war, and probably indifferent to external affairs, those who hold and form whatever public opinion exists in Russia require no apology for any enterprise which tends to national aggrandizement, and possibly they might resent the publication of any promise which might seem to have been given in deference to the jealousy of a foreign Government. If, notwithstanding the diplomatic communications which have taken place, the interests of Russia seem to require the permanent occupation of Khiva, excuses will be easily found for the postponement of the evacuation. The safety of the army is the first object of military commanders; and, if it were explained that the maintenance of a garrison at Khiva was indispensable to the safety of the frontier forts, no foreign Power could with any effect question the declaration of the Russian Government. On the other hand, it seems probable that at the time of Count SCHOUVALOFF'S mission to England the scheme of the expedition was confined to an advance to be followed by an early retirement from the capital. The final decision will depend in a great degree on the result of the impending campaign, and on the experience which will be acquired during its course. If the Khanate is annexed to the Russian Empire, it will be necessary to hold the capital and the rich district around it in sufficient force to suppress any

sudden insurrection. The supplies of a garrison might perhaps be provided from the neighbouring country; but until the population is finally pacified the communications with other Russian provinces will be liable to frequent interruption. The objection to retirement after defeating and punishing the contumacious Government is that the backward movement of an invader is naturally, and for the most part justly, attributed to his inability to protect his conquest. According to Sir HENRY RAWLINSON, the return of POLLOCK and NOTT to India after the second occupation of Cabul was regarded both by the Afghans and by the subjects of the Company as an acknowledgment of defeat; and well-informed observers attribute the mutiny which occurred fifteen years afterwards to the loss of military reputation which resulted from the final evacuation of Afghanistan. It is difficult to understand how the Khan of KHIVA can be compelled to perform the obligations of any treaty which he may sign, except by a renewal of the pressure which extorts his original assent. As long as he is independent, he and his successors will not fail on every opportunity to display their hostility to Russia.

The stress which is laid in the official proclamation on the extension of commerce need not be literally construed; nor is it reasonable to expect that Englishmen should sympathize with the peculiar character of Russian projects for the advancement of trade. Commercial treaties between Russia and the half-civilized States of Central Asia are directed much less to the removal of artificial impediments and to the protection of traders than to the establishment of a close monopoly in favour of the dear and second-rate manufactures of the Empire. If the terms of the treaties which have already been concluded were examined, it would probably appear that the main object is the exclusion of the English products which might reach Central Asia by way of Hindostan. If the local Governments were learned in political economy, they would find that they have covenanted to exclude themselves from the cheapest market; but perhaps they might find consolation in their own purpose of giving the treaties the laxest possible construction. The general prevalence of the Russian commercial system, including high duties on goods from any other producing country, would differ but slightly from the establishment of political sovereignty. The provisions of the treaties could only be enforced by Russian functionaries, who would necessarily control all commercial intercourse. There is no ground for moral indignation against a political and commercial system which was first adopted on a large scale by England, though it has been of late years abandoned as unsound. The Indian Government deserves credit for its purpose of concluding more liberal treaties with the States in Central Asia which are still really or nominally independent. The Envoy from the ATALIEH GHAZEE has been courteously received by the VICEROY, and Mr. FORSYTH is to accompany him on his return from Constantinople, for the purpose of negotiating a commercial treaty with Yarkand. It is not known that any English commercial interest will be affected by the Russian conquest of Khiva. It is a cause for regret that the caution of the English Government and the suspicious policy of Russia will render the acquisition of accurate information on the affairs of Khiva difficult or unattainable. The invitation to an English officer to accompany the expedition has been courteously declined, and the Russian Government has politely but positively refused permission to an enterprising newspaper Correspondent to record the current history of the campaign. The official reasons for the refusal are founded on the inconvenience of having to protect civilians, who in this instance would have given the authorities little trouble. It has probably been thought undesirable to invite a witness of possible reverses, or of the imperfections which are found in every military organization. The Russian Government is using an undoubted right, and it would be idle to impeach its decision; but the probable success of the campaign will be less perfectly appreciated in the absence of an impartial observer.

SPAIN.

IT may be hoped that the social and political anarchy of Spain only reaches to a limited depth below the surface. Historians have often commented on the strange persistence of ordinary habits of pleasure and business through every revolutionary crisis. Even in the darkest days of the Reign of Terror men cultivated their lands and bought and sold in the markets; nor were luxurious enjoyments suspended when they were rendered possible by circumstances. The Spaniards are accustomed to regard their Government with little respect, and long experience has taught them not to place confidence in politicians. It is probable that nine-tenths of the population acquiesce in the Republic as an untoward necessity, and that they are profoundly indifferent to the question whether it shall be called Unitarian or Federal. If the finances are in hopeless disorder, there is the satisfaction of remembering that the foreign creditor will be the chief sufferer; and the mishaps of persons in office who may happen to come into collision with the caprices of the mob attract neither sympathy nor interest beyond the walls of the great towns. The civil war is for the present confined to the Northern provinces; and Federalism is so far indigenous and universal that an Andalusian is not likely to trouble himself with the disorders and sufferings of Catalonia. Against a foreign enemy all Spaniards would probably be disposed, as in the days of NAPOLEON, to unite; but fortunately modern Governments have learned the useful lesson that little is to be got by meddling with the quarrels of their neighbours. If Spanish factions think fit to decide their quarrels by arms, they will meet neither with help nor with impediment from abroad. As long as demagogues confine themselves to talk, they will produce no deep impression on the country; but it is impossible to conjecture the results which might follow from a general attack upon property. In former times the army finally settled every dispute, and the country acquiesced in the predominance of the successful military leader, until he also in turn was driven from power by a rival of the same character. The consequence was that during the reign of ISABELLA II., in spite of perpetual violations of constitutional right, Spain increased more rapidly in material prosperity than any other part of Europe. The country is far richer and more populous than at the close of the old Carlist war; and a serious interruption of national progress will disturb the general complacency. The only mode of saving such a society which has been invented will sooner or later be applied. The Republican Government of Madrid has already appealed for aid to SERRANO, and if he and his military colleagues can find any forces to obey them, they will be masters of their Republican employers.

No native or foreigner seems to attach any definite meaning to the Federalism which is unanimously professed by clamorous patriots. Even the London agitators who are always watching for an opportunity of welcoming the establishment of Republican institutions have suspended their expressions of sympathy for the present Spanish Government until they know whether it may not be possible to address their congratulations to more disreputable successors. FIGUERAS, CASTELAR, and PI Y MARZAL are all Federal Republicans, but the PRIME MINISTER was obliged to return from Barcelona without pacifying the revolutionary rabble. In Malaga and other towns the Federal Republic already exists, if Federalism consists in utter disregard of all central authority. If ardent Republicans were devoted to Scriptural studies, a precedent for the condition to which Spain is approaching might be found in those passages of the Book of Judges which record the state of Israel as often as there was an interregnum between two recognized deliverers. It will probably be useless to convoke a constituent Cortes to meet at Madrid. The electors will not be allowed to vote freely, and the candidates will be pledged not to exercise to the detriment of independent provinces the powers of national legislation with which they will be nominally invested. The Spaniards are not sufficiently advanced in the theory and practice of constitutional government to submit to the authority of their own chosen representatives. At Madrid there is a municipality, elected probably by universal suffrage, which has lately incurred the wrath of the more active section of its constituents. The mob has called on the municipality to resign, and, on its refusal, the leading demagogues have determined that the recalcitrant corporation must be responsible for the consequences which must ensue. In the same manner the Commune of Paris, after offering to release the prisoners whom it had kidnapped, on certain conditions, announced that M. THIERS was exclusively responsible for the murders which the insurgents proceeded deliberately to perpetrate. A revolutionary mob can never be made to understand that some hundreds or thousands of armed men are not entitled to speak in the name of a community which is regularly represented in a legislative or in a municipal body. It is possible that the Ministers may still have sufficient influence to prevent a collision in Madrid; but they have themselves been indebted to the mob for their victory over their Progressist opponents. At no distant time it will be necessary for the Government to employ force, if indeed it has any disciplined body of troops at its disposal; and the first shot which is fired in the attempt to restore order will destroy the popularity of the Republican orators who are for the moment at the head of affairs. The

short-sighted people of Madrid have forgotten, in their zeal for the Federal Republic, that one of the first objects of the genuine Federalists will be to deprive of all its privileges the capital of the monarchy.

The Carlists have lately made some progress, though the petty scale of the campaign is illustrated by the importance which is attached to the capture of a little town and of a few hundred rifles. It remains to be seen whether the insurrection has any strength beyond the limits of the provinces where it has long been a chronic malady. Probably neither the mass of the Carlists nor their adversaries trouble themselves with the principles which have been consistently professed by the Pretender as by his far-off cousin of France. It is scarcely to be expected that French Legitimists would, in the event of the death of the present head of the dynasty, remember that CHARLES of Spain is his nearest heir. A Spaniard would be intolerable even to the most bigoted French devotee of hereditary succession; but the doctrines which Don CARLOS professes are rigidly orthodox. He has never promised to confer on his future subjects any kind of constitutional government; and he is firmly resolved to maintain all the pretensions of the clergy and the POPE. The petty war in the North, like conflicts on a larger scale, causes the combatants to forget the nature of the quarrel in which they are fighting; but if in some strange combination of circumstances it seemed likely that the Pretender would seat himself on the throne, it would be impossible not to recognize the fact that an absolute Monarchy was, after an interval of fifty years, to be deliberately re-established. Even Spaniards like the sound and the name of freedom, though they may be indifferent to the substance. There is no stronger proof of the chaotic state of Spain since the proclamation of the Republic than the reported fact that many military officers and politicians in civil life are beginning to incline to the cause of Don CARLOS. As no other claimant of the Crown is in the field, even the obsolete representative of despotism is beginning to be adopted as a symbol of order and government. It would, in truth, be better to have a king, though he might be the most bigoted and incapable of rulers, than to break up into a cluster of little States and independent towns in accordance with the theory of the extreme Federalists. Don CARLOS and his predecessors have so far complied with the popular demand as to recognize the special privileges of the provinces in which their cause has consequently been to a certain extent popular; but an exceptional position allowed to ancient provinces bounded by well defined frontiers is more intelligible than a license to every petty district to set up a Republican Government of its own. In the great French Revolution patriotism took the opposite course of asserting with bloodthirsty zeal the unity of the State. When mobs are supreme it matters little what principles they support in their own characteristic manner. The fragmentary rumours which arrive from day to day by telegraph indicate the existence of a Carlist faction in places which might have been supposed to profess various shades of Liberal opinion. As far south as Valencia the arrest of a Carlist agent is said to have been followed by an engagement which is described as sanguinary, although it also appears that only one or two lives were lost. At the same date the rabble of Barcelona was clamouring for the blood of the unhappy officer who had been surprised and defeated by the Carlists at Berga. The missionaries of the city were expecting the arrival of a large supply of arms from Madrid, which will be available in the hands of the Volunteers for the purpose of violence and rapine. The Carlists have nothing to fear from the armed patriots, who seem likely to render town life in Spain utterly intolerable to the peaceable and respectable part of the community.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS AND THE PRESS.

THE House of Commons was occupied during a considerable part of Thursday evening in considering whether certain expressions employed by the *Pall Mall Gazette* in criticizing the conduct of some Irish members should be treated as a Breach of Privilege. "It was not surprising," said the *Pall Mall*, "that the Irish Ultramontane members should "resort to every quibble discoverable in the technicalities of "the law of Parliament to defeat or delay a measure like "Mr. FAWCETT'S, which cuts the ground from under their venal "agitation and their traffic in noisy disloyalty." It is impossible, we think, to contend that this language did not go beyond the limits of fair criticism. A venal agitator is a man who at once agitates and sells himself in order that he may reap a personal benefit from his agitation; and although the expression was probably not intended to convey that what the Ultramontane members got by agitating was money, yet money is so generally the price of venality that a careful writer would think it necessary to show that this was not what the Ultramontane members sold themselves for, if he believed them to be pecuniarily honest. Whether Home Rulers can be fairly called disloyal is perhaps a more open question; for, although they earnestly proclaim that there is nothing disloyal in the cry for Home Rule, it is easy to contend that there is something in it very injurious to the QUEEN as the Head of the British Empire, and it is allowable to saddle politicians with the necessary consequences of their acts or words. All that can be said is that the language was too strong, and Mr. GLADSTONE expressed all that there was to say about it when he remarked that journalists have often to write very quickly and on very short notice, and that any injudicious expressions they may use ought to be viewed with proportionate indulgence. Most readers of the *Pall Mall Gazette* will feel themselves too much indebted to the spirited and vigorous language and thought of that journal to think that an accidental slip into over-harshness of expression should be regarded as much of an offence. Still, as one of the very best safeguards against the evils of modern political society is to be found in a press rising to the highest level, and habitually writing with justice and caution, although with perfect frankness, it is for the public good that fair criticism should be bestowed on unfair criticism, and the better the journal the more worth while is it to check its errors. Mr. MUNSTER gained all that he could gain by bringing the matter before the House, and by assuring himself that the House is quite as ready to do justice to Irish Ultramontanes as to any one else. To have gone further would have been a mistake. The House can only punish attacks on itself or its members by a process wholly inadequate and almost necessarily ludicrous. It can summon the printer and publisher to the bar, and hear two men, who have had no more real control than the doorkeepers of the House over the use of the expressions forming the subject of complaint, apologize for them, and explain that by "venal" they meant "pure" agitation, and by "noisy disloyalty" a meek attachment to the Throne. In order to save the House from going through such a farce, Mr. DISRAELI attempted to stop the discussion at its outset by suggesting that no Ultramontane members could be aggrieved, because no one knew that any members were Ultramontanes. Jocosity needs success to be pardoned, and this jocose mode of shirking the question failed to please, and naturally begat an increase of seriousness and bitterness. Fortunately Mr. GLADSTONE had himself been attacked in the passage from the *Pall Mall* read to the House, and as he was able to state that he did not in the least mind the attack, and generously hinted that people writing and judging in a hurry could not be expected to understand him, he was able to ask the Irish members to view their grievance with a similar indulgence. He added his experience to that of several members long accustomed to Parliamentary history in assuring Mr. MUNSTER that he had nothing to gain by persevering; and Mr. MUNSTER desisted, and expressed himself satisfied—as he well might have been—with the reception accorded by the House to his repudiation of the charges made against him and his friends.

The harmony of the House was, however, very nearly disturbed by a speech from the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, who attempted to show that the language complained of was not a Breach of Privilege. The argument of Sir JOHN COLERIDGE was that it was no Breach of Privilege to say that members resorted to every quibble discoverable in the technicalities of the law of Parliament to defeat a particular measure, and that the further imputations on the Ultramontane members were not imputations on them in their capacity of members of Parliament. A libel on a member of the House is not noticeable by the House unless it is a libel on him for something he does or says as a member of Parliament. It would, for example, be no Breach of Privilege to write of a member of the House that he was habitually engaged in promoting swindling companies. Now the agitation of the Ultramontane members, whether venal or not, could not be an agitation carried on by them as members, for agitation is a course of conduct carried on outside Parliament in order to influence it. Nor could the term "disloyal" be applied to anything they had said or done in Parliament, as they would have been immediately rebuked by the SPEAKER for any approach within the walls of the House to disloyalty; and this notoriously had not happened. The plain sense of the House of Commons failed to understand this exhibition of legal subtlety. Members regarded it as trifling with the subject, and so

strong was the feeling that there was at one time a strong inclination to force on a division, not that the printer or the publisher of the *Pall Mall* might be punished, but that it might be brought home to the ATTORNEY-GENERAL that the House did not adopt his view of Parliamentary law. It was, indeed, strange that the ATTORNEY-GENERAL could have failed to perceive that expressions neither of which was libellous in the Parliamentary sense when taken by itself might become so by being joined together. It is not libellous to say that members take advantage of every technicality to defeat a measure, for that is merely to say that they take, in their discretion, a particular course permitted by the forms of the House. Nor is it libellous in the Parliamentary sense to impute to a member bad conduct the region of which lies wholly without the House. But it is a very different thing to say that he takes a particular course in Parliament in order to facilitate or cover his bad conduct out of the House. There would be no meaning in regarding any libels as Breaches of Privilege if the House did not hold it libellous to say of a member that he was abusing the forms of the House to prevent the passage of a Bill against swindling companies, such as those he was habitually engaged in promoting.

Mr. RONAYNE, who is one of the latest and most ardent accessions to the supporters of Home Rule in the House, said that he was opposed to Mr. MUNSTER'S motion because he would not do anything whatever to hinder the English press from writing about Ireland and Irishmen as the *Pall Mall Gazette* had done. He thought that the articles which appeared in the leading journals of England, reflecting the opinions and prejudices of the English people, were the strongest instruments for promoting the agitation of Home Rule. As a matter of fact, he alleged that the effect of such articles had been admirable, and had done more to fan the flame of agitation for Home Rule than any of the unjust laws passed by England to the disadvantage of Ireland. The Irish, he said, are a proud and sensitive people, and they feel such things very keenly. There is a foundation of truth in Mr. RONAYNE'S language. His countrymen have two peculiarities. They do not want justice, but sympathy, and they remember all that is done against them, and forget all that is done for them. The English way of criticizing political affairs, and Irish political affairs among others, is distasteful to them. When what is alleged to be an Irish grievance is brought under the consideration of the English public, the course taken is to examine into the question, to ask how far it is a grievance, whether it is removable by legislation, what will be the consequences of removing it, and what are the characters and history of the men who are foremost in complaining of it. What the Irish would like is, that without inquiry or discussion they should be told that the Irish are a high-spirited and injured race, that Erin is always green, and that they may have any Bill passed they like to ask for. To find fault with them, and even to reason with them, is to incur their hostility. Nor do they like to give up lightly the delight of nursing their grievances, or to own that they have been well treated. They will dwell on the chance expressions of the *Pall Mall* as if they had been deliberately dictated by the whole of England, while they will forget the ready courtesy and respect with which the House of Commons received the complaint made by an Irish member whom those expressions aggrieved. We do not see much chance of this spirit dying away. Englishmen cannot change their habits. They wish to treat Ireland with exactly the same fairness and consideration with which they would treat Scotland or Lancashire, and when they are told that this is not enough for Ireland, they can only answer that they have no more to give. Some day, before very long, it is possible that Home Rule may be seriously discussed in the House of Commons, and the result of that discussion will, we have no doubt, be to show that, although there may be a measure of increased self-government which might be advantageously conceded to Ireland as well as to Scotland, and perhaps to English districts, yet this will be something very far short of what Irishmen fancy they mean when they talk of Home Rule; while to concede more would involve such a dissolution of the Empire that it would be far better to let Ireland set up as a separate State than for England to guarantee the external safety of a community acting on political principles to which Englishmen are consistently opposed. Ireland may perhaps get something out of the discussion of Home Rule; for the House of Commons has now more to do than it can do, and the discussion of Home Rule is as likely as anything else to lead to the abandonment by the House of a portion of its work But this will not satisfy the Irish, and they will pass over what they get, and make a new grievance out of what they do not get; and we shall have once more to comfort ourselves with the maxim, now so sadly familiar to us, that justice will work its way even in Ireland in the long run. Unfortunately the run in Ireland is very long.

THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT OF NATIONAL DEFENCE.

ANOTHER curious and important document has been added to the records of the history of France during the eventful time of the siege of Paris. The Parliamentary Commission appointed to report on the acts of the Government of the 4th of September has obtained from M. DRÉO, one of the Secretaries of that Government, a diary in which he entered the chief incidents of each Ministerial meeting. In giving up this diary to the Commission he stipulated that it should not be published as it was written, but only a summary given of its contents, as he considered it unfair to those who were then his superiors that statements as to what they had said and done should be exposed to general criticism when they had had no opportunity of revising what was written, and of judging whether a fair account of their transactions had been given by the Secretary. The Commission have kept their promise, and have only published what they term an analysis of the Secretary's journal; but it is a very long and full analysis, and they evidently think this diary itself so interesting that they invite the Assembly at the end of their Report to order further revelations to be made on its authority in spite of the very proper scruples of M. DRÉO. In one sense there is, of course, nothing very new in the materials now published, for the main outline of the history of the siege of Paris is known too fully and accurately to allow it to be possible that any very unexpected additions should be made to it. The interest of this new document is principally a personal one. It allows us to see the different characters, views, and wishes of the members of the Government, and it shows, not only how great were the difficulties the Ministry had to encounter, but also how far the overcoming or succumbing to these difficulties depended on the strength or weakness of each individual. The love of personal criticism, the malice, the ridicule, and the jealousy of enemies or friends, will find much to seize on in these extracts from the diary of M. DRÉO. But it may be doubted whether the general opinion of the characters and performances of the chief members of that unfortunate Government will be much affected by them; and it may even be fairly contended that, if sufficient allowance is made for their inexperience and for the combination of adverse circumstances they had to face, the enterprising adventurers who, on the fall of the Empire, declared themselves the Government, come out of the disclosures made in this diary better than could have been expected.

The history of the siege of Paris may be conveniently divided into three periods—the first extending from the formation of the Government on the 4th of September to the suppression of the outbreak of the 31st of October, the second extending to the failure of the great sortie at the beginning of December, and the third extending to the capitulation. The subjects which agitated and divided the Council of Ministers in the first period were the advisableness of having elections for a National Assembly held throughout France; the propriety of permitting municipal elections in Paris; the constitution of a delegated Government at Tours; and, above all, what was to be done with the extreme revolutionary leaders at Paris, and with dangerous journalists. On all these questions M. JULES FAVRE was the leader of the party of common sense and moderation. M. PICARD showed himself firm and even vehement, General TROCHU was always wavering, and GAMBETTA dominated all by his superior energy and breadth of view. Nothing indeed is more apparent through all the revelations of M. DRÉO than the ascendency of GAMBETTA. His colleagues first yielded to him, then distrusted him, then finally quarrelled with him and ordered him to be arrested, but they seem never to have lost the feeling that he was a bigger man than any of them, and that even his mistakes did not much diminish his superiority. Among the leaders of the Reds FLOURENS gave the most trouble, and the Ministers were always debating what was to be done with him. He began by declaring himself a colonel, which vexed General TROCHU, who naturally felt that, if it was open to popular orators to make themselves colonels, there was not much good in his being head of the army. Still neither TROCHU nor the Government ventured

summarily to reduce FLOURENS into his proper obscurity, and TROCHU announced as a contrivance of meritorious ingenuity that he had devised a special dignity and office for FLOURENS, and had named him Major du rempart. But FLOURENS soon got tired of being a major, and once more created himself a colonel, and subsequently the Government had to consider whether he should be arrested, and it was decided that he should be arrested; but the Prefect of Police found that his agents could not get into the asylum of Belleville where FLOURENS lived, and, as the Government did not venture to push the matter further, the Prefect of Police resigned. Journalism was also a thorn in the side of the Government, and was so mendacious and insolent that the Ministry debated most seriously what was to be done to correct its adverse influence. M. PICARD was of opinion that the members of the Government should themselves write in the papers, and thus supply from the fountain-head a stream of wholesome literature. His colleagues declined, and then he made the startling proposal that no journal whatever should be allowed to appear until the siege was over.

The peril of the 31st of October was a most serious one, and the diary of M. DRÉO makes it clear that, although M. FERRY, who actually saved the Ministry by his opportune arrival with a body of trustworthy troops, had entered into no agreement with the insurgents, some of his colleagues had committed themselves; and M. GARNIER-PAGÈS expressly asserted that he himself had assured DELESCLUZE that he should not suffer for his participation in the outbreak, and M. GARNIER-PAGÈS protested that unless this pledge were held sacred he would resign. It was indeed one of the chief difficulties of the Government that every member, unless he got his own way, immediately threatened to resign, and there was no one in the Government whose name carried with it such an authority as to make it clear that, if resignation once began, he would still rally a Government of some sort round him. During November, however, the Government had the happiest moments of its existence. The outbreak of October 31 had been suppressed, and the great sortie was coming off and might turn out a success. The plan of TROCHU and his generals was to make the sortie in the direction of the Rouen Railway, and it was only at the last moment that the design was changed in obedience to the demands of GAMBETTA, who insisted that a sortie must be made at once on the side of the Marne, and promised that those who forced the German lines should find at Fontainebleau a relieving army of 150,000 men ready to welcome them. TROCHU never pretended to believe in the efficacy of this or of any sortie. He said that to make it was an act of "heroic folly," but he contended that it ought to be made, and those of his colleagues who shared his gloomy anticipations quite agreed with him. The feeling of these men was that Paris was in the position of a duellist who has chosen to come on the ground, and has then no option but to stand fire. It was due to the honour of France, and especially of Paris, that the Parisian garrison, having defied the Germans, should show that it could stand the fire of its adversaries. TROCHU had a poor opinion of his troops, and General CLÉMENT THOMAS openly expressed his profound contempt for the National Guard, going so far as to apply the term "charlatanism" to the displays of rampant courage made by that part of the bellicose body which constantly demanded to be led into action.

After the great sortie had failed the Government had no further hope. The ominous word capitulation began to circulate among them. They took stock of the remaining provisions, and saw famine staring the city in the face. They talked wildly of replacing TROCHU, or of persuading him to do something such as no one had ever heard of a general doing, and opposed to all the rules of the art of war. A council of generals was called at the end of December, in order that each might be asked in turn whether it was not possible that a hole might be made in the German lines somewhere, and so a sortie be proved to be successful. They all one after another declared that it was utterly impossible. Most of them doubted whether even veteran troops could have forced their way through after the Germans had had so long a time to fortify their positions; but they all agreed that the troops under their command could not possibly do it. They were demoralized by the want of success, and they were weak with cold and hunger. TROCHU declared that, if he was bidden to go out and have a certain number of men killed uselessly, he would go, but that it was as clear as day that their death would be useless. Still he himself had, as the result of all his deliberations, to allow that another sortie must be made. The Government did not dare to tell the population what was the real state of the provisions, or the fate of the armies of GAMBETTA, or to give any hint that the end was approaching. The consequence was that the population of Paris kept asking that some great effort should be made, and TROCHU stated that, especially on the part of the middle classes, there was a genuine outburst of patriotism, and a real readiness to die for the country. The bloody and hopeless attempt of the 19th of January was the consequence, its object being, not to hurt the Germans, but to convince the Parisians that the Germans could not be hurt. Even after its failure there was the utmost reluctance to let Paris know the truth, although it was then impossible that the provisions could hold out longer than a very few days more. But the impression made by the record of M. DRÉO is that this reticence of the Government was not due either to its vanity or to its selfish timidity. The Ministers candidly avowed that, if they let the truth be known, the Government would certainly be upset, and probably its members would be torn to pieces by the mob. But, as TROCHU said, this was not a dishonourable mode of dying, and they could but die. What they were afraid of was the utter anarchy in which everything would be plunged if there was no Government left which the provinces and the armies outside Paris would obey, and none with which the Germans could or would treat. The Government was obliged to exist for the sake of the country, and to save Paris from worse misfortunes than befel it; but in order to exist it was obliged to keep Paris in the dark as to the real state of things, and to let thousands of Parisians be shot or starved to death in order to keep up the delusions of the people. The Government chose to do this rather than let Paris suffer as it would have suffered if this had not been done, and it is of course open to question whether the Government chose wisely; but the diary of M. DRÉO shows that it at least chose honestly, and that it was only after a most careful consideration of consequences that a course was taken which was eminently distasteful to the pride and the honourable feelings of many members of the Ministry.

POLITICAL DISSENT.

IT is the common fate of political parties occasionally to find themselves in alliance with those who accept their principles only for casual and temporary use, and as a means of promoting purely personal or sectional interests. A striking proof has just been afforded of the hollowness of the union which has for some time subsisted between the Liberals and the Ultramontanes, and it now remains to be seen how far the support of the Nonconformists can be retained without a sacrifice of Liberal principles. It would appear that the Nonconformists, like the Ultramontanes, have hitherto availed themselves of the doctrines of Liberalism only to serve their own private ends. They advocated religious freedom in order to obtain toleration and freedom for themselves. Now that they are free, and think themselves strong enough to pass from the defensive to the aggressive, their conception of freedom is found to include a considerable degree of interference and coercion with regard to others. The essence of Nonconformity turns out to be the assertion of a right to compel everybody to conform to Nonconformist ideas. Mr. GLADSTONE was indebted for the large majority with which he came into office to the common hostility of Liberals, Nonconformists, and Ultramontanes to the Established Church of Ireland. Although the different sections had in this instance arrived at the same conclusion, they were by no means at one in regard to the principles which had led them up to it; and Mr. GLADSTONE's recent embarrassments have been mainly due to the difficulty of striking out some other course of policy which should bring the various elements of his party once more into hearty co-operation. After the defection of the Roman Catholics, it is natural that the Ministry should consider what they can do to conciliate the Dissenters. The vote on the Burials Bill seems to be taken as an earnest of what may be expected from the Government on the Education question, and the Dissenters are apparently determined to make the most of their opportunity. It is worth while to observe the nature and spirit of their demands, especially as we are likely to find them assuming a good deal of prominence at the next general election. The other day we had a very frank and candid statement of their case by one of their friends. "However small," says a writer in the *Economist* who thinks that the Dissenters have

irresistible claims on the Government, and that something handsome should be done for them, "the scruple may "be which the Dissenters have raised on the subject "of the 25th Clause of the Education Act, it may be ad- "mitted at once that it is not the only cause of offence the "Act has given them. Very naturally they hoped that the "Education Act would do a great deal to destroy the caste "advantages which the Church enjoys in the country. And "unquestionably, owing no doubt to the praiseworthy zeal of "Churchmen, and also to their great advantages over the "Dissenters in wealth, it has not had that effect; but, in the "country districts at least, the opposite effect. We do not "say and do not think that the Government can fairly be "blamed for this. But it must be admitted that it is a fair "cause of disappointment to the Dissenters." In other words, the Dissenters looked to the Education Act only as a means of injuring the Church, and they consider themselves defrauded because it has not had this result. What they want is not a national system of education, free, unbiassed, and efficient, but a system of education which shall supply the means of weakening and fettering the Church of England, and of placing it at a disadvantage as compared with other religious bodies.

Anybody who will refer to the Dissenting journals will see that this is really a very fair statement of their views. It is not enough that education should be free and open, and that every denomination should have an equal opportunity of joining in the work of educating the people, as far as it is willing or able to do so. It is held that the State ought to do all it can in order to throw difficulties in the way of the Church which distances the rest by its zeal and liberality, and to prevent its members from voluntarily applying their private means to an important public object. Voluntaryism, in its latest development, takes the form of an appeal to the State to suppress voluntary effort. Whether a State Church is a good thing or a bad thing is of course a question upon which everybody is entitled to his own opinion; and it is only natural that those who think it a bad thing should agitate for its abolition. But this is not exactly the course which the Dissenters are now pursuing. They are not content to take the Church as it stands, and to prove that its actual condition supplies an urgent reason for its abolition. What they are trying to do is, by every artifice and stratagem, by side blows and indirect attacks, to reduce the Church to a position which would justify their condemnation of it. If they could only manage to frustrate its dangerous zeal and check its inconvenient liberality, to degrade its rites, and paralyse its ministrations, they would then be able to turn round and say, "See what a poor, feeble, worthless thing this Church "is; away with it without more ado." The Dissenters, in short, are now endeavouring by all manner of artificial expedients to produce such a state of things in the Church as may be used as an argument for getting rid of it. It is important, therefore, that the nature of these expedients and their general aim should be borne in mind, and that it should be distinctly understood that they are part of a general plan the object of which is to discredit, in order to destroy, the Church.

The Dissenters are in the habit of speaking as if they were a compact, and homogeneous communion, which divided the country with the Church of England. In reality they represent a vast variety of creeds and congregations, and a further distinction must be drawn between their political and non-political tendencies. The political Dissenters who assume to speak in the name of the whole body of Nonconformists are comparatively few in number, but keen, loud, active, and pushing. They can hardly be said to be bound together by any ties of religious sympathy or communion, for their creeds are of the most diverse, and even opposite and irreconcileable kind. Their only common ground is hostility to the Church of England, but their hostility to the Church, like their attraction towards each other, has very little relation to theology. When analysed it will be found to be more a feeling of personal or social jealousy than anything else. Christians and Rationalists, Trinitarians and Unitarians, put aside their religious differences in order to join in an attack upon the body which may be said, as far as religious belief is concerned, to divide Englishmen the least. The origin of this hostility, though seldom frankly avowed, comes out unmistakably enough in the writings and speeches of the leaders of the party. They resent with an intense, and, if we did not know how these small and morbid jealousies are apt to rankle in minds of a certain order, with an almost incredible, bitterness the idea that they occupy a lower social plane as compared with the Church, and that they are looked down upon—so one of their chief men lately put it—as a sort of inferior caste. Those who have had an opportunity of studying the personal relations between the Church and the Dissenters will understand how entirely unfounded this supposition is as regards the former, but it would of course be idle to try to argue the point with the Dissenters. They have made up their minds that they are looked down upon, and they will have it so; and as everything is viewed through this discolouring and distorting medium, it is not surprising that the assumption with which they start should seem to be abundantly confirmed. If the Church attempts to make friendly advances, its arrogant patronage is fiercely repelled; if it holds aloof lest it should be supposed to be meddling or intrusive, its supercilious isolation is an unfailing subject of invective.

In short, whatever the Church does or does not do is equally an outrage on Nonconformity, and when there is no chance of picking a quarrel directly with the Church, every little side question with which it can by any stretch of the imagination be identified is treated as a means of attack. There is nothing about steeples in the Prayer-Book or the Thirty-nine Articles, but it does happen that most of the churches connected with the Church of England have steeples, and to a certain class of Nonconformists, as appears from the anti-steeple agitation at Staplehurst, the mere sight of a steeple in the distance is like the waving of a red rag in the face of an excited bull. A similar spirit is observable in the tone taken with regard to the Deceased Wife's Sister question, the Burials Bill, and so on. Dissenters, as a rule, are quite content with the existing freedom of choice in matrimony; but Mr. BRIGHT once gave them a hint about "eccle- "siastical rubbish," and they felt bound to take sides against the Church, though the recent exhibition of a bishop on their own side must have rather staggered them. It is perhaps significant that the political agitators who hire themselves out as "representative working-men" are put on by their employers week about to attack landed property and to asperse the Church; and Mr. MIALL's friendly overtures to the Republicans and Internationalists of London will not have been forgotten. More appropriate means for the propagation of "blazing principles" could hardly be imagined. It will be found that the political Dissenters are mainly recruited from the pushing middle-class Radicalism of the towns—not so much the great towns where there is a wider stage of public life, with higher objects of ambition, but rather towns of the second and third rank. The organization of the Dissenting bodies renders them a convenient stepping-stone to local influence and position, and imaginary grievances against the Church supply a ready means of striking at the classes which are supposed to be associated with it. Nothing, however, could be more unjust to the sincere and earnest piety of the great body of Nonconformists than to identify them with the political faction which presumes to speak in their name, and which has abandoned the old principles of historical Nonconformity in order to gratify the impulses of class jealousy and social spleen.

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE.

THE University boat-race may suggest various trains of speculation, according as we prefer the character of sentimental observers of youthful amusements, or of educational theorists, or of simple critics of the art of rowing. To speak, first, in this last capacity, our duties are fortunately short and easy. To be perfectly candid, we may admit that they were partly simplified by our limited means of observation. In one sense we may claim to have seen the race; a vision of light and dark blue oars, rising and falling symmetrically, was undoubtedly impressed upon our retina during a certain number of minutes. Unfortunately the captains of two steamboats, on one of which it was our lot to be embarked, seized the opportunity for illustrating the theory and practice of ramming. Interesting as their experiments must have been to persons inclined to speculate upon the future of naval construction, they unfortunately cut short our view of the race. We solaced ourselves by various philosophical observations upon human nature; we admired the ease with which the passengers on each vessel instantly identified themselves with the fortunes of their own craft, and regarded their rivals as Drake might have regarded some Spanish admiral in old days; and we further were delighted with the extraordinary powers of observation which enabled the British reporter to know precisely what was going on round a corner at the distance of half-a-mile. For ourselves, it became evident that any detailed criticism as to the number of strokes rowed in a minute, the eccentricities of steering, or the form of the crews, was rigidly impossible. However, the history of the race was too plain to need much comment. Cambridge was the heavier and stronger crew, and rowed sufficiently well to make use of its weight

and strength. These advantages are almost always decisive in a long race; and everybody had foreseen that they would be decisive on the present occasion. In rowing it may be added that everybody is generally right, for the simple reason that chance is a much less important element in a boat-race than in a cricket-match, or in most other varieties of games. The only people to be excepted from "everybody" on this occasion were the very young and very enthusiastic persons, whose patriotism overpowered their judgment, and a few of those extremely acute critics who have observed, rightly enough, that the safest way to win reputation is to make an accurate prophecy in defiance of the general opinion, and who have inferred, not so rightly, that they should begin by defying the general opinion at all hazards. These gentlemen have had a pleasant occupation provided for them since Saturday last. They have had to show to their own satisfaction that the defeat of their anticipations is no imputation upon their sagacity. Of course the task is easy enough. The general principle in such cases is to abuse the unfortunate coxswain; he can't reply, and, if he did, he could not prove anything, inasmuch as the wake of an eight-oared boat disappears within a few seconds, and it is therefore perfectly safe to assert that he made a series of zigzags unprecedented in the whole previous history of navigation. Then mysterious currents may be suggested, and it may be shown that the wind came just the wrong way; and, in short, it may be demonstrated that facts behaved with their usual perverse disregard of theories. Let us hope that the erring prophets have regained their old complacency, and will prophesy as confidently as ever next year. The public at large may come to the conclusion that nothing very surprising has happened, and may deduce such consequences as they please from the facts that eight Cambridge lads averaged five pounds more than their Oxford rivals, and that, thanks to the improved state of the Cam, or to the energy of some reformers, Cambridge oarsmen have once more acquired sufficient skill in the art to take full advantage of their thews and sinews. We might of course say a good deal more; with the help of the eloquent reporters of the daily press and the sporting newspapers we might criticize the minutest detail of the style adopted by each youthful hero; we might talk about recovery and delivery, and catching, and hanging, and swinging, and feathering, and expatiate upon the marvellous effects of the great revolution in the art effected by the discovery of the sliding-seat — a discovery which in the imagination of some zealots seems to rival in importance the application of moveable types in the printing press. Eking out our limited opportunities of personal observation from portraits in the illustrated papers, we might endeavour to do justice to those stalwart young men who are declared in one of the reports (we quote from memory) to be ideal combinations of the Hercules and the Antinous of ancient sculptors. But we refrain, partly from unfeigned diffidence as to our graphic powers, partly from a conviction that such details do not throw much more light upon the matter, and partly from a suspicion that our readers may possibly have had enough of these minutiæ during the last six weeks. The gaze of the world has been so riveted upon these athletic champions that perhaps we have heard almost enough of them.

We turn, therefore, to a different line of speculation. People have been asking, for the last two or three years, whether the University race was not in danger of becoming an abuse. The question has of course been put timidly enough, but an answer of a distinct kind will have to be given before long. We will not run over once more the ordinary platitudes upon the subject. A love of athletic games in moderation, as everybody will admit, is an excellent thing; an excessive devotion to athleticism will be equally admitted, by everybody worth taking into account, to be a grave evil. The question is simply one of degree, and our object should be to define as nearly as may be the point at which excess begins and moderation ends. It is easy to put cases in which everybody would admit that the sport was becoming simply mischievous. If, for example, the University boat-race became an excuse for gambling, it would require speedy suppression. We are glad to believe that at present there are no serious symptoms of this worst form of degradation. There is, it is true, a very unpleasant flavour about some of the language used in regard to it. The anxious comparisons of the times in which trials are performed, and the elaborate discussions of what are called "lines" between the two crews, remind us unpleasantly, even in the slang which is used, of the touts and betting-men who have brought disgrace upon the Turf. We fully believe, however, that, in spite of some ugly rumours, the taint has not spread to any serious extent. Persons of sporting propensities are accustomed to eulogize the University boat-race as the one event which is absolutely free from any of those suspicions of foul play which invariably intrude where the gambling element becomes strongly marked. We accept their statements unhesitatingly, but we also infer that we cannot too jealously guard against an evil which, as the very frequency of the boast implies, would be absolutely fatal to the pursuit. The evil moreover begins long before this manifestation of its worst form. It is melancholy, for more reasons than one, to contrast the old rowing days with the present. It is melancholy because it reminds some of us that, when our experience began, the present athletes were not able to grasp a finger, to say nothing of an oar. But, besides more private reasons, the change in the spirit of the pursuit is significant of a change to which it is hard to prescribe limits. In the good old days when gentlemen used to row six-mile matches in eight-oared cutters, when boats had a gangway down the middle, when the athletes stopped to suck lemons during the heat of race, nobody cared to attend except personal friends; newspapers were silent; there were fewer spectators of the race than there are now of the trials; and dons, [illegible] of being sentimentally sympathetic, carefully averted their gaze and thought it beneath their dignity to do more than connive at the performance. After a time steamboats began to accompany the race; gradually they became so numerous as to impede the competitors. Then Parliament condescended to interfere in order to secure a fair course; and now the stationary craft which provide sitting room for spectators have become so numerous that, if the popularity of the sight increases at its present ratio, the whole river will be in danger of a block. Ten years hence the water will be much in the same state in which London Bridge is now at the middle of the day, and the difficulty of keeping order will be as great as in a thanksgiving procession. Now, whether that process be in other respects desirable or not, the meaning of it is tolerably clear. The crews used to be simply a set of young men engaged upon their own private amusement. Now they have become public property. Thus, for example, they had the honour on the present occasion of dining with the Lord Mayor, as though they had been Ministers of State or foreign potentates. The historic dignitary who received them gave them thanks in the name of the great community over which he presides. He made such remarks as great dignitaries make after dinner. He informed them that rowing combined love of the water with outdoor exercise—which is what Sam Weller called a self-evident proposition—and sang the praises of pluck, energy, and self-denial in the usual manner. And he further stated, what is quite true, that the race was the occasion of a great metropolitan holiday, and that the young men therefore deserved the thanks of London and a good dinner. We do not grudge it them; but we cannot help asking whether this is the kind of duty which undergraduates ought to discharge? Why should they give London a holiday? If London wants holidays, it can find excuses for them. It may see the Lord Mayor himself and his men in armour. It may burn Guy Fawkes, or attend Volunteer reviews, or see fireworks at the Crystal Palace. But what business has the many-headed monster to order up eighteen young gentlemen from their studies to play before it? Doubtless its thanks are very precious; but thanks impose an obligation. The oarsmen are not merely champions of their respective Universities, but they are public functionaries; and it is at this point, in our opinion, that the practice becomes questionable. A gentleman may without the slightest loss of self-respect play games with his friends; and he need not complain if a crowd looks on at his amusement. But when the crowd, or its representative, gives him a dinner and thanks him for his trouble, he begins to resemble Punch or an acrobat. There is no harm indeed in being an acrobat; but it is a pursuit not quite compatible with a University career.

In fact, as soon as this view is taken of the performance it acquires an utterly factitious importance. Outsiders put in a claim to have their interests consulted. If any change is made in the time or the scene of the race, they fancy themselves aggrieved. The youths, who are quite ready enough to think too much of themselves because they are the sons of Anak, begin to take airs as, in some sort, men of national mark. They are not merely the heroes of their Universities, but the heroes of a population of three millions. It is inevitable that the honour of performing before such an audience should be ridiculously exaggerated. If the University authorities should attempt to set bounds to the tournament they will be told that they are not the only people to be consulted. The consent of the Lord Mayor must be asked before the arrangements can be altered. The newspapers will cry out in the name of the public that London must not be deprived of a show. The oarsmen themselves will appeal from their tutors to the spectators of their prowess, and will declare their interests to be independent of any University regulations. Now, as public opinion is strong, and University authorities are by no means too independent of its voice, we think it is high time that they should take care that the matter does not go out of their hands. They may surely say, quite fairly, We are very willing to allow our pupils to amuse themselves in reason, but we cannot allow them to become performers for the amusement of the public. We must vindicate the simple principle that, so long as a youth is a student at the University, the interests of the University must be paramount. On this ground, we should say that it is not too soon to consider whether the race should be allowed to continue in London waters, and to be made the occasion of a great metropolitan holiday. When the Lord Mayor appears on the scene it is time for Vice-Chancellors and tutors to look to their authority.

CAPRI AND ITS ROMAN REMAINS.

AMONG the many charms of the little island of Capri must certainly be counted the number and interest of its Roman remains. The whole island is in fact a vast Roman wreck. Hillside and valley are filled with a mass of *débris* that brings home to one in a way which no detailed description can do the scale of the buildings with which it was crowded. At either landing-place huge substructures stretch away beneath the waves, the relics of moles, of arsenals, and of docks; a network of roads still links together the ruins of Imperial villas; every garden is watered from Roman cisterns; dig where he will, the excavator is rewarded by the discovery of vases, of urns, of fragments of sculpture, of mosaic pavements, of precious marbles. The churches of the island

and the royal palaces of the mainland are full of costly columns which have been removed from the ruins of Capri; and the Museum of Naples is largely indebted for its treasures of statuary to the researches made here at the close of the last century. The main archæological interest of the island, however, lies not in fragments or "finds" such as these, but in the huge masses of ruin which lie scattered so thickly over it. The Pharos which guided the Alexandrian corn-ships to Puteoli stands shattered on its headland. The waves dash idly against the enormous fragment of the sea-baths of Tiberius. His palace-citadel still looks from the summit of a mighty cliff across the Straits of Sorrento. The stairs of Anacapri, which, in the absence of any other date to which it is possible to assign them, we are forced to refer to the same period of construction, hewn as they are to the height of a thousand feet in the solid rock, vie in boldness with almost any achievement of Roman engineering. The smallness of the space—for the lower part of the island within which these relics are crowded is little more than a mile and a half either way—adds to the sense of wonder which the size and number of these creations excite. All that remains, too, it must be remembered, is the work of but a few years. There is no ground for believing that anything of importance was added after the death of Tiberius, or begun before the old age of Augustus. We catch glimpses indeed of the history of the island long before its purchase by the aged Emperor. Its commanding position at the mouth of the great Campanian bay had raised it into importance at a very early period. The Teleboes whom tradition, according to Tacitus, named as its first inhabitants have left only a trace of their existence in the verse of Virgil; but in the great strife between the Hellenic and Tyrrhenian races for the commercial monopoly of Southern Italy, Capri, like Sorrento, was seized as a naval station by the Etruscans, whose alliance with the Phœnicians in their common war against the Greeks may perhaps explain the vague legends of a Semitic settlement. The Hellenic victory of Cumæ, however, settled the fate of Capri, as it settled the fate of the coast; and the island fell to the lot of Neapolis, when the "new city" rose in the midst of the bay to which it has since given its name. The most enduring trace of its Greek colonization is to be found in the Greek type of countenance and form which endears Capri to artists; but, like the cities of the mainland, it preserved its Greek manners and speech long after it had passed with Neapolis into the grasp of Rome. The greater proportion of its inscriptions, even when dating from the Imperial period, are in Greek. Up to the time of Augustus, however, it played in Roman story but the humble part of lighting the great corn-fleet from Egypt through the Strait of Sorrento. Statius tells us of the joy with which the sailors welcomed the glare of its Pharos as they neared the land, the greeting they addressed to its cliff, while, on the other hand, they poured their libations to the goddess whose white temple gleamed from the headland of Sorrento. Its higher destinies began with a chance visit of Augustus when age and weakness had driven him to seek a summer retreat on the Campanian shore. A happy omen, the revival of a withered ilex at his landing, as well as the temperate air of the place itself, so charmed the Emperor that he forced Naples to accept Ischia in exchange for it, and chose it as his favourite refuge from the excessive heat. Suetonius gives a pleasant gossiping picture of the old man's life in his short holidays there, his delight in idly listening to the prattle of his Moorish and Syrian slave-boys as they played knuckle-bones on the beach, his enjoyment of the cool breeze which swept through his villa even in summer, or of the cool plash of water from the fountain in the peristyle, his curiosity about the big fossil bones dug up in the island which he sent to Rome to be placed in the galleries of his house on the Palatine, his fun in quizzing the pedants who followed him by Greek verses of his own making. But in the midst of his idleness the indefatigable energy which marked the man was seen in the buildings with which Suetonius tells us he furnished the island, and the progress of which after his death may possibly have been the inducement which drew his successor to its shores.

It is with the name of the second Cæsar rather than of the first that Capri is destined to be associated. While the jests and Greek verses of Augustus are forgotten, the terrible invective of Tacitus and the sarcasm of Juvenal recall the cruelties and the terrors of Tiberius. His retirement to Capri, although, as we have seen, in form but a carrying out of the purpose of Augustus, marks a distinct stage in the development of the Empire. For ten years not Rome, but an obscure island off the Campanian coast, became the centre of the government of the world. The spell of the Eternal City was suddenly broken, and it was never thoroughly restored. If Milan, Ravenna, Nicomedia, Constantinople, became afterwards her rivals or supplanters as the seat of empire, it was because Capri had led the way. For the first time, too, as Dean Merivale has pointed out, the world was made to see in its bare nakedness the fact that it had a single master. All the disguises which Augustus had flung around his personal rule were flung aside; Senate, Consuls, the Roman people itself, were left contemptuously behind. A single senator, a few knights, a little group of Greek pedants, were all that accompanied Tiberius to Capri. The figure of the Emperor stood out bare and alone on its solitary rock. But, great as the change really was, the skill of Tacitus has thrown over the retirement of Tiberius a character of strangeness which, as we have seen, hardly belongs to it. What in fact distinguished it from the retirement of Augustus to the same spot was simply the persistence of his successor in never returning to Rome. Capri in itself was nothing but a part of the great pleasure resort which Roman luxury had created round the shores of the Bay of Naples. From its cliffs the Emperor could see through the pure, transparent air the villas and watering-places which fringed the coast from Misenum to Sorrentum, the groves and lakes of Baiæ, the white line of Neapolis, Pompeii, and Herculaneum, the blue sea dappled with the painted sails of pleasure-boats as they wooed the summer air. The whole bay was a Roman Brighton, and the withdrawal of Tiberius from the world was much the same sort of withdrawal from the world as the seclusion of George IV. at the Pavilion. Of the viler pleasures which are commonly attributed to him in his retreat we need say nothing, for it is only by ingenious conjectures that any of the remains at Capri have been made to confirm them. The taste of Tiberius was as coarse as the taste of his fellow-Romans, and the scenes which Seneca paints as common at Baiæ—the drunkards wandering along the shore, the songs of the revellers, the drinking-toasts of the sailors, the boats with their gaudy cargo of noisy girls, the coarse jokes of the bathers among the rose-leaves which strewed the water—were probably as common in the revels at Capri. But for the more revolting details we have only the scandal of Rome to rely on, and scandal was easily quickened by the veil of solitude and secrecy which Tiberius flung around his retirement. The tale of his cruelties, of the fisherman tortured for having climbed the cliff which the Emperor deemed inaccessible, of the criminals dashed into the sea down the steep of the "Salto di Timberio," rest on the gossip of Suetonius alone. But in all this mass of gossip there is little that throws any real light on the character of the island or of the buildings whose remains excite our interest there; we can only guess at its far wilder condition from a story which shows us the Imperial litter fairly brought to a standstill by the thick brushwood, and the wrath of Tiberius venting itself in a ruthless thrashing of the centurion who served as his guide. The story is curious because it shows that, in spite of the rapidity with which the Imperial work had been carried on, the island when Tiberius arrived was still in many parts hidden with rough and impenetrable scrub, and that the wonderful series of hanging gardens which turned almost the whole of it into a vast pleasure-ground was mainly of his own creation.

It would of course be impossible to pass in review the numberless sites where either chance or research has detected traces of the work of Tiberius. "Duodecim villarum nominibus et molibus insederat," says Tacitus; and the twelve villas may in most cases be identified to-day, some basking in the sunshine by the shore, some placed in sheltered nooks where the cool sea-breeze tempered the summer heat, the grander ones crowning the summit of the hills. We can trace the docks, the grottoes still paved with mosaic which marks them as the scene of Imperial picnics, the terraces and arbours of the hanging gardens with the rock boldly cut away to make room for them, the system of roads which linked the villas together, the cisterns and aqueducts which supplied water, the buildings for the slaves of the household and for the legionaries who guarded the shore, the cemetery for the dead, the shrines and pavilions scattered about on the heights, and a small Mithraic temple hidden in the loveliest of the Caprese ravines. If we restore in fancy the scene to which these ruins belonged, fill the gardens with the fountains and statues whose fragments lie profusely scattered about, rear again the porticoes of marble columns, and restore the frescoes whose traces exist on the ruined walls, we shall form some inadequate conception of the luxury and grace which Tiberius flung around his retirement. By a singular piece of good fortune the one great wreck which towers above all the rest is the spot with which the Emperor himself is historically associated. Through the nine terrible months during which the conspiracy of Sejanus was in progress, he never left, Suetonius tells us, the Villa Jovis, and the villa still stands on the huge promontory, fifteen hundred feet above the sea, from which his eye could watch every galley that brought its news of good or ill from Misenum and from Rome. Few landscapes can compare in extent or beauty with the view on which Tiberius must have looked. The promontory of Massa lies across the blue reach of sea, almost as it seems under one's hand, yet really a few miles off, its northern side falling in brown slopes dotted with white villas to the orange gardens of Sorrento, its southern rushing steeply down to the hidden bays of Amalfi and Salerno. To the right the distant line of Apennine, broken by the shadowy dip that marks the plain of Pæstum, runs southward in a dim succession of capes and headlands; to the left the sunny bow of the Bay of Naples gleams clear and distinct through the brilliant air till the broken mass of Ischia leads the eye round again to the cliff of Anacapri, with the busy little Marina at its feet. A tiny chapel in charge of a hermit now crowns the plateau which forms the highest point of the Villa Jovis; on three sides of the height the cliffs fall in a sheer descent of more than a thousand feet to the sea, on the fourth the terrace walls are formed of fragments of brick and marble, which recall the hanging gardens that swept downwards to the plain. The Villa itself lies partly hewn out of the sides of the steep rock, partly supported by a vast series of substructures, whose arched vaults served as water-reservoirs and baths for the service of the house. In strength of site and in the character of its defences the palace was strictly what Pliny calls it, "Tiberii principis arx," but this was no special characteristic of the Villa Jovis. "Scias non villas esse sed castra," said Seneca of the luxurious villas on the coast of Baiæ; it was as if the soldier element of the Roman nature broke out even amidst the patrician's idlest repose in the choice of a military site

and the warlike strength of the buildings he erected on it. Within, however, life seems to have been luxurious enough. The ruins of a theatre, whose ground plan remains perfect, show that Tiberius combined more elegant relaxations with the coarse revels which are laid to his charge. Each passage is paved with mosaic, the walls still retain in patches their coloured stucco, and here and there in the small chambers we find traces of the designs which adorned them. It is, however, rather by the vast extent and huge size of the substructures than by the remains of the house itself that we can estimate the grandeur of the Villa Jovis; for here, as at the Baths near the Marina, the ruins have served as quarries for chapels and forts and every farmhouse in the neighbourhood. The Baths stand only second in grandeur to the Villa itself. The fall of the cliff has torn down fragment after fragment, but the half of an immense calidarium still stands like an apse fronting the sea, a grand sea-wall juts out into the waves, and at its base, like a great ship of stone in the midst of the water, lies still unbroken after eighteen hundred years the sea-bath itself. The roof has fallen in, the pillars are tumbled from its front, but the high walls, though undermined by the tide, still stand erect. On the cliff above, a Roman fortress, which must have resembled Burgh Castle in form, and which has since served as a modern fort, seems to have protected the Baths and the vast series of gardens which occupied the whole of the lower ground beneath the Stair of Anacapri, and whose boundary wall remains in a series of some twenty almost perfect arches.

As we have said, however, we cannot attempt to describe the Roman remains of Capri in detail. Their importance has long been understood by the archæologists of Italy, and something of their ruin may be attributed to the extensive excavations made by the Government a hundred years ago. But far more of the terrible wreck is owing to the ravages of time. With the death of Tiberius Capri sinks suddenly out of sight. Its name had in fact become associated with infamy, and there is no real ground for supposing that it remained as the pleasure-isle of later Emperors. But the vast buildings can only slowly have mouldered into decay; we find its Pharos flaming under Domitian, and the exile of two Roman princesses, Crispina and Lucilla, by Commodus, proves that Imperial villas still remained to shelter them. It is to the period which immediately follows the residence of Tiberius that we may refer one of the most curious among the existing monuments of Capri, the Mithraic temple of Metromania. Its situation is singularly picturesque. A stair cut in the rock leads steeply down a rift in the magnificent cliffs to the mouth of a little cave, once shrouded by a portico whose fragments lie scattered among the cacti and wild thyme. Within, the walls are lined with the characteristic reticulated Roman masonry, broken chambers and doorways on either side are blocked by *débris*, and two semi-circular platforms rise one within the other to a niche in the furthest recess of the cave, where the bas-relief of the Eastern deity which is now deposited in the Museum at Naples was found by the first excavators. Beside it lay a stone with a Greek inscription so strangely pathetic that it must tell its own tale:—"Welcome into Hades, O noble deities—dwellers in the Stygian land—welcome me too, most pitiful of men, ravished from life by no judgment of the Fates, but by a death sudden, violent, the death-stroke of a wrath defiant of justice. But now I stood in the first rank beside my lord! now he has reft me and my parents alike of hope! I am not fifteen, I have not reached my twentieth year, and—wretched I—I see no more the light! My name is Hypatus; but I pray my brother and my parents to weep for wretched ones no more." Conjecture has coupled this wail of a strange fate with the human sacrifices offered at the shrine of Mithras, and has seen in Hypatus a slave and favourite of Tiberius devoted by his master to the Eastern deity; but there is no ground whatever for either of the guesses. Such as it is, however, the death-cry of Hypatus alone breaks the later silence of Capri. The introduction of Christianity was marked by the rise of the mother church of San Costanzo, whose inner columns of giallo antico and cipollino were torn from the ruins of the Baths hard by, and from this moment we may trace the progress of destruction in each monument of the new faith. The sacrarium of San Stefano is paved with a mosaic of marbles from the Villa Jovis, and the chapel of St. Michael is erected out of a Roman building which occupied its site. We do not know when the island ceased to form a part of the Imperial estate, but the evidence of a charter of Gregory II., overlooked by the local topographers, shows that at the opening of the eighth century the "Insula Capreæ cum monasterio St. Stefani" had passed like the rest of the Imperial property in the South to the demesne of the Roman See. The change may have some relation to the subjection of Capri to the spiritual jurisdiction of Sorrento, of whose bishopric it formed a part till its own institution as a separate see in the tenth century. The name of the "Bishop of Quails," which attached itself to the prelate of Capri, points humorously to the chief source of his episcopal income, the revenue derived from the capture of the flocks of these birds who settle on the island in their two annual migrations in May and September. From the close of the ninth century, when the island passed out of the hands of Amalfi, it has followed the fortunes of the mainland; its ruin seems to have been completed by the raids of the Saracens from their neighbouring settlement on the coast of Lucania; and the two mediæval fortresses of Anacapri and Castiglione, which bear the name of Barbarossa, simply indicate that the Algerian pirate of the sixteenth century was the most dreaded of the long train of Moslem marauders who had made Capri their prey through the middle ages. Every raid and every fortress removed some monument of the Roman rule, and the fight which wrested the isle from Sir Hudson Lowe at the beginning of the present century put the coping-stone on the work of destruction. But, in spite of the ravages of time and of man, enough has been left to give a special archæological interest to the little rock-refuge of Capri.

MIXED MARRIAGES.

SEVERAL letters have lately appeared in the *Times* complaining of the refusal of Roman Catholic priests to celebrate marriages between Catholics and Protestants without a promise that the Protestant ceremony shall be dispensed with altogether, and a written engagement that all the children shall be brought up Catholics. The complaint, so far as it is directed against the individual priests, is wholly unreasonable, for they have no choice in the matter. The state of the case, briefly put, is this. So long as no marriages could be legally celebrated in England except by the clergy of the Established Church, the process was simple enough. All marriages, Catholic or Protestant, were, as a matter of course, solemnized in the parish church, any further ceremony, unknown to the law, which both or either of the parties might desire, being added at their discretion. But when, some five-and-thirty years ago, the option of civil marriage, either at the registrar's office, or by his attendance at the religious service in a Nonconformist place of worship, was introduced, this ceased to be necessary. It is true indeed, as has lately been pointed out in connexion with Mr. Osborne Morgan's preposterous Burials Bill, that a large proportion of Dissenters still prefer being married at church rather than at the registrar's office or their own chapels. But where both parties are Roman Catholics, they naturally elect to be united by priests of their own faith, and see no reason for repeating the ceremony elsewhere. When, however, one party was a Protestant, or at least a member of the Church of England, it became usual for the Anglican ceremony to follow the Roman Catholic, nor was any difficulty till very recently experienced in carrying out this arrangement. It was only stipulated by the Catholic authorities that their own rite should take precedence, so as to avoid repeating a marriage already validly effected. But a Papal dispensation is required for these unions, and for this certain conditions were imposed. Formerly, we believe, an agreement that the boys born of the marriage should be brought up in the religion of their father and the girls in the religion of their mother was very generally accepted, and most of us must have come across families of mixed religion both in England and abroad. But since Cardinal Wiseman's time an express stipulation that all the children should be baptized and educated as Catholics has been rigidly insisted upon in this country. No interference, however, with the received custom of repeating the marriage ceremony was attempted, as a Roman Catholic priest writing to the *Times* seems to imagine, till long after the change in the law. It was only when Dr. Manning became Archbishop of Westminster, that he lost no time in issuing a strict prohibition to his clergy against celebrating any such marriages till they had obtained an assurance that the Anglican ceremony would not be superadded. With the motive of this injunction we need not here concern ourselves, further than to say that it is obviously intended to discourage mixed marriages, which Ultramontanes are never tired of denouncing, and which, according to several official—and therefore now infallible—utterances of Popes, the Church "abominates and detests." The expediency of the regulation, from a Roman Catholic point of view, may be questioned. One of its first results was the refusal to solemnize what the papers call "a marriage in high life" at Warwick Street Chapel, which was in consequence performed at St. George's, Hanover Square only; and the Roman Catholic husband remained, we believe, for some years under virtual excommunication. Similar cases are said to have frequently occurred among the poor. This, however, is a consideration which chiefly affects those who have imposed the new restriction. It is more to our present purpose to inquire what has been the general tradition and practice of the Church in the matter, about which, as is natural, Protestants are apt to entertain very loose and inaccurate ideas.

In the first place, then, it must be borne in mind that, although matrimony is one of the seven Sacraments according to Catholic doctrine, neither its validity nor its sacramental character is dependent on the religious ceremony which has from a very early age been regarded as its fitting accompaniment. The "ministers of the Sacrament" are in this case explained by almost all theologians to be the contracting parties themselves, not the priest, and indeed no other theory can easily be made to harmonize with the canon law and the general practice of the Church. The essence of the Sacrament is held, very much as in the present Scotch law, which closely follows the ancient canon law, to consist in the mutual consent of the two parties to the contract. And hence clandestine marriages voluntarily entered upon were expressly declared by the Council of Trent to be valid so long as the Church does not annul them. But the Council, in order to prevent the recurrence of these clandestine unions, decreed that for the future the presence of the parish priest, or some priest acting with his approval, and of two other witnesses, should be required as conditions of a valid marriage. We say the *presence* of the parish priest, for it is not essential that he should perform the nuptial rite, or even that he should be a willing witness of the contract, as will be remembered by readers of the *Promessi*

Synod, where the whole plot hinges on this Tridentine ordinance, and the priest is eventually decoyed into witnessing what it had been his special object to prevent. In countries, therefore, where the Tridentine canons are received, of which England is not one, the presence of these three witnesses is held necessary to the validity of the marriage; elsewhere the principle of the old canon law holds good, by which any free consent of the contracting parties constitutes a valid marriage. We may add that, according to the old canon law, which here again agrees with the present law of Scotland, joint consent legitimated all children previously born. It will be clear from what has been said that the Church claims the right not merely to decide what marriages are lawful or unlawful by the divine and natural law, but also to enact additional conditions—that is, to make impediments—at her own discretion. This right appears to have been exercised from a very early period. Second marriages, for instance, though not forbidden, except to the clergy, were discouraged by the imposition of long canonical penances, in the second and third centuries; while third marriages are stigmatized in the *Apostolic Constitutions* as a proof of incontinence, and fourth marriages as no better than fornication. To come nearer to our immediate point, Tertullian speaks very strongly against the inconveniences and dangers of the union of a Christian woman with a heathen husband—supposing, that is, she was a Christian at the time of her marriage; for if she had been subsequently converted, he exhorts her to continue, with the blessing of God, in what is a valid union, and exert all her influence for good over her heathen partner. The Synod of Elvira, in 305, forbids Christian parents to give their daughters in marriage to Jews or heretics, on pain of five years exclusion from communion; or, if they give them in marriage to heathen priests, perpetual exclusion. Ten years later a similar canon, excommunicating women who contracted such a marriage, was passed at the Synod of Arles. Valentinian made a law against these mixed marriages, and the prohibition is included with several others in the Theodosian Code. But, although unlawful, such unions were not anciently held to be invalid, as is exemplified in the well-known case of St. Monica, the mother of St. Augustine, who was married to the heathen Patricius. The Church, however, claimed the right to constitute at her own will not only *impedimenta impedientia*, which make marriage illicit, but also *impedimenta dirimentia*, which make it absolutely null and void, over and above the impediments of nature or divine revelation. This claim is asserted under anathema by the Council of Trent, and its denial forms the subject of three of the condemned propositions of the Syllabus. And of these "diriment impediments" what is called disparity of cult is now one.

According to the present canon law there are no less than fourteen kinds of *impedimenta dirimentia*, some depending on natural, some on positive ecclesiastical law, which are summed up in the following quaint mnemonic lines:—

> Error, conditio, votum, cognatio, crimen,
> Cultûs disparitas, vis, ordo, ligamen, honestas,
> Si sis *affinis*, si forte coire nequibis,
> Si parochi et duplex desit præsentia testis,
> Raptaque sit mulier nec parti reddita tutæ:
> Hæc facienda vetant, connubia facta retractant.

It will of course be understood that these impediments must exist beforehand to make the marriage invalid. With one of them only need we specially concern ourselves now, which stands sixth in order in the lines just quoted. Disparity of cult does not here refer to the difference between Catholics and Protestants, but to the union of a baptized Christian with an unbaptized person, whether Jew, heathen, or member of some nominally Christian sect, which either omits baptism altogether, like the Quakers, or administers it, like the Unitarians, under what is held to be an invalid form. Such unions are declared to be null and void, because, as Christian marriage is a Sacrament, Christians have no right to marry those who, not having received baptism, are incapable of receiving any other Sacrament. The marriage of Catholics with heretics, on the other hand, is forbidden by the canons of Chalcedon and other subsequent Councils, but not made invalid, the chief reason of this prohibition alleged by canonists being the danger to the faith of the children. For, according to Aquinas, the main end of matrimony as a Sacrament is not merely the procreation of children, but their education in the Catholic faith. It has, however, long been customary for the Pope to grant dispensations for such marriages "for grave causes," and although the condition *abjurato prius hæresi* used to be inserted in these dispensations, and Benedict XIV. declares that they should very rarely indeed be given without such previous recantation, this condition has practically fallen into desuetude. Not so the stipulation about the religion of the children, for which a stand has been made wherever it was deemed practicable to enforce it. This formed one main item of the quarrel between the Holy See and the Prussian Government which led in 1837 to the imprisonment of the Archbishops of Cologne and Posen. What precise regulations are in force in Germany at the present day we are unable to say, but Dr. Döllinger observes in his last work that "marriages between Catholics and Protestants have increased of late years (in Germany), and will certainly continue to increase, and these multiplying marriages and families of mixed religion are already paving the way for the fusion of the Churches." We presume therefore that, in practice at all events, the religion of the children follows that of the parent of their own sex, as was formerly the custom in England. But in this, as in other respects, the violent Ultramontane reaction of the day has studiously opposed itself to everything in the shape of conciliation. In the language of the Papal Curia, the Church "abominates" mixed marriages, even where it is found expedient to tolerate them, and the Jesuits denounce them vigorously from the pulpit, and exert a more effective influence against them in the Confessional. If any authoritative reply was to be vouchsafed to the remonstrances of the Protestant correspondents of the *Times*, there can be no doubt about its drift, or its being, *ex hypothesi*, sufficiently conclusive. The complainants urge in effect that, instead of their path being smoothed for them in their natural and laudable desire to wed their Roman Catholic fellow-subjects, all sorts of gratuitous difficulties are thrown in their way. The answer would be, that it is by no means desirable in this case that the course of love, however true, should run smooth, but very much the reverse, and that difficulties are thrown in their way for the express purpose of thwarting it. Hence these tears. We are far from saying that such a policy is really the most conducive to the higher interests of Catholicism, but from their own point of view the position of its promoters is unassailable. They wish to make mixed marriages as infrequent as possible, and, having no direct means of influencing Protestants in the matter, they do all in their power to make the process of marrying Catholics as unpleasant to them as they can. And the outcry which has been raised is the best proof that they have succeeded.

LONDON AND NORTHUMBERLAND HOUSE.

THE meditated surrender of Northumberland House is leading to unexpected results. Our readers will remember that Lord Elcho bravely and wisely endeavoured to persuade the House of Commons to deviate for once from its narrow groove of rigid precedent, and to refer the Bill consummating the destruction of that historical mansion to a Select Committee competent to consider the question in its broad aspects, with a power of option, instead of leaving it to the merely mechanical action of a Private Bill Committee. For those who are not versed in Parliamentary forms we must point out that the latter tribunal can do no more than see that certain technicalities have been complied with, and that in the case of Northumberland House it is inexorably shut out from listening to any independent argument from any person or body of persons whatever, owing to the presumedly representative character of that Metropolitan Board which was promoting the Bill in the name, by a legal fiction, of all united London. Consequently no materials have been provided to enable it to understand the subject on which it is supposed to decide—no plans or designs of the new street, no sections, but merely a plan of the site as it is, with a thick stroke to show the line of the new street, and two thin strokes to show the "limits of deviation." The House which rejected the motion was not the House that had listened a few minutes previously to the debate, but a casual throng of members the majority of whom had unintelligently trooped in to support the Standing Orders. Lord Elcho has in consequence thrown himself upon the common sense of the public, and symptoms seem to indicate that the scandal of our haphazard treatment of public improvements within the Capital is at length pinching the national conscience. The meeting which he called, and over which Lord Lyttelton presided, did not come together to protest in favour of keeping Northumberland House, but to take advantage of the mismanagement leading to its projected sale, and to promote a memorial to Mr. Gladstone, inviting him, in the terms of his own strong declaration made a few years since, to find some remedy for the patent mischief. This course of procedure was, as matters stood, a wise one; for we do not imagine, although we have had in the meanwhile the rich blessing of an Ayrton, that Mr. Gladstone in 1873 can gainsay what he uttered in 1866:—"There is still a lamentable and deplorable state of our whole arrangements with regard to public works; vacillation, uncertainty, rashness, extravagance, meanness, and all the conflicting vices that could be enumerated, are united in our present system," and "there is a total want of authority to guide and direct." Still it leaves us open to the risk that—according to the precedent of African potentates who cement durable peace by killing a man—the long needed reform may be begun by the tasteless sacrifice of the great old house.

We have so often dwelt upon the general question that we have only now to point out briefly the most patent absurdities of the present system:—(1) The subordinate character of the office of the First Commissioner of Works, as a mere functionary of the Treasury, limited to one House, unsupported by a Parliamentary Secretary, and charged, though without complete responsibility, with an ill-assorted farrago of isolated duties; (2) The anomalous independence of control possessed by the Metropolitan Board of Works; (3) The fragmentary, spasmodic, and feeble control which Parliament possesses, either in its collective capacity or by its Committees, over metropolitan improvements, by whomsoever promoted; and (4) The jealous exclusion on all hands of competent advice either from trained experts or accomplished students. Apposite illustrations of this chaotic condition came to hand at the meeting, in the fact that on one side of Whitehall the Board of Works was pushing its Bill for the demolition of Northumberland House with as little formality and as light a heart as if it were a scheme for some branch railway or petty canal in a remote county, and that on the other side of the same street, but with no concert between the authorities, the Office of Works had been busy or fussy in bringing in and then mysteriously withdrawing "a Bill for the Acquisition of Property for the purpose of Erecting

thereon new Buildings in Whitehall for the Admiralty and War Office." The attention of the meeting was also recalled to that strange freak which Mr. Ayrton was allowed to commit some two years since with perfect impunity, when he marred the noble symmetry of Kensington Gardens, and ruined one of the two great avenues, by breaking its back, at the loss of some forty unreplaceable trees, in order to give at the point of divergence a fragmentary vista of the Albert Memorial. The different speakers, as might be supposed, dwelt upon various plans for remedying the evil. The suggestion offered in the second Report of Lord Elcho's Committee of 1869 to invest the First Commissioner with powers of critical supervision over metropolitan works was generally approved; as was the further suggestion which won favour with the same Committee, although it was not finally embodied in its Report, that the Commissioner should be supported in his enlarged duties by a Consultative Committee representing influential bodies and societies peculiarly interested in architecture and engineering. Again it was pointed out that this alteration would not be sufficient unless the status of the Minister himself were improved by a definition of duties, a position which should enable him to be a member of either House, and the assistance, as in other important departments down to the Board of Trade and the Local Government Board (not to mention the Education Office, where the second in command is called Vice-President), of a Parliamentary Secretary who would presumably be primarily concerned with the financial relations of his department. Beyond these official changes would naturally come the reorganization of the Parliamentary Committees dealing with important buildings and communications in the metropolis, in pursuance of the policy recommended during the last Session, and recently put into operation, which has substituted one Select Committee for the numerous little Committees which used to fiddle piecemeal with the different schemes for overrunning London with tramways.

All these are, however, suggestions for a period which is still future, however immediately so it may happily be. The question of the hour is, What must be done with Northumberland House? The subject is, we are glad to see, no longer regarded under the false lights of panic or of routine. The public is beginning to appreciate that there are two parties to this as to all other bargains, and that while it may suit the Duke of Northumberland to take half a million for his house, it may not suit London to give him that half-million. This view of the case is quite beside (although, no doubt, it is strengthened by) the artistic and historical value of Northumberland House in itself. At present we are told that the process of reaching the Embankment is somewhat devious; but, as was well pointed out at the meeting, the Embankment, with all its advantages of shortened through communication, must for ever remain comparatively empty, from its not being a shop or even a residential street, as are in both respects the quays of Paris and of Dublin. Stopping traffic so greatly contributes to the thronging of our thoroughfares, that the moving population of the Embankment must always remain limited, compared with the great competing East and West streets, and the more so (as was not stated in Willis's Rooms) because the railroad which runs under it must carry off a very appreciable amount even of the through traffic. At present, likewise, the façade of Northumberland House exists, and is admitted by all persons whose artistic taste has been even rudimentarily cultivated to be a noble specimen of a very interesting epoch of our national architecture, in spite of alterations which might very wisely be brought back to the original forms, while it serves as a mask to hide two of the most hideous masses of brick and of iron that human perversity ever put together—the Charing Cross Station and the Charing Cross Bridge. For the half-million London will get a straight cutting, which may swell the traffic on the Embankment or may fail in so doing, but will certainly reach that road with a very awkward angle; it will bring those woeful monstrosities, the station and the bridge, into full view of the so-called "noblest site in Europe"; it will deprive itself of the option of forming any other roadway with better angles, which would neither destroy Northumberland House nor lay bare the adjacent deformities; and it will render the prospective widening of the narrow gut of Whitehall very problematical. We are patient enough to think that none of these advantages are so very urgent as to make it imperative on Parliament to give final sanction to the haphazard system of metropolitan rebuilding—we will not term it improvement—and to sanction the irretrievable destruction of a great historical landmark for no better reason than the caprice of an irresponsible Board which is able to force its will upon a Parliamentary Committee, and to shut out any opposition on the colourable pretext that it represents in itself, as an elected body, every ratepayer and every inhabitant of the metropolis. Many things which seemed for the time more important than the destruction of Northumberland House have been postponed till men have lived to bless the delay. We want some guarantee that London shall be improved, not hacked about. We claim some instructed superintendence over our public buildings and approaches in the interests of economy and convenience no less than of taste, and we insist on this better organization being conducted in accordance with our national traditions of personal liberty and public responsibility. When these good ends have been attained, it will be time to consider, with many other questions, whether Northumberland House shall or shall not be permitted to stand, and, if it is to go, at how much cost the destruction is to be purchased. In the meanwhile Parliament will most wisely and most safely discharge its duty by refusing to sanction a transaction which is popular with no man beyond the circle of the managing Board, and which is suspected, disliked, and denounced by every independent and trustworthy thinker.

THE LOSS OF THE *ATLANTIC*.

THERE are several questions in regard to the loss of the *Atlantic* which will have to be cleared up, but there is at least no room for doubt as to the immediate cause of the catastrophe. At midnight on Monday, when Captain Williams went below, the steamer was making for Halifax, and the Sambro light near the mouth of that port was reckoned to be thirty-five miles north-north-west. Three hours afterwards the *Atlantic* struck on a rock, known as Meagher's Head, to the west of Sambro, and it was then of course clear that she had been steered by the wrong light. Whether there was an error in the captain's original calculation, or whether the first officer, who was left in charge of the vessel after the captain turned in, altered the course will perhaps be ascertained hereafter. It appears that the captain and nearly all the officers were able to provide for their own safety. It is stated that the weather was dark, but not thick. As some of the crew and passengers got on shore by the help of ropes, it may be assumed that the weather, though rough, was not then particularly stormy. It is mentioned that when the fishermen came to the rescue after daybreak, the sea became too rough for their boats to live on it, but this perhaps refers to the danger of being dashed against the wreck. There is no suggestion in any of the reports which have come to hand of the *Atlantic* having been driven on the rocks by the violence of the gale. It is evident that she got on the rocks simply because she was steered straight on to them, and she was steered in this direction because the officer in charge of the ship mistook one light for another, and had no idea that there were any rocks in the way. How this error occurred, whether the first officer fell into it on his own account, or whether he was in any way led into it by the captain's calculations, remains to be discovered. The steamer, as soon as she got upon the ledge, struck several times with great violence. The officers and men rushed on deck, and it was at once seen that the case was hopeless. The officers instantly turned their attention to the boats, hacking them clear with axes, as there was no time to lower them in the ordinary way, but it was already too late. Only one boat had been launched when the ship fell over on her beam-ends, carrying down the boat with her. A portion of the rigging remained above water, and as many as were able took refuge there. Mr. Brady, the third officer, swam to the rock with a rope, by the help of which others succeeded in escaping. At daybreak some fishermen arrived with their boats, and altogether some four hundred persons were saved. Most of the other six hundred on board the ship were probably drowned in their sleep. Between the first shock and the heeling over of the vessel only a few minutes elapsed, and those who had rushed on deck had alone a chance of escape. According to one account, the first boat had no sooner been launched than the men rushed in and filled it, but the turning over of the vessel swamped the boat, and all in it were drowned. It is impossible to read the narrative of this disaster without recalling the circumstances attending the recent loss of the *Northfleet*. Within a few weeks a couple of vessels have been lost, not in a storm, but in quiet, or at least comparatively quiet, weather, and close to land. In each case the disaster happened at night, when all were in bed and asleep, and only a small part of the crew and passengers were saved. In each case, too, the disaster was due to an error in steering, in the one case on the part of the ship that ran down the *Northfleet*, and in the other case on the part of the *Atlantic* herself.

It would seem to be quite clear that the *Atlantic* was lost because the officer in charge of her mistook the Prospect light, west of Sambro, for the Sambro light; but the *Atlantic* was already out of the natural course of a vessel bound for New York. And this suggests another question, to which as yet no satisfactory answer has been given. How came it that the *Atlantic*, on her way to New York, should have been making for Halifax? Captain Williams's explanation is said to be that he thought a storm was threatening, and his stock of coal was running short. He therefore wished to put in at Halifax for a fresh supply. It is stated, however, by the owners that when the *Atlantic* left Liverpool she had 976 tons of coal on board, being some 200 tons beyond the average supply for such a voyage. The reports from the ship when she touched at Queenstown on her way out were all of the most favourable kind. The engines were reported to be working well. The coals were said to be of superior quality, and everything seemed to be in excellent working order. It must be presumed, however, that the captain would not go out of his course to touch at Halifax unless he had a reason for it, and if it should prove that there was anything defective in the construction or equipment of the ship which rendered this deviation necessary, a heavy responsibility will undoubtedly rest on those who overlooked this weak point when she was sent to sea. There appears to have been very bad weather on the American side at the close of last month, and the *Atlantic* may possibly have got damaged in a gale. Whatever the explanation may be, it is clear that in the natural course of things a steamer from Liverpool to New York ought not to find it necessary to touch at Halifax, and as this was a coast with which the captain and officers were not familiar, there would be greater risk of error than on an ordinary voyage. But these are matters

on which it is idle to speculate in the absence of definite information. The *Atlantic*, from a description of her which has been published, seems to have been a strong well-built ship, with a hull comprising six water-tight compartments, steam steering apparatus, automatic tell-tale telegraphs, which by a return signal show whether the order given is being attended to, and all sorts of modern improvements and conveniences.

It is natural that a catastrophe of this kind, occurring at a moment when Mr. Plimsoll's agitation is making so much stir, and when so much is being said about the defective construction and equipment of ships, should produce a deep impression on the public mind, and that in the first instance doubts should be entertained of the soundness of the vessel. As far as is yet known there does not seem to be any ground for these suspicions, but the most effectual means of dissipating them will be by a full and searching inquiry. It may be remarked that it is to the absence of a preliminary survey that Mr. Plimsoll attributes the bad condition of the mercantile marine; but in this instance the *Atlantic*, as a passenger ship, must, we suppose, have had the benefit of a survey before she went to sea. Sir W. Fairbairn has been making some observations on this subject, which, from his experience and authority, both as a scientific and practical engineer, deserve attention. He asserts that the *Royal Charter*, the *London*, and the *Captain* were all lost from defective design and improper construction. Taking an average of three years, 2,800 lives have been annually lost at sea from misconstruction, bad material, and other causes, and these lives might have been saved by proper care and attention. He attributes many of the disasters that occur to the imperfect and insecure condition of iron constructions, and recommends careful inspection as a means of prevention. There is certainly no reason why sailors should not obtain the benefit of the same protection which is already extended to passengers. A sailor is, in regard to the general strength and seaworthiness of a vessel, scarcely a better judge than a landsman. He can judge only by what he sees; but all that is unseen and hidden away in the body of the ship he must take on trust. If a ship lies deep in the water, if she is wet or leaky, if the point of a knife will readily scratch a hole in the masts, if the cordage is frayed and rotten, and, above all, if the brass of the pumps looks very bright and worn, these are all things which he has an eye for, and on which he forms his estimate of the chances of his ever seeing land again if he goes to sea in the craft. But a ship may exhibit none of these external indications of neglect and exhaustion, and yet be in a very dangerous condition. An ordinary seaman, or indeed, for the matter of that, an ordinary merchant captain, has not the knowledge and experience of a practical shipbuilder, and even if he had, he has no opportunity of thoroughly overhauling the vessel. The danger of inspection is that it tempts people to trust too much to it. Even when it is carried out by honest and competent men, it is not an infallible test. The best surveyors are liable to make mistakes, to overlook weak points, or to underrate the importance of defects which have attracted their attention; and of course in any large body of men there are always some who are not altogether competent, or who are not perhaps absolutely incorruptible. Inspection is good as far as it goes, but it will be well to guard against the danger of expecting too much from it, and of relying too blindly and implicitly on the protection which it affords.

THE COMPLETE LETTER-CARRIER.

IN the days of the Protectorate, in 1654, appeared the posthumous collection of Sir Dudley Digges, well known to students of the Elizabethan age by the name of the *Compleat Ambassador*. The title was perhaps a little deceptive. One might have expected to find a code of precepts by which the beginner in diplomacy might make his way step by step till he deserved the honourable title which was bestowed on the book. But the philosophy of diplomacy was, in the eyes of Sir Dudley Digges or his editor, a philosophy which teaches wholly by example. The *Compleat Ambassador* is not a book of rules or instructions of any kind. It leaves the diplomatic aspirant to learn to do his work by seeing how the great men of past time did it before him. The *Compleat Ambassador* contains the letters written by Sir Francis Walsingham, when he was Queen Elizabeth's resident in France, about the twice contemplated marriage of the Queen with French Princes, and the answers of Lord Burleigh, the Earl of Leicester, Sir Thomas Smith, and others. In those days Englishmen had already learned that everything ought to go by precedent, but they had not yet learned that everything ought to go by examination. From the *Compleat Ambassador*, as thus defined, the gap does not seem to be very wide to the *Complete Letter-Writer*. The *Compleat Ambassador* dealt with letters, and letters dealing with very delicate questions, touching plans of marriage for a lady of the most exalted rank. As far as our very slight knowledge of the *Complete Letter-Writer* goes, it is largely filled with letters dealing with the same class of subjects, though not confined to persons so high in the world as members of the Houses of Tudor and Valois. But as human nature is the same in all ranks, and as we believe the *Complete Letter-Writer* proposes to supply ready letters for all the circumstances in which human nature can find itself, we have no doubt that it would supply a model which, with a few needful changes, might serve for any other prince who should chance to have to turn away from his blighted hopes, complaining of, and perhaps cursing, the fickleness of women and islanders. Still, here again we have to deal more with example than with precept. We outsiders have to form our notions of what a Complete Ambassador or a Complete Letter-Writer ought to be by studying the writings which actually passed under real given circumstances, or which experts have determined to be the right kind of thing to pass in given circumstances foreseen beforehand. But the most complete letter-writer would be somewhat at sea without the help of the public functionary by whose hands the letter is at last to reach the person for whom it is designed. The duties of the letter-carrier might seem to be easy, and his place in the economy of things might seem not to be very distinguished. This, we will say at once, is altogether a mistake. The Civil Service Commissioners have taken the letter-carrier under their care, and in their hands he seems likely to grow to a level at least with the complete letter-writer, if not with the complete ambassador himself. The Civil Service Commissioners have drawn the portrait of the complete letter-carrier, the letter-carrier as he ought to be, and, if they really find a live letter-carrier to answer to the portrait, he will be a very remarkable person indeed. It is, we have been told, literally true, though the story has grown in one of the magazines into a pleasant little romance, that an advertisement once appeared at the post-office of a Scottish island to the effect that a letter-carrier was wanted—"one able to read writing preferred." One would have thought that the power of reading writing was, in the case of a letter-carrier, not a mere counsel of perfection which might win a man a higher place than others, but the one cardinal virtue without which his craft could not be followed at all. How are Snooks and Tomkins each to get his own letters, if the letter-carrier does not know which of the mysterious marks on the covers stand for Snooks and which stand for Tomkins? Yet we are credibly told that in our Scottish island the *cæteris paribus* clause could not be carried out, and that a letter-carrier was appointed who could not read writing. He did his work with a kind of Homeric simplicity. As the herald showed the lots to the heroes, so that each hero might know his own, so, when our letter-carrier ignorant of letters showed himself, the people flocked around him to examine his freight, and each to carry off his own share, even if no mischievous wight ever carried off the share of his neighbour. Here was a state of things which certainly needed reform; a state of things which perhaps was to be found only in such out-of-the-way corners of the kingdom, and which may not have extended itself to the adjacent islands of Great Britain and Ireland. But anyhow the Civil Service Commissioners do strike us as going a little too far the other way. They seem to start from the assumption that the letter-carrier must needs be a perfect being, that he must reach a standard which we should have thought that no human being could reach, unless perhaps the present and late Lord Chancellors, and possibly here and there a stray bishop. For our own part, we should not think of risking ourselves in a competition, whether limited or open, in which so small a part of mankind can expect to reach even the positive standard which is set up. We feel our own weakness, and we could not undertake to practise all the virtues for so low a figure as fourteen shillings a week.

We will now let our readers into a little bit of a secret; we will show them one of the odd corners of the administration of this great community on which, as far as we know, no light has yet been thrown. The readers of Mr. Trollope's *Ralph the Heir* will remember how the successful candidate for the borough of Percycross was expected to bestir himself on behalf of a supporter, or the cousin of a supporter, or the cousin of the cousin of a supporter, who wished for the office of postmaster of the borough. Now a careful observer of men and things will notice the beautiful proportions and gradations which run through a large part of human life. The visitor to Reading a few years past might have been struck by the singular way in which ecclesiastical building had given way to prisons; but he must also have been struck with the beautiful propriety by which, while the mitred abbey was cut short to make room for the stately gaol of the county, the lowlier Friars church was set apart for the humbler prisoners of the borough. A proportion no less delicate seems to be established in the matter of which we are speaking. The successful candidate—to judge at least from the case of Sir Thomas Underwood—is expected to have some voice in disposing of the greater office of postmaster. But even the unsuccessful candidate ought to get something, at all events if his party happen to be in power. In the Homeric games those who were beaten got prizes, though smaller prizes, as well as those who succeeded; the successful wrestler was to receive the great tripod valued at twelve oxen, while he who was overthrown was to comfort himself with leading away the woman skilled in many works, who was valued at four oxen only. So, while the successful candidate has to deal with the postmasters, it is at least a popular belief that the unsuccessful candidate has the advowson of the post of letter-carrier. His faithful supporters all believe that a letter missive from him will have some weight in disposing of an office which seems to be more eagerly sought after than by the light of nature we should have thought that it would be. The local representative, however unsuccessful himself, of the cause which is successful has only to write to the proper authorities, and the privilege of earning fourteen shillings weekly by walking perhaps the same number of miles daily will be bestowed as he wishes. Nor is the popular belief altogether wrong. The only difficulty is to know to what branch of authority the application ought to be made. Write to the Treasury, and you are told that it rests

with the Post Office. Write to the Post Office, and you are told that it rests with the Treasury. Still all this is only a little official playfulness; the thing commonly turns out right in the end, and the man who cannot succeed himself, but who can procure the success of others, has presently the pleasure of seeing his nominee trudging along the road with the letter-bag. And both Post Office and Treasury are human; they write civil, and indeed friendly, letters, written on the same kind of paper and according to the same formulæ as the letters of other people. As long as you have only to do with the Post Office and the Treasury, well and good.

But behind these authorities lurks another power far more fearful, solemn, and inquisitive. Not at all times, but only on some rare emergencies, perhaps at moments of some special awakening of the official conscience, the Civil Service Commissioners step in, armed with questions almost as fearful as those which the examining angels of Mahometan belief put to the man who has just reached the other world, when they command him to stand up in his grave and question him concerning his creed. Treasury and Post Office will put up with a general recommendation, a recommendation perhaps grounded on hearsay, at any rate a recommendation set forth, like the lectures of Oxford Professors, "sine ulla sollennitate." Not so the sterner Civil Service Commissioners; they deal only in foolscap sheets, in printed formulæ with blank spaces, in solemn beginnings and endings, in little notices and mysterious figures printed at every corner—in everything, in short, which can oppress the unofficial mind with the feeling that they are High-Mightinesses indeed with whom he now has to deal. In the Treasury or the Post Office he may be dealing with men whom he never saw in the flesh; still they deal with him as a man and a brother. His correspondent at the Civil Service Commission, S.W., may sign a name personally familiar to him, but the awfulness of official grandeur must not be relaxed for a moment. Then comes the paper of searching inquiries. The first indeed is scratched out with a pen—"Are you related to the candidate? If so, what is the relationship?" It is well to guard against nepotism, but it seems to have flashed across the minds even of the Civil Service Commissioners that, as yet, whatever we may come to presently, even unsuccessful candidates for seats in Parliament are not likely to be near of kin to candidates for the office of letter-carrier. But the degree of knowledge which he who recommends ought to have of him whom he recommends is tested in such a way that there is no escape. "Are you well acquainted with the candidate?" "From what circumstances does your knowledge of him arise?" This in plain words perhaps means, "How do you come to know anything about him?" "How long have you known him?" What sort of relations can Civil Service Examiners conceive to exist between the kind of person who is likely to recommend a letter-carrier and the kind of person who is likely to be recommended? Do they fancy that the recommender is likely to have been so struck with the recommended the first time he saw him as to have noted down the date in his journal, like the people in the old translation of the *Arabian Nights* who always say to a stranger, "I am rejoiced to have made the acquaintance of a man of your merit." Then the questions go on—"What have been the places of his education?" The Civil Service Commissioners plainly look on a letter-carrier as one whose education cannot be finished in any one seat of learning. The chance that he may simply have been to the National or British School, or, as in our Scotch case, to no school at all, plainly has not come into their minds; a letter-carrier, like a mediæval scholar or a modern prince, is one who may be fairly expected to have "studied much in divers Universities." As for the moral qualities, they are searched into in a formula which we give as it is printed:—

Is he strictly honest?
sober?
intelligent?
diligent?

Of how many of our friends could we conscientiously say that they are strictly intelligent and strictly diligent? Strict honesty, strict sobriety, strict intelligence, strict diligence, pretty nearly all the moral and intellectual virtues, must all be had for fourteen shillings a week. What at this rate may be the salary of a Civil Service Commissioner, or what may be the qualifications of a Civil Service Commissioner, we will not presume to ask. Then, as if an unsuccessful candidate was bound to be the common physician and the common banker of all those whom he would fain have had for his constituents, he is further asked, "What has been the state of his health since you have known him?" "Do you believe him to be free from pecuniary embarrassments?" This we take to be high-polite Commissioner style for "Do you think he is likely to be in debt?" "Has he to your knowledge been bankrupt or insolvent?" One would have thought that even a Civil Service Commissioner might have known enough of human life to see the grotesqueness of thinking that any one of the class who are likely to apply for the post of letter-carrier is at all likely to find his way into the Bankruptcy Court. Lastly comes a question which we really think ought to be put by no one but a spiritual director. "Would you yourself trust him with employment requiring undoubted honesty, and would you recommend him for such to your personal friends?" Here at last we have a piece of worldly wisdom; the Commissioners have at least found out that there are many people who would recommend for public employment a man whom they would neither employ themselves nor recommend their personal friends to employ. This is no doubt a sad failure in the duty of the citizen to the State of which he is a member. Still it must be remembered that the State only offers fourteen shillings a week, and it must put up with what it can get for the money. Private people would perhaps find that it was quite worth their while to give more to a man who was perfectly free alike from bodily disease and from pecuniary embarrassment, who had studied in several places of education, and who displayed such an unusual combination of virtues as to be at once strictly sober, strictly honest, strictly intelligent, and strictly diligent. In fact, we begin to look upon the Complete Letter-Carrier as a self-sacrificing patriot, who is ready to hide his light under a bushel, ready to do much work and to receive little pay, as long as his toil is sweetened by the thought that he is serving his country. Ministers of State, we are told, do the same; they get poorer rather than richer in their country's service. Still they get fame and power; the Complete Letter-Carrier gets only the consciousness of his own unrewarded merits. The State is indeed a lucky master if such servants as the Commissioners describe are to be found every day. In private life we are often glad to get a less perfect being than the Complete Letter-Carrier at a higher rate than two shillings daily.

THE ACTION FOR SEDUCTION.

THE little Bills of Mr. Charley give a great deal of trouble to Parliament. He has brought in a Bill "to Amend the Laws relating to Seduction," which by three short clauses would produce an extensive and mischievous effect. The existing law of seduction is theoretically indefensible, but the alterations proposed by Mr. Charley would be practically objectionable. There are quite enough actions for seduction already, and under the amended law the number of such actions would be overwhelming. At present the action can be brought only by the parent or guardian of the woman, and it is grounded, not on the seduction itself, but on the loss of service to the parent or guardian by the woman's illness; and, therefore, unless there be in some sense of the word a service, there can be no action. It undoubtedly happens that in this state of the law compensation is obtained in some cases while it is refused in others which are equally meritorious. A girl worked as farm-servant by day, returning home to sleep; she was seduced by her master, and her father recovered damages because there was service, or the possibility of it, during the hours which she spent under her father's roof. Another girl held an ordinary place as domestic servant, and was seduced by her master's son. It was alleged that during her hours of leisure she, with her mistress's consent, and in her mistress's house, made shirts for the assistance of her mother in her mother's business of a shirtmaker, but it was held by the Court that this was not a sufficient service. Another limitation which the Courts have hitherto maintained is that there must be a child-birth, or at least an illness, as the apparent result of the alleged seduction. In a case where it appeared that the defendant had debauched the plaintiff's daughter, and that she was delivered of a child, but the jury found that the child was not the defendant's, the judge directed the jury to find a verdict for the defendant, and this ruling was upheld by the Court. This case was decided in the Exchequer at a time when that Court delighted in technical refinements, and it has been disapproved by a writer of high authority, but nevertheless it has been recognised as law in recent years. According to the evidence in this case, the seduction took place after Christmas Day, and a full-grown child was born in the June following. The law considered that a wrong to the father had been committed by the defendant's conduct towards his daughter and servant, and it gave an action for the loss of service thereby caused. In an old case of the time of the Commonwealth it is said, in reference to the technical distinction between an action "of trespass" and an action "on the case," and to the different limitations of time for bringing those actions respectively, that "the cause of action is *per quod servitium amisit*, and for this he hath brought the action within the time limited by the statute; for it is an action upon the case, although the *causa causans* is the *vi et armis*, which is but inducement to the action, and the *causa causata*—viz. the loss of service—is the ground of the action." The same idea is expressed more intelligibly by a modern judge, who says that "the foundation of the action by a father to recover damages against the wrongdoer for the seduction of his daughter has been uniformly placed, from the earliest time hitherto, not upon the seduction itself, which is the wrongful act of the defendant, but upon the loss of service of the daughter, in which service he is supposed to have a legal right or interest." It is not necessary that the daughter should be a minor, but only that she should be living with her father, or otherwise, in contemplation of law, in her father's service. Lord Mansfield thought it "very extraordinary that any action should lie to a person on account of incontinence between two others, both of whom may be of full age"; but such was the law in Lord Mansfield's time, and such is the law at present. Mr. Charley's Bill would have the effect of largely increasing an undesirable class of business in the courts. Under the present law some actions of seduction are brought, and many more are threatened, but the requirement of proof of actual or constructive service to the parent or guardian operates as a considerable check upon the activity of speculative attorneys.

The existing state of the law is well illustrated by a recent case in which the plaintiff lived at Canterbury and his daughter had

been in service at Deal. Her master discovered that she had been to a concert with a ticket given by the defendant, and thereupon he paid her a month's wages and told her to leave his service at once. Next day she started by railway on her return to her father's house, and on the journey she was seduced, as she alleged, by the defendant. Her father received her when she arrived at home, but he did not expect her, as he had not received notice that she had left service. She was afterwards delivered of a child, of which she swore that the defendant was the father. Taking this story to be true, it may be assumed that, if she had continued in service, the defendant would have seduced her on the first favourable opportunity, and in that case he would not have been liable to any action. But, as her master had dismissed her, it was held that her constructive service to her father revived, and the father became competent to bring an action, and the jury gave him 150*l.* damages. This verdict was sustained by the Court of Queen's Bench. "It must be taken," said the Lord Chief Justice, "that when the daughter entered the service she had the intention to return to her father on the termination of the service: the master discharged her with what must be taken to be good cause, and she was received by her father as soon as she reached home. I think there was enough to amount to a constructive service." The action was founded on the special ground of loss of service, and this was not very creditable to the law, but the action was substantially for the aggravated injury which the father had sustained by the seduction of his child. The damages, perhaps, were higher than the Court would have given, but the jury must be assumed to have taken all the circumstances into account, and the Lord Chief Justice did not think the Court ought to disturb the verdict. Another member of the Court said that the jury were to consider the injury as done to the natural guardian, and all that could be referred to that relation. "I do not say that they ought to calculate the actual cost of the maintenance of the grandchild, though they cannot well exclude that fact; but they may consider not only that the plaintiff has a daughter disgraced in the eyes of the neighbours, but that there is also a living memorial of the disgrace in a bastard grandchild."

There could not be a better example than this case affords of the evil, or supposed evil, which Mr. Charley undertakes to remedy. In form the action for seduction is by the master, having a right to the services of the servant, and having lost the benefit of those services by reason of the wrongful act of the defendant; but, though in form this is the nature of the action, the damage by loss of service is in reality entirely nominal, and so long ago as the time of Lord Chief Justice Ellenborough the practice had, as he says, become inveterate of giving to the parent, or person standing *in loco parentis*, damages beyond the mere loss of service in respect of the loss aggravated by the injury to the person seduced. But it was agreed when Mr. Charley's Bill came before the House of Commons on Wednesday, that the part of it which refers to this subject cannot pass. The result of the debate was, that something ought to be done, but that it was very difficult to say what that something ought to be. Mr. Charley displays on social questions something of that active boldness which Mr. Disraeli imputes to certain members of the Liberal party in reference to political questions. In fact, Mr. Charley rushes in where the Attorney-General fears to tread. It is easy to say that legal forms ought to be brought into harmony with fact, and that as the action for seduction is really for the woman's benefit, it should be brought in the woman's name. But then the question arises whether every case which a woman may think proper to treat as one of seduction is to be made the foundation of an action. It is disappointing to find that Mr. Charley's Bill contains no definition of seduction. He does not propose to allow the woman herself to bring the action, but it may be brought by any person standing in the place of a parent towards her, and no allegation of service shall be required. But if this allegation be made unnecessary, it would be difficult to give any reason why the woman herself should not bring the action; and it might be brought, according to the Bill, on her own mere oath that she had been seduced, without proving that child-birth or illness had ensued upon or even after the seduction.

There is a practical limit to these actions now, because they cannot be brought in a County Court. And if they are brought in a superior Court, and not more than 10*l.* damages is recovered, the plaintiff gets ordinarily no costs. It might be desirable to postpone legislation on this subject until, by discussion in or out of Parliament, some principle has been ascertained on which legislation ought to proceed. Our old lawyers would have been shocked at the notion of allowing a woman to sue directly for the price of her chastity, and yet they allowed the action by the parent to introduce itself by a side door. The Attorney-General expresses reluctance to do directly that which is done indirectly, and he suggests that the action by the woman should only be allowed in cases where the seduction has been accomplished by "something like fraud or violence." It remains to be seen whether the Attorney-General will undertake to remodel Mr. Charley's Bill, or whether that indefatigable legislator can be induced to think that the subject would bear letting alone. The Attorney-General says that under the present law there have been many cases in which women have obtained verdicts when they have not taken proper care of themselves. It may be gravely questioned whether it is desirable so to alter the law that the number of such cases shall be probably increased. Mr. Hardy dwelt upon the danger of encouraging young women to rely upon obtaining legal compensation, and he feared that members of the House, with the best intentions, might encourage vice. It may be hoped that Mr. Charley will pay heed to this warning from one of the most prudent leaders of his own party. The existing law is capricious in its operation, but it can hardly be abolished, and we greatly doubt the wisdom of rendering it more comprehensive.

THE BATTLE OF THE INDIAN GAUGES.

IT would generally be regarded as a safe thing to say that the English people are nothing if not skilful in engineering; nevertheless we suspect that, for arriving at a sound judgment on the question which is just now causing such agitation in Great George Street—namely, the proper gauge for the extension of Indian railways—the American engineers would be better advisers than our own. They are more accustomed to deal with great areas and great distances such as are met with in India, which render the problem altogether different from anything presented by the conditions of railway traffic in England. Here, where the traveller may pass over all the railway systems of the kingdom in a day's journey, and where those systems intersect each other in every direction, it needs no argument to show the intolerable inconvenience and interruption to business and trade which a break of gauge occasions. But when persons proceed from these patent facts to assume that the same evils would follow from a break of gauge in India, they forget that the enormous extent of that country produces an entirely different condition of things. The fact is that there are tracts in India as large as Great Britain which lie wholly beyond the railway system, either as at present constructed or as proposed to be constructed, and that therefore it would be quite possible to have different gauges in India, and yet to maintain a railway traffic no more interrupted by break of gauge than is the traffic of England by its insular position.

Further, such experience as we have had seems to show that for passenger traffic, although a break of gauge is a great nuisance in short journeys, it causes no inconvenience whatever in long ones. When the journey extends over several days and nights—as, for example, between Calcutta and Bombay—passengers will usually require rest here and there, and it matters little whether they return to the same or to different carriages. Indeed we are informed that on this particular line, although no break of gauge exists, it is actually found more convenient for the traffic arrangements, as well as more agreeable to the European passengers, to change the carriages half way than to run the same carriages through from end to end. Again, as regards the native third-class passengers, who form the great bulk of the traffic, the plan of through trains has, we believe, been already in great measure discontinued, and the train stops either by day or night, according to the season, disembarking all its passengers for eight or ten hours, to rest and cook meals; certainly a much more sensible plan than dragging them continuously through their journey in carriages which are usually packed like the 'tween-decks of a slaver.

Thus we apprehend that, even as regards through passenger traffic, the supposed evils of a break of gauge are almost imaginary; but it need hardly be remarked that the great bulk of the traffic would not be through traffic at all. The people who travel on English railways are not all of them going to Scotland or to France, and this local character of all railway traffic is especially marked in the case of agricultural communities such as make up the population of India. It is commerce which gives rise to long journeys, not agriculture. The people who travel in India are most of them travelling for only short distances; and when, therefore, this dreaded break of gauge means that at the end of a line eight or nine hundred miles long, of one gauge, there is found another line of the same length, but of a different gauge, the probability is that under such a system the vast majority of the people of India will live and die without ever having so much as seen the fatal point of junction between the two systems. So far, then, as passengers are concerned, we apprehend that the supposed evil of the break of gauge is a mere bugbear. With regard to the through traffic of goods the case no doubt is different; but the expense involved in shifting goods admits of correct estimation, and if it can be shown to be less than the saving involved by abandoning the broad gauge system for the extension of existing railways, then a sufficient case appears to be made out for such a policy.

There is, however, the military element in the question to be noticed. The Indian Government have selected for their first experiment with the metre gauge the line from Lahore, the capital of the Punjab, to Peshawur, on the border of Afghanistan; and this being unquestionably our most important military frontier, it is argued that, even if the interpolation of narrow gauge railways be admissible in other parts of the country, here at any rate no break of gauge ought to be introduced, since it would interfere to an extreme degree with the movement of an army to repel invasion from the North-West. But persons who enlarge on the importance of maintaining unbroken military communications in this part of India seem always to have in view large armies, on the scale with which war is made in Europe. They know that the Indian army contains in the aggregate a good many men, and they assume that the railway accommodation needed should be of a sort adapted to convey large bodies of troops. But, even if any considerable proportion of the Indian army could be spared for concentration at any one point, which is more than doubtful, it is certain that only a very small army, as armies go nowadays, would ever be sent into Afghanistan, because only such an army could be

fed in that inhospitable country. Further, by whatever mode of transit the army might travel to Peshawur, it would at any rate take leave of railroads, whether broad gauge or narrow, at that point, and would therefore need to set forth on its expedition completely equipped with the means of transport required for making its way on foot through the mountains and defiles beyond, just as if no railways existed. The state of the case would therefore probably be, that the mules, camels, elephants, horses, and bullocks needed for the army would be driven up from the different parts of the Punjab in which they were collected, and that the troops destined for the expedition would also march up to the frontier on foot, without making use of the railway. This is the more probable because Afghanistan is inaccessible for several months in the year, so that there would be no hurry; the Indian cold weather would be available for preparation and assembling at Peshawur, and the expeditionary force would move onwards late in the spring. The main use of the railway would be, we apprehend, to convey ammunition and supplies; and even if there were no break of gauge at Lahore, all such stores would probably be unloaded there in the first instance, since that place would naturally be constituted the principal magazine of the army, from which the smaller magazines in front would in turn be fed and kept supplied.

According to this view of the case, then, the military argument against a break of gauge at this particular point does not appear to have much force. There remains of course the objection that, although uniformity might not be required in this particular hypothesis, still it is impossible to say what exigencies may not arise, of a kind not foreseen; and that, whatever they may be, if a strain were placed on our communications, our difficulties in such an emergency would be vastly increased by a break of gauge. This may be admitted. No one foresaw the great mutiny, and there may be other evil days in store for us when we should have cause for bitter regret that we had sacrificed the completeness of our military communications for a small saving. It is, however, for the Indian Government to say whether such a contingency is sufficiently tangible to justify the sacrifice of economy. This is a point which can only be properly weighed by the authorities on the spot, and on which the opinions of persons at a distance, whether railway experts or otherwise, cannot be worth much. And those who are best informed do not appear to take much account of the risk.

Still it must be admitted that, even if a break of gauge does no harm, it certainly does no good. It could at best be only justified by the certainty of effecting a considerable saving; and here there appears to be extreme diversity of opinion. The general opinion of the experts—and we understand that the point is admitted even by the advocates of the narrow gauge—is that the saving under the most favourable circumstances would be but small, while some of the leading railway pundits stoutly maintain that there would be no saving at all. The advantage of the narrow gauge, they say, is that it admits of sharper curves than the broad, and therefore of a saving in earthwork and permanent way in hilly ground; but, since the greater part of India is a level plain, this advantage would not be gained there; in so easy a country the cost of one mode of construction would be no greater than the cost of the other. The question here is not, be it observed, between a broad gauge *heavy* railway and a narrow gauge *light* one, but between two railways, each adapted to carry only a light traffic and a light rolling stock, of similar capabilities and construction, but in one of which the rails are laid further apart than in the other. The advocates for broad gauge light lines, as against narrow, contend that the cost does not depend on the distance of the rails apart, but on the weight of the rolling stock, which again depends on the width of the carriages. A narrow gauge line, with carriages to match, would certainly, these gentlemen admit, be the cheaper; but then it is understood that the Indian carriages, although running on a three-feet three-inch gauge, are to be over six feet wide, in which case, they affirm, it would be quite as cheap to put the rails five feet six apart, and the only thing gained by this novel arrangement will be a loss of stability.

It seems clear, however, that the advocates for the light broad gauge line really surrender the point they are contending for. A line of this sort, even if it were as cheap as the narrow one, which appears *primâ facie* improbable, would virtually involve a break of gauge with the existing heavy lines almost as completely as the narrow ones, since it would not carry the heavy rolling stock of the latter, except possibly to a very limited degree, and by using extreme care. But, on the other hand, it would certainly not be a worse form of line than that proposed. The question therefore seems really to turn, as regards the principle, on this point of cost, as to which there appears to be at present nothing certain on record. The argument so far seems to have been based entirely on "estimates" framed by various engineers of what they think lines can be made for. Considering what is known of the nice agreement heretofore attained between those precious documents and actual cost—that one great Indian line, estimated at 5,000*l.*, cost just 20,000*l.*, a mile, that in all other cases there has either been a large excess over the estimate, or the estimate has been adhered to only by letting the work on contract at highly remunerative rates—an argument based on comparative estimates appears to savour of the Laputan philosophy. Facts on this head derived from experiment are what we want, and in this view it seems highly desirable that at least one of the new lines to be constructed in India should be of the light broad gauge type; but to retrace the steps already taken towards the completion of the narrow gauge lines now in progress, as Mr. Laing and his supporters lately proposed, would be to cause certain waste and inevitable delay in a matter which has been delayed too long already, without, so far as can at present be established, any commensurate advantage.

MADMEN AND WILLS.

IT is becoming very difficult to know what course elderly gentlemen who are anxious not to have their wills disputed had better follow with regard to organ-grinders and brass bands. A few weeks ago half a dozen mad doctors went into the witness-box in the Probate Court to declare that an old gentleman who was in the habit of swearing at itinerant musicians when they played under his window at Ramsgate must necessarily have been mad, and quite incapable of making a will. But happily the judge did not agree with them, and the will was upheld. This week we have had another case in the same court, in which a testator's partiality for German bands was adduced as conclusive proof of his insanity—an argument in which the jury appears to have fully concurred, and to which we may ourselves venture to add our cordial and emphatic assent. It is no doubt satisfactory to find that these decisions are in accordance with the common sense of mankind, but it is not the less startling and uncomfortable to observe that, whether a man curses or encourages brass bands, professional evidence is equally forthcoming to show that it is an infallible indication of insanity. In this instance Mr. Knight, the testator, an old gentleman living down in Shropshire, seems to have been anxious to relieve the dulness of country life as much as possible. He was fond of having German bands to play in front of the house, and would sometimes set the groom and coachman to canter on horseback round the carriage drive to lively airs, while the rest of the servants danced. Possibly Mr. Knight may have been a Young Englander in early life, and still clung to the maypole theory of the duties of country gentlemen. A brass band is perhaps the nearest approach to the pipe and tabor which can now be procured. Mr. Knight's efforts to amuse his household did not stop here. He dressed himself up in skins and mats, and painted his face in white and red stripes like a pantomime clown, and then went into the scullery with a gun in his hand to frighten the maid-servants. He had also a passion for musical-boxes, and would occasionally place one on a chair and set it going, and then dance to it himself without a partner. This love of music, however, does not seem to have exercised that softening and soothing influence which is usually attributed to it. Mr. Knight's sons testified to the capricious cruelty with which he treated them when they were children. He would strip and flog them severely for trivial offences. He was much attached to his wife and daughter, but he was always making unfounded complaints of their conduct, and latterly seemed to become more and more suspicious of them. He fancied that people were watching him, that there was a conspiracy against him, and that his life was in danger. He kept loaded firearms in his room, and was always on the look-out for robbers. Once he was afraid he would be taken up on a charge of murder, the real murderer not having been discovered. Another time he fancied that he was suspected of being a thief. He consulted different solicitors about imaginary conspiracies, and when he went from home carried bonds and securities to a large amount in his portmanteau. He fed his dogs with joints of good beef and mutton, and other things provided for his own table. Sometimes he would have a fancy for feeding rats in the house, and at other times would organize a battue for their destruction. He built fine greenhouses and fruiteries, and left the fruit to rot, or gave the dogs the run of it. On the other hand, notwithstanding these delusions and eccentricities, he was admitted to have been in all essential matters a good husband and father; he managed his affairs sensibly enough, looked after his expenditure, and his family always corresponded with and treated him as if he was perfectly sane. His property consisted of an estate worth about 1,500*l.* a year, exclusive of the house and park, and some 62,000*l.* of personalty. He was a second son, and during his father's life he had lived in straitened circumstances at Brussels and elsewhere, having only an income of 200*l.* a year for himself and family. He had quarrelled with his three sons, one after the other. Although he was believed to be deeply attached to his daughter and proud of her beauty and accomplishments, he treated her with strange neglect. After her death he took a fancy to her children, but they were not mentioned in his will; and no provision was made for a lunatic sister who was absolutely dependent on him for support. He left the interest of 10,000*l.* to his eldest son, a sum of 8,000*l.* to the second, and 7,000*l.* to the third, and also 10,000*l.* to a brother of his own, and 1,500*l.* to a sister, together with some other small legacies. The residue of his property was given to Sir Charles Boughton, who was a remote relation, and whose estate adjoined his own. The only reason that could be suggested for this was that he was afraid another proprietor, whom he disliked, would buy up the estate after his death, and "having at heart," as he wrote in one of his letters, "its future destinies and fortunes," he assigned it to Sir Charles in order to keep it intact. He might, however, have attained this object by entailing it on one of his sons or grandchildren. Sir Charles was on friendly, but not intimate, terms with Mr. Knight, occasionally visiting or corresponding with him.

Here we have the case of an eccentric, morose old man living a secluded life, seeing no company, estranged from his family, and apparently attached to nothing except his bit of property. He does not seem to have had any particular affection for his neighbour, Sir C. Boughton, and Sir Charles does not seem to have taken any trouble to ingratiate himself with him. The question which the jury had to determine was whether his will, taking its provisions in connexion with the testator's circumstances and habits, was the will of a sane man; and they came to the conclusion that it was not. On the whole, we think the verdict was undoubtedly justified by the facts of the case; but it is impossible not to feel the danger of throwing such questions upon a jury without more precise and definite directions as to the conditions under which sanity may, for legal purposes, be assumed to exist. The judge said that the question was essentially a practical one, to be decided by the good sense of men of the world rather than by legal definitions. It is quite true that no definitions can be laid down which are equally applicable to all cases. There are infinite gradations and degrees of madness, and a large margin must always be left for the discretion of a jury in applying the rules. It does not follow, however, that because questions of this sort cannot be settled offhand by cut and dry rules, they should be left so unreservedly to the good sense of men of the world. The tendency of men of the world is, we suspect, when left to themselves, to form their conclusions chiefly from the provisions of the will itself. If they think it a fair, reasonable will, the sort of will they would themselves, under similar circumstances, have been likely to make, they find in favour of it; but if it shocks their sense of family duty or natural affection, they probably give a verdict against it.

It is clear that in the present instance the testator was a sour, morose, eccentric man, and that he made what seems on the face of it to be a very foolish and unjust will. But the question is, on what ground he was pronounced to be mad. Was it on account of the provisions of the will? The only reason that was suggested for leaving the estate away from his family was that he wished it to be in the hands of some one who would not be likely to sell it. It can scarcely be said that this is an insane desire, for it is a very common desire. There are many men who are perfectly sane, and who, heartless and wicked as we may think it, do care a great deal more about their bit of land than about their children or all their relations put together. But then the testator might have accomplished his purpose, if he had known the law, by means of an entail. It is evident, however, that he was ignorant of law, for he wanted to impose as a condition on Sir Charles that the property should never be sold. Is ignorance of the law of real property a proof of insanity? The testator certainly did not make such provision for his family as they had a right to expect; but this again is by no means an uncommon occurrence. Apart from the contents of the will, did Mr. Knight's habits and behaviour indicate madness? He was undoubtedly under the influence of delusions. He thought he was threatened by some mysterious conspiracy, and that his life was in danger. These were utter delusions, but were they delusions which amounted to such a degree of insanity as would render a man incapable of managing his affairs? While he was alive nobody charged him with being out of his senses. His sons corresponded with him on the assumption that he was perfectly sane, and in ordinary matters he showed that he was quite capable of taking care of himself and his interests. There was a good deal of Thackeray's Sir Peter Crawley about him. He was boorish in his ways, and seems to have had a liking for low company and low fun. He used to go out rook-shooting with one of the women servants, and it turned out that he had had a child by her and had persuaded her to palm it off on another man. There is another question, too, and that is how far, supposing him to have been subject to delusions, the delusions influenced the making of the will. There is no apparent connexion between the delusions in this case and the disposal of the property. According to a well-known decision of Lord Brougham's, if a man is mad on one point, he must be held, so far as his legal capacity is concerned, to be mad on all points, since it is impossible to say how the madness might operate. The mind, though it has various faculties, is one and indivisible. If it is disordered in any one of those faculties, if it labours under any delusion arising from such disorder, though its other faculties and functions may remain undisturbed, it cannot be said to be sound. Such a mind is unsound, and testamentary incapacity is the necessary consequence. In a recent judgment pronounced by Chief Justice Cockburn (Banks *v.* Goodfellow), to which Sir James Hannen also referred, this view is considerably modified. The Chief Justice held that a man might have insane delusions and yet be capable of making a will, unless it could be shown that the delusions directly influenced his mind at the time of making the will. The Chief Justice said he did not think it necessary to discuss the question in its metaphysical or psychological aspects. It was not given to man to fathom the mystery of the human intelligence, or to ascertain the constitution of our sentient and intellectual being; but the pathology of mental disease showed that while, on the one hand, all the faculties, moral and intellectual, may be involved in one common ruin, as in the case of the raving maniac, in other instances one or more only of those faculties or functions may be disordered, while the rest are left unimpaired and undisturbed. The question for the jury was, he said, whether the delusion had or had not affected the general qualities of the mind, and whether it had exercised any effect on the will.

Sir James Hannen seemed to be disposed to adhere to the law laid down by the Chief Justice rather than to that laid down by Lord Brougham, which has hitherto been accepted in the Probate Court. It seems to us, however, that Sir A. Cockburn's way of putting the case is, in some respects, very like begging the question. It is true, no doubt, that a man may be obviously mad on one subject, and that in his behaviour in other respects there may be no apparent trace of the influence of the delusion. But then how can we tell how a delusion in the mind of a madman would be likely to operate? According to the Chief Justice's argument, there would be some danger of assuming that a delusion in the mind of a madman would operate in the same logical direction as a conviction which was not a delusion would do in the mind of a sane person. On the whole, it may be doubted whether Lord Brougham did not take up safer ground. The important question, however, is, whether the man is really mad at all, whether his delusions amount to positive madness? And this is the weak part of the present system of investigation. There is a dangerous readiness to assume the existence of insanity from odd, out-of-the-way habits and eccentric or violent manners. The test of insanity, for legal purposes, ought not to turn on mere isolated points like these, but on the general tenor of a man's character and conduct; and we think the judges would do well to impress this more forcibly on juries. It is to be regretted that juries should be confused and embarrassed by the nice distinctions of conflicting judgments and rival theories, and that some definite and authoritative principles cannot be laid down in regard both to legal capacity and criminal responsibility.

TRICOCHE ET CACOLET.

A PIECE, in five acts, lasting more than three hours, and which nobody finds too long, must have merit. Great praise is due to the authors of *Tricoche et Cacolet* for having built a substantial play out of such materials. The actors owe much to the authors, and the obligation is well repaid. The idea of a "private inquiry office" has become tolerably familiar to Londoners since the establishment of the Divorce Court, but perhaps if they had not been assisted by Parisian dramatists they might never have seen this idea on its comic side. "Agence Tricoche et Cacolet. Maison de confiance, recherches dans l'intérêt des familles. . . . . Spécialité pour les maris inquiets; surveillance de leurs dames, avant, pendant et après." These are some of the terms of the prospectus which Tricoche hands to M. Van der Pouf, banker, when he waits upon him in the character of le père Isaac. The banker's wife, Bernardine, has written a letter to her admirer, le duc Émile, and the enterprising firm has stolen the letter from the Duke's pocket and now offers to sell it to the husband. Tricoche, having completed this transaction, tells the banker that if he should ever find himself in such circumstances as are mentioned in the prospectus, and should need the services of an active, intelligent, and discreet man, he had better apply to the house of Tricoche et Cacolet, and let him be sure and ask for Tricoche, "car, dans le fond, Cacolet n'est qu'un imbécile." No sooner has Tricoche departed than Cacolet appears disguised as an Italian musician, bringing the pet dog which the banker's wife had lost, and for which she had offered a reward of 500 francs. The lady asks, "Comment vous est-elle tombée dans les mains?" Cacolet answers, "Tout naturellement, madame; je l'ai volée." But he did not steal the dog for the reward, but to make an opportunity of speaking to the lady. He knows of her correspondence with the Duke, and his experience teaches him that there is likely to be strife in the banker's household. Now if in that strife the lady should need assistance, where can she find it better than in the firm of Tricoche et Cacolet? If she wishes to intercept a correspondence—Tricoche et Cacolet. If she desires to watch her husband so as to arm herself against him—Tricoche et Cacolet. If she wants a carriage with a trusty driver—Tricoche et Cacolet. "Take a card, madame, and come and call on us if you have occasion; mais ayez bien soin de demander Cacolet, car au fond Tricoche n'est qu'une bête." With these words Cacolet departs. The banker's wife sends for the Duke, and imparts to him her fear for the safety of her letter. He is sure that he has it in a case next his heart; but on opening the case he finds, in place of the letter, a prospectus of the firm of Tricoche et Cacolet.

Thus in the first act the basis is laid for the fun that follows. The banker has requested his wife to receive the attentions of Oscar Pasha, from whom he hopes by her means to obtain the agency of a Turkish loan. The wife indignantly refuses, and a quarrel ensues which causes her to leave her husband's house under escort of the Duke. Thus the banker finds himself in the circumstances indicated by the prospectus, and he proceeds to the office of the firm to consult Tricoche. He is gently reproached for having given a false name at the door of a house where every inmate knows everything about everybody in Paris. He is told that le père Isaac, who had called upon him, is a mere understrapper of the firm, but the great Tricoche in person asks him in which of the cases indicated by the prospectus he now finds himself. He points to the heading "Maris inquiets"; and Tricoche tells him that of ten husbands who come to the office nine desire to have their wives watched. But, says he, "L'article se subdivise . . . . je vous demande dans quelle subdivision, avant, pendant, ou après?" The banker eagerly answers, "Avant, monsieur, avant." Tricoche, after further explanation, undertakes the

case. The banker leaves him, and he has just resolved that he will keep this affair to himself, and avoid any division of the profit of it with his partner, when the door opens and Cacolet appears. Tricoche dresses himself as a wealthy Englishman with a red face and tremendous yellow whiskers, and proceeds to the banker's house to examine the case against his wife. Cacolet remains in the office, and shortly receives a visit from the banker's wife and the Duke, who have found themselves in circumstances of difficulty and come to seek assistance. There happen to be in the office a man and woman who have just engaged themselves as servants to a lady who is to leave Paris for St. Petersburg that night. Cacolet directs the banker's wife and the Duke to exchange clothes with these persons, and sends them thus disguised to the lady's house, where they are to remain in the character of her servants until he comes to assist them further. He has despatched this business, and has just resolved that he will keep the profit of it to himself, when Tricoche returns with a disposition for quarrelling, which Cacolet reciprocates. Each charges the other with deceit, each detects the other's game, and vows that he will spoil it. Cacolet goes out, shuts the door and locks it. Tricoche exclaims, "Fool! not to know that I should jump out of the window," and disappears. Cacolet returns exclaiming, "Fool! not to know that I should know that he would jump out of the window."

The lady, Madlle. Bombance, to whom Cacolet sends these inexperienced servants, belongs to a class which is generally excluded from the English stage. She is of course in debt, and the Duke's awkwardness as a footman is compensated by a ready supply of money, with which he satisfies one or two pressing creditors. She says that she will continue the same arrangement until they arrive at St. Petersburg, and she treats with great indulgence a servant whom she finds so suitable. Thus when, having left the room and suddenly returned, she discovers the footman on his knees before the maid, she apologizes, and says that perhaps she ought to have knocked before she came in. Cacolet comes to the assistance of his charges disguised as a pensioner of the Invalides, and presently Tricoche arrives in the dress of a Commissionnaire carrying certain property of the pretended servants of which he has contrived to get possession. Thus, true to his threat, he hunts close on his partner's track. The meeting between the pensioner and the porter, each with his face distorted beyond possibility of recognition by the other, is droll beyond expression. After watching and dodging each other for some time, Tricoche knocks away the stick on which the infirm old soldier leans, and discovers as he falls that he is Cacolet. He runs off, and Cacolet pursues, displaying a bodily activity which astonishes the lady whose apartment he had entered as a feeble cripple.

The next stage in the adventures of the banker's wife and the Duke conducts them to the café of the Monstre Vert at Montparnasse. This scene is even more diverting than that which passes in the apartment of Madlle. Bombance. Indeed the notion of installing the lady and the nobleman as managers of this humble café is fertile in amusing incident. But before they arrive the business of the café is proceeding. A customer remarks, "Il est léger votre grog," to which the waiter answers, "C'est la spécialité de la maison, monsieur." Madame Boquet, the respectable proprietor of this establishment, is mother of Madlle. Bombance, and is expecting her daughter to dine with her that day. She was moderately afflicted when her daughter first left her to enter upon the way of life she has pursued, but became reconciled when her daughter returned in a fine yellow carriage to call upon her. These things, she tells a friend, are not looked at as they used to be; and the friend answers that that is true, for "les mœurs s'adoucissent de jour en jour." The indefatigable Cacolet now enters with his charge. The business of the café is bought outright with the Duke's money, and Bernardine is established at the counter, while the Duke assumes the waiter's apron and napkin. They begin to find these perpetual changes of social position fatiguing, and as trade is slack the Duke occupies himself in calculating the probable cost of his adventure. He has already spent 28,704 francs 75 cents. in part of a day, and he cannot reckon that his attachment to the lady will last less than fifteen days. He imparts this computation to the lady, to whom he had doubtless vowed eternal constancy, as is usual in such cases. While with chalk on the billiard table he is multiplying the day's expenditure by fifteen, a customer interrupts him by calling for a glass of Madeira. The Duke begins to perceive that amid all this hurry-skurry his love affair makes no progress, and that it would be cheaper as well as more comfortable to visit Bernardine, as he used to do, at her husband's house. The inevitable Tricoche now appears, admirably made up "en voyou," and followed by two attendants, who are ready to carry off the banker's wife by force. The new customer calls for *un mêlé*, and as the Duke cannot guess what that is, he applies to Bernardine, who suggests that perhaps the customer means *un mélange*. Hereupon the Duke brings all the bottles on the counter, and requests the customer to mix for himself. Now Cacolet returns, having got himself up in the same ruffianly style as Tricoche, and having the additional charm of a humpback. He accepts a challenge of Tricoche to play billiards. After a little time the other guests depart, and Tricoche turns off the gas in preparation for seizing the banker's wife. Cacolet springs upon him; a struggle ensues, and Tricoche throws Cacolet on the billiard-table, and tears off his wig. "I told you," he says, "that I would find Madame Van der Pouf. I have her, and will take her back to her husband." He departs in fancied triumph, and Cacolet bids the Duke keep quiet, for Tricoche has carried away Madlle. Bombance by mistake for the banker's wife.

This mistake, however annoying to Tricoche, was not his fault, nor does it turn out badly. M. Van der Pouf has invited Oscar Pasha to dinner, and Madlle. Bombance is much more agreeable to the Turkish Ambassador than the real wife of his host would have been. The rival potentates Tricoche and Cacolet have now accommodated their differences, and proceed harmoniously to earn a large reward from the Duke by restoring Bernardine with unblemished character to her husband's home. Meanwhile Madlle. Bombance has obtained from Oscar Pasha the agency of the new loan for M. Van der Pouf, and he in return undertakes to pay the lady's debts. We must not forget the last disguise of Tricoche, who appears as Madame Boquet accompanied by Cacolet as her lawyer, and charges M. Van der Pouf with having abducted her dove-like daughter from the maternal nest. Finally everybody is pleased and satisfied. Tricoche and Cacolet have only to remind the audience that in any of the cases indicated in the prospectus their firm may still be consulted at the well-known office; and, says Cacolet, "S'il s'agit de quelque chose de délicat, demandez Tricoche," to which his partner answers "Non! non! demandez Cacolet." Thus ends this amusing play, which, with all its extravagance, scarcely passes the bounds of possibility. One is reminded by it of that dictum of the *Critic*, that a play ought to show things just so strange that, though they never did, yet they might happen. There is a wealth of absurdity in the authors which goes far beyond our own artificers in burlesque; but they have the advantage of exploring the life and conversation of Madlle. Bombance, a domain which would be inaccessible to English dramatists. The new servants of that lady learn so much of their duty that they discreetly turn their backs after opening the door, and merely point with their hands held behind them in the direction which a visitor is to take. When the Duke first arrives and offers himself for the place of footman, Madlle. Bombance asks him the names of the mistresses he has served, and he gives her a full, true, and particular account. Some of the best and most harmless fun in this part of the play is produced by the appearance of Tricoche disguised as a sheriff's officer. He is proceeding to levy upon the goods or person of Madlle. Bombance, when the Duke with his all-sufficient purse comes to the rescue, and pays him out. But even the Duke's purse is finally exhausted, and this is perhaps the moral of the play.

REVIEWS.

GEORGE VILLIERS, SECOND DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.*

WHEN the first George Villiers Duke of Buckingham, the great favourite of James I. and of Charles I., fell by the hand of an assassin, his son and namesake and successor was an infant eighteen months old. Charles I. told the widowed Duchess that he would be a husband to her and a father to her children. The Duchess was delivered of a second son, Francis, soon after her husband's murder. The two boys were brought up with the King's children, and in time went with the future Charles II. to Trinity College, Cambridge. They went thence to Christ Church, Oxford. The Civil War had begun, and the King was now at Oxford. The two youths, sixteen and fourteen, were in a hot fight at Lichfield early in 1643. They then went abroad for some years to travel under the care of the Earl of Northumberland, and returned to England in 1648, when the King was a prisoner at Carisbrooke. They took arms for the King, under the Earl of Holland, in Surrey. Lord Francis was slain, valiantly fighting; the Duke narrowly escaped with life in the utter rout of his party, joined Prince Charles on board ship in the Downs, and went with him into exile in Holland. His great estates, of a rental variously estimated at from twenty to thirty thousand a year, were declared forfeited by the Parliament. In 1651 he accompanied Charles to Scotland, and was with him at the fatal battle of Worcester. He had shortly before this battle angered Charles by an arrogant demand to be made general of his army, and had shown great resentment at the King's refusal. He escaped from Worcester into France, and served with credit as a volunteer in the French army in Flanders. A goodly portion of Buckingham's estates, including Helmesley in Yorkshire, and York House in London, had been granted by the Parliament to Lord Fairfax for arrears due to him as general. Fairfax was not less ready to bestow his only daughter, together with these estates, on the young handsome cavalier Duke from whom they had been wrested than was Buckingham to make this marriage, in order to recover some of his inheritance. Buckingham stealthily came over to England, and was married to Mary Fairfax on September 7, 1657. This marriage infuriated Cromwell, who quarrelled with Fairfax, and sent Buckingham a prisoner to Windsor. There he remained imprisoned till after Cromwell's death, when the Parliament of Richard Cromwell released him in February 1659, on a petition from Fairfax, a member of the Assembly, and on Fairfax's engagement in 20,000*l.* for Buckingham's good behaviour. The Restoration came. Fairfax, with whom Buckingham was living, had openly adhered to Monk in Yorkshire, as he marched from Scot-

* *George Villiers, Second Duke of Buckingham. The Rehearsal.* First acted December 7, 1671, published July 1672. Carefully edited by Edward Arber. 1868.

land to London. The Duke met his youthful companion and now restored King at Dover, when he landed there on May 25, 1660. Charles had recently conceived suspicion and dislike of Buckingham, whose volatile and self-willed nature he had had earlier ample occasion to know: and Bourdeaux, the French Ambassador, who carefully watched the Restoration, felt it sufficiently important to report that the King's reception of Buckingham was very cold, that Buckingham placed himself uninvited in the same carriage with the King and the Dukes of York and Gloucester and Monk, and that on the King's arrival in London he turned Buckingham out of the Council Chamber (Despatch of M. de Bourdeaux, June 7th, 1660, in the Archives of the French Foreign Office).

These two friends of boyhood had often before quarrelled, remained for a time aloof, and been reconciled. Buckingham's great powers of fascination were aided by Charles's easy good nature; and probably amiable tenderness for the companion of his youth, and grateful remembrance of sacrifices and services, contributed to make renewals of friendship now and on future occasions easy. Buckingham, without office, soon acquired a power over Charles which disquieted his responsible Ministers and Councillors. It was not long before he excited the fears of Clarendon. He was Lord-Lieutenant of the West Riding of Yorkshire, and was made a Privy Councillor in May 1662. Many private irregularities and public indecorums did not check the growth of his power over Charles. He provoked a quarrel at cards with Lord Sandwich, and failed to uphold his honour. Violent language in the House of Lords brought a challenge from the loved and honoured Lord Ossory, and he again lost reputation. He was the aggressor, at a Conference between the two Houses, in an unseemly scuffle with the Marquis of Dorchester, when, according to Samuel Pepys, he "struck off Dorchester's hat, and took him by his periwig, and pulled it aside, and held him." Both combatants were sent by the Lords to the Tower. Henry Pierrepoint, Marquis of Dorchester, was a man of great erudition, and a Roman Catholic. An unpublished letter of Buckingham to the King, of which there is a copy in the Record Office, written a few months before this scuffle, discloses pre-existing jealousy of Dorchester, and is interesting as proof of Buckingham's influence and familiarity with Charles. He wrote from York, August 4, 1666, to urge on the King the seizure of the French fleet in the Tagus; France was then the ally of Holland in war with England. He begins and ends his letter with thrusts at Lord Dorchester: –

> May it please your Majesty,
>
> Your Majesty knows that I am no great admirer of old proverbs, and yet I think one a pretty good one, that of two evils the least is to be chosen: and therefore the custom of the world laying an obligation upon me at present of doing an impertinent thing, I have chosen, instead of it, to do another impertinent thing, and to follow rather my Lord Dorchester's example in being very earnest to give your Majesty counsel than the practice of most of your other subjects in England, who, I suppose, at this time take a great deal of pains to assure your Majesty they are very glad you have beaten your enemies, and that they are out of danger of losing their estates.

He proceeds in a similarly familiar style to point out that there is a fine opportunity of punishing France and destroying her whole fleet at Lisbon, where "Monsieur de Beaufort is very busy drinking the Queen of Portugal's health, and, as I am informed, nothing can possibly hinder your Majesty's ships from coming in, and doing with them what you please." And he ends the letter thus:—

> I told your Majesty at the beginning that I was resolved to follow my Lord Dorchester's example, which I have done pretty well hitherto, and I have much ado to hinder myself from ending also like him, by positively asserting to your Majesty that I am in the right. If I am mistaken, I hope, as your Majesty is always used to forgive my Lord Dorchester upon the like occasion, so at this time you will pardon,
>
> May it please your Majesty,
>
> Your Majesty's most faithful and most obedient subject and servant,
>
> BUCKINGHAM.

Soon after the date of this letter Buckingham was successful as the writer of a comedy, "The Chances," brought out at the King's Theatre; Nell Gwyn having a part, and Mrs. Knipp's singing sending Samuel Pepys into ecstacies. Suddenly, in March 1667, a proclamation was issued for his apprehension as a traitor, and he was dismissed from the Privy Council. Rumour accused him of a discovered treasonable correspondence, and of endeavours to excite a great rebellion, in resentment of refusal of the high office of President of the North. He remained concealed, and evaded arrest for more than three months, when he suddenly appeared in London, ostentatiously surrendered himself to the Lieutenant of the Tower, and had an audience of His Majesty, whom he convinced of his innocence. The Chancellor Clarendon and Arlington, Secretary of State, had pressed the measures against him in the Privy Council. They were now at his feet. He brought down Clarendon, who a few months hence was an exile; and he never forgave Arlington, of whom he has left a bitter satirical character in verse. They were long rivals in the Administration, and Buckingham was instrumental, in 1673, in frustrating the ambition of Arlington to be Lord Treasurer, when Osborne was unexpectedly raised from the House of Commons to that post. After the fall of Clarendon Buckingham became the virtual Prime Minister. He had had a formidable rival for political power in Sir William Coventry, who was thought likely to succeed to Clarendon's supremacy. But Buckingham was on the point of bringing out a play in which Coventry was broadly burlesqued, when Coventry sent him a challenge, and the King, whose heart was with Buckingham, sent Coventry to the Tower, and dismissed him from the Privy Council. All men of character and consideration—so Colbert, the French Ambassador, wrote to his Government—supported Coventry, but the King was Buckingham's friend (Despatches in Archives of French Foreign Office, March 11, 14). The early measures of Buckingham's administration were wise and good. He promoted indulgence to Dissenters and comprehension within the Church. The Triple Alliance was effected. But pleasure and vice had obtained a dominion over him which prevented perseverance in business, and he had no laxity of principle to withstand the temptations of greed and of vanity. The King practically set him aside as a councillor, gave himself up to a Roman Catholic cabal and to Arlington and Clifford, and perfected a secret treaty of alliance with France for war against Holland, with a proviso for establishing the Roman Catholic faith in England by French arms and money, without the knowledge of Buckingham, who, he was afraid, would blab. Then he made Buckingham, nothing loth, his dupe and his tool for negotiation of a further treaty of alliance for a Dutch war, the provision as to the Roman Catholic religion remaining unknown to him and secretly binding. Lord Ashley, afterwards Shaftesbury, and the Presbyterian Lauderdale, were equally fooled with Buckingham for this second, which they thought the first and only, negotiation. Buckingham was the foremost in this second mock negotiation, and was indeed the soul of it. He was ambitious of the command of the military contingent to be sent to the Continent, and the French King fed his vanity by encouraging him to hope for it. With all his vast estates, recovered after the Restoration, he was now a ruined man, overwhelmed with debt; the French King gratified his avidity by presents and promises. He had a notorious and most scandalous intrigue with the Countess of Shrewsbury, whose husband he had killed in a duel, and with whom he was now living openly as a mistress; the French King, to please him, granted a large pension to Lady Shrewsbury. This was the time of what was nicknamed the Cabal Ministry. At this time Buckingham's reputation was at the worst possible. It was not ordinary vice only that he was charged with. Rumour freely ascribed to him the habit of still more detestable crimes; and this accusation afterwards found voice in the House of Commons, and later Lord Danby publicly threatened him with prosecution. But he remained in the Cabinet. Now it was that, laden with debt, the mark of general horror for vice known and greater vice accused, he charmed the town and made great literary fame by his brilliant satirical play of *The Rehearsal*, first acted in December 1671. He was the willing agent of Louis XIV. for conveying to Charles a new French mistress, who rapidly became Duchess of Portsmouth. The Parliamentary Session of 1673 shattered the Cabinet known as the Cabal. The Duke of York and Clifford were, as Roman Catholics, forced to quit. Public feeling against the Dutch war and the French alliance created a strong party in the Cabinet bent on ending them, which party Shaftesbury headed and Arlington joined. But Buckingham, still allured by hope, remained the advocate of France. He aspired to be general of an English force destined in 1673 for Continental operations; but he was disappointed, General Schomberg, a German military veteran from the French service, being brought over to take the place. He had raised a regiment in Yorkshire with infinite pains; the Yorkshire gentry were scandalized by his taking the Sacrament in all the parishes of the county to gain recruits, while his zeal and affability and kindness in teaching peasants the drill won for him popular enthusiasm. He was very wroth on being superseded by Schomberg, and declined to act under him, and disbanded his regiment. His total incapacity for self-restraint is shown by an incident which occurred while he was scheming and hoping to be made general. The coachman of his mistress, Lady Shrewsbury, interfering in an affray between two gentlemen of the Guards, was pierced through the body with his sword by one of them; he who killed the coachman was taken for examination before Buckingham, who beat him violently and broke his head, and told him that he should be hanged, though the Board of Green Cloth had found the act manslaughter (Unpublished Letter in the Record Office to Sir Joseph Williamson, July 4, 1673). Such stories and scandals of a Cabinet Minister two centuries ago are almost incredible. Much in the public administration of Charles II. resembles a wild dream or sensational romance. An Irish ruffian, Blood, waylaid the Duke of Ormond in London, carried him off to Tyburn to hang him, and was only prevented by a surprise from murdering him. Shortly after the same ruffian carried off the King's crown from the Tower. The King gave Blood an audience, pardoned him, gave him an estate in Ireland, and the *entrée* of the bed-chamber and of the Secretary of State's offices. Buckingham was believed to be Blood's instigator against Ormond; and Ormond's eldest son, the Earl of Ossory, charged him at Court in the King's presence with this instigation, telling him that if his father came to a violent death he should treat him as the assassin. "I shall pistol you," said Ossory, "though you stood behind the King's chair, and I tell it you in His Majesty's presence that you may be sure I shall keep my word."

In the last throes of the so-called Cabal Administration the King seriously entertained the idea of getting rid of Buckingham on account of his general discredit. But he remained untouched. Shaftesbury was dismissed for his opposition to the French alliance and the King's Roman Catholic policy. Buckingham was the fervent supporter of both. He now knew the secret treaty of Dover. Lord Danby, the new Lord Treasurer and virtual Prime Minister, was ignorant of it. When Parliament was about to

assemble in January 1674 Buckingham unscrupulously proposed to the King and Duke of York, who unscrupulously adopted the advice, to communicate to Parliament the treaty of 1672, from which the secret engagements as to the Roman Catholic religion were absent, with a declaration that that treaty contained the whole of England's engagements with France. The fraud was perpetrated, and Danby was duped. Buckingham's Ministerial career was now ended by a vote of the House of Commons for an address to the King to remove him from all employments held during the King's pleasure, and from his presence and councils for ever. In the debate on this address many speeches were made accusing him of scandalous life; and much was said of his open adultery with Lady Shrewsbury, and of far worse offences. His immoralities brought about his punishment. Driven from the King's councils, he became a leader of Opposition; and now he displayed in the House of Lords surpassing ability and eloquence in the advocacy of right and justice. His eloquence vied with Shaftesbury in opposition to Danby's enslaving Test Act. He was sent with Shaftesbury to the Tower as a martyr of free speech in the House of Lords. When Louis XIV., through Ruvigny and Barillon, opened his nefarious negotiations with the leaders of the English Opposition for keeping Charles in pecuniary difficulty, Buckingham, Holles, and Russell were the three leaders first discoursed with. Shaftesbury was not yet out of the Tower; Buckingham had been released. Holles and Russell, honourable men, refused money from Louis, and refused to treat with any one who would take it. Buckingham not only eagerly took what was offered him, but pressed for more. The vote of the House of Commons of 1674 prevented Buckingham from being included in the new Privy Council of 1679, which was to introduce a new system of administration, and of which Shaftesbury was President, and all the most distinguished Whig leaders were members. Charles soon broke all the promises with which he had ushered in the new Council, and dashed away all the hopes which had attended it. The exclusion of the Duke of York from the succession to the Throne became the rallying cry of the Opposition. Shaftesbury, Russell, and all the chief Whigs put forward the Duke of Monmouth as candidate for the succession. Buckingham now fell off from his friends. He pretended dissatisfaction with Shaftesbury's management. He pretended dissatisfaction with Monmouth. Meanwhile he was assiduous in frequenting the French Ambassador, Barillon, and importunate in begging money of him. He entered into close connexion with Algernon Sydney and William Penn, as leaders of the sectaries and Commonwealthsmen. He was for a Commonwealth. He talked to Barillon of his own claims to the throne by descent from a Plantagenet. Distracted and feverish, he was for making overtures to the Duke of York. The complete wreck of the Whig party came. Shaftesbury fled for his life; Russell and Sydney were executed. Charles was now firmly seated on the throne, and the Duke of York's succession secured. Buckingham was a cipher. Charles had long been thoroughly tired of him, and would not again trust or favour him. He now retired into Yorkshire, and there lived quietly, searching still for the philosopher's stone and giving himself up much to fox-hunting. When James succeeded Charles, royal favour became absolutely impossible for him. He died suddenly in April 1687, in his sixty-first year, from a fever caught by rash exposure to damp when hunting.

The reckless profligate whose public life has thus been sketched had received from nature brilliant gifts which, with ordinary character, might have made him equally eminent as an orator, a poet, and a man of science. He pursued chemistry as a freak, and squandered large sums of money in search of the philosopher's stone; but he had a talent for natural science, and was the inventor and patentee of improvements in the manufacture of glass, which were successfully worked under his direction on a large scale at Lambeth. The eminent success of *The Rehearsal* naturally depended much on the allusions to known living characters; but the salt of genius seasoned it. "Bayes" has lived beyond the age which knew him. Dryden never shook off the name; Marvell transferred it to Bishop Parker, and Prior and Montague revived it in their witty "Country Mouse and City Mouse," in parody of the "Hind and the Panther." Buckingham's lively imagination made him brilliant in quick repartee. When Dryden's bad line was recited on the stage—

> My wound is great because it is so small—

he convulsed the theatre by exclaiming from the boxes

> Then it were greater, were it none at all.

Such is the liveliness that shone in his farces. But he was equal to greater things in poetry. A poem of his on the death of his father-in-law, Fairfax, is of a very high order. There is little indeed to be found in English poetry superior in its way to the following stanza of his Pindaric Ode on Fairfax, the whole of which is pitched in the same high key, and which, with some little additional art and polish, would be perfect of its kind:—

> When all the nation he had won,
> And with expense of blood had bought
> Store great enough, he thought,
> Of glory and renown,
> He then his arms laid down
> With just as little pride
> As if he had been of his enemies side,
> Or one of them could do that were undone.
> He neither wealth nor places sought,
> He never for himself, but others, fought;
> He was content to know
> (For he had found it so)
> That when he pleased to conquer he was able,
> And left the spoil and plunder to the rabble.
> He might have been a king,
> But that he understood
> How much it was a meaner thing
> To be unjustly great than honourably good.

Sad indeed that vice should have enthralled one capable of so writing! "The passionate heart of the poet is given to folly and vice"; and the excitements of political life have too often destroyed moral equilibrium. We reprobate the vices of Buckingham, but who will not make allowance for fervid temperament, a youth without paternal restraint, great and distracting vicissitudes? It has not been Buckingham's good fortune, as it was that of a later dissolute and spendthrift orator, statesman, and poet, to have the laudations of a Moore and a Byron, enthusiastic admirers of his talents and charitably compassionate of his sins. May not Byron's lines on Sheridan apply equally to Buckingham?—

> But should there be to whom the fatal blight
> Of talking Wisdom yield a base delight,
> Men who exult when minds of heavenly tone
> Jar in the music which was born their own,
> Still let them pause—ah! little do they know
> That what to them seemed Vice might be but Woe.

Is not, again, Moore's eulogy equally applicable to Buckingham?—

> Was this then the fate of that high-gifted man,
> The pride of the palace, the bower, and the hall,
> The orator, dramatist, minstrel, who ran
> Through each mode of the lyre, and was master of all.

Moore proceeds:—

> Whose mind was an essence compounded with art
> From the finest and best of all other men's powers.

The same was said of Buckingham by Dryden, who sketched him when alive, but sketched him in bitter revenge, and heightened the effect of his scathing satire by an introductory homage to his splendid variety of gifts:—

> A man so various that he seemed to be
> Not one, but all mankind's epitome.

Dryden's hostile character was drawn at a time when Buckingham stood aloof from parties, and alone among the prominent men of public life, no longer a Minister, opposing the King's Administration, averse to Monmouth, jealous of Shaftesbury, restlessly busy, but without real influence, among the fanatical sectaries and Commonwealthsmen, the secret pensioner of France. Dryden boasted of the skilfulness of his "Zimri," with which he paid off his grudge of ten years' standing against the author of *The Rehearsal*. "The character of Zimri in my 'Absalom,'" Dryden wrote, "is in my opinion worth the whole poem; it is not bloody, but it is ridiculous enough, and he for whom it was intended was too witty to resent it as an injury." The master character is here reproduced with very slight curtailment:—

> Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
> Was everything by starts and nothing long;
> But in the course of one revolving moon
> Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon;
> Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
> Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
> Railing and praising were his usual themes,
> And both, to show his judgment, in extremes.
> In squandering wealth was his peculiar art;
> Nothing went unrewarded but desert.
> Beggared by fools whom still he found too late,
> He had his jest, and they had his estate.
> He laughed himself from Court, then sought relief
> By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief;
> In spite of him, the weight of business fell
> On Absalom and wise Achitophel;
> Thus wicked but in will, of means bereft,
> He left not faction, but of that was left.

Buckingham rushed into print in reply to "Absalom and Achitophel," but his poem was mere fury, showing nothing of the art and skill which had distinguished him, and making clear the decay of his brilliant powers through dissipation and anguish. Another brilliant sketch of Buckingham, severe as Dryden's, came nearly fifty years after his death from Dryden's brilliant disciple. But Pope has misrepresented the circumstances of Buckingham's death:—

> In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half-hung,
> The floors of plaster, and the walls of dung,
> On once a flock-bed, but repaired with straw,
> With tape-tied curtains never meant to draw,
> The George and Garter dangling from that bed,
> Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
> Great Villiers lies—alas! how changed from him,
> That life of pleasure and that soul of whim,
> Gallant and gay in Cliveden's proud alcove,
> The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love;
> Or just as gay at council in a ring
> Of mimicked statesmen and their merry King.
> No wit to flatter left of all his store!
> No fool to laugh at, which he valued more.
> There, victor of his health, his fortune, friends,
> And fame, this lord of useless thousands ends.

Pope might have pointed the moral of Buckingham's life without exaggeration of the wretchedness of his death. Want did not drive him to die in a squalid inn. He was suddenly seized with ague and fever in the hunting-field, and carried to the nearest house, a tenant's on his Helmsley estate. He wished to be removed to a house of his own at York, but the removal was not judged prudent, and he died in three days in the humble

house to which he had first been moved. If the circumstances had been as Pope's sensational lines imply, the squalid end of one who had been so wealthy and had been Prime Minister would have been a theme of universal comment. As it is, Revesby and Luttrell simply mention the fact of the death of one who had in bygone days been a leading politician. Evelyn makes no mention of it.

Buckingham left no heir, and his estates were dispersed after his death by creditors. Helmesley, which he had inherited through his mother from the Mannerses, and which after confiscation in the Commonwealth he recovered by his marriage with Mary Fairfax, became the property of a City alderman and goldsmith, Sir Charles Duncombe:—

> And Helmesley, once proud Buckingham's delight,
> Slides to a scrivener or a City knight.

The Duncombes became in time merged in the territorial aristocracy of Yorkshire. The head of the family was in the present century made a peer. The eldest son of the peer's next brother was in the memory of most persons living a conspicuous member of Parliament, and a man of pleasure and a spendthrift. This was the handsome, gay, witty, fascinating Thomas Duncombe, endowed by nature with fine abilities, and having a special aptitude for political life, and in politics considerable industry; yet, with all his many fine advantages, a known licentious life and dark stories of pecuniary involvements closed for him completely the door of office and preferment. For in the two centuries that have passed since Buckingham's great vices were flaunted on a high political pinnacle, this at least has been achieved—that no social position, however high, no abilities however apt or brilliant, will admit one who notoriously disregards moral obligations to the honours and responsibilities of office.

KENELM CHILLINGLY.*

KENELM CHILLINGLY will of course derive a certain adventitious interest from the circumstances under which it appears. The posthumous work of so able and popular a writer will be studied with interest by those who have long been accustomed to derive amusement from his pages. We do not think, however, that there is any sufficient reason for our not expressing our opinion of it as frankly as though it were the first performance of some new aspirant to fame, or the work of a writer still in the meridian of his powers. If unfavourable, it can do little harm to a reputation which has already found its level with competent critics; and, if favourable, we cannot be accused of any desire to give undue praise to one so little in need of it.

Kenelm Chillingly, like all Lord Lytton's novels, is written with a distinct purpose: he has not only a story to tell, but a theory to illustrate. In this case the theory is more than usually prominent. We care little enough for the adventures of the hero. They are palpably introduced in order to give texts for the author's meditations, and not for their intrinsic interest. The novel is therefore not to be put beside Scott's romances or Lord Lytton's own pure novels, such, for example, as the *Caxtons*, but may rather be described as belonging to the same type as *Wilhelm Meister*; to which we observe that it has been compared. There are, indeed, some deductions to be made from this statement; but we may say with tolerable accuracy that Kenelm is intended for an embodiment of some of his creator's intellectual tendencies, and that he is sent on his travels through the world in order to tell us what the world looked like to Lord Lytton. Criticisms which would be applicable to an ordinary novel are therefore in some degree out of place here. We must consider the incidents and the characters chiefly in relation to the moral which they are intended to point. Now we need hardly say that we can go but a very little way through such a performance without coming upon our old friends, the Real and the Ideal. The model parson, for example, when requested to give his views as to the hero's education, begins by discussing, not the relative merits of Eton and Rugby, or the advantages of public schools and private tuition, but the more general problem of the propriety of forming the boy's character in the school of the Real or of the Ideal. Afterwards we find that the most remarkable peculiarity of the hero has been his "passionate longing to find ideal worth in real life." Kenelm, in fact, goes about preaching to London journalists, to sympathetic young ladies, and to ambitious village carpenters on the distinction between idealism and realism. In a general way he ridicules the realistic school, and conceives that the great defect in modern art and morality is the absence of a lofty idealism. Far be it from us to discuss at length the problem thus raised. In his peculiar dialect Lord Lytton makes many acute and some sound observations upon the subject. We will content ourselves with the remark that a search after the Ideal is a very good thing when undertaken by a genuine artist, but that it has its dangers for second-rate writers; and we might briefly indicate the weak side of Lord Lytton's work by saying that he is always straining after the Ideal without quite reaching it. His undoubted powers often led him to failure just because he fancied them to be fit for a higher sphere than that in which he naturally moved. A first-rate poet stands at a middle point between the two opposite poles. He has to show us beauty such as is never seen in actual life, and yet to make its existence vividly conceivable. So far as he loses his grasp of facts to soar into a mere dreamland, or adheres so closely to facts as to be merely commonplace, he fails to interest our imagination. Now it is often the case that Lord Lytton's desire to reach the ideal leads him to indulge in colourless abstractions, and deprives his characters of vitality without making them poetical. The two elements which are fused into a perfect whole by the fire of a great imagination are mechanically combined by the skilful literary artificer and remain cold and uninteresting. In most of his writings, and in none more conspicuously than in *Kenelm Chillingly*, we can see the two elements lying side by side, and are annoyed by the contrast between the design and the execution. Everything has been put together according to the orthodox rules of art; but the one thing wanting is just the one thing necessary.

Thus, so long as Lord Lytton consents to forget his ambition, he is often admirable. Whilst the Real and the Ideal are left on one side, he discourses vigorously and shrewdly upon life and character. We have the pleasure of talking to a keen man of the world who has seen men and manners, and whose observations have always been guided by a cultivated intelligence. Amongst the secondary characters in this book, for example, is a Mr. Chillingly Mivers, the proprietor and editor of a journal called the *Londoner*. This periodical reflects the character of Mivers, and is therefore the embodiment of sharp cynical worldly wisdom. It despises enthusiasm, sneers at sentiment, fails to understand rising genius, and compresses into pointed epigrams the views upon politics and literature which are current in the most heartless and cultivated classes of London society. The *Londoner*, which is the more meritorious as a work of imagination because it is obviously not designed after any existing paper, has some more questionable peculiarities. It is used not merely to puff the members of a small clique known as "the intellectuals," but also for insidious political manœuvres. It praises measures in the wrong places, with a view of covertly injuring them, and so on. Putting aside this part of the description, which we assume to be a caricature, we have no doubt that Mr. Mivers and his periodical would have welcomed Lord Lytton with open arms. He could have written biting bits of satire upon society, and exposed the folly of rash political schemers with a keenness which would leave nothing to be desired. The maxims by which Mr. Mivers governs his conduct are very good specimens of this caustic style. "Begin your wig early; thus you never become grey," is his first principle. Another is, "Refuse to be ill. Never tell people you are ill; never own it to yourself." "If you want to keep young," he says again, "live in a metropolis; never stay above a few weeks at a time in the country." "Don't be a family man; nothing ages one like matrimonial felicity and paternal ties. . . . . Shun ambition, it is so gouty. It takes a great deal out of a man's life, and gives him nothing worth having till he has ceased to enjoy it." Mr. Mivers, in short, resolves to preserve "the coats of his stomach and the enamel of his teeth" at any sacrifice of principle or sentiment; and he meets with the success due to persevering devotion to a single object. Lord Lytton is thoroughly in his element when indulging in this style of writing, whether he adopts the attitude of sympathy or of antipathy. We are indeed tolerably familiar with the vein of sentiment from which many of the best passages of his novels, from *Pelham* down to *Kenelm Chillingly*, have been extracted. The chief difference between his characters is that some of them abandon themselves altogether to worldly moralizings, whilst others are distracted by the pursuit of the Ideal. Kenelm Chillingly can talk after the model of his cousin Mivers, but his cynicism is dashed with occasional fragments of pure sentiment, which gradually become predominant as the hero learns the true lesson of life. A genuine humourist might have made the contrast very effective; as, indeed, the combination of a rough outside with a tender heart is amongst the most favourite devices of humorous writers. Lord Lytton, who is never weaker than in his attempts at humour, naturally fails in this; and Kenelm, from being an agreeable cynic, ends with talking something very like twaddle. When he comes of age he makes a speech to his father's tenantry of amusing but rather forced irony. He points out that the Chillinglys have lived on their family estates since the Conquest, and have done nothing during that period beyond eating and drinking:—

> Not that in this respect [he adds] they were a whit less insignificant than the generality of their fellow-creatures. Most of us now present are only born in order to die; and the chief consolation of our wounded pride in admitting this fact is the probability that our posterity will not be of more consequence to the scheme of nature than we ourselves are.

The tenantry are naturally puzzled and rather disgusted by this singular specimen of convivial oratory. They were doubtless consoled at a later period; for at the end of the third volume we find that Kenelm, having hunted the Ideal for a few years, in the course of which one young lady died for love of him, and another refused to marry in order to be in readiness if he ever wants a wife, discovers the true secret of happiness. The trying experiences through which he has passed, and the amount of philosophy which he has talked in the interval, encourage us to expect some startling revelation. The result is a little disappointing. He attends a debate in Parliament with his father; he is so much impressed by his own reflections and his father's remarks, that he exclaims, "Victory or Westminster Abbey!" and resolves to become a candidate at the next election. This is doubtless a very sensible decision; but it is not at first obvious why it requires so much philosophical and æsthetical discussion. The fact is, however,

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* *Kenelm Chillingly; his Adventures and Opinions.* By the Author of "The Caxtons." London and Edinburgh: Blackwood & Sons. 1873

that talk about the Ideal is for the most part pretentious nonsense, or commonplace twisted into a sententious form; and it is not surprising that the young gentleman who has abandoned his mind to talking twaddle about adjectives with capital letters should gradually sink into talking Parliamentary twaddle of the ordinary kind. When we try to look into the grandest ornaments of his most philosophical orations we fear that they often turn out to be of the Brummagem variety. The enthusiastic young ladies who listen to them exclaim, "Talk on—talk thus, I like to hear you!" and the powerful young athletes whom he has thrashed into good manners weep like children at his platitudes. We don't. This scheme of making your own creations bear testimony to the wit and wisdom of each other is ingenious; but it won't bear inspection. When Kenelm asks one of the model young ladies in what he ought to feel an interest, she replies, "In the expression of thought, literature; in the conduct of action, politics." Kenelm, we are told, stared dumbfounded. He thinks that this "very terse reply" must have been borrowed from a book; which is not a very polite, though perhaps a natural, sentiment. But it is plain to the outsider that the lady is merely saying very stiffly what nine young ladies out of ten would say quite simply, "Why don't you go into Parliament, or write a book?" The dogmatic turn of phrase, and the odd expression "the conduct of action," give to a painfully obvious remark a certain sententious air, which impresses a young gentleman in pursuit of the Ideal, but may perhaps strike a sober critic as verging on the absurd. The little artifice which exalts this young lady's wisdom is turned to great account elsewhere. The admiration of the characters for each other is wonderful, and may become contagious to some readers. A few words from the judicious Kenelm convert, as we have seen, the village bully. A single exclamation from him in another place is the turning-point in the life of a Bohemian painter of genius. Elsewhere he succeeds by some commonplace advice in saving a young lady who is attempting to run away with an actor; and, again, he exorcises the bad passions of a couple who have a very serious reason for disliking the converted bully. This curious belief in the efficacy of a little fine talk is characteristic, and it casts a certain air of unreality over the whole story. The subsidiary actors are too plainly mere dummies to illustrate the effect of sermons upon the Ideal. And thus the story is an odd mixture of really shrewd and able writing and the flimsiest sentimental philosophy. Much of it, and especially the opening of the first volume, is really excellent; and then we are annoyed by the mere tinsel which is offered to us for genuine gold. Readers of Lord Lytton's novels are indeed familiar with this mixture. Those who believe in his claims to real genius will probably consider *Kenelm Chillingly* as a fair specimen of his powers, and perhaps improved by comparative freedom from some of his earlier extravagances. Others will see in it one more proof that careful workmanship and real talent cannot supply the place of higher qualities.

TALES OF THE TEUTONIC LANDS.*

MR. COX and his coadjutor Mr. Jones are such successful tellers of ancient stories that another volume from them will be welcomed even by many who are indifferent or hostile to comparative mythology. Readers who care nought for Sun, Dawn, and Dew, can find human interest in the loves of Siegfried and Kriemhild, of Frithjof and Ingebjorg, in the sorrows of the royal Danish maiden Gudrun drudging as a thrall in Normandy, in the wild feats of the outlawed Grottir, or in the terrible destruction of the gentle Icelander Njal and his household. They may like to trace the development of the chivalrous legend of Walter of Aquitaine from the fierce Nibelung lay, and of that again from the ghastly stories of the Volsungs, without going on to seek for the origin of these and similar tales in "the great tragedy of the year." They may not care to know that the Valkyrie Brynhild, lying within her flame-girt hall, spell-bound in the charmed slumber from which she is roused by the hero Sigurd, is the spring awakened by the sun; but they may be pleased at recognizing an early version of the familiar Sleeping Beauty. Some of the stories, notably the Gudrun lay and the tale of Gunnlaug and the Fair Helga, are of merit merely as stories; and most of them, even with their imperfect morality, their ferocity, and their extravagant amount of bloodshed, may be recommended as a healthy contrast to the morbid twaddle which has its admirers nowadays. At any rate the heroes and heroines are for the most part vigorous animals, and not mooning hypochondriacs. Not indeed that all the legends contained in this volume rise to the level of Gudrun or Gunnlaug. The compilers have chosen and arranged their tales with the design rather of illustrating comparative mythology than of producing a readable story-book. Were it otherwise, exception might be taken to the horrible story of Sigmund and Signy, which from a mythological point of view has its interest, but from a human one is simply revolting. Mr. Cox perhaps does not care to win the class of unscientific readers of whom we have been speaking; else we should suggest that the value of his work would be much increased if some information were given as to the sources from which the various tales have been derived, and the period at which they assumed their present form, and if a note were added here and there to elucidate dark passages. What are the uninstructed to make of the following sentence?—"Because of this byrnie in which she went to the wars, the maiden was called Brynhild." Even if they guess the nature of a byrnie, the meaning of Brynhild is not obvious.

Having uttered a plea on behalf of the general reader, we turn to the more serious aspect of the work. The tales, with two exceptions, have all been contributed by Mr. Jones; while the key to their meaning is given in the Introduction by Mr. Cox, who attempts, as he says, "to remove some strange misconceptions of the method which has been applied in the analysis of the popular legends of the Aryan nations." He divides his stories into three classes, the first being those for which, so far as we can judge, no historical character can be claimed; the second, those in which a certain amount of national or local history is imbedded in myth; and the third, those which lie mainly or wholly beyond the field of the comparative mythologist. The tales which Mr. Cox places in this last class are therefore removed out of the region of controversy; and it is over the first two classes that the mythological battle rages, perhaps most fiercely when the myth is half hidden by later details. Mr. Cox fights with all the ardour of sincere conviction, and, like devout believers in general, betrays some impatience at the unreasonableness of his adversaries in opposing him. Comparative mythology is to him so delightful that he evidently cannot understand why some people are distressed and irritated by it. He admits that "the temptation to regard as generally historical a poem or tale which exhibits vivid pictures of social life, as a set-off to a narrative of utterly impossible incidents, is, it would seem, widely felt"; but his tone is that of one who has never experienced the strength of the temptation himself. In fact, his very happiness in his own belief is likely to irritate those who may perhaps be constrained to yield an unwilling submission to his arguments. It is hard, we can imagine many people saying, not only to have to admit the truth of comparative mythology, but to be called upon to believe that it invests the stories upon which it works "with a deeper, nay, with an imperishable interest," and imparts "to the epic narratives into which these myths have been developed a higher and more abiding charm." So far from agreeing in this sentiment, ordinary readers of legend and romance, when they see one of their favourite tales subjected to the treatment of the mythologist, feel much as did Lenore in the ballad when she found the cavalier whom she had taken for her living lover resolving himself into a phantom skeleton. And when not only persons whom everybody admits to be fictitious, but also those who are commonly looked upon as more or less historical, are thus dealt with, the reluctance to accept the new doctrines becomes stronger, and the cry is raised that mythologists attempt to explain away history into fable; a charge against which Mr. Cox vigorously defends himself and his school. "No such attempt is made. If, on evidence not obtained from the fable itself, it can be shown that history is mixed up with it, and if the extent of this historical element be pointed out, the conclusion will be at once accepted; but in the interests of historic truth itself the mythologist must protest against the method which seeks to discover this element in myths which the historian has not the means of testing." It is not denied that myth and history are often mixed together in popular tradition, and that undoubtedly historical persons appear as heroes of legend; all that is contended for is that history cannot be extracted from myth. There was a Roland who fell in the Pyrenees; but our knowledge of the fact comes not from the legend, but from the sober pages of Eginhard. "The stories which take Karl the Great to Jerusalem may be founded on his historical relations with Haroun-al-Raschid; but we certainly do not gain our knowledge of these relations from the stories." There may have been a gallant Celtic chief named Arthur; there may have been kings named Agamemnon and Menelaus who led an expedition against Ilium; but neither the Arthur romances nor the Homeric poems can be admitted as proof of the fact. The accident of the heroes of a particular legend bearing historic names will not make that legend historical. The development of the Nibelungenlied from the Volsung story is, Mr. Cox argues, no way disproved by the fact of some half-dozen names in the later legend resembling those of some real persons of the fifth and sixth centuries. Supposing—such is his illustration—that a version of the Arthur romance were published in which the name of Arthur Duke of Wellington was substituted for that of Arthur the British King, the romance would not therefore be rendered a whit more historical:—

> The question turns less on the names of the actors than on their career. If the series of deeds attributed to Sigurd and Etzel, Jörmunrek and Gunnar were done by Siegbert and Attila, Hermanric and Gundicar, the tradition would certainly become historical: but it is not pretended that this is the case.
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> All that can be said (and this is willingly granted) is that the poet or poets of the Nibelung lay have adapted the names of the older legend to names of living or recently living persons, whenever it was possible to do so; that they have introduced some fresh names which were likewise borne by historical persons, and that they have further imparted to the story some appearance of agreement with great events of their own or of a recent age. Nor can the fidelity of the poet to the manners of his time be ascribed necessarily to the narrative of the acts of the several personages in the drama. The subordinate or unimportant details are probably described with exactness and care. There would be no temptation to depart from existing customs with regard to dress, weapons, food, the precedence of ranks in the state, religious worship, or the usages of war. But the care of the poets to represent these things aright imparts no credibility to narratives of events which are in themselves impossible; and when we find that these impossible events form the groundwork of a thousand other stories, whether Greek, or

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* *Tales of the Teutonic Lands.* By George W. Cox, M.A., and Eustace Hinton Jones, Authors of "Popular Romances of the Middle Ages." London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1872.

Teutonic, or Scandinavian, we are at once justified in asserting that in the common element thus found we discover the real character of these tales.

As the authors give the Volsung and Nibelung tales, together with their faint echo, the legend of Walter of Aquitaine, the reader is enabled to trace for himself the common element in the three. In the first two the points of resemblance, as to names, characters, and adventures, are many. In both there is the dragon-slaying hero, Sigurd or Siegfried, the winner of vast treasures, which, however, bring with them nothing but woe and discord. In both there is the fierce maiden Brynhild whom the hero wins—in the one case by riding through the flames which surround her magic castle, in the other by vanquishing her in warlike games—not for himself, but for a king named Gunnar or Gunther, whose sister Gudrun or Kriemhild becomes the hero's bride. In both a strife is stirred up by the rival heroines, which ends in the murder of the hero with the connivance of his brother-in-law. Poetical justice is done upon the murderers, in the one case through the instrumentality of Gudrun's second husband, Atli, angered by the withholding of the treasure which he claims as his wife's dowry; in the other by means of Kriemhild, who, though like her earlier representative she has been remarried, has never forgotten the slaughter of Siegfried. The strange stubbornness with which the treasure is concealed is, though with a few differences of detail, substantially the same in both. An attempt is made to learn the secret from one of the only two men alive who know the hiding place. He will not or may not tell during the lifetime of his companion, who is thereupon put to death, and his heart or his head displayed in proof. At the sight the survivor flings a scornful refusal to his questioners. "None knows now but God and I," says Hagen in the Nibelung lay, "and I will never tell!" This wild tale has, as Mr. Cox says, been "watered down until it assumed the form of the legend of Walter of Aquitaine," in which indeed there is little left except a few of the same names and the general idea of a base attack upon the hero, and a desperate fight for a treasure. Mr. Cox speaks of this tale as exhibiting "the old incidents" with a more cheerful ending; but the most striking incidents of the Volsung and Nibelung stories, notably the complication with two women in which the hero entangles himself, are wanting. We have instead a pretty romance of a pair of lovers, Walter and Hildegund, who have been given in their childhood as hostages to Etzel, "the Scourge of God," and brought up at his court, whence they make their escape, carrying off with them the treasures of the Hunnish conqueror. Hagen, who in the Nibelung lay is the murderer of Siegfried, here assists, though unwillingly, King Gunther of Worms in waylaying the fugitives for the sake of their gold. After losing respectively a hand and an eye—mutilations which they sustain with as much equanimity as a lobster might—Walter and Hagen, who are old friends, make up the quarrel, and Hildegund, the only whole and sound person on the spot, is summoned to attend to their wounds, or, as Mr. Cox, with his love of tracing parallels between various mythical personages, says, "to perform the office of Asklepios, or Oinônê, or Helgi, the healers."

The stories of Frithjof and Ingebjorg, and of Grettir the Strong, Mr. Cox places in his second class, holding that they "may contain a certain amount of local history inextricably imbedded in a mass of mythical details." We may here pause to notice one incident in the story of Frithjof, not for any mythical importance which it may possess, but simply as a fine conception of Northern honour and *sang-froid*. Most of these tales, indeed, revel in ideals of stubborn courage; but we think that the Viking Atli, who is defeated by Frithjof, may carry off the palm. "Had I now my sword I would still that tongue of thine, that it should no more boast itself against tired men," says Frithjof as, himself disarmed, he holds his adversary down by main force. "Fetch it. I will not stir," says the vanquished Atli; and he lies placidly waiting while his foeman fetches the sword wherewith to slay him. As for the Grettir Saga, its impossibilities and its points of resemblance to admitted myths lead Mr. Cox to the opinion that it "can scarcely be regarded as in any sense a record of incidents in Icelandic life"; but its occasional gleams of rough humour and the homely character of many of its episodes give it an air of reality in spite of its ogres, witches, and ghosts. To take one scene only, there is a lively picture of a braggart, Gisli, proud beyond measure of his fine clothes and polished weapons, who jauntily undertakes to deal with the outlaw Grettir:—"Like enough he may scare such folk as you; but I would have you to know that I have fought in battle along with the great King Cnut, and am no common sort of man." Of course, when brought to the point, Gisli makes as ignominious an exhibition of himself as Ancient Pistol; but he has been so amusing in his bragging and his cowardice that we are half inclined to pity him when the enemy whom he has so rashly provoked stands over him with the ominous question, "Now art thou that Gisli that was so fain to meet Grettir Asmundson?" and we half wish that the outlaw, content with his abjectly submissive reply, would let the poor fop off without a thrashing. The absence of a heroine also produces an unromantic and realistic effect. There are women enough, but, except for the unedifying sequel of Thurstein and Lady Spes, which has some touches that remind us of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, there is no love-making.

People whose ideas have been fairly bewildered by comparative mythology may perhaps be glad to know what are the stories which Mr. Cox himself confesses to be not mythological. Of this class he gives two specimens, in order to show that he has no intention of resolving "the whole popular literature of the Aryan nations" into mythical phrases. Both are, like Grettir, Icelandic tales—the one being Burnt Njal, which Mr. Cox looks upon as an exaggerated narrative of possible events, and the other the sad love-tale of Gunnlaug and the Fair Helga, in which "there is little or nothing" "which may not have occurred in the annals of Icelandic families." Our Kings Æthelred and Cnut are made to some extent responsible for the crossing of Gunnlaug's love. The Icelandic adventurer has bound himself by an oath of service to King Æthelred, and, while longing to go home to claim his "vowed maiden," whose father has unwillingly consented to let her wait three years for him, is kept fretting and chafing in England in expectation of an invasion by Cnut, which for the sake of the story is deferred somewhat longer than history would allow. At last Æthelred lets him go, but, being further delayed on the road by a dislocated ancle and the difficulty of borrowing horses, he arrives just as Helga's hand has been given to the suitor of her father's choice. It is the familiar but ever-pathetic theme, "The bride had consented, the gallant came late." In the end the husband and the lover fall in fierce combat with each other, and Helga the Fair drags out the rest of her life in listless sorrow. A comparison of the stories of Njal and Gunnlaug with those which have been given before them is, Mr. Cox remarks, "more especially of service, as showing the classes into which the popular traditions of a country may throw themselves. So surely as we approach the limits of the actual history, whether of nations and tribes, or of families, or of individual men, so surely are we at once removed from that magic circle within which old mythical phrases have produced their magnificent and exuberant harvest."

PRUSSIAN OFFICIAL HISTORY OF THE WAR.—SAARBRUCK AND WEISSENBURG.*

THE First Section of this volume of the Official History, reviewed by us not long since, was devoted to preparing the way for the actual narrative, which is begun in the Section now before us. The moral of what went before the war is, above all, that careful preparation lay entirely on the side which was destined to be completely victorious. In no respect, as we before pointed out, was this forethought of the Germans more conspicuous than in the collection of knowledge as to the resources of the enemy—a military precaution utterly neglected by their adversary. Not that the French need have been left thus ill informed. The reports of Baron Stoffel exist to prove that there were not wanting in the Imperial army men intelligent enough to gather the needful particulars, and bold enough to offer the knowledge thus gained to their master, however little the results of the inquiry might please him. But the Second Empire chose deliberately to feed itself on illusions. The pupils at the Military School, who were to form the hope of its army, were taught that the Prussian forces were but a species of militia hardly worthy the notice of regular soldiers; just as they were trained to believe the Rhine to be the natural boundary of their country, held from Frenchmen only by an unrighteous combination. So, despite the warning given by the overthrow of Austria, the general uneasiness at the growth of Prussian power produced scarcely any practical result. Marshal Niel's efforts to reform and augment the army were nullified by political opposition to the Administration that supported them; and whilst small progress was made in preparing the national forces for the coming shock, absolutely nothing was done worthy of the name in the way of correctly measuring those which they must sooner or later encounter.

So it was also with the strategic designs which were to be based on such estimates. Whilst on the Prussian side, as we showed in our review of the First Section of this History (*Saturday Review*, November 2, 1872), all was clearness and determination, and the conception of Moltke's plan was so perfect and well arranged as to need but a few brief orders to execute it to the letter, with the French we find nothing but such confusion and hesitancy as could hardly have been equalled by the most maundering of the old-world Cabinets which the revolutionary armies of 1793-4 terrified in their day. A wild scheme, based upon corps not ready and upon allies who were arming against France, was the sole substitute that St. Cloud could provide for such definite plans as Moltke was keeping ready in his cabinet, or as Napoleon had worked out in his brain when, fifty-five years before, he gave the word to transfer the Army of Boulogne to the sources of the Danube. Now an army is, of all great machines, the most sensitive in reflecting the will of him who guides it. The irresolution which marked the conduct of the minor French commanders from the first was probably not so much the fruit of an inferior system as the result of their discovery of such want of certainty in their leaders as must have seemed to them to denote helpless imbecility. The readiness and audacity which even commonplace men showed at the head of German divisions was produced not only by a better mode of training and selection, but by the absolute confidence which they felt that their chiefs only needed hearty support in order to secure certain triumph. In short, from the first the French were weighted, not only by a vast disproportion of means, but by irresolution in the use of what they had. It becomes useless, therefore, to discuss seriously the often-raised problem of the

* *Der deutsch-französische Krieg* 1870-71; Redigirt von der Kriegsgeschichtlichen Abtheilung des grossen Generalstabes. Erster Theil, Heft 2. Mittler: Berlin.

effect which a sudden advance into the Palatinate during the few days' start allowed them might have produced, since it is evident that their lesser numbers and inferior leadership would have made of any such improvised plan one huge disaster, most probably exceeding Sedan in dimensions, as it would have anticipated it in date. From such speculations we may well pass to the record of events as they occurred, and trace the steps by which the forethought and sagacity which were to be found solely on the one side were to reap their certain reward in the great national duel.

We pass purposely over the first chapter of the present Section, which is devoted to that sort of scientific survey of the ground to be immediately operated upon which only a rare combination of the knowledge of physical geography and of military necessities could produce. Nor need we follow the writer through that very brief one which follows, and which narrates, somewhat drily, the events that succeeded immediately the transfer of the headquarters of the King, now Commander-in-Chief under private treaties of the forces of all Germany, to their first station at Mayence. Those which come after, and are devoted to the movements of the Germans up to the 5th of August, naturally claim our chief attention, for they comprise the ill-omened skirmish of Saarbruck, brought on by the French, the movements which succeeded it on the part of Steinmetz with the First Army, leading direct to the battle of Forbach, and the surprise and rout of Douay's division at Weissenburg by the Crown Prince.

The affair of Saarbruck as here told needs little comment. The description given of its details, if somewhat over-elaborate for so petty a subject, is a model of careful military narrative, so well given as to need no elucidation by way of comment. And it may be added that Colonel Pestel's management of the three companies of the 40th Prussian Regiment, with which he checked the whole advance of Frossard's corps for a considerable time, and then drew off across the Saar without the loss of a prisoner, inflicting on the French casualties as great as those suffered by his tiny command, is in its way also a model for the soldier's study. It would prove conclusively—even did it stand alone—that the German tactics had been elaborated with no less care than their strategy. If there is any point of special importance to note in this affair, it is that the want of enterprise in the French Staff comes out more clearly than ever. For it will be found from it that the French artillery, when once on the heights above Saarbruck, not only could cannonade the important railway station beyond, the only worthy object of their advance that day, and actually did set the loaded trucks there on fire; but practically so commanded the ground beyond (*beherrschte das ganze Abzugefeld*), that the retreat ordered from the vicinity of the town across it at two P.M. had to be made in all haste. Yet, with a point of this importance so completely in their power, and the approach to it cleared from the last of the bold little picquets that had opposed them, the French not only did not occupy it, but sent no armed reconnaissance forward, asked for no volunteer to explore the two or three hundred yards of ground between the river before them and the railroad beyond, and sat down to entrench hastily the heights just reached, as though they expected Pestel's little force to return upon them instantly with the armies which were still days distant to its rear. Never was there a more striking want of enterprise at the outset of a great adventure. The Germans were not slow to discover that the same features marked the whole conduct of their opponents all along the hostile line. The reports received from the front at this time are summed up in the significant words:—"The enemy everywhere showed himself careless in his outpost service, and little given to enterprise; he patrolled only in strong detachments." The way, in fact, was already opened for the adventurous Uhlan who played so large a part in the history of the invasion.

It is satisfactory in passing on to find that the Berlin General Staff has not evaded the one puzzle of this part of the campaign, the bringing on prematurely the battle of Forbach, and has assumed the responsibility of fixing the over-haste on the right shoulders. The affair has been usually ascribed to the impatience or readiness—call it which you will—of General Goeben, taking his corps suddenly into action. But it is now for the first time shown beyond a doubt that neither he nor Kameke, who actually began the fight, would have had the opportunity at all but for the too independent conduct of General Steinmetz, under whom they acted. He had deliberately pushed the First Army forward to the Saar in defiance of Moltke's instructions, in order to avoid being left behind, as he supposed himself about to be, by the advance of that under Prince Frederick Charles. Steinmetz, therefore, was the real and primary cause of the unexpected collision which, had Frossard been better supported and held his strong ground, would have seriously interfered with the German designs. The truth is stated with unsparing clearness, though in most temperate language, in this portion of the volume. After giving first the instructions actually sent to Steinmetz, which prescribed his moving to his right or west, in order to leave the roads clear for the Prince's (Second) Army, it explains how Steinmetz read its very liberal wording so freely as to resolve on moving south-west within easy distance of the Saar. His orders for this object, issued on the evening of the 5th August, are quoted textually, and then comes the decisive comment:—"Undoubtedly these movements of the First Army on the 6th led in their further consequences to the battle"; and, after giving the excuse for his advancing the troops which actually became engaged, that it was a necessary precaution to cover himself, there follows the true explanation of the matter:—

> Apart from this, there undeniably prevailed between the headquarters and the commander of the First Army a certain difference of views. . . . The First Army was collected earlier than the other two. It stood the nearest to the enemy, and formed a sort of advanced flank to the Second Army, until at least this got up into line with it. When later its position at Tholey was taken up under headquarter orders, and troops of the Second Army advanced beyond the quarters of the First towards the west, General Steinmetz must have feared that he would be thrown entirely into the second line should the troops of Prince Frederick Charles reach the frontier before him.

He did not know or conjecture Moltke's design, which was to move the two into line, give the tired columns of the Prince a day's rest on the 8th, and let the whole cross the frontier simultaneously on the 9th. So he read the orders as he preferred to read them, putting in fact for "move to your right out of the way," "move forward out of the way," and the battle precipitately brought on was the direct result. The bold and ready tactics of the German generals redeemed the error, and it is rather as a curious problem than as an important historical fact that one now regards the singularly independent conduct of Moltke's subordinate, which no doubt was the beginning of the misunderstandings that caused his subsequent supersession in the middle of the campaign.

On the battle of Weissenburg—the only important action narrated in this Section—there is no necessity to dwell at length. That a thin line of nine French battalions—for, deducting the troops left in the town, we believe there were no more—should have opposed any serious resistance at all to a well-combined attack of three full German corps, and, after fighting hard, got off without being destroyed or taken, speaks volumes as to the different state of moral feeling which prevailed in the Imperial army at the outset of the campaign from that to which a month of defeat and retreat had brought it when MacMahon courted destruction by turning to fight at Sedan with troops wholly unfit to face even an equal foe. The one problem here which needed solution is, How came it that Douay's troops, their general killed, themselves outnumbered, driven back from their position, and at the same time completely turned, were allowed thus to escape at all? The explanation here offered is not more satisfactory than the usual "some one had blundered" stereotyped for such occasions. It is not true—as we at first heard—that the Crown Prince had no cavalry; on the contrary, we read:—

> An order had already been sent at 11 A.M. to the 4th Cavalry Division to move to the Wachholder-Berg, near Altenstadt; but the officer sent did not find the division yet at the rendezvous assigned to it. It had halted a full hour at Bittigheim. . . . For immediate pursuit there was on the battle-field only the cavalry attached to the infantry divisions.

And this cavalry appears to have been very easily checked in its pursuit by some dropping fire from the first village on the road, and so waited for the support of its infantry whilst the French escaped. Such appears to be the whole solution of the question; and it gives rise to some suggestive thoughts as to how far the greater boldness of the Germans in pursuit, at later stages of the war, was due to the cowed state of the enemy they followed.

Of the last chapter of this Section, which deals with the French movements during the same first few days of the campaign, it is not necessary to speak here. Our pages, in reviews of the works of Frossard, Bazaine, and other officers of rank, and of the *Engineer's Journal during the Campaign of Metz*, have already exposed sufficiently the wretched vacillation of the French counsels and traced their cause. The chief moral lies in the fact that there seems to have been at the first no lack of fighting spirit among the men; but the jobbery which had distributed the corps commands among the favourites of St. Cloud and Compiègne was faithfully reflected in the nepotism that filled the second places on the Staff with a crowd of decorated incapables. And in war the soldier soon discovers whether those above him are capable of leading him on to victory, and follows them pretty much as they deserve to be followed.

MRS. HEATON'S HISTORY OF PAINTING.*

MRS. JAMESON has taught us that women can be excellent art critics. The female mind is sensitive and recipient, it is responsive to beauty and purity, it has just intuitions of right and of truth. Art indeed is a sphere specially suited to women, as being the region of fancy and of imagination rather than of strict reason; art, in fact, is cognate with the feminine side of genius, while science has closer affinity to the masculine intellect. We think it may be admitted that Mrs. Heaton brings to her task many of the qualities which favourably distinguish the gentler sex. Moreover, her style is pleasing, her narrative fluent, her arrangement clear. On the other hand, the work before us cannot be said to be free from certain infirmities which are supposed to inhere to the female mind. Of these may be mentioned what in logic is known as jumping at conclusions; also the use of superlatives, with the intrusion of emotional epithets, especially derivatives from the verb to love; likewise there is observable a tendency to fine writing, with gushing sentences in place of searching criticism. Indeed the choicest flowers of rhetoric might be gathered from these pages.

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* *A Concise History of Painting.* By Mrs. Charles Heaton, Author of the "History of the Life of Albert Dürer of Nuremberg." With Illustrations in Permanent Photography. London: Bell & Daldy. 1873.

The work has little claim to originality; facts give way to effects, and historic characters are served up with an eye to dramatic situations.

Mrs. Heaton manages to pack away four thousand years into five hundred pages. With nimble step she passes trippingly over three quarters of the globe, and in quick succession greets in familiar terms Zeuxis, Raffaelle, Hogarth, and Turner. Her first idea is the "awakening of the artistic impulse," her last is a prophetic "promise of the present day." She begins with "the daughter of Dibutades, a potter of Corinth," who is supposed to have traced on a wall the profile of a lover; and she ends with "Holman Hunt, Frederick Leighton, John Everett Millais, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Frederick Watts, T. J. Watson, Philip Calderon, F. A. Walker, and James Sant, working in their full strength amongst us." That the name of "James Sant" should be given as a pledge that a "nobler and fuller development awaits English painting in the future" is not more strange than many other brilliant ideas in these sparkling historic sketches. How one small head can hold the whole the author knows, must be a marvel to every one not versed in the process of neat compilation. The workmanship, it is true, is smooth and pretty to a fault. History is not allowed anywhere to show a rough unhewn surface, as in Pelasgic masonry. Every event occurs symmetrically; artists seem to be born just when wanted; painters of "the Development" prepare the way for artists of "the Blooming Time," till in due order, and according to laws which are glibly propounded, as if the actual lawgiver held the pen, comes the finale of Italian art, at the time when Caravaggio had wielded his "fierce power," and Spagnoletto had displayed "his ferocious style." The pains taken to render this treatise popular are beyond all praise. With this kind purpose, we presume space is found for the following pleasing, though scarcely profound, foot-note:—

> The amazing number of pictures in most of the Catholic Churches abroad, even at the present day, always strikes the attention of the English visitor accustomed to our plain Protestant places of worship.

Many are the remarks which may be appreciated by schoolgirl readers. But, when the authoress wishes to be profound, she appeals to Herr Lübke, or some equally good authority in the nearest circulating library. That one compiler should compile from another compiler may be natural enough. But to appropriate anything from Herr Lübke is certainly dangerous; first, because his letterpress is not accurate, and, secondly, because in his illustrations the unfair course has been taken of reproducing plates without a word of acknowledgment, as, for example, from the volumes of Mr. Edmund Street.

Mrs. Heaton contrives to give to this "Concise History" the charm of a romance. One chapter she calls "The Blooming Time," another "The Catholic Period," and a third "The Reformation Period." And when a fancy title is taken, or a pretty or a plausible idea started, the author's ingenuity naturally makes too much of the good thing. Many fine ideas no doubt can be enunciated about the fancy heads, or, as some would say, the veritable "portraits," of Christ, dating in the Catacombs as far back as the sixth century, and coming down in the fifteenth century to the perfected ideal in the "Last Supper" at Milan. Mrs. Heaton makes much of these tempting materials, and, as a matter of course, raves over the master-work of Da Vinci. Unfortunately she is not strict as to her facts. In the first place, for the sake of dramatic climax, the rotten condition of the "Last Supper" is intensified; the work is described as "a hopeless ruin"; "only," it is asserted, "the dim outline of a few of the heads can still be traced of the original work." This we know to be an exaggeration of actual facts. Photographs from the picture as it now is are before us. But in the next sentence "Raphael Morghen's noble engraving" is made to restore the original, which "ever speaks to us with some new significance, so unfathomable is its solemn beauty." Now the simple truth is that "Raphael Morghen's noble engraving" is about the most inaccurate, and therefore the most ignoble, of engravings ever vouched for by a great name. Artists who have not seen the original tell us that they could never form a conception of the transcendent merits of the picture until faithful photographs reached this country. And yet these photographs are taken from what Mrs. Heaton is pleased to term "a hopeless ruin," and a "dim outline." The central figure naturally furnishes further theme for transcendental criticism. Fuseli and others have written much that is fine, and so the authoress, with laudable emulation, sets herself to pen something finer still on the tempting theme. She makes indeed a discovery; she announces that "this divine face is but the perfect development of the type founded at Byzantium." Here, again, is a bold and bouncing exaggeration of acknowledged historic facts. The Christ of Leonardo cannot with any strictness be called a development from the frescoes in the Catacombs or from the mosaics in early Italian churches; as well might light be termed a development from darkness. Leonardo himself was wholly unconscious of any such process. The head in the "Last Supper" did not come to him historically or traditionally ready cast; on the contrary, we are told that for long the central space on the wall remained a blank, so great was the struggle of the painter in maturing his high conception. Moreover in the Brera in Milan is preserved a study from the life which is supposed to have been the germ of the perfected type. Thus Leonardo had recourse to present nature rather than to distant Byzantium. We cannot but think that a writer intent on giving what is called the romance of history might have made out of the recorded facts a more effective story.

The chapter called by flight of fancy "The Reformation Period" abounds in unsustained assumptions. The writer again gives proof of originality in an entirely new reading of history. Not only is Albert Dürer indissolubly identified with the Reformation, but Martin Schön is pronounced to be Dürer's "predecessor" and the actual founder of the Reformation School of German art. What is this "Reformation School," or what indeed may be the Reformation itself, we become curious to learn. At once we are kindly informed that the new element in art and in religion appeared as a weird and fantastic spirit, "a lingering remembrance and affection for the old Northern mythology, with its ice-giants, its world-encircling serpent." On this singular but, we presume, profound application of threadbare materials, it is well that the writer should speak for herself. In order to avoid suspicion of caricature of Mrs. Heaton's notions of the "Reformation" we quote the following exquisite morsel:—

> The fantastic or weird spirit in art loves to dwell in the twilight land of romance. It shrouds its meaning in curiously distorted forms; it delights in the grotesque, but gives it a poetical rather than a comic expression; it hides its meaning from common sense, but reveals it to children; it puzzles the wise, and delights the foolish; it is at once playful and serious; earnest and merry, truthful and romancing; it is neither theological nor rationalistic, spiritual nor intellectual; it is reviled by all exclusive lovers of classic beauty and Italian idealism; but Albrecht Dürer has expressed some of his greatest ideas by means of it.

We are really sorry for a graceful writer who thus exposes herself to ridicule; it may be urged in extenuation that the lady aspires to tread in the lofty path of Mr. Ruskin. But she lacks experience and knowledge; the pictures she describes under this "Reformation Period" she has apparently never seen. The chief work by Martin Schön, the so-called "founder of the Reformation School," a Virgin and Child which we have known in Colmar, and of which a photograph direct from the original is now before us, the writer describes after the manner of mere compilers. The "Feast of the Rose Garlands," in Prague, by Albert Dürer, before which we have recently made notes, is also, probably because never seen, much misunderstood. This master-work was painted in Venice, and shows by its unaccustomed richness of colour, and its unwonted dignity in form, that Dürer was emulous of Venetian painters—the Bellini, Titian, and others. And yet Mrs. Heaton, judging only from engravings, commits herself to the remark, that "it is strange to notice how very little influence Italian art had over" Dürer. Had we space or inclination to pursue this absurd Reformation theory further, it were easy to show that the majority of the pictures quoted are directly Romish in treatment. Martin Schön's masterpiece, the Virgin and Child, in Colmar, is certainly not directly Protestant; the "Feast of the Rose Garlands," in Prague, at any rate, includes St. Dominic, the Pope, and the Blessed Virgin; while Dürer's "Adoration of the Trinity," in Vienna, comprises two wearers of the triple crown, with cardinals, monks, and saints. Among the works of this period with which we are acquainted, the picture which best bears out the author's Reformation notions is the Crucifixion by Cranach, in a church in Weimar, wherein Martin Luther and Melanchthon, the latter in the character of St. John, stand beneath the cross. The painter is said to have instigated Luther to his marriage, and was present at the wedding. But an isolated case does not sustain a sweeping conclusion, and visionary conjectures are worthless when the grave and difficult question of the relation between the Reformation and the arts falls under discussion.

The rival claims of Holbein's two Madonnas, the one in Dresden, the other in Darmstadt, are disposed of in a few free and easy lines. Indeed the writer, in a foot-note, seems to think the question raised as to the authenticity of the Dresden picture is "of little consequence," though the issue of the controversy, even in point of money, involves, we venture to say, from 8,000*l.* to 10,000*l.* The respective merits of the two works which have "recently given rise to a storm of criticism" receive adjudication thus:—"Whichever was painted first, there seems to be little doubt that both examples were executed by the master himself in the fulness of his power, and in reality there is but little to choose between them." We are glad to find that Mrs. Heaton does not side with the iconoclast critics who denounce the Dresden replica as a mere copy. Still the value of her advocacy is considerably weakened by the hasty and inaccurate words, "In reality there is but little to choose between them"; the fact being that all authorities now agree that the Darmstadt Madonna is not only prior in time, but superior in quality; moreover, the Dresden replica, in parts at least, is ill painted, as if by scholars. By way of episode we may add that, since the volume before us went to press, Mr. Wornum reiterates dogmatically his well-known opinion that the Dresden picture is only "a copy made under the impression that the copyist was improving the general effect as a work of art by certain alterations of details, while doing which he missed, in some essentials, the real spirit of the master-hand, which does not admit of translation." We are not surprised to hear from Mr. Wornum that "he fell into disgrace with some of the authorities for having given expression to his feeling that the picture was not executed by the hand of Holbein at all." He now, by way of improving matters, goes further, and asserts that "this picture is showy and pretentious," and that till recently "Holbein's hand was not known in Germany, even by the initiated, much less therefore by the general public." These strictures find place in the letterpress published by the Arundel Society in elucidation of the recently issued chromo-lithograph of the Darmstadt original. Yet Mr. Wornum, from whom we disagree

as to his criticisms on the two Madonnas, does real service in speaking out fearlessly about this coarse reproduction. This vulgar parody suggests a doubt whether the Arundel Society sustains the pretension, once cherished, of improving public taste and of advancing high art.

Having warned the reader of the defects which disfigure this *Concise History of Painting*, we may add a word of praise. The style is eminently popular, the story never flags in interest, and the materials are put so pleasantly together as to lead young people onwards to the more thorough study of art. The pages are interspersed with scraps of poetry from Mr. Robert Browning and others, and "illustrations in permanent photography" are thrust in so as to mingle amusement with instruction. The work will have its subordinate uses, though it can never be quoted as an authority.

LIFE AND REMAINS OF JOHN CLARE.*

JOHN CLARE, the "Northamptonshire Peasant Poet," as he was called, died but nine years ago; he was thought by some to be a second Shakspeare; he saw his poems selling off rapidly, while his publisher complained to him that he had "some trouble to get through five hundred copies" of the last poem poor Keats wrote; and yet how little is he known now! The last thirty years of his life he had spent in the County Lunatic Asylum, where he wrote more than "five hundred poems." The editor of the work before us has made a selection of these, and with "more or less of revision and correction has submitted them to the public." We doubt very much if the selection was worth making, much more whether it was worth publishing. At all events, if the poems of a lunatic are published, they should be given, if indeed with omissions, yet most certainly without corrections. But with one or two exceptions the poems seem to us poor, and might well have been laid with the unfortunate poet in his grave, under the sycamore tree in Helstone churchyard. The Life itself is written in a kindly simple spirit, and is interesting enough. It might, however, have been made much more interesting if Mr. Cherry had given us, instead of the long and tedious letters of a Mrs. Emmerson, some more of the "thousand letters addressed to Clare by his friends and contemporaries (among them Charles Lamb, James Montgomery, Bloomfield, Sir Charles A. Elton, Hood, Cary, Allan Cunningham)." He does, indeed, give us one letter of Lamb's, but it is quite clear that more must have passed, while of Hood we have not even one.

It is certainly interesting to read how this poor country lad, who seemed as cruelly treated by fortune as any one well could be, thus pushed up his way into the friendship of men so distinguished as some of these were. His father was a country labourer whom "privation and toil disabled at a comparatively early age. He became a pauper, receiving from the parish an allowance of five shillings a week. His mother was of feeble constitution and was afflicted with dropsy." Clare himself was also of feeble constitution, and it was not till he lost his mind that he gained much strength of body. Then the change from the pinching privations to which he had been exposed in his poor home to the regular and abundant diet of the asylum soon made him look another man, and "in his old age he presented the outward aspect of a sturdy yeoman." Clare's father, miserably poor though he was, did what he could for his son's education, and kept the boy at school till the advanced age of seven, when he was set to watch sheep and geese on the village heath. Here he fell in with an old woman to whom is due the greatest share of the merit of the peasant poet's training. When the county set up its memorial of John Clare, a niche in it ought surely to have been found for "Granny Bains." At her feet the lad, while watching his geese and sheep, used to sit for hours together, listening to her pouring forth from "her mind, which was a very storehouse of songs," the old ballads that she had in her youth heard others sing. When he was ten years old he managed by the few pence he had earned by working overtime in the summer to pay for a little more schooling in the winter evenings, and, becoming a favourite of his master, was allowed the run of his little library. In his *Village Minstrel* he thus pleasantly refers to his early reading:—

> And oft, with books, spare hours he would beguile,
> And blunder oft with joy round Crusoe's lonely isle.

A happy friendship which he formed a year or two later with the son of a small farmer furnished him with more books and with writing materials:—

> He now began to "snatch a fearful joy" by scribbling on scraps of paper his unpolished rhymes. "When he was fourteen or fifteen," to use his mother's own words, "he would show me a piece of paper, printed sometimes on one side and scrawled all over on the other, and he would say, 'Mother, this is worth silver and gold,' and I used to say to him, 'Ay, boy, it looks as if it wur,' but I thought he was only wasting his time." John deposited a bundle of these fragments in a chink in the cottage wall, whence "they were daily and daily subtracted by his mother to boil the morning's kettle."

When he was thirteen years old, a companion showed him a copy of Thomson's *Seasons*, and the lad could not rest till he was master of a copy of his own. He learnt that the book could be bought at Stamford, seven miles off, for eighteenpence. The walk of fourteen miles was nothing, but the sum of eighteenpence was almost beyond him. His mother "contrived by great exertions to scrape together sevenpence, and the deficiency was made up by loans from friends in the village." But when he had got the money he had his walk at first all for nothing, for, either in the ignorance of a peasant lad or in the forgetfulness of a poet, he chose a Sunday for his journey to Stamford, and of course found the bookseller's shop shut. Nothing daunted, he set off again the next morning, and bearing off his volume in triumph, "clambered over the wall surrounding Burghley Park, and throwing himself on the grass, read the volume twice over before rising." In Burghley Park he later on was apprenticed under the head-gardener, and there might have done very well had he not fallen into bad company. He there "acquired a fondness for strong drink, with which he had to struggle, not always successfully, for years." He had to learn that lesson which a far greater "bard of rustic song" could teach so well and so pathetically by his words, and so ill by his life, that "prudent, cautious self-control is wisdom's root." Of Clare, too, it might be said, as Burns said of himself,

> Thoughtless follies laid him low,
> And stain'd his name.

He had only been at Burghley a year when he played the coward with his indenture, and showed it a fair pair of heels, and, finding employment as a lime-burner at ten shillings a week, at once fell in love. As he grew older his desire to get together a little money for his marriage set him scheming about turning his poems into the silver and gold about which he had talked to his mother. He saved up a sovereign, and so was enabled to have three hundred copies of a prospectus of his poems printed. It was very modestly written, and deserved to attract far more attention than it did. As it was, he had only seven subscribers. The publication, whether of his book or of his banns, seemed further off than ever. The farmers of his village considered that he did not know his place, "and refused to give him work, and the poor poet in his twenty-fifth year was forced to apply for parish relief." Happily for him a Stamford bookseller, Mr. Drury, was struck by one of his poems, and offered to help him in publishing them. In the end they were brought out by Mr. Taylor of London, and proved a great success. Deeply indebted as Clare throughout his life was to Mr. Taylor, we are not surprised that he was mortified by the introduction which that gentleman had written for his poems. No peasant poet of the present day, we feel sure, would be exposed to the degradation of what might fairly be described as an humble apology for genius. A complimentary article in the *Quarterly*, which had about this time "killed poor Keats," made Clare famous, and presents of books, applications for his autograph, tracts and complimentary letters (the postage of which was at times a grievous burden to him) flowed in upon him. One letter we should like to quote at full length had we space. We must, however, lay before what the writer of it calls "the beautiful ophthalmic organs" of our readers one passage:—

> But your literary prowess is too circuitously authenticated to admit of any punctilious commendation from my debilitated pen, and under its umbrageous recess, serenely segregated, from the malapert and hypochondriachal vapours of myopic critics (as I am no acromatic philosopher) I trust every solecism contained in this autographical epistle will find a salvable retirement.

Invitations to call upon the great people in the neighbourhood soon followed, and on each occasion, after the interview in the parlour, dinner was provided for the poet in the servants' hall, and at the servants' table. The poet of fifty years ago was only where the parson had been in his grandfather's time. However, Clare was no doubt not so much used to a plentiful dinner as to care where it was he got it, and moreover he was indebted to some of his great friends for an annuity of 45*l.* a year which they raised for him. But we are told that Lord Radstock, who was one of the kindest of them, "threatened to disown him" unless he cut out of his poems some lines which would have been thought innocent enough in *The Deserted Village*. If his lordship called such lines as the following "radical slang," what terms would he have found for the writers of the present day?

> Sweet rest and peace, ye dear, departed charms,
> Which industry once cherished in her arms,
> When ease and plenty, known but now to few,
> Were known to all, and labour had its due.

It was about this time that he received the letter from Charles Lamb, which is here published for the first time, we suppose, as we do not find it given in Talfourd's edition. Lamb thus ends his letter:—

> Since I saw you I have been in France and have eaten frogs. The nicest little rabbity things you ever tasted. Do look about for them. Make Mrs. Clare pick off the hind quarters; boil them plain with parsley and butter. The fore quarters are not so good. She may let them hop off by themselves.

In one of his letters to Mr. Field, written about the same time, Lamb writes:—"We have eaten frogs. It has been such a treat. You know our monotonous tenor. Frogs are the nicest little delicate things—rabbity flavoured. Imagine a Lilliputian rabbit. They fricassee them; but, in my mind, dressed, seethed, plain, with parsley and butter, would have been the decision of Apicius." Clare now visited London, and made the acquaintance of many of the first literary men of the day. But his visits did him little good, as his return to his poor hut and his hard cares, with no

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* *Life and Remains of John Clare, the Northamptonshire Peasant Poet.* By J. L. Cherry. With Illustrations by Birket Foster. London: Warne & Co. Northampton: Taylor & Son. 1873.

literary companionship to solace him, rendered him only moody and discontented. Melancholy began to set in upon him—the beginning, no doubt, of that madness which was so soon to be his fate. One day he writes in the diary which he kept:—

> Very disturbed in conscience about the troubles of being forced to endure life and die by inches, and the anguish of leaving my children, and the dark porch of eternity, whence none return to tell the tale of their reception.

The diary is not wholly sad. It contains one or two curious observations he had made in natural history, of which he was very fond. Once in one of his botanizing excursions in a wood he was almost taken up as a poacher, when he writes, "What terrifying rascals those woodkeepers and gamekeepers are! They make a prison of a forest, and are its gaolers." He published one or two more volumes of poems, but did not meet with the same success. He began to get more and more depressed, and at last lost his reason, and had to be confined. His first love had been a beautiful girl, named Mary Joyce, but her father would not allow their marriage. In his insanity "he was possessed with the idea that he had two wives—Patty, whom he called his second wife, and his life-long ideal, Mary Joyce." He managed once to escape from an asylum near Waltham, where he was first confined, and "after being four days and three nights on the road, and being so near to dying of starvation that he was compelled to eat grass like the beasts of the field," he arrived at his home. He wrote an account of his journey, prefacing the narrative by this remark—"Returned home out of Essex and found no Mary." She had died some years earlier. We may hope that the last thirty years of his life were passed not unhappily. He became quite harmless, and was allowed to ramble about the town and country. At times, however, he must have found out what he was, and have remembered what he had been. Very powerful and very touching are the following lines, in which he thus writes of his own state:—

> I am! yet what I am who cares, or knows?
> My friends forsake me, like a memory lost.
> I am the self-consumer of my woes,
> They rise and vanish, an oblivious host,
> Shadows of life, whose very soul is lost.
> And yet I am—I live—though I am toss'd
>
> Into the nothingness of scorn and noise,
> Into the living sea of waking dream,
> Where there is neither sense of life, nor joys,
> But the huge shipwreck of my own esteem
> And all that's dear. Even those I loved the best
> Are strange—nay, they are stranger than the rest.
>
> I long for scenes where man has never trod—
> For scenes where woman never smiled or wept—
> There to abide with my Creator, God,
> And sleep as I in childhood sweetly slept.
> Full of high thoughts, unborn. So let me lie,
> The grass below; above the vaulted sky.

NEW TRANSLATIONS OF VIRGIL.*

IT is beyond a doubt that the late Professor Conington's interest in Virgil has been the cause of a new epoch in the popularity of that poet. His commentary invited scholars to discuss the sense and gist as well as the verbal meaning of Virgil's words and sentences more thoroughly. His octosyllabic version brought the Mantuan bard in English dress into hands which knew him not in the original, and did not care to become acquainted with him in the versions of Dryden or Kennedy. Since the Professor's death an unrevised translation in prose has been found amongst his remains, and Professor H. J. Smith has seen fit to print it in the second volume of his "Miscellaneous Works." For our own part, we think that he has exercised a wise judgment in doing so, for nothing that Conington thought or wrote about or upon Virgil could fail to interest and assist Virgilian students, and it is obvious that the circumstances of publication, posthumous as it has been, cover minor faults and discrepancies which, had the author seen his work through the press, it would have been open to critics to enlarge upon. Mr. Wilkins describes his own translation of the Eclogues and Georgics as "a competitive attempt of an inferior artist," but we cannot fully concur in the strictures upon Conington's prose translation which Mr. Wilkins piles up—unconsciously, no doubt—as if to justify a version by himself. At the same time the fact that Conington's translation lacked his final touches, and corresponded with the first and not the second edition of his commentary, leaves us free to question, where it seems needful, the judgment of a confessedly first-rate artist, and to welcome, whether at Mr. Wilkins's hands or at those of any other translator, renderings and explanations which, on the score of clearness, simplicity, elegance, or other merits, commend themselves more to our acceptance. After all it must be remembered that the latest in the field has the great advantage of having the successes as well as the faults of his predecessors to profit by; and the careful examination to which we have submitted Mr. Wilkins's meritorious version satisfies us that he has never failed to indorse the passages of Conington's prose translation, as well as the expressions and drift of Mr. Blackmore's poetic version of the Georgics, which have approved themselves to his critical faculty, and been found suitable to his purpose. Of the Æneid, which Mr. Wilkins has not taken in hand, a new translation has lately appeared by Mr. Clayton of Magdalen College, Oxford, which, though modest enough in pretensions, deserves notice for its general faithfulness, and its sound compromise between literality and idiomatic rendering. He too, here and there, may be preferred to Conington at isolated points, because he has aimed at less than one who with generally accurate interpretation combined a good deal of the instincts of a poet. We propose to dip into the Georgics and the first half of the Æneid, and, in passages which arrest us, to weigh the help afforded us by Conington with that of his successors in prose or verse translation.

Mr. Wilkins hits, perhaps a little hardly, a weakness of Conington for riding a metaphor to death, and cites from the Georgics several examples of this. The most amusing is perhaps G. II. 425—"Hoc pinguem et placitam paci nutritor olivam"—which the late Professor has rendered "Do this, and rear the olive to the *fatness which makes it peace's darling.*" The pregnant sense elicited here from "placitam paci" provokes the critic who is on the Professor's track to suggest that on the same principle "a fat pig must be peace's darling"; and it cannot be denied that he has indicated an idiosyncrasy referable partly to a poetic fancy and partly to a scholar's insight into the meanings of words. An extreme instance of this is to be found in his rendering of Æn. I. 718:—

> At memor ille
> Matris Acidaliæ, paulatim abolere Sychæum
> Incipit, et vivo tentat prævertere amore.

The passage relates to Cupid's personation of Iulus, and the use he makes of his time in Dido's lap at the banquet, and simply says, as Clayton would render it, that "he, mindful of his Acidalian mother, begins by degrees to banish the memory of Sychæus, &c." But see Conington's rendering:—"He, with mind still bent on his Acidalian mother, is beginning to efface *the name of Sychæus, letter by letter,* and endeavouring to surprise by a living passion affections long torpid, and a heart long unused to love." We hold that this interpretation of "paulatim abolere Sychæum," though it may be justifiable by the meaning of the words, is one that Virgil never so much as dreamed of, and that it is a striking example of fancy landing its votary in prose rather than in poetry. But, as a set-off against this weakness, which is doubtless not infrequent in Conington's prose version, be it remembered that there are many instances of his insight bringing out nice shades of meaning. Take the lines in the First Georgic which give the reason why Jove ordained toil as the lot of humanity:—

> Ut varios usus meditando extunderet artes
> Paulatim, *et sulcis frumenti quæreret herbam,*
> Et silicis venis abstrusum excuderet ignem.—133–5.

Mr. Wilkins translates this, "In order that use by slow degrees might hammer out art after art on the anvil of thought, *might find the corn-blade by delving the furrow,* and strike from the veins of flint the fire that Jove had hid." Nothing could be better; but the best part about it is the translation of the second clause, which we have italicized, and this, as we find by reference to Conington, is borrowed from his rendering "might get at the corn-blade by delving the furrow." The next best hit in it, let us add, is where "meditando extunderet" is so neatly referred to the mental forge; but here Mr. R. D. Blackmore has gone before Mr. Wilkins in a quatrain to which he is indebted for the idea. Jove did it, says the poetical translator,

> That practice might the various arts create
> On study's anvil by laborious dint,
> The plant of corn by furrows propagate,
> And strike the fire that lurks in veins of flint.

Earlier in the book, at vv. 65 6, we find that Mr. Wilkins's version of

> Glebasque jacentes
> Pulverulenta coquat maturis solibus æstas—

"And let the clods lie exposed for summer *to bake them to dust* with its ripening suns," meritorious for its close connexion of "pulverulenta" with "coquat," is, except in the English of "maturis," a transcript of Conington's; as is the case also in v. 210, where the translation of "Jamdudum incumbere aratris," "and *more than time* to bend o'er your ploughs," is in essentials identical with the forerunning exemplar of Conington. Another case of manifest indebtedness is at 485 of the same book, where one of the portents before Cæsar's death is that

> Altæ
> Per noctem resonare lupis ululantibus urbes.

This Mr. Wilkins renders, "or our steepbuilt towns to echo through the livelong night with the howl of wolves." Here too the English given to "altæ," "steep-built," is borrowed from Conington, who refers the epithet to the position of the Italian cities. It was open to him to have referred "altæ" with Wakefield to "resonare," and to have understood it of the sound being increased by the height of the buildings, as indeed does Blackmore:—

> And, *ringing deep,*
> The howl of wolves startled the city's sleep.

We do not of course at all deprecate appropriation of the sound interpretations of previous translators; but the hand that borrows should be slow to smite, and there is an old proverb about "Honour to whom honour is due."

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* *A Literal Translation of the Eclogues and Georgics.* By H. Musgrave Wilkins, M.A., Fellow of Merton College, Oxford. London: Longmans & Co. 1873.

The Æneid of Virgil. Books I.—VI. Translated into English Prose. By T. Clayton, M.A. Oxford: Shrimpton. London: Whittaker & Co. 1873.

Whilst on the subject of the depreciatory view taken of Conington's translation by Mr. Wilkins, it is fair to say that we concur with him in that portion of his preface where he notes the inconsistency of the outspokenness of some of the Professor's translations with his reticence and prudery as to others. Whereas he declines to render "Huic aliud mercedis erit," in Ecl. VI. 26, and to reproduce, or give a compromise for, Georg. III. 135-7, which Mr. Wilkins shows may be rendered without offence to the most sensitive, he has erred on the side of undue explicitness in Georgic II. 324-331, where Virgil delicately figures the marriage of heaven and earth at spring-tide. The later translator, whilst extremely literal, has not offended the most delicate nerves, and we would quote his version but that a more attractive and not less refined rendering occurs to us in the metrical version to which we have already had recourse:—

> Then Air, almighty father, raining life,
> Sinks on the bosom of his laughing wife.
> All growth he feeds, commingling with the same,
> The mighty spirit in the mighty frame.
> The birds make music in the pathless groves,
> And herds and flocks prove faithful to their loves;
> The kind earth gives her increase, and the west,
> With fluttering warmth, unzones the meadow's breast.

Let us turn now to some points of difficulty in the text. In the well-known passage (Georg. I. 169-75) about the construction of a plough, which has a special interest as an imitation of Hesiod in his *Works and Days*, Mr. Wilkins needlessly adopts the conjectural reading "stivæ" for "stivaque" at the beginning of v. 174, and translates, "The light linden tree, too, is felled betimes for the pole, and the lofty beech *for the handle, which is to turn* the lowest part of the plough from behind." This, he says, is the only reading which clears the sense; but whilst it certainly is against authority and spoils the metre, it is also more prosaic than the retention of "stivaque" as part of a hendiadys, which represents the same thing—*e. g.*, "the tall beech, which is to be the handle to guide the carriage from behind." With this interpretation the version of Mr. Blackmore seems to agree. Passing on, we pause at a line descriptive of the housewife's labours while her spouse cuts torches in the long winter evenings:—

> Aut dulcis musti Volcano decoquit humorem,
> Et foliis undam trepidi despumat aheni (I. 295-6)—

"She boils down the juice of luscious must with Vulcan's aid, and skims with a leaf the bubbling cauldron's wave" (Wilkins). In his translation Conington is in accord with this rendering; but in his commentary he has applied collateral reading to a mistaken use. "Foliis," he tells us, after a reference to Pliny, means "vine leaves" here. Mr. Wilkins confines himself to generalities, and does not specify; and scholars may pass over the note without controversy; but it is unfortunate that we have at call a "market-gardener" who is a Virgilian translator. If, asks Mr. Blackmore, it was a vine leaf which the good wife used to skim her winter-pot, by what clever contrivance did she preserve the leaf of a deciduous tree into the month of December? There is another passage where we are disposed to espouse this critic's side, even against the banded strength of Conington and Wilkins, as well as many earlier editors. It is in Book II. 214-6, where the usual reading is

> Et tophus scaber et nigris exesa chelydris
> Creta negant alios æquo serpentibus agros
> Dulcem ferre cibum, et curvas præbere latebras.

Mr. Wilkins renders this, "While the scurfy sandstone and chalk that black-water snakes have eaten out tell you plainly that no other soils give the serpent such welcome food, and offer him such winding cells." And Conington's version is to the same effect. The Globe Virgil of Messrs. Lonsdale and Lee adopts the same interpretation and punctuation. But it must have struck many students that this making "tophus" and "creta" nominatives to "negant" is not at all in Virgil's usual manner; and our own preference is for the old commentator's plan of putting a full-stop at "creta" so as to make it and "tofus" find their verb in "ministrant," repeated from v. 213. It appears that Servius specified Nicander and Solinus as the nominatives to "negant" which the poet had in his eye; and we rejoice therefore to find a modern translator bold enough to stand by the old ways, and render the lines

> And gritty tophe lies barren on the leas,
> And hunks of chalk by black chelyders bored;
> No other field, they say, such victual makes,
> And winding lairs and harbourage for snakes.—Blackmore, p. 45.

We must, however, do Mr. Wilkins the justice to say that he very frequently adopts Mr. Blackmore's interpretations. Where he translates, in the Third Book of the Georgics,

> Ad puteos aut alta greges ad stagna jubebo
> Currentem illapis potare canalibus undam (329-30)

"I will bid your flocks at the wells or *steep* pools to quaff the stream as it flows through beechen troughs," the epithet *alta* is rendered *steep* instead of *deep* (as Conington terms it) in agreement with Blackmore, who argues that "alta" must have this meaning, or what need is there of troughs or rinks? With him, too, in III. 21, Mr. Wilkins translates "tonsæ olivæ" "trimmed olive," and not as Conington renders, "stripped olive leaves." Both might have profited by learning Mr. Blackmore's arguments for understanding "rotæ inanes" in the lines III. 170-1—

> Atque illis jam sæpe rotæ ducantur inanes
> Per terram, et summo vestigia pulvere signent—

as "wheels unattached to any carriage," "unbodied wheels" to teach the young steers to draw a light weight first; and "vestigia" as footprints light by reason of the light weight behind them, rather than as "wheel-ruts" or wheel-marks as Conington and Wilkins respectively translate. "Rotæ inanes" thus contrasts with the "juncti orbes" of III. 173. In the passage about the old Corycian's garden (IV. 142-3)—

> Quotque in flore novo pomis se fertilis arbos
> Induerat totidem autumno matura tenebat—

Mr. Wilkins echoes Mr. Blackmore in his translation, "And every fruit his bounteous trees had at early flowering worn, the same in autumn fully ripe they bore," connecting "matura" with *poma*, and not with *arbos*, as do Conington and the Globe translators.

We could say more of Mr. Wilkins's translation, the chief merit of which is a neat and not ungraceful rendering of the best interpretations of his author, wherever gleaned, were it not that we have as yet scarcely glanced at the version of the Æneid by Mr. Clayton. This will be found especially serviceable to those who prefer a more matter-of-fact translator than Mr. Conington, and yet one not unversed in the niceties of language and interpretation. Opening his translation in the latter part of the Third Book, we find that he guides his readers safely and soundly through the Scylla and Charybdis passage (684-6), taking "utramque viam lethi discrimine parvo" to mean "a passage edging close on either side to death"; and somewhat earlier in the book he in part accepts Henry's explanation of the vexed words "Nec cedit honori" in the description of Andromache's gifts to Ascanius:—

> Fert picturatas auri subtemine vestes
> Et Phrygiam Ascanio chlamydem, *nec cedit honori*,
> Textilibusque onerat donis (III. 481-5).

"She brings robes embroidered with threads of gold and a Phrygian mantle for Ascanius—he well becomes the gift—and loads him with presents of the loom." This is taking Ascanius as the subject of "cedit," which is Henry's plan, though he does the opposite to endorsing that commentator's sense of "cedit," which is "shrink from," and which comes round to mean that "he accepts the gift." "Andromache," "chlamys," and "Ascanius" have been variously supposed to be the subject; and, amid much uncertainty, Mr. Clayton's idea "that Virgil means that, handsome as the mantle was, its handsome wearer was equal to it," is entitled to some credit. A little further on, in Æneas's parting speech, plain folks will appreciate his rendering of

> Vivite felices, quibus est fortuna peracta
> Jam sua; nos alia ex aliis in fata vocamur (493-4),

"Live happily, ye whose fortune is fulfilled; from fate to fate we are summoned," rather than Conington's over-done periphrasis, "Live long and happily, as those should for whom the book of Fortune is closed. We alas! are still called to turn page after page." What warranty is there for either "book" or "pages" in the Latin? On the other hand, we must remind Mr. Clayton that some of his explanations are too perfunctory—*e. g.* where he says of "sinus reductos," in the well-known description of the haven on the coast of Libya in the First Book (v. 161), that his impression is that they mean "the indentations in that side of the island which faced seaward." Could any side of an island face otherwise than seaward? Again, we dislike such renderings as "an antre vast" for "vasto antro," though "antre" may be a Shakspearian word. Why would not "cavern" do as well? But this version is in the main clear, idiomatic, and trustworthy, and calculated to be of use to those who need a prose translation. For ourselves, or for younger students in whom we feel an interest, we should always prefer a good verse translation to one in prose; nor are we at all sure that the former need be much less literal and helpful than the latter. Certainly Conington's Æneid in octosyllables leaves scarcely a word or thought of the original unrepresented. And, as certainly, Mr. Blackmore's verse translation of the Georgics is so close, while perfectly poetic, as to enable Mr. Wilkins here and there to appropriate whole lines, and almost couplets. Since however there are sure to be those who prefer, and fancy they need, a prose version, we can recommend to them the labours of Mr. Wilkins and Mr. Clayton.

THE CRAVENS OF CRAVENSCROFT.*

THE hands of Esau and the voice of Jacob made a difficult combination for the recognition even of a father. In like manner the finery and slipslop of a modern Rosa Matilda, with the coarseness which is, we will hope, distinctive only of the lower creature, man, throw the parentage of a novel into an obscurity so dense that the critic is at a loss to know how to catalogue it, or to which side of the house to assign it. In one page of the *Cravens of Cravenscroft* we find a sickly sweetness and tinsel glitter essentially feminine; in another we stumble over expressions and ideas which we would fain believe have nothing feminine in them save their exaggeration; while the epicene name on the title-page may mean anything, from Henry to Harriet, or Hugh to Hester. If the book is written by a man, we should guess him to be one lately connected with millinery and haberdashery. The perpetual reference to certain circumstances of woman's attire seems to point to a training of this kind; or, it may be, to a still closer knowledge. "Gauntleted gloves" many times drawn on and off;

* *The Cravens of Cravenscroft.* By H. Bourmie Pigott. 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1873.

dainty hats and plumes; trailing silks—"the chaste mauve trimmings" so "prettily contrasting" with the main colour of one thought worthy of special notice; "dressy petticoats" and "sixty-inch skirts"—this seems a touch decidedly beyond the average man. "The high heels and tall ankles, the dressy tassels and superfine kid of Mab's well-fitting gaiter-boots"; the absorbing and constantly recurring topic of dress and fashion; and the bitterness of poverty weighing on Maud Craven's young soul because she cannot afford expensive silks or superfine kid gaiter-boots, or plumes and dressy petticoats, like her friend Mab Ayre—are these the hairy hands of Esau touching sacred subjects with *suave*, if clumsy, reverence, or is it the piping voice of Jacob glibly running over conditions known by heart and familiar as household words? Add to this an immense amount of sensuality in the description of the *dramatis personæ*, a surfeit of "scarlet lips" and shining hair, &c. with the women, and the more suggestive than pleasant dwelling on the "attractive physical beauty" or the personal ugliness of the men, and we fall again into a sea of doubt. Is this baseness of standard from within or without? Has a woman written of her own sex so unworthily because of her profound knowledge, or a man because of his insolent ignorance? In either case we protest against the picture as utterly unfair to average decent women; founding, as it does, their claims to be loved and their reasons for loving on the one sole foundation of sensuous personal beauty.

The more technical qualities of the *Cravens of Cravenscroft* are also such as are generally, with reason or without, ascribed to lady-writers. Sentences are ruthlessly deprived of their nominatives, and broken off in mid career, like fountains gushing mightily at their source, but running into sand before they have gone half-a-dozen yards. In the opening pages a passage occurs which may serve as an example for the rest:—

> Even now, as he sits alone in the library, with its great shelves weighty with old literature, which would make modern readers shudder; a library whose heavy reading is quaint books of the last century, and whose light reading is *Gil Blas* and *Don Quixote*, the *Tatler*, and *The Gentleman's Magazine*. Even now, while Mr. Craven sits alone there, fumbling through a drawer of musty papers, he is thinking of how he should like to deck his daughter's beauty, to put flowers in her hair, and jewels on her neck, to give her carriages and horses, and luxuries of all kinds, to keep her softly, so that no rough wind might touch her.

This kind of odd chopped-up method is the dominant style of the book; but interspersed are wonderful little tricks of manner which form a playful embroidery on the severer substance, and enliven the more sober passages with their somewhat startling caprices. "Ware, there, Captain Ellerton," says the author to his favourite hero, who has "masculine eyes as dark and almost as sweet" as those of a certain Miss Nellie Hope. "George Ayre, George Ayre! you were never born into the world to win women by your beauty. Be warned, and stand aside; for, alas! goodness counts little with a girl ready to run mad for the sake of a handsome face or the glitter of a garish uniform." This is his cry to wide-mouthed, stiff-haired George Ayre, whom Maud Craven flouts because he is only good and not handsome, though Maud is meant to be the dearest little girl in the world, and a pearl of exceeding price. Again, "It certainly was not right. I am not going to defend Mab's secret love trysts, or any of the wrongdoings which followed in its (*sic*) track"—"I have grown to like Mab Ayre. As her story opens under my pen, as I see her flitting in and out amongst my pages, I have learned to welcome her. Has she won upon you? If she has not, it is because my power of delineation fails to paint her as she is." "Do you believe in luck? I do." The "you" in both these latter quotations, means, we suppose, the reader. Such tricks as these are simply silly; and the pretence of reality in them is the most contemptible feature of a contemptible affectation. A bad habit of calling God to witness this or that trumpery assumption of mock passion or pathos, in these "scarlet lipped" puppets is a sin of a deeper dye, and one which we can never too strongly condemn. If the dramatic exigencies of the scene demand some passionate appeal to a higher power, such as we know men naturally make in certain mental states, that might be passed by as one of the artistic necessities of the circumstance on hand. But when we find an author endeavouring to bolster up his miserable marionettes of sawdust and canvas-rag by pretended solemn adjurations to God to pity their sufferings and to pardon their sins, we feel that the whole thing is disgusting, on the one hand by its weakness, on the other by its impiety, and revolting in its sense of falsehood all round. Men who would have "paid down gold" for the love of such or such a woman; and women who would have "paid down gold" in their turn for "the laughing haughty lip, the fair oval of her cheek, or the graceful round of her chin," speaking of a sister and rival; dashing dragoons skilled in lady-killing under all skies and in all countries, suddenly pulling up and making model husbands, constant, contrite, and deliciously domesticated; fast young ladies, to whom life is nothing if it does not include luxury and pleasure and handsome jewelry and shining silks, giving up wealth and title and magnificent domains all for the sake of a handsome young barrister with superb grey eyes and great "physical beauty," but no practice to speak of, and finding exquisite enjoyment in love and a "bijou residence" in Bayswater; sallow-cheeked, pale-eyed young ladies plotting with serviceable aunts for a hopeless love, and against a suspected rival—these are some of the more striking addenda to the list we have already given; and we scarcely know which characteristic is the worst—the absurdity and something more of the style, or the faultiness and something more of the portraiture. "Everybody lively, everybody hungry and eager for their dinner. Maud Craven dressed in Mab's dressing-room; Mab running in and out all the while looking after her guests"—this is a phrase taken literally at a random opening. Another is the soliloquy of Captain Ellerton, the hero, as he sits in the wood making love to Maud Craven, the heroine:—"What a row she would make in town, if a fellow only caught such a trump and transplanted her to London! How the men would run wild after her, and how the women would hate her! She is the prettiest little devil I ever saw in my life."

We have seen something of the estimation in which Mab Ayre is held by the author. She is certainly not offered to us as quite spotless; but the confidential asides in which H. Bouverie Pigott indulges while confessing her sins and lamenting her shortcomings, confess also his or her triumphant admiration and even respect. On the whole, Mab Ayre's history hardly bears out her author's commendations. She is a handsome, voluptuous-looking girl, who seems to have two ideas by which she lives—love of dress and love of a certain Philip Marchmont, who is out of the picture till the end of the second volume. By the stale devices of false reports and intercepted letters, she is induced to believe him faithless; and after sundry veerings, she at last consents to accept the eligible offer of Sir Henry King, a swarthy, muscular, and decidedly unchristian person, with a thick under lip, bold, black, angry eyes, a fine estate, a considerable fortune, and a savage temper. She hates him, but rather ungratefully, for he loves her sincerely if brutally, and gives her "lovely presents," with a prodigality that should have had at least some kind of reward. To annoy him, and because she is thoroughly selfish and unprincipled, she encourages the insolent admiration of a certain Mr. Poland, a "City gentleman" with a Jewish nose, and also boasting a pair of bold black, if not angry, eyes; and when Sir Henry naturally objects to this questionable kind of partnership, she openly defies him, and encourages her Jewish-nosed admirer with yet greater freedom. Things go on in this uncomfortable manner, she hating her lover and furious at the position into which she has allowed herself to drift, when, the week before her marriage, while waiting in Vere Street for her aunt who is shopping at Marshall and Snelgrove's, she sees her former lover, Philip Marchmont, with his superb grey eyes and satisfactory physical beauty. One rapid explanation removes all difficulties and doubts, and they agree to meet to-morrow night "in the pines," down at Ayrefield, whither Mab and her mother, Lady Ayre, are going to-day. They do meet; but Mab refuses to elope with him on his first asking. The next night they meet again, and then, her No transformed to Yes, they go off together in a carriage and pair, quite like a couple in old-world romance. But before she takes this supreme step she gathers enough courage and straightforwardness to tell, first her mother, and then Sir Henry King, that she declines to marry him now at the eleventh hour; supplementing this by informing the latter that she hates and loathes him, and has always hated and loathed him. She and her lover are driving in her little pony carriage during this revelation; and a scene of characteristic coarseness follows. Sir Henry comes out in his true colours, and threatens to murder her; whereupon Mab, giving the ponies their heads, and urging the more spirited of the two to almost madness, does some damage to Sir Henry's collarbone in an upset, but escapes with a whole skin and pale cheeks for her own part. After which she elopes with Philip, wears her old ribbons with a good grace in her bijou residence at Bayswater, and by her new-found matronly dignity overawes the full-blown vulgarity of Mr. Poland, and stultifies the proverb about touching pitch and not being defiled. The *Cravens of Cravenscroft* is to careful literature what "dashing" work and free scumbling are to careful drawing. Everything is done breathlessly, in a hurry, without thought, without delicacy, without neatness or tenderness of touch. It is all broad lines and garish colours, with the look of trowel-work throughout; and the result is the invariable result of such a method of working—glare, disproportion, coarseness, and smudge.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE fourth volume of M. du Camp's large work on Paris * is full of melancholy interest, for it discusses the subject of mendicity and other kindred topics. The author does not content himself with giving us dry statistical details, and telling us what are the measures adopted at the present time for the better administration of public charity. He goes to the origin of the question, and in a graphic picture unfolds before us those mysteries of the Cour des Miracles which most readers know only through the pages of Victor Hugo's *Notre-Dame de Paris*. If the mediæval fraternity of beggars could boast of its *francs-mitoux*, its *sabouleux*, and its *coquillards*, the classification of modern mendicants is equally complicated; and M. du Camp brings forward a number of anecdotes which prove both the ingenuity of *ces messieurs* and the formidable proportions attained by that scourge of society. Hospitals, foundling institutions, and lunatic asylums are all, to a certain extent, connected with the serious problem of pauperism; and they are all minutely examined by our author,

* *Paris, ses organes, ses fonctions et sa vie.* Par Max. du Camp. Vol. 4. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

who has evidently bestowed careful and persevering inquiry on the subject. It is certain, for instance, that cases of madness have rapidly multiplied of late in Paris, owing to the continually increasing consumption of alcoholic drinks; and there is little doubt, from what M. du Camp tells us, that the destruction of the public buildings during the civil war of the Commune was the result of a monomania fed by intoxication, with which politics had really little to do. One of the merits of the work before us is that it points out what reforms ought to be introduced in the laws and police measures which are applied to the surveillance of pauperism and to the administration of hospitals.

M. Tivier has composed a work * which supplies an important desideratum in the history of French literature. Even so lately as fifty years ago the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were the only times considered worthy of study from a literary point of view; the Renaissance period was scarcely taken notice of; and as for the middle ages, they were regarded as a period of utter barbarism, a knowledge of which could answer no purpose whatever. The French University itself encouraged this narrow disposition, and we remember that M. Villemain's celebrated lectures on the literature of the mediæval times were considered as an almost scandalous departure from the old Sorbonne traditions. Matters have fortunately improved in this respect, and M. Tivier's handsome volume is the latest sign of a more liberal treatment of French national poetry. It reproduces the substance of the author's lectures at the Besançon Faculté des Lettres, and with a few exceptions it leaves comedy entirely unnoticed. The origin of dramatic literature in the old *jeu-parti*, the mysteries or miracle plays, and the quasi-historical dramas of Pierre Gringore, are first noticed; then comes the Renaissance, with Jodelle, Théodore Beza, and Jean de la Taille. All these authors may not perhaps rise to the true standard of taste and æsthetic perfection; but their works are extremely interesting, and it is always curious to trace the successive developments of any art from its early manifestations to its full growth. For this reason M. Tivier has done well to multiply quotations, and as the works from which the extracts are taken are not always easily accessible, the *Histoire de la littérature dramatique* has the twofold merit of an excellent didactic treatise and of a copious anthology.

M. Beulé is already well known to our readers. We have on several occasions reviewed his volumes on the Cæsars, and we have endeavoured to give an idea of that singular union of archæological and historical talent with political energy which constitutes his special characteristic as an author. His present work †, devoted to an account of explorations made by himself and others in Europe, Asia, and Africa, has exclusively a scientific interest, and the wide variety of the subjects discussed will recommend it to the general reader. One of the most curious essays in the first volume refers to the attitude of Christianity in Rome in the days of the Cæsars, and to the singular fact that the whole Flavian family was deeply leavened by the new religion. The Abbé Greppo, the Cavaliere de Rossi, and M. Aubé had already examined this episode from different points of view. M. Beulé in his turn passes judgment on the opinions maintained by these writers, and shows that, if the Imperial sceptre had remained in the hands of the Flavii, the triumph of Christianity would have taken place two centuries sooner than it actually did. Amongst the papers collected in the second volume we would name more especially M. Beulé's letters from Carthage, whither he had gone for the purpose of beginning a series of excavations, his account of Mr. Layard's Assyrian discoveries, and his notice of Mr. Newton's researches in Asia Minor.

The literary reputation of M. Granier de Cassagnac ‡ had until quite recently been considered as resting chiefly, if not exclusively, upon certain *ouvrages de circonstance* suggested by the politics of the day, which could not aspire to anything beyond a very ephemeral success. He now comes forward with a work of great pretensions on the Origin of the French Language, and we have no doubt that it will excite much discussion on the other side of the Channel. So far back as the year 1836 the daily paper *La Presse* published the original draft of this work, and even in its early form it was generally and favourably noticed. A distinguished philologist, M. Pierquin de Gembloux, transferred, in fact, the whole of it to his own *Histoire des patois*, as being a production of the highest importance and authority on the subject. Revised, corrected, and extended, the articles of the *Presse* now appear as a substantial treatise, and challenge the attention of scholars. Without attempting here to examine minutely the theory maintained by M. Granier de Cassagnac, we shall merely say that it starts from an absolute denial of the hypothesis so universally received which regards both the French language and the *patois* or dialects branching out from it as proceeding from a corruption of the Latin. In the first place, says our author, the original language of the Gauls never ceased to be both spoken and written during the Roman domination and after it, and we find it prevailing as late as the thirteenth century. Again, the occurrence of a large number of Greek words in the French language properly so called, and in all its dialects, cannot be accounted for by the mere presence of the Romans in Gaul. It is impossible, we are told, that they should have imported these words, especially those of which the Latin idiom has no trace whatever. Thirdly, M. de Cassagnac says that, if the Romans had been powerful enough to force their language upon the Gauls, it is inconceivable that they should not have followed the same course towards the Greeks, the Egyptians, the Jews, &c. Yet not only did those people carefully preserve the use of their own idiom, but even the immediate neighbours of the Latins, such as the Etruscans, the Osci, the Umbrians, and the Samnites never used Latin as a familiar and habitual mode of intercommunication. M. de Cassagnac concludes by arguing that, as the Gauls and the Latins sprang from a common origin, their languages had naturally many points of similarity; and in like manner both French and other European idioms betray the most striking affinity with the Sanscrit, although it would be absurd to suppose that, within the limits of historic time, the Hindus ever had any political intercourse with the Gauls or with the inhabitants of Italy. As we have said, we do not mean here to discuss M. de Cassagnac's theory; we merely state it, and we must add that it is very ingeniously worked out. The book is completed by an account of the formation of what may be called the literary languages of Italy, Spain, and France.

M. Paul Albert's new volume * treats of the seventeenth century, or, more strictly, of what is generally designated as the age of Louis XIV. After the first rude beginnings we come to the age of perfection; after a long epoch of formation we find ourselves in the midst of harmony, method, regularity, and æsthetic finish. We need scarcely say that Descartes, Pascal, Cardinal de Retz, and even Pierre Corneille, do not properly belong to what is called the Louis-Quatorze epoch. M. Victor Cousin has explained on several occasions what constitutes the difference between the writers who, like Madame de Sévigné, form part of the earlier group, and those who should be classed in the later one; but it is perhaps best to retain for purposes of teaching an arrangement which has the sanction of ages; and therefore M. Albert has included under the well-known denomination *siècle de Louis XIV* such authors as Vaugelas on the one side and Saint-Simon on the other. His first chapter is devoted to a sketch of French society, and his second to a short history of the Académie Française; then come the literary representatives of the Fronde, La Rochefoucauld and Cardinal de Retz; the Jansenists, with Pascal—that *effrayant génie*—and, finally, the "classics" properly so called. M. Albert has wisely kept a place apart in his gallery for burlesque poets, such as St.-Amant, Cyrano de Bergerac, and Scarron. This last-named author especially deserves to be remembered on account of the common sense and the sound critical views which are apparent throughout his *Virgile travesti*.

The remarkable articles which M. François Lenormant has reprinted in the volume entitled *Essais sur l'instruction publique* †, are the more interesting because they were written long before the terrible events of the last two years. When the *Correspondant* published his critiques, France had not yet sunk under the results of a system originating in the combined action of ignorance, conceit, and unbelief. M. Lenormant was one of the chief leaders of the Catholic party in France; he had persistently protested against the monopoly of teaching enjoyed by the University, and, whilst claiming on behalf of the Gallican Church the freedom which had been taken away from it since the beginning of the Revolution, he forcibly pointed out the defects of the system of instruction then adopted. But, as the preface to this new volume aptly states, all these defects still exist; France is of all countries in Europe the one where the spirit of routine most thrives, and there is not one of the changes called for by M. Lenormant which does not still appear prominently in the schemes of modern educational reformers. These posthumous papers are consequently well deserving of attention, and the learned archæologist who has edited them deserves the thanks of the public. Whilst raising a monument to his father's memory, he has also added a valuable item to the works recently suggested by the reform of education in France.

M. de Loménie's monograph on Beaumarchais ‡ reappears in a cheaper and more portable form: it certainly deserved the honours of a new edition, and we hope that it will induce persons interested in French literature to study the life of a man who occupies one of the most prominent places in the latter half of the eighteenth century. M. de Loménie has enjoyed the rare advantage of access to a large collection of family papers, and he has made use of them with admirable discretion and care. Before the publication of his work there existed no good biography of Beaumarchais, and it is rather singular that a man leading the busy, active, and exciting life of the author of the *Mariage de Figaro* should have left no memoir of himself; for the two volumes bearing that designation consist merely of legal documents, and of *factums* connected with the scandalous Goesman lawsuit, and supply no detail whatever as to the author's life. Fortunately M. de Loménie has come to the rescue, and his publication is perhaps even more valuable than autobiographical reminiscences would have been, because it has the merit of entire impartiality.

The new edition of Saint-Simon's Memoirs § now in course of

* *Histoire de la littérature dramatique en France, depuis ses origines jusqu'au Cid.* Par H. Tivier. Paris: Thorin.

† *Fouilles et Découvertes.* Par M. Beulé. Paris: Didier.

‡ *Histoire des origines de la langue française.* Par A. Granier de Cassagnac. Paris: Didot.

* *La littérature française au XVII^e siècle.* Par Paul Albert. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

† *Essais sur l'instruction publique.* Par Ch. Lenormant. Publiés par son fils. Paris: Didier.

‡ *Beaumarchais et son temps.* Par M. de Loménie. Paris: Lévy.

§ *Mémoires du duc de Saint-Simon.* Publiés par MM. Chéruel et Ad. Régnier fils. Vol. 2. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

publication must not be looked upon as a mere reprint of the edition issued in 1856–58. It has been scrupulously revised from a collation of the original MS., and contains several important emendations. No author perhaps, no French author certainly, can be named whose style is so thoroughly original as that of Saint-Simon; his sentences constantly puzzle us by their want of connexion, and we find every now and then words, and even phrases, which can be met with nowhere else. All these irregularities are explained in the foot-notes.

The anonymous author of the pamphlet entitled *L'Europe orientale* * is anxious that France should recover in the sphere of politics the influence which she has lost, and the only means towards that end is, according to him, the favourite old recipe of the adepts of Radicalism. Appeal to the spirit of revolution, assist all malcontents everywhere in their attempts to throw off the yoke of government—in a word, hasten the era of universal brotherhood by setting the whole of Europe on fire.

The sixteenth volume of M. Louis Figuier's *Année scientifique* † equals its predecessors in interest, clearness of style, accuracy, and completeness. M. Figuier devotes a long section to an account of the first session held by the French Association for the Diffusion of Science. This new Society, organized on the same plan as its English prototype, met at Bordeaux last year under the presidency of M. de Quatrefages.

Count de Gasparin ‡ is a thorough Protestant, with more zeal than judgment, and therefore his estimate of the early Christian Church, of the Roman Empire, and of the middle ages cannot be safely trusted. He belongs to that class of writers, fortunately dwindling away both in numbers and influence, who believe that the mediæval epoch was radically bad, without one single good point to recommend it, and that in the interval between the assembling of the Council at Nicæa and the publication of Luther's theses there was nothing in Europe but utter darkness. We have no doubt that the lectures printed by Count de Gasparin in the present volume were highly successful, and that they gratified crowds of enthusiastic hearers; but the views of history which they are intended to convey are absolutely false in many points, and no amount of metaphors and eloquence can compensate for blind prejudice. We remember in one of the Countess de Gasparin's picturesquely written books an assertion to the effect that there was nothing good in the civilization of classical Greece, and that Plato especially was an objectionable author. Now, although Madame Dacier and the Abbess of Fontevrault both understood Greek and enjoyed it, we can excuse a lady for thinking mostly of Plato: but when we find a man who professes to teach history speaking of *cette déplorable période du moyen âge*, we simply shrug our shoulders, and conclude that Voltaire's fanaticism was nothing to this.

The history of Robert Bruce § related by M. Xavier Marmier from John Barbour, Froissart, Walter Scott, and Fraser Tytler, is an interesting volume. In the preface, taking up his second title, "Comment on reconquiert un royaume," the author says that Perth and Edinburgh have constantly reminded him of Strasburg and Metz, and he would fain tell his fellow-countrymen what is the best way of winning back again the provinces which the Germans have lately torn away from France. He then describes briefly the siege of Metz in 1552, and he is of opinion that, if the France of the nineteenth century had the faith and the spirit of self-sacrifice which characterized the contemporaries of Robert Bruce, Alsace and Lorraine would soon be restored to her. In the meanwhile, says M. Marmier, by destroying the Treaty of Munster, the Germans have created for themselves difficulties which they will never be able to overcome.

Two works lately published on Xenophon deserve to be noticed here. One of them, by M. Alfred Croiset, is an essay composed for the doctor's degree ‖, and it gives an excellent estimate both of Xenophon's moral character and of his literary merits. M. Croiset begins by a review of his hero's military career, and, in discussing those of his writings which refer to that part of his life, he deduces from them the principal elements of a portrait which seems to us impartially and accurately drawn. The philosopher, the disciple of Socrates, stands forth next for consideration, and here the *Memorabilia* are the source to be studied; they show us in Xenophon an essentially practical man, who never rises to general conceptions, and who therefore judges men and things from a point of view often too limited and partial. The *Hellenica* give our author an opportunity of estimating Xenophon as a continuator of Thucydides, and of showing that the commander who led the Ten Thousand back into Greece has neither the method, nor the depth, nor the harmonious proportion which characterize the immortal narrator of the Peloponnesian war. Xenophon, in short, possesses all the inferior qualities which we like to find in an agreeable, chatty writer of memoirs, but none of those belonging to the great masters of the historic style. M. Croiset devotes his last two chapters to a general review of the style of his hero and to a description of the last years of his life. A number of excellent notes terminate the volume.

M. Hémardinquer only examines one side of the intellectual character of Xenophon *; he studies him as a moralist and a politician, and accordingly he deals principally with the *Cyropædeia*, that historical romance which contains the author's views of education, family relations, politics, religion, and war. He considers Xenophon a somewhat superficial writer, and remarkable more for grace than vigour; he praises him, however, as being a man who, both in speculation and in practice, combined to a certain extent all the forces of the human mind.

In the current works of fiction, which still abound as of yore, we find either a persistent fondness for the analysis of psychological monstrosities, or a disposition to make the exhibition of wickedness and immorality serve as a pretext for denouncing the Second Empire. To novels representing the former class belongs M. Charles Diguet's *La vierge aux cheveux d'or* †; it is a production which has not even the merit of a brilliant style; the hero is a madman, and the book itself seems as if it had been composed in a lunatic asylum. M. Eugène Deligny does not aim at representing impossibilities, and at describing characters which no one has ever seen ‡; but he deals with the worst features of real life, and writes sketches which are simply repulsive. The most curious part of this system of novel-writing—for it is a system—is that the authors who adopt it pretend that they are really discharging a moral duty when they publish highly seasoned pictures of vice. They imagine that a tragical catastrophe involving the punishment of the faithless wife and her lover atones sufficiently for the scandalous character of the introductory chapters.

M. Hector Malot § wishes to describe the fast life of the Second Empire, the mania for speculation which then prevailed, and the doubtful personages who basked in the sunshine of Napoleon's Court. This may be extremely patriotic, but we cannot see what good result is to be obtained by such a perversion of talent and of literary skill. Would it not be far better to leave untold episodes illustrating the low state of morality into which France has lately sunk, and which had begun long before the days of Imperialism?

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* *L'Europe orientale, son état présent, sa réorganisation.* Paris: Germer-Baillière.

† *L'année scientifique et industrielle.* Par M. Louis Figuier. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

‡ *Innocent III, le siècle apostolique. Constantin.* Par le comte Agénor de Gasparin. Paris: Lévy.

§ *Robert Bruce; comment on reconquiert un royaume.* Par X. Marmier. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

‖ *Xénophon, son caractère et son talent.* Par Alfred Croiset. Paris: Thorin.

* *La Cyropédie, essai sur les idées morales et politiques de Xénophon.* Par M. Hémardinquer. Paris: Thorin.

† *La vierge aux cheveux d'or.* Par Charles Diguet. Paris: Charpentier.

‡ *La grande dame et la Normande.* Par Eugène Deligny. Paris: Lévy.

§ *La belle madame Donis.* Par Hector Malot. Paris: Lévy.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE LONDON INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION of 1873 will OPEN on EASTER MONDAY. The Industries Illustrated will be STEAM, CARRIAGES, STEEL, and WOOD, with Works of FINE ART of all kinds and Sculpture. About 300 of the best WORKS of the late J. PHILLIP, R.A., and F. GOODWALL, R.A., will be exhibited; also Works by Officers of the Army and Navy.
Admission, One Shilling. Monday and Saturday Evenings, Sixpence each, after 6 o'clock.



THE

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THE BUDGET.

MR. LOWE had an easy task in distributing his bounty; and, in the certainty of a favourable reception of his offers, he wasted no time in rhetorical amplification of an agreeable statement. It may be conjectured that on one material point he has been overruled by his colleagues. When Mr. LOWE two months ago informed a deputation on the Malt-tax that the surplus would be small, he was generally understood to mean that the greater part of the difference between revenue and expenditure would be applied to the payment of the *Alabama* damages. If it is true that the Budget was first communicated to the Cabinet on Saturday last, the large reduction of taxes which was proposed to the House of Commons on Monday may have resulted from considerations of general policy, if not of party convenience. It is remarkable that the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER had only three years ago voluntarily expressed his intention of retaining during his term of office the rate of duty on sugar as it remained when he had reduced it by one-half. It is not improbable that the first edition of the Budget may have provided for the removal of a penny in the pound of Income-tax, and for the payment in full of the *Alabama* damages out of the estimated surplus. Some members of the Cabinet may perhaps have objected to the exclusive relief of payers of Income-tax, and have suggested a partial approximation to Mr. BRIGHT'S scheme of "a free breakfast-"table." Whether a compromise has been effected in the mind of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER or among different sections of the Government, the Budget is wanting in definite unity of conception. The plan of meeting half the American demand out of the proceeds of Exchequer Bonds, which will nevertheless probably not be issued, is ambiguous and awkward; nor is the disposal of the large surplus which remains after providing for the other half of the damages altogether unobjectionable. If the entire charge had been placed on the revenue of the year, there would have been no question of reducing either the Income-tax or the Sugar duty, but a million and a half might have been usefully employed in the removal of minor anomalies and in the relief of some of the poorer class of taxpayers. The other alternative of paying the damages out of capital, with the aid of a permanent or temporary loan, would have given the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER a rare opportunity of dealing with an anomalous Excise duty which in ordinary years is necessarily retained as the source of a large and indispensable revenue.

It would be captious and unjust to dispute the advantages which may be expected from the reduction of direct and indirect taxation. Sugar merits Mr. LOWE'S complimentary dithyrambic as the delight of infancy and the solace of age. Morose critics might object that sugar is poisonous to persons of a gouty temperament; but almost all children, and the majority of mature mankind, are happily free from gout. It is highly desirable to cheapen a palatable article of food; but a doubt remains whether the amount of duty which is remitted will pass into the pocket of the consumer or into the till of the grocer. For some mysterious reason sugar is, according to the unanimous assertion of retailers, not a profitable commodity to sell; and it is but too probable that dealers may recoup themselves for previous loss or for insufficient profit by refusing to their customers the benefit of their own diminished payments to the wholesale trade. It appears from Mr. LOWE'S statement that the establishment of a smaller margin between the respective duties on raw and on refined sugar will diminish a complication of bounties and drawbacks which affects the symmetry of the fiscal system. The mischief, such as it is, will probably be within a few years effectually abated by the repeal of the small residuary duty. It would be highly desirable to exempt ordinary articles of consumption from taxation, if only it were certain that no additional revenue would be at any future time required. It has now become extremely difficult to reimpose indirect taxes when they have once been removed; and it is not altogether satisfactory to depend for 20,000,000*l*. of income on the consumption of intoxicating liquors. If the present financial prosperity continues for a few years, strong arguments will be urged in favour of the exemption of sugar; for the total repeal of the duty would almost certainly reduce the retail price, and the removal of the Customs duty would render unnecessary the restrictions which at present interfere with the experiment of making beet-root sugar in some parts of England. Mr. CRAWFORD'S enthusiasm on the announcement of the reduction of the duty will perhaps not be generally shared.

The diminution of the Income-tax will give greater satisfaction; but it is a question whether, as long as the maintenance of an unpopular machinery is necessary, it is expedient to sacrifice a million and three-quarters of the revenue which it produces. It is certainly a curious coincidence that, with the aid of a modest contribution from Ireland, threepence in the pound produces the same return which sevenpence gave when Sir ROBERT PEEL imposed the Income-tax thirty-one years ago. It may be hoped that no further reduction will take place, for a charge of between five and six millions on the vast collective income of the community is sufficiently moderate. The amount is easy of calculation, and it is well that Mr. LOWE has not recurred to the elaborate puzzle of a percentage instead of a rate corresponding with pecuniary denominations. It may be hoped that the agitation against the tax recently promoted by the shopkeepers will be appeased or mitigated by Mr. LOWE'S concession. It was unfortunate that Mr. FAWCETT added to his protest against the monstrous iniquity of the proposal to exempt trades and professions, the expression of an opinion that the longer or shorter duration of incomes ought to be taken into consideration in the adjustment of the tax. There is no doubt that, as Mr. FAWCETT says, the holder of a precarious income of 600*l*. a year is a poorer man than his neighbour who receives the same sum in interest or rent; but uncertainty is equivalent to shortness of duration, and the temporary owner contributes only as long as his income lasts. The whole income of trades and professions is as durable as the whole income of landowners, and much more progressive than the whole income of fundholders. The best reason for the reduction of the Income-tax was the simultaneous reduction of the Sugar duty; and perhaps in both cases the disposable surplus might have been better applied. The controversy on the expediency of paying off debt, though it is revived on the occasion of each annual Budget, ought to be determined by considerations which have little relation to the casual balance of revenue and expenditure. The main objection to large payments of debt is that, through the constant fall in the value of gold, the capital represented by the interest of the debt is subject to incessant depreciation. The discharge of debt would, at the best, be equivalent to an investment at 3¼ per cent. of money derived from taxation. There is every reason to believe that the same result may be attained fifteen or twenty years hence at the cost of a much smaller percentage of the national income. On the other hand, the reduction of the debt is convenient, as it leaves Governments and Parliaments more completely at liberty to readjust and modify taxation. If the debt had been paid off by this time, the country would probably be much poorer than at present, because industry and trade would have been hampered by the continuance of burdens which have long since been removed; but if Chancellors of the Exchequer

had only to provide for current expenditure, they would enjoy great facilities for establishing a perfectly scientific system of finance.

It is a grave defect in the Budget that no special relief has been afforded either to the owners of small incomes or to applicants for remission who suffered under peculiar and unjust burdens. The great rise in the cost of living would have fully justified the alteration of the standard of exemption from Income-tax from 100*l.* to 150*l.*; and for the same reason it would have been desirable to allow to incomes under 400*l.* or 450*l.* a drawback or partial exemption of 100*l.* The refusal to relieve third-class passengers by fast trains from the tax which is not applicable to Parliamentary trains is wholly indefensible; and the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER lately admitted to a deputation from the metropolitan railways that the differential rate of taxation on the underground railways as compared with omnibuses and steamboats was a plain anomaly. The tavern-keepers may boast of being the only class which has succeeded in obtaining redress for an acknowledged grievance. The small amount of the surplus which has been reserved will deprive the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER of the means of rendering tardy justice. His answer to Mr. LAING showed that he had no intention of repealing the exceptional duty on railway passengers. The best employment which could have been made of three and a half millions of surplus revenue would have been the removal of one half of the Malt duty, which is more objectionable than the Sugar duty. An Excise duty on a wholesome and nutritious article of consumption can only be defended on the ground of necessity; and the argument, which in ordinary years is unanswerable, that seven millions cannot be spared, is a confession of helplessness. If half the duty were permanently retained, it would be in a high degree elastic; and future Finance Ministers would be able to exercise their discretion in dealing with a comparatively moderate amount of income. Although Mr. LOWE is not of a temper to adjust Budgets with a view to popularity, some of his colleagues might perhaps have thought it worth while to prove that their party were after all the true friends of the farmer. The highest praise which can be awarded to the Budget is that it might have been worse, although it is impossible to remit several millions of taxation without doing some good. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER may claim the negative merit of having put it out of his own power to repeat his preposterous offer of applying the House duty to the relief of local taxation.

THE SESSION TO EASTER.

IT is only two months since Parliament met; the Easter vacation has commenced; and Mr. GLADSTONE is still Premier, with the same Cabinet. But, although the time of the Session has been so short, and outwardly so little has changed, the real change in the political world has been immense. The great GLADSTONE Ministry, strong, confident, fertile in devising novelties; impetuous, if not arrogant, in imposing them on the Legislature; with its majority of a hundred, its peculiar journals mad with triumph, and the constituencies asking for nothing from a candidate except that he should enjoy the favour and add to the strength of their favourite PREMIER—this is a thing of the past. Mr. GLADSTONE has been beaten by a decisive vote on a great Government measure; he and his Cabinet have resigned; he has even considered himself treated unjustly because the leader of the Opposition would not relieve him from the unwelcome burden of office. The Irish University Bill has proved fatal to him, and though he still holds office, he holds it with his pride wounded, his wings clipped, able to do little, and retaining his position simply as a matter of public duty. And yet it cannot be said that he has deserved the fate he has undergone. The Ministry made a mistake in not ascertaining beforehand what Ireland would think of such a Bill as it proposed; but it tried honestly, and not without boldness, to work out a solution of a problem to solving which it sincerely attached extreme importance. Thrown over by the Ultramontanes, it could only secure the adhesion of its Liberal supporters by pledging itself to treat almost every part of its measure as an open question. It got into a difficulty into which every step plunged it further. The QUEEN'S Speech had announced that the coming measure would unite a regard for sound learning with respect for liberty of conscience, and Lord DERBY on the first night of the Session had the prescience to suggest that to frame a Bill answering this description was beyond human power. The Irish Catholic bishops protested that Mr. GLADSTONE'S Bill did not respect religious liberty, for it did not endow their colleges; and British Liberals protested that it did not favour sound learning, for it withdrew from the sphere of education some of the most important branches of thought. The difficulty was probably insuperable, as Lord DERBY predicted that it would be found; but, could it have been overcome, Mr. GLADSTONE moved in a direction as likely as any to overcome it. The poor result of his ingenuity is that he has been obliged to make Mr. FAWCETT'S Bill for abolishing Tests a Government measure, after having burked it year after year on the ground that it settled nothing. The Conservatives found themselves in the delightful position of receiving the support of the Irish vote without having bought or courted it, and of declining office on high grounds of public convenience. The members of the Ministry have resumed their posts with a cloud hanging over them which seems to weigh on their spirits and unnerve their will. They follow rather than lead. They seek to please, not to govern; and even the unyielding CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER has bent to the blast, and has appeared in the House drawing, as if by accident, out of his pocket a popularity Budget.

The altered relation of parties has been manifested out of the House by the candid confession of Mr. LOWE that the continued existence of the present Parliament hangs on the thread of Mr. DISRAELI'S pleasure, and in the House by the tone of something almost beyond equality with which the leaders of the Opposition called the Government to account for its negligence in having omitted to consider the very important question how the New Rules inserted in the Treaty of Washington should be brought to the notice of foreign Powers. It was quite evident that the Cabinet had totally overlooked this question, and was only made alive to its importance by the criticisms of the Opposition. Still, as no harm had been actually done, and as ample time for further consideration will probably elapse before the United States Government is ready for joint action in the matter, the Ministry was not much damaged by having been discovered to have blundered. And it is to be observed that the weakness of the Government is not due to its having irritated the House, or opposed or withstood its supporters, or exposed itself to adverse comments on much else than the Irish University Bill. On the contrary, it has been conciliatory and inoffensive. The speech of Mr. CARDWELL in moving the Army Estimates was a decided success, and the reputation he had already won as an administrator was heightened when it was learnt with what activity and completeness he had since last year been working out his scheme for attaching the army to local centres. Mr. GOSCHEN, although he had to deplore an increase in the Navy Estimates, succeeded in creating an impression that he was not demonstrably wrong in his views as to the management of the iron-clad navy, which is as much as can be said of any naval administrator or reformer. Mr. AYRTON got satisfactorily out of the pit that his enemies had dug for him, and complacently pleaded that he was but an innocent subordinate, carrying out the orders of his masters as to the management of the Parks; and Mr. BRUCE quietly settled the blazing question of the Regulations by throwing open the whole available space in Hyde Park to public meetings. Private members have been allowed some triumphs of the sort that delights them. An abstract motion made by Mr. HARCOURT in favour of reduction of expenditure was unexpectedly crowned with the concession of a Select Committee. Mr. PLIMSOLL has been promised his Commission to inquire into his allegations as to the treatment of merchant seamen. Indignant householders have secured a special Committee to examine and inform them why their coals are so dear; and Mr. GLADSTONE had the softest and kindest words for his faithless Ultramontanes when smarting under the erratic lash of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The Burials Bill, which was suddenly lifted out of obscurity into a great party question, afforded an opportunity to the Government of showing the Nonconformists who were their true friends; while Parliament has enjoyed the pleasure of burking without a murmur proposals exciting no public interest, such as those for enabling widowers to marry their sisters-in-law, and the Turks to make a long railway through their deserts at the expense of England. Mr. GLADSTONE indeed on one occasion lost, or seemed to lose, his temper, when he objected to the first reading of one of Mr. FAWCETT'S Bills, but he has given little ground of complaint this Session personally, while he has renewed the fame of his oratorical powers by the speech with which he closed the debate on the University Bill, a speech which many competent judges pronounced to have been, with perhaps the exception of that on Charitable Endowment, the greatest of his efforts as a speaker.

But, although the Ministry has done nothing to provoke

enmity this Session, and, apart from the University Bill, little to provoke criticism, although the Opposition shows no sign of factiousness, and although the majority of the House of Commons would do almost anything rather than give any excuse for a dissolution this year, the Ministry is obviously weak, and shows at every turn how conscious it is of its weakness. It has got no great measure on hand, and has no heart to frame or strength to carry one. The CHANCELLOR'S Judicature Bill cannot be called a great measure; for, although it is not without merit, it is confessedly but a faltering and timid approach to what its author knows is wanted, and it threatens to sacrifice the more advanced to the ruder element of English law. All that has been done in two months is to get it into a Select Committee, which will scarcely take it in hand before another month is past; and although its defects may have made the chastening hand of a Select Committee necessary, no one can say that this is the way in which a strong Ministry forces a great measure forward. Mr. CHICHESTER FORTESCUE has made considerable progress with his Railway and Canal Bill, but he had the support and recommendations of the Joint Committee of last Session to fortify him, and his success may perhaps be partly accounted for by the general inability of his hearers to conjecture accurately how his proposals will practically work. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S Jury Bill is likely to die a very quiet death, for a desponding Government can scarcely venture on so bold an enterprise as that of reducing the number, and dispensing with the unanimity, of juries. But the Government, however much it may long to avoid all subjects that would awaken warm differences of opinion, cannot continue to do so without interruption. It has undertaken to propose a modification in the Education Bill, and, although it is not known what this modification is to be, yet as its introduction was announced in the QUEEN'S Speech it must be one of some moment, and it is not easy to see what modification can be devised that would gratify the Protestant Nonconformists without exposing the Government to the risk of a new coalition of the Conservatives and the Irish Catholics. But, no doubt, the great rock ahead of the Ministry is the measure for remodelling local taxation, which they are pledged to introduce. If their Bill is at all like that formerly proposed by Mr. GOSCHEN or conceived in the same spirit, it is sure to be strongly, and not improbably successfully, opposed in the Commons. If it reached the Upper House in a shape which the Ministry thought fairly satisfactory, it would have scarcely any chance of passing there; for the Lords would not like it, and they would reasonably say that they could not be expected to yield to the will of a House of Commons which may probably not represent the real feelings or wishes of the constituencies. This might easily make Mr. GLADSTONE'S position untenable without a dissolution next autumn, and it was probably in contemplation of some such contingency that Mr. LOWE pronounced that the existence of the present Parliament lay at the mercy of Mr. DISRAELI.

THE FRENCH ASSEMBLY AND THE GOVERNMENT.

M. BUFFET'S election to the Chair of the French Assembly is in various ways a discredit to all parties in the Chamber. The Right were free, no doubt, to get rid of M. GRÉVY if they could; and their notions of political prudence are so abnormal that they may perhaps believe that they are acting for the good of France in making use of their liberty. But they need not have cheered M. BUFFET when he declared that no one would be more happy than himself to see M. GRÉVY still President. If this was the wish of the Right, they could in all probability have gratified it without difficulty. They need only have voted for M. GRÉVY'S re-election on Wednesday week. On the following Friday they might plead that M. GRÉVY was not a candidate; but on the Wednesday every member of the Right had an opportunity of voting for him. Men who voted for M. BUFFET, when it was perfectly well known that nothing short of a unanimous re-election would induce M. GRÉVY to return to office, have no business to associate themselves with expressions of regret that he is no longer in the Chair. The desire to persuade constituents that they have had no hand in M. GRÉVY'S retirement supplies an obvious motive for these inarticulate professions of regret; but hypocrisy is not excused by the fact that it is not gratuitous.

The Left have acted with more straightforwardness than the Right, but they have shown an equal absence of sound political instinct. On former occasions when the Right have quarrelled with the Government, the Left have shown themselves ready to take advantage of the chance thus afforded them. It will hardly be denied, except by Radicals of the most extreme type, that the cause of the Republic is advanced by everything that strengthens the alliance between the Republican party and M. THIERS. Of late M. THIERS has given many indications of a paramount desire to keep on good terms with the Monarchists. When this side of his policy is in the ascendant, the Republicans can do little to promote their object. But, happily for the Republic, the Right never allow this state of things to last long. The more anxious M. THIERS is to win them, the more resolutely they refuse to be won. As regards the Bill for reorganizing the Lyons municipality, the Government has made an absolute surrender, but this eagerness to conciliate the majority has had no influence on the action of the majority. The Government candidate was no nearer to success—in fact, he was very much further from success—than he would have been if M. DE GOULARD had made his concession to the Left instead of to the Right. Here, therefore, was an occasion for the Left to bind M. THIERS to itself by the strong ties which link a statesman to the politicians who have stood by him when his friends have been untrue and those whom he has obliged have been ungrateful. M. THIERS was angry with the Right, and in this fact the Left have heretofore seen their most favourable opportunities. Instead of this, they are opposing the Foreign Minister in the election for Paris, and filling their journals with attacks on the PRESIDENT. It is an extremely short-sighted policy, and it speaks well for M. GRÉVY'S qualifications as a future party leader that he has had no hand in the adoption of it. On the contrary, he recommended his friends to vote for M. MARTEL, and, if his advice had been followed, M. MARTEL would certainly have been elected.

A third offender is the Government itself. Though the desertion of the Left was a blunder in tactics, it was not an unprovoked blunder. After the Right had shown by their support of M. DE GRAMMONT against M. GRÉVY on the Tuesday, and again by their voting for M. BUFFET instead of for M. GRÉVY on the Wednesday, of what impracticable stuff they were made, M. THIERS should have given up all thought of keeping them on his side. Even if he had been successful, their support would have been thoroughly untrustworthy, and by consequence thoroughly valueless. As it was, his final effort had no effect except to alienate the Left. Whenever M. DE GOULARD rises to speak, he manages to irritate the Republican party more or less; and to choose the crisis of the agitation about M. GRÉVY'S resignation for announcing that the Government had gone over to the Right on the Lyons Municipality Bill, and would not be sorry to see every large town treated in a similar way, was to run the risk of irritating them past all bearing. The choice of M. BARODET as the Radical candidate for Paris, and the abstention of the Extreme Left in the contest between M. BUFFET and M. MARTEL, were the answers to M. DE GOULARD'S challenge. The latter of the two was further prompted by the personal unpopularity of M. MARTEL. Where the object of the Government was to secure the return of a moderate candidate, and the votes of the Extreme Left were wanted for the purpose, a worse choice than the Chairman of the Committee of Pardons could hardly have been made. According to English precedent, M. MARTEL'S defeat would be tantamount to a vote of no confidence in the Government, and would be followed by a resignation of M. THIERS'S Cabinet, if not of M. THIERS himself. In France, although Ministerial responsibility has been the subject of innumerable discussions, and the Right constantly asserts that it must at once be established, while the Government retort as constantly that it is in full operation already, this result has occurred to no one as even possible. The Government accepts the implied censure, and the majority see that no notice is taken of it, and placidly acquiesce. Still the position of affairs can hardly be satisfactory to M. THIERS. His following in the Assembly is reduced by the defection of a large part of the Right Centre, and the loss has not, as in former instances, been compensated by increased good will on the part of the Extreme Left. There are rumours that he is becoming anxious for a speedy dissolution, and, uncertain as the composition of a new Chamber must at present be, he may well wish to go to the country before his authority in the existing Chamber has been any further weakened. That the Right will ever assent of their own free will to a dissolution is as improbable as ever. So long as the liberation of the territory was an event for which no date had been fixed, they had no objection to associating the two ideas. But now that the month of September will see the last German soldier started on his homeward journey, the thought of such a connexion has become hateful. M. BUFFET, who by no means represents the extreme section of the party, has insisted, in his address on

taking possession of the Chair, upon the importance and difficulty of the task that still lies before the Assembly. The indemnity has been paid and the term of foreign occupation brought to an end; but it remains to give to France all the guarantees for future security which it is possible to provide. When a member of the Right speaks of giving the country security, he means as nearly as possible the opposite of giving it a Republic, and, as the first act of a new Assembly would take the latter direction, the existing Assembly can have no choice but to retain its responsibilities in its own hands. There is no chance, however, that M. THIERS will lend any support to this attempt. To do so would be to cast in his lot with the Monarchists, and, both from conviction and policy, M. THIERS may now be set down as a Republican.

M. THIERS will have an opportunity of speaking out upon this subject soon after the Assembly meets again. M. MARCEL BARTHE has given notice of a Bill providing that within two months after the departure of the Germans the Assembly shall dissolve itself. This notice is accompanied by an extremely able statement of the reasons which make a dissolution imperative. The truce between parties, M. BARTHE asserts, is practically ended. The deputies who welcomed M. DE CASTELLANE'S proposal to define the constitutional conditions under which the Crown should be held, and to offer it to whichever branch of the BOURBONS would accept them, did not hold it to be still binding on them. The deputies who cheered M. BOYER'S invitation to confide the destinies of France to the Count of CHAMBORD without conditions did not hold it to be still binding on them. The Bonapartist deputies who associated themselves with M. HAETJENS'S declaration in favour of a plébiscite did not hold it to be still binding on them. M. BARTHE might have added that the deputies who avowedly accept the truce for no other reason than because it helps on the establishment of a Republic do not hold it to be still binding on them. The extension of the Assembly's life will not make these divisions less marked. Frenchmen of all parties did not lay aside their differences for the purpose of establishing any particular form of government, or even of securing that residuum of conservative institutions which is common to all working Governments. They laid them aside for the purpose of paying off the indemnity and getting quit of the army of occupation. When that purpose has been accomplished, the Bordeaux Compact will cease to exist. It was the creation of circumstances, and it will die with the circumstances that created it. Each party in the Assembly knows its own mind, and knows that this mind will not be changed by any arguments that can be brought forward in the Chamber. All that remains to be done is to ascertain as speedily as possible to what extent these several parties represent the mind of the country.

This is the substance of M. BARTHE'S reasoning. Its studied moderation will secure for it the adhesion of the whole Republican party, and there is not much likelihood that the orators of the Right will be either patient enough or ingenious enough to frame even a plausible answer to it. Unless M. THIERS chooses to frame an answer for them, he can hardly avoid supporting M. BARTHE'S Bill.

THE CARLIST SUBSCRIPTION.

THE formation of a Committee in England to collect subscriptions in aid of the Spanish Carlist insurrection suggests questions of principle far more important than the practical support which is afforded to the Legitimist cause. The English subscriptions announced in the *Westminster Gazette* of April 5 amount to exactly 100*l.*, while about 105*l.* is contributed in France and 80*l.* in Holland. As 8*l.* of the English subscription is specially appropriated to the use of the sick and wounded, the English Carlists have only applied the modest sum of 92*l.* to the sacred object of establishing orthodoxy and absolutism in Spain, at the risk of compromising the neutrality of England. It seems that the Law Officers have advised the Government that direct intervention in a civil war carried on in a foreign country involves no liability to prosecution. The opportune publication of a case submitted by Mr. CANNING to the Law Officers in 1823, and of the opinion which they returned, shows that the duties of neutrals were more strictly construed half a century ago than they are at present. It might have been expected that Mr. GLADSTONE would, after recent and painful experience, have expressed some dissatisfaction, not with his Law Officers, but with the unsatisfactory state of the law as interpreted by their opinion; but it would seem that, in the opinion of Government, the best mode of discharging international duties is to pay damages after the event for any breach which may have been committed. Professor THOROLD ROGERS, who, like other members of the extreme democratic party, always writes in a passion, expresses a not unnatural astonishment at the alleged laxity of the law. It is possible that his indignation might be less vehement if contributions were raised in England for some revolutionary enterprise of GARIBALDI or KOSSUTH. The assertion that Spain has been demoralized by the worst monarchy and the worst priesthood in Europe has, although it may be approximately true, no connexion with the question whether it is lawful to promote civil war in a foreign country. The Carlist subscription is neither more nor less like "an association of "burglars" than the numerous attempts of the same kind which have been made for the overthrow of unpopular Governments. The occasion of Mr. CANNING'S application to the Law Officers was the collection of subscriptions for the defence of Spain against the Royalist French invasion of Spain when CHATEAUBRIAND was Foreign Minister. A crusade against constitutional liberty undertaken in the interest of the BOURBON dynasty by an unscrupulous charlatan afforded some excuse for irregular efforts to assist the Liberal Government of Spain. Mr. CANNING and his colleagues had protested against French intervention, although they were not prepared to violate English neutrality.

The Editor of the *Westminster Gazette*, who appears to be the chief promoter of the Carlist subscription, is disposed, like Professor ROGERS, to decide the question of international law by reference to the merits of the particular case. In the estimation of a zealous Catholic and Absolutist, the Carlist cause is that, not of burglary, but of law, of order, and of religion. "The Carlist warfare has been hitherto singularly "free from wanton and cruel bloodshed or from aimless and "lawless destructiveness." The Republicans indeed always accuse their enemies of every crime which can be committed in civil strife; but it is true that there is no reason for believing every report which is circulated on Spanish authority. It is impossible to convince zealous partisans that they have no right to take sides in foreign conflicts. During the American War a large section of English fanatics denounced the criminal apathy which remained indifferent to the principle of Republican institutions and to the abolition of slavery; and a smaller and less noisy party supported with equal vehemence the cause of Southern independence. It is scarcely likely that any officious assistance will be offered by any class of Englishmen to the Republican party in Spain, for the faction which habitually sympathizes with anarchy is neither able nor willing to subscribe. The Alfonsists, who probably constitute the majority of the Spanish population, have no foreign supporters. The Carlists alone have succeeded in enlisting English sympathies, which may be valued at 92*l.* It may be admitted to the credit of the English Legitimists, if indeed they have a right to that title, that their representative declares that, if the opinion of the Law Officers had been unfavourable, his party would have abandoned their enterprise; but any layman is capable of understanding that, whatever may be the law of the case, a public subscription for the promotion of civil war must be injurious and offensive to the Government which is attacked. The Republican Government may reasonably complain of the London subscription; and in the contingency of the success of the Carlists, it is not improbable that the victorious party would resent interference on their own behalf. It is still an article of popular belief in Spain that the principal object of English intervention in the war against NAPOLEON was to get rid of the competition of certain manufactories in Madrid with English industry. A long-winded Carlist manifesto published in the *Westminster Gazette* boasts of the expulsion of the French invaders by Spanish valour, without the smallest reference to WELLINGTON or his army.

The opinion of the Law Officers will of course not be published, but it would be interesting to ascertain whether they advised the Government that the Carlist subscription was not illegal, or merely that it would be unadvisable to institute a prosecution. There is no doubt that subscriptions of a similar kind have often been collected for the benefit of insurgents or of other parties to civil contests. The Hungarians, the invaders of Sicily and Naples under GARIBALDI, the Poles, the Greeks, and the South American colonists have in turn received pecuniary aid from their respective partisans in England. The sympathisers of the United States have, as might be expected, contributed funds for similar purposes with still less concealment or reserve. Many American philanthropists, including the late Mr. GREELEY, subscribed

to the cabbage-garden rebellion of O'Brien, Mitchell, and Meagher; and more recently the highest functionaries in the States, from the President downwards, have afforded aid and countenance to the Fenian conspiracy. It may be presumed that the English Law Officers are not prepared to admit that the American invasion of Canada was a friendly or legal act because it was thought expedient to submit to the outrage in silence. They may probably have satisfied themselves that a subscription involves no violation of the Foreign Enlistment Act, which defines for most purposes the international duties of a neutral as limited or extended by the municipal law of England. It is only surprising that the vague and elastic law of conspiracy should not have been found applicable to the Carlist subscription. If half-a-dozen workmen were to break their contract with their employers, they might be punished under the law of conspiracy; but it would seem that a combination to organize resistance to a foreign Government is not directed to an unlawful object. The Judges have often held that an act inconsistent with public policy involves the offence of conspiracy when it is perpetrated by several persons in concert. It may certainly be assumed that a proceeding which may probably lead to a war or to a Geneva arbitration is contrary to public policy. A compact to do that which is morally but not legally wrong may for the most part be regarded as criminal. A frequenter of the turf may ruin a young man of fortune by inducing him to bet without actually violating the law, but a plot to effect the same object might render the promoters liable to indictment for conspiracy.

Even if the Law Officers are, as must be assumed, right in their interpretation of the law, it is unfortunate that any English faction should ostentatiously sympathize with the Carlist insurrection. The atrocities which have been attributed to Santa Cruz and to other Carlist chiefs are probably exaggerated, and perhaps they may be wholly fictitious; but it is scarcely possible that the charges should have been up to this time conclusively disproved. Few Englishmen would avow their approval of the despotic principles of government which Don Carlos has invariably professed; and it would not be creditable to the Roman Catholics to declare an exclusive desire for the triumph of their Church without reference to political interests. After all, the Legitimists contravene the rule of legitimate succession which prevailed in Spain from the earliest times to the accession of the Bourbons. The so-called Salic Law, on which alone the pretensions of Don Carlos are founded, was a fresh innovation introduced into Spain less than two hundred years ago. Isabella I., one of the two traditional "Catholic Kings" of Spain, would have been excluded from the throne of Castile by the law on which the claims of Don Carlos depend. The question whether the old Spanish law or the Bourbon rule of succession is to prevail may, if the monarchy is at any time restored, well be left to the decision of the Spaniards themselves.

THE PLEADING PROVISIONS OF THE JUDICATURE BILL.

THE most important part of the work of the Select Committee on the Judicature Bill will be to revise the scheme of procedure which is indicated rather than worked out by the schedule to the Bill. All impartial lawyers, and almost all even of those who are tainted with sectional prejudices, have arrived at the following conclusions. Equity pleading as a rule succeeds, and Common Law pleading often fails, in effecting the object of all pleadings—namely, the decision of a case upon its merits, irrespectively of the technical skill of the rival pleaders on either side. Equity procedure often fails, and Common Law procedure generally succeeds, in ascertaining from the evidence the truth as to contested facts. A system which should combine Equity methods of pleading with Common Law methods of investigating facts would be a much nearer approach to what is wanted than anything which we possess at present, though some little modification would be required to accommodate such a procedure to the different classes of cases which arise in ordinary litigation. Starting from these (as we believe) unquestioned assumptions, there ought not to be much difficulty in devising a scheme of procedure which should be approximately perfect. We do not forget that there is a large class of undefended causes in which a Court of Law is used, not for the determination of contested questions of law or fact, but merely as a debt-collecting machinery for bringing recalcitrant or impecunious defendants to book; but, postponing for the moment the discussion of such cases, and confining ourselves to litigation in the proper sense of the word, it is not difficult to say what the broad outline of legal procedure ought to be.

In every case where a real dispute exists the objects to be kept in view are these. In the first place, the plaintiff must tell the defendant that he requires him to appear before the Court, and must also inform him what are the alleged facts on which he conceives himself entitled to redress from a Court of Law; and it is convenient that he should also state the kind of relief which he claims. It is very essential, in order that the defendant may know what he has to meet, that the facts should be stated so fully and clearly as to obviate all possibility of surprise. It is much less important that the plaintiff's notion of what the Court ought to award him should be stated with precision, and there cannot be the slightest objection to his claiming alternative, or even somewhat general, relief, according to the view which the Court may ultimately take of his rights. The success or failure of the suit ought not to depend on the accuracy of the opinion which the plaintiff or his advisers may have formed of the law, but simply upon the merits which the Court, applying its own law to the facts alleged and proved, may consider the plaintiff or defendant to have shown. A suit is not a competitive examination to test the proficiency of opposing counsel, but a process for giving to each party the rights to which the law may entitle him. Remembering that we are dealing only at present with really contested causes, we may add that there is no reason whatever why the citation to the Court and the statement of the plaintiff should be severed. The simplest and least dilatory plan is to require the plaintiff by service of one and the same instrument to apprise the defendant that he is called upon to appear, and what the case is which he has to answer. Formerly it was the practice in all Courts first to summon the defendant, and to leave him to discover after appearance what it was that he was wanted for. This led to some little needless expense and a good deal of mischievous delay, and accordingly the able Commission on whose report the Chancery reforms of 1852 were based recommended that the citation of the defendant should be effected by service of a printed bill which was to contain the statement of the plaintiff's case. This has been the practice in Equity ever since, and no one has ever found any inconvenience from the suppression of the useless writ of subpœna, or, to speak more correctly, from its association with the bill itself in the shape of a minatory endorsement upon it. The advantages of printing the plaintiff's statement—and the observation applies equally to the defendant's pleading—in promoting economy and convenience, and obviating the risk of judicial oversights, have been so well established that it is needless to dilate upon them. These considerations give us, as the first step in a cause, something which—call it by what name you will—must be identical with a Bill in Chancery.

The next step in the cause is to get the defendant's statement of facts with his view of his rights, including, as it might well do, a claim for counter-relief if he thinks himself entitled to it. Except to the limited extent of pleading a set-off, it has not hitherto been the practice either at Law or in Equity to allow a defendant to set up a counter-claim without either a cross-action at law or a cross-bill in Equity; but when once opposing parties are brought face to face before the Court, there is no earthly reason why all their disputes should not be decided upon one set of pleadings, even though the result should be to award damages to a defendant or to decree specific performance in his favour. The defendant's statement ought, therefore, to be as free as that of the plaintiff, subject only to these qualifications—first, that he shall not be allowed to put forward any sham defences founded on false statements merely to embarrass his adversary; and, secondly, that he shall not be suffered to keep dark any part of his defence as a surprise to be sprung on the plaintiff at the last moment. There is only one way of excluding false and embarrassing statements from a defendant's answer, or whatever his pleading may be called, and that is by requiring him to put it in on oath. And there is only one way of preventing a defendant from suppressing the facts on which he means at last to rely, and that is to require him (whenever the plaintiff thinks it necessary) to frame his pleading in answer to specific interrogatories. These considerations lead us to a form of pleading by a defendant identical with an answer in Chancery, with the privilege superadded of introducing such allegations and such prayer for relief as would under the existing practice require the filing of a cross bill. In cases where the defendant, in order to sustain the defence set up or the relief asked by him, requires an answer on oath from the plaintiff, he should be at liberty to file interrogatories for the purpose,

as he is now, but, subject to this, it would never be necessary to carry the pleadings to the length of a replication. All the purposes of that additional step can be served more conveniently by means of amendments, as the effect of these is to disembarrass the pleadings of allegations found to be erroneous, and to present to the Court at the hearing two clear counter-statements of facts on which the parties, after informing themselves by means of discovery, are prepared to rely.

This modified form of Chancery pleading, to which we are driven by common sense considerations, has of course very little in common with the science of special pleading, and the strongest argument in its favour will be supplied by examining the nature and the source of the failures to which special pleading has so often led. The first striking difference is this, that, on the Common Law plan, a plaintiff is required to state, not the facts, but what he considers to be the legal effect of the facts. If his advisers take a wrong view of a doubtful point, and make him declare, say, for goods sold and delivered when the real facts as proved only make a case of goods bargained and sold, the unlucky plaintiff is cast, not because he is not entitled to recover, but because he has not put his case as wisely as he might have done. In practice dangers of this kind are mitigated, though by no means invariably escaped, by inserting a multitude of counts, all giving slightly different versions of the same transaction, in order that on one or other of them the plaintiff may be found to have stated correctly the legal effect of the facts. The permission to do this was in fact a recognition of the plaintiff's inherent right to ask alternative relief; but it was clogged by the absurd condition that he should only do so by resorting to the clumsy fiction of pretending to have a number of independent grounds of action when he knew that he had only one, but did not know exactly what the Court might consider the legal effect of his facts to be. This was not only unscientific and irrational, but in some cases it has led to enormous expense by compelling a plaintiff to declare on, and a defendant to plead to, scores of fictitiously differing counts, when there was only one matter in dispute between them. We do not suppose that the greatest zealot among special pleaders would say that such a queer scheme as this is preferable to one under which the plaintiff states the facts on which he founds his claim, and asks for such relief as their legal effect may entitle him to.

The next peculiarity to be noticed in Common Law pleading is one which must strike foreign jurists who may inquire into our methods almost dumb with amazement. In a case where a question may have arisen whether, under certain special circumstances, the defendant is bound to perform the terms of a conditional agreement, our foreigner would find that the defendant, as a matter of course, not only pleads the special circumstances which form his real defence, but also alleges, first, that he never executed the agreement, though he knows well that he did, and, secondly, that he has performed the terms, though he knows well that he has not, with as many other untrue pleas as the ingenuity of his counsel can devise. The object of all this false pleading is, of course, to put the plaintiff to the expense and difficulty of proving facts which both parties know to be true, and to embarrass him as much as possible by loading the record with hosts of false issues. Again, we say, no zealot could be found to defend such a system. It is very material, however, to add that false pleading, though the invariable practice, is not permitted by the rules of the science—or the game, as we are almost tempted to call it. It is a fundamental rule of special pleading that all pleadings should be true, but experience teaches us that this rule always must be, as it always has been, a dead letter, unless it is enforced by requiring a defendant to answer under the sanction of an oath. In Equity, pleadings are always true enough to bring out the real conflict as to facts; and all causes, with scarcely an exception, are decided on their merits. At Common Law, the pleadings never bring out the true issue without clouding it with many false issues, and sometimes fail to bring out the true issue altogether. This is why we say that a defendant's pleading ought to be on oath. But it may be asked why the same requirement should not be applied equally to the plaintiff's bill. For a very obvious reason. A plaintiff, as a rule, does not file a bill unless he thinks that the facts he is likely to prove will entitle him to relief, and so far is he from the habit of overstating his facts, that all experienced draftsmen lean in the opposite direction, and trust to strengthening their case by amendment in the event of useful facts being extracted by discovery. In practice the oath has been found to be unnecessary in the case of a plaintiff's original statement, though, even if this had been otherwise, it would have been a very simple matter to require bills as well as answers to be supported by oath.

There is yet another teaching of experience to be gathered from Common Law pleading. On account of the many pitfalls to which the system exposed litigants, large classes of defences have been allowed to be given under the general issue, and in these cases a plaintiff has often to come into Court with a very obscure notion of the sort of defence with which the defendant may surprise him. The only remedy for surprise, that of a new trial, is always costly, and, except in aggravated cases, difficult to obtain; and our supposed zealot will scarcely deny that it is the proper function of pleadings to prevent surprise, and not merely to indulge a plaintiff now and then with the expensive luxury of a second trial. This is why we say that it is essential to compel a defendant to put in his pleading in answer to interrogatories, a method which has practically excluded a defence by surprise from among the chances of litigation in Equity. The same end cannot be attained, or at any rate not nearly so conveniently, by a system of interrogatories apart from the pleadings. In the first place, there is the needless expense and complexity of two instruments—the plea and the answer—instead of one. Besides this, when the answer is obtained, the record is clouded by contradictory statements in the sworn and the unsworn documents. Lastly, it is found in practice that the right to file interrogatories at law does not prevent either false pleading or vague pleading. These considerations appear to us to supply unanswerable reasons why in all real litigation the method of pleading should be for the plaintiff to state his facts instead of their legal effect, and to ask for such relief as he may be entitled to, for the defendant to do the same under the pressure of an oath and, if need be, in answer to interrogatories, with the right to claim counter-relief and in his turn to call for an answer on oath.

One other point only remains to be dealt with in connexion with pleading. It is said by some that, although the methods which we have advocated may be sound enough for cases of litigation proper, they are not suitable for cases in which Courts of Law are used for mere purposes of compulsion, as a debt-collecting machinery, for which a simple writ without any statement at all is commonly sufficient. But it can scarcely be seriously contended that the efficiency of the pleadings intended to assist the Court in sifting complicated transactions and deciding intricate rights ought to be sacrificed to the convenience of the tradesman who desires to put a screw upon his customer. In truth, however, the two classes of plaintiffs may both be accommodated without interfering with one another. Let the debt-collecting plaintiff, or any one who thinks he has got an undefended cause, issue an endorsed writ without a printed pleading, and give him every facility for obtaining a cheap and rapid judgment, unless the defendant is able on affidavit to show that there is a question to be tried, in which event the plaintiff should be remitted to the ordinary course of pleading. There are well-known analogies for this mode of dealing with undefended causes, which might very well be made more general without subjecting plaintiffs in contested suits to the necessity of taking two successive steps where one only is required. We need hardly point out how largely the schedule to the Lord Chancellor's Bill must be altered if there is anything sound in what we have said. But there is one prohibition so opposed to the teaching of all experience that we cannot pass it by without specific mention. We refer to the direction that no documents or extracts are to be stated in the pleadings. It would in many cases be much better to say that nothing else besides documents should be so printed. The saving in more copying of wills and other instruments often far more than repays the cost of printing, and the accuracy and rapidity of the Judge's work are enormously increased by having the whole, or so much as is necessary, of the instrument to be construed clearly printed before his eyes. We have something to add on the subject of evidence, which will go some way to balance the account between Courts of Law and Equity, but which we must defer to a future opportunity.

PARIS.

PARIS and Lyons are perpetual thorns in the side of every French Government, and the present Government has succeeded in provoking at the same moment the wrath of both these great towns, or at least of the most violent and prominent part of their inhabitants. The indignation of Paris and Lyons is, indeed, primarily directed, not against M. Thiers and his Ministry, but against the majority of the Assembly; and M. Thiers is not regarded as an enemy, but as a weak friend whose weakness is always betraying him into

disastrous concessions. Since the suppression of the Commune, Paris has been kept in subjection. The state of siege is still maintained, the Mayors are appointed by the Government, as is the President of the Municipal Council, and the Assembly remains resolutely at Versailles. At last Lyons has been also reduced to subjection in the same way. The office of its municipal chief, the Central Mayor, is to be suppressed, and the mayors of each district are to be appointed by the Government. The functionary who has thus been deprived of the office of Central Mayor is a M. BARODET, who has been accustomed to ride on a very high horse indeed, declining to recognize any superiority in the authority of the Prefect of the Rhône, hoisting the red flag, and otherwise behaving as a democratic autocrat, and grievously wounding Conservative feelings. It so happens that in about a fortnight's time a new deputy is to be elected for Paris, and M. THIERS earnestly wished that M. DE RÉMUSAT, who, although a Minister, is not a deputy, should be elected. But the Paris Radicals have suddenly set their affections on the ex-Mayor of Lyons, M. BARODET, and announce that he is to be their candidate. They do not wish, as they are good enough to explain, to humiliate the Government, but merely to give it a salutary warning. M. DE RÉMUSAT is to be defeated, and M. BARODET is to be returned, if they can manage it, in order that M. THIERS may understand that he must not trifle with the feelings of the eminent Republicans of Paris and Lyons, who would support him in every possible way if only he would always do exactly what they wished. M. THIERS does not at all like this lecture being given him, and he is feeling his way to see whether he cannot get enough support from the Moderate Republicans to start and carry M. DE RÉMUSAT. Probably it is not merely because he does not like to be thwarted, or because he thinks Paris ought willingly to return so eminent, moderate, and liberal a man as M. DE RÉMUSAT, that he views the candidature of M. BARODET with so much chagrin. He sees what a hindrance to the permanent establishment of the Republic may be caused by the capital insisting, in the present crisis of affairs, on making a hero of such a man as M. BARODET. Waverers will be easily persuaded that a Republic really means nothing less than a revival of the Commune, and the timidity of large classes may throw them into the hands of the reactionary parties. M. GAMBETTA appears to have been perfectly alive to the danger, and he resisted the nomination of M. BARODET as long as he could. It was only when he found that he could not stem the current that he determined to go with it, and suddenly announced in his journal that Paris was faithful to its historical mission, and had been prompted by a beautiful and generous inspiration to select M. BARODET, and to give France a new opportunity of recognizing the devotion and high political spirit prevailing in its capital. Good wine needs no bush; but then M. BARODET is by no means good wine, and this is the sort of bush that M. GAMBETTA thinks necessary to adorn the candidature of a man who he knows is utterly unfit to represent Paris, and whose success or defeat will equally cause all French Republicans who are not mere foolish fanatics an infinity of embarrassment. Of the two, M. BARODET's defeat will perhaps cause M. GAMBETTA least annoyance, and it will be easy for him to show that Paris has fulfilled its historical mission whoever may be returned.

The Conservatives naturally regard this struggle between M. THIERS and the Paris Radicals with the greatest complacency. If M. BARODET is defeated, a breach will be made, or rather the existing breach will be widened, between the PRESIDENT and the Extreme Left. If M. BARODET is returned, the true character of Republicans will be alleged to have been revealed beyond dispute when their hero of the day is a violent Lyons demagogue who has dared to contemplate arresting generals, has bearded Prefects and prohibited religious teaching. The Conservatives are fully entitled to make all the capital they can out of this candidature of M. BARODET. It shows that the leaders of the Republican party, of that party which desires the Republic for itself, and because of its inherent virtues, and not merely as the best means of living a quiet life, are powerless to resist the domination of a mob of noisy, foolish, violent men, and cannot understand the conditions on which the government of a great country must be carried on. The defeat of M. DE RÉMUSAT by M. BARODET would be a gain to the Conservatives that may sensibly alter their position in the eyes of France, unless they hasten to efface its memory by the commission of some new folly. But, although they are quite justified in using very strong language about the candidature of M. BARODET, it is not easy to see why they should object so strongly as they seem to do to the steps taken by his supporters. Two Committees of violent Republicans have been formed to promote his return, and one of these Committees has announced that he must comply with a *mandat* which it seeks to impose on him. The Conservatives see something very dreadful in the formation of these Committees, and in the imposition of this *mandat*. But when we read the manifesto of the Committee, we find that this *mandat* means nothing but the exaction of a pledge that the selected candidate will labour for the early dissolution of the Assembly, the preservation of universal suffrage, the termination of the state of siege in Paris, and the proclamation of an amnesty. This is only the political programme of the party which hopes to win the election, and there is no country in which a candidate is not expected to accept the general political programme of his party. That Committees should be formed to determine an election seems terrible to the Conservatives simply because these Committees are not formed of men whom they like, and because they think, and perhaps not without justice, that it is out of such Committees that a revival of the Commune may spring. But what are Parisian electors to do to win an election against the Government? The city is in a state of siege, and all public meetings have hitherto been forbidden, even if, at the last moment, the Government may be inclined to permit them for the purposes of the coming election. For those who are willing to accept a Government candidate simply because he is the candidate of the Government no Committees are necessary. Nothing can be easier than to vote for a nominee of the existing authorities. But an Opposition must proclaim its existence, organize its strength, and marshal its forces. It must, in order to win, inspire its adherents with confidence, and confidence cannot be inspired among electors unless those who seek to win a triumph can show that they possess an adequate machinery working to a distinct end. The Conservatives, like most French parties, do not really know what they want. They would like to keep Paris in the subjection in which a petty departmental town used to be kept under the domination of an Imperial Préfet; and yet they cannot bring themselves to treat the inhabitants of the capital of France like a knot of dependent villagers. They wish, above all things, to preserve order, but they cannot make up their minds whether order means anything besides a licence to annoy, thwart, and injure their adversaries. The consequence is that the alienation between Paris and the majority of the Assembly continues almost unabated; and the only barrier to the expression of this alienation, the belief entertained by many even extreme politicians in Paris that M. THIERS was really their friend, and that the best way to aid their friend was to keep quiet, may melt away in the new turn of feeling to which the candidature of M. BARODET may give rise.

Some light has lately been thrown on the mode in which the pretensions of Paris are viewed in the provinces by a debate in the Assembly on a proposal made by the Government as to indemnifications for losses during the war. Briefly stated, the proposal was that 140 millions of indemnity should be granted to Paris, and 100 millions to the departments. The calculations as to how Paris and the departments would respectively stand under this arrangement, having regard to what had already been paid, to the total losses, and to the nature of the claims, were very intricate, and would scarcely interest any but Frenchmen. The general tenor of the discussion was, however, worth noticing, for the majority of the provincial deputies complained that Paris was treated unfairly well, and that while the departments were only to have thirty per cent. of their losses made good, Paris was to receive an indemnity which, according to some, reached nearly to fifty per cent. of its claims. The Government was as firm as it could be, and strongly opposed any increase of the grant; but in the end, after being beaten on a vote, it had to admit a compromise, and to allow the indemnity to the departments to be raised to 120 millions. There was not much virulence or bitterness on the part of the provincial deputies towards Paris. They were all proud of the figure Paris had made in the war, and as the larger part of the claim of Paris was founded on the payment of the eight millions sterling, exacted by the Germans at the date of the armistice, it was impossible to separate the consideration of the claims of Paris from the memories of the famous siege. But what the provincial deputies urged was that there were provincial towns which had suffered in proportion much more than Paris, and that it was very ungrateful as well as unjust to treat such places worse than Paris simply because they were not great cities. Paris, it was said, paid to the enemy four times the amount of its annual direct taxation, but Orleans and Le Mans paid six times, and Versailles five.

Or, if the amount of suffering was to be the test, nothing that Paris had suffered was, said a deputy who was Mayor of Sedan in 1870, to be compared with the sufferings of places like Bazeilles, where the cloud of utter ruin had not even yet passed away from the life of the unhappy peasants. But the deputies who urged these arguments did not affect to think only of the abstract justice of the case. They had before their minds what would be said in the provinces if Paris got too much. The Government, they observed, proclaimed that more could not be given, because the State could not possibly afford to give more. But then the Government proposes to increase the direct taxation of the departments, in order to make good a deficiency which is partly caused by the grant of these very indemnities. What would the burdened provincials say if they realized that their direct taxes were to be increased in order that Paris might be favoured, and get what would be denied to Orleans or Le Mans? Nor was this all. As one deputy remarked, the provincials see fine people go away from the country to Paris, and hear of them living there in a very grand way, and making fortunes, and enjoying every luxury; but then the quiet provincials comfort themselves by reflecting that big towns have their dangers, and that provincial life, if homely, is safe. What then would be the state of the provincial mind if it comprehended that the provinces were to pay extra taxes in order to make good the losses of Paris, and so to protect great people from the very dangers of the capital, the thought of which has infused contentment into so many rural bosoms? Such were the arguments of this typical member of the majority of the Assembly, and if he had spoken volumes, he could not have better expressed the mixture of admiration and jealousy with which Paris is regarded in the country districts of France.

MR. HOWARD'S LANDLORD AND TENANT BILL.

THE malcontent section of the Opposition which still resents its own support of Mr. DISRAELI'S Reform Bill probably suspects that its ingenious leader is once more preparing to educate his party in a branch of learning which is especially repugnant to their inclinations. It appears that Mr. DISRAELI has induced a meeting of his supporters assembled at the Carlton Club to vote for the second reading of Mr. HOWARD'S Landlord and Tenant Bill, on condition that the Bill shall afterwards be referred to a Select Committee. By an odd coincidence Lord SALISBURY has obtained a Committee of the House of Lords on one of the objects of Mr. HOWARD'S Bill. Modern legislation has considerably enlarged the powers of limited owners; and, by one of the strangest contrivances which have ever been devised, certain privileged Companies are enabled to advance money to life tenants for certain classes of improvements. According to Lord SALISBURY, the facilities offered to borrowers are not extended in an equal degree to proprietors who may wish to expend money of their own on their estates. The Inclosure Commissioners indeed may allow advances to be made a charge on the estate; but Lord NAPIER of Ettrick complained that they insist on a scale of payment which includes a sinking fund, as well as interest on the outlay. If it is desirable to secure to the utmost the rights and interests of remainder men, it is proper that charges imposed on the land for the sake of improving its value should not be converted into perpetual annuities or mortgages. Cottages and drains deteriorate in the course of twenty years, and the actual possessor will during that period have probably recouped himself for any judicious expenditure. The present tendency of opinion inclines to the discouragement of limitations and of reversionary estates; and it may be plausibly contended that the present holder ought, for the benefit of the land, to be able to exercise the same powers as if he were tenant in fee. On the other hand, Lord SALISBURY maintains with considerable force that a system of life tenancies affords the best security against the excessive creation of mortgages. The owner of a limited estate in land has no power of raising money in such a manner as to impoverish his successors. Needy and embarrassed proprietors are far more incapable than limited owners of providing money for improvements. It is generally believed that land is more heavily mortgaged in France than in England. As the House of Lords Committee will be composed of members who have a practical knowledge of land, it will probably produce some useful result, although the subject of reference is narrow and almost insignificant.

The Bill which Mr. J. HOWARD and Mr. CLARE READ have prepared has a much wider scope. The principal object of the measure is to provide in all cases the compensation for unexhausted improvements which in many parts of England is already secured by the custom of the country. The Bill is well and intelligibly drawn, and its provisions are for the most part moderate; but the preamble contains an invidious and objectionable assumption. The recital that "it is expedient "for the greater improvement of land, and the consequent "increased production of food therefrom, to amend the law "relating to the occupation and ownership of land in England," is too large for the enactments which follow; and it is evidently intended as an appeal to popular prejudice. The demagogues who propose to expropriate owners and tenant-farmers alike will applaud the assertion that the present tenure of land interferes with the production of food. The existing system of society is founded on the principle that the supply of food, as of all other commodities, must depend on the operation of the motives which affect the owners of property and capital. Direct or indirect attempts to stimulate the production of corn or of cattle on English soil can only be defended by the arguments which were formerly employed in defence of the Corn-laws. Notwithstanding any defects which may exist in the laws which regulate the tenure of land, more food is produced in England by a given number of workmen than in any other country in the world. It may be a legitimate object to remove the supposed impediments which may in some cases restrain the application of capital to the improvement of land; but it is quite unnecessary to propose an abstract resolution in the form of a preamble which might cover the revolutionary proposals of Mr. ODGER or Mr. MILL. It is extremely doubtful whether the effect of the Landlord and Tenant Bill will be to increase by a single bushel the amount of home-grown corn in England. If the measure tends to the improvement of agriculture, the inference that in that case it will tend to increase the supply of food is obvious and superfluous. Acts of Parliament ought not to be framed on the model of those speeches of Mr. GLADSTONE in which general propositions are extemporaneously enunciated for the purpose of deducing from them specific and limited conclusions.

The Bill provides that a tenant on quitting his holding shall be entitled to compensation for three different classes of improvements. Temporary improvements consist chiefly in the application of artificial manures, or in the provision of artificial food, such as corn and oil-cake, for live stock. Durable improvements include sub-soiling, removal of stones, chalking, liming, boning with undissolved bones, laying down in permanent pasture, and other improvements of similar character. The application of quicklime to land ought to be included in the provisions relating to artificial manures. Chalk applied in its natural state to clay lands has a more durable effect. Permanent improvements are such as draining, levelling, warping, works of irrigation, erection of buildings, and other operations which tend to increase the permanent value of the land. No permanent improvement, except draining, or making or improving watercourses, will entitle the tenant to compensation, unless the outlay was made with the written consent of the arbitrator. The exception is just and reasonable; but it almost amounts to a repeal of the clause which provides compensation for permanent improvements. No tenant in his senses would erect buildings or undertake the costly enterprise of warping, without a written agreement with his landlord; and, if written consent is given, it would be a matter of course that the conditions were specified in such a manner as to leave an arbitrator nothing to determine. It is fair that a tenant should be repaid for cost of draining, if the landlord has refused to perform the work on reasonable terms. In some cases the effect of drainage is almost equivalent to the creation of land; and tenants may be trusted not to spend their money in draining dry land for the purpose of afterwards obtaining compensation from their landlords. No outlay for permanent improvements made more than twenty years before is to be taken into consideration, nor any outlay which is not held to have added to the letting value of the land.

The clause which regulates the valuation of temporary improvements will require some alteration. The arbitrators are not to award in respect of the unexhausted value of such outlay more than the average annual amount of such outlay during the last four years of the tenancy. If the enactment is interpreted as a direction to award in ordinary cases a year's outlay on artificial food and manure, the tenant will generally receive a bonus at the expense of the landlord. The greater part of the benefit of artificial manure will probably have been represented by the crops of the outlying tenant; and he will have resold most of the artificial food in the form of fat stock. The provision that a tenant is not to contract himself

out of the benefits of the Act is more than questionable. It is not desirable to surround English farmers with the artificial protection which was thought to be necessary for the security of petty Irish tenants; but it will be unnecessary to discuss the question if it be true that the promoters of the Bill have already agreed to omit the objectionable clause. It is unreasonable that the tenant should be allowed to hold his farm until the compensation awarded is paid or received. Landlords are for the most part solvent and responsible; and if the proceedings in the arbitration were delayed, a contract with an incoming tenant might be rendered by such an enactment incapable of fulfilment. The landlord is to be in turn entitled to compensation for deterioration of his property; but no corresponding security for any payment which he may claim will be given by the tenant. By far the strongest objection to the Bill is its tendency to promote litigation. All questions of compensation are, in default of agreement in the choice of arbitrators, to be determined by an umpire to be appointed by the Inclosure Commissioners. Those respectable functionaries are extremely likely to be subject to a bias; and they may perhaps appoint for each district a standing arbitrator who may have a strong leaning to one of the contending classes. If it is once understood that the arbitrator favours the more popular side, no outgoing tenant will be inclined to make a fair and equitable settlement with his landlord. In some parts of the country no tenant ever dreams of making an improvement, temporary, durable, or permanent. The pales and fences at the end of the term are worse than at the beginning, and the land which perhaps was at the beginning of the tenancy in good condition is filled with weeds and exhausted. Not a single tenant of this class would leave his farm without demanding compensation for improvements which consist exclusively in a return to a state of nature; nor would there be the smallest difficulty in proving the claim by the evidence of neighbouring farmers who would meditate a similar demand against their own landlords. On the whole, the Conservative leader may possibly be right in preventing his followers from opposing the second reading of the Bill; but it was hardly worth while to make an ostentatious display of the sympathies of himself and his party with the tenant-farmer.

SCHOOL FEES IN LONDON.

THE proceedings at the last weekly meeting of the London School Board were of unusual interest. The By-laws Committee reported on two cases of inability on the part of the parents to pay school fees. In the first case the Committee recommended that the fees should be paid for three children attending a school at Bayswater. The father is a painter, but "owing to slackness of trade his average weekly "earnings amount to only ten shillings." Out of this seven persons have to be supported and the mother and two children are ill. Upon this case two remarks at once suggest themselves. In the first place, how have the By-laws Committee satisfied themselves as to the truth of the facts? The School Board has no adequate staff for doing the sort of work which is done for the Guardians of the Poor by the Relieving Officers. Even in small towns School Boards have found themselves powerless to distinguish between real and simulated distress, and the organization for this purpose is not likely to be more complete in a city where even the Poor Law authorities often find themselves at fault. At all events, if there is such a body of inspectors at the command of the London School Board, it is only fair to the ratepayers to let them know how their money goes. They are taxed for the education of poor children. Are they to be taxed in addition for the purpose of investigating the circumstances of poor parents? The carelessness of town populations as to local taxation is so remarkable that it is possible that Londoners may not object to maintaining a duplicate staff of Relieving Officers. But the fact ought at least to be explained to them. It is possible that the By-laws Committee will answer that they have no regular machinery for distinguishing between real and simulated distress, but that in this particular instance they have had exceptional means of forming a conclusion in the shape of the personal knowledge of some of their members or of voluntary agency. If so, how do they propose to deal with similar applications which do not admit of either of these tests being applied to them? Are they prepared to tell other painters who plead that owing to slackness of trade their average weekly earnings amount to only ten shillings, that unless they are known to some member of the Committee, or to some friend of a member of the Committee, no school fees can be paid for their children? It is obvious that to take this line will be to set up a standard of qualification for educational relief not contemplated by the framers of the Education Act. School fees will in future be paid, not for children whose parents are too poor to pay them, but for children whose parents unite the qualifications of being too poor to pay them, and of having done odd jobs about the house of a member of the School Board. This may be the principle on which the ratepayers of London like to see their money distributed, but they ought at least to be consulted before it is made a rule of action for the School Board.

Assuming, however, that the evidence of distress in this case and in all similar cases is perfectly conclusive, a further question arises. How does the payment of school fees on behalf of a man whose earnings, owing to slackness of trade, amount on an average to only ten shillings a week, differ from other forms of outdoor relief? A man who out of this income has to support seven persons, three of whom are ill, must often see his children in want of other necessaries besides schooling. Indeed he must often see them in want of necessaries without which schooling will be of very little use to them. A child will hardly do a good morning's work on an empty stomach, and without shoes his attendance in bad weather is likely to be exceedingly irregular. Why is the relief to be limited to a single form of want when there are others which are scarcely less prejudicial to the children's education than the inability to pay school fees? Mr. PICTON urged on Wednesday that the Board had nothing to do with the circumstances of the parents, but had only to get the children to school. If the Education Act had established a system of gratuitous education, the argument would be perfectly in place. But so long as School Boards are empowered to pay school fees in cases where parents are unable to pay them through poverty, the Board has necessarily something to do with the circumstances of the applicants. We admit that this responsibility has been wrongly thrown on the School Board; and this fact may excuse the Board from using proper precautions against pauperizing the recipients of their alms. But it will not excuse the Government from moving Parliament to put an end to so anomalous a state of things. We hope that Mr. FORSTER will study the report of Wednesday's meeting before he introduces his Bill to amend the Education Act. Whatever alterations the Act may require to satisfy sects or secularists, some alteration is needed if a system of wholesale pauperization is not to be reintroduced under cover of educating the children of poor parents. Mr. PICTON is of opinion that, as the rich get their children educated on public foundations, there is no reason why the poor should not do the same. He ignores, it will be seen, all the reforms that have been introduced of late years into the system which he is anxious to see made universal. But, leaving these out of the question, his inference may easily be disposed of. Whatever abuses there may be in the administration of educational foundations for the benefit of the rich, the parents who benefit by these foundations are not pauperized by their enjoyment of them. No man is encouraged to make an imprudent marriage, or not to lay by against a rainy day, by the hope of getting his son on the Foundation at Eton or Winchester. But the knowledge that they can get their children educated for nothing does remove one of the few inducements to thrift which operate upon the English poor.

The second case reported by the By-laws Committee was an apt illustration of the readiness with which applications for the payment of school fees are made. A man named UNWIN had made such an application to the Greenwich Divisional Committee. He now, it seems, withdraws his application on the ground that he objects to have the particulars of his case published in the newspapers, and says that he will endeavour to find other means of sending his children to school. It is clear, therefore, that he made his application before he had exhausted all the means at his disposal of paying the fees himself. It is fortunate that the dislike of publicity should occasionally serve as a test by which to distinguish inability to pay the fees from inability to pay them without inconvenience. The disposition of parents generally will be to treat the two states as identical, and the only way of forcing them to recognize the distinction is to make the receipt of educational relief as much a public confession of destitution as the receipt of relief in any other form. So long as the law remains in its present unsatisfactory condition, the best thing that can be done is for School Boards to follow Mr. CURRIE'S suggestion, and not to pay or remit fees, for children whose parents are able-bodied, for a longer period than four weeks. It is to be regretted that the *Times* did not report more fully the speeches made against Mr. CURRIE'S motion. We are told that Mr. WAUGH spoke "at some

"length" in favour of the previous question; and as on a division nine members voted on that side against twelve who supported Mr. CURRIE, it must be supposed that his arguments seemed to have something in them. But what that something can have been we are at a loss to imagine. If applications for the payment of school fees on the part of able-bodied parents are held, when once granted, to have been granted for ever, it will be the interest of every father of a large family to become destitute for a week or two in order to exonerate himself for all time to come from the liability to pay for his children's schooling. The man who is in need of relief to-day may be earning good wages two months hence. But a minority of the London School Board objects to any corresponding change being made in his position as regards the education of his children. That was provided at the expense of the ratepayers when he was destitute, and unless some quixotic sense of independence induces him to give notice of his change of circumstances to the School Board, it ought to be provided at the expense of the ratepayers when he is well off. Mr. CURRIE might well say that Mr. PICTON and his friends had pity for one class of poor, those who make application for relief, but none for another class, the struggling ratepayers who have to find the money which enables the School Board to grant these applications, and to educate their own children into the bargain. Educational enthusiasm is a very respectable quality, but, like other virtues, it needs to be kept within bounds. If every application for the payment or remission of fees is to be granted as a matter of course, then ratepayers will soon be demanding the universal establishment of free schools. Whatever other objections there may be to this way out of the difficulty, it does not entail the gross injustice which is involved in making a man who is just able to keep himself and his family above water share his plank with another man who makes no efforts to find a plank for himself. To insist on applications for payment or remission of fees being repeated at short intervals gives the recipient the trouble of making a fresh request, and exposes him to the risk of having any improvement in his circumstances that may have taken place in the interval since the last application communicated to the Board. This is but an imperfect test of the truth of his representation, but it is better than no test at all.

BRUMMAGEM CHIVALRY.

ON Monday evening, it seems, a momentous, but somewhat mysterious, function was performed in one of the upper chambers of Willis's Rooms. With "solemn, almost sacred, "rites"—we need hardly say that we are borrowing the adjectives of the *Daily Telegraph*—the Prince of WALES was installed as the "Most Eminent Grand Master" of the Order of Knights Templars in England, Ireland, and Wales, and the dependencies of the English Crown. The *Times* somehow does not appear to have grasped the importance of this great national event, for it dismissed it with contemptuous brevity in an obscure paragraph. But the *Telegraph*, which has indeed a sympathetic eye for great things, especially for the sort of great things that look very little and trumpery to ordinary people, proved to be quite equal to the occasion; and we are indebted to one of its most powerful artists, aided by its biggest type, for a description of this historical scene which is in every way worthy of it. The description is very full and minute, but there is certainly one point on which, at starting, we should have been glad of more definite information, and that is as to what constitutes a Knight Templar, and what he is supposed to do. It is no doubt highly instructive to learn that "every Knight Templar must be a Mason, but not every "Mason is a Knight Templar," but this carries us only a very little way; and even the assurance, delightful as it is, that "the "Knights Templars who form the Grand Conclaves are the *crème* "*de la crême* of Masonry" rather tantalizes than satisfies our burning curiosity. We are still more perplexed, on turning to a rival print, to be told that the Knights Templars are really not Masons at all. The *Daily News* boldly takes upon itself to assert that the Knights Templars, although "an "exalted degree"—it admits this—are "somewhat distinct "from the craft of Freemasonry." From the difficulty of obtaining information on the subject, we are driven to conjecture that the Templars are a secret order, and that their great secret is the object of their own existence. There is perhaps the less chance of this mystery ever being divulged, as it may be doubted whether it is known to the Knights themselves. But, after all, this is only a detail. We know at least that the Knights Templars exist for the purpose of going through ceremonies, and we may imitate the famous answer about archidiaconal functions by saying that the object of a Conclave is to sit in conclave. But even in regard to the actual business of Monday there is a good deal of perplexing vagueness and confusion. For example, we find the gathering variously designated as a Conclave, a Convent General, a Priory, and an Encampment. All that would seem to be certain is that there was either a Conclave, or a Convent General, or an Encampment, or something else, and that the Prince of WALES was formally installed as Most Eminent Grand Master.

Many persons probably passed along Duke Street on Monday evening without having the faintest notion of the great things that were being done upstairs at Willis's Rooms. There were no external indications of the momentous event. The Prince of WALES—much apparently to the disappointment of the *Daily Telegraph*—arrived "in the most unostentatious manner." It would certainly have been more in the interests of fine writing if the "Most Eminent" had come clothed in mail and on a prancing charger, surrounded by a flashing retinue of Knights and spears. Yet there is an artistic touch to be got out of this unostentatious arrival; for the everyday overcoat and private brougham, the dull, shabby, dusky street, and apathetic passers-by help to give effect to the blaze of mystic splendour which opens upon us when we pass into the hall inside, draped with scarlet hangings, blazing with lights, gorgeous banners on the walls, all the Knights in their mantles, wearing their swords and other insignia, Grand Masters, Great Priors, Seneschals, Constables, Provosts, Almoners, and Standard-Bearers, and in the middle "the Sepulchre, with the "Cross, bearing the figure of Our SAVIOUR." The *Telegraph* was probably reserving itself for Good Friday, or it would have had a good deal to say about the Sepulchre. Not only was there a Sepulchre, but there were prayers; and even more strange perhaps, there seems to have been a real clergyman to read them. The Primate of the order had the equivocal and unenviable distinction of solemnly invoking the blessing of Heaven on the mummeries of a convivial club. This is the part of the ceremony which the discriminating writer of the *Telegraph* apparently alludes to as "almost sacred;" but, uncharitable people might be tempted to describe it by a different epithet. It is an obvious objection to the introduction of a religious service at the mock installation of a sham dignitary that it is apt to seem to be only part of the farce with which it is associated. The Grand Master bound himself by solemn oaths to uphold his authority to the best of his ability, not to acknowledge any superior, co-ordinate, or inferior jurisdiction, nor to permit his authority or prerogative to be infringed; but he would probably have been puzzled to say what authority or prerogative he possessed. When the Herald had made due proclamation of the installation, the Knights in order filed past from both sides, saluting with their swords, and, after some other formalities, the affair was over. But of course there was a dinner, or rather, we should say, a "banquet," afterwards. We are assured by the *Daily Telegraph* that the influence of Masonry, including that of the Knights Templars, is "as widespread as it is "beneficent, and that its subtle power, in this as in other "instances, will be exercised for the general good." It is the peculiar subtlety of this beneficent influence which perhaps prevents its being more easily appreciated; but it appears to be expected that the ceremony of Monday last will produce a deep and important effect on the relations between England and Ireland. It is confidently assumed that the Irish people will "rejoice" at the fusion of the Conclaves, and that Home Rule and Fenianism will be effectually checkmated. It is awkward for this supposition that everything connected with Freemasonry should be vehemently denounced by the Church to which the majority of the Irish people happen to belong; but the Templars themselves, to do them justice, do not seem to have had any object in view except their own diversion.

We should think that most people who have taken the trouble to read the account of these proceedings must have been struck by the extreme childishness and silliness of the whole affair, and must have been rather amazed that any men of education and intelligence could be found to take part in such an idiotic performance. An impromptu masquerade of this kind might be excusable enough as a bit of fun in a country house, just to amuse the children; but that grown-up men, men with beards to their chins, fathers of families, should actually make elaborate preparations for such mummery, and should go through it solemnly and deliberately, and send for reporters to come and glorify their tomfoolery, is really about as astonishing as anything that could well happen. It

is just possible, however, that one good result may indirectly be promoted by this buffoonery. If it does not bind Ireland and England together for ever in the fondest love, it may at least help to establish a sort of sympathetic understanding between the upper and lower classes in our own country. One touch of nature makes the whole world kin, and the working-men who are in the habit of occasionally appearing in green tunics, gaping boots, and hats with enormous plumes, ought now to feel that noblemen and gentlemen who are capable of taking delight in the twopenny tinsel and puerile parade of the Knights Templars cannot be so very different from themselves. The effect would of course have been very much greater—and it is a pity it was not thought of in time—if the Conclaves had all gone in vans to the Crystal Palace, and held their Encampment, Priory, General Convent, or whatever they call it, in the grounds. It would have been interesting to see "the *crême de la crême* of "Masonry," and of society generally, emulating the antics of the Foresters, Ancient Shepherds, and other Odd Fellows. It would of course be hard to say that the upper classes should not be allowed to indulge in innocent amusements as freely as the lower orders. It might be pleaded that they are deprived of the natural outlet for their activity which others find in daily labour, and the inevitable tedium of an existence devoted to pure amusement cannot fail to excite general commiseration. After all, the worst that can be said of the Templars is only that their diversions are silly and babyish, with perhaps just a touch of profanity in the introduction of prayers. At the same time, it is not perhaps altogether unreasonable to expect that men of rank, education, and refinement should show some degree of elevation and intelligence even in their relaxations, and the vulgar stupidity of the Templars' ceremonial, with its tawdry finery and cheap rant, is no doubt rather depressing from this point of view. Life, as a philosopher has observed, is not all beer and skittles; and even hunting, races, pigeon-shooting, and playing at being Templars does not exhaust its possibilities. It may strike some people perhaps as the oddest part of the affair that a real Prince should find any enjoyment in playing at being a sham Prior. It has sometimes been regretted that the Heir-Apparent in this country should have so narrow a sphere for public activity. He is necessarily excluded from politics, and it would probably be resented if he were to connect himself too closely with military affairs. Yet beyond these limits there is ample scope for a manly, elevated, and patriotic life. A Prince who allows himself to be associated in the public mind only with the pursuit of mere amusement, and that not of the highest and most intellectual kind, is obviously sacrificing a large measure of his legitimate influence.

HOLIDAYS.

THERE is a certain trite old story, which is indeed so trite that we are half ashamed to allude to it, about a King and a philosopher. It should be esteemed as great an offence in literature to bring up worn-out anecdotes as in society to wear worn-out clothes. The German who evolves things out of his consciousness, the notorious New Zealander, and the Indian who asked what the tortoise stood upon, should be abolished by Act of Parliament. We will therefore indicate the anecdote in question only in a circuitous manner, by saying that it is intended to illustrate the folly of not taking a holiday at once, instead of wasting your life in qualifying yourself for a holiday. Englishmen are apt to complain, or rather to boast, under the form of complaint, that they are incapable of taking this piece of advice. They labour from youth to old age without once fairly getting out of the traces, and asking themselves plainly whether their life is, on the whole, worth leading. Would it be really better if they did? Most people would of course reply, when the question is stated in this way, that it certainly would be better. They would point to the innumerable cases of men who are killing themselves by inches in the effort to rise one step in the ladder when they are already perfectly comfortable. Thousands of people might be enjoying reasonable lives, with opportunities for self-culture, for social enjoyment, and for charitable effort, whose whole energy is absorbed in the desperate struggle to add superfluities to comforts. They are well; they would be better; and they get a softening of the brain. That is the history of many wasted lives. Things might be changed if only people would systematically step aside from themselves at stated intervals and make a careful valuation of their existence. Probably most men can recall certain moments at which such a new light has flashed upon them. They have felt a shock such as comes across us when we accidentally catch sight of ourselves in an unexpected mirror, and, mistaking our own image for somebody else, exclaim frankly, What an ill-looking fellow that is! The mirror may be formed out of a benevolent retrospect, or it may be constructed out of our own imaginations. Hermits who retired to the deserts in old days were haunted by strange phantoms, and probably the strangest and most instructive of apparitions were their own doubles. It is worth while, so it is suggested, that we should periodically retire to such deserts as lie within a day's journey from Charing Cross to have a chance of a similar vision. Sitting in solitude, apart from the noise of carriages and the gossip of clubs or newspapers, we shall perhaps catch sight of a familiar and yet a startling figure. We shall, it may be, see a worldly sophisticated figure, deformed by unhealthy toil, in an uncongenial atmosphere, cramped by the artificial dress which has become a kind of second skin, and shall be shocked to discover that the ugly object is nothing but a faithful copy of ourselves. The patriotic Minister will be revealed to himself as a time-serving demagogue, the eloquent preacher as a mere mass of unctuous sentimentalism; and half the world would discover that in one way or another it was dropping the substance in pursuit of the shadow. Would not such revelations contain some highly useful, though very bitter, lessons? and should we not all come back wiser and better men from our temporary retreat? Holidays so employed would speedily raise the tone of society, and disperse half the shams by which others besides Mr. Carlyle are offended.

There is undoubtedly much truth in such a theory. It would probably be a very excellent regulation if every Prime Minister, for example, were condemned after a certain tenure of office to pass a proportional time in Pentonville Penitentiary. Left there to himself with nothing but bread and water, with all distracting books, such as Homer or treatises of controversial theology, carefully put out of his way, he might doubtless issue from his confinement a wiser and a sadder man. A little communing with the eternal silences would teach him some lessons differing from those which are generally enforced by the "hear hears" of the House of Commons. And it may be added that our present system of keeping holidays is very little calculated to promote such fruitful meditations. Nine men out of ten at the present day complain of being overworked; a complaint to which it is well to listen in most cases with a very sceptical ear. Overwork is generally a polite synonym for being bored. A man is weary, not from excessive application, but from want of interest in his work. A holiday, therefore, means an opportunity for distraction, or, in other words, for discharging the pent-up energies which have been accumulating during the time of elaborate idleness, miscalled labour. The more active-minded seize the occasion for riding some favourite hobby with new zeal; and even the more frivolous seek for the excitement derivable from sightseeing or crowds. A large number of persons, it is credibly supposed, will spend their holiday this summer in walking the treadmill of a Universal Exhibition in a capital city. Holidays spent in this fashion are certainly not likely to bring with them any deeper insight into the conditions of our own existence. Rather the case is likely to be inverted, and business hours are likely to be spent in reflecting on the extreme absurdity of our leisure occupations. Were men really in search of the calming influences of a holiday, they would make their retreat elsewhere. They would scatter as widely as possible, instead of herding together in migratory droves. They would seriously study the neglected art of doing nothing. Persons who feel this eccentric desire for solitude may easily gratify their propensities. The best of all retreats is of course to be found in London. A Sunday walk in the City produces a sense of utter retirement far more than the wildest moor; and there is no better place for calm meditation than the deserted smoking-room of a club in the dead season. The absence of the ordinary life in such places becomes a positive instead of a merely negative element. You feel yourself to be not merely alone, but deserted, and consequently are not only at liberty to moralise if you please, but are compelled to moralise whether you like it or not. If a member of Parliament could secure the key of the House of Commons and look upon the empty benches from the Speaker's chair for a couple of hours daily during the recess, he would be qualified at the end of it to preach a moving course of sermons on the everlasting text, Vanity of vanities. The old ghosts of dead politicians would sit with him, not as they appear when invoked by some orator appealing to the glories of the British Constitution, but in a sadder and more sober light. Patients are sent to breathe the air of pine woods or of mountain heather; why should not those who are suffering from the moral diseases engendered by too much intercourse with the world try the effect of the strange aroma which lingers in places consecrated by old associations?

The advantages, whatever they may be, produced by temporary retirement from our ordinary selves are indeed counterbalanced by very considerable evils. Few people are really qualified to turn such opportunities to good account. Repentance is an excellent thing when it leads to action, but if it means a simple disposition to kick against the inevitable, it is a very questionable frame of mind. When a man is once fixed in a groove, the best thing that he can do, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, is to stay in it. Why then should he cultivate fancies which are only likely to make him discontented? Before it was generally understood that teaching people to read and write was a short way of converting men into angels, good old-fashioned Tories used to argue that it was absurd to disqualify people for their ordinary duties. A ploughman could drive his horses just as well without composing poetry; and, if you tried to make a Burns of him, the chances were that you would make a drunken bard of a sober ploughman. It was easy to reply that education when universal

would not disqualify men from any employment; and to add more frankly that, as society is not perfect, it was desirable to encourage discontent with existing arrangements. There was, however, a certain vein of truth in the old complaint, which has perhaps been put down a little too summarily. But, however this may be, the argument is more or less applicable to most of us. We are chained down to certain work, whether ploughing or preaching, which we naturally regard as altogether unfit for our talents. Luckily for us, the chains are too strong to be often broken, and we are forced, in spite of ourselves, to stick to our trade. Shakspeare complained with a good deal of bitterness that his nature was almost subdued "to what it worked in, like the dyer's hand"; and he no doubt thought that he would have done something much more worthy of himself if fortune had provided him with abundant means to pursue his own fancies. On the whole, however, we are tolerably content with *Hamlet*, and should have certainly refused, if we had been consulted, to remove the fetters which forced him, as Pope says, "to grow immortal in his own despite." The number of people who agree with Shakspeare that they could do infinitely better in any other sphere than their own is considerably greater than the number whose fate is really so kind under such an appearance of cruelty. But, though most men may be bad enough in the place where their fortune has placed them, it is probably true that they would generally be worse in the place which they would select for themselves. If by some magic every man could appear after Easter in the character which he conceives himself most fitted to adorn, one of the first results would be the appearance of some thousand epic poems and systems of philosophy in the next few months; for there is no man of any intellectual activity who does not conceive himself to be potentially a Milton or a Locke. Now the meditations to which we deliver ourselves on rare occasions of self-inspection are for the most part confined to the two topics of regretting that we cannot change the past and inventing chimerical schemes for the future. It is an exceedingly tempting, but not a very useful, employment to speculate on what might have happened now if something had formerly happened which did not happen; and it is almost equally pleasant to carve out imaginary fortunes in the future. A man who can strictly confine his hypotheses within the barriers of the realizable may profit by his hours of solitude; but those who have the necessary self-command are rare; and therefore it is probably better for the bulk of mankind, contrary as their conduct may be to the precepts of well-meaning moralists, to use a holiday simply as a means of distraction. We are all more or less in the position of galley-slaves doomed to unpleasant labours; and as few of us can hope to escape, it is as well to employ our moments of relaxation rather in the first absorbing amusement that comes to hand than in thinking of the pleasures of not being chained to the oar. The holiday of the truly philosophic kind is only for true philosophers, and their numbers are strictly limited.

MERTON PRIORY.

A MONASTIC ruin, if ruin is exactly the word in the case of which we speak, in what may now pass as a London suburb has something almost more incongruous about it than if it stood in the heart of London itself. London—at any rate the proper London and its daughter of Westminster—is, after all, an ancient city; it is mainly owing to the comparatively recent fire that it does not proclaim its antiquity as clearly as Bristol or York. London has been going on in one shape or another at least from the days of Aulus Plautius; many will doubtless be offended if we are not prepared to place its beginnings any number of thousand years earlier. It has gone on since that time, constantly changing, but changing in that kind of way which is the surest mark of permanence. London differs now from the London of William and the London of Constantine, as a modern city must differ from a mediæval and a Roman city. But the likeness at all those times is much stronger than the unlikeness; the London of all those dates agrees in being a city and one of the chief cities of Britain. With the suburbs of London and with the neighbourhood of London generally the case is quite different. No part of England changes more, and it changes at once gradually and suddenly. Till quite lately a great part of Surrey must have been one of the wildest parts of England; parts of it are so still. Large districts look as if they had been untouched by man's hand during all the time from the battle of Wimbledon till people began to build villas a few years back. The passenger who goes from London to Basingstoke or from London to Reading by the Surrey route, goes through a land wilder than anything that he will see again till he gets to the New Forest—we are inclined to say wilder than anything that he will see again till he gets to Dartmoor. The incongruity of a piece of wild heath, with spick and span houses scattered here and there, is something like the process which goes on at Bournemouth, where every man cuts down so much of the wood as is needful for the site of his house, and leaves the trees growing ready made in his garden. One feature of the country not the least striking to the passer-by is that, at one stage of his journey, he goes through a district which seems to be inhabited by dead people only. Nearer again to London, at Wimbledon, Tooting, Streatham, Clapham, and in all that district, we are still struck by the unenclosed land, the commons, some of them more or less famous. Open spaces of this kind are certainly more common round London than in most parts of England, and when surrounded by houses, they have a distinctly suburban character which is seldom seen anywhere. Near Wakefield there is something of the kind, a large open space surrounded by houses of considerable size and considerable age, and the feeling which it at once suggests is that we have been suddenly moved into the neighbourhood of London. All this shows that the country was never fully reclaimed till it became suburban; it could never have had the look of an ordinary agricultural or grazing district: it passed from a more natural state into a more artificial one. Still here and there, among the scattered dwellings of greater size, among the respectable houses of a century back and the prim villas of our own time, we come upon remains—survivals one might almost call them—of the old villages, as they stood before they became thoroughly suburban. And among them, in a spot jammed in in a strange way by roads and railways, in a low and certainly not attractive spot, we find the remains of a house which at once suggests a long string of historic memories, the Priory of Austin Canons of Merton.

The name of Merton, *Merantún*, *Meretún*, appears in our history long before the foundation of the Priory. This last dates only from the reign of Henry the First, but we first hear of Merton in the eighth century. It was the scene of that remarkable story of the death of Cynewulf which so strongly brings out the old institution of the *Comitatus*, the personal tie which bound a man to his lord, and which, as in this case, was often held more binding than the common duty to the law and to the King as the common head of the State. In this story Cynewulf is killed by his kinsman, the banished Ætheling Cyneheard, and his following, and the King's death is avenged by his own following on his murderer. The King's men show all zeal and loyalty, but their feeling is evidently one of attachment rather to their own personal lord than to the head of the State. The men of the outlawed Ætheling are as faithful to him as the King's men are to the King, and each side seems to make it a point of honour to refuse all offers made by the other. Each side alike fights to the death, and on each side one wounded man only escapes with life. Of the King's men a British hostage only survives; he may well have had less loyalty than his fellows to the West-Saxon King, who had fought many fights with his countrymen. In the case of the one who escaped on the Æthelings side the personal tie again comes in in another shape. The one man who was spared was the godson of the Ealdorman Osric, the leader of the King's party, and he owed his life to that spiritual kindred. In the next century, in 871, Merton was the scene of one of the battles of Æthelred and Ælfred, one of those puzzling stories in which we read that the Danes were put to flight, and yet that they kept possession of the place of slaughter. This seeming contradiction has sometimes been turned against the credibility of the Chronicles. Yet it is quite possible that the Danes, every man of them a trained soldier, who had no homes and no hope except in keeping together, might have to give way before an impetuous charge of the raw English levies, and yet be able to recover themselves while the momentary victors were scattered abroad, while some perhaps in the blind impulse of victory were already beginning to go to their own homes. When Merton was the scene of events which stand out in our annals like these, it is remarkable that its name is hardly ever found in the ancient charters—only once, as far as we can find, in an alleged charter of Eadgar which Mr. Kemble marks as spurious. The foundation of the Priory in 1117 brought the place into more importance. One Gilbert Norman, Sheriff of Surrey, is called the founder; but in the foundation charter of Henry the First no founder is spoken of but the King himself. This however may only be by the same courtly fiction by which Edward the Second and Queen Elizabeth are held to have been the founders of Oriel and Jesus College respectively. In the time of its first Prior, Robert, who bears the surname of Bayle, the house of the Canons of Merton became for a while the dwelling-place of a guest and scholar who was to win himself a name far beyond the bounds of Merton or of England. Thomas of London, the son of Gilbert of Rouen and Rohesia of Caen, the future Chancellor and Archbishop, came in his boyhood to learn the first beginnings of knowledge at Merton, before he went on to his more matured studies at Paris. And, according to the legend, it was at Merton that the future greatness of the son was revealed to the father. William Fitz-Stephen tells us how Gilbert, coming to see his child, amazed and scandalized Prior Robert by falling down before him. The Prior rebuked the mad old man who paid to his own son the honour which his son should have paid to him. But Gilbert, so the tale runs, knew better, and privately told the Prior that he bowed to one who would one day be great in the eyes of the Lord.

But it is in the thirteenth century that Merton plays its most important part in the history of England. There are no Merton Annals that we know of, but the Annals of the other houses contain several entries of local Merton matters, besides their notices of events happening at Merton which concerned the whole kingdom. And moreover Merton was the place of an event which was the indirect cause of great results. If Merton was the seat of the early learning of Thomas in days when Oxford was not a seat of learning at all, it was also the birthplace of a man who did more than any other to make Oxford a seat of learning. At Merton, where Alfred fought a battle and where Walter of Merton was born, the real and the imaginary founder of the collegiate system in Oxford are in a manner brought face to face. But during this century events connected with Merton, both local

and general, press fast upon us. In 1222 the Dunstable Annals tell us that the tower fell, doubtless from the same cause which brought down so many towers in those days and that of Chichester in our own. In 1230 a Bishop of Llandaff, Elias of Radnor, Treasurer of Hereford, was consecrated at Merton by the obscure Archbishop Richard le Grant, who covers the short time between the great names of Stephen Langton and Edmund Rich. The monks of Christ Church, as we are pointedly told, did not fail to protest against this breach of privileges of the metropolitan church. Two years later the Priory of Merton finds its way into the general stream of English history. Then it was that the famous Hubert of Burgh, charged with all manner of crimes, took shelter and hid himself all trembling among the canons—"ad ecclesiam Meritoniæ fugit inter canonicos pavidus delitescens," says Roger of Wendover; then King Henry bade the Mayor of London to march at the head of the citizens and seize Hubert and bring him before them alive or dead. Set out they did, an army—it is called *exercitus*—of twenty thousand; but while they were on their way the Earl of Chester wisely suggested to the King that such a force, when once got together, might be dangerous ("si talem excitaret seditionem in vulgo irrationabili et fatuo, posset Rex timere ne seditionem semel inchoatam sedare non valeret cum vellet"). So the citizens marched back again, and the rest of the history of Hubert is in no way connected with Merton.

In the course of the same century Merton was the scene of two important meetings, a great Council of the Realm, and of a Synod of the Church. The Council of Merton in 1236 was an assembly whose acts won the approval of Matthew Paris; and it is even famous for the answer of the Barons, which has been cut short into the phrase which has almost passed into a proverb—"nolumus leges Angliæ mutare." The saying is perhaps sometimes quoted by people who do not remember what was the question at issue. It was no other than the proposal to make the law of England agree with the Canon and Civil Law—that is to say, speaking generally, with the law of the rest of Christendom,—in making children born before wedlock legitimate by a subsequent marriage. There is an extant letter of Robert Grossetesto, in which he pours forth a flood of Scripture and canonical argument on the point. But the Barons were not to be moved, and this has ever since been one of the points in which English law stands by itself. The other assembly of Merton was a purely ecclesiastical one, held in 1258 by Archbishop Boniface of Savoy, who had by that time tamed down a little from the days, eight years before, when he had held his wonderful visitation of St. Bartholomew's Priory. He had now changed into a vigorous asserter of ecclesiastical discipline and ecclesiastical rights, and in the canons which he put forth at Merton we find the immunities of the Church strongly stated, and the secular power in all its forms, from the King downwards, strictly taken to task for various breaches of alleged ecclesiastical rights.

A place which has seen all this, a place which so specially connects itself with the development and the special insular character of the English law, is certainly entitled to rank high among the historic spots of England. But we cannot say that the place is now particularly impressive. We could have wished to see some stately remains of the Priory itself, some castle or royal hall, or, better still, some untouched piece of hill and plain on which we could trace out the battle-field of Alfred. But the roads, the railways, the factories, the general atmosphere of a somewhat mean suburban village, are less favourable for research and contemplation than the hillside of Assandún or the keep and hall of Kenilworth. Yet Merton Priory, a rich foundation, whose income at the time of the Dissolution was over a thousand pounds yearly, has by no means vanished without leaving traces of itself. No remains that we could see of the church or of the domestic buildings of the house are left, but the wall which enclosed the monastic precinct is still nearly perfect; we suspect that it was quite perfect till the coming of the railways. And the preservation of this particular trace of the ancient building is not without its effect. Though, as far as we can make out, there is positively nothing to be studied within the walls, yet there is something striking in finding the old precinct in this way still fenced off; it is a reminder which is quite as speaking as any mere fragment of the church or monastery would itself have been. And the old associations of the place are not quite forgotten. The Priory, exalted as usual into an abbey, has left its name on more than one point of local nomenclature, and vague traditions still hang about of its having been the scene of events beyond the common. Still the old associations are, perhaps not unnaturally, not quite so strong as some later ones. Merton has been the dwelling-place of a modern hero. Nelson once lived there, and several names of streets and suchlike places remind the visitor of the fact. And after all the latest, and all but the earliest, associations of Merton are not incongruous. If we can conceive the great King who fought at Merton feeling as it were abashed in the presence of a man whose real glory has been so shamelessly transferred to himself, the latest associations of Merton connect his name with one who really carried out a work which he began. The fictitious deeds of Alfred may be forgotten in the presence of the real. A place which beheld the exploits, though on another element, of the first founder of the English navy was no unfit dwelling-place for the man who raised it to its highest pitch of glory. On a spot where the two names of Alfred and Nelson meet together we may well hail one of the many cycles which bind the earliest and the latest stages of English history together.

DESTITUTE BARRISTERS.

MR. WEIGHTMAN, a barrister, has been sentenced to six months' imprisonment for stealing a book from the library of the Inner Temple. Mr. Weightman did not confess, though he did not exactly deny, the crime; but after the jury had returned a verdict against him, he entreated the judge to sentence him to penal servitude, "in the hope that before the full extent of the time of punishment had elapsed he might find, even in a felon's grave, that repose which he had in vain sought in the world, whether in literature or in the daily pursuits of life." He explained that he had been repeatedly on the brink of starvation, and had lived for weeks and months without a dinner, "simply upon bread and tea, and such nutriment as that," and that he had sold "the coat from his back, and the shirt from his skin," to supply his daily wants. There would seem to be no doubt that he was in a most miserably necessitous condition, and if he had addressed in the first instance to the jury the appeal which he afterwards addressed to the judge, his fate, even with the clearest evidence against him, might have been different. There can be no question that he stole the book; but if it had been pleaded on his behalf that when he stole it he was, through want of food and distress of mind, not competent to know what he was doing, the plea might possibly have been successful.

This case appears to have thrown some of our contemporaries into a very wild state of mind. It is impossible to say whether they find it more difficult to account for a barrister stealing a book or for his being impelled to do so by absolute destitution. Of course it is very sad that any member of an honourable profession should either commit a crime or be in danger of starving; but we cannot help thinking that, if Parliament had not suspended its sittings, we should have heard less about this unfortunate gentleman and his dismal fate. It is quite true that a barrister is always supposed to be a gentleman, and that he is entitled to write Esquire after his name; but then nowadays everybody fancies himself quite as good a gentleman as everybody else, and better too, and all the world calls itself Esquire, whether it has any right to the designation or not; so that, after all, this distinction does not come to so much in real life as might be supposed. Every Term a considerable number of young gentlemen are called to the Bar, perhaps twenty or more at each of the chief Inns of Court; and as there are four Terms in a year, it is easy to calculate roughly what must be the continuous additions to the numbers of the profession. Until lately anybody could join who could pay down 100*l.* as a deposit for fees, and who had leisure to attend two sets of lectures and eat so many dinners in the course of three years; whether he listened to the lectures, or was even capable of understanding a syllable of them, was not of the slightest consequence. He might, indeed, have been utterly unable either to read or write or even to speak his own or any other language. The Benchers were good-natured enough to take for granted that all who sat out the lectures necessarily imbibed the wisdom and learning which was poured forth for their edification; and the consumption of a fourth part of a bottle of port—of the sort called "old and curious" at cheap taverns—at each of the dinners put the finishing touch to a legal education. Admission to the Bar is now less easily obtained, but the conditions are not particularly onerous, and every year a great many young fellows get called, not perhaps with any settled determination to stick to the Bar, or with any consciousness of abilities for it, but simply because it is a start in life that does not cost very much, and that may or may not lead to something afterwards. After all, it is argued, a man is none the worse for being a barrister, even if he does not see his way to succeed at the Bar, except indeed as regards the investment of the entrance money, and that is not a very serious affair. The stakes are small compared with the possible winnings. It will easily be understood, therefore, that the Bar is not only desperately overstocked in numbers, but includes a very miscellaneous set of characters. That in a large body of this kind a stray member should happen to fall into destitution or criminal courses is, after all, not particularly wonderful.

It seems that only a few months ago a barrister died in very destitute circumstances. His death, it was clear, had been hastened by want, and at this time Mr. Weightman took a prominent part in bringing to light the dark side of the legal profession. There is no reason to suppose that penury and destitution are unknown among members of this any more than among the members of any other profession. The number of barristers in actual practice has through the extension of local courts greatly increased of late years, and it is probably destined to go on increasing. But the men in practice, in steady, regular, continuous practice, are still few compared with the number of men who have qualified for the profession. There are many reasons why barristers fail in their own line. They may not possess the requisite amount of ability or industry, or they may have allowed themselves to be distracted by literary or other occupations, or they may have been unable to procure good introductions at starting. The ordinary work of the profession makes very slender demands either on the intellectual capacity or learning of those who follow it. There are few really good lawyers—that is, lawyers who know the law—now at the Bar, and still fewer good speakers. The great run of lawyers are content to scramble on with mouthfuls of law picked up from day to day as occasion requires, trusting to text-books and luck for getting up the necessary information when a call happens to be made for it. The

common oratory of the Bar is a deplorable exhibition. It has reached a high average standard when it is just articulate, and does not too violently outrage the rudimentary laws of grammar. With the exception of the Lord Chancellor and the Chief Justice there is hardly a judge on the Bench who, to say nothing of elevated thought and literary subtlety, can even turn a decent sentence; and at the Bar Sir John Karslake and the Attorney-General stand almost alone in preserving the old traditions of forensic eloquence. It seldom happens that if a barrister has a fair chance of getting into practice he has not sufficient ability to take advantage of it. But many men break down through want of application, or through allowing themselves to be drawn aside, during the dull years of waiting, into other grooves, and many more through want of the necessary introductions at the outset. The key to the profession lies after all with the attorneys. When a man has made a name, and taken up a position, he may be independent of the attorneys, but in the first instance it is to them he must look for an opening. The chances are terribly against a man of only average ability who starts without the open sesame of their support. An English barrister cannot, like an American, advertise in the newspapers. He is forbidden by etiquette to tout or solicit briefs. Touting no doubt is practised, and in the lower criminal courts to a scandalous extent, but it carries a taint with it, and seldom pays in the long run. A barrister can do little else than take chambers in an Inn, have his name painted up at the foot of the stairs and published in the *Law List*, and then sit in his room waiting for briefs, with an occasional visit to the Courts to air his wig and shake the creases out of his gown.

There are two classes of men who have good prospects at the Bar—the men who have been born or married into a wide-spread attorney connexion, or into a connexion that, in one way or another, has influence with attorneys; and the men who have high natural abilities and good powers of work, with some private means to keep them going at the beginning. For the rest the outlook is very cheerless indeed. Perhaps the most pathetic stage in a barrister's career is that in which he fancies, or at least other people fancy, that he is making progress when it is only an empty show. He is often holding briefs in Court, and his name is in the papers, and his table in chambers is covered with papers, some of them marked with handsome figures. Yet all this practice may be perfectly illusory as far as any means of subsistence is concerned. The young barrister may be holding briefs for seniors who pocket the fees without ever dreaming of giving him a share, or he may get into the hands of one of that too numerous class of attorneys who pay over to their counsel only small instalments of the fees for counsel which they have charged to their own clients. The Long Vacation, compressing the work of the year into a few months, and some of the Trade-Unionist practices of the Bar, such as exclusive circuits and special retainers, tend to keep the bulk of the business in the hands of a comparatively small body of men, and increase enormously the chances of those who by personal connexions have attained a good start as against those who have not enjoyed this advantage. It is not surprising, therefore, that there should be failures at the Bar; the proportion of failures must always necessarily be infinitely larger than the successes. But it is certainly rare that a man who, like Mr. Weightman, has utterly broken down at the Bar, and has had it painfully brought home to him that he has not a ghost of a chance there, should not be able to obtain a livelihood, however modest, in some other way. A barrister who has failed at the Bar has still all the world open to him. If it were not so, the libraries of the Inns of Court would certainly run some risk of being pillaged wholesale.

A writer in the *Daily Telegraph* has been led in the course of his reflections on this case into a highly suggestive survey of the opportunities of plunder which are open to any one who is conventionally recognized as a gentleman. "Jewelry, plate, forks, a hundred valuable articles of portable property, are every day thrown in his way." He may plunder the houses at which he visits, pocket the spoons at his club, or carry off the books from the library, "any one of which would, upon the average, sell for half-a-guinea." Then there are the coats in the cloak-room, and the umbrella-stand offers a handsome harvest. But the *Telegraph*, while it paints the temptations that lie on every side in the strongest colours, produces its antidote—to reflect on the maxim *noblesse oblige*. These are levelling days, and *noblesse oblige* must have rather come down in the world when it is used to fortify readers of the *Telegraph* against the temptation to pocket spoons and walk off with other people's umbrellas. Plato too is pressed into the service, with his "immortal thesis that honesty is its own reward, and the best of all possible policy." It is satisfactory to know that the arguments of Plato on this point "stand to-day as they stood more than two thousand years ago," but, considering the class which is being preached to, one cannot help thinking that a reference to the police would probably be more effectual than a citation from Plato.

THE WILD ANIMALS OF THE HIGHLANDS.

COULD the practical school of economists have the wishes of their hearts realized, the British isles would be rolled out as flat as Holland, the mountains would be tumbled into the lakes, and the whole would be reclaimed, drained, top-dressed, and divided into symmetrical allotments which might be partitioned among the community on the principle of manhood landowning. The "vermin" of the country would be extirpated, of course; indeed there would be no longer cliff or cairn, rushy swamp or tangled copse, to furnish them with eyries, or lairs, or shelter of any kind. Happily there are insurmountable physical obstacles to the realization of these dreams of Utopia, and the gentlemen of the positive school have scarcely that faith in their people's paradise of the future which would enable them to remove our mountains and change all the moorland into waving cornfields. But if the world keeps moving at its present pace, and if the Scotch agitation against any species of Game-laws finds voice and vote in a unanimous chorus of delegates solemnly pledged to their abolition, it is possible that considerable strides may be made in the desired direction. Much depends on the upshot of the inquiry that is going on at present, and on the views which the Parliamentary Committee may express on the controversy between the Highland game-preservers and the economical utilitarians. Apart from considerations of sport and proprietors' profits, it is certain that the sympathies of lovers of the picturesque in nature must go all in one direction. Our wild animals have been decreasing fast and steadily. The system of grouse preserving has told terribly against them, for the keepers wage implacable war against all manner of vermin that prey upon the grouse. The extension of sheep-farming has been greatly against some of them, for the eagles and the foxes in particular take toll freely of the lambs. But the deer forests, on the other hand, have been in their favour, although more especially in favour of the smaller and more insignificant species; for in the deer forest everything is encouraged that helps to keep down the grouse. So that if the beasts and birds of prey have greatly decreased over the country in general, we find some comfort in the thought that in some of the most savage and sequestered scenery of Scotland they have latterly been decidedly on the increase.

It is no easy thing to take stock of these shy creatures, whose instincts lead them to shun the sight of man, and many of whom love to lie close in the daytime and to do their hunting in the night. The estimates that are hazarded even by the best authority must of course be of the vaguest kind. But to those who are interested in the subject we recommend a lecture lately delivered by the well known author of *The Moor and the Loch*, and published by Messrs. Blackwood. Mr. Colquhoun has much to tell that is worth the hearing. He is a veteran sportsman and naturalist, and an admirer of the picturesque and beautiful as well. We fancy the best part of his life has been passed in Scotland, and it is considerably more than half a century since he first carried a gun as a boy on his father's wild shooting grounds on Loch Lomond. In that half-century he has seen some melancholy changes. Game generally has greatly increased, for half a century ago there was no market for shootings. The proprietor and his friends shot over his own ground with their single barrels, and were contented with the light mixed bag which the keeper could carry easily on his strong shoulders. That functionary's place was a good deal of a sinecure in those days, and his office very much an honorary one. When comparatively few strangers were moving about, permission to shoot was lightly asked and easily granted. It was about the time when Walter Scott's novels were beginning to bring the Highlands into fashion, and sending Southern visitors in search of scenery up romantic glens that had never been trodden by the Saxon foot. It was a little after the time when Francis Tyrrel and his half-brother Bulmer had liberty to sport over the laird of St. Ronan's moors because they chanced to be putting up in a change-house on the property, and when old St. Ronan's keeper winked at the doings of the veteran poacher who kept Mrs. Dodd's larder supplied with muirfowl. But if sportsmen were scarce and not very deadly, it was all the worse for the grouse. If outlying ground was seldom shot over except by occasional poachers, the vermin had it their own way everywhere. Foxes might be hunted down when they made themselves too obnoxious to the sheep farmers, but the keepers seldom wasted their shot on carrion, and had learned nothing of the arts of trapping and snaring. But since Highland shooting has become the rage, pitiless war has been waged against everything that could tend to thin the stock of game and deteriorate the value of shooting rents. On moors where the sportsmen have kept on friendly terms with the shepherds the breed of birds has been artificially increased till overtasked nature has been driven to assert her rights, and has periodically relieved the overstocking by an outbreak of the grouse disease. So with the deer. In olden times the red-deer was really a wild animal. The Highlands which he inhabited were far less solitary than now, although they were little troubled with English tourists. Most of the glens were thickly peopled by aborigines, whose descendants have since been shipped to America and the colonies; you may still trace the foundations of their hamlets, and come upon the abandoned mountain burying-grounds where they sleep. These cottiers had their cows and their corn. The mountains were grazed everywhere by sheep and goats and, black cattle as shy as the deer. The deer were kept continually on the move, and their restless and nomadic life did not tend to their multiplication. Now that the best deer land is everywhere forested and let at fancy rents, the deer lead the most unruffled of lives, and increase so fast that there are places where the breed actually degenerates, owing to excessive numbers. Then there is one noble species of game which had once become extinct, but is again acclimatised with us. Some large proprietors—the late Marquis of Breadalbane in particular—were at great pains to introduce the capercailzie, and that gigantic tree-grouse is spreading again through the wide pine woods of Perthshire.

But if game is on the increase, Mr. Colquhoun has to deplore the disappearance of its picturesque enemies in fur and feathers. The partial sanctuary offered to certain species in the deer forests does not compensate for the general reclamation of waste ground, and the universal war of extirpation waged against them in the Lowlands and on the grouse moors. The mountain fox, he thinks, will be among the last to linger with us. The fox of the Highlands has all the cunning of his race; he is always in superb health and wind; he travels long distances to get his living, and he takes up his quarters in the clefts of the crags, and the bowels of great cairns of stones among the most remote and inaccessible mountains. Yet he needs all his cunning, strength, and audacity to hold his own against the innumerable enemies who are after him. The sheep farmers set a price upon his brush, because he does not scruple to make free with the lambs on occasion. The keepers detest him; he is not only a deadly enemy to the brood mothers and their young, but he retrieves all the wounded game that goes away crippled by the gun. Nothing is more systematic than the fox's method of hunting, whether he works against the wind through the heather, carefully quartering the most likely ground, or makes the tour of the loch or tarn the night after you have been out wildfowl shooting. Track him next day round the soft mud or the yielding sand, and you will see how small is the chance of the wounded duck that may have sought a refuge among the rushes. Then it must be owned that there is no better fun on an off-day in the Highlands than going foxhunting. The chase, it is true, is somewhat different from sport in the Shires. But it is scarcely less exciting when you introduce the long-backed "varmint" terriers in the crannies of the great pile of heather-grown boulders, and hear, faintly struggling to the surface from far beneath, the choking, stifled noises that tell of the subterranean battle. Still, even when you have run your fox to earth, or rather to stone, it is not always possible to get at him. As Mr. Colquhoun remarks, he is the most difficult of all animals to trap; so we may reasonably expect that, happen what may, he will outlast our destructive generation, and something more. So may the wild cats and marten cats, for some stray specimens may be picked up in very remote and inaccessible places. But they are dying out fast, and are likely to be killed off faster. They are very ornamental when you have the luck to come upon one, but they are most pestilential. They are more easily trapped than the fox, and they may often be traced by your terriers; and as they generally go prowling in the immediate vicinity of their lairs, it is much more easy to track and take them. St. John, in his *Wild Sports of the Highlands*, talks of listening to the melancholy night cries of a whole colony of wild cats who had quartered themselves on the banks of one of the lochs in Inverness-shire. More than once he tells of coming across marten cats while shooting with his keeper Donald, on the banks of the Findhorn in Morayshire. We question greatly whether that wild cat colony in Inverness-shire survives still, and we should fancy that the marten cat has become a rarity in the parts of Morayshire where St. John used to shoot. Mr. Colquhoun tells us that they have vanished from even the greater part of the Scottish hill districts, and that should a tourist go in search of them, the natives of two-thirds of the Highlands will tell him there are none to be seen nowadays. Badgers, like foxes, keep to their earths for the day, while they go grubbing for their food in the dusk and the night. No animal can be more harmless, yet they have shared in the indiscriminate proscription of every beast that has not an obvious use or is not fit for the table. Mr. Colquhoun assures us, by the way, that badger hams are excellent; but, unfortunately perhaps for the animal himself, they have never been appreciated as a table delicacy. We are acquainted ourselves with districts even in the Lowlands where the badger was very common a dozen or fifteen years ago. Now the only traces of their former residence are the yawning chasms under the roots of some gigantic fir-tree where their powerful claws had enlarged a rabbit burrow into commodious quarters. There is no harder work than digging out a family of badgers. They take ingenious care to entrench themselves behind an infinity of natural barriers, and if they cannot find a convenient cairn, which, like the mountain fox, they prefer to all other refuges, they are sure to run their earths under the toughest network of tree roots to be found in all the neighbourhood. But then they walk even into common rabbit traps with a sublime indifference, which partly accounts for the rapid rate at which they have been disappearing. Otters are the only other four-footed animals worth noting. As for polecats, stoats, weasels, and the smaller bloodsuckers, for our part we can very well spare them. Otters have been greatly thinned like their congeners, yet we imagine that they continue to be more common than is generally supposed. Indeed Mr. Colquhoun says that, thanks to the cunning and secluded lives they lead, their decrease has neither been so swift nor so sudden. They never show themselves when they can possibly help it, and an otter may live unsuspected in the stream that flows past your door, although he has made his home in the roots of some willow-tree that overhangs the pool where you are perpetually angling. Besides, he does little harm except to the fish, and, although he may be somewhat hard on a salmon or trout river, owing to his epicurean practice of killing fish after fish and taking often but a single bite out of the shoulder of each, yet as a rule he is made very welcome to the small trout on the Highland shootings, for the mountain rivulets and tarns are always overstocked.

Mr. Colquhoun says little or nothing of the birds of prey; yet there is no more picturesque feature in Highland animated nature. With the exception of the owls, which hunt by night, they pursue their prey in the bright daylight. The keepers kill them down, of course, for they live by game, while specimens of the nobler breeds will always command high prices with the bird-stuffers. Besides, their eggs will always fetch enough to make it worth the adventurer's while to risk his neck going after them. Yet happily the golden eagle and the peregrine falcon are still far from uncommon in the wilder parts. Building year after year in the same recess in the cliffs which long experience has proved to be quite inaccessible, you may see them circling high in the air over the moor, as your dogs are quartering the heather below. Of a sudden the floating wings contract, the bird sweeps with the velocity of lightning and the precision of a rifle ball, a very embodiment of the grandeur and beauty of motion, and you must be a churl if you grudge it the grouse or the leveret that it bears away in its claws. There are still ospreys that build on the truncated rocks in the Sutherland lochs, where they have hatched their young from time immemorial, and sea-eagles that have their eyries in the bold headlands of the Western coast, whence they sweep the sea-shore, the terror of the seagulls; but those birds are plainly doomed unless the Legislature or the proprietors interpose more actively for their protection. The prospect on the whole is anything but cheering for those who love wild nature, and prefer the picturesqueness of sport to its butchery. Another fifty years, and some grandson of Mr. Colquhoun may lecture on our extinct *feræ naturæ* from Professor Owen's standpoint, and construct eagles and foxes from the claws and pads that have been embalmed in the peat bogs and disinterred from them.

A CRANKY REFORMER.

THERE are several familiar types of reformers. There is the reformer who promises the most tremendous results from some trumpery little change, perhaps scarcely more than a nominal change, in the existing system. There is the reformer who, for the sake of an infinitesimal and doubtful advantage, is willing to turn everything topsy-turvy; and there is the reformer who, having a good case on one point, discredits and obscures it by mixing it up with all sorts of irrelevant matter, and jumping at large conclusions from a few small facts. We should be disposed to class the anonymous writer of a little book called *Contrasts*, which has just been published with a dedication "to the ratepayers of London," in the last-named category. He has been looking over the accounts of the different hospitals, asylums, workhouses, and other charitable institutions of the capital; and he has been very much struck by the diversity of expenditure for similar objects which appears in their accounts. He is puzzled to understand why the expenses per bed in one hospital should be higher than in another, why the cost of maintaining a child or an aged person should be so much in one place, and so much more in another, and so much more again in a third. He assumes that, if the lower standard of expenditure furnishes all that is really required, there must necessarily be waste and extravagance in those establishments where this standard is exceeded; and he arrives at the conclusion that, under a more careful and conscientious system of administration, the expenditure might be made to yield a great deal more good than is at present obtained from it, while the ratepayers might be relieved at the expense of the endowments. If the writer of *Contrasts* had confined himself to the question of diversity of expenditure, and had taken the trouble to go thoroughly into the facts of the case, he would undoubtedly have rendered an important service to the class to whom he has dedicated his book. It can hardly be questioned that, in regard to various branches of expenditure, it is possible to lay down certain rough calculations as to what is a sufficient and reasonable outlay. There can be no difficulty, for example, in coming to an understanding as to the average cost of maintaining a child or adult in town and in the country, or of keeping up a bed in an hospital, including provision for food, medicine, and nursing. It does not follow that it would be wise to enforce hard and fast rules of this kind; but at least it would be useful to have a standard of expenditure for the guidance both of those who supply and those who spend the money. At the request of the President of the Local Government Board, Mr. Rowsell, the Superintendent of Contracts at the Admiralty, lately undertook an interesting inquiry into the expenditure on provisions in the different workhouses, and some rather startling discrepancies were thus brought to light. Although the different establishments are all situated within a few miles of each other, there seemed to be no common standard of market prices. Butter was cheap in one district and dear in another, butcher's meat ran up and down in an utterly incomprehensible way, and as for wines and spirits they were bought at almost every price. These differences were of course partly due to differences in quality; in other cases the contractors seemed to fix their own terms, which were at once agreed to without inquiry as to what prices were paid in the next parish, or even in the very street outside the workhouse door. It is obvious that within such an area as that of the metropolis there ought to be some common measure of quality and prices. The articles required are not at all of an out of the way kind, and the quantities in which they are required can be calculated with tolerable exactness. There is no reason why the

parishes or Unions, instead of buying independently, or, as sometimes happens, against each other, should not establish a central purchase department, to which they could resort according to their wants. Economy would be promoted not only by the scale on which purchases would be made, but by a reduction in the staff of buyers and other officials. The only objection to the plan—and in its way it is perhaps a formidable one—is that it would put a stop to local jobbery. This, however, is too small a matter for the author of *Contrasts*. He does not seem to have heard of Mr. Rowsell's inquiry, nor does he think it worth while to analyse expenditure too closely. He jumps about from one subject to another in the most embarrassing way—from ventilation to women's rights, from the Poor-law to the licensing system, from hospitals to the destruction of houses for the working classes. His general conclusion is that, as a rule, everything is grossly mismanaged; but he gets rather hazy when he comes to the question, What should be done to put matters right? Everybody knows the old gentleman with a sniff whom one meets occasionally in a railway train or hotel coffee-room, who affects to be particularly shrewd and deep, and able to see through everything by just looking over the top of his spectacles, and who is quite sure that nothing is managed as it ought to be, and that we 'are humbugged and swindled on every side. This is just the sort of sniff—the sniff of a superior being who can take in everything at a glance—which runs through *Contrasts*. The worst of it is that the writer is sometimes right, and that he discredits sound conclusions by his obvious superficiality and illogical cantankerousness.

The book may be divided into two parts—one dealing with the expenditure of the workhouses and the other devoted to an argument in favour of applying the endowments of the large hospitals, such as St. Thomas's and St. Bartholomew's, to strictly Poor Law purposes, with a view to the reduction of the rates. Nobody who is at all acquainted with the subject can doubt that the expenditure of the Poor Law system is—we are now of course speaking of London—extremely high as compared with the results obtained from it; nor are the reasons of this far to seek. They are to be found, first, in the want of a clear and settled public policy on the subject; and, secondly, in the want of capable administrators. The Guardians are perhaps, on the whole, of a higher class than they used to be; but the policy of the system is still wavering and unsettled. A few years ago people were very much shocked to find that the provision for the sick poor and for the class known as casuals was so defective, and then there was a reaction the other way. This reaction is now pretty well exhausted, but another is perhaps preparing. A good many rash, and possibly some rather extravagant, things have been done, and there is now a disposition to cut down expenses. Anybody who would show how economies can be effected without diminishing the efficiency of the system would be doing an important public service; but we must say we do not see what help is to be obtained from *Contrasts*. Here is an example of the writer's style of argument. He calculates that a dock labourer, with a wife and four young children, is in receipt of about 18*s.* a week all the year round. They fall into distress and go into the workhouse, where they cost the ratepayers 3*l.* a week. He asks, therefore, whether it would not be better to say to the man, "My dear fellow, give yourself no further uneasiness about your family. You say you earn 18*s.* a week when in work. Well, we will give you 18*s.* a week; go and smoke your pipe, and spend your time as you please, and don't trouble yourself about your family!" In this way the Guardians would save two guineas a week. It will be observed that this calculation is based on the assumption, which we do not dispute, that every pauper, man, woman, or child, costs the public on the average 10*s.* a week for maintenance, exclusive of the cost of lodgings. No doubt the author thinks this a very clever way of putting the matter; but it is odd he does not see that it is only another way of saying that it costs less to provide for a family by themselves than to provide for a family *plus* people to watch over and minister to them—a tolerably self-evident proposition. In the one case you have to pay only for the food and necessaries of the family, in the other case you have to pay in addition for people to wait on them. The writer is constantly falling into fallacies of this kind. He mentions a case in which two young ladies undertook to provide for a couple of motherless children. They wrote to a married sister who lived in the country, and asked her to find some respectable farm-labourer's wife to take charge of the children under her own supervision. This was done, and the children were boarded out at 7*s.* a-week for the pair of them. Clothing was provided for them by the young ladies from their own cast-off dresses. Now suppose, says the writer, that the children, instead of being provided for in this way, had been thrown on the parish, and sent to the Anerley schools; they would then have cost more than twice as much. "And here," he adds, "another noteworthy feature presents itself. The poor father shuddered at the idea of his children being sent to the Anerley pauper schools, where so large an amount would be spent on them, and yet accepted with gratitude the charitable and at the same time more economical offer of the ladies." Let us just take this story to pieces. In the first instance, the two young ladies who negotiated the transfer of the children to the country, and the married sister who promised to look after them, all gave their services gratuitously, and they also sent their old clothes to the children. In the other case, the officials who look after the children have all to be paid. If the author of *Contrasts* had said that services which have to be paid for cost more than services which are given for nothing, it would not have looked so very wonderful; yet this is all his story comes to. Whether the services of Poor Law officials are in any degree overpaid is of course another question. As to the father shuddering at receiving relief from the public, while willing to accept it to any amount from private persons, it can hardly be seriously suggested that feelings of this kind ought to be encouraged. Alms are alms by whomsoever they are given, and a man is not less a pauper because he or his family is maintained by private charity instead of out of the rates. Another of the delusions into which the writer seems to have fallen is that a handsome architectural effect necessarily adds to the cost of a building, and he is greatly shocked at "an asylum for the poor having the appearance of a palace." To say that a building has the appearance of a palace is, as far as English palaces go, certainly not saying much for it architecturally; but if it is only meant that the building has a handsome appearance, we see no reason why an asylum for the poor should not be handsome, and we see many reasons why it should. Of course economy must be considered, and a large addition to the outlay for the mere sake of beautifying the building would no doubt be improper; but ugly buildings have been known before now to cost more than pretty ones.

The main object of *Contrasts* would seem to be to advocate the application of the funds of the "Endowed Medical Establishments" of London to Poor Law purposes—in other words, the conversion of the large hospitals into Workhouse infirmaries. The writer has convinced himself that St. Bartholomew's and St. Thomas's were the original Poor Law infirmaries of the metropolis, and it is no doubt true that, before the Poor Law system was invented, they in some degree served that purpose. It is more important, however, to observe that, like Guy's, they are now very much more than ordinary infirmaries. They are not only hospitals ministering to the sick, but great medical schools; and their value must be measured, not merely by the number of patients treated within their walls, but by the number of skilled practitioners who are trained and educated there for the benefit of the country at large, and by the extent to which medical science is encouraged and promoted. It is clearly unfair to compare the great hospitals with the small infirmaries, either in regard to expenditure or in regard to mortality. Difficult and desperate cases naturally tend towards the hospitals, and this adds both to their expenses and to the number of fatal cases. The arrangements which are necessary for the purposes of a medical school of course add another element of expense which is wanting in the infirmaries. It is absurd to take the case of a small river-side hospital, hastily extemporized in an old building given for the purpose, and dealing only with the common run of accidents in the docks and iron-works of a limited district, and to contrast it with an institution like St. Thomas's, which has to discharge the functions both of an hospital and of a school, to maintain a large and highly skilled staff, and to provide for a constant succession of serious and difficult cases of all kinds collected from a vast area. The contrast which the writer draws between Bethlehem Hospital and the Caterham Asylum for Idiots is equally at fault; for lunatics have to be carefully watched and tended, while the idiots at Caterham contribute in no small degree by their labours to the support of the institution. It is obvious that, if the revenues of the hospitals were to be confiscated for the relief of the ratepayers, the hospitals would either have to be given up, or other funds would have to be found for carrying them on. The ordinary infirmaries would certainly not supply their place. It may be mentioned that our reformer incidentally proposes to apply the property of the Livery Companies to cover the School Board fees. "Local Taxation Made Easy" would have been a very good title for his book; but, after all, there is nothing very new in the idea of seizing upon other people's property in order to spare their own pockets.

THE COMING INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

THE managers of the International Exhibition never use a short word when a long word will serve their purpose equally well. They have conceived a laudable idea, which in their exalted style they announce to the world by stating that "food will be illustrated by various preparations of it, and by the machinery employed." This is the grand way of saying that a mutton-chop will be broiled upon a gridiron. The School of Popular Cookery will give "illustrations of cooking food," and a limited number of persons will be allowed the "privilege" of tasting the "practical illustrations" of the lessons in cooking. There is a proverb that fine words do not butter parsnips, and they are likely to be equally useless in other culinary processes. But nevertheless the Commissioners have our hearty good wishes for the success of the undertaking which they have thus magniloquently proclaimed. They will of course provide in this part of the Exhibition a "chamber of horrors" to which a large part of the ordinary products of the British kitchen will be relegated. They ought to establish, not only lectures, but examinations and prizes; and we hope to see the day, or rather night, when young ladies will appear at balls with the medals of the Exhibition for cooking upon their breasts. We shall await with interest the appearance of the Catalogue of this part of the Exhibition, which may be expected to contain descriptive passages worthy of the literary reputation which the Commissioners have achieved in former years. The official reporter on this department will remark that, from the earliest ages, food has been a necessary of human life, and that

the progress of civilization may be traced by observing the course of improvement in the art of cooking. We fear that it will not be possible for the Commissioners to avoid offending the intolerant party which denounces the use of alcohol. Not only food, but drink, will, as we understand, be "illustrated" in this department of the Exhibition, and it is only reasonable to expect that all the advertising wine merchants in London will become exhibitors. The Commissioners have now entered upon a career of usefulness of which it is difficult to foresee the end. In the preparation of food they are entitled to include the making of sherry-cobbler, punch, claret-cup, and other refreshing drinks. Classes for instruction in all these processes ought to be established, and a tasting-room would be a necessary adjunct to a set of lecture-rooms. The purpose of this tasting-room would be, to use a favourite word of the Commissioners, educational. It could not be properly regarded as a general refreshment-room, but arrangements could be made to allow a limited number of persons to taste the "practical illustrations" of the lessons in making punch, and those persons would doubtless remember a precept applicable to punch equally with beer, that "it can't be tasted in a sip."

The adulteration of food is to be "illustrated" by chemical analysis, and if this part of the programme is fully carried out, we may expect some curious and valuable investigations. Suppose, for example, that the proceeds of all the grocers' shops in Brompton were to be used as "practical illustrations" of what are sometimes called the tricks of trade. We do not ourselves object to drink being classed as food, but it is perhaps going rather too far to include tobacco in the same category. Cigars will be made upon the premises, and pipes of all countries and ages will be exhibited, but we doubt whether "practical illustrations" of this branch of cookery will be permitted. The different food sections will, we hope, be kept carefully apart, as it might give a shock to public confidence if, by any accident, cabbage-leaves which entered the Exhibition as vegetables should emerge from it as cigars.

It is natural and proper that the same Exhibition should comprise both food and knives and forks, but perhaps the collection of surgical instruments might have been less complete than it is without disappointment to the public. We only wonder that the Commissioners did not include medicine as well as surgery in this year's programme, and it would have been pleasant to peruse an Official Report upon Holloway's pills, although we should not have desired to witness, and still less to share, a "practical illustration" of their working. It is a pity that so fine a collection of dentists' tools as are here displayed should remain unused, and therefore perhaps the Commissioners may be able to arrange for lectures, with "practical illustrations," upon the same principles as they have adopted in regard to cooking. The lecture-room being of limited dimensions, early application would be necessary to secure places. The charge for one hour's lecture would be on three days of the week sixpence, and on the other three days one shilling, and sixpence extra would be charged for admission to the front row, accommodating only twelve persons, with the privilege of having a tooth extracted.

It must be admitted that the Commissioners have exerted themselves with some success to disguise the inevitable predominance of the commercial element in their programme. The exhibition of carriages is indeed a hopeless and irreclaimable bazaar, to which neither the Queen's State carriage nor the Holyhead mail-coach can impart a sufficiently "educational" aspect to deceive the most simple-minded visitor. But the arrangements for concerts are capable of being plausibly described as made "with a view to an adequate exposition of the art of music." The "annotated programmes," which are designed to make the concerts "as educational in their results as possible," will doubtless sustain the character which the Commissioners have gained by their Catalogues and Reports. It is lamentable that the educational aspirations of the Commissioners should not be shared by all persons interested in the property under their management. The proprietors of the Albert Hall are doubtless in full accord with the Commissioners, but the Horticultural Society, which forms a sort of third partner in the undertaking at South Kensington, appears to be less anxious than could be wished for the attainment of educational results. A majority of the fellows of that Society have indicated an intention to restrict as far as possible to their own members the use of the Garden which it holds under the Commissioners. It appears that the enterprising persons who work under the name of the Commissioners proposed that the Society should admit to the portions of the estate leased to them, and to the Flower Shows at Kensington, all the visitors to the Exhibition. This proposal the Society declined, and thereupon the Council of the Society, which had recommended its adoption, resigned their offices. A fresh Council has been elected, and negotiations are, or lately were, pending between this Council and the Commissioners. It is possible that a mutually advantageous compromise may be effected; but this of course depends upon the question whether each party can give something which the other party is willing to take. The Commissioners manifestly require the use of the garden of the Society, but it is not equally clear that the Society is sensible of the value of the educational results of International Exhibitions. It is perhaps true that the young ladies who display their fine dresses at flower shows would be more profitably engaged in learning to fry fish or boil potatoes; but then it is to be observed that there is usually a sprinkling of young gentlemen at flower shows, whereas there is not likely to be a solitary representative of the male species at a cooking-class. As representatives of the outside public, we should desire that the Garden should be open to visitors to the Exhibition, for the simple reason that the Garden offers a welcome change from the monotony of the Exhibition. But of course the rights of the Society must be maintained, and it is possible that the members have had enough to last them for some years of International Exhibitions, and do not greatly value the privilege of admission to the one which is about to open. Indeed it is stated that the members, with a deplorable insensibility to the value of educational results, have expressed a desire to keep the admission to their Garden, at least on particular days, select.

The picture galleries will doubtless contain some valuable works of art and much rubbish. The peculiarly English school of portrait-painting is handsomely represented by a large picture of a gentleman on board his own yacht, with his claret-cup and his dish of fruit and all his little comforts conveniently arranged around him. Such a picture is well placed in an Exhibition organized by these Commissioners. There is also a collection of pictures and other works of art by officers of the army and navy, and we would suggest that next year a similar compliment might be paid to the lawyers and the doctors. When the Managers call this an International Exhibition, we sometimes wonder whether they seriously desire that foreigners should look at all the rubbish which they put into it. Any man, whatever be his profession, can call to mind several members of it who amuse themselves, and perhaps their friends, by drawing or painting; but the idea of putting all such works, or even a selection of them, into an Exhibition, would have surprised most of us if it had not been produced on the authority of "Her Majesty's Commissioners." If the Horticultural Society were to offer to hold in their grounds a show of roses grown by stockbrokers, the Commissioners might not perhaps think much of the privilege of admission to such a very select society of flowers. However, as the Commissioners have built all these galleries and arcades, they must be allowed to fill them in the best way they can. It might deserve consideration whether an exhibition of signboards might not prove an attractive feature of next year's programme. There must be upon the staff of the Commissioners more than one gentleman capable of writing upon the application of art to signboards, historically, analytically, and in every other mode of treatment. We are not at all sure that this department of art is not on the decline in England, and it is, we think, well adapted to be taken up and developed by the Commissioners. They might impress on innkeepers the duty of encouraging art by providing not merely an inscription of the words "Red Lion" or "Blue Boar," but a pictorial representation of the animal thereby signified. But even in inscriptions there is much scope for art and more for talk, and therefore we recommend the whole subject of the embellishment of public-houses to the consideration of the Commissioners. As the nation has drunk itself out of the *Alabama* difficulty, or at least out of half of it, to the manifest advantage of the publicans, we think that the publicans ought to do something for the nation in return, and therefore we suggest that they should encourage art under the guidance of the Commissioners. It is, indeed, possible that the Commissioners already contemplate something of this kind. They have collected a vast and various store of pipes and cigars, cups and glasses, and therefore it is merely a matter of arrangement to produce an example of the interior of a public-house managed on artistic principles. Indeed it is quite possible that visitors may confound the refreshment stalls of Messrs. Spiers and Pond with the compartments of the Exhibition, and it may at any rate be satisfactory to these visitors to believe that they have not been drinking, but merely contemplating a practical illustration of the art of drawing beer.

SCARCITY OF HORSES.

THERE can be few more interesting and important subjects of inquiry than that of the alleged scarcity or deterioration of English horses. The Committee of the House of Lords to which this subject has been referred will doubtless collect a valuable body of evidence, and make a sensible report; but as their labours will probably occupy some weeks or months, it may be useful in the meantime to consider such facts and opinions as are brought forward by writers who make horse-breeding a special study. There have been numerous articles and letters on this subject in *Bell's Life*, from which we will select some remarks by "Cecil" as deserving special attention. This writer says that, as regards hunters, it is difficult to explain where they come from; inasmuch as within his own observation there are not so many bred as there were forty years ago, yet in the hunting-field the numbers are greatly in excess. When in his juvenile days he first visited Leicestershire, the number of horses located at Melton was not one-fifth of what it now is, neither was their breeding and quality as good. As regards matter of opinion, it is possible that "Cecil" may err, but he can hardly be wrong on matter of fact. He says that he has a vivid remembrance of Mr. Osbaldeston's stud when he was Master of the Quorn, but he thinks, if they could be resuscitated, they would not be pronounced equal to Mr. Tailby's. The "Squire" and his horses have been made famous by a pen to which perhaps no equal could be found in the modern literature of sport, but it does not follow that the subject as well as the treatment was unrivalled. Still we can only get opinion either way; but "Cecil" can hardly be wrong in pointing to the hunting-stables at Cheltenham, Leamington, and Rugby, as

proving a vast increase since his youth in the number of hunters kept. Formerly there were only three regular hunting-men at Wolverhampton, and they kept not more than three or four horses apiece; but now the number of hunters kept by traders of Wolverhampton exceeds one hundred. So the hunting-men of Birmingham have "multiplied marvellously," and their horses have wonderfully improved. If these statements which "Cecil" makes, apparently from personal knowledge, are true, the same causes must have produced like effects elsewhere. The popularity of hunting, with both sexes, may be inferred from recent novels which endeavour to represent the actual manners of the time. The ladies, says "Cecil," have taken largely to hunting in the last fifteen years, and horses suitable for their riding have greatly risen in price. There are, in fact, many persons who consider the keeping and occasional riding of hunters as a necessary appropriation of part of the wealth which they enjoy. We have heard of a gentleman who was much more liberal of his purse than of his person, and who kept three varieties of horses; one that he rode habitually, another that he rode occasionally, and a third that he dared not ride at all. It may be hoped that this gentleman found friends to do for him that which he could not do himself, and it appears reasonable to infer that, as there is much more money in the country than there used to be, so there are many more horses which fetch more or less deservedly high prices.

There are not perhaps many writers who equal "Cecil" at once in experience and discretion, and it is rather embarrassing to find that the horse, alive or dead, excites an enthusiasm scarcely compatible with judgment. But if a writer goes into ecstasy alike at the memory of Beadsman and the sight of Knight of the Garter, we may perhaps be right in concluding that praise of the past and admiration of the present are equally well founded. A series of articles in *Bell's Life* on the "Sires of the Season" ought to go some way to reassure alarmists. The author of these articles undertook a search for hunting-sires; but he is really unable to get away from the "animals of priceless value and merit" which are reserved for the highest purposes of the stud. The death of Beadsman was doubtless regarded by this writer when it occurred as a national calamity; but he has now convinced himself that the sons and grandsons of Beadsman are able to save the country, if the country will only allow itself to be saved. "The sons of the great Beadsman have many of them been racehorses of such intrinsic value that to cross them with anything save of the purest blood would almost be a waste; but a legion of their sons might serve England in years to come if our Government will only collect them, instead of allowing them to pass year by year out of sight, picked up by foreigners, or made useless as sires, and often being abused and knocked about in steeplechases and hurdle-races, to become at last victims to the cab-stand." The pathos of this passage will reach every heart, and we need only therefore draw attention to its truth, which is perhaps less obvious. Among many horses now on the Turf there must be some good ones, and if these could be made the best of, the deterioration of the general breed of horses, whatever be its extent, would be arrested. This writer thinks that, by utilizing the produce of the Turf, England would soon possess the grandest stud of stallions in the world. Thanks, he says, are due to those who have laid the groundwork; such as Sir Joseph Hawley, the breeder of Beadsman, Baron Rothschild, the founder of the King Tom family, and Mr. I'Anson, the breeder of Blair Athol. Happy, say we, is the country that can count at least three saviours! "Probably the above-named families of horses are the most remarkable now in England, and Sir Joseph Hawley stands alone in planting a family tree, and then going down from father to son with a continuation of merit." Certainly Sir Joseph Hawley is more fortunate than the husbandman of whom the Latin Grammar used to speak—*Arbores serit diligens agricola quarum adspiciet baccam ipse numquam.* But Sir Joseph Hawley has planted the tree and eaten of the fruit. He won the Derby with Beadsman, and he won it ten years afterwards with Beadsman's son, Blue Gown, and thus "he has made an improvement on perfection." Blue Gown, it is true, has gone abroad, but his brethren The Palmer, Rosicrucian, and Pero Gomez still remain; and if the Legislature cannot give the country good horses, at least it cannot take them away. The Palmer is settled apparently for life in Yorkshire; and this writer, after seeing him, could not rest until he had seen his brother Rosicrucian, who still adorns his native Kent. The King is dead, long live the King! It was a severe misfortune to Sir Joseph Hawley and England to lose Beadsman in his prime, but it was a great consolation to have a son, Rosicrucian, just ready to take his father's high position in the stud-book, where, if he has any rival, it must be his own brother, The Palmer.

It may of course be said that all this is mere opinion. But there is one practical test of the value of the horses of which this writer speaks—that foreigners buy them whenever they get a chance. It is difficult to see how this can be prevented, even if we admit that it is an evil. We are told that clever foreigners "managed to get Buccaneer out of Mr. Cookson," but if Mr. Cookson had made up his mind to part with Buccaneer, any one who offered the price could have him, and if he had not, the most clever foreigner could do nothing with the astute master of the Neasham stud. In other commodities it generally appears that demand is favourable to production, and we should not easily be persuaded that this rule does not apply to horseflesh. As regards stallions, however, it can hardly be doubted that there are enough of good ones in the country, if they could be properly distributed; but then it is said that these insatiable foreigners also buy our mares, and breed from them, and years afterwards supply the scarcity which they have created by selling to us the produce. Some writers insist that the English breed of horses has deteriorated through two-year-old racing, but this is doubtful. The practice is carried too far, but in moderation it may possibly be useful, for a racehorse, like an acrobat, learns his business best if he learns it young. The proposal of an export duty on mares would be contrary to our commercial policy, and the notion of Government establishments for breeding is painfully suggestive of waste and jobbery. As regards mounting cavalry, the only plan appears to be to pay the price of a good horse, which, like that of a good man, shows a tendency to considerable advances. Some plan of examining and registering stallions seems to be generally approved, and it may, at any rate, be said that such a plan would do no harm. It is further proposed by some writers that a system of subvention should be introduced, and, if 15,000*l.* a year could in this way be profitably expended, Parliament might perhaps be persuaded to grant the money. But another writer goes to the root of the matter by inquiring where are the mares to which these subsidized stallions might be useful. The great difficulty of this subject is the want of accurate statistics. We get partial observations and recollections on which it is impossible to found a satisfactory judgment. But it is probable that in some counties horse-breeding suffers discouragements which might easily be removed, and it is worthy of the attention of noblemen and squires to consider whether they cannot provide their poorer neighbours with facilities which only wealth can buy. A writer remarks that magistrates at Quarter Sessions who are often puzzled by points of law would be good judges of the qualities of a stallion. Horse-breeding is at best an uncertain business, and the farmer of small capital naturally prefers to breed sheep and oxen, for which he gets a return more speedily. Then, again, there are large districts of England which are not specially suitable for breeding horses, and besides, England is a small country, and you cannot crowd horses together without risk of disease among them.

The complaint that Englishmen are losing their love for horses is certainly not supported by an inspection of the literature of the subject. The Earl of Durham has lately formed a breeding stud, and a writer in *Bell's Life* would have described what he saw on a visit to it if his pen had not been occupied with what he had heard of racing in that country forty years ago. Another writer finds himself near Richmond, and he cannot pass the gates of Aske without calling to see Voltigeur; and of course he cannot name Lord Zetland's horse without telling once more the story of his match with the Flying Dutchman. There is no doubt that these writers understand the public taste. In fact, almost all Englishmen desire to own horses, or, failing that, to think and talk about the horses which are owned by others. If the taste remains, the means of gratifying it are likely to be found, and we ought to be tolerably content if the worst that can be said about our horses is that foreigners come and buy them whenever they get a chance.

THE FRENCH GALLERY IN PALL MALL.

THIS Gallery, now in its twentieth season, offers a pleasing epitome of European art; it is like a duodecimo edition of a large volume; the type may be small, and the contents abridged, but the binding is neat, and the general get-up tasteful. M. Meissonier is an artist who, above all others, can epitomize the drama of the world within the compass of a nut-shell. His marvellous power of concentration is seen supremely in the fifteen cabinet gems still at Bethnal Green. M. Meissonier, in the character of a highly finished painter, is known to every one, but as a sketcher or a student, who approaches by successive steps to the consummated end, he now for the first time makes confession of his secret. No fewer than seventeen sketches exemplify his system, if he has a system. Certainly there is no trick, no shirking of work, but an honest and resolute endeavour to get directly at nature in its breadth, its detail, and its brilliance. The subjects, though varied, are circumscribed; they never imply the high faculty of creation; they rather stand out as problems, puzzles, or manipulative feats; in mental sphere they do not belong to imagination, but rather to keen penetrating intellect, which sees vividly and seizes vigorously. That they are not more imaginative is of course accounted a merit in this unimaginative age. The studies before us seem to indicate that the artist, to use a term borrowed from the photographic art, first focusses his subject; that is, he so fixes his distances and spaces, his light and shade, as to bring out the principal figure in a keen and round relief, startling in reality, lifelike in salient detail. Some critics have said that Meissonier is indebted to photographs for his detail and his realism. But here is a sketch of a broken wall of stone and mortar with a ruined balcony above, dazzling in colour and in sunlight—a study simply made on the spot, and then left without a further touch indoors. Another oil sketch is in the wood at Passy; here the interweaving tree stems show an eye which keeps watch on nature, and yet all the while is attentive to the exigencies of art. Nothing, not even nature, is permitted to spoil the picture; in other words, art is paramount, and yet the art is nature. These sketches moreover prove supreme tact in seizing on the very nick of time when momentary action may be best fixed in order to be portrayed; yet the action is never swift as in Rubens or Tintoret, the

incident is never a moving drama, the figures have attitude but not motion. This is exemplified by a life-like study of a horseman, his hand and cup raised in the act of drinking; the moment seized is when motion has just become rest. The figures are often as firmly fixed as petrifactions, and yet they are ready for instantaneous action. Some landscape studies show a mental joy and a love for nature which we might almost have supposed to be denied to the whole school of art cynicism. Meissonier, Gérôme, and other French painters have always deemed emotion a proof of weakness. These remarkable sketches show a process peculiarly their own; instead of canvas, millboard, or well-primed panel, the artist has taken for his groundwork a smooth piece of satinwood which, when left bare, gives a warm middle tone. Neither pencil nor charcoal is used for outlines, but instead a firm free brush. These truly student sketches might entitle Meissonier to make the boast of Michael Angelo, that he owed nothing to genius but all to labour, so true it is that in art work is the price of all excellence. Of Meissonier, too, it might be said that he alone of living men can "carve a giant on a cherry-stone."

Microscopic vision may be said to be an idiosyncrasy in French art. M. Frère, M. Duverger, and M. Plassan, once more seen within these walls, are severally masters of miniature, though what may be termed the manipulation of the mosaicist is with them less sharp and sparkling than in Meissonier. It is always a good sign when an artist can make a small digest of a large subject; thus it speaks well for M. Heilbuth that he is able to paint a pleasing epitome of one of his oft-repeated dialogues on the Pincian Hill. Here again is a red cardinal who has descended from his carriage to take a short constitutional. M. Heilbuth has watched this species of the human race with the eye of a humourist; he never paints as if he were within the pale of the Church, and yet he is not irreverent. Other examples might be adduced of the truth that in art brevity is the soul of wit; the French school is certainly neatest when smallest. "A Franc-tireur" (66), by M. Bellecour, and "The Armourer" (109), by M. Fabei, are examples of the perfect technique and the true art construction acquired by comparative tiros in the French school—a school which, like the French people, rises with recruited force out of disaster, and asserts itself, notwithstanding occasional folly and extravagance, as the first among European nations for versatility, vivacity, and vigour.

It is strange that in France some of the weakest painters persist in proving their inability on the largest scale. Thus, while the strength that lies in concentration is, as we have seen, exemplified by M. Meissonier and others, the feebleness and effeminacy of surfaces dilated nervelessly to life-size is proved by painters such as MM. Bouguereau, Landelle, Jalabert, Jourdan, Merle, and Hublin. It were waste of time to bestow criticism on the honey and wax women and the invertebrate molluscous children which these anti-naturalistic artists serve up *ad nauseam* for sale. That such nondescript creatures should find a chief market in England is one of the many sad proofs that whatever wares are cried up the most loudly obtain the readiest sale. We might have hoped that this effete art would have been swept away with the Second Empire.

But what young life and unspent vigour remain to France is sufficiently apparent in "The Red Cross Ambulance" (71), by M. Castres, a young artist, who for this master-stroke of nature and of art gained in the Paris Salon a second medal. The terrible realities of the late war will crop up for many a season in our picture galleries. The snow is lying white and cold on a dreary plain, the sky is of iron grey without a gleam to dispel the gloom which saddens alike the face of nature and the human heart. Onward at solemn pace advances the ambulance which bears the wounded and the dying. All is silent; not a whisper of victory, not a wail of defeat is heard; forward the armed guards march in duty, and heavily lie the sick in endurance. Each figure might have been studied on the battle-field, so true is it to nature, and the handling is firm and unflinching, as if the artist had been himself trained to the sword. No painters equal the French in the incidents of the battle-field; what may be termed the pictorial tactics of war have been settled for the whole of Europe by Horace Vernet, Protais, and Bellangé.

Brittany is to M. Jules Breton and other artists of France what Scotland is to the painters of Great Britain. Indeed our Scottish painters of peasant life, Mr. Faed and others, are known by a style which has a wide geographic distribution over the North of Europe. It is always satisfactory when any art phenomena can be referred back to generic causes, such as climate, race, commerce, government. It is curious that the intimate relationships which subsisted in former times between the North of France, Scandinavia, and the North of Britain seem after the lapse of centuries to survive in the art of painting. The bond of union is no longer between rulers or nobles, but among the children of toil. We may imagine that seed sown broadcast, after lying for years dormant, has sprung up not so much under culture as through spontaneous vitality. Certain it is that along the North of Europe, from Brittany to Düsseldorf, thence to Christiania and Stockholm, and back again to the coast of Scotland, there is a native art which, either by its subject-matter or by the strong individuality of the painter, appears to have a common origin. Our present purpose is to speak of M. Jules Breton, often seen in this French Gallery and known throughout Europe as the painter who has devoted the best part of his life to the good people of Brittany. "A Breton Peasant" (123) is a figure of which he is fond; the study is taken from one of the lower orders who delight in religious processions; a candle is carried reverently in one hand, a rosary in another, and the countenance is fixed by that stolid, well-meaning superstition which maintains its stronghold in the North-West of France. The picture, though wholly characteristic of the school, is scarcely first-rate of its kind. The subject is not of sufficient import to sustain life-size, neither does the artist's manner bear to be thus magnified; it is often dangerous and even fatal to a painter to depart from his accustomed scale. An American, Mr. R. Wyllie by name, has, strange to say, caught up the manner; the Breton Sorceress exorcising an evil spirit from a sick child, the whole household looking on with fearful curiosity, has a character, vigour, and texture which pertain to schools of the North. The Dutch painter, M. Israels, of whom there are here two examples, also falls into the same realistic and unimaginative class.

Sometimes, however, there will suddenly and unexpectedly rise up a man whose talents stand outside the circuit of external causation, whose works are independent of the circumstances of time and space. Such a man is M. Alma Tadema, of Holland. In looking at the "Improvisatore" (178) we fancy ourselves transported from Northern lands to the shores of the Mediterranean; the night is lit by stars, and the silence has just been broken by the wild sweep of the hand across the lyre. Listeners are seated beneath dark pines and yews, others lie in reverie on the ground. We believe that an analysis of this art would detect the presence of both Northern and Southern elements. The spirit of weird mystery which has taken possession of the scene is Teutonic and Scandinavian. Of the very many pictures which we know by this artist few, if any, could be mistaken for Southern products. It is, indeed, far from easy to complete either in this or any other gallery the ethnographic chart of Europe, so greatly are the styles, once distinctive or national, now intermingled. However, it cannot be very difficult to identify M. C. Bisschop with the Low Countries; "The Sexton's Daughter" (86) shares the shadow of Rembrandt with the realism of Teniers. The way in which national styles lose their nationality receives illustration in the works here seen by M. and Madame Bisschop; the latter used to be known in London galleries by works unmistakably English, but since the lady has changed her name and her domicile her style is so altered that it can scarcely be distinguished from the strongly pronounced Dutch manner of her husband. The complexities or elective affinities induced by matrimony are particularly perplexing in the philosophy of national schools.

The Belgians, it has been asserted, have one of the longest pedigrees in painting; but who are the present artists of Belgium becomes a question. M. Alfred Stevens and M. Willems, whom everybody will be happy to meet once more, avowedly pertain as much to Paris as to Brussels; but the works here shown are too far from the highest mark to merit distinctive notice. Belgium has at least two schools of figure-painting; the one, that of MM. Stevens and Willems, is clothed sumptuously in silk apparel; the other, that which follows after the late Baron Leys, affects sackcloth. "The Visit to the Taxidermist" (113), by M. Lagye, is after this last antiquarian manner; all is old, stuffed birds and collector together. The tone and colour too belong to the past; the picture itself seems dead.

M. Fortuny, who has now grown into a favourite all but essential to the London Art season, is one of many artists who lie on the frontier line of national schools. His strength, as likewise his extravagance, is best seen in the well selected Gallery of Mr. McLean. The artist confessedly owes as much to Paris as to Madrid; the bull fight is the arena of his genius, a scene which he forces up after the *outré* manner and the bad taste of Goya, Gavarni, and Doré. Such art degrades just in proportion as it delights. M. Roybet, in "Who Comes?" (40), is another painter who stoops to satisfy the craving of vulgar patrons for sensation. M. Gérôme too, in "The Slave Market" (46), has sunk to one of the lowest depths possible to genius. Even in point of technique, colour, or texture, there here is more to blame than to praise, and as to moral, the less that is said the better. A row of semi-nude slaves ranged against a wall with a slave merchant seated at the receipt of custom is a subject which, unless elevated, is simply revolting. The late William Muller ennobled a like scene by glory of colour and grandeur of chiaroscuro. M. Gérôme never paints with a high purpose, and thus by necessity his art sinks from year to year, step by step.

That landscape usually follows in the wake of figure-painting finds illustration in this Gallery. The tendency of Continental art is to melancholy; we find that the most trivial incident becomes moody; even trees grow as if for churchyard service. There is scarcely a landscape-painter in the Gallery who is not shadowy and sombre, pensive and sad in sentiment. A stranger visiting Continental exhibitions after a long interval might imagine that nature had put on mourning under the funereal state of things in Europe generally. Such painters as M. Corot, M. Lambinet, M. Gabriel, M. W. Maris, and M. I. Maris it were difficult under the most cheerful circumstances to arouse out of placid meditation; they possess their souls in peace; certainly the scenes to which they surrender themselves are never agitated by storm. But other artists exist such as M. Dupré, who habitually breaks out into tumult; tempest also is foretold by M. Rousseau in "A Wild Evening" (64), and by M. Diaz in "A Stormy Sunset" (65). Yet the law cannot be laid down dogmatically that landscape-painters are peaceful or passionate according to the political temper of their times. Gaspar Poussin and Claude Lorraine belong to

the same generation; but the one throws himself into the storm land of the Apennines, while the other seeks the rest and the reverie of flat horizons and sunny skies. And so it is down to our day; the landscape-painters now living and working throughout Europe are fortunately so diversified in aim as to reflect and represent that variety in nature which is all but infinite.

REVIEWS.

THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK.*

IT is barely three years since the able work of M. Marius Topin seemed, in the opinion of most students of the subject, to have set finally at rest the vexed question of the personality of the Man in the Iron Mask. The pile of fable and exaggeration which imaginative writers from Voltaire downwards had reared upon a slight basis of fact had, it was thought, been cleared away by dint of authentic research and scientific criticism. Based upon materials drawn forth for the first time from the national archives, and wrought with great literary or forensic skill into a consistent fabric of proof, his book left, it might be thought, little room for doubt that the mysterious personage upon whom the curiosity and pity of the world had for two centuries been concentrated was no other than Ercole Matthioli, the Minister of the Duke of Mantua, who had incurred the vengeance of Louis by the defeat and betrayal of his designs upon Montferrat. Such dates and facts as are known for certain in the history of the masked personage were shown to fit in plausibly with all that could be thus far ascertained of the intrigues in which the Italian was engaged, and with his disappearance from the political stage. At the same time an exhaustive criticism of the evidence put forth on behalf of the rival hypotheses may be said to have disposed finally of one and all of these. Neither the Count of Vermandois, nor a twin brother of Louis XIV., whose claims had up to that time seemed the best supported of the dozen that have by turns been brought forward, could henceforth be identified for a moment with the masked personage of the Bastille, who wore, however, it has incidentally been made clear, no mask of iron, but simply one of black velvet fastened by springs of steel behind the head.

Our readers will probably hear with surprise that a totally new hypothesis has been lately brought forward. An officer on the staff of the French army, M. Iung, has had the advantage of access to a new and rich mine of materials in the archives of the Ministry of War, together with all that was to be gained from free and minute exploration of the fortresses which held the mysterious prisoner, their records, and their plans. Interrupted for a while by the calls of service during the war, his researches have since been resumed, and they have for their result a solution of the problem entirely unexpected, yet one which, as far as circumstantial proof can be allowed to settle such a question, carries with it a force which it is difficult to resist.

It is a good idea of M. Iung's to set down at the outset in a synoptical table the names of the different personages who have been thus far put forward as the Man in the Iron Mask, with the names of the writers advancing them, and the dates of the respective claims. Of the dozen who make up the list, it will be generally admitted at the present time that none but Matthioli, first brought forward by Baron de Weiss in 1770, need any more concern us. In our notice of M. Topin's work (*Saturday Review*, April 23, 1870) we sketched out briefly the train of evidence by which the writer sought to make good his thesis, and indicated what seemed to us weak points in his harness of proof. It is precisely on these points that the new weapons of M. Iung's logic are brought to bear with grievous, if not fatal, effect. We cannot, it may be, do better for the clearing up of the mystery than proceed step by step from the primary facts which are beyond doubt to the later or more speculative portions of the case.

The starting point of the whole story was from the first the fact announced in the Amsterdam Gazette, on the strength of a letter dated Paris, September 18, 1698, that St.-Mars had taken charge of the Bastille, to which he had brought with him a masked prisoner. This has always been held to be the date of the arrival of the mysterious personage of the legend. M. Iung brings it forward as strange, but does somewhat in the sequel to clear it up, that the same Gazette had, on the 14th of March, 1695, reported the arrival at the Bastille of a lieutenant bringing with him from Provence in a litter a masked prisoner, who was thought to be of great importance, as he had been kept with the utmost secrecy during the journey. The practice of masking prisoners of consequence in transit was in all probability sufficiently common to warrant us in still believing that the arrival of 1698 was that which alone concerns our story. This is confirmed by the circumstantial entry in De Junca's Register of the Bastille of the "ancient prisoner from Pignerol," whom M. de St.-Mars had brought with him in a litter, "Thursday, September 18, 1698, at three o'clock in the afternoon," of whom M. de Barbezieux, in a letter to St.-Mars, August 13, 1697, had spoken as "le prisonnier d'il y a vingt ans." A final point beyond dispute is the burial of this prisoner at the church of St. Paul, November 20, 1703, his name being inserted in the register, De Junca writes, as "M. de Marchiel." M. Topin, giving this name, we know not on what grounds, as "Marchialy," considers it a simple mis-spelling for "Matthioli," and a conclusive proof of his theory being the right one. Now of the date of Matthioli's arrest having been April 23, 1679, there is no question. Where was he in the meantime? At Pignerol, answers M. Topin, until the date of his transfer to the charge of St.-Mars in March 1694, preparatory to his removal to Paris. Upon this point M. Topin makes his entire case depend. That there had been an idea of sending Matthioli with St.-Mars to Exiles, where the latter had just been appointed Governor, might be gathered from the despatch of Louvois, June 1681:—"A l'esgard des hardes que vous avez du sieur Matthioly, vous n'avez que les faire porter à Exiles pour les luy pouvoir rendre, si jamais Sa Majesté ordonnoit qu'il fût mis en liberté." But this idea seems to have been given up. To M. d'Estrades St.-Mars writes, June 25, 1681, of his intended journey to Exiles:—"J'aurai en garde deux merles que j'ai ici, lesquels n'ont point d'autres noms que messieurs de la tour d'en bas. Matthioli restera ici avec deux autres prisonniers." Beyond doubt, then, Matthioli remained at Pignerol. That he was, or had been, however, in the "tour d'en bas," appears from a letter of St.-Mars to Louvois (given by M. Iung, p. 450), October 26, 1680:—

> Mattioli a obligé Blainvilliers à lui faire des menaces *d'une rude discipline* s'il n'étoit plus sage et plus modéré dans ses paroles. Lorsqu'on l'a mis dans la tour d'en bas [misprinted *d'Exiles* in M. Iung's book] avec le jacobin, j'ai chargé Blainvilliers de lui dire, en lui faisant voir un gourdin, qu'avec cela l'on tenoit les extravagants hommes, et que s'il ne le devenoit, l'on sauroit bien le mettre à la raison.

And Louvois writes in return, November 2:—

> Il faut garder la bague que le sieur Mattioli a donnée au sieur de Blainvilliers, pour la lui rendre, si jamais le Roi ordonnoit qu'il fût mis en liberté.

Matthioli was not then, it would seem, a prisoner of such supreme importance but that it was held likely he might be released. The frequent and open mention of Matthioli by name in despatches to and fro is a further proof of the little secrecy that was observed in his case, or the slight importance that was attached to him. Would it be thought necessary to speak of him at other times so guardedly as "l'ancien prisonnier," "le prisonnier de vingt ans"? Moreover, be it observed in passing, he had not been twenty years in prison when Louvois thus wrote, but only twelve, and not five of these under the charge of St.-Mars. Of Matthioli by name we have the last undoubted mention in a despatch of Barbezieux to Laprade, then governor of Pignerol, December 27, 1683, when the prisoner had been trying to open communications with the outer world:—

> Vous n'avez qu'à brûler ce qui vous reste des petits morceaux des poches sur lesquelles le nommé Matthioli et son homme ont escrit, et que vous avez trouvés dans la doublure de leurs justaucorps, où ils les avoient cachés.

Leaving Matthioli at Pignerol for the whole space of time from his arrest till 1694, let us now follow the movements of St.-Mars. In his orders appointing him to the governorship of Exiles, Louvois had spoken of two prisoners de la tour d'en bas, whom alone the King would have him take with him; "à l'esgard des deux de la tour d'en bas, vous n'avez qu'à les marquer de ce nom sans y mettre autre chose." These were obviously the *deux merles* of the despatch of June 25, 1681. Of these he has to announce the death of one by dropsy, January 1686. Who then was the survivor? Obviously the same whom St.-Mars takes with him when transferred to the Iles Ste. Marguerite, in Provence, April 17, 1687, and of whom he speaks as *mon prisonnier*, who had been ill on the way, and whom he had guardedly conducted by way of Embrun, Briançon, Grasse, Mougins, and Cannes. We thus far find St.-Mars in charge of a single prisoner of great importance, who is certainly not Matthioli.

We now come to the despatch of Barbezieux to Laprade, March 20, 1694, enjoining him to convey to St.-Mars at the Iles three prisoners who were then at Pignerol, one by one, with great care. Here we as unquestionably come upon Matthioli, who, as M. Topin shows, came thus with his valet (of whom frequent mention is made) once more under the charge of St.-Mars. But it is not long before we find that a prisoner who had a valet (and no other prisoner but Matthioli is spoken of as having a valet) is dead. "Vous pouvez," writes Barbezieux to St.-Mars, May 10, "suivant que vous le proposez, faire mettre dans la prison voûtée le valet du prisonnier qui est mort." If this refers to Matthioli, as M. Iung thinks beyond dispute, there is an end to the Italian, who never was the prisoner of the Bastille.

We pass now to the theory to which M. Iung has been led by his researches amongst the seventeen hundred volumes of despatches and reports in the bureau of the Ministry of War, and in which he considers himself confirmed by concurrent proofs from other sources of authority. Extensive reading and much critical insight have been employed by him in constructing a whole chapter on the political history of the time, while dragging to light the long-hidden personage who formed the central figure in a wide and complex conspiracy. We will let him give in his own words what may be termed the first episode in the drama, the plot and details of which he proceeds to draw out with scrupulous minuteness from the *pièces justificatives* which form the bulk of his work:—

> Dans la nuit du 28 au 29 mars 1673, par un temps brumeux, un groupe de cavaliers s'approchait de l'un des faux passages de la Somme qui existent

* *La Vérité sur le Masque de Fer (les Emprisonneurs) d'après des documents inédits des archives de la guerre et autres dépôts publics* (1664–1703). Par Th. Iung, officier d'état-major. Ouvrage accompagné de cinq gravures et plans inédits du temps. Paris. Henri Plon. 1873.

à proximité de la place de Péronne. Celui qui paraissait être le chef s'aventura le premier dans le gué qu'il semblait parfaitement connaître. Grand, élancé, jeune encore, cet homme était vêtu d'un justaucorps de panne orné de boutons d'argent et d'un grand manteau dont les pans relevés cachaient son visage. Un vaste chapeau de feutre avec une plume noire, des bottes molles en cuir fauve dites à *la Mercy*, une épée de combat, achevaient son accoutrement. Les compagnons qui le suivaient à distance s'engagèrent successivement dans la rivière. Mais le chef venait à peine d'atteindre le sommet de la berge opposée, et son cheval de secouer l'eau provenant de cette immersion inattendue, que des coups de feu partirent des remblais qui avoisinaient les débouchés du passage. Des soldats se levèrent en même temps et se jetèrent sur les brides du cheval de l'inconnu, qui fut vite renversé et lié solidement. Quant à ses hommes, atteints ou non, ils avaient prudemment tourné bride.

Conduit immédiatement par la porte de Paris au donjon de Péronne, qui se trouvait dans le bastion voisin de celui dit de Richelieu, interrogé par M. *de Lespine-Beauregard*, lieutenant de Roi dans ladite place, et M. Legrain, prévôt général de la connétablie et maréchaussée de France, le personnage déclara se nommer *Louis de Oldendorff, natif de Nimègue*. Ses assertions, malheureusement, ne se trouvèrent pas conformes à celles contenues dans les papiers qu'on prit sur lui et dans la sacoche de son cheval. Quatre jours après, il était à la Bastille, dans la tour Bertaudière, confié aux soins vigilants de M. *Besmaus de Montlesun*, et interrogé le jour même par le secrétaire d'État de la guerre, M. le marquis de Louvois, qui revint plusieurs fois le voir avant son départ à l'armée.

A year later, on the night of the 29th-30th April, 1674, a closed litter escorted by a troop of horse under Legrain, having left Paris twenty days before, stopped at Bron, some leagues from Lyons. From the litter descended a young man of slim and active figure, his face hidden by a mask, his hands firmly tied, in which state he lay down on a couch prepared beforehand. The next day arrived ten horsemen under the Chevalier de St.-Martin, with sealed orders from St.-Mars to convey the prisoner with the utmost secrecy to the fortress of Pignerol, always by roads through the royal domain. In the despatch of Louvois to St.-Mars, giving him this commission (March 10), he is spoken of as "un prisonnier qui, quoique obscur, ne laisse pas d'être homme de conséquence." Assuredly one who had been under St.-Mars since the spring of 1674 could with greater strictness be spoken of in August 1694 as "votre prisonnier depuis vingt ans" than could Matthioli, who was not arrested till April 1679. The researches of M. Iung have enabled him to give the names of other inmates of Pignerol under St.-Mars, to the number of sixty-one, with the designation and place of their dungeons, the distribution of which is made clearer by authentic plans of the fortress. In 1674 there were in the central tower at Pignerol Fouquet and Lauzun; Eustache Danger in a cell of the "tour d'en bas," the new prisoner being lodged in the second cell. It was doubtless in Danger's cell, who had been removed early in the year, that Matthioli with his valet was installed in 1679, and there he remained till 1694. M. Iung proceeds to work out with minute precision the movements of his newly found captive, as one of the two prisoners of the tour d'en bas (les deux merles), with St.-Mars to Exiles (June 1681), from whence despatches by the dozen speak of the precautions observed concerning them, their health or illness, and the death of the dropsical patient. From Exiles St.-Mars conveys his prisoner to the Îles Ste.-Marguerite, April 30, 1687, having previously had orders to build there, at the cost of 1,900 livres, a new prison next the Chapel, and looking over the sea, "de manière qu'il ne puisse avoir commerce avec personne, et qu'il ne puisse mésarriver dans les bâtiments qui sont déjà faits." The expenses of the journey were 203 livres. The captive had bad health all this while, writes his gaoler, January 8, 1688, adding that the impression on the road and throughout the province was that he was the Duke of Beaufort or the son of Cromwell. On the death of Louvois in 1691 his son, the Marquis de Barbezieux, fifteen days after (August 13), writes to urge upon St.-Mars the same care of the prisoner "qui est sous votre garde depuis vingt ans." Half-a-dozen Protestant ministers are thrown in in the three years following, after which comes, in March 1694, the arrival of the three above-mentioned prisoners from Pignerol, which had become untenable during the course of the war; Matthioli, as M. Iung believes, in full accord for once with M. Topin, being among them, coming thus once more within the same prison walls with the true masked captive. A despatch of St.-Mars unknown to M. Topin, partly mutilated (January 6, 1696), speaks again of the "ensien prisonnier," and of the care taken at Exiles to prevent his marking his plate or linen, or having writing-paper. With equal care the "ancient prisoner" is brought by St.-Mars to the Bastille, September 18, 1698, and immured in the third chamber of the Bertaudière tower—the same, if M. Iung's theory is correct, which he had quitted twenty-six years before. From the national archives our author has brought to light the list of his fellow-prisoners at the Bastille in the year 1698, a score or so in number, among them Madame Guyon and her daughter, "une demoiselle irlandaise (enceinte)," "le sieur Gordon, Anglais," and "un inconnu," who is considered to be the masked prisoner of the Amsterdam Gazette of 1695. So strictly apart from all sight and contact had the real man of the mask been kept all these years, that setting aside himself, Louvois, and his father Le Tellier, and high officers like Lespine-Beauregard, Legrain, Besmaus de Montlesun, and St.-Martin, "nulle personne au monde," St.-Mars could declare, "ne peut s'être vantée d'avoir vu le prisonnier et d'avoir causé avec lui."

In the chain of proof which M. Iung has drawn out with consummate patience and skill the weak point is the absence of all but indirect and circumstantial proof making Louis Oldendorff one with De Marchiel. The latter name appears nowhere, but in the notice of interment. M. Iung thinks it clear that Oldendorff was an assumed name. The prisoner appears to have been known in the Bastille as M. Le Froid. His name occurs in one despatch of Louvois as the Chevalier de Kiffenbach. In another he is referred to as "le Chevalier des Armoises." Father Hyacinthe speaks of him as "le mestre de camp, le Lorrain, le libéral." With Besmaus he is "l'homme de Lisola." If De Marchiel was really the mysterious personage hidden under so many names, for what cause was he kept a prisoner so jealously and so long? The answer which M. Iung has to give, if not conclusive, is one of the highest plausibility. As may be learned from the political history of the time, especially from the writings of MM. Clément and Ravaisson, a wide and skilfully organized conspiracy had been set on foot, having for its object the death of Louis XIV. Poison was the accepted or fashionable crime of the day. In a chapter of his work, "Les Empoisonneurs," showing wide and careful reading, M. Iung recounts the numerous cases, more or less connected with the cabals of the time and with each other, which give a tragic interest to the latter half of the seventeenth century. Of these many were plots directed against the person of the King. Colbert was said to have been the object of another. A similar charge brought Fouquet to Pignerol, together with Danger, who was said to have been his valet. In 1673 the crisis approached, together with the King's departure for the siege of Maestricht. A vast conspiracy was known to Le Tellier, and to Louvois, having several foci both in France and abroad, with MM. de Molina, de Lisola, Van Buninghen, Van Bulen, and the Marquis de Grave for its reputed chiefs. Other lives besides those of the King were held to be in jeopardy. On the 11th of April Louvois writes to the Bishop of Strasburg, "Vous ne sauriez prendre trop de précautions pour vous garantir des misérables qui ont intention de vous assassiner." One of the most active agents of Louvois, Father Hyacinthe (Lefebvre), Father Provincial of the Recollets of Arras, writes that the first intimation of the plot was due to Baron d'Aspres, President of Zealand, others tracing it to the English Court. The theatre of the intended drama was to be the frontier of French Flanders, from Cambrai to Arras or from St.-Quentin to Péronne. Spaniards, Italians, and Dutchmen, besides Frenchmen and Flemings, were engaged in it. Louvois's right-hand man, his cousin Lespine-Beauregard, lieutenant du roi, writes to him, March 27, "Je souhaite que Dieu me fasse la grâce de me rendre maître du chef de ces exécrables," and Father Hyacinthe speaks at the same time of the "détestable chef de la conspiration." A certain "gentilhomme" was set at Brussels to watch the chief conspirator, who passed there, as we have seen, by the name of the Chevalier de Harmoises, and at Paris as the Chevalier de Kiffenbach. He was a Lorrainer, it was thought, by birth, spoke many languages, lived freely, and had lately caried off the wife of a Bohemian colonel. The funds of the conspiracy were in the hands of the sieur Groët of Amsterdam, and the papers were kept by one Abraham Kiffied at Brussels. The chief being expected to cross the Somme with three accomplices towards the end of March, every one of the nine fords is carefully watched by cavalry pickets, set by Lespine-Beauregard, who succeeded in arresting him, as we have read in the extract given above, and who writes to ask (April 13):—"J'ose vous demander si le dit Oldendorf est cet exécrable que nous cherchons de cette abominable cabale," adding (April 17), "Celui que j'ai envoyé à Bruxelles en a rapporté heureusement le coffre du sieur de Oldendorf, qui n'a point été ouvert et qui est en dépôt chez M. de Nancré." Having seen at Péronne the contents of this box, Louvois writes to Besmaus to prepare for the reception of a prisoner at the Bastille, adding, "Il est de la dernière importance que l'on continue à ne savoir point ce qu'il est devenu." The extracts we have already given will enable our readers to trace the subsequent movements of this prisoner to Pignerol, to Exiles, to the Îles, and back to the Bastille, and to judge of the strength of the case made out by M. Iung for his identity with the subject of so many diverse theories. Death having at length relieved St.-Mars of all responsibility, it is conceivable that he may have so far allowed the veil of secrecy to be withdrawn as to let the name of De Marchiel appear in the death register. That the charge against him as the chief of such a plot was grave enough to account for all the precautions displayed can hardly be called in question. To put to death prisoners of this kind was by no means the practice of statesmen of the time, influenced as they doubtless were by the hope of revelations to be extracted from a captive, or of prestige to be gained to themselves from the retention even of a minor piece upon the political chessboard. Efforts have been made by M. Iung to raise in importance the otherwise little known personage in question, taking De Marchiel as his real name, and tracing several families of noble rank in Lorraine who were known as De Marchal, Maroschal, or Marcheuille, and allied with other old and distinguished lines, the Armoises, Harmoises, or Hermoises. Indecisive as such speculations must be at the best, they add somewhat to the likelihood of our having after all in the register of St. Paul the revelation of the long-sought identity of the Man with the Iron Mask.

KINGSLEY'S PLAYS AND PURITANS.*

MR. KINGSLEY has here reprinted three articles from the *North British Review*, which he has judiciously placed in their exact order of merit, as the first is much the best and the

* *Plays and Puritans, and other Historical Essays.* By Charles Kingsley. London: Macmillan & Co. 1873.

last is much the weakest. But all of them teach us what Mr. Kingsley can do and what he cannot. He can, when he chooses, describe a scene or tell a story as well as any man. He can put forth a conviction of his own mind so as to make us feel quite sure that it really is a conviction. We may or not agree with his proposition; we may sometimes smile at the way in which it is put forth; but we feel that we are dealing with a man who means literally what he says. Mr. Kingsley differs in this from the author whom he so greatly admires, Mr. Froude. With Mr. Froude we do not always feel sure whether the whole thing is not meant as a joke, whether he is not, after all, trying to see how great a mass of ingenious and contradictory paradoxes people can be got to swallow. We never for a moment think anything of this kind with Mr. Kingsley. Whatever else he is, he is at least in earnest. The weak side of Mr. Kingsley is that he is too much in earnest. We do not expect him to see the other side in any question; that is a power reserved for a Hallam or a Thirlwall. But Mr. Kingsley's earnest belief in his own convictions would be far more likely to carry conviction to the minds of others if it did not so constantly boil over in an excited, impetuous way of writing. We say "constantly," because there are times and places where his best manner is thoroughly in place, and where even his worst manner is not so much out of place as it is elsewhere. Mr. Kingsley can write a novel and he can preach a sermon. Even in a novel or a sermon a little check on himself might not be amiss; still in a novel or a sermon Mr. Kingsley's ardent and impassioned way of writing is very often the right thing. But it does not do for history, either for narrative or for argument. For historical writing of any kind a certain calmness is needed. We have hinted that complete impartiality, the power thoroughly to take in the position, feelings, and arguments on both sides in a controversy, to deal in short as Hallam does with the Civil War of England or Thirlwall with the history of Philip and Alexander, is a gift given to few men indeed. But without expecting every man to reach this level, every man may carry about him the remembrance of the great truth that there are two sides to most questions; that, even though he may not see what the excuses were, the chances are that even the people on the wrong side may have had some excuses, something to say on their own behalf; that it is most unlikely that the people on one side should be all angels and the people on the other side all devils. We were quite ready to hear and to weigh Mr. Froude's pleading on behalf of Henry the Eighth. We have always held that, up to a certain point, it is a successful pleading. He has, as we hold, utterly failed to understand his own hero; he has not gone to the bottom of one of the most remarkable studies of human nature that history gives us. He has utterly failed to justify Henry's crimes, and we think that he has not even entered dramatically into the position of Henry as the doer of them. But he has brought out, in such a way as to make people understand it much more clearly than they commonly do, that there was another side also to Henry's reign and to Henry's character, and one which quite accounts for the position which he held at home and abroad. So with Queen Elizabeth; so with anybody else. There are very few perfect monsters either of virtue or of vice. But this way of looking at things does not suit Mr. Kingsley's temperament; he can see one side only at a time. Now even in a novel this may be carried too far, and in writing or discussing history it at once makes an end of all truth and of all criticism. Then again comes in Mr. Kingsley's other temptation; besides being a novel-writer, he is also a preacher, and he forgets that what may be quite in place in a sermon may be quite out of place in an historical essay. We do not want anybody to write history or to discuss history as if man were a mere machine, and as if there were no such thing as a God that judgeth in the earth. But it is too much to have the Divine Name coming over and over again half a dozen times in the same page, to be told, at every turn of the life of Raleigh or of any one else, about God's will, God's purposes, God's judgment, as if Mr. Kingsley knew personally all about it—as if, in short, he had been promoted to the post which Alfonso the Wise wished that he had himself held. This sort of thing is, to our mind, not only bad in point of taste, but it altogether fails in its effect. Arnold could treat history from the religious and moral side without running off into extravagances of this kind. Nobody doubts Mr. Kingsley's sincerity in everything that he says; but this is just the sort of talk which may easily sink into a mere habit, and even into a mere formula.

We have said that the first of the three essays, that headed *Plays and Puritans*, is the best of the three. It is the best, because it is the one in which Mr. Kingsley's peculiar way of writing is least out of place. A great part of it comes in its own nature very near to a sermon, and at the end it grows into the germ of a very pretty novel. In making either the sermon or the novel Mr. Kingsley is at home, and he therefore succeeds much better here than when he is discussing the character of Henry the Eighth. His position is this:—The Puritans were not dull, unpoetic, unreasonable people who spitefully and morosely objected to art and poetry and everything coming under the head of what is now called "culture." The age of Charles the First was not, as Mr. Kingsley says that most people fancy it was, a kind of happy period of transition, uniting the romance and picturesqueness of an earlier time with the solid civilization of a later; in the point of dramatic poetry especially, one of the things which the Puritans are most blamed for running down, it was not a whit better in point of morality than the time of Charles the Second. In protesting against the plays of the time the Puritans did no more than every decent person now would do and does as far as he has any occasion. In most of the points in which the Puritans were unlike the Cavaliers—in dress, manners, and the like—the practice of modern times has decided for the Puritan and against the Cavalier. An English gentleman of our own time has far more in common with the Puritan than with the Cavalier. And the whole winds up with a very pleasant picture of Zeal-for-Truth Thoresby and his pretty cousin Patience, to show that Puritans had the same feelings and the same inherent poetry as other people. This picture might easily have been expanded into a novel in Mr. Kingsley's best style. It is thoroughly well drawn in every way, and we have not a word to say against it in itself, except that Mr. Kingsley need not have again dragged in the inevitable Viking. The only objection is that this kind of pretty rural picture is not the sort of thing which one would look for in an historical essay. As for the body of the essay, it is no doubt an exaggeration to maintain that the Court of Charles the First was no better in point of morality than the Court of Charles the Second; this is one of those statements which by going too far defeat their own purpose. Still Mr. Kingsley undoubtedly makes good some of his points, especially as to the immorality of the dramatic literature of the first half of the seventeenth century as well as of the latter half. But, whether all his statements can be borne out or not, they are just the kind of statements in which there is least to be said against Mr. Kingsley's way of treating them. He is here called upon, not so much to reason, as to declaim and to denounce. His business is to be a moral prophet rather than a critic. No doubt he overdoes it; he gets over-excited and waxes fiercer than need be; but, on the whole, this is a case in which he does well to be angry; his indignation is in the main righteous; if he is a good hater, it is not without a good cause. Another man might perhaps have treated the same argument without lashing himself into quite such a pitch of fury, and without running off into the paradox into which Mr. Kingsley certainly does run off. But Mr. Kingsley, like other people, must do things after his own fashion or not do them at all; and in this case we certainly do not wish that the thing had been left undone.

The two other pieces, on Sir Walter Raleigh and on the early volumes of Mr. Froude's History, may from one point of view be taken together. They have filled us with an eager desire to know what Mr. Kingsley thinks of Mr. Froude's later volumes. Mr. Kingsley in one of these papers sets up Queen Elizabeth, in the other he sets up Mr. Froude. When he wrote them, the cultus of Elizabeth and the cultus of Froude had not been shown to be inconsistent; but what does he say now? He describes Queen Elizabeth and all about her in his most impassioned style. He is eager to rescue her from certain calumniators—Lingard, we conceive, or some writers on that side. She is about as perfect in Mr. Kingsley's eyes as any human creature can be, so perfect that it was quite sober and reasonable for people, Raleigh among them, to be making fierce love to so adorable a being even at the age of sixty. We cannot go all Mr. Kingsley's lengths, but we quite go with him in holding that Elizabeth was a great Queen and her age a great age. So Mr. Froude, when he wrote about Henry the Eighth, was going to say, but, when the time came, he did not say it. Perhaps Mr. Kingsley may remember how Mr. Froude in hot haste once found out some scandal about Queen Elizabeth and very prudently covered it up again. At any rate Mr. Kingsley's heart must be grieved at finding, after all his flourish of trumpets on behalf of Mr. Froude, to how very small a figure the great Queen has been cut down in Mr. Froude's hands. On the whole, we think Mr. Kingsley would be happier if he were to leave Mr. Froude and come over to us. We certainly feel ourselves a degree or two nearer to Mr. Kingsley's devotion than we are to Mr. Froude's contempt.

The third essay, about the early volume of Mr. Froude and the defences of Henry the Eighth, we really need not go into. We have discussed the matter over and over again. And meanwhile another volume comes from Mr. Brewer, not a thin volume, yet, when we open it, we find that it is not a volume at all, but only the middle part of a volume, the preface to which is not to come till the last part. Then too Mr. Hepworth Dixon has been writing about "Two Queens," or, we believe, as yet only one Queen. So that there is altogether a good deal of King Harry matter afloat to be looked to some day or other. So we will not go into details with Mr. Kingsley, but will only stop to ask whether he ever saw the amazing documents which have been brought to light by Mr. Pocock? No amount of zeal on behalf of Henry or of his panegyrist will get rid of the story of Mary Boleyn. The Raleigh story would be quite worth going through, if only Mr. Kingsley would tell his tale a little more quietly. It is plain that he has really read and thought about it, and that he has earned a right to be heard, if he would put himself into a shape in which he can be heard. But when Mr. Kingsley tells a tale, there is no such process as hearing in any critical sense. We can neither agree with nor differ from, we cannot argue for or against, a full stream of passion which leaves no choice but either to go along with the stream or to shut up the book. We will make one comment only, perhaps a prosaic, perhaps a superstitious one. Mr. Kingsley sees divine judgments on those who got possession of Raleigh's estate of Sherborne Castle. He forgets that many people saw a divine judgment on Raleigh himself, because Sherborne Castle was a possession of the see of Salisbury, of which Raleigh had got possession after a way not very honest, though not worse than the doings of most other people in those

days. We do not presume to go so deep into such matters as those who feel free to dogmatize on either side. We only say that one view of judgments seems to us at least as reasonable as the other, and that it is hardly fair to bring one out prominently and to hide the other altogether.

Our counsel to Mr. Kingsley would be to leave King Harry to his lawful owner Mr. Brewer, and to give us a seventeenth-century story on the adventures of Zeal-for-Truth and his cousin Patience. There he would be quite at home. And, as he has shown himself so well able to describe the evils of the seventeenth century, he may perhaps be able, in his new sphere of usefulness at Westminster, to say something about those of the nineteenth century also.

OLD COURT LIFE IN FRANCE.*

WHEN, about two years ago, we had occasion to notice the *Diary of an Idle Woman*, we sincerely hoped we had seen the last of the writer for a long time to come. The dreary flow of verbose commonplace, only broken by frequent sallies of what was apparently intended for wit, made Mrs. Elliot's Diary very unattractive reading. She has again, however, obtruded herself on the public, not this time to tell her own experiences, but as the retailer of a sort of *chronique scandaleuse* of the French Court during the two centuries which elapsed from the accession of Francis I. to the death of Louis XIV. The work, to judge from the preface—which is not here termed an *Avant Propos*—seems designed to take the place of an historical novel or succession of novels, but is really nothing of the kind; it lacks equally the truth of history and the grace of fiction. The author informs us that she has "been all her life a student of French memoir-history," and "was bold enough to fancy that somewhat yet remained to tell"; which is no doubt the case, but it does not follow that she was the person to tell it. Nor is it clear that the details, or imagined details, of the relations of the French Kings with their various mistresses were the "somewhat" best deserving to be told. However, Mrs. Elliot considered that "some pictures might be made of those old French personages for English readers in a way that should pourtray the substance and spirit of history, without affecting to maintain its form and dress." Perhaps there might; but, as far as we can perceive, the authoress has throughout affected to maintain the form and dress of history, and she has certainly manifested a striking ignorance of its spirit and substance whenever she has had the opportunity. Very different indeed is her own estimate of her labours. For she finally assures us, with a happy confusion of metaphors:—"Keeping close to the background of history, I have endeavoured to group the figures of my foreground as they grouped themselves in actual life. I have framed them in the frames in which they really lived." Certainly not always, if "frames" is to be taken for frames of mind.

Mrs. Elliot explains in her first page her reasons for selecting this particular period, and it is only fair to give her the benefit of the explanation:—

> At this period, three highly educated and unscrupulous young men divide the power of Europe. They are Henry VIII. of England, Charles V. of Austria, and Francis I. of France. Each is magnificent in taste; each is desirous of power and conquest. Each acts as a spur to the others both in peace and in war. They introduce the cultivated tastes, the refined habits, the freedom of thought of modern life, and from the period in which they flourish modern history dates.

It would hardly have occurred to us that cultivated tastes or refined habits were characteristic of Henry VIII., or that "freedom of thought"—except in the sense of very considerable freedom both of thought and conduct in their marital relations—was very remarkably exemplified in any of the three. But that is probably what is meant. As the writer happily phrases it a few pages further on, when speaking of her earliest hero, Charles de Bourbon, "Suzanne (his wife) had failed to interest his heart." That is, in fact, the one distinguishing feature of all her heroes. Their wives had failed to interest their hearts, and, with the partial exception of Louis XIII.—for whom she is never tired of expressing her utter contempt—they all displayed an admirable aptitude for supplying the lack of interest elsewhere. To take, for instance, the very first hero and heroine, whose meeting is thus described:—

> Marguerite d'Alençon is present; like Bourbon, she is unhappily mated. The Duc d'Alençon is, physically and mentally, her inferior. When the Constable salutes the King, Marguerite stands apart. Conscious that her brother's eyes read her thoughts, she blushes deeply and averts her face. Bourbon advances to the spot where she is seated in the recess of an oriel window. He bows low before her; Marguerite rises, and offers him her hand. Their eyes meet. There is no disguise in the passionate glance of the Constable; Marguerite, confused and embarrassed, turns away.

It may be observed that both the extracts we have given possess one historical element, and as it is about the only one which generally pervades the book, it is but right to call attention to it. We mean what grammarians call "the historical present." This is quite a leading peculiarity of Mrs. Elliot's style, and it is always most conspicuous when there is least likelihood or possibility of her narrative resting on any historical evidence; as thus:—

> It is spring; Francis is seated in the broad embrasure of an oriel window, in an oak-panelled saloon which looks towards the surrounding forest. He eagerly watches the gathering clouds that veil the sun and threaten to prevent the boar-hunt projected for that morning. Beside him, in the window, sits his sister Marguerite. She wears a black velvet riding-habit, faced with gold; her luxuriant hair is gathered into a net under a plumed hat on which a diamond aigrette glistens. At the farther end of the room Queen Claude is seated on a high-backed chair, richly carved, in the midst of her ladies.
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> "Marguerite," says the King, turning to the Duchesse d'Alençon, as the sun reappears out of a bank of cloud, "the weather mends; in a quarter of an hour we shall start. Meanwhile, dear sister, sit beside me. *Morbleu*, how well that riding-dress becomes you! You are very handsome, and worthy to be called the Rose of the Valois. There are few royal ladies in our Court to compare to you;" and Francis glances significantly at his gentle queen.

And so on for several pages of similar historical and dramatic interest. There are very few dialogues, however, in which a brother and sister are the interlocutors. "The age," we are reminded, "was an age of intrigue," which is perfectly true; but, if Mrs. Elliot can urge the plea put into the mouth of Euripides by the great Athenian satirist, "Did I invent the story of Phædra?" the reply is equally applicable, "No, but vice should be concealed and not paraded by poets." We do not mean, of course, to imply that Mrs. Elliot is a poet—very far from it. So absorbing, however, to her mind is the interest and importance of these amorous intrigues, that she seems to think them the pivot on which all history turns. Thus, we are informed, as if it were an ascertained fact of history, that it was the advice of Gabrielle, his favourite mistress, which induced Henry IV. to become a Catholic. It is possible that Gabrielle may have exerted some influence over him in the matter, but the latest writer on French Church history, Mr. Jervis, has argued with much force, as we pointed out in reviewing his work, that Henry's change of religion was probably sincere, and at all events he had abundant political motives to influence his decision, quite apart from the wishes of Gabrielle d'Estrées.

It is especially in her estimate of the great statesmen of the period that Mrs. Elliot betrays her entire absence of any real historical knowledge. She might have luxuriated to her heart's content in the private scandals of French Court life without meddling at all in such high matters. But, if she chooses to discuss the characters of personages like Richelieu and Mazarin, she ought, to use her own phraseology, to put them in their right frames. How far she has done so may be judged when we find Richelieu described as a bloodthirsty monster of revenge and hatred, with a more than feminine vanity, half ogre and half flirt; his dying words, "I have had no enemies but those of the State"—the sincerity of which there is no reason to question—being quoted in proof of his remaining a hypocrite to the last. A stern, inexorable man he was, no doubt, even measured by the standard of rougher days than ours; but of his thorough and lifelong devotion to the interests of France, as he understood them, there can be as little question as of his consummate ability as a statesman. Mazarin was not his equal either in moral or intellectual force, and he is fairly open to the charge of avarice; but his loyalty to his adopted country is unimpeachable, and he was altogether as unlike as possible to the pitiful and sordid impostor depicted by the authoress. She seems, indeed, incapable of conceiving any but sordid and selfish motives in those who have played a prominent part in public life. We forget who first invented the term "scavengers of history," but it would be hard to find a writer who more unpleasantly recalls it to our mind. There is one public character, to be sure, on whom her warmest eulogiums are showered, but she is scarcely happier in her praise than in her abuse. Richelieu is a tyrant and a butcher, Mazarin "only a soft-spoken Italian, with a slight frame, long thin hands, and a sallow, womanish face"; but De Retz—the kid-gloved hero of the ridiculous war of the Fronde, a tonsured duellist and seducer at fifteen, by his own confession, an archbishop openly glorying in his debaucheries at thirty, a selfish egotist and finished hypocrite from first to last—De Retz is "a patriot, grand, noble, generous even to his enemies" (whom he never lost an opportunity of maligning), "*incapable of envy or deceit*, a daring statesman, *a resolute reformer*." But then De Retz, though his profession precluded him from having a wife who could "fail to interest his heart," was a handsome man with a whole bevy of mistresses. Even in points of detail Mrs. Elliot displays quite a genius for blundering. Cardinal Mazarin is introduced as "only in deacon's orders, and, with a dispense, free to marry." Here are three blunders at least compressed into one line. A priest is equally free with a deacon to marry with what Mrs. Elliot calls "a dispense," but dispensations are very rarely given to either one or the other. Mazarin was not a deacon or subdeacon, but in minor orders, and therefore was so far at liberty to marry without any dispensation. However, Mrs. Elliot may be congratulated on having made some advance in her ecclesiastical knowledge. When she wrote her Roman Diary, she was under the impression, as we had occasion to notice at the time, that deacons are young priests, just as children are apt to fancy that ponies are horses in an immature stage of development. It is something that she has now learnt that a full-grown cardinal may be a deacon, though her discovery happens to be based on a fabulous example. We have again an elaborate account of the poisoning of Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans (daughter of Charles I.), as though it were an established fact of history, and of the King's horror at hearing of it. No hint is dropped of the extremely slender evidence for the rumour—so slender that, in an age when poison was the accepted explanation of all sudden deaths, Louis, after his first paroxysm of grief, came entirely to disbelieve it. But evidence is not the writer's speciality. Not only does she hardly ever give any reference, but a great deal of both volumes is filled

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* *Old Court-Life in France.* By Frances Elliot, Author of "The Diary of an Idle Woman," "Pictures of Old Rome," &c. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1873.

up with secret dialogues, like that between Catherine de' Medici and her astrologer, of which, if they took place, we may be very sure that no record would have been left. It is possible, of course, that Mrs. Elliot may be a medium, and thus have obtained her information direct from headquarters; otherwise, both "figures" and "frames" must be drawn from the depths of her own consciousness.

There are several other passages which we had marked for reference or citation, but by this time our readers have probably had enough. It would not be fair, however, to close without giving a specimen of the ordinary style of the book; and we shall take it from one of those scenes the authenticity of which it is so difficult to guarantee, except on the hypothesis of Spiritualist revelations. Louis XIV., whose young Spanish bride had already "failed to interest his heart," is making love to La Vallière during a thunderstorm in the forest of St. Germain, much like Dido and Æneas in the Fourth Book of the Æneid. It is just the occasion to bring out Mrs. Elliot's enthusiasm:—

"What!" cries he, "do you fear me more than the storm? What have I done to alarm you? you whom I love, whom I adore! Why do you hate me? Speak, I implore you, Louise."

"Oh, Sire! do not say hate. I revere you—I love you—as my King, but——"

"Sweet girl, I breathe again. But why only love me as your Sovereign—I, who cherish your every look, who seek only to be your servant—your slave?"

Saying this, Louis falls on his knees before her; he seizes her hands, which he covers with kisses; he swears he will never rise until she has promised to love him, and to pardon the terror his declaration has caused her.

Mademoiselle de la Vallière cannot control her emotion. She implores him to rise.

"You are my King," she says, "the husband of the Queen. My royal master, I am your faithful subject. Can I say more?"

"Yes, dearest, promise me your love. Give me your heart; that is the possession I desire," murmurs Louis.

Pressed by the King to grant him some mark of her favour, La Vallière becomes so confused she cannot reply. Louis grows more and more pressing, interpreting her emotion as favourable to his suit. In the midst of the tenderest entreaties the thunder again bursts forth, and poor Louise, overcome at once by fear, love, and remorse, swoons away. The King naturally receives the precious burden in his arms. He seeks hastily to rejoin the other fugitives and his attendants, in order to obtain assistance. Ever and anon he stops in the openings of the forest to admire her, as she lies calm and lovely in repose, her long eyelashes sweeping her delicate cheeks, her half-closed lips revealing the prettiest and whitest teeth. I leave my readers to imagine if Louis did not imprint a few kisses on the fainting beauty he bears so carefully in his arms, and if now and then he did not press her beloved form closer to his breast. If in this he *did* take advantage of the situation chance had afforded him, he must be forgiven; he was young, and he was deeply in love.

It is impossible, in taking leave of the authoress, not to be haunted by an uneasy suspicion that her passion for sensational bookmaking may find only too ample materials in the "Old Court Life" of other countries besides France. It is unfortunately not French Sovereigns only whose wives "have failed to interest their hearts." Suppose, for instance, she were to compile a couple of volumes under the title of "Evenings at the Escorial," and another couple on "Curiosities of Harem Life." There is abundant scope for a prurient imagination in the secret history of the Courts of Constantinople and Madrid, and a writer who gloats over the nauseous details of the massacre of St. Bartholomew need fear no lack of congenial matter in the interior of the torture-chambers of the Inquisition, and the brutal slaughter of the Janissaries; to say nothing of the bull-fights of former days, when the young Spanish nobles used to expose themselves much like the amateur gladiators of Juvenal's day in the Coliseum, and the hideous solemnities of an *auto da fé*, which would more than match the darkest atrocities of St. Bartholomew. On the latter subject, by the way, Mrs. Elliot romances *more suo*: she has multiplied the number of victims, so far as there are any authentic records to guide us, by about ten, and then follows a ghastly description of Charles IX. dying in agonies of remorse, and bathed in a sweat of blood. Now it so happens that we have the express testimony of his confessor, Sorbin—one of the most ardent admirers and eulogists of the crime—that what chiefly troubled the King in his last moments was having left his murderous work unfinished. But we need not waste more words on the historical value of Mrs. Elliot's lucubrations. It is truly alarming to reflect what "an idle woman," with a voracious appetite for frivolous gossip and tales of lust and blood, may manage to rake together before she has finally laid down her pen.

CAIRNES'S ESSAYS ON POLITICAL ECONOMY.*

PROFESSOR CAIRNES has collected in this volume a series of essays which have appeared in different periodicals in the course of the last fourteen years. All students of economical theories will be very grateful to Professor Cairnes for republishing these essays, and in a secondary degree to Professor Fawcett, at whose suggestion—so their author tells us—the republication has been made. For there is no living economist who possesses in a higher degree the qualities necessary for a satisfactory discussion of such topics. He is always clear, logical, and to the point; and if at times we feel a slight inclination to complain of the demand made upon our attention, the fault, if it be a fault, is of the slightest. It is owing, not to any want of lucidity, but to a strenuous effort at compression. There is more sound and clear reasoning in this volume than would supply a whole library of the diffuse and prosy discourses from which we are too often condemned to extract economic theories. We cannot indeed state in fairness to our readers that Professor Cairnes is exactly amusing. His topics are of necessity a trifle dry. About half the volume is occupied by an inquiry into the effects of the gold discoveries in California and Australia. It is a model of the way of treating such a subject; and though we cannot assert that Professor Cairnes is in all cases absolutely right, we are convinced of the thorough soundness of most of his reasoning. Such objections as occurred to us were not of a serious character, and might very probably disappear on further examination. Of the remaining essays, the first is devoted to describing the results of co-operation as carried out in the Welsh slate quarries; the second is an essay published during the debates on the Irish Land-law, and discussing the policy of various measures under consideration; the third is a lecture delivered at University College as to the connexion between political economy and the *laissez-faire* principle (why, by the way, should not this very English principle have an English name, and be called, say, the "let alone" principle?); the fourth is a vindication of the claims of political economy to be called a science, in opposition to the theories of Comte; and the fifth and last is a short, and, as it seems to us, a conclusive and masterly exposure of the fallacies involved in the characteristic doctrines of Bastiat. Each of these essays shows the same qualities of style and reasoning. We should be happy to give our entire adhesion to nearly all the principles expounded, as indeed Professor Cairnes is a thoroughly orthodox disciple of the school of Ricardo and Mr. Mill. As, however, our space is limited, and it is very difficult to compress into any moderate space discussions already remarkable for the closeness with which they are packed, we shall confine ourselves to saying a few words upon one of the most interesting of the essays, and the one in which we find ourselves most at variance with Professor Cairnes. We speak upon it with some diffidence; for the subject is a very large one to which it is impossible to do justice without going into some abstruse inquiries. We will, however, endeavour to indicate briefly the nature of our objections to Professor Cairnes's teaching; though it is possible that, after all, we differ from him rather in words than in substance.

Is political economy entitled to be a called a science? Comte, as is known to all his readers, said emphatically, No. Professor Cairnes suspects, and we are much inclined to share his suspicion, that this reply was founded as much upon an unphilosophical prejudice as upon grounds of pure reason. Comte, in fact, found political economy very much in his way when attempting to construct a science of "sociology," and he condemned it accordingly without much examination. "It is quite evident," says Professor Cairnes, "that M. Comte had no effective knowledge of the branch of science which he denounced;" and several of his attacks show an arrogant contempt for other thinkers of his own time which unfortunately is by no means rare in his writings. The claims of political economists are, however, repudiated by others besides Comte, and though he was rash and dogmatic, he may not have been mistaken in his assertions. When he condescends to argue, he gives some reasons which can be examined, and challenges economists to a test to which, as Professor Cairnes fully grants, they are clearly bound to submit.

We will first take a statement which Professor Cairnes considers to be the root of Comte's whole argument. Phenomena, says Comte, in proportion as they are more complex, are more "solidaires"—whatever that may mean. Hence it follows that, as social phenomena present the highest degree of complexity and "solidarity," it is necessary to consider them as a whole; instead of following the method common to all sciences which deal with inorganic matter, and breaking up the phenomena into different classes for separate examination. It seems to us that, in his answer to this argument, Professor Cairnes scarcely meets the real difficulty. He asserts that, as a general rule, the more simple a compound is, the more complete is its "solidarity." Water, for example, chemically considered, is of the lowest degree of complexity, and its solidarity—by which Professor Cairnes understands "intimacy of relationship, closeness of interdependence"—is of an extremely intense kind. In short, the more complex the compound, the more easily it is decomposed. This conclusion, says Professor Cairnes, "appears to be the reverse of that for which Comte contends." Now it is always rash to make any assertion as to Comte's meaning, seeing that it is hidden away within a stupendous mass of terribly complex sentences, and that his disciples are always ready to prove that every one who is not his disciple has utterly misunderstood him. But the argument does not seem to us to require the sense which Professor Cairnes puts upon it. It is true that compounds are generally more stable in proportion to their simplicity; and if it were necessary actually to decompose the compound in order to unravel the play of the various forces by which it is affected, the difficulty of analysis would also be great in proportion to the stability. But this, as it seems to us, is to give a new meaning to the word "solidarity." We should interpret that phrase, not as implying the difficulty of resolving the concrete phenomenon into its elements, but the difficulty of studying separately the action of the various forces by which it is affected. Thus, for example, water, as Professor Cairnes says, has mechanical, optical, and electrical as well as chemical qualities. Comte's argument is

* *Essays on Political Economy.* By J. E. Cairnes. London: Macmillan & Co. 1873.

that we can easily study the mechanical qualities without troubling ourselves about the chemical; and it is just because the chemical "solidarity" is so complete that we are enabled to do this. In a human being, on the other hand, though the solidarity is less complete, in the sense that he is more easily resolved into his elements, the interdependence of the phenomena which he presents is far closer. We cannot study his physiological apart from his moral qualities, or *vice versâ*. We can examine the laws of equilibrium of a floating body without the least knowledge of the composition of water. We cannot so easily study the laws of digestion without some reference to the moral and mental laws by which it is often affected. This is Comte's argument as we understand it, and it appears to us to point to a real and very serious difficulty in the way of the political economist. Nor, if we have understood it rightly, do we see how it is affected by Professor Cairnes's argument that the concrete phenomenon water cannot easily be resolved into hydrogen and oxygen.

However this may be, there is obviously one answer to Comte which, if it can be given, is conclusive. To prove that political economy is a science, the shortest way is to point to the laws which have been definitely established. Comte asserts that political economy fails to satisfy the requisite conditions, because it is wanting in "continuity" and in "fecundity." Unlike the physical sciences, it does not show a steady development of a body of settled truth; and it does not lead to a constant succession of new applications. On both these points Professor Cairnes meets the argument by showing, first, that political economy has made a steady progress from Adam Smith to Mr. Mill, and that many theorems may be regarded as established instead of leading to barren controversy; and, secondly, that it is fruitful in applications, and that, although we must admit that it does not give us a power of unconditional prevision, it has yet enabled us to predict, without actual experiment, the result of many new combinations.

We think that Professor Cairnes has clearly proved that political economy has claims to be called a science which were overlooked by Comte, but we confess that we doubt his success in establishing its right to be ranked with those branches of knowledge which may in the fullest sense be called scientific. We could have wished, in order to avoid mere logomachy, that Professor Cairnes had told us more distinctly what he means by science. He says, for example, that "geology is counted a science," and of course, in a popular sense, nobody would hesitate to use that phrase. But geology is not a science in the sense in which chemistry and biology claim to be sciences. If geology be a science, we must call history a science; the one determines the fact that a pterodactyle lived at a certain epoch, and the other that Julius Cæsar or Alexander lived at another epoch. The nature of the proof may or may not be different in the two cases; but both studies merely aim at ascertaining the existence of a certain number of facts. They provide materials for the sciences of biology or sociology, but they are not, in a strict sense, sciences themselves. The analogous study in a different department of thought is statistics, which also arrogates to itself the name of science in popular usage; but which is no more entitled to the name than book-keeping. In short, if the word be used in this sense, every true assertion must be called scientific. It is as scientific to say that John Smith walked down the Strand yesterday as to say that the moon is at a given distance from the earth. Professor Cairnes of course claims more than this for political economy. It does not record facts, but states the laws by which facts are connected. Admitting fully that political economy does enable us to make such statements, we still doubt whether it should be ranked amongst the genuine sciences. To illustrate the point, let us imagine that somebody should give an accurate description of a complex piece of machinery, say a watch. He would undoubtedly be able to reveal a great many useful truths of which we might have been previously ignorant. He would point out through what intermediate apparatus the movement of a particular wheel was propagated to the hands; and he would incidentally exhibit the futility of a great many empirical notions which might have been popular before his time. It would appear, for example, that you could not move the hour-hand without proportionally increasing the speed of the minute-hand; or that turning the face did not alter the speed of the works; and, if a notion as absurd as the commercial theory had prevailed in regard to the nature of watches, his observations would have annihilated them, and saved many mainsprings. Such a description, however, would scarcely rank as scientific unless the observer had proceeded further, and given some of the mechanical laws which determine the motions of clockwork as of all other arrangements of matter, and the observation of which enables us to make permanent improvements in their construction. It would result, too, that after a certain number of truths had been discovered, this branch of observation would become sterile. We should learn a definite set of empirical rules, but we should get no further until a philosopher arose who traced them back to the ultimate laws of motion. Now political economy presents so far an analogous case that it describes for us the movements of the highly complex mechanism by which wealth is produced and distributed. Its discoveries enable us to discard at once many of the absurd nostrums by which economical quacks professed to increase wealth when they were only tampering injuriously with the modes of distribution. But such observations cannot of themselves be ranked as scientific until they are connected with those laws of human nature of which they are in some sense the remote products. Political economy certainly enables us to trace with great confidence the real tendencies of certain social arrangements; as it has incidentally done some occasional mischief by leading people to fancy that those arrangements were eternal and immutable. The knowledge thus acquired does not become in the highest sense scientific until we can deduce it from the action of those molecular forces by which the human units are bound together into the great social whole. So far as political economy, in short, deals simply with the mechanism and not with the ultimate forces of society, it must be regarded rather as a useful preparatory study than as part of that science of sociology which is certainly not as yet, and perhaps may never be, constituted. We cannot here inquire which description would be accurate, and the question, as we have stated it between ourselves and Professor Cairnes, is perhaps rather one of nomenclature than of facts. If political economy be rightly called a science, he is certainly one of its ablest expositors; and we may fairly say that the spirit in which he treats it is scientific, so far as logical rigour, thorough impartiality, and a careful testing of theory by facts are deserving of the name.

HOLLAND'S INSTITUTES OF JUSTINIAN.*

THIS edition of the Institutes of Justinian presents a striking contrast to the edition of Gaius which recently issued from the same press. Mr. Poste's work is of course very different in its conception and object from the text-books which supply the practical wants of English lawyers. But in one way it curiously resembles some of the strictly professional books which are in the highest esteem, and whose statements of the law are regarded as having an authority only short of judicial. The learned authors professed to be only annotators, and modestly called their notes the least valuable part of the work. But the result of their own labours and those of successive editors has been a relation of the old cases reprinted as the nucleus of their dissertations to the learning accumulated round them, not unlike that of the square of text in Merlin's book of magic to the margin "scribbled, crost, and crammed with comment." In one book, indeed, the original text has become to a great extent valueless in the present state of the law, but it still survives at the top of the page in a fossilized condition of abridgment and small print, overlaid with two distinct strata of notes deposited at different periods, one of which may already be said to belong to a past epoch of legal formation. Somewhat in the same fashion, but with more definite purpose and better reasons, Mr. Poste made his commentary on Gaius much more than a commentary strictly need be. He made use of the occasion to give, partly by way of preface and partly by way of incidental discussion, a very good and substantial introduction to the study of Roman law and of legal conceptions in general. This procedure is no doubt founded on the opinion, in which we thoroughly agree, that at present the best way for an English student to acquire a true scientific knowledge of law—as distinguished from that outward familiarity with the mechanism of law which is called technical, but which in Plato's higher sense is eminently untechnical (ἄτεχνος τριβή)—is to begin with Roman law, and that in Roman law the best way is to begin at the fountain-head with Gaius.

Mr. Holland's task has been very different. For the very reason that his predecessor had considered the student's approach to the Institutes of Gaius a fitting opportunity for initiating him into Roman, and to some extent into general, jurisprudence, Mr. Holland was relieved from the necessity of any didactic or discursive treatment, and indeed could not have entered upon anything of the kind without an appearance of rivalry which would be hardly becoming in two volumes published under the same authority and as parts of the same connected series. Accordingly, in dealing with the Institutes of Justinian he has strictly confined himself to the functions of an editor, though the volume of *Essays on the Form of the Law* by which he is already known is sufficient proof of his ability to do more. But there are many ways of editing a well-known book—many ways, we mean, apart from the fundamental difference between doing it well and doing it ill. Mr. Holland has chosen to edit the later Institutes with the special object of showing, by ocular demonstration, how far the compilers adopted the earlier work of Gaius. It is impossible for any one to read this edition of Justinian without having it impressed upon him at every page that his study will lose much of its use, and one may almost say the whole of its interest, if he omits to study Gaius too. It would be difficult to value too highly the importance of attaining this end; and it would not be so well attained by any system of notes as is done here simply by printing in thicker type whatever Justinian's commissioners retained from Gaius. Mr. Holland observes that Justinian's Institutes bear much the same relation to those of Gaius as do the Commentaries of Serjeant Stephen to those of Sir W. Blackstone (this of course without committing himself, as we should be very loth to commit ourselves, to putting Blackstone on a level with Gaius); and the analogy of the brackets by which Stephen marked off Blackstone's own words may help to make the arrangement of the present reprint of Justinian intelligible to the English reader. This arrangement, unpretentious as it is, and strange as it now seems that it should not have been adopted before, must yet have cost the editor an amount of minute and troublesome labour such as

* *The Institutes of Justinian.* Edited as a Recension of the Institutes of Gaius, by Thomas Erskine Holland, *D.C.L.* Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1873.

the reader will perhaps never fully appreciate; but a tolerable notion may be formed of it by any one who knows by his own experience what it is to work at parallel passages and cross references.

There is another operation, involving much the same kind of labour, and probably more difficulties, but certainly not less worth undertaking, which we hope may yet be performed by some English editor of Justinian. It is now pretty well known that the supposed independence of our Common Law, which has been so much exalted by the patriotism of English text-writers, must be taken with very large qualifications. It is true that the ways in which we have developed our principles have been independent enough; but the Roman elements in the principles themselves are more considerable than is perhaps even yet generally admitted. Thus it may be said with some confidence that the groundwork of our law of contract is essentially Roman. What little is said about contracts by Bracton and Britton is almost entirely from Roman sources. Even when Bracton contradicts the Roman law he does it deliberately and expressly. Thus in his chapter on Sale, in which he lays down a doctrine singularly opposed to the modern law of England on every possible point of difference, and to the civil law on most of such points, several sentences are constructed by the simple process of stating the propositions of the Institutes almost word for word in a categorical negative. And those features of our system from which this branch of our law now derives its distinctive scientific and practical merits were not settled till within quite modern times. For instance, the doctrine of Consideration, which is now so elementary that it might well be taken at first sight for immemorial, appears in our older books in a wholly vague and unformed condition, partly due to occasional attempts at applying imperfectly understood terms and ideas of Roman origin. Even as late as Lord Mansfield's time the probabilities were almost evenly balanced whether the fundamental distinction should be, as it now is, between contracts under seal and contracts not under seal, or between contracts in writing and contracts not in writing. Some at least of the judges seem to have been ready to give to all contracts in writing without exception the force and solemnity of the Roman Stipulation. This is of course mentioned only as one striking and obvious example out of many which we cannot now go into. Moreover, in addition to the identity of many leading principles, the Roman law has in sundry special departments been deliberately adopted by our Legislature, or has turned the scale in doubtful questions in our courts. The cases in which this has happened are too familiar to need dwelling upon; it will be enough to specify, as being both modern and important, the decisions on the rights of a landowner in respect of underground waters.

But we must return from a digression, for which the interest of the subject is our only excuse, to Justinian's Institutes. It seems to us that an edition so framed as to exhibit a comparative view of Bracton, and perhaps also of the analogies of our modern English law, might be of great service to scholars, and might also be a most useful encouragement to students to follow the historical and comparative method, which is certainly not less interesting and fruitful in law than in any other branch of learning, but which in this country is still too little applied to it. The way for such an edition as we imagine is already in some measure prepared by Güterbock's essay on Bracton; and the undertaking would be one not unworthy of either of our Universities.

As to the short introduction prefixed to this edition, Mr. Holland says, in studiously moderate language, that it contains "some information as to the mode in which the Institutes were compiled, and the object which their compilers had in view." But this information has been selected and put together with a degree of care and skill far exceeding that which is generally found in introductions to text-books. Exactly those points are brought out as to the sources, composition, and contemporary surroundings of Justinian's Institutes on which the reader will most want to be instructed; and much useful matter which a student will hardly find collected elsewhere in English is here condensed in a clear, compendious, and trustworthy exposition of some thirty pages. The only fault we have to find is that there are a few misprints, one of which is so plausible that it ought to be specially noticed. In the description of the Institutes extracted from the Procemium to the Digest we read "ex omni pene veterum Institutionum corpore *eliminatas*." This looks like an authority, though it would be a sorry one enough, for the slovenly use of the word *eliminate* by some English writers, who think it means extracting that which is wanted from out of that which is not wanted; whereas its real force, as we need hardly say, is the very reverse, and this for the good reason that the literal meaning of the word is simply to turn out of doors. But this *eliminatas* is a clerical error for *elimatas*, refined or polished—a quite different word, which seems indeed to have taken the fancy of Justinian's advisers, being several times repeated in the Constitutions eulogising his scheme.

One small point has struck us in Mr. Holland's account of the work of compiling the Institutes. He mentions that the actual drafting was probably done by Theophilus and Dorotheus, Tribonian having only the general superintendence of the work; but he says nothing of Huschke's ingeniously worked-out conjecture that the first two books were written by Dorotheus and the two last by Theophilus. A few words on this point might have added to the interest and individuality, so to speak, of the briefly told facts. But perhaps the matter was thought too doubtful or trifling to be introduced; and this is, after all, one of the details on which an editor must be allowed to follow his own judgment.

The announcements of the Clarendon Press show that Mr. Holland has in contemplation another work of a more original kind. We trust that this will fulfil the promise given by what he has already done, and that he will introduce English students to a general scientific understanding of legal principles as well as he has introduced them to the reading of the Institutes.

ARMSTRONG'S *KING SAUL*.*

MR. ARMSTRONG, whose tragedy of *Ugone* was noticed in these columns some while ago, gave evidence by that poem, not only of very considerable qualifications for dramatic writing, but apparently of the intention to work further in the same direction. A man of letters, with such an intention, could hardly fail to be attracted by the character of Saul; and, if we may judge by the announcement of "Part I." prefixed to the present volume, it is intended that *King Saul* shall not stand alone, but that a trilogy at all events shall be constructed by adding a dramatic analysis of the characters of the two succeeding kings. It is perhaps questionable how far the unique historic material drawn from the Bible can be satisfactorily treated in this way. For this is material which, no matter from what point of view it is regarded, will always hold a distinct place by itself in the hearts and minds of the generality of men, and upon which it is extremely hard—and perhaps impossible—to throw the light of complete critical illustration. However, be that as it may, this is not the first time that the material has been used, nor will it be the last; and, as we said before, the character of Saul in particular presents attractions of great force. It is instinct with intensely dramatic elements. He stands midway between an old world and a new, between the unbroken theocracy and the naturalism of the developed monarchy. To a devout adherent of the older system the impending revolution must have seemed likely to be even more complete than it ever in fact became; there must have been a well-grounded apprehension that the sacred nation would become merged and lost in the rest of the world to a degree which was never in fact realized. Fears such as these were doubtless "in the air" all through the lifetime of the first King, and largely contributed to the difficulties of his position. Besides which, there were a vagueness and irresolution, not only in his attitude towards the great office that had preceded his own, but in the grain of his character, which have had perhaps few parallels in the written records of real life, and which resemble, as a mere study of psychology, nothing so much as the embodied representation of doubt in the character of Hamlet. There is further the sense of isolation and estrangement which grew upon him, and entered largely into the moulding of his actions. To explain this as a form of madness would probably have seemed either unintelligible or nonsensical to the Hebrew historian. To him it was explanation enough that "the Spirit of the Lord had departed." And Mr. Browning, in a lyric which we should think will always rank among the most beautiful things he ever wrote, is contented to acquiesce in the same interpretation—the self-inflicted loss of a familiar intercourse and trusted guidance, the absence of which resulted in a permanently remorseful consciousness:—

> He is Saul, ye remember in glory—ere error had bent
> The broad brow from the daily communion.

Another conceivable interpretation of Saul's gloomy and depressing sense of estrangement would be to regard him as a man who revolted from the severe code and principles of the theocracy, and protested against them, and who writhed under a tyranny which he was still not strong enough to throw off. This way of looking at his character is conceivable, though the narrative supplies no adequate foundation for it. The position of Saul would, according to it, closely resemble that of the chorus in Mr. Swinburne's *Atalanta*, when it breaks out into the very rhythmical, but very raving, complaint against the Supreme rule:—

> Thou hast taken love, and given us sorrow again;
> With pain thou hast filled us full to the eyes and ears.

We should have felt freer to judge of the exact conception of this character which Mr. Armstrong has developed if he had not thought fit to choose, as a motto for his drama, the well-known passage in Lucretius about the mischiefs worked by religion—the lines which end

> Quod contra saepius illa
> Religio peperit scelerosa atque impia facta.

If the selection of this motto were intended to convey that Saul is to be regarded as the victim of a cruel and despotic national belief embodied in Samuel—that while the King, with a wise and genial humanity, would have spared Agag, the Judge "hewed him in pieces" out of the impulses of a religion of tyranny and terror, and that Saul fell at last entangled in his opposition to this system, and crippled by a superstitious dread of it which he could not shake off—we should not only differ from such a reading of the circumstances, but we should feel that a good deal of Mr. Armstrong's analysis would be out of harmony with it also. Yet, without some such reading as this, it is hard to see precisely what the motto is intended to convey. We prefer to do what we could sometimes wish that authors would more often do themselves—namely, to leave the motto alone altogether; and, considering the drama on its internal showing simply, we see

* *The Tragedy of Israel.* Part I. *King Saul.* By George Francis Armstrong, M.A., Professor of History and English Literature in the Queen's College, Cork. London: Longmans & Co. 1873.

reason for regarding Mr. Armstrong's treatment as one of genuine ability, of sound choice on the whole, and of very careful study.

It is quite true that in certain places he has seemed bent on making Saul the mouthpiece of sentiments which are excellent enough in the sphere of modernized society, but which would have been death and destruction amidst some of the struggles that accompanied the settlement of the Hebrew nation. Thus, when Agag is fawning on the King and pleading whiningly for his life, Saul answers:—

I am not thy God. Arise.
I hunger not for any flesh of men.
I would have love on earth; I cry for rest
From violent strifes. Thou poor and ignorant king,
I have not fought against thee for the glut
Of hate or wrath, or of mine own intent.
I love not blood-shedding or any pain.

And, to recur to the attitude of deliberate opposition mentioned above, in his rage after the execution of Agag by Samuel, the King breaks out:—

A world of ruin, of ruin, Thou hard God!
Is the deep earth so starved, and Thy dry dust
So hungered that Thou feedest clay with clay?
* * * *
I dream but of a dream. Another dawn,
This wave of life heaves, breaks, and one white wreath
Of foam to the wide surge of sea will cling
A moment, then Thy waters roll at play.
What hast Thou done that Thou shouldst cry for love,
Or any homage of the failing knees?

And, once more, in talking with Abner and Jonathan, he speaks of

The inevitable
Fierce God, my maker, and my enemy,
Against whose will suggestions of deep hell
Drive me to war with hate that hath no pause.

But that these utterances are not intended to convey the whole of the attitude of Saul is made clear by the forcible and well-considered development of the character of Samuel, and by the words that are put into his mouth. He is the champion, not of a blind and despotic superstition, but of law and order and obedience:—

Obey his hests,
Thou shalt not do aught ill. Ye are but fools,
Confusing Pain with Evil, Virtue's self
With Ease, and God with Man.
* * * *
He is most high who humblest at God's knees
Lies, loving God, and trusting though He smite.

The bright, soothing, and consolatory side of an absolute religious obedience is also brought into prominence more than once by David, and especially in the remarkable *rhesis* beginning

O King, I know not through what ways He moves.

Except, perhaps, in the last scene, when the final battle is over, David is never introduced without the impression of grace and dignity, and this speech in particular is deserving of quotation:—

I know
He liveth, and the worlds are all too mean
To hold His glory; and the worst is well.
And when the sweet winds fondle, lo! mine eye
Visions a Hand that cools my branded brows
For pity; when the sun on lonely hills
Drives back the night and cold, and fingers numb
Grow firm upon the staves, I dream of One
Who winds me in warm raiment from the frost
For pity, and I sing to Him for joy.
* * * *
So have sung strange songs
Of things that are or shall be, while I've heard
A voice not mine make music with the strings;
And so will live, obeying as He bids,
And drinking all the wonder of His world,
Until He draw me nearer, and I see
Hereafter that High Temple where He dwells:
And I am but an arrow in His hand
To pierce thine enemies, O King, and save
The glory and the soul of Israel.

Saul himself, while the last battle on Gilboa is pending, falls back upon the thoughts of earlier days, and asks for the solace and support that was once familiar, though later he again rejects the desire:—

O that one
Of all His prophets, priests, or sooth-sayers,
Might come, my deeds forgiven, and one hour
Counsel of life and death, and in my heart
Pour all the gathered treasure of long thought
The wise have laid together! Ah, mesecms
They know whate'er man may, and one late born
Searching alone, attempts a boundless realm.
And better far to lay the aching head
Upon their breasts who stand 'twixt God and men,
And drink sweet solace of their counsel kind.

And thus the character of Saul is delineated, powerfully and comprehensively when the drama is taken entire, as what it probably was in reality—a character of confusions, of energies not quelled, but stimulated from morbid sources, and utterly undirected. These were the confusions of conscious decadence; and the violent, but always unsuccessful, efforts of PHINEAS to find oblivion in a deliberate attitude of defiance, the sense of the hollowness of kingship when severed from the reality of influence, and the King's still eager love of his people, though blurred almost always by despair, and sometimes by the brute impulse of impotent jealousy against the fore-destined successor, have been taken up one after the other in Mr. Armstrong's drama in a really masterly manner. He has made great way since the publication of *Ugone*, and we can scarcely find a higher commendation for the tragedy of *King Saul* than to say that, in choosing his subject, its author did not overtax his legitimate strength.

It is indeed a subject which ought to stimulate any man capable of treating it at all. The central figure is itself so laden with interest that it is easy to overlook the dramatic power and vitality even of those which are quite subordinate. The somewhat wearied, but true and unswerving, loyalty of Abner is excellently illustrated in this tragedy. There is a great deal of skill in the treatment of the two daughters, Merab and Michal, and in the ready intuition with which, after the victory won against the Philistines, Saul penetrates the relations held by the two towards David.

SAUL. Merab!—Thou hast gentle hands,
My daughter; thou art faithful, fond, and fair . . . .
I rend the oath to pieces . . . thou shalt never
Fall to the goatherd's flat.
MICHAL. My father!
SAUL. What!
Thine eyes are like an harlot's, full of lies
And dear deceit. O, hide thee from my face!

The Israelites maintain the functions of a chorus throughout, sometimes in lyrical strophes, sometimes in ordinary metre, almost always in good keeping with the general effect, and never obtrusively. When Saul is at the height of rage after the execution of Agag, they announce his coming very much in the half-muttering manner of a Greek semi-chorus:—

ISRAELITES. Lo, hither cometh he! The King, the King!
Our hearts bow in us like the olive-woods
All one way in the wind, nor have we strength
To stand before that awful form inflamed
With wrath like thunders in the swollen rack.
Stay ye: incline the head; for God is here—
His hand is heavy on the stricken King.

The cool, hard persuasiveness of Doeg, goading the King into the false step of the massacre of the priests, is conceived and worked out with great care, and is one of the most powerful things in the book. And the absolute, self-regardless devotion of Jonathan at once to his father's enemy and to his father is drawn with real beauty and without a touch of excessive colouring.

The concluding scene, after the battle of Gilboa, is a disappointment compared with the finer work of the main portion of the drama. The laments of David, in particular, strike us as poor and tame by comparison; the real fact being, perhaps, that it was impossible to write anything at all on the level of the subject after studying the immortal dirge in the narrative itself. This scene reads as if it had been held by the author to be a necessary step of transition towards the next drama of the trilogy, if trilogy it is to be; and we are disposed to think that *King Saul* would have stood better without this appendage, ending with the end.

We have said enough to indicate our general belief in Mr. Armstrong's powers, and our appreciation of this particular work. We will leave the question of the motto in his own hands, only expressing a hope that, in any succeeding parts of the dramatic series, the genuine elements of tragedy may be as little as possible mixed up with real or imagined disturbances of modern thought in matters of religious belief or sentiment. He has genius enough and industry enough to write wisely and well and enduringly in the field where he has already begun to work with prosperous omens.

HUNT'S CONTEMPORARY ESSAYS IN THEOLOGY.*

IN considering Mr. Hunt's "Contemporary Essays" we must narrow our view much more than he has done in the Essays themselves. It will not be to our purpose to bear constantly in mind that he has written some large books of considerable ability and interest, and has attained the distinguished honour of a place in the Roman Index. We must take what he now offers us, and endeavour to ascertain how far it possesses real and independent value. When he gives a volume the title of *Contemporary Essays in Theology*, he means of course to indicate something more than the fact that most of its contents are reprinted from the *Contemporary Review*. In his brief preface he tells us that a new apprehension of the meaning of Christianity is imperative, and his essays must be regarded as a sincere, though confessedly imperfect, contribution to that re-shaping of doctrines and institutions which he holds to be necessary. It must be understood that we have nothing to do with them as articles which have appeared in the *Contemporary Review*, and not very much with them as representing a school of modern thought. Their really distinctive features will probably be brought out sufficiently in the process of considering them simply as a volume of collected essays.

There are exceptions to most rules, but collections of essays which have attained any wide success will be found generally to agree in the following particulars. They are finished compositions on a small scale, not intended to excite the passions, or to put a severe strain on the attention, but rather to be easily taken into the intellectual system, and be digested at leisure and with comfort. They may contain the results of much thought and learning; yet, as the thought is not exhibited in a painfully abstract form, so the learning wears a gentle and engaging aspect, if it does not hide itself behind a semi-transparent veil of general cul-

* *Contemporary Essays in Theology.* By the Rev. John Hunt, Author of "An Essay on Pantheism," "History of Religious Thought in England," &c. London: Strahan & Co. 1873.

ture. As a series they produce an impression in virtue of a tone or purpose running through them which carries the reader from essay to essay without sense of jar or disturbance, and leaves him at his journey's end with a contented feeling, like that of a traveller by railway who has gone a great many miles without being obliged to change carriages. Mr. Hunt may not appreciate this ideal; at any rate, he does not conform to it. He is rough, abrupt, and abounds in startling paradoxical suggestions. Having consulted many books, he makes, in a perfectly unaffected manner, a needless parade of his acquaintance. His essays are on a great variety of subjects, and their coherence, so far as they have any, is largely due to asperities of temper and feeling by means of which they stick to each other, and perhaps to the mind of the unsympathetic reader, like burrs.

A few of Mr. Hunt's *obiter dicta* will sufficiently illustrate his aptitude, if not his love, for paradox and extreme assertion. He tells us that "it is impossible now to receive the Mosaic accounts of Creation as more than the popular ideas of the time when they were written." Surely this is a needlessly startling way of stating a thesis which is dismissed in less than a page. If the Mosaic account embodies the popular idea, is it therefore certain that it embodies nothing more? The ground can be cleared, if necessary, for Mr. Darwin without any such depreciation of the first chapter of Genesis. If that chapter contains merely the popular idea, the Hebrew mind at the date of its composition may fairly claim to have been in advance of the English mind as we know it in the nineteenth century. The idea on the subject which is still popular among us is that creation means making something out of nothing. Unlike the writer of the first chapter of Genesis, half-educated people among us are unable to entertain at once the ideas of creation and development. They oppose the one to the other, and see something heterodox in the notion that life and order issued gradually out of chaotic confusion, and that the earth underwent a systematic education before it became a fit home for man.

Mr. Hunt deals as succinctly with ecclesiastical as with physical organization. Of ecclesiastical assemblies he remarks that they "may be useful for conference, deliberation, or administration of business; they may be mischievous, like the Councils of Nice and Trent; or they may be harmless, like the Pan-Anglican, which gave amusement to a multitude of profane people, and immortality to an Archbishop of Canterbury." The general admission here made of the possible usefulness of synods is abundantly qualified by the assertions which follow of their uselessness in particular and prominent instances. The whole question, of course, is open to discussion, but the novel feeling which arises when a clergyman of the Church of England frames a passing remark so as to include the Councils of Nice and Trent in the same condemnation is more likely to smother discussion than to promote it. We all know the curious sensation which runs round a dinner-table when some guest has blurted out, it may be unintentionally, an awkward remark which makes the rest of the party uncomfortable. A silence ensues, during which people look askance at each other or at their plates, and say nothing, because they really do not know what to say. Mr. Hunt is rather fond of introducing observations of this kind at his literary banquet. If he were in the flesh before us, we really should not know how to look him in the face when he tells us that "the Homilies indeed *contain* a godly and wholesome doctrine, but they are full of blasphemy both against the Pope and the Devil." In whose interest can this remark be made? in that of the Pope, or of the Devil, or of both? Since no praise can be meant for the Homilies, which are described as full of blasphemy, it would seem that the Pope and the Devil are somehow included by Mr. Hunt in the same apology, just as the Councils of Nice and Trent are included in the same condemnation. Perhaps if our plan allowed us to refer to Mr. Hunt's work on Pantheism, we might find some indication of his reasons for holding that black is not so very black, nor scarlet so very scarlet. But as mere readers of so many Contemporary Essays, he throws us into an unlimited sea of wonder. So, again, when he is dealing with what has been called the Westminster Scandal, Mr. Hunt asserts, without restriction or qualification, that on that occasion "the Dean of Westminster was right in every way that it is possible for a man to be right." This method of handling the subject may fairly be compared to that of the Scotchman who, when proposing to maintain in argument the superiority of Scotch over English grapes, began, "I maun premeese that I like grapes sour." Any moderate view of the Dean's conduct with regard to the Westminster Communion is thrown back at once with a sharp recoil on its propounders by the formula of Mr. Hunt. If we agree with his fundamental proposition, we are silenced; if we disagree, we have not an inch of common ground with him.

It would be more tedious than difficult to illustrate the inartificial manner in which Mr. Hunt sometimes uses his authorities, and more easy than amiable to bring out vividly his tendency to give a clearly one-sided treatment to subjects on which he writes with something like a personal interest. He objects to the present state of patronage in the Church of England, and he will carry almost all his readers with him when he insists on the scandals and abuses frequently connected with the sale of church livings. But he proposes a remedy which would be far worse than the disease when he desires that the patronage of all livings should be vested, as far as possible, in the parishioners. In his attacks on bishops he does not feel himself obliged to observe strictly the limits of fact or probability. Thus he says that if a curate were to ask an English bishop to help him to find a curacy, the episcopal answer would be written with a coldness which intimated that, not being a beneficed clergyman, the bishop did not consider him as particularly belonging to his diocese, or indeed to the Church at all. How far this is true depends on the individual bishop and, to some extent, on the individual curate; as a general statement, it is an exaggeration beyond the verge of caricature. Again, in comparing the value which is set, with that which ought to be set, on an English University education, he quite overrates the difference which the possession of an Oxford or Cambridge degree makes among the clergy of the Church of England. On these subjects Mr. Hunt has not the far-sighted calmness which we desire in an essayist. His tone is rather that of a somewhat excitable person who writes between two and four in the morning what must be published at seven.

Mr. Hunt's essays are not argumentative, and their style is unfitted for argument. He often indulges in a succession of short jerky sentences, which, if they are taken by threes, are, so far as reasoning goes, more like Welsh triads than syllogisms. The following example is given, as it comes, by chance, for it is the statement which it contains, and not any peculiarity of its form, which has led to its selection:—

> The principle on which the Reformed Church of England was established under Elizabeth is sometimes said to have been a comprehension; but this is an ingenious theory rather than a fact. The Thirty-nine Articles plainly speak the language of the Augustinian theology which was adopted by the Swiss Reformers. Many of the bishops in whose hands Elizabeth placed the government of the Church had been in exile, and were full of the theology of Calvin. The old priests who had conformed to the Roman Catholic religion under Mary were allowed to remain under Elizabeth, but only on condition of their embracing the Articles, and teaching the doctrines set forth in the Homilies. The Pope and the Pope's peculiar doctrines were excluded.

The first of the sentences here quoted points, it would seem, to a negative conclusion; but how that conclusion is supported by what follows must remain a mystery. Mr. Hunt apparently intends to urge in favour of it that the Thirty-nine Articles are full of the theology of Calvin; and to prove this, we must suppose, he observes that they were signed both by Calvinist bishops and by such Romish priests as were inclined to conform. But, unless Mr. Hunt can show that either Calvinists or old priests of the Roman communion, by signing the Articles, did what they were intended not to do, the facts which he alleges disprove the position for which he seems to be arguing, and favour the belief that the Church of England was established under Queen Elizabeth on comprehensive principles. But we are not sure that we have put Mr. Hunt's propositions together as he would wish. One thing, however, is clear, that they stand in his essay without much obvious cogency or relevancy to each other. Perhaps he may have been aware in the retrospect that the case he had made out was a weak one, for he thus returns to the charge in a later essay:—

> The only arguments ever advanced against the Calvinism of the Thirty-nine Articles are the two feeble pleas put forward by Archbishop Laurence. The first is that the Articles were compiled from the Augsburg Confession, which is simply begging the question that on these subjects the German reformers did not agree with Calvin. The second argument is derived from the rejection of the Lambeth Articles. But any one who reads the only authentic account which we have of the Hampton Court Conference will find it plainly stated that the Lambeth Articles were not rejected because they differed from the Thirty-nine, but simply because there was no necessity for them. King James, who decided on their rejection, was himself at that time a strong Calvinist, and the compiler of the Lambeth Articles, Archbishop Whitgift, was a member of the Conference, and a chief supporter of the King.

Surely Mr. Hunt goes on here a great deal too fast. He claims the right to call the Articles Calvinistic because on some points they state a view in which Calvin agreed with the German reformers. But, so far as Calvin and Luther agreed in the substance of the Seventeenth Article, they agree also with St. Augustine, who cannot be called a Calvinist without an anachronism and something worse. It would be strange indeed to call the Articles Romanist because they teach the same doctrine on the Trinity which is held by the Church of Rome. Their studied departure on some important points from the Calvinistic phraseology is clear beyond dispute. Again, we need proof that James was a strong Calvinist at the time of the Hampton Court Conference. According to Dr. Barlow, he maintained at the Conference the divine institution of episcopacy, and quoted with applause the aphorism, *No bishop no king*; a Scotch Presbytery, he said, as well agreed with a monarchy as God with the Devil. These are not exactly the sentiments of a strong Calvinist. Dr. Cardwell has observed that Archbishop Whitgift was too old and too infirm to take any active part in the proceedings at Hampton Court; indeed he was a dying man, for the Conference was held on the 12th, 16th, and 18th days of January, 1604, and he expired on the 29th of February. Some nine years before he had really wished to make the Church of England less comprehensive by introducing the Lambeth Articles; and Elizabeth was so far from admiring the proceeding that she threatened him and his friends with a *præmunire*.

On the whole, we must conclude that Mr. Hunt's essays are neither very good in themselves nor admirably adapted to further his wishes. His general views may be right; his longer books may be excellent; as the historian or philosopher of religion he may soar above ordinary criticism. But he has not the distinctive virtues of an essayist, and by collecting his essays he has not produced a volume which is of importance in contemporary theology.

CALIBAN, THE MISSING LINK.*

DR. DANIEL WILSON, Professor of History and English Literature at University College, Toronto, having studied with some care the doctrine of evolution as taught by Mr. Darwin and his disciples, finds, as many have found before him, a gap in the chain which ought continuously to connect the highest with the lowest organization. In his mind the very worst savage obstinately refuses to be hooked on to the very best monkey. Nor does the difficulty necessarily arise from the vast superiority of the savage, since superiority may in some instances be claimed by the gorilla. The gorilla in his native retreat is thoroughly natural, his fur is in good condition, his physical state harmonizes beautifully with the functions he is required to perform; and, while he is incapable of moral wrong, in every relationship that binds him to his species he fulfils his duties to perfection. Even Mr. Darwin, cited by Mr. Wilson, perceives that in some respects our semi-human progenitors must have been more advanced in natural ethics than some of their more highly organized descendants. "They would not," he says, "have practised infanticide; for the instincts of the lower animals are never so perverted as to lead them regularly to destroy their own offspring." These circumstances considered, we must agree with Mr. Wilson that, when the Australian Bushman, or any other savage of the basest type, is called brutish, the brute is wantonly and unjustifiably insulted. The gorilla is good as far as he goes, carrying out the apparent end of his being; the "filthy, unnaturally licentious, morally abject savage," not answering to similar conditions, is no more in a state of nature than the vilest *gamin* of a Parisian mob. "Man is most like the healthy, well-conditioned wild animal, when seen in a state of civilization; well-housed, cleanly, and in all instances obedient to the laws of nature, alike personally and in every social relation." The idiot, who is unquestionably a product of degradation, might be mistaken for a "manward" stage of progression from the ape; and a similar mistake, in Mr. Wilson's opinion, is made when the savage, or degraded man, is compared with the matured lower animal, for the purpose of showing that the former is but a development of the latter. Before we can say what is a state of nature for man, we must determine what the nature of man really is—establish, in the words of Fichte, "die Bestimmung des Menschen."

The suggestion that the doctrine of evolution fails because the very best man is not brought into close proximity with the very best beast seems, at the first glance, like one of those ingenious paradoxes with which Protagoras or Gorgias might have amused his hearers. But Mr. Wilson intends no paradox, and perfectly knows what he means, as the following passage clearly shows:—

> If that is the state of nature for the brute in which it is found perfect in form, in fur, or plumage, fulfilling the ends of life in healthful accordance with every natural instinct, the savage man, regarded as an animal, is in no such state. On the contrary, he exhibits just such an abnormal deterioration from his true condition as is consistent with the perverted free-will of the rational free agent that he is. He is controlled by motives and impulses radically diverse from any brute instinct. This very capacity for moral degradation is one of the distinctions which separate man, by a no less impassable barrier than his latent aptitude for highest intellectual development, from all living creatures. "A beast that wants discourse of reason" is Shakspeare's definition of the inferior animal when, in his *Hamlet*, he would contrast it with the unnatural conduct of rational man.

This is very acute reasoning. To complete the desired chain, we have not only to ascend from a lower to a higher intellectual condition—an ascent facilitated by the extreme docility and sagacity of certain animals—but we have to proceed from a being in which there is no moral element at all to another in which the moral element is so essential that it is susceptible not only of elevation, but of a degradation which of itself implies a deviation from the path prescribed by nature. The cleverest dog, if he bites the inhabitants of a whole village, is incapable of a crime; the stupidest man, if he has knocked his wife on the head, has committed one. Therefore, in moral capacity, though not perhaps in actuality, the man is the superior creature of the two—ay, superior to the faultless dog, who does nothing but watch his master's house and obey his master's whistle. The two bits of the chain not only stand apart, but pass over each other—a condition remarkably unfavourable when a juncture is to be effected.

The degraded man being in a certain sense worse than the perfect brute, it is desirable to find some positive attribute which may be assigned to human nature in general and not at all to the brute. To the opinion once so commonly entertained that all nations, even the most barbarous, have some notion, more or less rude, of a Deity, Mr. Wilson does not subscribe, and he shrewdly warns his readers that, in estimating evidence even on this point, too much confidence must not be placed in the reports of missionaries and other travellers, however honest the intentions of these may be. When two personages respectively belonging to two entirely different stages of civilization appear, one as questioner, the other as respondent, with reference to matters that lie beyond the sphere of that daily life which is common to them both, there is great difficulty in ascertaining how far the one understood the queries and the other the answers; and the verbal report of a conversation, however accurate, is of little value where the two speakers never attach the same meaning to the same word. The following anecdote is worth consideration:—

> We are told by a Christian missionary who had laboured for years among the Chippeway Indians, preaching to them at first with the aid of a native interpreter, that he was shocked when at a later date he listened to similar renderings of a young missionary's address into the language now familiar to him, to discover that nearly all the ideas most essential to the doctrines they sought to inculcate were lost in the process. The interpreter translated them into the Pagan notions of the tribe, and so the Christian element was well nigh eliminated, while the preacher complacently waited for the fruits of the seed he fancied to have been sown.

To illustrate still further the difficulty of reasoning from the results of a conversation on abstract or supernatural subjects, Mr. Wilson puts the case of a person not so diverse in culture from his examiner as the missionary is from the savage—namely, the case of an ordinary English peasant, unaccustomed to abstract thought, who is questioned on some of the more recondite points of Calvinistic theology contained in the "Shorter Catechism," which was written, be it remembered, for the use of children. The man is questioned in his own language, and has many ideas in common with his questioner; yet his answers will in all probability be extremely vague and intangible.

Mr. Wilson is willing to concede that the notion of a Deity is not universal among uncivilized mankind. The common attribute, in his view, is a belief in the supernatural, virtually involving the belief in an individual immortality to be predicated of some immaterial substance, which may be called soul or spirit; and in maintaining this view he encounters the assertion made by Captain Burton with reference to the negro, that he believes "in a ghost, but not in a spirit; in a present immaterial, but not in a future," with this addition—"the spirit is not necessarily regarded as immortal because it does not perish with the body." Logically Captain Burton is quite right. A belief that the soul might survive the body for some half-a-dozen years, and then perish, does not involve any *contradictio in adjecto*. Indeed Arthur Schopenhauer maintains the theory of a palingenesis, resulting in a Buddhist Nirvâna, which may be said to point in that direction. But negro Schopenhauers are doubtless scarce, and when we speak in reference to the lowest intellect, we cannot help agreeing with Mr. Wilson that Captain Burton has made a distinction without a difference, and that, "if the spirit is believed to survive after death, the very idea of its subsequent mortality can only be of a negative kind, the mere result of the incapacity to grasp with any clearness the idea of life immortal."

Instances are, of course, not wanting to illustrate the belief in an individuality continued often after death. The American Indian, we have been taught long ago, provides food and weapons for his dead to enable them to start properly equipped on their new stage of existence; the savage of North Australia will not go near the graves of his tribe at night or alone, and, if compelled to do so, carries a stick to keep off the spirit of darkness. So natural to unsophisticated man, in the opinion of Mr. Wilson, is a belief in the supernatural, that he finds a doctrine of annihilation among the hardest things to conceive. The belief that there is no resurrection or any other form of renewed life after death, that there is no spirit distinct from the material world, far from being natural, is a result of civilization. "The materialist creed belongs to a very different speculative stage of evolution" from that represented by the savage. It is curious how different results can by different minds be drawn from the same premisses. Mr. Wilson's ascending scale of intelligence is precisely the same as that of Auguste Comte. The theological view—in other words, a belief in the supernatural—is proper to the lower, positivism to the higher, civilization. So far they both agree; but what is to one a sign of advancement is to the other a symptom of moral decline.

With great power of reasoning Mr. Wilson urges the important truth that the fact of a belief is not to be disproved by the inability of the supposed believer to define it. He finds an apt illustration of his thesis in the old Scotch ballad, "Clerk Saunders." The clerk's ghost, appearing to his sweetheart, thus replies to her questions about the other world, and the lot there of women who die in childbed:—

> Their beds are made in the heavens high,
> Down at the foot of our good Lord's knee,
> Weel set about with gillyflowers;
> I wot sweet company for to see.
>
> O cocks are crowing a merry midnight,
> I wot the wild-fowl are boding day;
> The psalms of heaven will soon be sung,
> And I ere now will be missed away.

Questioned further as to his condition, he answers:—

> My bed it is full lowly now,
> Amang the hungry worms I sleep.
>
> Cauld mould is my covering now,
> But, and my winding sheet;
> The dew it falls nae sooner down
> Than my resting-place is weet.
>
> But plait a wand of the bonnie birk
> And lay it on my breast,
> And gae ye hame, my Margaret,
> And wish my saul gude rest.

Here, as Mr. Wilson observes, is a mass of confusion. Clerk Saunders seems at once to be in the paradise and purgatory of the other world, and decaying among the worms in this; his *ego* being now a mortal body, now an immortal soul, without any suspicion of inconsistency on the part of the poet. Nevertheless it is certain that, in spite of all contradiction, Saunders, in some shape or other, is believed to exist after death. Now, on the basis of this ballad, it might be plausibly argued that the Scottish peasants of the sixteenth or seventeenth century believed that heaven and the grave were one and the same place, which we know was

* *Caliban, the Missing Link.* By Daniel Wilson, LL.D. London: Macmillan & Co. 1873.

not the case. *A fortiori* it is vain to look for subtle distinctions or sharp definitions when we examine the creed of a savage.

But we find that, in endeavouring to set forth Mr. Wilson's general theory, we are gliding into a mistake comparable to the oft-quoted omission of Hamlet from the tragedy bearing his name. All the thoughts he expresses appear more or less in reference to Caliban in Shakspeare's *Tempest*, whom we have hitherto eliminated. The several positions of the brute and the savage having been ascertained, the point is to find something that is neither one nor the other, but a "missing link" that may be conveniently placed between them. Convinced that we must look elsewhere than in the kraal or lair of the Australian or Borneo savage if we would find that intermediate brute-man which, on any theory of evolution, must have actually existed in some early state of the world, Mr. Wilson fails to discover the "missing link" in the realm of reality. He wants a being superior to the very wisest ape in every reasoning power short of rationality, but inferior to the most anthropoid ape in those natural provisions for covering, defence, and subsistence which are the substitutes for the reasoning foresight and inherited knowledge on which the naked, defenceless savage relies. This being, not appearing in the realm of reality, Mr. Wilson discovers in the Caliban of Shakspeare, who, in company with the Caliban of Mr. Robert Browning, is carefully considered as a Monster, a Metaphysician, and a Theologian.

After a minute examination of the different passages in the *Tempest* which bear reference to Caliban, Mr. Wilson arrives at the conclusion that Shakspeare has presented the ideal of the highest brutish evolution which, though artificially or supernaturally endowed with the means of giving expression to its thoughts, is yet neither a man nor any link in the possible pedigree of mankind, a fellow-being of the jay and the marmoset, of the spotted ocelot, the blind mole, and the crane. Caliban reasons throughout from the merely animal point of view. His dam's god, Setebos, is simply an embodiment of power, not an object of faith or worship, or indeed a being with which he claims to have any personal relation. He is without that recognition of the supernatural which is proper to man in the lowest state of savage degradation, and which, in Mr. Wilson's opinion, belongs to the very essence of humanity; for Prospero, in the eyes of the poor slave, is, with all his magic, a material reality of the sternest kind,—somewhat too stern, in the opinion of our Professor, who seems to think that a long course of despotism has converted the banished Duke of Milan, originally a kindly person, into a sort of polished Legree.

But when his case is made out, Mr. Wilson virtually confesses that the title of his book is, after all, a misnomer. Shakspeare, he affirms, has supplied a link more consistent with any conceivable evolution of which the anthropomorpha are susceptible than any ideal based on assumed stages of the lowest degradation of savage man. "But"—and here is the grand result—"the lines of evolution of the anthropoid and the savage, according to such ideal, are parallels. They may admit of endless development, but they will not coalesce."

When I compare the most wonderful evidence of canine intelligence with the every-day operations of the savage or the child, they seem to have such an essential difference between them that I cannot conceive of the one changing with the other. They differ in kind; or, if not, the process is still wanting which shows them to be the same; and surely the enormous difference acknowledged on all hands is not to be dismissed as though it were the one missing link in an otherwise continuous chain. At best there seems in the highest animals but a scanty minimum of intellectual power, and no adequate initiative for anything bearing even a shadowy resemblance to the moral elements of humanity, out of which to evolve the being only "a little lower than the angels."

We have only given a one-sided view of the book; for the author appears in it not only as a speculative inquirer, but as a critic on Shakspeare's text, suggesting emendations and so forth. But we have said enough to show that the University of Toronto has reason to congratulate itself on the possession of a Professor so independent in thought, so eloquent, and so enthusiastic with regard to the highest English poetry, as Professor Wilson.

MILLY DARRELL, AND OTHER TALES.*

"THIS merriment of parsons is mighty offensive," said Dr. Johnson one day, when several clergymen, thinking they would appear to advantage in his eyes, assumed the lax jollity of men of the world. This vulgarity of women is mighty offensive, we might also say, as we come across the writings of authoresses who think that they will stand well with the reading public by assuming a coarseness which would be unpleasant even in a man. We should have thought that, at a time when there are so many male writers quite ready to push vulgarity to its utmost limits, and to trade in the very coarsest of wares, women might have had the wisdom to stand aloof from a market which would seem to be already overstocked, and where one would expect they must be surely overmatched. Unhappily this is not the case; and, running in close rivalry with the men, we find them dealing in the same disagreeable incidents, using the same vulgar words, and aping them in the same silly slang. How long this school of sensational writers, as they are called, will last it is impossible to say. It will not, we fear, have seen its downfall till it has done the English language a mischief that can scarcely be cured, and till it has gone far to render the minds of Englishmen as unhealthy as they once were sound. For, at the present time, it is the novel and not the song that forms the nation. What can we look for from a generation that feeds on unhealthy excitement and weak sentimentality, and that takes pleasure in seeing its own noble language twisted and abused? "Unsex me," we may well believe that many an authoress calls out as she begins to write. We have indeed happily many a woman writer who writes like a woman, and who is so utterly careless of woman's rights as not to try to imitate men in that wherein they are least worthy of imitation. We trust that none of them will be dazzled by the literary notoriety which those of their sex obtain who are most forgetful of their sex, or will be misled from their womanhood by any foolish hopes of aping manhood. For, after all, there are still "seven thousand left" who look upon fast men with contempt and upon fast women with loathing, and who, while despising slang in a young man, abhor it in a young woman; and we cannot but hope that the day is coming again for those who, when they write, never forget the respect that they owe to themselves and to their readers. The stage seems to have taken a healthier turn, and the stage is as good a gauge as we can have of the way the current of popular taste is setting. Meanwhile Miss Braddon and writers like Miss Braddon still have their day, and as yet have scarcely begun to feel the ebb of that tide which is, we trust, if not turned, at all events on the point of turning. When the tide once has turned, it will run strongly we have no doubt the other way, and will leave the whole mass of these sensational novels like so much refuse stranded high. The next generation will find it as hard to understand how one can read such stories as these as we find it hard to understand how the generation before us delighted in the high-flown sentimentality of the Minerva Press. *Lady Audley's Secret* will follow *Thaddeus of Warsaw* to the grocer's shop, and, like it, will be employed to wrap up "quidquid chartis amicitur ineptis."

Meanwhile those who delight in foolish and vulgar stories, told in language scarcely less foolish and vulgar, will surely find enough to content them in the thirteen tales which Miss Braddon here supplies. Some readers may possibly note a certain sameness in the incidents, though, happily for the writer, those who read such books as she writes are not likely to be troubled with much memory. In three of the thirteen stories, for instance, a father dies of a fit of apoplexy just as the plot requires a *deus ex machind*. Besides the three fathers who are thus cut off in the course of the story, two others had died in fits before the story began. There is certainly, therefore, a good deal to be said for having thirteen stories instead of one in the three volumes. For even Miss Braddon would have scarcely ventured, in one and the same novel, to kill off five people by fits, however much the interests of her lovers might require it. Then we have no less than four old family butlers, who give an aristocratic touch to the book by way of cleansing it from the stain of vulgarity which it has got from the murderers, robbers, coiners, adulterers, suicides, and ghosts who abound in it. In the first story we have "a grave, grey-haired, old butler," who, when the fit of apoplexy carried off his master, must have done all that "a grave, grey-haired, old butler" could do to inspire the survivors with resignation. In the fourth story we have "a grey-headed old butler who had been custodian of the collars and the massive old plate for the last thirty years," and who on a like melancholy occasion "opened the door, and received his new master with a solemn face." In the tenth story we have "a grave, elderly butler," who is not called upon for a solemn face, as happily before the scene opens his master was dead. And, lastly, in the eleventh story we have "Truefold, the old butler," who, "with a solemn, anxious face," brings in news that the heir of a family which was as old as the abbey in which it lived—and the said abbey had been built in the reign of Stephen—had been killed in a steeple-chase. As a night or two before there had been a ghostly apparition which, to those who properly understood it, portended the death of a member of this ancient family, this old butler was more justified than any of the four in the solemnity and anxiety of his face. Of all the thirteen stories there is only one which is not embellished by crimes or death. In this story—the tenth—the hero takes to nothing worse than pig-killing, till, by the pork-butcher's shop that he keeps close to her park gates, he shames his sister, Lady Talmash Brading, the mistress of "the grave, elderly butler," to consent to his marrying a young heiress of low origin, but with 50,000*l.* as dowry. To make up for the mildness of his actions, we are told, in language which does not read pleasantly coming from a woman, that—

He swore, it is true; indeed, his *répertoire* of bad language was considerably in advance of that of his fellows, being richly garnished with the choicest flowers from Billingsgate and Seven Dials, and strengthened by some very original blasphemies of his own composition; but the Queen's Trumpeters declared it was the funniest thing in the world to hear him give utterance to a lengthened string of blackguardisms which would have astonished any rough in St. Giles's, in the mildest tones, and with a most perfect placidity of face and manner.

Of the other twelve stories, the first is apparently the most after Miss Braddon's heart, and we cannot but admire her moderation in not spreading it out over three volumes. A stepmother is in love with the lover of her stepdaughter, and when, by the first of the fits of apoplexy, she is left a widow, she tries to poison off her rival. Happily she is found out, and by way of giving a cheerful ending to the story, puts an end to her own life by poison. The young people marry and live "a life of almost unchequered sunshine." In the second story the heroine is given to sleep-walking in a house said to be haunted by the ghost of a lady "slain in some fit of jealous fury." One night, "towards three o'clock, just as the moon was waning,"

* *Milly Darrell, and other Tales.* By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," &c. &c. 3 vols. London: Maxwell & Co. 1873.

she is surprised by a housebreaker, or rather surprises him, for he for a moment mistakes her for the ghost. "He dropped his stick with an ejaculation." Unhappily she is awakened by the noise, and by her scream shows the robber that it is no ghost. By good fortune her lover as well as the robber had been prowling about outside—"a great crash of glass sounded close behind him, and Frank Greenwood sprang through the open window, smashing the casement as he came." The third story has nothing to boast of but the faithlessness of a lover who is engaged to one girl and runs off with another, and his penitent death. The fourth story is given to horse-racing, and is enriched by the slang of horse-racers. We read of a "beggarly plater," and the hero, when ruined by the failure of the horse he had betted on, is inclined to "swear the brute had been got at." But happily a father dies of apoplexy, and allows his only daughter, a great heiress, to marry the ruined gambler. He, however, was ruined no longer; for in the five years in which, after his last race, he had disappeared from the world, he had made himself "one of the richest men in Sydney." To make up for the comparative dulness of the third and fourth stories, in the fifth we have a jealous husband, one Lord Deverill, who stabs his young wife and her half-brother, pushed on to do so by the heir. The sixth is given up to a band of coiners. The seventh can only boast of one of the fits of apoplexy; but to make up for this, we have in the eighth a full supply of horrors. A doctor one night is on the point of dissecting the body of a coiner who had been hanged that morning at Newgate, when, "before he had reached more than the preliminary stage of his labour," he detected, "weak and suppressed, but still palpable to the professional ear, the action of his heart." The coiner is so quickly restored to life that he at once sat up, "a stalwart, square-built ruffian of near six feet high, a man who could have annihilated the slim surgeon." The poor doctor is forced by him to supply him with clothes and money. However, the man proves grateful in the end, and after going on with his old trade of coiner for some years, went over to America, became respectable, made a large fortune "in the shipping line," and left it all to the doctor. We must do Miss Braddon the justice to admit that, after giving a full account of the reception of the supposed corpse, and telling us how the doctor, after he got it, "set to work in real earnest," she does go on to say, "There is no need to enter upon the details of that ghastly performance." We are glad to see that she draws the line somewhere. If it is drawn just short of the dissecting-table, it is better drawn there than nowhere. In the ninth story an adulterer, a captain in the army, is shot dead in a duel by the injured husband, a clergyman "of the most advanced Anglican school." A divorce is obtained, and the clergyman's oldest friend, a colonel in the army, falls in love with the guilty wife, who had in her penitence become a Sister of Charity. She, however, though in love with him, refuses to marry him, and soon after dies in a convent. He had been nursed by her in a most dangerous illness in the clergyman's house, and yet had managed so cleverly that neither "the elderly man-servant"—not a butler this time—nor his equally elderly wife, servants in the family, though they had known her for years, recognized her. The tenth story is given up to the captain who turns pork-butcher, while the eleventh is as silly as a ghost story can well be. In the twelfth story a lion-tamer is killed by a lion, who so mauled him that "there was a perforation of the lungs and hæmorrhage," and that, though "he breathed stertorously for about half an hour, he died without one ray of returning consciousness." The last story is called "On the Brink," and is nothing but an account of an attempt, which was all but successful, to seduce a married woman. The injured husband arrives in time to save his wife from running off, sends her lover down a flight of stairs with a dislocated shoulder, but is himself "fearfully mangled about the head and face by a gigantic tawny mastiff."

We must acknowledge that if Miss Braddon's language is often vulgar, and at times coarse, yet she does all she can to balance it by an excess of fine words. She is certainly well up in the slang of the day. She writes of "nameless cads," "the genus swell," "an hour and a half's spin" in a dog-cart, "the later Cæsars who were polished off so quickly," "the most duffing game," "loafing with a girl," "down any amount of pit," "up no end of a tree," "none of your ghosts or that kind of rot," and so on. On the other hand, we have "supernal splendour," "aureole of pale golden hair," "a scion of the house," "the châtelaine of the abbey," "the welkin ringing," "mental pabulum," while in the ghost-story we are told that "the light was as unearthly as the sound—phantasmal as the ignus (*sic*) fatuus that plays amidst the rigging of a ship upon a storm-swept sea." A lady's toilet is a ceremony, just as "remuneration is the Latin word for three-farthings." A room that was built in Stephen's time is said to have been "extant in the time of Stephen"; the cigar becomes "the social weed"; whenever there are roses there is "a wealth of roses," and soda-water and brandy are pleasantly disguised under the initials *s. and b.*

"In England," says the author of *the Citizen of the World*, "every man may be an author that can write, for they have by law a liberty, not only of saying what they please, but of being also as dull as they please." At the present day, not only every man, but also every woman, enjoys this liberty. Miss Braddon, however, has carried the liberty of saying what she pleases, and of being as dull as she pleases, to the very verge of license.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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THE

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HOME POLITICS.

IN view of the general election which cannot be long deferred, some activity is beginning to show itself in English constituencies. It is there that the battle is to be fought which is to decide whether the Opposition shall be summoned to take office; for Scotland, as the Conservatives confess, is in a most hopeless state of Liberal darkness, beyond any chance of conversion; and Ireland will only send an increased number of members standing aloof from both political parties. Naturally the stir and movement in English constituencies is as yet almost entirely produced by the Conservatives, for it is they who are the attacking party, and it is they who hope to win by the election. In most cases Liberal members will offer themselves for re-election, and they have nothing new to say, nor any arts by which to revive the drooping spirits of electors. But the Conservatives have the delight of choosing new men, of hearing what the new men can say, and thinking over the delightful annoyance which the contest will give their opponents. It is always easy for Conservatives to find candidates. It is a gentlemanly, respectable thing to be a Conservative candidate, even if an unsuccessful one, and the party is very rich, and its members can afford to contest seats even when the seats are not to be won. A Conservative candidate need not think, or read, or weigh one thing against another. He has only to come to the conclusion that he is on the side of our glorious Constitution, and he has got to the end of his intellectual troubles. In this respect he has an immense superiority over a Liberal candidate, who has to worry himself as to the effect of lines of policy, the meaning of cries, the limits of desirable change. The happy man whom birth or conviction has made a Conservative can start at once, leave the details of policy aside, and devote himself to the business of the election, to making himself pleasant, to getting up local subscriptions and arranging local festivals, to impressing slowly on the minds of persons of various classes the gentle conviction that he is really very nice, if not bright. Such as he is, such are his Committee, his supporters, and his voters. They take without any trouble the position they assume, and hold it with a careless merriment. Anyhow they get the fight for their money, and therefore they may as well have the fight. A Conservative journal has recently published an elaborate electioneering prospectus stating what constituencies are sure to furnish Conservative victories, what seats are just worth contesting, and what seats should for the greater glory of Conservatism be contested without any real prospect of success. The great maxim of the party managers seems to be that everywhere there should be a contest, and that it is much better to bring forward two candidates than one. This implies that there are a great number of persons who are ready to play the part of Conservative candidate merely for the sake of being known as Conservative politicians, and this reckoning is probably sound. The Conservatives can contest seats very easily, for they have men and money, and as their political programme is purely negative, they avoid internal divisions. But, although the Conservative party has this advantage, and although in a time of political quiet like the present the advantage is a great one, yet it is not easy to say whether this facility and ardour with respect to the preparations for contest are significant of anything like a proportionate success. The Liberals hold the seats and are quiet; but it does not follow that they will be beaten; and even in the Conservative estimate there seems to lurk a hesitation as to the issue of a general election. That the Conservatives will win seats is undoubted, and that, although they may lose some, they will win largely on the whole, is probable; but they must win something like a clear balance of forty English seats to enable them to take office with credit, and their prospectus does not show anything like forty English seats where they have a fair prospect of success.

All that Liberals have to say at the present moment has been said by Lord KIMBERLEY at Ipswich, with much moderation and good sense. He reviewed the history of the Administration during the period of nearly five years during which it has been in existence, and he could truly point to great things which it has achieved, and to important principles which it has upheld. He said the most that could be said in justification of its policy where its policy has been questionable; and he judiciously left out of sight its blunders and shortcomings. A Minister is entitled to do this, and to ask the conduct of the Cabinet to be judged as a whole; and Lord KIMBERLEY, speaking to a Liberal audience, was justified in assuming that his hearers were ready to remember the great measures of the GLADSTONE Administration and to forget the Royal Warrant, the COLLIER scandal, Mr. AYRTON, Mr. BRUCE, and the Budget of 1871. But nothing that Lord KIMBERLEY could say tended to remove the two standing difficulties of the Liberal party. They have no programme for the future, and their leaders are wearied of office. Lord KIMBERLEY had plenty to say of what is past, but nothing of what is to come. If the end of the GLADSTONE Ministry had arrived, his account of what it had done might be taken as a fair account from the Liberal point of view. But he had nothing to put before his hearers by way of suggestion as to that which they should strive to accomplish. Even the Government measures of this Session, the Judicature Bill, the amendment of the Education Act, the scheme for readjusting Local Taxation, had evidently no interest for him, as he knew they would have none for his hearers. It is quite true that a Liberal Government is not bound to be always kindling the light of blazing measures. It may be merely a knot of persons whom the country wishes to hold office in a quiet way in quiet times. But then the Liberal leaders, and especially Mr. GLADSTONE, are used up by the labours and toil of office. They need rest morally and physically, and the burden of office is now so great that men of mature age would necessarily shrink from it unless by the changing fortunes of parties they were occasionally relieved from its weight. When the two things concur, when there is no room or occasion for Liberal legislation of great importance, and when the energies of the leaders of the party are exhausted, the time for a Conservative Government has come, if the constituencies will but permit one to be established. Nothing like real reaction is possible. A Conservative Ministry will not dream for a moment of reversing the recent policy of England towards Ireland, of denying the Ballot the opportunity of a fair experiment, of augmenting denominational ascendency, or of interfering with the reorganization of the army. The Liberals have not only done their work, but they have done it so effectually that it cannot be undone. They may therefore regard the incoming of a Conservative Ministry with the greatest equanimity. What can they wish more than that, as their opponents must come in occasionally in order that Liberal leaders may have rest, the Conservatives should take office at a moment when the successes of a Liberal Ministry have been secured, and when a season of political repose makes it easy that affairs should be administered by those who only ask that everything shall go on for a time as nearly as possible in the same way in which it is going on when they take office? Everything that Lord KIMBERLEY said was consistent with the real thought of the heads of the Ministry being that they are desirous to be relieved, although they also are desirous that their past career should be fairly judged.

But Conservatives cannot, at least publicly, content themselves with the modest lot of relieving their wearied adversaries, and doing nothing for a time, while the country is willing

that nothing should be done. They have to fight many little local battles, and local battles cannot be fought successfully in a spirit of serene humility. Those who hope to influence or win elections must indulge their genius, speak the passing thoughts of their minds, and abuse their enemies heartily. There have been several Conservative meetings this week, and most of the speeches made there would be very discouraging if it were the business of local Conservatives to provide the nation with political thought, or if the leaders of the party were likely to catch the spirit of their more obscure followers. In Yorkshire, Mr. STANHOPE enunciated the proposition that what was wanted in political life was a bit of blood, that the House of Lords was full of bits of blood, that the House of Commons was at present sadly deficient in this respect, and that the real thing to do was to fill the Lower House with bits of blood, and so make it in harmony with the Peers. Mr. RAIKES thought it a neat joke to echo the suggestion that what the Ministry would like would be to send the Marquis of RIPON to Spain to apologize for the *Northfleet* being in the way of the *Murillo*, and make the Marquis a Duke for his pains; and he ventured on a statement which, even coming from a minor Conservative member to a local Conservative audience, was astounding—that as to the new Budget, although there was a demand for the reduction of the Income-tax, yet the only proposal which the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER made was one to improve the profits of the grocer. At a Conservative demonstration in Lancashire the speakers appear to have been chiefly clergymen. One reverend gentleman informed his audience that if Mr. WILLIAM GLADSTONE had to try for a 50*l.* situation in competition with a Lancashire operative he would fail, and that if his father ventured to stand for the division of the county in which the meeting was held the Conservatives would not make mincemeat of him, "for no one wished to taste of such an unsavoury pie," but they would teach him a serious lesson. Another clergyman thanked GOD he was not a Dissenting minister, at which expression of opinion there were loud cheers. Such is the spirit of Conservative electioneering when seen at its worst, and it is not often that Liberal demonstrations reach such an extreme of vulgarity, acrimony, and petty spite; but even if these exhibitions of clerical folly could be paralleled by the utterances of the lowest Radical mob orators, something better may fairly be claimed at the hands of those who insist that existing institutions and the pre-eminence of bits of blood produce such admirable results that they ought to be suffered to endure with unimpaired force. It is the hard task of the Conservative leaders to defend Conservatism against their own supporters, and to reconcile the nation to the good of a scheme of things in which so much evil is mixed up.

THE AUSTRALIAN COLONIES.

THE Australian Colonies, like grown-up sons with incomes of their own, are certain to succeed in every successive contest against parental authority. The benevolent and experienced head of the family endeavours in vain to stipulate, for the good of his offspring, that they shall not commit excesses of smoking or drinking, or that they shall abstain from debt and gambling. When the power, and even the will, to exercise coercion is at an end, the measure of youthful or colonial independence is the inclination to disobey. The Australian settlements are governed by the delegates of universal suffrage, representing the extreme ignorance of prejudiced and half-instructed communities. No other source of power is possible; and it is idle to complain of the necessary results of inevitable causes. In Australia, as elsewhere, the uncultivated imagination more readily apprehends the one or two commodities which each man sells than the numerous articles of consumption which he buys in comparatively small quantities. For the purpose of enjoying a monopoly of production the colonist is content to be restricted in his choice of articles to be purchased. If economists attempt to teach him that the whole community and all its members lose by an artificial limitation of markets, the reply is ready, that the theories of a modern school ought not to prevail over the teachings of experience and the recommendations of practical men. The commonplace fallacies which are well known on the Continent of Europe and in the United States derive additional force from the jealousy which is provoked by any appearance of dictation on the part of the Mother-country. The Australians are enthusiastically loyal to the Crown, and not ill disposed to the Imperial Government and Parliament; but the condition of their allegiance, as of filial devotion in mature years, is that in all cases they should be allowed to have their own way. Lord KIMBERLEY, following in the steps of his predecessors, has vainly endeavoured to prevent the different colonies from imposing duties on articles imported from other Australian settlements. The Duke of BUCKINGHAM several years ago urged upon the colonists the expediency of forming a Customs Union, including the usual provisions for distributing the proceeds of the revenue on imports. The practical men rejected the advice of successive Secretaries of State, on the ground that each Legislature could not trust its neighbours to maintain protective duties on a sufficient scale.

As a judicious parent submits with a sigh to every fresh exaction on the part of emancipated children, the Colonial Office has introduced a Bill which might have recited in its preamble that, as the Australian colonies will not learn wisdom, they must be permitted to blunder at their pleasure. The Legislature of every Australian colony will henceforth have full power to impose or remit duties on the produce of every other colony. Reservations are added which must be abandoned in their turn, if further relaxation of Imperial control is demanded with sufficient loudness and persistence. The Bill provides that no duty shall be imposed on the importation of any article from any particular country which shall not be equally imposed on the like produce of any other country; and the colonial Legislatures are further required to comply with the stipulations of any commercial treaty. If a commercial treaty is ultimately concluded with France, it will be difficult to enforce on distant colonies the observance of provisions which will probably have been inserted without any special regard to their wants or opinions. Under the treaty of 1860 French wines were admitted at a low duty into England, where there is no competitive production. In some parts of Australia wine is produced in abundance, of so bad a quality that it urgently requires the protection of differential duties. If any Australian colony takes alarm at the possible influx of cheap and wholesome claret, it will be easy to excite a popular agitation against the extension of the treaty to wine-producing provinces. Local patriots will contend with plausible eloquence that the interests of England are directly opposed to those of New South Wales and Victoria, which have no cotton goods or hardware to send to France, while they have wine of their own which, from its disagreeable taste, is incapable of contending on equal terms with the favoured vintage of Bordeaux. If a duty is levied at Sydney or at Melbourne which is inconsistent with the terms of any commercial treaty, the Imperial Government will have no practical means of correcting the irregularity. It is also in the power, though not within the legal competence, of the colonies to impose differential duties on the respective products of different countries, nor is it improbable that they may avail themselves of their practical immunity from control.

It appears that fiscal jealousies are likely to prevent or postpone for an indefinite time the federal union of the Australian provinces. In that remote continent there is no foreign enemy to fear, as in the North American Dominion. If consistency in error is a virtue, the Australian Protectionists may claim superiority over the professors of the same creed in the United States and in Russia. It has never occurred to the Americans to interpose Customs frontiers between their several States; and the annexation of Canada or of Cuba would immediately produce unrestricted commercial intercourse between the old and new portions of the Union. Every American politician believes that the territory of the Republic will ultimately include the whole Northern Continent down to the Isthmus; and he is fully prepared to accept the consequence of Free-trade over one-half of the Western hemisphere. In the same way Russia is acquiring market after market in Asia for the purpose of extending indefinitely the circle beyond which a protective or prohibitive tariff will operate. In both countries economical selfishness is regarded as subordinate to political and territorial aggrandisement. The Australian colonies, on the other hand, having for the present no foreign political relations, are bent on keeping one another at arm's length, after the fashion of the French provinces before the days of TURGOT. If the doctrine of Protection is sound, there is no reason why it should not apply to every colony, to every county, to every parish. The people of New South Wales fear that they may be inundated with cheap importations if the tariff of Victoria is more liberal than their own, or if the ports of the neighbouring colony are more attractive to shipping and to trade. A Customs Union would put an end

to the rivalry of competing ports, but the risk that protective duties might be reduced by a preponderance of outside votes in a federal Assembly still furnishes a conclusive argument against the obvious plan of a Customs Union. The respective interests of Sydney and of Melbourne are not more incompatible than those of London and Liverpool, or than those of New York and Philadelphia; but again it must be admitted that, with true logical courage, the Australian colonies are not deterred from the prosecution of their theory by a mere reduction to the absurd.

The concession which is contained in Lord KIMBERLEY's Bill will furnish an additional argument to the politicians who depreciate the Colonial Empire as an obsolete fiction. Lord GREY, who administered colonial affairs a quarter of a century ago, has uniformly protested against the modern system of responsible government as an abdication of Imperial duty. It may be admitted that, in granting to the colonies all but exclusive control over their own affairs, the English nation was not performing an act of heroic or disinterested generosity. In many respects the Imperial Government is greatly superior in wisdom and political capacity to the ephemeral Cabinets of Australia; and all parties would have been gainers if Free trade could have been universally enforced in the wide range of English possessions. Nevertheless the relaxation or abandonment of control over the colonies was well judged both in substance and in choice of occasion. Virtual independence must sooner or later have been conceded in consequence of the impossibility of governing with efficiency and justice dominions removed from the centre of authority by half the circumference of the earth. It was far better that the partial withdrawal of the Imperial Government should not be preceded by bickerings or by open quarrels; and the colonies, as long as they belong to the Empire, should be retained by a voluntary bond. The Americans have now for nearly a century propagated by means of popular education and literature the animosity to England which first originated in a quarrel of which the merits were doubtful. It would be extremely inconvenient to encounter in Australia the spiteful feeling which has embarrassed all diplomatic transactions with the United States. The inconveniences which may result from the nominal possession of territories which are substantially independent were illustrated by the damages awarded, with questionable justice, at Geneva for an alleged miscarriage of the Melbourne police. The advantage of having a friendly population in the remote regions of Australia on the whole counterbalances the occasional vexation of unforeseen liabilities and of temporary misunderstandings. It is right to recognize the proposition that the limits of colonial independence must be from time to time defined at their pleasure by the colonists themselves. The residuary attributes of empire, though they may be subject to a gradual process of diminution, involve a corresponding reduction of burdens as well as of dignity and power.

DEMOCRACY AT NEWCASTLE.

THE large meeting of colliers and other working-men at Newcastle on Saturday last may perhaps have suggested unsatisfactory reflections to the other inhabitants of the district. The meeting seems to have been peaceable and even good-humoured, as might be expected when the assembled multitude had long been in the enjoyment of unqualified prosperity. It is said that the flags which were borne in procession were worth several thousand pounds; and all the persons present, except those who resided in the immediate neighbourhood, had paid their fares by railway. Some of the promoters of the movement recently received from Mr. GLADSTONE an encouraging answer to the proposal of extending household suffrage to county constituencies; and the same Minister has on more than one occasion expressed an opinion in favour of the more extensive demand of universal suffrage. To the assembled thousands it probably appeared just and reasonable that they should have an equal share of the privileges from which many of them have up to the present time been excluded; and if the suffrage were a mere luxury or a badge of honour, it would be difficult to say why a collier should not be put on a level with a grocer. It is only because political power is a constant quantity which can neither be increased nor diminished by the method of distribution that prudent politicians regard with alarm and repugnance the revolutionary changes which Mr. GLADSTONE so lightly adopts. The indiscriminate enfranchisement of the colliers and miners of Northumberland and Durham, and of the working-men of other trades, would involve the practical exclusion from political influence of all the manufacturers, merchants, tradesmen, farmers, and landowners of those two great counties. The classes which have hitherto controlled Parliamentary representation are divided among themselves in tastes, in interests, and in political opinions; and even defeated minorities can protect themselves with the aid of members returned by constituencies of a different character. Universal suffrage accompanied by a redistribution of seats would transfer the whole representation of the country to the class which lives by weekly wages, while the owners of property and the employers of labour would be absolutely deprived of all share in the government of the country. The dominant multitude would be absolutely homogeneous, and it would be unanimous in executing the will of the popular leaders who would administer irresistible power. The spoils of the vanquished would furnish demagogues with unprecedented means of influence and corruption. No similar Constitution has hitherto existed in the world; for in existing democratic communities property is for the most part widely distributed, and an English House of Commons elected by universal suffrage would inherit the attributes of the only representative Assembly which has really exercised sovereign authority. The American House of Representatives is the less considerable of two legislative bodies which divide supreme power with an independent President; and Parliaments on the Continent of Europe have always been overshadowed by the Executive power.

It is true that legislation against property might probably be suicidal on the part of its promoters, who would themselves form an essential part of a complicated economic organization. The most advanced material civilization has resulted in a division of functions which is invidiously described as the antagonism of capital and labour. The same process may be observed in the manufacturing districts of Europe and America; but it is in England the very foundation of society. There is no reason to believe that any imaginary system of universal co-operation would reproduce the economy of labour and the accumulation of material wealth which has resulted from the actual system of private or associated capital, of profits, and of wages. The Co-operative Congress which assembled at Newcastle simultaneously with the meeting to promote universal suffrage was professedly engaged in the legitimate experiment of superseding, by means of competition, the whole body of retail tradesmen, if not the manufacturers, the merchants, and the bankers. A shopkeeper is, in the estimation of Mr. HUGHES and his friends, a superfluous middleman, who levies an unnecessary tribute in the transfer of commodities from the producer to the consumer. If it is found in the long run that Co-operative Societies can undersell tradesmen, without any counterbalancing inconvenience in the conduct of business, the new method of distribution will ultimately prevail; and it must remain for future experience to show whether the recipients of dividends will be inclined to work for wages. One of the dangers of universal suffrage is that a democratic Parliament might anticipate the possible consequences of the co-operative movement by a frantic interference with the rights of property. The only political teaching to which the Northumberland colliers are likely to listen is that of the revolutionary clubs of London. The local promoters of co-operation at Newcastle were also the leaders of the agitation for universal suffrage. Those of them who were capable of learning may perhaps have derived a useful lesson from the differences of opinion which arise as soon as attempts at construction are substituted for simple demolition. On the Town Moor all was smooth and easy, for the assembled thousands had no doubt that it would be expedient to vest all political power in themselves. When it was proposed at the Co-operative meetings to secure for the same class the whole or the greater part of the proceeds of industries, difficulties arose even in the theoretical stage of the experiment. Mr. LUDLOW's doctrine that production is the divine element, and consumption the animal element, in co-operation seems not to exhaust the question. If it is a divine object to make shoes or hats, it is a human convenience to wear them; and the ultimate cause of shoes would seem to be the humbler or more terrestrial element. Another essayist defined profits as the excess of production over consumption which has hitherto for the most part resulted in an unprofitable glut of commodities. Several of the speakers denounced the distributive co-operation which has been celebrated with so much enthusiasm, as a vicious system "which its advocates mistakenly "denominate co-operative." The general feeling of the Congress seems to have been in favour of a scheme of co-operative production which is but vaguely defined. There is not the smallest reason why workmen should not invest their savings

in shares of Limited Companies, and they might naturally prefer the establishments in which they are themselves employed; but a shareholder is in that capacity a capitalist with an interest in keeping down wages as well as every other element in the cost of production. It would seem that in the North there is no immediate prospect of organizing productive co-operation. Some of the speakers praised the system of industrial partnerships which have been tried by a few firms, and especially by Messrs. Fox, Head, & Co., of Middlesborough. Mr. Head himself afterwards explained that in that establishment there was at present no arrangement for the workmen to invest their wages. "A clause to give the "workmen that opportunity was at first put into the articles "of agreement, but, as there was only one instance during "three years of a workman under the firm applying to invest "his savings, that clause was withdrawn." The firm naturally concluded that this part of their scheme was at least premature, and they contented themselves with promoting instead one of the Co-operative Distributing Societies which are so obnoxious to the Newcastle enthusiasts. Mr. Morrison was scarcely in accordance with the prevailing opinion when he warned the Congress that it would be unwise to limit the return on capital to five per cent. Such a restriction would at once put an end to productive co-operation by confining the supply of capital to private enterprises.

If it is impossible to exclude cant and idle declamation from discussions of a plausible and well-intended economical theory, the addresses which are delivered to enormous crowds collected in pursuance of a political agitation cannot be expected to be argumentative or moderate. The various orators on the Town Moor expressed unbounded confidence in Mr. Gladstone, and professed, perhaps sincerely, their inability to comprehend how a miner could be competent to work a coal seam and not competent to choose a member of Parliament. The rest of the community is perhaps not at the present moment deeply impressed with the self-sacrificing benevolence of the colliers; but the objection to universal suffrage and equal electoral districts is not that the output of coal has been artificially limited, but that a monopoly of political power exercised by the class which lives on weekly wages would probably subvert society. The display of numerical force at Newcastle may perhaps furnish politicians with an argument for yielding; but it also suggests the most conclusive reason for resistance. Notwithstanding the successful exertions of Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Gladstone, the English Constitution is still worth defending, if possible. The miners and workmen who met at Newcastle are probably for the most part honest, and many of them possess a respectable amount of intelligence; but if they succeeded in excluding the rest of the community from a share in the representation, they would be governed, not by themselves, but by the most worthless and venal of mankind, in the form of election managers of the type which is familiar to American experience. Political power is by the necessity of the case exercised by a few persons; and nothing worse can happen than that it should fall into the hands of demagogues and jobbers. The agitation which has suddenly been organized in the Northern counties is not the less formidable because it arose from a trivial cause. The miners within the new limits of the borough of Morpeth were, at the first registration after the Reform Act of 1868, excluded from the lists through accidental circumstances; and, although their names have since been placed on the roll, local demagogues have persuaded them that household suffrage furnishes a complicated and uncertain qualification. From a dispute with overseers or a contest before the revising barrister, the step to a proposed revolution has unfortunately been found easy.

THE ELECTION FOR PARIS.

AFTER a good deal of preliminary skirmishing, it seems at last to have been determined that the election for Paris shall be fought out. In the first instance neither party was at all anxious for a contest. M. de Rémusat would naturally have preferred to be elected without opposition; M. Barodet's friends put him forward rather against their will. M. Thiers is, in the main, responsible for this inconvenient state of affairs. Either he has been over-anxious to retain such intermittent support as the Right have lately thought fit to give him, or he has been over-confident that nothing that he could do would seriously offend the Republican party. It is the more surprising that he should have blundered about Lyons, because he has always shown himself keenly alive to the blunder of which the Assembly was guilty in separating itself from Paris. The fact that the Conservatives have made the capital their enemy might have served as a caution not to associate himself with their determination to make the second city of France their enemy also. Instead of profiting by this warning, M. Thiers accepted the Bill for depriving Lyons of its municipal independence as a Government measure, and thereby made it a point of honour with the Republicans to show him the evil of his ways. It was an unfortunate coincidence that a Cabinet Minister should at that moment have been a candidate for Paris. The Republican leaders seem themselves to have regarded it in this light. They wanted to place M. Barodet in the Assembly in order to give the Right the annoyance of having for a colleague a man whom the Assembly had incidentally declared unfit to be a municipal officer. But they did not want to place him there instead of M. de Rémusat. A convenient vacancy in the representation of Lyons seemed to offer a way out of the difficulty. The Government had the power either to hold the election at once or to put it off for six months. If M. Thiers would take the former course, and at the same time authorise M. de Rémusat to issue a Republican address, M. Barodet might stand for Lyons instead of for Paris, and the Paris Republicans would feel themselves at liberty to vote for M. de Rémusat. M. Thiers has in the end resolved to take both steps, but their utility has been greatly lessened by his taking them in the end and not in the beginning. By the time that M. de Rémusat's address had been made public, and the decree fixing the election for Lyons on the 11th of May had appeared in the Official Journal, M. Barodet's candidature had become of too long standing to be easily withdrawn. The consequence is that a section of the Republican party finds itself committed to oppose a Government which it really wishes to support, and a Cabinet Minister runs some risk of being beaten on an unusually conspicuous stage. This is all that M. Thiers has gained by his sacrifices to the Right. He has been obliged to give up the hope of retaining their good will, but he has delayed the surrender so long that it only half conciliates the party in whose interest it is made.

As regards general politics, the addresses of the two candidates are hardly distinguishable from one another. It is true that M. de Rémusat does not mention the dissolution of the Assembly, while M. Barodet puts it at the head of the demands which he intends, if elected, to make in the name of his constituents. But M. de Rémusat clearly means dissolution, though he does not say it. He declares that he recognizes no Government as lasting which does not derive its strength from the confidence of the country; he claims for M. Thiers the glory of having made the Republic stable and reassuring; he defines the object of the Bills about to be introduced in the Assembly to be the organization and consolidation of the Republic by means of regular institutions founded on the integrity of universal suffrage. M. Buffet himself would not assert that the existing Assembly possesses the confidence of the country, if the words are taken as equivalent to the confidence of the majority of Frenchmen. If it possessed this, a dissolution would be eagerly called for by the Right. The triumphant re-election of the existing members by the bulk of the constituencies would shut the mouths of the Radicals, and a new Assembly, as orthodox as the present is, and as strong as the present ought to be, would restore the ancient Monarchy and make France a respectable nation. In the present state of the constituencies, however, to possess the confidence of the country would, in the estimation of the Right, be the worst possible title to power. They are almost all in the hands, not of the French people, but of the great enemy of the French people—the Radicals. This transfer of power has been effected by M. Thiers, and that he has thus made the Republic a stable Government is the worst of the many crimes of which he has been guilty. The effect of the forthcoming Bills, if the majority are true to themselves, will be to restrict universal suffrage and to provide France with institutions calculated to promote the ultimate interests of Monarchy. This is what the majority in the Assembly would say if they had the courage to speak their mind, and this being the case, M. Rémusat's declarations are tantamount to an admission that nothing more can be got out of the existing Assembly. He says the same thing in another form when he pronounces France to be calm, free, and perfectly competent to decide her own destiny. If so, why should not she be allowed to make her decision at the earliest possible moment? The present provisional form of Government is not a convenient system on which to carry on the administration of a great country, and the motive for retaining it ceases to operate as soon as the nation is in a position to give permanent shape to its institutions. M. Barodet's address

is really less to the purpose than M. DE RÉMUSAT's. He assigns no reason for hostility to the Government beyond the importance of testifying to the solidarity which not only unites the great cities in defence of their rights, but also attaches to the cause of municipal liberty the humblest communes of France. This is a somewhat narrow ground on which to oppose M. THIERS in the person of the Minister who has had most to do with the liberation of French territory from foreign occupation, and its insufficiency has already been admitted by some influential members of the Left. In a circular addressed to the electors of Paris, they point out that the situation has changed since M. BARODET became a candidate. At that time Paris was about to elect a representative, while Lyons was not. Now Lyons is free to lift up her own voice, and consequently there is no need for Paris to speak in her name. This paramount obligation being removed, the Paris Republicans are free to consider what will be the effect of M. BARODET's return. That effect can best be judged, they say, from the fact that the newspapers most hostile to the Republic are most anxious that M. DE RÉMUSAT should be beaten. So far as M. BARODET's supporters have any real love for the Republic, they will listen to this counsel. Many of them, however, regard the Republic according to M. THIERS as practically indistinguishable from a Monarchy, and they will perhaps be ready to make common cause against it with any allies that may offer themselves. Extreme parties are usually the aptest at forming temporary coalitions, because they are never troubled as to how these coalitions are to be dissolved when they have served their turn. A combination of Extreme Right and Extreme Left to return M. BARODET rather than M. DE RÉMUSAT implies nothing more than a common willingness to hurry on the happy time when the stronger of the two shall be free to cut the throat of the weaker. It is still uncertain, however, whether the electors who take this view of their duty are numerous enough to return their man. The Parisians have so much to hope from M. THIERS that they can hardly wish to deal him a blow which might turn him once more towards the Right. Weak as the Right is in the country, its strength would be greatly increased by the definitive adhesion of the PRESIDENT, provoked as it would be by the deliberate resolution of the Paris Republicans to break altogether with the Government.

That M. BARODET's return would have this effect upon M. THIERS is highly improbable; but it is as well that the electors of Paris should believe that it would, if they will be thereby induced to vote for M. DE RÉMUSAT. Now that the Foreign Minister has made up his mind to stand, it is of great importance that he should be returned. If Paris were to prefer M. BARODET, the Right would be provided with a weapon which would be of the utmost use to them in a general election. It might not win them many votes, but it would ensure a large number of abstentions; and in the present state of France, abstentions are almost as serviceable to the Right as votes. So long as abstentions are numerous, it is difficult for the Republic to maintain that it has satisfied the country of its ability to found an ordinary Government. When Frenchmen are at ease upon this point, they go to the poll like so many sheep. If the statistics of the general election show that only decided partisans have voted, and that the great body of the electors have remained impassive, it will be an indication that their confidence has not yet been gained, but is still reserved as a prize to be won by some adventurer. M. BARODET's return would tend to increase the probability of this being the case. M. THIERS has again and again stated that in his hands the Republic has become Conservative; that the fears which Paris used to inspire in the minds of sober Frenchmen have no longer any foundation; that the insurrection of the Commune brought the peccant humours of the capital to a head, while its suppression finally dispersed them. To return M. BARODET in the teeth of M. DE RÉMUSAT would be to give the lie to all these assurances, and to undo much of the work which M. THIERS has accomplished with so much difficulty.

BRIGHAM YOUNG AND MORMONISM.

BY the resignation of his secular office at Utah, the head of the Mormon community, though he still reserves his spiritual supremacy, seems to acknowledge that he is worsted in his conflict with American institutions. To compare small things with great, and things partially disreputable with traditions venerable by reason of antiquity, BRIGHAM YOUNG leaves his capital, as PIUS IX. might perhaps retire from Rome if he were ten years younger. With remarkable spirit the Mormon leader proposes to settle among the Apaches of Arizona, either in the desperate hope of bringing them within the pale of civilization, or for the purpose of establishing in their midst an industrious and civilized community. The machinery of emigration which has provided a constant stream of proselytes from England and Wales is still to be maintained; and credulous European disciples will have no means of distinguishing between Utah and Arizona; yet the experience of the past bodes ill for the prospects of the Mormon organization. It is as impossible to escape from the power of the United States in the wide regions between the Atlantic and the Pacific as it was to pass beyond the reach of the Emperor in the countries bordering on the Mediterranean in the time of the CÆSARS. Wherever adventurers can found a settlement, the cellular growth of the township, the county, and the Territory or State will proceed; and the Mormons have reason to know that the universal toleration of American theory has its limits in practice. Arizona has already a partial or nominal political existence; and the Mormon exodus of forty years ago cannot now be repeated. The resolution to found a colony at the age of seventy-two argues an indomitable resolution; but BRIGHAM YOUNG can scarcely hope to see the fruit of his new labours; and it is not known that he has any capable successor ready to take his place. According to some accounts, he has, in preparation for his departure, divided his vast possessions among his numerous families of wives and children; but if he really proposes to establish a new and distant settlement, he probably needs all the material resources at his disposal. Some at least of his community will remain in their former home; and Gentile purchasers might easily be found for thriving farms and comfortable homesteads. Different visitors to Salt Lake City have varied widely in their accounts of the result of Mormon institutions; but all agree that a flourishing district has been created in an unpromising wilderness.

But for the construction of the Pacific Railway, Mormonism might perhaps have thriven for some years longer; but with the influx of an alien population the system was doomed; nor was it difficult to anticipate the kind of persecution under which it now seems likely to succumb. In the remoter parts of the Union Federal judges are always to be found who will not shrink from any amount of chicanery to acquire popularity, or to effect the objects of their political patrons. A pettifogging lawyer on the bench in Utah discovered in a local law against conjugal infidelity an instrument for assailing its authors. The statute had been enacted at the instance of polygamists, but the Court held that its provisions were violated by the existence of a plurality of wives. The deliberate perversion of law and justice was generally condoned in consequence of the natural antipathy which had been provoked by the most characteristic or most notorious of Mormon institutions. The founders of the American, Federal, and State Constitutions would probably have legislated against polygamy if it had occurred to them that such an abuse could be introduced among a modern community of European descent. Their successors supply the omission by straining the law to prohibit a moral scandal which happened by mere accident not to be illegal. There had previously been a growing schism among the Mormons themselves. Some of the younger members of the Church of Latter Day Saints repudiated the institution of polygamy, asserting at the same time, after the fashion of all religious reformers, that they were themselves not promoters of innovation, but champions of the pure and original doctrine. The orthodox party, if orthodoxy means the doctrine of the dominant portion of a sect, might have relied on the theory of development; but it was sufficient to assert that in the eyes of the world they represented and maintained the distinctive article of the common creed. If polygamy is once surrendered, Mormonism will rapidly disappear in default of any special reason for its continued existence. It is well known that Quakerism has declined since the members of the Society of Friends began to discontinue their peculiar uniform and their singular abuse of pronouns. The Mormons will not be held together by an affected belief in the ridiculous forgery of the Book of Mormon.

It is highly probable that considerations of political expediency and of economic convenience coincided with personal inclination in causing the adoption of polygamy by BRIGHAM YOUNG and his adherents. The consciousness of national or religious unity was stimulated by the knowledge that the Latter Day Saints were an abomination to the Egyptians of America and Europe. The new and anomalous custom at the same time corrected the inconvenient results of one of the most obstinate of American prejudices. If housemaids and dairymaids were called wives, there was no longer any difficulty in procuring the advantages of domestic service.

Neither the calculated pursuit of ostentatious singularity nor the economic recommendations of the novel form of household constitute an apology for the indefensible practice which they may partially explain; but any system which has attained to temporary existence and prosperity may become an object of reasonable curiosity. JOSEPH SMITH proved that a kind of religion may be deliberately founded on the basis of a transparent falsehood; and BRIGHAM YOUNG has continued his enterprise with the aid of a grossly immoral institution. As thriving institutions can scarcely derive their prosperity from the mere violation of natural laws, it may be presumed that the Mormon leaders have either appropriated some fragment of sound principle, or given form to a reaction against prevalent and popular errors. The Mormon theory had at least the merit of rejecting the modern figment of a separation between the respective spheres of religion and of government. BRIGHAM YOUNG's Church was also his State; and his sermons were professedly, like the discourses of the Hebrew prophets, political and practical discussions of the topics of the day. The doctrinal element of his system seems to have resembled the creeds of some of the best-known Protestant sects; for, though he never formally discarded JOSEPH SMITH's pretended revelation, the Book of Mormon appears to have been tacitly dropped. Like many other religious bodies, the Mormons were taught to attribute to themselves the privileges which are assigned in the Old Testament to the chosen people, and perhaps their prophets may have brought into even unusual prominence the corresponding duty of hating and despising Gentile unbelievers. The living force of their religion consisted in the fact that their spiritual advisers were also the administrators of their daily affairs. The majority of the faithful were immigrants who had found during their voyage and on their inland journey the advantages of a provident organization which secured them as far as possible against the hardships which ordinarily beset new comers. On their arrival in the sacred territory they were provided with suitable employment by a patriarchal Government which uniformly strove to prevent any department of industry from being either stinted of labour or unduly crowded. The anti-American virtues of trust and obedience were diligently cultivated, and the material results of the system show that it was administered by persons of more than ordinary capacity for government.

The temporal abdication of BRIGHAM YOUNG proves the impossibility of establishing in the United States, or perhaps in any other part of the world, an organized society which can maintain itself against the steady and inevitable inroads of democracy. Modern America is extremely unlike any Utopia which could approve itself to the judgment or imagination; but solid facts have a tendency to prevail over dreams. The ingenious author of *Casimir Marcman* and philanthropists of his school may abandon the fancy that even in the central wilds of Paraguay it will be possible to organize a community except on the foundation of universal selfishness and universal suffrage. The Mormon Church was not altogether a pleasant object of contemplation; but it possessed in its religious constitution, and even in the perverse eccentricity of its most flagrant practice, conditions of unity and vitality which will not be easily reproduced. The American continent seems to afford no home for authority or for obedience. Universal acquiescence in the government of the vulgar and venal is, in the circumstances of the case, found to be compatible with unprecedented material prosperity. If the various Governments are bad, they have happily little power; and alone among political communities the United States are absolutely exempt from the danger of revolution. Conflicting local organizations are merged in the uniform system of democracy, as a healthy body imperceptibly absorbs a casual tumour or other morbid formation. The prevalence of American institutions has little grandeur, but it produces the impression of unequalled magnitude.

RELIGIOUS CORPORATIONS IN ROME.

THE Italian Government has now held possession of Rome for two years and a half, and if its new conquest has given it some trouble, it has given it much less trouble than might have been expected. After Sedan and the establishment of the French Republic, there was no difficulty in the way of the occupation of Rome; but it is only because things have gone smoothly with Italy lately that we conceal from ourselves how many embarrassments the occupation might have entailed. Italy is the luckiest of nations. It has thriven by the blunders and misfortunes of others, as well as by its own audacity and good sense. If a danger threatens it, something is sure to happen, which no one could have expected, to save it. The POPE never lets his quarrel sleep for an instant, and the POPE might have made himself very unpleasant to Italy if he had but had any external support. But while Germany kept down France and Austria so as to make them unable, if they had really been willing, to befriend the POPE, the policy of the POPE suddenly took the form of extreme hostility to Germany. As Prince BISMARCK lately said, it formed no part of the Imperial plan that Germany should become the ally of Italy against the Papacy. Italy had not been disposed to court the favour of Germany during the war. The KING was desirous of sending his troops to aid the French, and although his Ministers had sense enough to stop the perpetration of so fatal a blunder, they did not, or could not, prevent GARIBALDI from going to kill as many Germans as he could lay hands on, in the name of the Universal Republic. The new German Empire cared for nothing except to consolidate its unity; and Prussia had for years been on the best terms with Rome, and had made every possible concession so as to avoid any opposition on the part of its Catholic provinces to the central Government. Prince BISMARCK did not want to have the Rhine provinces stirred to disaffection, intrigues revived in Polish districts, and religious differences set blazing to scare Southern from Northern Germany. If the POPE had been willing, he might have had very good friends and protectors at Berlin; and although force of arms would not probably have been used to turn the Italians out of Rome, yet the POPE in all the disputes which the occupation of Rome has excited would have had a backing which the Italians could not have afforded to disregard. Most fortunately for Italy the POPE chose to quarrel with Germany, and the Ultramontane party set itself to revenge 1870 by the disruption of German unity. The consequence has been that Italy has not been hampered in dealing with the POPE by any external difficulties. It has been at liberty to take its own course, and its course has been to treat the POPE respectfully and kindly, to care little for abuse and calumny and curses, and gradually to establish in the minds of friends and foes the fact that Rome is now a part of Italy, that Italian law must prevail there, and that when the interests of Italy at Rome and the interests of the religious body or hierarchy conflict, the former are to prevail. Whether the decision to make Rome the capital of Italy was wise or not, whether the physical evils of the place and neighbourhood can be surmounted, and whether the population of Rome is suited to form the material in which the centre of Government resides, are questions which cannot properly be answered for years to come. But there can be no doubt that Italy has derived one immediate advantage from the transfer of the capital to Rome. There has been no choice but to fight boldly with the pretensions of the Papacy, and to carry out the doctrines of modern Italian policy to their legitimate conclusions. If Rome had been subjected to the authority of the KING, but had been left as a city apart, following its own customs and virtually governed by its own laws, while Florence engrossed the national attention, there would have always been a non-Italian spot in the midst of Italy. Being fixed at Rome, the Legislature has had no option but to resolve that in coming there it shall be found to have brought Italy with it.

Italy has been for centuries the home of ecclesiasticism in all its forms, and religious bodies of many kinds have nestled and flourished there. The statesmen of modern Italy had at an early date after the establishment of the Kingdom to consider how they would deal with these religious bodies, and they gradually worked out three propositions. The first was that the buildings destined for the use of such bodies must be held to be as much liable to be expropriated and applied to purposes of public utility as any other buildings. The second was that religious bodies must not be allowed to hold land, as the resources of the country were wasted, and the population encouraged to live under subjection to masters possessed by a spirit alien to that of modern society. The third was that religious bodies must, in order to be allowed to exist at all, have some recognizable character of practical utility. They must not be merely collections of persons retiring from the world to lead a saintly life. When the Italians got hold of Rome, they naturally found a very vast field for the application of these principles. Rome is ill built, ill drained, very dirty, and very inconvenient. If it was to be improved, many of the buildings belonging to religious corporations must disappear in order to let in light and air, and to make new streets possible, and to give accommodation to the legion of national officials. A large portion of the district round Rome is held by these corporations, and

they possess much urban property. The number of persons leading a purely monastic life is of course considerable in the capital of Catholicism. The Italian Government had, however, no hesitation in applying its principles to all Roman religious corporations that were of a merely local character, assemblages of persons who are now Italians settled on what is now Italian soil. But many of the religious corporations of Rome consisted of foreigners, had been founded by foreigners, and formed the chief machinery by which foreign adherents of the POPE associated themselves with the life and work of the head of their faith. How to treat these foreign corporations was a puzzle which for a year baffled the wits of the Ministry, and at last they could arrive at nothing better, in proposing a Bill to Parliament, than an enactment that during two years the corporations should be at liberty to make proposals to the Government, and, if those proposals were not satisfactory, then that the Government should be at liberty to negotiate on the subject with the foreign Governments interested. A Commission was appointed by the Chamber to consider this Bill, and it is only after the lapse of some months that the Commission has been able to arrive at a conclusion. Those who served on it have had the merit of really thinking over the matter which they had in hand. The Commission could not satisfy itself with the vague and timid proposal of the Government. It asked itself what was the basis on which the Italian Parliament proposed to deal with these corporations at all. This basis was that these corporations were established on Italian soil, possessed Italian lands as their property, and formed part of Italian society. No foreign Government could have a right to say that any of its subjects were entitled to live on Italian soil, hold Italian lands, and form a part of Italian society, if they thereby prejudiced the interests or evaded the law of Italy. The Commission, therefore, decided that the bold line was the only line that could be taken, and that foreign Governments must be held to have no claim to negotiate with Italy as to these corporations. It will be advisable to correspond with the Governments interested in the subject, but this ought to be done unofficially, and merely as an act of courtesy. The corporations are to be dispossessed of their buildings if public utility so requires. Their lands are to be sold, and they are to hold the proceeds invested in the funds; and they are to have two years in which to make proposals to the Government as to the purposes which they are henceforth to serve, and the rules to which they are to be subjected. If these proposals are not satisfactory, the Government will, at the end of two years, have power to make schemes for them.

These recommendations of the Commission are bold and logical, but statesmen have got to think of something else than of being bold and logical. They have to think of safety and prudence, and of not running their country into dangers greater than those from which boldness and logic propose to relieve it. The irresolution of the Italian Government arose, not from their hesitation as to what they would like to do, but from their hesitation as to what they could dare to do. Would foreign Governments be disposed to allow that Rome was merely an Italian city like any other, and that a new body of law should be imposed on their subjects who had for generations been encouraged to hold a position in harmony with a totally different system? It is certain that unconquered France, even if the original ideas of the late EMPEROR had been carried out, and the Italians had been permitted to occupy Rome, would never have tolerated the treatment which the Commission wishes to see applied to these corporations. Even now it is nothing but the quarrel of the POPE with Prince BISMARCK that gives the Italians a chance of uniting safety with boldness and logic. A year ago Italian statesmen might well hesitate, for they could not tell how far this quarrel would proceed. Even a few months or a few weeks ago it was not easy to say whether domestic opposition might not cripple the action of Prince BISMARCK. The Commission has the advantage of making its Report at a moment when it is known that the policy of Prince BISMARCK has been successful, that he has made the Prussian House of Lords bow before his will, and accept the ecclesiastical changes he has proposed; and that the nature of these changes is such as to make it impossible that there can be a reconciliation between Germany and Rome. How strong the measures are which the Prussian Parliament is now willing to accept will appear every day more clearly when they come to be applied in practice. They aim at nothing less than at making the Romish hierarchy in Germany subject to German laws, controlled by German officials, and imbued with German training. The State is to be paramount over the Church, but it is obvious that this question of supremacy is everywhere a question of degree, unless either the State is subject to the Church or will not allow the Church to exist at all. "A free Church in a free State" is said to be the maxim of Italian policy; but the maxim, if it is to correspond with facts, ought rather to be "A Church as free as is compatible with the freedom of the State." When the State proceeds on such principles as these embodied in the Report of the Commission, it is a mere misuse of words to talk of the Church being free. The Church is being controlled by positive law in a manner which the Church exceedingly dislikes, and which it thinks inimical to its highest interests. What the Italian maxim really means is, that Italian statesmen, in dealing with ecclesiastical matters, wish to act circumspectly, and to give no unnecessary offence by harsh language or acts of petty tyranny. They have adhered to this policy, and they now reap the benefit of it: for it has enabled them to protract their quarrel with their clerical enemies until a happy opportunity has occurred, and they see those enemies deprived of effectual assistance.

THE AMENDMENT OF THE EDUCATION ACT.

LOCAL taxation has procured a reprieve for Mr. FORSTER. Had it not been for the threatened motion on this subject, he would have had to introduce his Bill to amend the Education Act immediately after the discussion of the Budget. It is almost impossible that any change which Mr. FORSTER can propose will conciliate those who impugn the law. It does not follow, however, from this that he ought to propose nothing. The position into which the controversy about the payment of fees in voluntary schools has been brought by the wrong-headedness of a factious minority is one in which it cannot well be left. The Town Councils of Birmingham and of a few other boroughs have refused to obey the precepts of their respective School Boards, and no money can be raised in these towns for educational purposes, except under the authority of the Court of Queen's Bench. The education of the poor cannot long be provided for in this way. If every school-rate is to be resisted by the municipal authorities, and only paid as the last step in a contested legal process, the purpose for which the rate is levied will soon be forgotten in the excitement of the party contests growing out of it. When first the cry against the payment of fees in voluntary schools was raised, it was easy to foresee that the authors of it had the game in their own hands, if they held education sufficiently cheap to play it out. In these days a few resolute men may sometimes get a law altered by persistently disobeying it, and taking the consequences. In the present case the dislike to strong measures which makes this expedient possible is reinforced by a consideration of real weight. For our own part, we could bear without discomposure to see the Birmingham Town Councillors subjected to distraint, or undergoing imprisonment. But we fear that this equanimity would not be universally maintained; and if once the victims of their own illogical obstinacy were regarded with pity or sympathy, the educational system against which they fought would become proportionately unpopular. A system of national education which does not command the good will and co-operation of all classes will never succeed in extending itself over the whole country. There is an unanswerable argument for making concessions in the fact that without concessions of some sort the Act will be in danger of becoming unworkable.

Still the necessity of conceding something does not make it any easier to determine what shall be conceded. This is the problem through which Mr. FORSTER has somehow to find his way. If he listens to the Education League he will be told that there is no real difficulty in the matter. The repeal of a portion of the 25th Clause will put everything straight. As the law stands, in cases where parents are too poor to pay for their children's schooling, School Boards have the option of either remitting the fees charged in their own schools, or paying the fees charged in voluntary schools. All the mischief at Birmingham and elsewhere has arisen from the School Boards possessing this dangerous liberty of choice. If they were empowered to remit fees in their own schools, but not to pay them in voluntary schools, the Secularist conscience would be appeased. To some it may appear that the passage in the 25th Clause which has been so fiercely objected to is not particularly worth fighting for. At the meeting of the Education Union on Monday a resolution was passed to the effect that any amendments of the Education Act ought to recognize "the paramount "right of the parent to select the school for his "child." If this right really existed, except in large towns,

it might be important to maintain it unimpaired. But as a matter of fact, it does not and cannot exist, except here and there. Let us take the case of a Liverpool Roman Catholic, compelled by poverty to apply to the School Board for the cost of his children's schooling. If the 25th Clause were repealed, the School Board would refuse to pay the school fee at a Roman Catholic school, and compel him to send his child to the School Board school. In this way no doubt the paramount right of the parent to select the school for his child would be infringed. But it is equally infringed in the great majority of cases now that the 25th Clause is in force. What is the value of a Roman Catholic parent's paramount right to send his child to a Roman Catholic school if he lives in a country village, or in a town where the Roman Catholics are not numerous enough to support a school of their own? The paramount liberty of the parent comes when examined to little more than this—that indigent parents belonging to the Church of England shall have the right of having the fees paid for their children in Church schools, instead of being forced to send them to School Board schools. If the principle were to be rigidly applied, Roman Catholic or Nonconformist schools would have to be set up at the public expense wherever there might be a Roman Catholic or Nonconformist parent desirous of exercising his paramount right to select a school for his child. At the same time, where Denominational schools exist it does not seem an unreasonable demand that parents should have a right to ask that their children should be educated in them. Moreover, the repeal of the 25th Clause, even if it would get us out of one difficulty, the hostility of the Secularists, would only land us in another, the hostility of the Denominationalists. They would see in it the first battle of a campaign against religious education, and they would be proportionately resolute in their opposition. It is by no means certain that the enfeebled Liberal Government would be strong enough to carry their Bill through the House of Commons. It is perfectly certain that they would fail to carry it through the House of Lords. Mr. DIXON may think that defeat in his company would be a nobler fate for the Government than victory with Conservative allies; but Mr. FORSTER has hitherto preferred the baser alternative, and, unless adversity has opened his eyes to Mr. DIXON'S merits, he will perhaps continue to prefer it. Nor is it only the Conservatives and the Denominationalists with whom a Government which simply repealed the 25th Clause would have to reckon. Behind both, as we have often insisted, stands a larger and more formidable force—the ratepayers. The ratepayer's conscience has occasionally proved troublesome under the operation of the 25th Clause, but if the 25th Clause were out of the way the ratepayer's pocket would prove more troublesome still. If at any future time compulsory education should be adopted, either School Boards will be universally established, or some existing authority will be armed with similar powers. If the authorities are not authorised to pay the school fees for children attending voluntary schools, how are the children of indigent parents in parishes where there are none but voluntary schools to be educated? They must have separate schools provided for them. In other words, the ratepayers must be taxed to build unnecessary schools, because the conscience of the Education League will not allow School Boards to buy secular teaching in the cheapest market. It is impossible to imagine that any Government will commit itself to such a project as this. One week of office would serve to convince Mr. DIXON himself of the impracticable nature of his own demand.

Whatever is done with the 25th Clause, it is to be hoped that Mr. FORSTER will not retain the words which declare that the payment of school fees shall not be deemed to be parochial relief given to the parents. The experience of the London School Board is alone sufficient to show what mischief this unwillingness to call things by their right names is doing. Inability on the part of parents to provide necessaries for their children is pauperism, call it by what name you will, and the investigation of cases of pauperism properly belongs to the Guardians of the poor. The transfer of this duty from incapable to capable hands might not get over the religious difficulty; and, if so, nothing would be gained by proposing, by way of compromise, an arrangement which it has been ascertained beforehand would not be accepted in that character. Whatever course the Government may take as to the payment of fees in voluntary schools, it ought to propose that, whether fees are paid in voluntary schools or remitted in School Board schools, the payment or the remission shall be left to the Poor Law authorities. They have the means of testing the genuineness of that plea of poverty which in the early years of a compulsory system is certain to be largely put forward. There will be the same unwillingness on the part of an able-bodied man to apply for parochial relief in the shape of schooling for his children as in the shape of loaves for himself. And though this unwillingness may not be nearly so great as it ought to be, it will at all events not be broken down by the creation of a habit of contentedly receiving relief under another name. The Bishop of Manchester gave a much needed warning when he insisted on the "imminent peril of fostering pauperism." There are many well meaning persons to whom this seems an imaginary danger, so long as the thing fostered is not called pauperism. They will even oppose the transfer of the payment of school fees to the Board of Guardians, on the ground that pauperism is fostered by an arrangement which makes a pauper of every man who is too poor to give his child education. They do not see that a man in this condition is nothing better than a pauper, and that, when once this is granted, the danger consists in depriving the road which leads him to this condition of the warning signals which the very mention of parish relief supplies.

THE KINSALE RIOTS.

TOO much perhaps has been made of the Kinsale riots, but there can be no doubt that they are very unfortunate for Kinsale, and not only for Kinsale, but for other Irish fishing-places. The fishermen are necessarily dependent on the buyers, and the buyers have apparently been frightened away. It is stated that a few who remained agreed unreservedly to the fishermen's terms, but it is to be feared that buyers generally will now be disposed to give Kinsale the cold shoulder. According to one account, when the majority of the fish-buyers departed from Kinsale, "the fishermen blew "them a farewell on their fog-horns"; but most people will be of opinion that the fishermen must have been decidedly in a fog as to their own interests when they indulged in this premature rejoicing. They have apparently yet to learn that fish cannot be sold unless there are people to buy them, and that unsold fish are not a profitable commodity. One of the Cork papers published a telegram from Queenstown, dated Wednesday week, stating that five Liverpool tugs had just put into Queenstown Harbour, "having fled from Kinsale in fear of being fired upon "by the fishermen during the riots;" and it is added that "one "of them towed in twenty yawls with their crews who had "taken flight on the same account." Perhaps it may be some time before these tugs and yawls will again venture to place themselves at the mercy of the Kinsale fishermen. As to the merits of the original dispute, it would be idle to attempt to say which side was in the right. It appears that it turned on a question of prices, and that it was the fish-buyers who proposed a change in the ordinary terms. The buyers announced that they would require a discount of sixpence in the pound on the value of the fish sold during the rest of the season. Their justification for this demand was that they were put to expense in sending out boats to meet the fishermen and collect their fish, and that if the fishermen came in to land the fish and to offer them by auction, they would find that they had lost both time and money. The fishermen denied that there was any ground for this demand, and of course they were perfectly entitled to do as they thought proper, either in agreeing to or rejecting it. Father DUNLEN, a Roman Catholic priest, advised the men to accept arbitration and to go to sea in the meantime. It was calculated that 2,000*l.* worth of fish would be lost if the boats remained in another night, and he thought it would be better that they should go to sea, even if, when they came back, they had to give the fish away in charity. The men were willing to agree to arbitration, but not to go to sea until the question was decided. All attempts to arrange matters between the buyers and the fishermen failed, and in the evening some of the latter met a cartload of fish coming into the town. It was ascertained that the fish had been sold by some Frenchmen to a buyer, and the mob at once broke open the boxes and destroyed the fish. Then they marched through the town, called on the different fish-buyers, and coerced them into signing a document promising to pay the old rates for fish. There was some doubt as to whether one of the buyers had signed this paper, and the mob went to his lodgings, and, on being refused admittance, threatened to break open the doors. The buyer in a moment of excitement fired his pistol over their heads in order to frighten them, but this only made them more furious. The police were pelted with stones in defending the house, and would probably have been overcome but for the arrival of the troops. One of the fishermen, a Manxman, was killed by a shot from the police, and he was honoured with a public

funeral attended by all the fishermen. There has been no further rioting, and, as we have said, such of the buyers as were not afraid to remain at Kinsale have withdrawn their demand for discount.

For the present it may seem as if the victory rested with the fishermen, but it is a victory of a very ruinous kind. The fishermen may not think so, but they might almost as well have driven off the fish that swarm round their coast as the people who come to buy them. Buyers will henceforth be rather shy of going near Kinsale, and other Irish fishing-places will suffer from the evil reputation of the Kinsale fishermen. Indeed every incident of this nature inflicts a serious blow on Irish industry generally. Industry cannot thrive without capital, and capitalists are the most timid people in the world. People at a distance will naturally be tempted to put the case of the fish-buyer whose house the fishermen try to pull down about his ears because he will not pay them just what they choose to demand for their fish, along with the case of the landlord who is shot at from behind a hedge because he prefers a tenant who pays his rent to one who does not. The fishermen were certainly not bound to agree to the discount imposed by the buyers, but all they had to do was to find some other means of disposing of their fish. All this is simple enough; but we are afraid that the Kinsale fishermen will be confirmed in their error by the victory which they flatter themselves they have obtained. It is true that the fishermen are not exclusively Irishmen. Kinsale is the headquarters of a great fishery business, and boats come there not only from different points on the Irish coast, but from England, Scotland, and France. It has been suggested that the population of Kinsale is rather Spanish than Irish, and the balconies of the houses in the Spanish style are cited in proof of this assertion. It is less doubtful that Kinsale was at one time famous as a haunt of daring and successful smugglers, and something of the hereditary spirit may perhaps still cling to it. We do not know, however, that much light is thrown on the affair by going into the past history of Kinsale. A fishing population such as is gathered there, poor, ignorant, struggling, and of mixed nationalities, may be expected to be somewhat rough and disorderly. The demand which was made on the fishermen by the buyers was novel and unexpected, and some allowance must be made for the exasperation which it produced. It would be unfair to make too much of this riot either against the fishermen of Kinsale or against the Irish generally; but it certainly supplies an obvious argument against the proposal of the Irish Fishery Commissioners to assist Irish fishermen by loans for the purchase of nets, boats, and fishing-tackle. In the first place, it is natural to ask why Irish fishermen alone should require this assistance when it is worth the while of English, Scotch, and French fishermen to come from a great distance to catch the fish which the Irish find at their own doors; and, in the next place, there is reason to fear that fishermen who do not hesitate to resort to violent measures in order to compel fish-buyers to pay them what they think a fair price for their fish, would be apt to offer a somewhat warm reception to any one who came to them to request payment of old debts. Fishermen are not always clear reasoners, and there would be considerable danger of a loan being regarded after a certain time as a gift. The administration of Ireland is not at present altogether so smooth and easy as to render it desirable that it should be further complicated by advances of Government money to needy fishermen which would have to be recovered periodically at the point of the bayonet.

It is pleasant to turn from the painful and disheartening scene at Kinsale to an incident of a very different kind which took place at Dublin on Tuesday, when a spacious new dock was opened in the presence of the LORD-LIEUTENANT, after whom it has been named. The Spencer Dock is entirely a work of private enterprise. It has been constructed by the Midland Railway Company at a cost of some 60,000*l.*, without any assistance from the public funds. Large docks built in a similar manner have lately been opened at Belfast, and it is satisfactory to find that some at least of the Irish people prefer to trust to their own exertions rather than to the wild and delusive promises of Home Rule agitators. On every side there are symptoms of the thriving condition of the country. It appears that the tonnage of the shipping of Dublin has doubled within the last twenty years, and the new works which have just been constructed will afford increased facilities for the growing traffic between Dublin and the English ports. What only a short time since was a dismal swamp, desolate and untenanted, is now a fine range of quays lined with warehouses and offices. Railway communication has been provided from one side of the country to the other, while the network of lines is connected at Dublin with the shipping trade of the kingdom. There would be plenty of capital ready to be poured into Ireland if capitalists were only satisfied with the security of their investments. The substantial prosperity which Ireland is now enjoying is due to the more settled condition of the population, and to the increasing confidence of those who supply the resources of enterprise in the social progress of the country. It is unfortunate that such incidents as the Kinsale riot should occasionally occur to disturb this confidence, but it may be hoped that at least they will not be without their warning.

SOCIAL CHANGES.

A POPULAR writer has lately given it as his opinion that social science is unsociableness reduced to a science; that progress in comfort and convenience, and all the facilities which make life easy, conduce to isolation; that the more snug people are at home the less they like to leave it; that sofas and easy chairs have knocked hospitality on the head; that serials and magazines have superseded gossip by word of mouth; that the imagination receives and entertains through novels; that, in short, society in our day is best figured by the *Lady of Shalott*, the newspaper being the shield through which we see the world. And this tone falls in quite naturally with the feeling, or rather the habits, of the day. A man is out of harmony with his age who descants on the pleasures of society. No modern authority professes frank enjoyment in the company of his fellow-creatures. A sensation of musty antiquity pervades every avowal of the sort. Such sentiments as "The hours we spend in conversation are the most pleasing of any we enjoy," "That part of life we spend in company is the most pleasing of all our moments," tell their own date, and cannot certainly be less than a hundred years old; as they are, in fact, some score years more, being found in the *Tatler*. Nobody ever tells his dream now with the prelude "Methought I was in the midst of a very agreeable company." Every picture of the sort recalls the days of formal dresses and uneasy furniture. We are not sure that any divine of our day would own to Philip Henry's vindication of a town life—that it was always a pleasure to him to see a good man pass along the street. There are two ways of solacing ourselves in fatigue or weariness of spirit—either by repose of head and limb, or by counter excitement and the exercise of other faculties. When dress was a restraint and bodily comfort was not viewed as an art, the best resource was the stimulus of company, talking, dancing, card-playing. And it is still the case in many countries that the peasants who work all day dance late into the night; voluntary movement is their rest. Home to them offers few attractions; meaning, it may be, a stool by a smoking or fireless hearth, a place to shun till supper-time or bed-time comes. People in such circumstances are ready for any form of amusement. It is no new thing to like one's ease; but the arts and habits of life have advanced slowly in this direction; with their advance comes independence of external aids. Relaxation, which once was social, now affects the hermit. We grow more sensitive to the annoyances of intercourse, and find it answers best for our immediate ends to consult self only. Of old, ennui interfered with this selfishness; but ennui is not the universal enemy it used to be. Time is not so often nowadays called "the enemy." The idlest of us have more resources than idleness once found ready to hand. Reading is an enormous power of spending time lazily and unprofitably which used to be simply yawned away. We have a literature which needs so little intellectual effort that even the family of Osbaldiston would not have been driven to pitch and toss, cutting cudgels, or biting their thumbs, as the sole occupations of leisure. Nobody, even in poetry, proposes the absurd and impossible indulgence of lying under a tree, like the Eugenios and Lysanders of our antiquity. We can loll to our satisfaction indoors, and we resent interruption with much more genuine ill-humour than it was the part of those uncomfortably reclining dreamers or students to put on. We see that the poets and essayists were thrown upon their invention for such images; the world about them took life from another point of view; it was their office to show the intellectual uses of retiring into self, and the diversion which a superior mind might find in its own company.

When social intercourse was assumed to be the highest pleasure of man, it may be observed that generally speaking this intercourse was of men with men. Good company in the old essayists generally means the gathering of wits and men of intellect in clubs and coffee-houses, where conversation was carried on as a sort of game in an arena with observers and listeners. The ladies' tea-table makes a poor figure by the side of the tavern. Society now means the intellectual intercourse of the two sexes—a much more fatiguing thing, though no doubt affording some keen pleasures which the other lacks; but not for long spaces of time. Easy talk can be kept up for an indefinitely longer period where the sexes are out of hearing of each other, though the excitement is greater when they mingle. We see this in all gatherings where inexperience or want of breeding leaves men to the guidance of their instincts. They assemble in knots. The ladies gossip to one another. In a lower class there is still the same natural separation. The women "neighbour" with each other, the men collect in groups or herd in the public-house.

Progress and refinement have brought society to its most diffi-

cult period, though literature and fiction take no notice of this. The pictured case of Mr. Disraeli's novels, those dinners of witty men and women where the feminine intelligence draws out the masculine, are among the rarest of social successes. For once when such contact has hit off some brilliant or charming or soothing effect, it misses ten times or twenty. And the annoyance is greatest in having been dull or stupid in each other's company, and the exposure more telling; when often repeated, it results in a settled disinclination for the scene of such discomforts. People do not always know the origin of this sense of flatness, but we may take for granted that nobody has any fixed aversion to effort in what he excels in. Of course half the grumbling about society is simply an echo; it is only a minority that is able to arrive at an unbiassed judgment in any personal question of likes and dislikes. As matters at present stand, the opportunities for grumbling are twofold. The people who grumble at the prospect of a social gathering to which they are committed would grumble even more querulously at the want of society. There is in most circles an understood distinction between visitable people within reach and "society" as they understand the word. Every country neighbourhood is found deficient in eligible acquaintance; and in this thickly populated world it never was so common as it is now to hear people complain of the dulness and meagreness of society—"of knowing nobody" within an attainable distance. It may throw some light upon the causes of this grievance to discover where it is least prominent. One social influence of a cheerful, cordial kind will harmonize many incongruous elements; but such an influence tells most powerfully where there are the physical hindrances of mileage or locomotion to force people into content with circumstances. While there is an imaginary porcelain Paradise, all sense, wit, and grace, within tantalizing distance, it is only in human nature to hang aloof from the ordinary clay of which near neighbours are generally composed; but once realize that the lot is cast among them, that it is this or none, and Hobson's choice will develop many unexpected points of sympathy and companionship.

Something of all this may be due to modern habits of self-analysis, much assisted by the tone of our social literature—to a growing study of sensations which disturbs the swing imparted by external action and events. The diversion to be found in company, as such, used to be taken for granted; people did not review their own experience after each taste of it. Now things are changed, and this form of amusement is put upon its trial, and charged with the onus of proof like any other. The mere trouble and cost of it seemed once to argue that it must be worth its price; as Professor Wilson said of horse exercise, that riding held its ground as a pleasure because it was expensive, and purchased pain is by idiots thought pleasure. The thinkers of the last century did indeed begin to speculate on the matter; one excellent woman we find rebuking herself for a splenetic fit of dissatisfaction with society in the words of Epictetus:—"But you are wretched and discontented; be pleased and make the best of everything. Call society an entertainment and a festival." And the wits made discoveries. When Mrs. Montagu saw "our maccaronic beaux and coterie dames" go into the country to pass the winter holidays in traditional gaieties, she prophesied failure. The world she considered past its youth, and the people who went to their dreary mansion to keep their Christmas she foresaw would not laugh till they got back to London again. But whatever the feeling towards country visiting, solitary ease and snug comfort were as yet nobody's ideal, either as a pleasure or a virtue. This fine lady, who felt it to be a misfortune that few pleased her, drew the inference that she must enlarge her circle of acquaintance. She could bear with twenty disagreeable people better than with one; and when she loses friends, she accepts the "mechanic help" of numbers as aids to flagging spirits and vivacity. And of course it is in large centres that society still holds its own. Sydney Smith liked London because it needed two or three millions of people to produce a perfect society embodying the quintessence of mind and manners. But on a different ground great cities are the theatres for society. It can be conducted more continuously, and with fewer rude disappointments. All pleasures in the long run depend upon habit. People really like best what they are used to, whatever it is, unless there is perpetual mental or bodily pain involved in it. The only way to like society is to mix habitually in it, till a cessation of social intercourse, and being thrown upon self for relaxation, brings something of a blank; to be so engaged in it that there is no custom to fall back upon when a week or a month comes without a prospect of change, or any alternative to the dozing solitude of the study or the quiet serenity of the domestic hearth which hold out such charms to a jaded fancy. Of course the study and the hearth are the proper homes—workshops, so to say—of the fancy if the mind exercises itself there; but mental activity is, we suspect, the exception in lone winter evenings passed in the strictly domestic circle where no interloper makes a demand on the general energy. And people used to be more aware of this than they are now, and more tolerant of interruption.

The immense increase of writers in this age accounts in some degree for the falling-off of good talkers. In the circles where we look for examples in this subject we shall frequently find some busy intellect that needs rest and quiet after the labour of his pen, and to whom the necessity of talking would be an injurious strain on overtasked powers. Writing has become a recognized profession only within the past century. The tone towards the press before that time indicates how little share it had in the distinctions of society; and ladies, hospitable to all beside, can deride "hireling scribblers" as a "hungry crew," without a thought of satisfying nature's cravings at their own tables. If a friend is criticized by the journals, it is explained that "the scribblers get a dinner by it." "It would be cruel to grudge them their morsel," and an unpopular or political leader is expected to "fatten many starving authors." When good talking would at least get a man a dinner in good company, nobody would throw himself on his pen for a meagre support till he had failed or proved himself unfit for social successes, including a patron and the chance of a pension. Things are changed since the time when it was the boast at Bulstrode that the paper used to remain unopened day after day. Those who would have entertained the world by their talk in the eighteenth century now mirror society to us of the nineteenth, and through a different medium. We do not deny that it is some compensation for the old flash or flow of wit, but it is very far from being all gain if it helps us to do without each other's company.

Looking through the country as a whole, we doubt if ever since society framed itself sociability was so much out of fashion as it is now; and there are causes at work which seem more likely to extend the breach than to solder it up. For there is a growing resentment of patronage, an assumption of equal terms in all familiar contact, which threatens to convert every invitation to dinner into an act of humiliation or of self-assertion. It is pleasant enough to entertain inferiors as such, but pride takes the alarm when advantage is taken of its condescensions; and the more grades multiply and the scale of precedence refines itself, the more contracted will be even the possibilities of genial social intercourse.

THE LEGEND OF BERKELEY.

It is wonderful to follow the gush of antiquarian learning which is sure to burst forth whenever any spot which has the least pretension to historic celebrity receives what, in the dialect of the penny-a-liners, is called a "royal visit," or "a visit from royalty." In English a "royal visit" would mean a visit from a King or Queen; what a "visit from royalty" may mean we do not profess to know. "Royalty" is a quality or abstraction, and we know not in what sense it may be said to visit a man, unless it be by settling on him and making him a King. These points are too hard for us; abstractions are beyond our powers of reckoning; so, for aught we know, a visit from the Prince of Wales may be a "visit from royalty." All that we say is that a visit from a man who is not a King is not, save in the dialect of newspaper flunkeys, a "royal visit." No one would call a visit from a Duke's eldest son a "ducal visit," and the case is exactly the same. However, the castle of Berkeley and the city of Bristol have lately been visited by the Prince of Wales, and those whose trade it is to go into ecstasies about such things have gone into ecstasies at the "royal visit." Quiet people may perhaps think that the visit, royal or otherwise, might as well have been left alone; they may be inclined to wink at races and steeplechases where they have gone on always, but they may think it rather a pity to go and set them up in new places. But of course a "royal visit" sets to work a crowd of pens, and not the least the pens of those who make it their business, when anything happens now, to look up anything at all like it, or anything that has to do with the same place or the same family, which happened long ago. Now at Berkeley several real, and more mythical, things have happened, and of course, now that a "royal visit" has been added to one class or the other, many tongues are naturally unloosed to talk about the former history of the place. This would be all very well if only people would be satisfied to go to the right quarters to find out something about either Berkeley or any other place. But the people who rush off to chatter in the newspapers will not stop to look either into the original authorities or into those modern writers who have dealt with the original authorities in a critical fashion; their whole notion is simply to pick up the local legend, tradition, or invention, to tell it over again with a great air of research, and perhaps to trick it out with some new ornament in the fresh telling. Hence, whenever there is a "royal visit" or anything else that is at all exciting to the penny-a-lining mind, a flood of exploded falsehood is at once poured forth as a matter of course. Mythical pedigrees of course claim a large share. Nothing is so easy to invent as a pedigree, and nothing is so pleasant to those in whose supposed honour a pedigree is invented. May we also believe that in some mysterious way the invention affords pleasure to the inventor? We fancy that the people who talk about "royal visits" and such like somehow feel that they themselves come nearer to being royal by talking about them; and so we believe that those who invent pedigrees for Grosvenors or Berkeleys feel as if, not only the Grosvenors or the Berkeleys, but themselves also, are somehow drawn nearer by the process to the great personages, real or mythical, whose names they seem to stick in at random.

The connexion between Berkeley and Bristol is one of old standing, dating at least from the middle of the twelfth century. It has sometimes been hostile, sometimes friendly; but in one form or another it has gone on from then till now. Berkeleys have in one age or another been burghers of Bristol, tyrants of Bristol, representatives of Bristol, Lords-Lieutenant of Bristol. Here then is a real piece of history. A city which has stood in these varying relations to a neighbouring Lord, and which once was able for a moment to get rid both of the neighbouring Lord and of the

King himself, comes nearer than most English towns to the position of the independent cities of the Commonwealth. The history of Bristol—and the history of Bristol almost carries with it the history of Berkeley—is a real historical subject, which it wants a critical historian to write, and which, far more than most pieces of local history, would quite repay a critical historian for the writing. We wish however just now to discharge a humbler duty, to point out a few of the romances of early date to which the later "royal visit" and the accompanying steeplechases have given a renewed currency. We confess that we have failed to watch one great authority. We failed to mark whether the *Daily Telegraph* has made the occasion an excuse for any special eloquence, and especially whether it has traced up the pedigree of the Lords of Berkeley to the Sassanides. The feat would have been a noble one, and it would have had the great advantage that the new pedigree would be not a whit more untrue than the old one. While one is inventing, it is just as easy to say King of Persia as to say King of Denmark; and we have no doubt that, for the proper fee, the intermediate links in the chain might be as readily found in the one case as in the other.

Failing this, we lighted on some curious matter in one of the illustrated papers—curious, that is, as showing how people will go on for generations telling the same impossible story, one after another, without ever stopping to think whether there is any evidence for it, or whether there could be any evidence for it. We know not whether it ever fell to the lot of any of our readers to hear a local Gloucestershire antiquary hold forth on the glories of the house of Berkeley. It has been our lot more than once, and the process is a very singular one. You are always told how Robert Fitz-Harding, the founder of the house of Berkeley, was son of Harding—about which, so far, there can be no doubt—and that Harding was Mayor of Bristol, Governor of Bristol, son of "the King of Denmark," and a follower of William the Conqueror. You perhaps mutter that the two callings of Mayor of Bristol and son of a King of Denmark sound rather incongruous. You perhaps gently ask what son of what King of Denmark, and hint that so remarkable a fact as that of a son of Sven Estrithson serving under William—that is, serving against his father—should at least be made out by some contemporary evidence. Your teacher goes on to tell you that Robert Fitz-Harding married the heiress of "the Saxon family of Berkeley de Dursley," and you perhaps gently murmur that this French-sounding territorial description is something, to say the least, unusual in the case of a "Saxon family," and indeed that "Berkeley de Dursley" is a rather odd description of any family of any race. You ask at least to be shown the place in Domesday on which all this genealogy is founded; of course you ask in vain; of course all such unreasonable cavils are thrust aside. There is the story, the true story that always has been, and it certainly will not be the fault of the penny-a-liners if it does not go on to be for some time to come.

The queerest form which the Berkeley legends have just now taken is to be found in the *Antiquary*, a paper whose curious contents we have had occasion to mention once or twice, and which tells us in its motto, "We want nothing but facts." As the *Antiquary* wants facts we will give him some, but the facts will be the clearer if we first borrow a little from his own store of fiction. After mentioning the visit of the Prince to Berkeley, and giving his general impressions of the town and castle, the *Antiquary* plunges into his antiquarianism and enlightens us as follows:—

> In the Domesday record Berkeley is styled a royal demesne and free borough; and in the reign of Edward the Confessor it is said to have had within its bounds a nunnery, which the inmates forfeited by their dissolute conduct. There is a tradition to the effect that the crafty Earl Godwin passing that way, left his nephew at the nunnery, under protence that he was ill, and that by this means he succeeded in corrupting the majority of the inmates, including the abbess herself, whose conduct the subtle earl afterwards reported to his sovereign. This resulted in the dissolution of the nunnery, and in its possession being granted to the Earl.

Now, most certainly Berkeley is not called a "free borough" in Domesday, nor is it called a "royal demesne" in those words, though of course it was such, and its being such is of importance to the story. It is indeed said, "ibi unum forum"—that is, a market-town—"in quo manebant xvii homines et reddebant censum in firmâ." Out of this the "free borough" may possibly have grown. But the story of the nunnery, which, as it is here told, any one would think was found in Domesday, is a mere story of Walter Map, which has probably grown out of the story of Swegen and Eadgifu at Leominster, mixed up with the real destruction of an abbey at Berkeley which is incidentally mentioned in Domesday under the head of Woodchester. All this has been long ago worked out by critical writers; but people who write this sort of thing no more look to modern criticism than they do to the original authorities themselves. Then we go on:—

> The conqueror afterwards bestowed the manor on Roger, surnamed De Berkeley, one of the chieftains of his invading army. Roger, his grandson, who took part with Stephen against Henry II., was deprived of his lands, which were given by the king to Robert Fitzhardinge, Governor of Bristol, in reward for his eminent services. This gentleman, as the old chroniclers tell us, was descended from the kings of Denmark, and with the posterity of this renowned knight the extensive manor of Berkeley, one of the largest in England, has ever since remained, the present noble owner, the Right Honourable Francis William Fitzhardinge Berkeley, second Lord Fitzhardinge, being the twenty-sixth in direct descent from the above Robert Fitzhardinge, the founder of the family. According to Mr. S. C. Hall, it appears that in the time of Edward the Confessor, a "De Berkeley" possessed the adjoining manor and castle of Dursley; and his descendant might probably have joined the Conqueror on, or immediately after, his invasion, and thus retain the possessions until the domain was, during the wars between Maud and Stephen, consigned to Henry, afterwards Henry II.

If the Conqueror gave the manor to Roger, it must have been after the Survey was made, for he appears there not as holding the manor, but simply as the King's reeve, holding it to farm. But in that profitable calling he seems to have feathered his nest not a little, as he appears over and over again in the local history of Gloucester (Historia et Cartularium Monasterii Sancti Petri Gloucestriæ) as a benefactor to the Abbey. That Cartulary contains the names of various other persons described as "of Berkeley," out of which it is likely that any one who thought it worth the trouble might put together a real pedigree of this first Berkeley family. But there is nothing in Domesday, or in the Cartulary, or in Wace, or anything else, to make us think that Roger the "præpositus" was "one of the chieftains of the invading army." Still less does any "old chronicler tell us" that Robert Fitz-Harding was "descended from the kings of Denmark." It has been shown more than once that there is strong presumptive evidence, though no positively direct proof, to show that he was the son of Harding, the son of Eadnoth the Staller, who held high office under Edward, Harold, and William, and was killed in withstanding the landing of Harold's sons on the coast of Somerset. In short, the Berkeley pedigree is not merely mythical, like most other pedigrees, but the myth actually displaces a piece of highly probable history. We do not at all know how things may be "according to Mr. S. C. Hall," from whom, we suppose, comes the statement a little further on that "Roger de Berkeley held the manors of Berkeley and Dursley by grant from his kinsman, Edward the Confessor." We need hardly say that there is no trace of all this impossible rubbish in Domesday, where Dursley simply appears without the mention of any particular tenant, as one of the members of the vast lordship of Berkeley. As for the unbroken succession of the manor, people seem to know as little of the state of things in the sixteenth century as in the eleventh; for in Henry the Seventh's time William Marquess of Berkeley, by a singular provision, made over the castle and manor to Henry the Seventh and his heirs male, with remainder to his own heirs. The manor was therefore held by Henry the Seventh, Henry the Eighth, and Edward the Sixth, on whose death it went back to the heir of the Marquess, more than one Lord Berkeley in the meanwhile having held the castle, not as a freehold, but as a Constable and Porter under the Crown. Yet a "modern writer," whom the *Antiquary* goes on to quote, when he gets inside Berkeley Castle, finds his fancy

> scarcely taxed to behold again, seated on the dais, its powerful lords—mirrors of chivalry; we seem almost to hear the minstrels recite the praises of descendants of the royal Dane, who fought and conquered by the side of the Conqueror; we behold his successors, in one unbroken line for centuries, surrounded by their vassals, holding regal sway.

The descendants of the royal Dane and the unbroken line of his successors are just as much creations of the fancy as the "regal sway," which assuredly no subject held in the realm either of King William or of King Henry.

We have of course a great deal about Edward the Second. Next to his birthplace in the tower of his own building at Caernarvon may come his death-place at Berkeley, where we are shown the Elizabethan bedstead on which the deed was done, and the seventeenth-century rapier with which it was done. But we are sure that the *Antiquary* must be misrepresenting Mr. Parker when he says:—

> Mr Parker considers it still a doubtful point whether this was the room in which the murder of King Edward was committed. The bedstead, which is known not to be very ancient, he says was an old Jacobin one, while the rapier is one of about the time of James.

A "Jacobin bedstead" is beyond us. It suggests "principles of 1789;" only perhaps those who deposed and slew a King may in some sort be looked on as Jacobins before the time. And as for the rapier of the time of James, an ingenious showman might improve the hint, and say that it had been wielded by Santiago of Compostella in some battle against the dogs of Paynimrie. One scrap more; in the Answers to Correspondents we find another curious notice in the days of Roger of Berkeley:—

> *A.J.*—The curfew was the general name for a law made by William the Conqueror, and enforced by severe penalties, that at the ringing of a bell at eight o'clock in the evening, all persons should put out their lights, cover or rake out their fires, and go to bed.

The details are so minute that we must really ask for chapter and verse of the enactment; meanwhile we will cap the question and answer with another question and answer from a Report of the Endowed Schools Commissioners:—"What was the feudal system?"—"The ringing of a bell."

Surely a patriotic prince would rather always stay at home than go about paying royal visits, if this prodigious splutter of antiquated rubbish is always to follow on them.

FACILITIES OF WORSHIP.

A PRIVATE members' Bill, with the large object of promoting facilities of worship within the Church of England, has had the good luck to reach the House of Lords in the early days before Easter. To be sure this is the third year of Mr. Salt's championship of his measure, and he has on the present occasion merited his success by having had the good sense to listen to the objections made by friendly critics to his scheme in its original form, and to modify it accordingly. Two years since Mr. Salt

succeeded in passing a Bill with the limited but useful scope of allowing the bishops to license private chapels in schools, colleges, hospitals, and similar institutions which could show a homogeneous congregation and claim specific ministrations, to which Bill, as it emerged from the Commons, a very odd clause was appended, enacting a free trade in Church of England chapels, which would have been simply destructive of any parochial system. The Lords made short work of this proposal, but passed the remaining Bill. In 1872 accordingly the proposal reappeared in the expanded form of a Bill "bristling" with the same kind of delusive "safeguards" as Mr. Morgan's Burials Bill, but effectively providing for the conversion of every parish in England into the cockpit of all the parties, High, Low, and Broad, Ritualistic, Latitudinarian, and Evangelical, into which the Church can be divided and subdivided. By it every incumbent might have found himself compelled to tolerate the antagonistic ministrations of a spiritual squatter, strong in the possession of a licence, which the Episcopate was to have been almost terrorized into granting. This Bill was destined to be read a second time, and to be no more heard of till the present Session, when it again appeared in a modified shape. In spite of the dangerous character of its general provisions, there were certainly some genuine safeguards contained in the recast, while the general case might claim to rest upon admitted grounds of grievance, where the helplessness, stupidity, or temper of an incumbent inclined him to play dog in the manger, and to refuse those additional ministrations for which a respectable portion of his parishioners were suitors. So the opponents of the actual Bill did not attempt to obstruct the second reading, while they moved for its reference to a Select Committee. In this they were not successful, and they put down for Committee the qualifying amendments which would convert it into a measure which would be harmless if not useful. Mr. Salt, thus brought face to face with criticism which was *bonâ fide* intended to mend and not to mar his measure, recognized its force, and, by consenting to incorporate the main suggestions into his clauses, secured the rapid and unostentatious progress of the Bill through the remaining stages. The measure as originally drawn, while professedly a Bill for giving additional "facilities of worship," was easily pervertible by a lazy, a cowardly, or a partisan bishop, playing into the hands of parochial agitators, into an engine for the persecution of quiet incumbents. Subject to certain limits of distance and population, ten inhabitants could have claimed a Church of England chapel in spite of the parson, and the bishop was compelled to grant their wish, after a preliminary inquiry before a Commission, of which he was to name three members and the threatened vicar two.

The weakness of the proposal obviously consisted in the circumstance that it might, at the will of any fussy fanatic, be turned into a propaganda for troubling a parish with alien services and bellicose sermons, however contented and well supplied it might be with means of worship. Ten signatures were easy to get even in a single household, and the petition to the bishop had only to allege that further facilities were required, while the onus of disproof was thrown on the incumbent, who had to place himself in the invidious attitude of seeming to resist a movement for the encouragement of devotion. With a partisan bishop the case would be even worse, for the promoters might really be the Church Association, or some analogous body on some other side, whose game he was playing, and the whole investigation would then resolve itself into a mock trial of the pre-condemned clergyman. Besides, nothing was said in the Bill as to the nomination of the new chaplain, who might either be the choice of the promoter or an episcopal emissary deputed to break down the legitimate influence of the parish priest. These various dangers have now been provided against in a series of amendments. The minimum number of petitioners has been raised from ten to twenty-five, and so the risk of collusion has been notably diminished, while the Bill is only operative in parishes of more than a thousand inhabitants, or where there is a hamlet of twenty houses more than a mile from any church. Then the petition is bound to embody certain precautionary particulars. It must contain the name and address of the clergyman proposed to be licensed, a proviso which plainly defines the patronage as belonging to the petitioners, and operates as a check upon the conspiring powers of clerics on the loose who may covet a lodgment and not be ambitious to have their antecedents scanned. It is also to contain other even more important information, for it must state the existing facilities for worship in the parish, and the additional facilities which the petitioners desire to obtain. After this the bishop's freedom of action is guaranteed in more explicit terms than by the first draft of the Bill. He may disbelieve in the whole movement, and veto it accordingly. On the other hand, the incumbent may really be promoting the scheme, either warmly because he considers it the simplest and cheapest form of Church development open to him in a parish of which he still desires to remain incumbent, or critically because he recognizes the existence of persons with whom he cannot altogether agree, but whom he is willing to tolerate rather than by sheer resistance to drive them to the disastrous extremity of cutting up the parish and constituting a new and petty district which never can be reabsorbed. With a willing incumbent a few formalities conclude the whole matter. But neither contingency may come to pass. The bishop may think there is something in the claim, and the incumbent may not be ready to surrender at discretion. At this point comes in what we consider the most valuable of all the amendments. The petition, as we have explained, is bound to state what are the additional facilities which the promoters claim. Before anything more can be done, the incumbent has the option of himself offering to supply the desired ministrations within a reasonable time; and if he does so, or makes a fair approximation, the movement collapses. This provision supplies a self-acting corrective to the gravest dangers of the new liberty, for it compels the progressists to work in silken halters. Where the clergyman is hopelessly lazy, indifferent, or contradictory, they will in all probability carry the day to the advantage of their fellow-parishioners. In other cases they might simply succeed in more firmly rooting the system which they were planning to circumvent, and in stirring up energies which were dormant only because there was no irritant to give them the proper stimulus. In the meanwhile, whether the party triumph lay with the Evangelical or with the Ritualist, the parish as a whole would be the richer for as many more additional services or sacraments as the petitioners had claimed on their own behalf. In a word, the Bill has become one for increasing the quantity of worship throughout our parishes, and not, as originally framed, one for vexatiously disturbing its quality.

Clearly an engine so liable to run round and give a back blow to those who were working it for private ends would not be set going without sufficient cause. But even if the bishop was of opinion that the incumbent had no case, he is not to be allowed to administer Turkish justice; for the petition of the promoters, including both the name and the address of the proposed clergyman, and the required additional services, is to be placarded for thirty days upon the doors of every Church of England place of worship in the parish, after which the whole matter has to be heard by a Commission of five, of whom the bishop is to name three, the incumbent two, and the promoters none at all. After all these processes have been gone through, but not previously, the bishop may license the new chapel, subject to the demand on the part of any ten inhabitants to reconsider the step, and with the power of himself suspending the licence for causes sufficient to himself. In the meanwhile, the offertory, unless the ordinary direct otherwise, is to go to the parish church; no marriages are to be celebrated in the chapel, and all baptisms are to be duly recorded in the parish register. It might have been desirable towards the absolute perfection of the safeguards, that the promoters should have been bound to provide some minimum stipend for their nominee; but, considering that the bishop's approval is purely optional, the greatest alarmist may make pretty sure that no prelate would be foolish enough to commit himself to the invidious position of licensing a stray clerk to starve on the confines of the rich pasturage of a hostile glebe.

A clause is found in the middle of the Bill, which has no very necessary connexion with the remaining provisions, enabling a bishop to license a domestic chapel in any private house containing more than twenty inhabitants. We believe that the remaining Bill, in addition to existing facilities, would have met most of the reasonable cases which could have been brought under this clause. It would very certainly, as originally proposed, have been open to many abuses; for under it the purse-proud owner of a big house would have had the parson continually under his thumb by the threat of opening a chapel and driving his dependents (perhaps the entire parish) into its fold. Accordingly it has, like the rest of the measure, been reconsidered, and the amendments give the bishop entire discretion of refusing, limit the admission of any but the immediate dependents of the house by certain rules of distance and population, and allow the incumbent an appeal to the archbishop against the licence.

Such is Mr. Salt's Bill as it came into the House of Commons, and as it has gone up to the House of Lords. As originally framed, it was a very risky experiment, but in its amended form we are inclined to think that it will be a useful measure. There can be no doubt that the Church of England, if it is to hold its own for the future, must learn to assimilate the parochial and the congregational systems. The division into parishes, involving the territorial office of incumbent, and his exclusive tenure of the church and churchyard, is necessary both for the theory of a national Church, and as the only machinery for the general diffusion of the various opportunities of spiritual and temporal good of which such a Church is the accredited dispenser. On the other hand, the variety of allowable opinion in matters both of doctrine and of ritual within the Church of England demands the generous toleration of very differently constituted centres of worship. This is chiefly the case in towns, but the demand undoubtedly exists all through the land. The combination of order and license is confessedly a most difficult problem, and we are far from saying that Mr. Salt's Bill in its amended form (for of that alone we are thinking) is the best solution. At all events it is an honest, and we believe a safe, attempt; and it has what is in our eyes the great merit of offering a scheme of religious extension alternative to the miserably wasteful and disheartening one of perpetually cutting up parishes, constructing mean district churches, and founding pauperised incumbencies, instead of seeking the co-operation of more men to work in the existing parishes, and offering there additional opportunities of worship, without the intervention of building committees, conveyances of site, speculative contracts, and final extras. On the whole, therefore, we shall be well content to see the proposal put upon its trial.

TRADE-UNIONIST HEROES.

THE present generation has sometimes been reproached with its want of appreciation of heroic qualities and conduct; and this indeed has been suggested as a reason why there are so few heroes. If heroes, it has been said, received more encouragement, there would probably be more of them; but, as it is, the age is really so cold and callous to great deeds that there is not much encouragement to perform them. It may be doubted whether this reproach is altogether justified in regard to any class, but there would seem to be at least one section of the community to which it can hardly in fairness be applied. It would appear that working-men, or at any rate those of them who are Trade-Unionists, cannot be accused of any backwardness in paying generous homage to those who have accomplished what they consider to be noble and heroic achievements. A remarkable illustration of this sympathetic recognition of true greatness has just been given at Maidstone. On Tuesday last what is variously called by the reporters "a public welcome," an "ovation" (and there were, no doubt, eggs at the breakfast), and a "reception," was given by a large body of Trade-Unionists to five distinguished working-men. The ceremony took place at Maidstone under the auspices of the Maidstone Trades' Council. Deputations of Unionists came from London, Canterbury, Chatham, and other places, to do honour to the occasion. The "representative working-men" of course were there, and all the most eminent democrats and agitators from town. Mr. Odger appeared as an embodiment of the London Trades' Council, Mr. George Potter represented the mysterious junta known as the Bolt Court Committee, while Mr. Bailey, who was lately fined for rioting in Hyde Park, figured under the imposing title of the Democratic League. Early in the morning the deputations, together with the general body of Unionists, assembled at the door of the building in which the heroes of the day had for some time been residing, and when the gallant fellows appeared on the threshold, "all looking in excellent health," they were received with immense enthusiasm. Amid "tremendous cheering" they were placed in a carriage and pair and driven in triumph through the town. At the "Sun" inn they were entertained at a "substantial breakfast," with speeches afterwards, and they certainly had no reason to complain, if we may be allowed the expression, of any want of butter. Mr. Potter, who presided, assured them that public sympathy was with them, and Mr. Odger added some equally flattering and encouraging observations. One of the heroes was so touched by these remarks that he declared himself more attached than ever to Unionist principles, and said "he hoped to strive, as he had hitherto done, to improve the moral and social position of his fellow working-men." Then in the evening there was a public meeting in the Corn Exchange, where addresses of a similar character were delivered; and altogether justice seems to have been fully done to the virtues and achievements of the five working-men. It need hardly be remarked that a demonstration of this kind serves two objects. It not only rewards the noble fellows who have already done great things, but it encourages them to fresh exertions, and tends to stimulate and develop the latent heroism of the community. How far these effects will be produced in this instance of course remains to be seen, but the five working-men may have reflected as they went back to town that their heroism, though attended with some drawbacks, had at least been the means of securing them a handsome subscription and a vast deal of applause.

One can imagine a stranger of an inquiring turn of mind arriving in the midst of the Maidstone fête. He would of course be deeply impressed by the procession, the cheering, the eloquent speeches, and other marks of enthusiasm; and he would naturally desire to know what these men had done in order to command such striking proofs of sympathy and admiration. His own conjecture might possibly be that, when some calamity was impending over the public, they had interposed at great peril to themselves to avert it. Happy country, he would be tempted to say, in which there is to be found not only such gallantry, but such spontaneous public gratitude. He would be somewhat surprised to find that the promoters of the demonstration were rather shy of going into particulars on the subject, and preferred to gloss over the conduct of their heroes in general terms. He would be told that these men had suffered for their devotion to Unionist principles, and he would next ask what their Unionist principles had led them to do. His feelings may be imagined when at length he ascertained that the heroism which was being honoured in this enthusiastic manner consisted in a concerted attempt to throw a great city into darkness, and to expose a vast number of innocent and helpless people, not only to painful inconvenience, but to dangers of the most serious kind, and that the only object of this conspiracy was to try whether they could not obtain a small pecuniary advantage for themselves. It was no doubt natural that this part of the gas-stokers' story—for, strange as it may appear, the heroes of the Maidstone demonstration were no other than the ringleaders of the gas-stokers' strike just released from gaol—should be rather kept in the background during the proceedings of Tuesday last. Mr. Potter glided very gently over this delicate ground. "It might," he said, "be a matter of opinion whether the gas-stokers had conducted their late movement in the most discreet manner." Mr. Potter does not himself go so far as to say that a treacherous and malicious breach of contract, with a view to inflict great public injury, is an indiscretion; but he says he can conceive it possible that other people might perhaps think it not quite discreet. As the ringleaders were caught and punished, there is one obvious sense in which their proceedings may be pronounced to have been indiscreet. It might be considered indiscreet to do an act for the public advantage if the person who did it was likely to suffer for it. Mr. Potter did not explain whether his suggestion of the indiscretion of the gas-stokers went beyond the personal risks of their enterprise. We have some recollection that in the early days of the Sheffield inquiry there was a similar disposition in Trade-Unionist circles to admit that perhaps Mr. Broadhead had not always conducted his operations in the most discreet manner, and Mr. Broadhead himself has probably since come round to this opinion. In none of the reports which have reached us do we find, either in the speeches or resolutions, any trace of even the faintest expression condemnatory of the conduct of the gas-stokers, except Mr. Potter's mild hint as to its questionable "discretion." If the stokers had fully succeeded in their design, there might have been loss of life as well as loss of property. It is impossible to exaggerate the danger to a city like London of being suddenly plunged at nightfall into absolute darkness, with all the accustomed lights extinguished in the streets and railways. Yet this is just what the stokers had in view. And the strongest thing which the Trade-Unionist delegates and wire-pullers can find to say about the matter is, that perhaps it was not altogether "discreet," or at least that some prudish people might think so. Mr. Potter said "he was sure no working-man would consider that the gas-stokers had suffered any degradation by the imprisonment they had undergone," and it would appear from the honour paid to them that no degradation is supposed to attach to the offence which brought that punishment upon them. According to this code of Unionist morals, it is not thought to be disgraceful for a working-man to break a contract with his employer. We are reluctant to believe that this is a fair representation of the sentiments of working-men generally.

It is stated that the gas-stokers when they came out of Maidstone Gaol and found themselves conducted amid "tremendous cheering" to the triumphal chariot prepared for them, "seemed for a moment bewildered by the warmth of their reception." They were perhaps not aware that, in persuading their fellow-workers to desert their employment, they had been engaged in such a glorious and noble enterprise; but it probably did not require much argument to convince them that they had really done nothing to be ashamed of, but rather indeed something to be proud of. There is an innocent audacity in a man who has just completed a sentence of imprisonment for conspiring to injure his employers and the public proclaiming that "he hopes to strive, as he has hitherto done, to improve the moral and social position of his fellow-workmen." We have no hesitation in saying that this demonstration is disgraceful to all connected with it. We find no expression of regret, not a syllable of contrition, but every mark of honour and respect heaped on working-men whose only title to distinction is that they left their employment without warning, and incited others to do the same, at a moment when they knew that this breach of contract would entail a heavy loss on their masters, and injury on the public. If there was not an open attempt to justify their crime, there was at least an impudent proposal that the law should be altered, so that henceforth it might be committed with impunity; for this is really what the demands of the Unionists come to. The original sentence on the stokers was severe, but, in the eyes of the Unionists, the four months to which it was commuted was in principle quite as monstrous and unjust as a year's imprisonment. The stokers, in their opinion, ought not to have been punished at all.

Nobody will say that the present state of the law of conspiracy is satisfactory. It is loose and confused, and might, as laid down by Mr. Justice Brett, be stretched to include almost all the ordinary combinations of social and commercial life. But it does not necessarily follow that a clean sweep should therefore be made of the law of conspiracy. The gravity of an offence depends to a certain extent on the consequences flowing from it, not of course purely accidental consequences, but such consequences as may be reasonably expected and foreseen. What might be a very small matter when done by only one man becomes a very serious matter when carried on on a great scale by a large body of men acting together. In the present instance the gravity of the desertion of the gas-makers lay in the number of men who were acting in concert, and the combined effect of their misconduct undoubtedly tended to aggravate their crime. As the law now stands an ordinary breach of contract is punishable only by a fine, but it becomes a criminal offence when it is associated with aggravated injury or misconduct. The gravity of the crime may be further increased when there is a conspiracy to practise it on a large scale. It is impossible to leave out of account the intention and consequences of such an act. There is a wide and obvious distinction between a single workman throwing up work without notice, and a conspiracy of all the workmen in a factory to do so, as the injury to the employer is of course enormously increased. And, again, there is an equally obvious distinction between men withdrawing from work when engaged in any ordinary operation, such as building a house, where the result would be simply inconvenience and delay, and men going off suddenly when in charge of railway points or signals, or anything else on which the safety of life and property depends. The gas-stokers' strike was one of the worst forms of

breach of contract, and included every conceivable aggravation of the crime. Great injury was done to the employers, public interests were affected, and the conspiracy was on a large scale, and had a deliberately malicious intention. The effect of the changes in the law which are advocated by Mr. F. Harrison and the Trade Unionists would be simply to remove an act of this kind from the catalogue of criminal offences altogether, and to enable it to be performed with practically complete impunity. It would then be treated as subject only to a fine. The offenders would be fined, and the fines would be immediately paid out of the funds of the Union, or by a subscription among the trades: and practically this would of course be no punishment at all. In dealing with questions of this kind, it must be remembered that the object of all punishment is simply to put a stop to certain evil practices. And it is evident that, if such a breach of contract as that of the gas-stokers were to be made punishable only by fine, society would have no real hold on the offenders whatever. This is a state of things which of course cannot be contemplated seriously for a moment. The idea of the Unionists and of their advocates seems to be that the Masters and Servants and Criminal Law Amendment Acts are unfair, because they do not press equally on all classes of the community; but the reason why they do not press equally is simply that working-men are almost the only people who commit the offences against which they are directed. It is held to be unfair to punish working-men for rattening and picketing, because employers are not punishable for sending out black lists. Of course the men can send out black lists, too, if they choose, and the only reason why this is not punishable is because it does not involve violent coercion, as picketing does. No doubt if the Trade Unionists could show that employers are guilty of malpractices for which they ought to be punished, but for the punishment of which no provision is made, that might be a very good reason for remedying this deficiency. But it is absurd to argue that it is unfair and invidious to punish working-men for offences which they are in the habit of committing because other classes, not being in the habit of committing these offences, are not similarly punished. The idea seems to be that every working-man who is sent to prison should be balanced by an incarcerated capitalist, and that the object of the criminal law is not so much to check crime as to distribute punishments so that each class of society may come in for an equal share in the course of the year. Those who take this view appear to forget that the law is directed, not against persons or classes, but against acts. The demonstration in favour of the gas-stokers supplies the strongest possible argument against the demands of the Unionists: for it shows that their only object in seeking a relaxation of the law is that they may be enabled to resort with impunity to violence and fraud.

THE *DAILY TELEGRAPH* ON GOOD FRIDAY.

WE have long been familiar with the exuberant piety of the *Daily Telegraph* at the sacred season which has just drawn to a close, and certainly it cannot be said that on Good Friday last our contemporary was not equal to himself. But still a change has come over the spirit of his dream. We have no longer the weeping, but the laughing, philosopher to instruct us: or, as he might himself express it, the tears of April have given place to its sunny smiles. He has discovered that cheerfulness may be combined with devotion, and "a solemn religious memory with a great popular playtime." In fact, to adopt his own epigrammatic summary of the situation, "the great Christian festival of Good Friday" is "at once holy day and holiday." To be sure we had supposed in our ignorance that Good Friday was regarded by the Church, or, as our contemporary words it, by "rigorous ecclesiastics," and "well-intentioned and serious folks," as the most solemn fast of the Christian year. And while it is very easy, as experience abundantly testifies, to turn a fast into a holiday, it does not at first sight seem easy to combine the two. But the *Telegraph* has devoted a column and a half to expounding how this may be achieved; and although to those who are not more familiar than ourselves with the revelations of the great prophet his exposition may seem dark with excess of light, it would be ungrateful not to do our best to profit by the lesson thus solemnly conveyed. And the more so as it is not obscurely hinted that, "for those who would assist this age" in understanding Christianity, a mastery of these "imperishable and irresistible truths"—whatever they may be—is absolutely essential. In the first place, then, it must be remembered that Good Friday usually falls in April, "when with such weather as we may fairly expect this morning"—but certainly did not have—"the country has become a beautiful natural cathedral, roofed with azure and floored with emerald," to say nothing of primroses, violets, and "crimson clouds" of apple-blossoms. Under these circumstances tens of thousands of happy people will issue forth from towns and cities "to hear the chorister lark, in preference to more formal services," although serious folks have placarded the walls with invitations "to remember the meaning of the occasion." We have not the least doubt that a great many people went to Epping Forest or the Crystal Palace instead of going to church on Good Friday; what we fail to understand is, how they were in doing so exhibiting the highest religious observance of "the great Christian festival." Our contemporary, who is not less at home in the mysteries of art than of religion, proceeds to explain his meaning by a parable.

"Not long ago a famous modern artist, Jean Léon Gérôme, was commissioned to paint the Crucifixion." We suppose we must be less familiar than the *Telegraph* with "the power and resources of the Frenchman's pencil." We were not therefore aware that he is the equal of "the great Masters themselves"—Rembrandt is the only great master mentioned by name, but "the Italian artists" in general are airily swept into the reckoning—"in terror, sublimity, pathos, thrilling delineation of anguish and horror," and their superior in "graphic realism," though "he must have remained" (why, is not stated) "inferior in pious sentiments." Gérôme, however, though he might have equalled or excelled all the old masters in painting the Crucifixion, generously resolved not to press his advantage. In short, he painted the Crucifixion much as another famous artist is reported to have painted the Passage of the Israelites over the Red Sea, by depicting a stormy ocean and a murky sky, and explaining to captious critics that the Israelites had all passed over and the Egyptians were all drowned; in other words, he did not paint it at all. "In his fine canvas of the Crucifixion you saw no cross at all, no sufferer, and no sick throes of agony." All you did see was a wide landscape with "the *shadows* of three crosses" stretching over it, and these shadows—emblematic apparently of the combination of "holy day and holiday"—are somehow at the same time "luminous," especially the central one, and also "long stripes" (why not streaks?) "of gloom." So far we quite understand that M. Gérôme's way of painting the Crucifixion was to paint a part of the hill of Calvary where the Crucifixion did not take place, just as the other great artist already referred to painted the Red Sea when the Israelites were not passing over it. What follows is less easily intelligible. "It was enough! the imagination of every sensible spectator gladly accepted the liberty given, and conceived the details of the Hill" (of the Cross?) "better than by repulsive representation, the more so as the moral of the story was hinted so well in the rest of the canvas." But what *is* the moral? The painter himself, it appears, did not understand it, though he was unconsciously "inspired" to suggest a possible reconciliation between the old and new way of looking at "this sublime but painful narrative." The artist, we are reminded, "is oftimes inspired as well as the prophet," and evidently, though the *Telegraph* is too pious expressly to say so, much better than the Evangelist. For when Gérôme considered how the Crucifixion should be described, "he withdrew the grim and *vulgarizing particulars*," recorded by the four Evangelists, "in which the ancient masters revelled," and thought it best only "to lay, soft and restrained across the foreground, the shadow of the deed which baptised Christianity in blood." Still there is something to be said in excuse for the Evangelists, though not for the mediæval artists. "In the first ages of the faith" there was a reason for dwelling on the "awful physical and local circumstances" of the Passion, for otherwise "a thousand martyrs" might have been unequal to the demands on their endurance. But "when the ethics of Christianity conquered, as they finally did," the case became very different.

And here the *Telegraph* writer passes, with light fantastic tread, from the regions of theology and Christian art to the equally familiar domain of Church history. There has never been anything so curious, he assures us, as the elevation of the Cross into the Labarum. It beats the achievements of the Sassanides and "the tail of the Thibet ox." So it was, however, that "in three hundred years from the deed commemorated to-day, the *crux* was raised to Imperial dignities, and Tertullian could write"—and then follows a well-known passage from Tertullian, in which "the *crux*" is not remotely alluded to. The fact evidently is, that our learned instructor had heard at one time or other of a passage from St. Augustine, written about the end of the fourth century, where he speaks of "the Cross which our enemies trampled on being worn on the brow of kings"; but he had forgotten the passage and the name of the author, and, happening to stumble on a trite extract from Tertullian which figures in every manual of Church history, on another subject, and written two centuries earlier, he thought that would do as well. And as he had just been talking about Constantine and the Labarum, and probably thought "the Fathers," as well as "the great masters," were a sort of close corporation, who lived about the same time and were all very like one another, he put down Tertullian, who died in 216, as waiting three hundred years after the Crucifixion. From Tertullian we pass to "the monk Telemachus," and from him to "the cross upon the red ensign of England upon the African seas," and so at last we are brought back to the moral of the story, which is this time negatively explained. "The old conventional type," it appears, is "too gross for that ideal sacrifice of love which it commemorates"—which ought to mean, if it means anything, that "the solemn religious memory" is no more than a beautiful myth. But then a few lines before it was a deed which baptised Christianity in blood, and nerved the martyrs to bear their torments. Nor is the matter greatly elucidated by another elaborate eulogy on Gérôme's wonderful "picture of the Crucifixion without the Cross," at the close of which we are bidden to "search more faithfully and boldly for the signification behind the parable, the fact behind the phenomenon." But how can a parable be a phenomenon? and if the Crucifixion be only a phenomenon, what is the fact behind it? All we can clearly ascertain is that we are not to impose "an impossible identity of dogmatic belief"—we presume about the Crucifixion—but to cherish "these fundamental and imperishable truths," unexplained, "which"—we must really

apologize for finishing the quotation—"are more to us now than the passing pangs of that memorable Death in Syria." To be sure our instructor had told us before that every one must interpret for himself the mysterious story of Good Friday; but still it is mortifying to be so little able to penetrate "the signification" of these "imperishable truths," which he has been at such pains to impart to us. Fortunately for all whom it may have more directly concerned, his practical counsels are not equally recondite. As he began with advising his readers to prefer "the beautiful natural cathedral" of the woods and fields to "more formal services," so he winds up by assuring them that "there is no manner of wrong in going a-Maying this Eastertide"—where however it is necessary to observe that the "Maying" is to be done in April, and that "Eastertide" means Good Friday. That lesson, at all events, is sufficiently simple, whatever may be its religious value, but one hardly sees why a column and a half of ostentatious display of theological, artistic, and historical blundering should have been required to enforce it. Meanwhile, if any "well-intentioned and serious" readers of the *Telegraph* were scandalized this year by the altered tone of its Good Friday meditations, they must have been consoled by the returning piety of its recollections on Easter Eve. Notwithstanding its pronounced preference for "the beautiful natural cathedral," the *Daily Telegraph* evidently went to church on Good Friday, and indeed to many churches. For it devoted several columns the next morning to a gushing description of the Ritualistic functions, which were indeed copied closely from Romish models, "but why not?" These touching ceremonies "have been too long monopolized by one section of the Catholic Church." The natural cathedral on Good Friday, it is true, was without its azure roof, and perhaps that is one reason why "the chorister lark" had to give place to his surpliced rivals at All Saints and St. Alban's. At all events, it is gratifying to note our pious contemporary's early return to the paths of orthodox belief. There is still some balm in Gilead.

THE AMERICANS AND THE INDIANS.

THE war of extermination which has been waged so steadily against the Red Indians of America is likely to receive a fresh impulse from the catastrophe which has been just reported from Southern Oregon. For several months past desultory accounts have reached us of a small campaign carried on against the Modocs. The Modocs are scarcely to be dignified by the name of a tribe; they seem to be a mere handful of people, mustering some two or three hundred fighting men. But, as it happened, their situation made them formidable out of all proportion to their numbers; they had been driven out of the plains into strongholds in the neighbouring mountains, where the friable lava rock is everywhere honeycombed in a labyrinth of caverns. Their chief, "Captain Jack," made the most of these strategical advantages. Having been forced to retire, not altogether ingloriously, before the white settlers who had hunted him from the open country, he made good these rocky fastnesses against greatly superior forces of regular troops. How he victualled himself in his mountain quarters is somewhat of a mystery; but the Indians scattered through the ranges of the Alleghanies and Sierra Nevada, although they gorge themselves like gluttons on the rare occasions when they have a chance, can live like anchorites when necessity compels them. Be that as it may, Captain Jack had held his own, and seemed likely to hold it. He and his red braves had suffered severely in their actions with the enemy, but the losses he had inflicted on the whites had been greater still. Not only had the rank and file of the regulars been cut up, but a good many of their officers had fallen likewise. As so much depends on the prestige of the troops that are detailed for Indian service, the considerations must have been very urgent which induced the American Government or its agents to consent to send Peace Commissioners to Captain Jack before the memories of former defeats had been washed out in Modoc blood. The Commissioners were appointed, however, and went on their errand. According to despatches, everything seemed to be going on highly satisfactorily. The Indians had listened to the counsels that came from their great father at Washington; they had consented to expatriate themselves from those hunting grounds which latterly had been anything but happy and comfortable, and which were being steadily shifted towards the West and the barren mountains. Having admitted the preliminaries of the bargain to which they were expected to assent, they seem to have met the Commissioners ostensibly for a discussion on details. What passed at the interview we have only learned vaguely by telegraph. We cannot guess whether the assent of the Modocs to the treaty and to the meeting concealed a snare from the first; or whether long-smouldering revenge at the wrongs that have been done them blazed up of a sudden, when, forgetting themselves like wayward children, as they are, they yielded, regardless of consequences, to the mad impulse of the moment. It is surmised, with considerable reason, that Captain Jack was under the strong impression that he had offended so deeply as to be excluded from any amnesty, in spite of pledge and promise. At any rate he is said to have given the signal for the slaughter by shooting the Chief Commissioner dead on the spot; the rest of his party followed suit; only one of the white envoys escaped the massacre, and he was dangerously wounded.

We can understand the feeling which the news has excited throughout the Union, and to a certain extent we can sympathize with it. Indeed, we have only to read our own Indian history to revive the impression created in England when a similar occurrence was the prelude to the outbreak that ended in the retreat from Afghanistan. We can scarcely be surprised that the President, although he has usually expressed himself and acted with praiseworthy moderation in all Indian matters, should have hastened to issue a proclamation breathing the sternest vengeance. The first victim of the massacre was a general distinguished in the campaign in which General Grant re-established the Union, and nothing short of the most summary measures would satisfy the spirit that has been excited throughout the Union. These unlucky Modocs rang the death knell of their tribe when they fired that volley on the Government Commissioners, and it is pretty certain that, as a tribe, they will soon be obliterated, if they are not absolutely exterminated. Yet it is impossible not to commiserate their fate, when we remember what has been the history of the Indian from the days when European settlers and refugees first landed on the shores of Northern America. These very Modocs, if they could plead their history before some supreme tribunal of equity, might urge a good deal in excuse or extenuation of their crime. Let us only read the terms of submission that were tendered to them by the light of a Red Indian's nature, with its habits and traditions. We do not say that the American Government has not behaved with sufficient moderation and generosity all through this business; indeed many people are of opinion that it might have been better for the Modocs in the end had the Government not encouraged them to believe in its weakness by offering them easy terms prematurely. If it be so, it only shows the very false relations in which the civilized whites and the red barbarians stand to each other. The terms offered by the Government were these:—The Modocs were to surrender themselves in a body. They were then to be shipped provisionally to an island in the bay of San Francisco, and thence transferred to defined allotments in Arizona, as soon as arrangements could be made for their reception there. The heroic Indian chieftains of Cooper's novels may be myths, and the last of the noble Mohicans may have been the ideal creatures of a novelist's fancy. But whatever the red man's faults, with all his treachery, cruelty, selfishness, and laziness, it is certain that he has a profound affection for the country he has been used to wander over, while his attachment to the roving life of the hunter is so strong that his conception of the perfect joys of paradise is limitless prairies where the game is plenty. Those hunters, after being driven off the plains and pursued up into the mountains, are told that they must prepare themselves for wholesale transportation to some remote and unknown prison where they are to be rigidly circumscribed within fixed boundaries. Ignorant as they are, they can guess little of the lot that awaits them, and if they could guess more of it, it is possible they would like it the less. What they do know is that they are to place their fate absolutely at the disposal of the whites, towards whom they have been guilty of endless outrages, and whose tender mercies they have experienced in a long course of remorseless warfare. Of course they cannot be expected to draw nice distinctions between philanthropic Commissioners deputed direct from a responsible statesman at Washington and the miners and squatters who have shot them down like vermin whenever they had the opportunity. So, from a Modoc's point of view, the temptation to murder those defenceless whites must have been strong indeed if he forgot at the moment the retribution that must inevitably follow.

There is no help for it, and the barbarian must be improved out of the way when civilization is moving steadily across a continent rich in its soil and richer still in its minerals. We suppose that even the supreme tribunal of equity which we have fancied could suggest no system of legislation that would do impartial justice between the aborigines and the intruders. Yet not the less melancholy is the Indian's fate, regarding it from the Indian point of view, and by the light of the hereditary instincts that dominate Indian nature. The fate of the Modocs, at best but an insignificant and feeble sept, keeping within reach of the mountains for the sake of protection, is but a reflection of the fate of the great and powerful tribes that have almost disappeared in the last twenty years, and left little but a name and a memory behind them. Can we imagine the Indians doubting that they had all the rights of the quarrel, when the white man first came to disturb the forests that had belonged to their fathers from time immemorial? The silent twang of the bowstring scarcely disturbed the game, as the hunter glided stealthily through the underwood. The noisy firearms of the new comers soon drove the elk and deer out of the woods, spreading starvation round wigwams where there used to be more than plenty. So it was beyond the Missouri and the Mississippi, when the white strangers with their ill-omened colour first made their appearance from the great settlements. The herds of buffalo that were the wealth of the wild man were scared away at once and for ever. Any casuist in the world would have told the original occupants of land which was being steadily wrested from them that nothing was more just than to wage a patriotic war, defensive and offensive, and kill down all those invaders who came preceded by famine and desolation. All is fair in Indian warfare. The braves surprised their enemies when and where they could, and butchered them by households when it was not convenient to reserve them for torture. To Indian ideas, all their practices were perfectly honourable and legitimate. It was equally natural that the pioneers of the white advance should pay them back in kind, and show just as little mercy; and so the Government, in the interest of its subjects, had the option of exterminating or reclaiming these erratic scourges of white society. There was a great deal

of extermination, no doubt; all the more that the Indian instincts were absolutely antipathetical to reclamation. There are isolated instances of Indian settlements, it is true, where the red men have been taught to till their fields in the week and go to the meeting-house on the Sunday. But these exceptions only prove the rule that the Indian, generally speaking, is not to be reclaimed. In a domestic state his wild roving inclination remains with him, and when he is debarred from the war trail or the chase he exhibits a wonderful aptitude for turning loafer. He is as madly fond of the fire-water as the white traders found him in his savage state, and when he takes to lounging about the white settlements he has far more frequent opportunities of obtaining it. The rough backwoodsmen and miners only know him in one of two aspects; either he is the savage prowler, as bloodthirsty as the wolf or bear and far more crafty; or else he is their degraded and despised hanger-on, more given over to drink and low debauchery than themselves. They detest or despise him, or they do both one and the other. How can the Government interpose to much purpose in the circumstances, even if it is actuated by the best and most philanthropic intentions? The circumstances are inexorable, and the inveterate habits of the Indian's nature play into the hands of his enemies. So this Modoc massacre can hardly fail to give an impulse to the course of events which seemed inevitable in any case, and, however much we may regret the imminent extinction of the Indians, we confess we can hardly see how the American authorities are to avert it.

THE PROSECUTION OF MR. ARCH.

THE magistrates of Faringdon have had before them a complaint against Mr. Joseph Arch and other persons for obstructing a highway, by holding a public meeting in the market-place of Faringdon. A meeting was held, and a considerable number of persons attended it, but the question whether the market-place was obstructed is a question of fact with which the magistrates were competent to deal. They have dismissed the complaint, and we have no desire to canvass their decision; but it may be conjectured that the legal advisers of Mr. Arch told him that he had better be cautious about doing the same thing again. If he and his associates "wilfully obstruct the free passage of any highway," they will be fined, and we should think that the calling of public meetings in market-places was a likely method of arriving at that result, although it appears that at Faringdon there is, in the opinion of the magistrates, who are the best judges, room for Mr. Arch and his friends, as well as for everybody else whom business or pleasure brings to that quiet little town. It is possible that there may have been a disposition to use the Highway Act as a means of suppressing Mr. Arch, and this would of course be improper. But at the same time it is obvious that public meetings could not be held generally in market-places without inconvenience. The Superintendent of Police for the district of Faringdon stated that a large crowd was collected in the market-place. There was a waggon containing the whole of the defendants standing in the highway. It was about a yard and a half from the footway, which was "completely obstructed." The crowd which caused this complete obstruction allowed the witness to make his way with no apparent difficulty to the waggon when he desired to speak to those who had places in it. The chairman of the meeting told the officer of police that, if he wanted the waggon moved, he must move it himself, and added that he and his friends were there to test the legality of holding meetings. We are not aware that any clause of the Highway Act imposes a penalty for talking nonsense in a market-place, and it would be a very forced construction to hold that Mr. Arch and his friends were playing at a game within the meaning of the Act. Besides the evidence of the officer of police and an assistant, there was some slight evidence of obstruction. The number of persons present was stated on one side at 2,500, and on the other side at 1,000 or 1,200. The legality of such proceedings is altogether a question of degree. If the town and neighbourhood were very populous, and if Mr. Arch's speaking or his subject were very attractive, he might produce an undeniable obstruction, or at any rate such an obstruction as would enable unfriendly magistrates to convict him. The act of bringing a waggon into a market-place and declining to remove it on request might easily be regarded by an adverse Bench as a wilful obstruction of the highway. But in all such cases it is expected that magistrates will act with fairness and common sense, and we think that the Bench at Faringdon have answered this expectation.

Reference was made, on behalf of Mr. Arch, to the case of Vincent and others, who were found guilty of holding unlawful assemblies at Newport in 1839. A witness at that trial stated that he went to an open place in the town of Newport which was about one hundred yards long and fifteen yards wide. He found there about three hundred persons. A stage was erected against a lamp-post, and Vincent was addressing the meeting. He also described other meetings, and the movement of crowds about the streets. A crowd accompanied Vincent to the packet-station, and he made them a speech before going on board the packet. The witness also stated that, in his judgment, these meetings were calculated to lead to a breach of the peace, and to injury to persons and property, and that they caused much alarm. There was a good deal of evidence by this and other witnesses as to the language of the defendants. Mr. Baron Alderson, in summing up, told the jury that any meeting assembled under such circumstances as, according to the opinion of rational and firm men, are likely to produce danger to the tranquillity and peace of the neighbourhood, is an unlawful assembly. The jury ought to take into consideration the way in which the meetings were held, the hour at which the parties met, and the language used by them. "Every one has a right to act in such cases as he may judge right, provided it be not injurious to another, but no man or number of men has a right to cause alarm to the body of persons who are called the public." The jury would consider whether firm and rational men having their families and property there would have reasonable ground to fear a breach of the peace; for the alarm must not be merely such as would frighten any foolish or timid person, but must be such as would alarm persons of reasonable firmness and courage. The jury found that the meetings were illegal; but it follows from the charge of the learned Baron that meetings temperately conducted would be legal. If a meeting of inhabitants of a town is to be held, convenience suggests that it should be held in some open space in or near the town, and, if the public has the right to go over such a space, either the whole or part of it is probably a highway. The market-place being central, and, except when occupied with stalls of goods or pens of cattle, open, naturally suggests itself as a place of meeting. At a borough election the candidates usually address crowds from the windows of their committee-rooms, which are probably in the principal hotels fronting to the market-place. There is always obstruction on such occasions, and sometimes so much noise as might possibly frighten a horse. But nobody probably ever heard of the blue party in a borough summoning members of the yellow party for wilfully obstructing a highway by standing under the windows of an hotel listening to a speech. Yet if on the morning of market-day a candidate and his friends were to bring a waggon to a point where traffic would usually be busy, and were to take out the horses and proceed to organize a public meeting, and if, on being requested by an officer of police to remove the waggon, they were to answer that they were afraid that the officer, if he wanted the waggon moved, must move it himself, we should apprehend that the candidate and his friends would be in danger of a conviction under the Highway Act, and that the enunciation of the most beautiful principles of devotion to our glorious Constitution in Church and State would not save them.

We have had the advantage of perusing a report of a speech of Mr. Arch, and he appears in it as a harmless enthusiast whom only persecution could render formidable. He told his hearers that the charge had been freely laid against the labourers, that if their wages were raised and hours shortened, they would take the money to the public-house. Certainly this charge has been freely laid, and many persons think that it is well founded. Mr. Arch, however, has been able to satisfy himself that never before has there been so little drunkenness known in districts where he has made inquiry. This particular meeting was held in a building, and it finished with a collection towards defraying the debt upon a chapel of Primitive Methodists, to which body Mr. Arch apparently belongs. His friends claim for him that besides representing the Agricultural Labourers' Union, he is a Primitive Methodist preacher, and a Christian man. The meeting at Faringdon was held in accordance with a notice "to advocate the claims of the labourers to the right of holding public meetings," and it appears that a previous meeting had been held at a neighbouring village, and some labouring men had been fined a nominal amount for causing an obstruction at this meeting. We know nothing of the circumstances of this case, but it would rather appear that in a small town like Faringdon there could be little, and in a neighbouring village nothing, in the shape of business to obstruct.

In considering this case one cannot but remember that the complaint constantly heard in every country town is that "there is nothing going on." The arrival of any sort of preacher, lecturer, or showman is welcomed with delight by the greater part of the population; and even magistrates are disposed to wink at obstructions of thoroughfares and other irregularities, particularly if they have a tendency to alleviate the prevailing dulness. Our old friend Punch is an inveterate offender against the Highway Act, and furthermore he habitually treats constituted authorities, such as the Devil and the Hangman, with contempt. Some commentators have, we believe, regarded the characters whom Punch knocks about the head as emblematic of Church and State, and if this be a correct exposition, the offence of Punch almost approaches the gravity of that for which Vincent and others were convicted. The only difference would be that the one used signs and the others words to express their meaning. Yet Punch is applauded by the mob and tolerated by the police in every town, and he has even found aristocratic patrons, as appears by the well-known case of the nobleman who bought him and carried him home, and was greatly disappointed to find that the power of speech had departed, and that there remained only a dumb image in place of an animated companion. It might easily be proved that constables or even justices had allowed their stern visages to relax under the genial influence of Punch, and yet we fear that Punch's master could hardly escape conviction under the Highway Act if a prosecution were pressed against him. There was a case in which a person was convicted for playing football in a market-place, and it was proved that large numbers of persons enjoyed the game, and the constable who laid the information would have been delighted to join the game if official dignity would have permitted. Yet, as there was some evidence of annoyance by the frightening of a horse, the

magistrates felt bound to convict, and the conviction was upheld by the Court of Queen's Bench. The specific mention of football in the Highway Act probably points to the existence of a general practice of playing that game at or before the passing of the Act. It used to be common in the West of England to play fives against the wall of a church or any other convenient public building, and on ordinary days many persons were amused and nobody was harmed by such a proceeding in a small town with little business. The arrival of a troop of jugglers, or a wild beasts' show, in such a town, is still welcomed with delight; and it may be conjectured that exhibitions are held in places and under circumstances interdicted by the Highway Act. But either no prosecution is instituted in such cases, or it is discreetly dealt with by magistrates who sympathize with the universal demand of human nature for amusement. We cannot ascribe to this feeling the decision of the magistrates of Faringdon; for a meeting to advocate the right of meeting is likely, in the absence of interruption, to be a dull affair. We hope that the "free liberty" of agricultural labourers will not be hastily interfered with, and, above all, that magistrates will not make too much fuss about Mr. Arch.

THE SALMON FISHERIES.

A COMPANY is advertised for establishing swimming-baths in the Thames, and a system is to be adopted by which "a continuous flow of clean water" will be produced in a floating-bath to be stationed off Somerset House. It is satisfactory to find that the London Swimming Club contemplates the possibility of filtering and purifying the water of the Thames, so that it may be fit for bathing. A few years ago this would have been manifestly impossible, but the river has now ceased to be the common sewer of the metropolis, and, although far from clean, it is not so irreclaimably filthy as it used to be. The protection of rivers from pollution is likely indeed to receive increased attention. There is hardly any limit to the quantity of fish that might be obtained from our rivers under proper management, but we must choose between the comparative advantages of a river and a drain; for, if we send refuse down a stream, we cannot expect salmon to come up it. The Inspectors of Salmon Fisheries, in their Report for 1872, show that much remains to be done for the preservation of rivers from sewage and other matters still more poisonous. We are told that upon the Trent large works have been erected for the manufacture of artificial manure. The quick fence of the neighbouring fields and some of the trees had been killed by the fumes of these works. But it was not the duty of the Inspector to investigate the effect of these works upon the adjoining land. He, however, received evidence that the river was rendered filthy by the discharge from these works. The same Inspector describes the condition of the Wear, which rises in a district rich in lead ore:—"Its tributaries have generally the appearance of a greyish pea-soup, and their consistence is at times so thick as to allow birds to rest upon their surface." Not only liquid, but solid, refuse is cast into the Wear, which was lately employed to carry away the matter excavated from a tunnel a mile long. Besides the washings of lead-mines, the sewage of the district is poured into the Wear. "The river at Bishop Auckland, which a few years ago was a beautiful trouting stream, now trails its course in appearance as a black snake." A few miles further down a pleasing variety is afforded by a brook, which enters the river, "presenting the red appearance of rusted iron." This is caused by the water pumped from a colliery, which is so thick and foul as to destroy all animal life. Cattle will not drink its waters, and this once beautiful stream is quite useless to the country it passes through. The same remark applies to the stream which enters the river at Chester-le-Street, although a few years ago this stream abounded with fish of the salmon kind. At Durham the inhabitants make the river-banks the depository of their building-rubbish, and many families cast their ashes into the stream. Indeed, the practice of using the river as an economical scavenger is extensively carried on both above and below the city. Chemical works also add their refuse to poison the water. Thus this unhappy river is either grey or red or black in colour, besides being everywhere filthy; but it is hoped that the formation of a fishing district may put some check upon pollution. The other Commissioner, Mr. Buckland, adds a few touches to the picture. The Wear is, he says, a very rapid river, and a great many lead and other mines use the bed of the river as a convenient channel to get rid of the refuse of their works. "The consequence is that the stones in the river, instead of being a bed of natural gravel, might be taken for an abnormal geological formation of a most unusual character." The natural spawning-beds in the river are almost entirely destroyed, for even if the fish were able to find a good spawning place and lay their eggs in it, the first flood would either uproot the bed altogether, or else cover it over with several feet of stones of all sizes and kinds. But in spite of all these disadvantages salmonidæ are by no means extinct in the Wear. There are but few salmon proper, but bull trout are pretty plentiful. Mr. Buckland thinks that something might be done towards purification, but he does not expect much. The Wear and the South Tyne, he says, are rivers given up to the commercial interests of mine-owners. The stock of fish required to populate these waters costs nothing, as the fish come of their own accord from the sea; and it seems a pity to impose a barrier between them and the localities to which nature prompts them to ascend for the purpose of spawning. Possibly some of the ova and fry may be killed by the pollutions, but if the floods and other conditions are favourable, it is, on the other hand, possible that a certain part of them will survive. For these reasons Mr. Buckland hopes that the gentlemen living on the banks of the Wear will form the river into a fishing district, and thus give it the chance hitherto denied to it of producing many thousands more fish than heretofore.

The general subject of the obstruction and pollution of rivers becomes yearly more important. It is absolutely necessary to prevent alike the poisoning of water and the destruction of watercourses. When this has been done, and proper salmon-passes have been constructed on all our rivers, we may expect that the supply of salmon will be largely increased. Even in Australia the price of cattle is said to be rising, and fish has at least one advantage over flesh as food, that to a large and increasing extent it imports itself. The number of salmon caught with the net in the Tyne, or rather at its mouth, in 1872 was close upon 130,000. Mr. Buckland thinks that more fish than are due to the Tyne ascend that river in the spawning season. But if they do this in spite of the pollutions of which Mr. Buckland complains, the manufacturers of Newcastle may regard his complaints as unimportant. He probably means, however, that the salmon do ascend the river, but not so readily or so far as they would if it were pure throughout its course. He says that the salmon fisheries in the upper part of the river are fully aware of the barrier placed between them and their due share of fish by the pollution poured into the river at Newcastle. The prosperity of these upper fisheries appears to be dependent upon copious floods which render the chemical refuse of Newcastle comparatively innocuous. The disposal of this refuse otherwise than by pouring it into the river is of course possible at some increased expense to the manufacturers who produce it. Some additional profit to these manufacturers is in fact gained by the loss of those interested in the fisheries above them. The question is whether the country gains more by polluting rivers than it would by keeping them clean. If it does not, the pollution ought to be stopped by general legislation, instead of trusting to the local and partial operations which these Inspectors describe. If this subject were thoroughly understood, we believe that the result which the Inspectors desire would be attained. To make it understood, there is need of lectures with illustrations, and we are glad to observe that a museum formed by Mr. Buckland is part of the International Exhibition. The "food of the people" question need not be allowed to remain the exclusive property of political agitators.

The pertinacity with which salmon force themselves up suitable rivers was well shown last year in the Axe. It is stated that two farmers saw a large salmon cross the turnpike road which was flooded by the Yarty Bridge, about a mile from Axminster. The statement of these farmers is communicated to the Inspectors by a gentleman who adds that he found a salmon of ten and a half pounds weight in a field near his garden. "It had been spawning with many others in the little Corry river, which is a tributary of the Yarty," which flows into the Axe below Axminster. It must be remembered that these Devonshire streams, flowing through an unenlightened country, are not polluted by the proceeds of chemical works. A pass lately constructed on the Yarty weir is reported to be a decided success. There are several miles of excellent spawning ground available for salmon above the town weir at Axminster. This, says Mr. Buckland, is a very formidable weir. Salmon try to jump it, and fall back. The making of passes at this and the weirs higher up the river is a mere question of expense, but the proprietors of land on the river do not seem to be agreed as to the advisableness of incurring it. Some of them say that they do not want the salmon, as they would spoil their trout angling, which is now excellent. Mr. Buckland thinks that the upper proprietors would not get enough salmon angling to reward them for their expenses, as in all probability the salmon would not, except in extraordinary seasons, ascend so high during the present open season as to give them much sport, unless, indeed, the angling were prolonged into November. He thinks this privilege might be granted to the Axe. It seems a pity that "some of the best spawning ground in England" should be left unproductive.

Turning again to the North, we find that a curious question exists with regard to the Solway. This, say the Inspectors, ought to be for their purposes an English estuary, because there are only two salmon rivers that flow into it—namely, the Esk and the Eden, and "the first is by statute and the second by nature an English river." But the centre of the low-water channel of the Solway is the boundary between England and Scotland. Fishermen on the Scotch side pay no licence duty, while they participate in the benefit derived from the expenditure of the money levied on fishermen on the English side. This may be true, but we should be surprised if Scotch landowners could be induced by any argument of justice or expediency to consent to be united to an English district. They would probably answer to their own entire satisfaction that Parliament was at liberty to make all the tributaries of the Solway, for purposes of conservancy, Scottish rivers. The salmon-spearing and smuggling of the Solway furnished Scott with some of the most vivid scenes of his novel of *Redgauntlet*. The smuggling has ceased under the influence of fiscal changes, and the fishermen, at least on the English side, must be a more quiet and reasonable race than they once were if they pay licence duty to be expended in prospective and perhaps questionable advantages. They might say, There have always been salmon in the Solway, and we do not care for their increase in the Eden. On

the whole, it would appear that the Acts for the preservation of salmon have been fairly carried out. There is no doubt a good deal of poaching, and sometimes of a violent kind, as the pitmen are or were apt to help themselves with a strong hand to the produce of neighbouring rivers. But now that they get whatever wages they choose to ask, they ought to be above such depredations, or at any rate they ought to show their enlightenment by only poaching during the legal season. They are at any rate capable of understanding that the operations of nature, if uninterrupted, are bountiful almost beyond computation.

The next river to the Tyne in the North is the Coquet, in which the bull-trout are irrepressible. The salmon and the bull-trout cannot satisfactorily co-exist, and an attempt has been made to kill down the inferior for the sake of the superior kind of fish. But the result of the experiment has been to incline Mr. Buckland to abandon the Coquet to the bull-trout, and to look to the Tyne and other rivers for the salmon. He says that in October last, when he visited the Warkworth trap, the water was let off, "and I waded about in the trap some inches over my knees in a solid mass of struggling living bull-trout, some of them of very large size." He says that the bull-trout will fetch nearly, if not quite, as much as the salmon in the public markets. There have been taken at Warkworth in six years close upon 72,000 of the so fish, and after all this "killing down" they were last year more numerous and larger than ever. The drainage on the Coquet is now so good that a heavy "spate" or flood runs off in two days. It follows that the weirs are higher, as far as salmon are concerned, than they were forty years ago, while the bull-trout, which is a much stronger fish, manages to jump the weirs, or, being endowed with a superior intellect, gets up the passes. Energetic efforts are being made to restore the salmon in the Coquet, but Mr. Buckland, although not discouraging these efforts, would evidently prefer to let nature have her own way and leave this river to the bull-trout. Speaking generally, he says that our rivers have now been under protection for eleven years, and he feels convinced, though it may seem a heresy to say so, that in some of them there are too many breeding fish. The natural remedy would be to open up as much spawning ground as possible. It has been shown how this may be done in the Axe, and similar opportunities might be found elsewhere. But even this, says Mr. Buckland, will not be quite sufficient, and he inclines to allow, upon due inquiry and consideration, some extension of the open season in special cases. It is very satisfactory to have got to this point in eleven years.

ANTIQUITIES AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

IT is perhaps not yet sufficiently known, even among that increasing number of persons in all ranks who believe in the usefulness of acquiring and studying ancient objects of artistic and archæological value, that a collection of antiquities of the very highest importance is now within our grasp. Gathered from various quarters, the choicest gems of many a private cabinet and the carefully selected results of many an excavation, these objects are now for the most part in this country, and in charge of the authorities of the British Museum, where, on application, they may be seen. The list is a long one, but we should find a difficulty in mentioning any single item which is not to be desired even by that rich treasure-house. It includes some twenty pieces of marble and stone sculpture; over a hundred terra cottas, not reckoning more than a hundred and fifty fictile vases: forty works or so in ivory, and twenty-five in amber, while the bronzes number about a hundred and seventy-five. We have named these last, though, after the manner of the lady's postscript, among them the most important matters may be found.

Foremost in rank is the bronze head supposed to be of Aphrodite. Of this work we had heard before its recent arrival in this country. Found, as it would seem, in Thessaly, but under what precise circumstances we know not, it was brought to Rome, and we sincerely trust that it may never be allowed to leave England. In this we have an undoubtedly original and cardinal work by one of the great sculptors of the greatest period of Grecian art. Later than Phidias, it is possibly a masterpiece of his great pupil Alcamenes; or, if we are to assign it to so late a time as the commencement of the transition (*circa* 400 B.C.), it may be by the elder Cephisodotus, a great sculptor of statues of the gods and worker in bronze; but this is at present mere conjecture. The head inclines to the left, with full open eyes (wanting, alas! from their vacant sockets), and lips the beauty of whose lines passes conception, which, slightly parted, are arching with an expression of the most kindly sympathy towards the object whom the goddess regards. A diadem, probably of gold, once crowned the brow, as is proved by the points for its attachment, which still remain, and by the solid circlet of bronze which formed its lower rim. The head of Apollo, on the famous type of the coins of Amphipolis (*circa* 400 B.C., according to Rhandis) is very similar in general artistic character to the great work before us. This noble embodiment of a glorious ideal of female majesty, sublime as a conception of sympathizing Deity in human form, is grand without severity; perfect in the outline of the features, in their expression more than beautiful. It is no subsequent copy by weaker hands, or of Roman times, nor a mere part of an architectural enrichment, as is the matchless Phidian frieze, but the head of a goddess statue, sublime occupant of no mean shrine. Of such great works how little do we really know! When we speak of the masterpieces of Phidias or Scopas, we talk of dreams, flitting fancies of the perished past, the feebleness of which is proved by such a reality as that before us.

Another bronze of much smaller size, found at Tarentum, is a recumbent figure, by some likened to the Theseus of the eastern pediment of the Parthenon; but it strikes us that the pose is more like to that of the headless Cephisus of the western gable. This is perhaps the very finest work of its size that has come down to us: the head is a gem of art enhanced by the charm of a rich patina. Again there is a small figure of Minerva, with diamond eyes (literally) and silver-inlaid robe; a choice but earlier work. Nor must we forget two most important inscriptions on tablets of that metal. One is the celebrated "Tavola d'Agnoni," incised with names of the Oscan divinities, corresponding with the Greek, in characters of the former language, a sort of litany appealing to the various gods, as deciphered by Mommsen. The other is a record of the college of priests of Tiber, illustrated by Henzen, and found at Ostia. Nor should we pass over the wonderful votive strigile found at Præneste, with admirably modelled female figure to form the handle; the only object found, except a marble *alabastron*, in a huge sarcophagus some two-and-twenty feet beneath the surface. A perfectly preserved portrait-bust of Ælius Cæsar, with enamel eyes, found in Sicily, is an object of great rarity. The bear deserves notice, as do many statuettes, some helmets, horse trappings, &c., of bronze, not omitting an exquisite little bust from Præneste, inlaid with silver.

First among the marbles is the noble head of Hera, found at Agrigentum, a grand Greek work only second in value to the unequalled Aphrodite from Thessaly. A portrait of the young Augustus is finer than that in the Vatican, and in a better state of preservation, possessing that rare member, its own nose, perfectly intact. And this is only one of a series of Imperial portrait-busts. A life-size female figure, finely draped, somewhat after the manner of the Artemisia, may be the portrait of a priestess, or of Livia. It is a noble work, perhaps of the Augustan age.

The Etruscan Sarcophagus of terra-cotta is perhaps the most important which has been discovered in that material. It is of the largest size, and the cover is surmounted by a male and a female figure reclining together as at a banquet. The former is but slightly draped, and the peculiar character of the head, purely Etruscan, may be regarded as analogous, rather than as having affinity, to some of the Cypriote sculptures. Mark the not unsuccessful effort at modelling in the torso, and the peculiar management of the joints of the lank limbs. The lady is draped in a closely-lying dress of a striped material, evidently of thin texture, which might well have been of similar make to the gauzy silks of Brousa. Corresponding in size to that in the Campana collection at the Louvre, this is probably of a somewhat earlier period, anterior to the Roman Conquest; it is from Cervetri. In the Louvre specimen the Sarcophagus is merely ornamented with a Greek honeysuckle or palmette bordering, but on this a frieze of many figures in rilievo occupies the front and sides. At one end, the two goddess-born heroes, Achilles and Memnon the beautiful, armed for the fight, are taking leave of their mothers and female friends. Each bears a shield, on which his, so to speak, armorial insignia are blazoned. On that held by (presumably) Achilles a panther's head is represented, in relief, holding a serpent in the mouth; on the shield of the other warrior is a flying eagle. It is interesting to note the use of these heraldic emblems on a monument of such importance and early date; their not unfrequent occurrence on painted vases is well known. On the longer front the fight is represented in the centre; the golden balance has sunk to Memnon's scale, and he is falling beneath the victor's spear, aided by a panther which attacks his lower limbs. On either side are friends, and on that of Memnon a genius is flying upwards. The wailing Eos and her companions are represented at the other end, while the back is occupied by what appears to be the picture of the funereal feast; but these claim further study. Moreover a long inscription in the Etruscan character is painted round the upper edge. This inscription, at present only partially read, would seem to denote that the sarcophagus was occupied by a lady, TANNIA.VELIA.MATTINA.IVNATA. And it may perhaps be inferred, so far as, without more careful consideration and study, we may be permitted to conjecture, that both the personages represented *en ronde bosse* on the lid were members of the VELIA family. The execution of these rilievi is rather flat, but very able, minute in the details, but not wanting in modelling and action. So with the larger figures; there is observant knowledge displayed in the treatment of the muscles, and in the way in which the form is made apparent beneath the drapery of the female figure. Sandals in darker-coloured clay are on the lady's feet, and a kind of diapering pattern on the skin, extending some way above the ankle, may indicate a sort of thin sock or lining, the silken or fine gauzy linen hose of that remote day. The necklet she wears is, in fashion, the counterpart of some of those now in the Jewel-room upstairs. Siren-formed feet support the chest at each of its four angles. Also of terra cotta are the unique impersonations of the Pantaloon, the Glutton, the Parasite, and the Thief—the four leading characters of antique comedy, most curious and extremely droll.

We cannot dwell on many more of these Etruscan works, but must mention the important carvings in ivory and amber before we pass on to the fictile vases, among which are many of the greatest beauty and interest. An early archaic jug (œnochoe), with hawk or eagle head, is without a rival; the Rhytons would be matchless were we not assured that others far finer are now

upon the road to England. The preservation of the original colouring and gilding upon some is very remarkable; we must note also the flask or *lekythus*, formed as a lion, and in a state as though it had been made yesterday. Last, but not least, is the vase of Eleusis, found at Capua, and representing the personages of the Eleusinian mysteries. Winkelmann had declared that the major divinities were present at the mysteries, an idea rejected by other archæologists; but he maintained his belief, asserting that sooner or later the discovery of some monument would prove the correctness of his opinion. And here it is—a drinking-vase, used perhaps at the rites, figured with the greater and the lesser gods, from Zeus downwards, all inscribed with their names, including Eumolpos the founder, and an impersonation of Eleusis. The artist has also given us his own, scratched upon the handle of the cup.

We have only ventured to touch upon the leading objects of this rich collection, the result of years of assiduity aided by consummate judgment on the part of its owner, Signor Alessandro Castellani. Much was said about the loss of the De Cesnola gatherings of Cypriote sculptures, and grave charges of supineness were brought against those who advise the powers that be as to what should and what should not be purchased for the British Museum. We are always glad to see such signs of discontent, for they prove the existence of a growing public interest in the enrichment of our archæological collections. It is, however, only fair to remember that the Museum authorities have to weigh relative claims of importance in acquisitions, and are fettered by economical considerations in the expenditure of a too limited annual grant; and when an entire collection or series of objects, the result of some special excavation or the accumulation of some expert devotee, is offered for purchase, a special grant must be asked for from a sometimes too parsimonious Treasury and Parliament. Such a case is that now before us. We have the chance of securing a collection of objects far more valuable than the Cypriote remains, and the possible acquisition of which may well have been deemed more worthy of consideration in the interests of art and of antiquity. All lovers of art in its highest phase and all true archæologists will join us in the hope, which has been already expressed in various quarters, and, it is said, supported by the recommendation of the Trustees, that this precious collection may not be lost to England.

REVIEWS.

STEPHEN ON LIBERTY, EQUALITY, AND FRATERNITY.*

MR. STEPHEN'S Essay on Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity is one of the most valuable contributions to political philosophy which have been published in recent times; but it presents some difficulty to reviewers who generally agree with Mr. Stephen's conclusions. A capable adversary would, as Mr. Stephen says of Mr. Mill's *Essay on Liberty*, naturally prefer the ablest, the most reasonable, and the clearest statement of the doctrines which he might attempt to confute; and a more or less sympathetic writer has an equal interest in the lucid and forcible presentation of opinions which are partially his own; but it is neither easy nor profitable to abridge condensed propositions, or to select and detach from their proper place separate links of a consecutive argument. Even quotation of epigrammatic phrases would produce a false impression of the character of the grave and weighty treatise in which they are occasionally interspersed. The general result of Mr. Stephen's inquiry into liberty is that, according to circumstances, it may be good, or bad, or neutral. "People who have the gift of using pathetic language ought not to glorify the word liberty as they do, but ought as far as possible to ask themselves, before going into ecstasies over any particular case of it, Who is left at liberty to do what, and what is the restraint from which he is liberated?" If every man has a right to be on an equality with every other man, "you certainly give a very distinct sense of Equality and Fraternity, but you must absolutely exclude Liberty. Experience has proved that this is not merely a theoretical, but also a practical, difficulty. It is the standing and insuperable obstacle to all socialist schemes, and it explains their failure." Mr. Stephen thinks that Mr. Mill's estimate of average human nature is unduly low, and he wonders how "a man who thinks thus of his fellow-creatures can with any degree of consistency be the advocate of liberty in the sense of a negation of all government, and of equality in any sense at all. Given a herd of stupid fools who are never to be coerced, and who are to keep every one from rising above their own level, and what will you ever get to the end of time except a herd of stupid fools? Mankind upon this system would be like a set of what Strauss calls the Ur-Affen, or primeval apes of Mr. Darwin's theory, with just sense enough to defeat the principle of natural selection. Their one maxim would be to single out every ape who had got a few rudiments of human qualities in him, and, instead of making him their king, stone him to death." On the whole, Mr. Stephen concludes that "equality, like liberty, is a big name for a small thing." "What little can be truly said of equality is that, as a fact, human beings are not equal; that in their dealings with one another they ought to recognise real inequalities where they exist as much as substantial equality where it exists." Fraternity commends itself, if possible, still less to Mr. Stephen's taste and understanding than either of the two other component parts of the popular triad. "So far from joining in Mr. Swinburne's odd address to France, 'Therefore thy sins, which are many, are forgiven thee because thou hast loved much,' it appears to me that the French way of loving the human race is the one of their many sins which it is most difficult to forgive." "As to calling all human creatures indiscriminately my brothers and sisters, I will do no such thing. I have far too much respect for real relations to give these endearing names to all sorts of people of whom I know, and for whom I practically care, nothing." "It would want the clearest of all imaginable revelations to make me try to love a considerable number of people whom it is unnecessary to mention, or affect to care about masses of men with whom I have nothing to do." "The real truth is that the human race is so big, so various, so little known, that no one can really love it. You can at most fancy that you love some imaginary representative of bits of it, which when examined are only your own fancies personified. A progress which leads people to attach increased importance to phantoms is not a glorious thing, in my eyes at all events. It is a progress towards a huge Social Science Association, embracing in itself all the Exeter Halls that ever were born or thought of. From such a religion of humanity I can only say, in the deepest tones of alarm and horror, 'Good Lord, deliver us.'"

From Mr. Mill's theories of the true relation of women to men Mr. Stephen utterly dissents. In his judgment the absolute equality of husband and wife is inconsistent with the institution of marriage. If the marriage contract excluded the relation of authority and obedience, the only effective remedy for a breach of the agreement would be found in facility of divorce; and it is evident that the laxity of the bond of marriage would in the great majority of cases tend to the disadvantage of the woman, as having fewer resources, and as losing her power of attraction earlier. As long as marriage is permanent and independent of the caprice of either party, the question of equality is not to be solved by discussion, but by the inevitable facts of the case. Although there are many exceptions, arising sometimes from the real superiority of the wife to her husband, and more often from the coincidence of perversity on her part and of weakness on his part, as a general rule every man is, as he ought to be, master in his own house. The large powers over domestic and social arrangements which are commonly exercised by the mistress of the house are held by delegation. The admission of women to political functions is the idlest demand which has ever been made the subject of political agitation. It may be true that women are for the most part naturally Tories, though on extraordinary occasions they might be prone to revolutionary and anarchical excesses; but at all times they would be really controlled and instigated by men. Ineradicable dissimilarity is an unsafe foundation of equality. When babies are recognized as free agents and as the equals of their parents, the reversal of the natural relation between the sexes will become a hopeful enterprise. As Mr. Stephen observes in connexion with another branch of his subject, Mr. Mill and his followers assume that "the power of society over persons in their minority is, and ought to be, absolute, and minority and majority are questions of degree, and the line that separates them is arbitrary." The extreme theory of toleration or non-interference is perhaps sufficiently confuted by the exceptions which are necessarily admitted by its advocates. Mr. Mill allows that communities may be advantageously ruled by beneficent despots until they become sufficiently civilized to regulate their affairs by the result of free discussion; yet comparative civilization and the prevalence of public opinion are more arbitrary distinctions than the line between majority and nonage. As Mr. Stephen says, political feeling and action are seldom determined by argument, and only a fraction of any population either forms or is entitled to form an independent opinion on any general question. Governments and Legislatures must for many purposes take it for granted that they are themselves in the right, and impose their will on the general community. Mr. Stephen holds that, theoretically at least, their competence extends to the prohibition of attacks on moral and religious doctrines, and to the discouragement of systems which are believed to be false. His Indian experience has suggested to him a forcible illustration derived from "the action of the British Empire, which governs, not indeed on the principle that no religion is true, but distinctly on the principle that no native religion is true." The Government sincerely desired to exercise perfect impartiality, but "they found, as every one who has to do with legislation must find, that laws must be based on principles, and that it is impossible to lay down any principles of legislation at all unless you are prepared to say, I am right and you are wrong, and your view shall give way to mine quietly, gradually, and peaceably; but one of us must rule and the other must obey, and I mean to rule."

Some of the most valuable parts of the Essay deal with the relations of government to morality, and of both to religion. For the modern figment of a separation between the spiritual and the temporal power Mr. Stephen has not the slightest respect. A free Church in a free State, if the doctrine were sincerely accepted, would imply an abdication by the Church of all practical influence on the most important affairs, and a tacit assumption on the part of the State that the creed of the Church was false, or useless, or perhaps only doubtful. While he of course abstains from theological discussion, Mr. Stephen asserts that, as a fact, European morality has been founded on religion," and the destruction of one

* *Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.* By James Stephen. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1873.

must involve the reconstruction of the other. Many persons in these days wish to retain the morality which they like after getting rid of the religion which they disbelieve." "Many persons in these days appear to me to think that they can reconcile the morals of Jesus Christ with the theology of Julius Cæsar by masquerading in the Pope's old clothes, and asking the world at large to take their word of honour that all is well." Eclectic systems of religion or of religious ethics are, for the most part, but round-about processes of negation or destruction. The numerous theorists and philanthropists who have undertaken to separate the butter from the honey are like a man who peeled an onion in the hope of finding the flesh and the kernel. When he had peeled off the outer rind, there was another skin beneath it; and again another and another till there was nothing left but a strong smell of onions which clings to his fingers to this day. There are sufficient practical arguments against religious persecution, but absolute indifference to religious truth or falsehood ought not to be erected into a principle. The Government of the United States, in utter disregard of the Constitution and of phrases which were universally accepted as long as they had no immediate application, is bent on suppressing the questionable institutions of Utah. If a new sect in England or in any other civilized country were to establish human sacrifices of voluntary victims, the first priest who performed the operation would assuredly be hanged; yet, on Mr. Mill's principles, it would be wrong to prevent suicide by force, and consequently the punishment of accessaries to an act which was not in itself unlawful would be unjust. Mr. Stephen undertakes to show, by a hypothetical apology for Pontius Pilate, that in less extreme cases a ruler might be justified in forcible interference with a creed which, like all genuine creeds, had a political bearing.

If Mr. Stephen were a professed defender of established institutions, his criticisms of liberty, equality, and fraternity might perhaps be equally forcible, but they would be much less novel. Although his subject has no immediate connexion with practical politics, he avows himself a utilitarian and a disciple of Locke, of Bentham, and, to a certain extent, of Mr. Mill. In the earlier stages of the controversy utilitarians were popularly regarded as cold-blooded analysts, while it was supposed that sentiment and association were exclusively invoked by their adversaries. The attempt to raise social benevolence into a religion has in some degree reversed the positions of the disputants. As the Jacobins of the first French Revolution and their modern successors bear a strong resemblance to religious fanatics, preachers of a fantastic enthusiasm of humanity propound a dogmatical creed which necessarily provokes sceptical comment. The more rational followers of Comte reject the religious chimeras of his later years; but his mimic Popery was perhaps only an absurd and necessary consequence of his less extravagant social theories. Mr. Mill expresses, in a passage quoted by Mr. Stephen, the belief that it is possible to give "to the service of humanity, even without the aid of belief in a Providence, both the psychical power and the social efficacy of a religion; making it take hold of human life, and colour all thought, feeling, and action in a manner of which the greatest ascendency ever exercised by any religion may be but a type and foretaste." It is impossible to define the limits of artificial sentiment and of organized imagination. If a great community had, under the influence of some powerful teacher, become convinced of the transcendent excellence of devotion to the service of humanity, every effort would be made to educate the next generation in a firm belief of the popular creed. The original enthusiasm might be maintained and propagated for a longer or shorter period, notwithstanding the absence of the personal motives which have operated in support of other religions. After a time sceptical inquirers would dispute the validity of the arbitrary dogma of universal benevolence; nor could they fail to arrive at the conclusion that the foundation of their faith was an amiable fiction. The utilitarian doctrine at the utmost prescribes only impartial justice. A reasonable man will respect the rights of others as equal to his own; but he is the proper trustee of his own interests and happiness in a sense in which he is not charged with the duty of providing for the general welfare. To idealize mankind or humanity into a pauper demigod, the object at once of charity and of veneration, is a fanciful amusement. The political sects which have from time to time endeavoured to establish the doctrine of fraternity have for the most part been exceptionally intolerant and cruel, not because they were votaries of humanity, but because they were fanatics. Their successors may perhaps desire to abstain from direct persecution, but they will use any power which they may acquire to exemplify their own theories of happiness, and not to gratify the inclinations of their disciples or their subjects. To the irrepressible self-assertion of heretics who claim the right of raising themselves above the common level, the dominant representatives of the religion of humanity will ultimately have to present the old alternative of fraternity or death. Equality and the affectionate relations which are supposed to accompany it can only be maintained by force. Liberty of thought permits disbelief in the religion of humanity, and liberty of action would imply possible rebellion against a system of fraternal equality.

As might be expected, Mr. Stephen feels little enthusiasm for progress; or rather he rejects the assumption that motion is necessarily advance. On the whole, he thinks that the tendency of modern changes is to render men more susceptible, more sympathetic, less ambitious, less vigorous, and less manly. If Mr. Stephen's opinion is well founded, there is little use in deprecating a change which has been already accomplished. A reaction against indiscriminate zeal for progress may be traced in popular literature. It may be doubted whether the shallowest sentimentalist of the present day would be capable of stating, as the late Mr. Douglas Jerrold announced thirty years ago, that a "spirit was abroad which believed in the universality of the human heart." Mr. Dickens spent his life in preaching the same windy doctrine; but it is fast going out of fashion. Mr. Stephen is indifferent to the universality of the human heart; nor is he an implicit believer in the efficacy of universal suffrage. His theoretical scepticism extends to the Parliamentary form of government, though he has no alternative system to recommend. It is true that affairs might often be better managed by a few of the most competent persons than by a numerous assembly; but the merit of constitutional government is not that it secures perfect administration, but that it provides an ultimate power exempt from question or appeal. An absolute monarch possesses the same advantage as long as his authority is unquestioned; and in both cases government is administered by Ministers or other official persons. The appointment of Ministers in England, not by direct choice, but by a process of natural selection, has, whatever may be the defects of the system, produced an extraordinarily high standard of official ability. The Ministers and leaders of Opposition of the last thirty or forty years have included in their number nearly all the conspicuous politicians in the country; and the errors which they may have committed in legislation or in government would scarcely have been corrected by any change of persons. The question is only discussed by Mr. Stephen as an episode; and happily the English Parliament, except when it has been invited to recognize the claims of flesh and blood, has not hitherto concerned itself with equality or fraternity.

FLAMMARION ON THE ATMOSPHERE.*

In the art of making the truths of science intelligible and attractive to unscientific readers the French are without a rival. The writers of no other nation can compare with them for methodical arrangement, clearness of exposition, or grace of style. And of these popular expositors who so abound in our day not many are to be set above M. Camille Flammarion, who not only enjoys a considerable reputation in his own country, but has appeared with success on this side of the Channel in English dress in his agreeable work on the *Heavens*. The recent translation of his book on the *Atmosphere* may be expected to have as cordial a reception, coming before the public as it does under the auspices of an editor so competent as Mr. Glaisher. In not a few respects the version before us has indeed gained by the able revision thus brought to bear upon the work in preparing it for a new public. By a process of judicious compression it has been reduced in bulk to one-half the size of the original; one or two whole chapters in particular, which were thought with reason to have too remote a connexion with the atmosphere, those on the Respiration and Alimentation of Plants, having been left out. Besides this, a great deal of that exalted or sensational style of writing in which M. Flammarion is wont to indulge to the full as much as his countrymen generally when treating of purely scientific subjects, has been with a severer and sounder taste retrenched, though traces enough of these occasional rhapsodies will be found, Mr. Glaisher allows, to betray the French origin of the book. Nor is this all. While modestly disclaiming all pretension to the universal knowledge needed to secure absolute accuracy in dealing with so great a variety of subjects, Mr. Glaisher has the advantage of that special strength on his own ground which has enabled him to check or modify, in not a few particulars of importance, the facts or figures given by his author.

As the aëronaut, for instance, who has taken part in the three highest ascents ever attained, Mr. Glaisher has brought his experience to bear on many points on which M. Flammarion speaks from hearsay, from mere general impressions, or from defective observation. Instead of confirming the popular notion, probably arrived at *à priori*, and endorsed by the French writer, that on reaching regions where the air is much rarefied the limbs swell, and the blood has a tendency to force its way through the skin, in consequence of the want of equilibium between its own tension and that of the external air, Mr. Glaisher quietly remarks that he has neither experienced any of these symptoms himself nor observed them in others. Effects of the kind have, however, been observed in animals under the vacuum of an air-pump, and the experience of mountain travellers from Humboldt downwards tells in the same direction. Of the diminution of atmospheric pressure, as shown by the barometer, no one can speak with the emphasis of Mr. Glaisher, who, with his companion Mr. Coxwell, saw the mercury sink to 7·0 inches, denoting an elevation of 37,000 feet above the earth. With this remarkable observation for one limit, M. Flammarion shows in a diagram the scale of diminishing pressure at different heights, and endeavours by calculations partly based thereupon to arrive at an estimate of the total range of the atmosphere. The calculation is, however, by no means so simple as it might appear at first sight. The law of diminution is far from being the same over all portions of the earth's surface, and is not to be represented simply on paper by a curve or a tint. The barometric reading is constantly lower at the Equator than between the Tropics, yet is

* *The Atmosphere.* Translated from the French of Camille Flammarion. Edited by James Glaisher, F.R.S., &c. With 10 Chromolithographs and 81 Woodcuts. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1873.

far from increasing uniformly as we approach the Poles. At the Equator it is about 29·28 inches, increasing thence up to about the 33rd degree of latitude, where it is 30·16 inches. It then decreases until 43°, where it is 30·0 inches, from which point it becomes stationary to about 48°. Thence it continues to decrease as far as 64°, where it stands at 29·65 inches. Lastly, it again increases from that point as far as the highest latitude explored, standing at Spitzbergen (latitude 75°) at 29·84 inches. There is, therefore, between the pressures at 33° and 64° a difference of half an inch. These variations are laid down by M. Flammarion in a curve, of which the ordinates show the atmospheric pressure at the sea level from the Equator to the North Pole, with the maximum and minimum at the points we have mentioned. These quantities, it must be observed, are by no means dependent upon latitude alone. They have not only their local elements of variation, but they are far from being permanent in themselves. They are beyond doubt affected by the trade winds and other currents of air set in motion by solar heat, and affecting the whole mass of the atmosphere. There are anomalies of a local kind which are less easy of solution. That the latitude should exercise some influence upon the pressure of the air we may well conceive, the conditions of temperature and rotary motion varying with it. But why should the longitude have any such effect? It is certainly strange that the average pressure of the atmosphere in the same latitude is found to be 0·14 inch greater in the Atlantic than in the Pacific Ocean. There is much still to be accounted for in this distribution of atmospheric pressure. Amidst the perpetual changes of barometrical readings, certain mean lines have been pretty generally determined, showing the distribution of equal barometric pressure over large surfaces of our planet. These isobaric lines no more conform to the lines of latitude or the configuration of sea and land than do the lines of equal temperature, though entering in the same way and to a great extent as co-efficients in the result. They are at first, M. Flammarion shows, pretty well distributed from N. to S., running from W.S.W. to E.N.E. The isobaric line of 29·96 inches passes through the South of England and Holland, that of 30·02 inches near Tours and Nancy. But the centre of France shows a very remarkable line of pressure, the isobaric line of 30·04 inches crossing France diagonally, passing close to Strasburg, Chaumont, Dijon, Clermont, and Toulouse. On the other side, towards the S.E., the pressure diminishes, and attains a minimum not less remarkable in the Gulf of Genoa, where the pressure is about 29·98 inches. There is a maximum of pressure in the Atlantic, attained in lat. 35° N., and a minimum at 5° N.; a maximum being found at 16° South of the Equator, near St. Helena, and the lowest pressure in the world, not exceeding 29·33 inches, to the south of Cape Horn. Upon the Asiatic continent the distribution is altogether different; Siberia showing a maximum of about 30·24 inches between Nertchinsk and Bernaoul. A difficulty in calculating altitudes is introduced by the varying level of the sea. Not to speak of the diurnal tides, there is the centrifugal force in the zone of the Equator, the pressure of the wind, and change in expansion under solar heat, with the banking up of water in land-locked gulfs. Eliminating, as far as may be, all incidental or disturbing conditions of whatever kind, we may come to some approximate expression for the total statical pressure of the earth's aërial envelope. In his curious little *brochure*, *Combien pèse la masse entière de tout l'air qui est au monde*, Pascal made out the weight to be about the $\frac{1}{1100000}$ part of the weight of the earth, or that of a copper ball sixty-two miles in diameter.

In determining the height of the atmosphere above the earth's surface, experiments upon the duration of twilight, from the time of Kepler, and the laws of compression in gases, first determined by Mariotte, have been brought to bear in aid of those upon barometrical pressure. Nothing at all definite can be said at the present moment to have been arrived at. The observations of M. Lisis, taken during an Atlantic voyage, yield, as a minimum, 180 miles, and as a probable height even 204 miles; those of M. Bravais from the summit of the Faulhorn 71½ miles. M. Quételet's conclusion is that the atmosphere does indeed extend much higher than the 38 miles or so generally assigned to it since Kepler's time, but that the upper strata are of a nature different from those nearer the earth, being of an ethereal kind, highly rarified, and unaffected by the movements of the winds or the changes of season. In this lofty and attenuated region it is supposed that the shooting stars are seen which afterwards disappear in reaching the lower and denser atmosphere. We are not surprised to find the existence of this hypothetical medium, which M. Flammarion seems prepared to endorse, gravely doubted by his English editor, although the opinions of Sir J. Herschel, De la Rive, and Hansteen are brought in as encouraging the idea of an upper atmosphere of the lightest gases above ours of oxgyen, nitrogen, and vapour of water, the sphere of the aurora borealis, and of magnetic phenomena in general. As regards the chemical components of the air our author is more practical in his mode of treatment, and more definite in his results. The different methods of analysis employed by Lavoisier in the first instance, and carried on by Gay Lussac and Humboldt, and since then by Dumas and Boussingault, are explained and illustrated. The extreme delicacy to which quantitative analysis has been pushed in modern times has enabled our chemists to define with minute precision the constituents of air, whether pure or impure, and to detect the presence of elements not before known to exist therein. From the calculations of Dalton, the lower atmosphere has been shown to contain about the 0·0142 part of its weight in water, from which the upper strata are nearly free. M. Boussingault was able to prove by precise experiments the presence of a hydrogenous gas or vapour equal at the most to the 0.0001 part of its volume. Analysis has brought to light the presence of iodine in all but certain unhealthy countries traversed by deep valleys, in which goitre is greatly prevalent. And the discovery of ozone by Schönbein has, within the existing generation, opened up a totally new chapter in the development of both chemical science and of practical hygiene.

In his chapter on Sound and the Voice, M. Flammarion is by comparison short and flimsy, deeming the subject, it may be, amply enough treated of late for all popular purposes by his countrymen MM. Guillemin and Deschanel. Nor is his treatment of Light in its optical relations at all to be compared with that of which we have spoken in recent notices as forming one of the chief merits of both those works. It is in the picturesque aspect of the subject that our author most distinguishes himself, and finds scope for his characteristic powers. He has here been ably seconded by the artists who have brought in the resources of chromolithography to eke out to the eye those aërial effects to which the descriptions of science can at the best do scant justice. "Sunset at Sea" and "Sunrise from the Righi" are among the best specimens of the series. The glow of light and the delicate grades of colour are represented with a truth and beauty which it is hard to conceive the result of a mechanical process. Not less impressive or faithful to the effects of nature is the "African Mirage." In the "Storm," on the contrary, the sky and clouds strike us as hard in outline, inky, and opaque. We scarcely see the need of exemplifying scenery so familiar as the "Summer and Winter" landscapes, and in the rainbow we are conscious of a want of truth owing to inadequate admission of the blue and violet rays. A certain hardness and metallic sharpness of outline is doubtless inseparable from the nature of the vehicle employed in pictures of this kind, but in the "Lunar Rainbow," seen from Compiègne, the metallic glitter seems to us to be carried beyond bounds. Nor are we able, from the impressions we ourselves retain from a single instance of that rarely seen phenomenon, to endorse so much as M. Flammarion would convey to his readers regarding the lunar spectrum. Not only does the tinted landscape here given assign to the iris cast by the moon an amount of blue and yellow rays which has no place in our recollection of the ashy pale or absolutely colourless phenomenon in question, but his description of it as "analogous to the solar bow, only less intense," seems to bespeak for it an identity of hues with those of direct sunlight such as on no theory of colour can be held compatible with the double process of reflection through which the rays have passed since leaving the sun. In what he has to say of halos, both solar and lunar, our author keeps more strictly, it appears to us, within the bounds of fact and the conclusions of science, while we have no further fault to find with his illustrations than such as arises from the sheer impossibility of rendering phenomena so impalpable and evanescent by means of any fixed and opaque medium whatever. In his explanation of the halo, parhelia, and cognate phenomena, M. Flammarion follows the theory of M. Mariotte, based upon the formation of crystals of ice in the shape of equilateral prisms in the air. When a triangular prism of glass is submitted to the action of the sun's rays, part of the light falling on it is reflected from the surface of the prism as from a mirror, and another part penetrates into the glass and leaves it in a direction different from that by which it entered, producing an image formed of different colours. Ice prisms of this form may be widely diffused at all possible angles in the atmosphere, some of them being in such a position as to produce the absolute minimum of deviation of the rays of light, these rays entering by one of the three lateral surfaces of the prisms, and traversing one of the other two in their way out of it. At an angular distance from the sun of 22°, or that of minimum deviation, M. Mariotte has shown, a brilliant circle is formed, which is the ordinary halo. If from some cause or other all the prisms become vertical, the halo is replaced by two parhelia. The tangent arcs seen near the ordinary halo, the halo with a radius of 46°, and the parhelion circle, have been explained by Young on the hypothesis of the prisms being so situated that their axes are all horizontal. In all cases the halo may be considered due to the refraction of the solar or lunar rays upon crystals of ice falling slowly in a still atmosphere, the different positions of the crystals being the causes of the diversity of the resulting arc. Observation combined with theory has shown that the arc is never to be seen when the sun is less than 12° or more than 31° above the horizon. The apparently ecliptical shape assumed by the halo is but an illusion on the part of the spectator, due to the same optical cause as the diminishing disc of the sun or moon as the luminous body rises above terrestrial objects. The angle of deviation on which depends the series of luminous impressions, though taken approximately at 22°, is not the same for all colours, the rays being variously affected by the angle at which they leave the prism. M. Flammarion gives the result of calculation in coincidence with observation as 21° 37′ for the red, which is the least refrangible colour, 21° 48′ for the yellow, 21° 57′ for the green, 22° 10′ for the blue, and 20° 40′ for the violet. The red is inside, then come orange, yellow, green, these colours gradually becoming weaker under the influence of the prisms which are not in the position of minimum deviation. The red is the last to remain visible. The sun, however, not being a luminous point, but each portion of its disc contributing

to the production of this phenomenon, the various colours become thus partially blended and never very clearly defined, the halo appearing in general as a bright ring with a reddish tint on the inside, 2° or 3° in width, and enclosing a circular area of which the sun occupies the centre. The diameter of the second halo which frequently surrounds it is in general about double that of the first. The prisms of ice which are horizontal in the atmosphere give rise by means of a further series of reflections and refractions to tangent arcs on each side of the halo, often intersecting the lower or primary circle, and producing the complex figure seen in Norway (fig. 38 *f*) and others of a rare and highly defined character specified by Lowitz, Bravais, Martins, and other observers. Of the whole series of atmospheric phenomena which make up M. Flammarion's able and attractive volume, and which are too numerous and complex for more detailed notice, this is the portion which is likely to strike the reader as at once the most original and the most replete with interest.

THE BATH ARCHIVES.*

THE success of the two volumes of Sir George Jackson's diaries and letters which were published last year has induced his widow to prepare another couple of volumes, made up of a further selection from Sir George's correspondence. This brings us down to 1816—four thick volumes for some fifteen years—and, as Sir G. Jackson lived an active and busy life for many years afterwards, and no doubt kept up an equally copious correspondence and diaries, we shall probably have yet further selections from the same abundant source. At this rate the *Bath Archives* threaten to become rather a formidable library. The two volumes now before us might with great advantage have been compressed into one. We have not only Sir George's own diaries and letters, many of which are of purely domestic interest, but his brother Francis's letters, his mother's letters, and a great many other odds and ends of correspondence, all swelling out the bulk of the collection without adding to its value. Indeed the quantity of idle padding is a serious drawback to the reader's enjoyment. It takes the edge off one's appetite to have to wade through so much dull verbiage before coming to the good things. We have already (*Saturday Review*, April 27, 1872) followed George Jackson's diplomatic career down to 1809, when he was engaged as one of the Secretaries of Legation to Mr. Frere's mission to the Spanish Junta. He left Spain in the hope of being appointed, through Lord Wellesley's influence, Secretary at Washington, whither his brother Francis had already gone as Minister Plenipotentiary. In this expectation, however, he was disappointed. His brother took high ground with the Americans, and the Government found it convenient to recall him, and George was kept for two or three years dangling about the Foreign Office, tantalized by promises of employment which somehow never came to anything. He was a captain in a cavalry regiment, and began seriously to consider whether he would not have to renounce diplomacy and stick to the army. In 1813, however, he obtained an appointment as a *chargé d'affaires* to the Prussian Court, and had an opportunity of observing pretty closely some great events and some rather remarkable people.

Down to this period his letters, though always sprightly and genial, are chiefly made up of mere personal gossip and second-hand news. Still we get some interesting glimpses of social life in England in those days. His regiment was stationed at Hull, whose great business was then the whale fishery. The society consisted "almost wholly of merchants, who, during the summer, remove to their villas to avoid the heat and the smell of the blubber." York was still a little capital, all the county families meeting there for the winter season, and life was "very gay," dancing every night, and "invitations for a month to come." The rivalry of Bath and Brighton comes out amusingly in some of old Mrs. Jackson's letters. She was loyal to the old seat of fashion, and disparaged Brighton as not only "windy," but light-minded and extravagant. "Old women, petticoat waiters, and tallow candles are held very cheap by the fashionable people at Brighton;" at Bath there is "more neighbourly friendship, and we think the society of a more moral tone; at all events, it is more staid and steady, though by no means dull." The respectable society of Bath was greatly exercised in mind on the subject of waltzing, but the young people carried the day, and the light ways of Brighton were transferred to the West. Mrs. Jackson records with something like horror that at the York House, Bath, "there was a ball where there was nothing but waltzing, and no one was allowed to leave before ten in the morning; and another at which only four chaperons were admitted; so I suppose they will soon be excluded altogether. Alas! for the manners of the age! All this comes from the examples that are set in high places." At Brighton George Jackson used occasionally to drop into Mrs. Fitzherbert's little afternoon parties, admission to which was granted "only to persons of much discretion," and not without reason. "You get a cup of tea, and hear the scandal of the day," and it was permitted to speak very freely of the sayings and doings "of a certain illustrious, but always nameless, personage." Indeed the First Gentleman in Europe does not seem to have inspired much respect in his own day. "Every man and woman one meets," says George in a letter from London, "has some ridiculous tale to tell of which a *very great man* is the object, or, I may say, rather the laughing-stock." The remark of the Princess of Wales was greeted with much approval, that "they should let out the old one"—George III. was then in confinement—"and shut up the young one." Later on we have another bit of scandal. Being dull one night and wanting some variety, the Prince "sent his carriage to the King's Bench for Colman, who is shut up there, to come and make sport and amuse him." They sat up till six in the morning, "when his Royal Highness was carried to bed in an apoplexy." Jackson was at one of the Prince's great fêtes at Carlton House. The Queen and Princesses would not come, and the Princess of Wales was not asked, and Mrs. Fitzherbert sent an excuse when she found that she was not to take her usual place at the Prince's table; so "the two wives sat at home by themselves." Louis XVIII. and the French Princes were present, and were received with marked respect. The French King was attended to and from Carlton House by an escort of hussars. For a time he declined sitting, saying he was only Comte de Lisle; but the Prince of Wales, placing a chair for him, replied, "Ici votre majesté est roi de France." Jackson confirms the impression of the Princess of Wales's vulgarity and indiscretion:—"She makes herself perfectly ridiculous, and wherever she goes the chief subject of remark is her lavish display of her protuberant beauties." As a young man who went everywhere Jackson of course went to Holland House, and his portrait of the hostess may be put beside Macaulay's:—

> Her ladyship, as she always is, capricious both in speech and manner—now very civil and polite, then unexpectedly confidential, and her conversation tinged with a warmth that exceeds even friendly interest. Anon, she is distant and cold, or assumes a kind of patronizing, dignified air; in short, very chameleon like. As she says, or pretends she says, everything that comes into her head at the moment, she often says foolish things, which, being laughed at, pass for witty ones—at Holland House.

It was rather the fashion at this time in the society in which Jackson moved to consider the populace savage and disaffected, and it is impossible not to suspect some trace of this colouring in his description of the mob cheering the murderer of Perceval, and clinging to the coach-wheels to shake hands with him. Jackson was hardly surprised to find that there was a strong personal resemblance between Bellingham and Burdett.

Jackson's Diaries enable us to understand the feeling of depression and despondency which was creeping over the English mind in contemplating the prolonged struggle with Napoleon. Even Wellington's success in holding off the French in Spain was welcomed chiefly as a means of coming to honourable terms. Jackson, who was the very reverse of a peace-at-any-price man, thought it would be well to give Napoleon the line of the Ebro if he would only evacuate the rest of Spain. A Russian war was threatened, but such was the faith in Napoleon's power that it was expected he would "make a short campaign of it, and return to the Peninsula with such accumulated strength, both in men and reputation, as we should be unable to resist, and probably deprive us of Portugal as well as Spain." The retreat from Moscow produced a more cheerful state of mind, and the first day of 1813 was "a day of especial rejoicing, the commencement of a new era, as some people think." Bonaparte's escape to Paris, and the bold front he showed after his disasters, somewhat qualified these hopes, and a subscription for the Russians went on rather slowly. "Perhaps John Bull's feelings are a little worn," it is suggested. Napoleon was still a formidable enemy, and our allies were timid and wavering. The Russians were moving very slowly, and throwing most of their energy into an endeavour to obtain supplies from England. Each Power was thinking more of what was to be got than of the means of getting it, and England clogged her mission to Prussia with "a pitiful, peddling stipulation about Hildesheim, &c., for Hanover." Jackson arrived at Dresden just before the battle of Lutzen, which brought out clearly Napoleon's military superiority, and the weakness of the allied generals. Napoleon boasted that he would fight a general battle without cavalry, and he did so by drawing the Allies on to the ground he had chosen for attacking them. The Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia were present, and gave orders independently of each other and of the general nominally in command. "We are told," says Jackson, "that the Allies gained a victory, whilst everything around us bears the appearance of the most complete defeat." Everybody was getting ready to start at a moment's warning for Bautzen and Breslau—the only road likely to be open. And next day the *sauve qui peut* began. It seemed clear that Napoleon's star was again rising, and Jackson suspected that the English successes in Spain alone prevented the Allies from signing a peace with France, and leaving England to follow her own course. "There has been a great deal of underhand work going on in the negotiations of Prussia and Russia with Austria, while both Powers were availing themselves of the supplies of money, ammunition, and clothing furnished by Great Britain to get a decent army on foot." Towards the end of September the Allies had their headquarters at Toplitz, and were celebrating the anniversary of the Emperor Alexander's coronation by a magnificent banquet in camp. Then followed the investment of the Emperor with the Order of the Garter. Jackson was shocked that this great ceremony should be treated "as a sort of farcical entertainment":—

> The Emperor was in a little nutshell of a room with his brother, the Grand-Duke Constantine, both of whom wore a broad grin the whole time. With difficulty the Emperor had been persuaded to wear shoes and stockings, and the whole ceremony consisted in Count Golowkin reading the commission

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* *The Bath Archives.* A further Selection from the Diaries and Letters of Sir Geo. Jackson, K.C.H., from 1809 to 1816. Edited by Lady Jackson. 2 vols. London: Bentley & Son. 1873.

in Latin very badly, and in the Commissioners then buckling on the garter. The next day a party of twenty English dined with the Emperor. He made his appearance with the blue ribaud and star, and the garter round his thigh above his great boot.

A still more singular use of the garter, however, is mentioned in the Diaries. Lady Castlereagh, it seems, had a fancy for wearing her husband's orders, and appeared at a fête at Vienna with the garter encircling her brow like a tiara.

The battle of Leipzig brought back fortune to the Allies, and they again turned westward. At Weimar Jackson was lodged at Goethe's house, but was not particularly impressed by his distinguished host:—

> The charm of his conversation, in my humble opinion, is somewhat marred by an air of pedantry which is probably due to the adulation he is accustomed to receive from his many worshippers. People here seem to hang, as it were, upon his lips, and listen for his words as if an oracle were about to hold forth. For my part, I like Goethe for his good humour and pleasant manners; for I think that a man inferior in genius, and of less genial nature, would have become insufferable in society if constantly dosed with flattery as he is; and that much credit is due even to *him* for being so little spoiled by it.

After a flying visit to England, Jackson rejoined the Allies during their march upon Paris. He found the people all execrating Bonaparte, yet mortified at his defeat, and at first by no means disposed to welcome the Allies as deliverers. "The general feeling seems to be that of intense mortification; of wounded vanity; of disappointment." Great distress prevailed, but the murmurings were not against him who had brought it on them, but against those who asked for supplies for the allied armies. Everywhere he found the greatest poverty and misery, and an intense desire for peace. "For the rest, they are like weathercocks, to which every wind is welcome. But for peace the cry is universal, and they would receive it from the hands of Old Nick himself." When the allied Sovereigns rode into Paris they were received with tumultuous enthusiasm. The Emperor Alexander was in especial favour, but even the King of Prussia never met with such a welcome in Berlin. It was computed that between sixty and seventy thousand bottles of champagne were broached in honour of the day, and everybody was intoxicated either with joy or wine. Jackson accompanied the King of Prussia to England, and afterwards to his own capital. Here, again, there were great rejoicings. The Court tailor was ordered to prepare new liveries for the Royal household, and many of the nobility began to consider whether they should not do the same. But Napoleon's escape from Elba promptly decided the question. The new Court liveries were put away, and the King was blamed for his hasty extravagance. "He was premature in giving his orders," said the cavillers, "and set a bad example to his subjects." At any rate, Jackson remarks, he did a good turn to the poor tailors. At Berlin and Vienna the ladies pledged themselves to discard silks, velvets, jewels, and ornaments, and to wear nothing but dresses of the most homely materials and sober hues until Napoleon was finally subdued. The correspondence and diaries break off abruptly while Jackson is still at Berlin; but we presume it is intended to produce further selections from the *Bath Archives*—so called from their having been treasured up by old Mrs. Jackson at Bath. There is much keen, sprightly observation and amusing gossip in these two volumes; but the editor has certainly done her best to render them tedious and disappointing by overweighting them with worthless matter.

FREEMAN'S HISTORICAL ESSAYS.*

ALTHOUGH the articles in this Second Series of Mr. Freeman's essays are mostly earlier in date of composition than those in the First Series which we reviewed a year ago, they are no whit below the latter either in substance or in style. Mr. Freeman is in some respects at his best when writing a review article, for he is forced to command his learning and restrain his exuberant power of illustration within narrower limits than those which are called for in an independent historical treatise. Nothing that he has written pleases us better than some of these essays, particularly those which deal with Roman history. The views advanced are clear, forcible, and comprehensive; the style is full of sustained energy; there is a lively sympathy for whatever is noble and good, a singular power of discovering and using historical parallels without being carried away by them, a fairness and temperance in judging of the men and events of the past which is all the more admirable because he realizes them so vividly, and feels not less interest in them than people in general do in their own contemporaries. If Mr. Freeman could only attain the same sort of sobriety and the same truly historical attitude when he refers to the men of the present, we should have nothing but unmixed praise to bestow on him. This unhappily he does not always do. There is often rather too much of a personal element about his writing; there are references in notes, for instance, which had better have been omitted, to his own previous opinions or to comparatively trivial occurrences and feelings of the hour. We regret, too, the tone of asperity in which he sometimes allows himself to speak of others from whom he differs, who may very probably be wrong and deserve to be censured, yet hardly to be censured with so much iteration and so much vehemence. His own position as a public writer and historian is now so high as to require from him a larger measure of judicial gravity and calmness than he sometimes displays. And in the interest of his own reputation and influence, which are now so deservedly great with the learned as well as with the less learned public, we cannot but wish that he would not enforce small points with quite the same earnestness as that wherewith he enforces great ones. Not all sins are mortal, and if the venial sin (often, to the thinking of some of us, not a sin at all) is so hardly dealt with, our horror of the mortal sin is lessened. A doctrine, moreover, however valuable, may be preached too often and too long. It is quite true, for instance, that all history ought to be regarded as one, and as far as possible studied as one, but there are limits to this possibility, and for many purposes ancient, mediæval, and modern history may be treated of and worked out apart. Admirable service has been done in mediæval history by men who knew very little either about Athens under Pericles or about Massachusetts under Governor Andrew. Mr. Freeman's views are sometimes so broadly expressed on this matter that we feel inclined to ask him whether he finds that his ignorance of the early history of Egypt and Asia Minor—countries which certainly had a great influence on Greece—prevents him from understanding and enjoying Homer and Herodotus.

As respects this doctrine of the Unity of History, the truth, we take it, is that two things are necessary to make a man a real historical student or a useful historical writer. One is, that he should have a just view of history as a process of constant change and development, a conception of human institutions as the concrete expression of the always varying powers, needs, and beliefs of mankind—which conception of course implies a certain general knowledge of the great events and changes of the last three thousand years. The other is a thorough mastery of some particular period of history, founded on a knowledge of the original authorities which tell us of it sufficiently minute and critical to give him a comprehension of the principles of historical evidence and the power of applying them. He who wants the second of these two requisites may be a mere theorist, without the means of testing an hypothesis, without the faculty of grasping the significance of details. He who wants the first, on the other hand, cannot be a philosopher; he either will not speculate at all, or will speculate wildly, applying what he knows to be true of the period he is familiar with to other periods where it may not be true at all. Both must be possessed together in order to enable one to recognize unity in diversity, the co-existence in history of the permanent element which is given by the identity of the nature of man with that boundless variety in his social and political institutions which is produced by the variety of the circumstances and conditions, physical and economical, under which he finds himself, and by the influence on each generation of the thoughts and deeds of its predecessors. All this is obvious enough when one comes to consider it; we mention it only for the sake of remarking that it is quite a different thing from knowing all history, or even a large part of history, thoroughly and minutely, which Mr. Freeman's language might be taken to require from any man who is to do worthy historical work.

Having thus relieved our soul, we can go on with pleasure and satisfaction to speak of the substance of this volume. The essays that compose it cannot well be criticized as a whole, for they are very various in their subjects and dimensions. If some seem much more interesting and original than others, that is partly because Mr. Freeman himself and other eminent writers have made familiar and popular what was sufficiently new ten or fifteen years ago. This is, to some extent, the case even with so admirable an article as "Ancient Greece and Mediæval Italy," a comparison full of ingenuity, penetration, and that sort of discriminating power which complete mastery of a subject gives, between the city republics of Hellas and those of Italy in the twelfth and three succeeding centuries. In the articles on Alexander the Great and Greece during the Macedonian period we are brought upon less trodden ground. Mr. Freeman disputes Grote's view that Alexander was substantially a barbarian, and maintains that he was not only an extraordinary military genius (which is indeed beyond question), but also for most purposes really a Greek, with Greek interests and sympathies, regarding himself as the leader of united Hellas against the Persian Empire, the avenger of the invasions of Darius and Xerxes, and animated by the desire of spreading Greek ideas and Greek culture over the East. Forcibly as he argues his case, he does not quite convince us. That Alexander had a warm feeling for Greece, and particularly for Athens, is, we think, undeniable. That he felt and acted as the champion of the Greek nation against the Great King, and that a large part of that nation held him to be really such, must also be conceded. But there are points in his character, touches of ferocity and brutality, to which we find no parallel among the great men of historical Greece, and hardly even among those Homeric heroes whom it was Alexander's pride and glory to imitate. The story of his treatment of Bessus, for instance, at Gaza—a story which Mr. Freeman has no right to dismiss in the cavalier way that he does—is of a piece with a good deal more in Alexander's life, and belongs to an Oriental or barbarian rather than to a Greek character. As to that great Hellenization of Asia which changed the whole course of the world's history, which paved the way for the spread of the Roman dominion and the diffusion of Christianity, which gave that curiously composite and half-Greek character to the peoples of the Eastern Mediterranean which they still retain, no one has ever denied that it was the direct result of Alexander's conquests. But it is not the same thing to give him the credit of having deliberately contemplated it and

* *Historical Essays.* Second Series. By E. A. Freeman, M.A., Hon. D.C.L., late Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. London: Macmillan & Co. 1873.

recognized it as what the Germans would call his "world-historical" mission. What traces are there of any purpose on Alexander's part to diffuse Greek ideas, Greek manners, Greek literature and science, Greek forms of political or social organization? Few indeed, and far from unmistakable. On the contrary, he himself lapsed more and more into Orientalism, and would probably, had he lived, have striven rather to Orientalize Greeks and Macedonians than to Hellenize those Eastern subjects who were far more willing to acknowledge his divinity.

The essays which we have found the most interesting of all are the last two, on Lucius Cornelius Sulla, and on the Flavian Cæsars. Mr. Freeman is never more happy than in a biographical study—witness his description of William in the *History of the Roman Conquest*, and that of St. Thomas of Canterbury in his previous volume of *Historical Essays:* and his picture of Sulla's character, with its singular contrasts of energy and luxurious sensuality, cool-healedness and superstition, cruelty and good nature, consistent devotion to the same political principles and the most unscrupulous recklessness in the choice of his means, is a very powerful and admirable piece of work. We extract a short passage from its conclusion:—

> Why is it that these two names, Sulla and Cæsar, call up such different feelings? Of the two Dictators, one is never spoken of without abhorrence, the other is never spoken of without some degree at least of admiration. Yet there is much likeness in the two men, and there are points in which Sulla has the advantage. Sulla and Cæsar alike were at once generals, statesmen, scholars, and profligates. On the military details of their campaigns military men must decide; but the results of the warfare of Sulla were assuredly not less than those of the warfare of Cæsar. If Cæsar conquered Gaul, Sulla reconquered Greece and Asia; if Cæsar overthrew Pompeius, Sulla overthrew Pontius Telesinus. The political career of Sulla is far more honourable and consistent than that of Cæsar. . . . As private men there is little to choose between the two; both were steeped in every vice, refined, accomplished, scholarlike debauchees. Why, then, do we hate Sulla, and in a manner love Cæsar? Success may have something to do with it; Sulla's aristocracy passed away, Cæsar's empire fell for a moment, but it had strength enough to rise again under his adopted son, and to live on, we may almost say, till the present hour. The other Dictator has left no such memorials before our eyes and ears; no month is called Cornelius, no modern potentate calls himself Sulla as his proudest title. But this is not all; the real difference lies much deeper. Cæsar, with all his crimes and vices, had a heart. He was a man of battles, but not a man of proscriptions. He was a warm friend and a generous enemy. In one point of view Sulla's was the wiser policy. Sulla never spared or forgave, and he died in his bed; Cæsar forgave, and he died by the daggers of those whom he had forgiven. Sulla really had in him more of principle than Cæsar; but Cæsar was a man. Sulla was like a destroying angel. Cæsar we might have loved; at Sulla we could only shudder; perhaps we might have shuddered most of all at the careless and mirthful hours of the author of the proscription. Great he was in every natural gift, great, we might almost say, in his vices, great in his craft of soldier and ruler, great in his unbending will, great in the crimes which human wickedness never can outdo. In his strange superstition, the most ruthless of men deemed himself the special favourite of the softest of the idols with which his heaven was peopled.

This explanation is, we take it, the true one. Cæsar no doubt strikes our imagination much more than Sulla does, partly because the theatre of his exploits was larger, partly because with him the Roman Republic (in the popular sense) ends and the Roman Empire begins, partly on account of that magnificently tragic death scene in the Senate-house to which history supplies no parallel. But in the main we feel tenderly towards Cæsar because we see in him a man who was capable of the softer feelings, who had his ardours, his imprudences, his generosities, his moments of tenderness and genial self-forgetfulness. Sulla, on the other hand, gives the impression of a hard, cold, collected nature, self-centred and self-absorbed, with no desire to inflict suffering, but no reluctance to inflict it when it suited his purpose, and no remorse afterwards. He repels almost as much as he overawes, like those two others with whom we may in many respects compare him, though the one was less and the other more redeemed by virtue—the terrible Cæsar Borgia and the iron-hearted Frederick the Second of Prussia.

We have left ourselves no space to speak adequately of the article on the Flavian Cæsars which winds up the volume, and which is in its way a model of clear writing and vigorous thinking. It may perhaps be held that Mr. Freeman, like Mr. Goldwin Smith, is a little too hard upon the Empire. The Senate, for instance, over whose fate he drops a tear, had become by the time of Augustus a body so selfish and so unscrupulously partisan that there was really nothing more to be hoped for from it. That extinction of political life in the provinces which he seems to charge upon the Empire was in most of them complete before it absorbed them into its vast body, destroying, it is true, any present hope of a revival. Nor is it at all correct to say, "Of the great legacy of Rome to later times, the legacy of the Roman Law, the best parts were simply inherited by the Empire from the days of the Republic." As Mr. Freeman must surely know that the first two centuries of the Empire were the really great age of Roman Law, the age when the development of a harmonious and equitable system of rules went on most quickly and most perfectly, and that this was effected by the absolute sway of the Emperors with a completeness and consistency which it could not have attained under the Republic, we can only suppose that he means to say that the leading principles of the law had been formed under the free Republic, and therefore bear less trace than might have been expected of the corrupting influences of despotism. This is true enough, but his way of saying it is rather odd, and indeed open to misconstruction. It need scarcely be remarked that the Roman Law, as we have it, is entirely the work of the jurists of the Empire. These blemishes, however, are scarcely worth noticing where there is so much that is thoroughly good and useful. Commenting on the singular position of the earlier Emperors, as in theory nothing more than citizens of the first rank, the perpetual magistrates of a free Republic, Mr. Freeman makes a remark which seems to us new, true, and ingenious:—

> The peculiar hidden nature of the Imperial power had some very practical results. As compared with acknowledged kingship, we shall hardly be wrong in saying that it made the rule of a good Emperor better and the rule of a bad Emperor worse.

The absence of an Imperial Court, of the pomp and circumstance of royalty, enabled a ruler like Titus or Trajan to live on terms of easy and almost equal intercourse with the best citizens, and, while directing the whole administration of the State, to leave the semblance of freedom, the old respect for the laws and for the Senate, for the traditions of the ancient commonwealth, still unviolated. But it also removed many restraints with which a sense of his unique and exalted position, a feeling of his position between ancestors who have reigned and descendants who will reign, even indeed the mere etiquette and ceremonial observances of his Court, will always surround a hereditary and legitimate King:—

> The worst King commonly retains some regard for the dignity of his person and office; even a Sultan finds his caprices checked by various conventional forms which it is not easy for him to escape from. A King who cannot set foot in public without being surrounded by a certain degree of ceremony, cannot play off before the world the utterly mad freaks of the worst of the Roman Cæsars. He may be cruel, he may be lustful, but the very necessity of his position drives him in some degree to moderate, or at any rate to veil, both his cruelty and his lust. The will of the Roman Cæsar was practically unrestrained; and precisely because he was merely Cæsar and not King, he was set free from the moral restraints of royalty. That lack of Court etiquette which enabled Vespasian and Antoninus to live on terms of equality with virtuous senators, no less enabled Nero and Commodus to live in a partnership of unutterable vice with the very vilest of mankind.

HINDOO TALES.*

THE *Dasa-kumāra-charitam*, the Sanskrit original of these *Hindoo Tales*, is a work to which a Sanskrit student may well devote his attention, but it is difficult to understand why any one should wish to turn it into English, or how any one could conceive it possible to make it popular by means of a free translation. Mr. Jacob remarks that the text was printed in England more than twenty-five years ago, but that it has not been translated into any European language. He might have added that neither has it been translated into any of the modern languages of India; or, if it has, it has never become popular like the *Vetāla panchavinsati*, or Tales of a Demon, which has been turned into every language of India, and by its grotesque drollery often wins a laugh even from European readers.

The original work was written in the decadence of Sanskrit literature, about the tenth or eleventh century A.D., when the language had long ceased to be spoken. Its style is very turgid and artificial; but it is one of the few prose works of Sanskrit light literature, and so is of some value in a linguistic point of view. It was the late Professor H. H. Wilson who published the text, and he prefixed to his book a full analysis of the work, which gave as clear an account of the story as it is possible to give, and pointed out the few points of general interest which are to be found in it. While we appreciate Mr. Jacob's desire to give the world some benefit of his studies, we heartily wish that he had selected some other work more deserving of his labour and more certain to be acceptable.

We shall not attempt to give anything like an outline of the stories, for they are as artificial as the language in which they are written. There is hardly a touch of nature in the work from beginning to end, and there is so little of character and individuality that the reader is constantly in confusion as to who's who. The writer himself was in one instance so far bewildered with his own creations that he has rolled two persons into one, by confounding their names. Though it is scarcely possible that any reader should find the book interesting, still it gives us some insight into the state of Hindoo society eight centuries ago, a period just preceding the inroad of the Musulman conquerors, when Hindoo institutions had become effete and society corrupt and dissolute. It would not be fair, however, to take the pictures drawn by this writer as exact and accurate, for they are evidently of his own invention; still his mind must have been influenced by the manners of the time and the scenes in which he lived, and his descriptions and the settings of his stories must have been somewhat in accord with what was passing around him. As Professor Wilson observes, "the portrait is not flattering; profligacy and superstition seem to be the characteristic features; loose principles, lax morals, and implicit faith in the power of occult rites and magical incantations."

The chief personage in these stories, the centre round which they all are drawn, is a prince of the kingdom of Magadhā. His father the King, having been vanquished by the King of Mālwa, took refuge in the forests of the Vindhya mountains. Here his son the hero was born. The exiled monarch had with him three hereditary Ministers, and their descendants, seven in number, with two sons of a friendly King, make up with the prince the "ten youths," for *kumāra* means youth rather than prince. Several of

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* *Hindoo Tales; or, the Adventures of Ten Princes.* Freely Translated from the Sanscrit of the Dasakumaracharitam, by P. W. Jacob. London: Strahan & Co. 1873.

these children were lost and recovered in most marvellous ways. However, they were all brought together and educated along with the prince, and a very curious education it was. Acquaintance with languages, skill in arms, and in the management of horses and elephants, a knowledge of tradition, polity, rhetoric, logic, and music are accomplishments worthy of princes; but to these are added the more abstruse subjects of metaphysics, law, the Vedas and medicine, and astrology, magic, skill in gambling, and dexterity in thieving. With such a curriculum of study there can be no wonder that the baser arts predominate in the adventures of the various personages. Unscrupulous lying and deception, ready and specious invention, craft, cunning, and cheating, theft, robbery, and murder, pervade the whole; and all this is not only described without one word of reprobation, but is rather held up as justifiable, and even admirable, in the pursuit of success. Supernatural beings, sometimes beneficent, but more often malevolent, frequently appear in the narratives, and supernatural powers acquired by penance and magic arts are constantly employed—all forming a picture of depravity, credulity, and superstition which is relieved by only a few amiable touches. Some traits of courage and boldness, love for relations, fidelity to friends, and tenderness for the objects of their affections, however easily and irregularly won, relieve the darker shades. As to the ladies, the most remarkable feature in them is the readiness with which they give and declare their love, even when unasked, and the openness with which they describe their sensations, both mental and physical.

On the prince and his friends approaching manhood they are allowed to go off together to see the world. The prince is soon afterwards induced by a stranger to leave his friends and go with him, and help to recover his sovereignty of the infernal regions. He succeeds in his enterprise; but on his return he finds that his companions have disappeared. They have dispersed in order to search for him, and come together again after considerable intervals. Their adventures, as told to each other upon their reunion, are the ten stories. In the course of his wanderings the prince resides for some time at Ujayin, where he falls in love with the princess, the daughter of his father's conqueror. She is equally smitten, but a regular marriage being out of the question, the prince employs the aid of a friendly magician. This man gives an entertainment at Court, and after the exhibition of some marvellous performances—

> Turning to the King, he said, "It is desirable that the performance should end with something auspicious; I propose, therefore, to represent a Royal marriage, and one of my people will act as your daughter, another as a prince endowed with all good qualities. But first I must apply to your eyes this ointment, which will give you preternatural clearness of vision." To all this the King consented. Meanwhile the princess had contrived to slip out unobserved, and stood among the conjuror's people. The prince also stood ready, and the performance began. Thus, under the disguise of a piece of acting, the conjuror, being a Brahmin, was able to complete the marriage with all proper rites and ceremonies without any suspicion on the part of the King that it was his own daughter whom he saw before him; and the others, also unsuspecting, only admired the skill of the conjuror in making the actress so like the lady whom she represented.

Troubles follow, but in the end all comes right.

In another of the stories a courtesan is a prominent character. One of the wandering youths goes to a celebrated hermit, whom he finds in a state of great dejection. It seems that the hermit's great austerity had led to his being made the test of the fascinating attractions of a celebrated courtesan, who wagered that she would overcome his sanctity and lead him into folly. She succeeds, persuades him to dress in gay apparel, conducts him into the town, parades him in the public places, and then, having enjoyed her triumph, she says, "Reverend sir, you have favoured me with your company a long time; it will be well for you now to attend to your own affairs. . . . . I have won my wager, and have now no further occasion for you." This story, as Professor Wilson observes, "presents a curious picture of the pains taken with the education of such women. Not only were their health, their physical development, and personal beauty attended to; not only were the graces of deportment and elegance of attire and ornament sedulously studied, but their intellectual training was an equal object of vigilance; and they were taught a variety of subjects calculated to heighten their fascination and strengthen their understanding. Dancing, music, and acting formed their profession, and they were also taught to paint, to dress delicate dishes, to compound fragrant perfumes, and to dispose tastily of flowers; to play various games, to read, to write, and to speak different languages; and they were instructed superficially, it is said, in grammar, logic, and metaphysics. A remarkable picture is also drawn of the devices resorted to in order to bring them into public consideration, many of which may find a parallel in the contrivances by which public performers in European countries are sometimes forced into popularity." The hermit's young visitor is piqued with the conceit of this frail beauty, and determines to humble her. He proceeds into the city, and the first person he meets is another of her victims, a Buddhist mendicant, but formerly an opulent merchant. Next he enters a public gaming-house, where he was "amused by watching the players and observing their tricks, their sleight-of-hand, their bullying or cringing behaviour to each other; the reckless profusion of the winners, the muttering despair of those who had lost." He sits down to play, and wins sixteen thousand dinārs, half of which he keeps, and half he gives away to the keeper and visitors of the gaming-house. Soon afterwards he sallies forth one night determined on robbery by breaking into a house in the usual way by a hole made in the mud wall. He takes the following curious equipment:—"A dark dress, a short sword, a spade, a crowbar, a pair of pincers, a wooden man's head, a magic candle, a rope and grappling-iron, a box with a bee in it, and some other implements"—the wooden head being intended to be pushed through the hole in the wall to receive any blow that might be aimed at the robber, and the bee to be let loose to put out any light that might be burning. He goes through a variety of adventures, and falls in love with the younger sister of a courtesan; but the mother and sister oppose their union in consequence of his poverty—a somewhat strange objection, seeing that he carries on successfully his occupation of housebreaking. He overcomes their scruples by stealing from the King an inexhaustible purse, a purse of Fortunatus; and he avenges his friends upon the courtesan by persuading her that the purse is useless until she makes restitution of the property out of which she has cajoled them. The theft is discovered, the purse is restored, and an innocent person suffers for the offence. For the courtesan hypocritically states that it was a gift from one of her admirers, whom she dislikes because he is rich and niggardly. The hero gets into prison through a mad attack upon the city guard, who declare him to be "the robber." A complicated intrigue is carried on under his direction by the agency of his wife's mother, the mercenary mother of the courtesan. The governor of the prison is in love with the princess of the city, and he is persuaded to make a surreptitious entrance into the palace. To accomplish this he seeks the aid of his prisoner, the "skilful housebreaker." The fetters of the latter being taken off, he proceeds to form a tunnel under the walls into the palace. When it is complete, and the governor is about to make his entrance, the prisoner murders him, and goes on the adventure himself. He finds the princess asleep, and describes her charms, which are such that, although he has not been long married, he falls in love with her. Upon the wall of her chamber he draws a portrait of the princess as she lay, and of himself, kneeling at her feet. Under it he wrote a Valentine's Day kind of couplet, exchanged rings with her, and then left. She is of course attracted to her unknown admirer, and he obtains an interview with her, and deepens the impression. Soon afterwards the city is besieged and taken, and the conqueror is about to force the princess to marry him, when the hero of the tale, who has slipped into the palace, gives him a mortal wound with a sword, and defends himself against those who endeavoured to seize him, until he is rescued by the friendly help of his prince, who now makes his appearance, and to whom he tells his story. Well may the prince declare that he has "shown wonderful ingenuity and courage" worthy of his position, and well deserving the hand of the princess, whom we are left to infer that he won.

Another of the adventurers falls in love with a Queen who feels injured by the infidelity and dissolute manners of her husband. At the instigation of her lover she persuades her husband that by bathing in a certain lake, with some mystical rites, he will be transformed into a paragon of beauty. Meanwhile the lover has dug a hole in the side of the lake in which he hides himself, and when the King takes the prescribed bath, he dives under him, pulls him down, stifles him under water, and hides his corpse in the hole. Then the murderer comes forth as the metamorphosed King, to the great satisfaction of the Queen, and, let it be added, of the people, for the dead King was a great villain. "Truly," says the prince, "our friend here has committed great sins, but how can I blame him when his motives were so good?"

Another of the stories turns upon the amours of one of the adventurers with a princess who has to perform a very singular service. Her father, when he was childless, prayed to the goddess Durgā for offspring. She granted him a son and daughter, but the son was to be subject to the daughter and her husband whenever she married. The girl moreover was to have free choice in selecting her husband, pointing of course to the hero of the tale. In return for all this once a month she was to perform in public the "ball dance" in honour of the goddess. This performance is described in one of the most elaborate passages of the work and with the most minute detail, as if it were a matter of great importance. So curious is this passage that Mr. Jacob has given a literal rendering of it at the end of his book.

These are a few of the marvels, horrors, and absurdities of the stories. We gladly leave them to notice two or three points of some little interest which are to be picked out of them. The allusions to the Buddhists show that their religion still held a position of some importance, possibly even a predominant one in particular localities at the time the work was written. Another point of interest is that a King of Andhra, on the east of the peninsula, is represented as "sailing with a large fleet," and this can hardly be taken as a pure invention of the writer's. Indications also appears of the commerce with the Arabs on the western coast, but of this we know more from better sources. Professor Wilson was inclined to place some value on the geographical indications in the work, for it contains the names of many different cities and countries. Several of the cities or their remains are still known. The names and localities of the territorial divisions are the well-known ones that are found in the oldest authorities. These territorial names were familiar to the writer of the book, but it by no means follows that because he assigns kings to them they were then separate independent kingdoms. The little we know of the state of India at the time is adverse to the supposition. Some of them were real political divisions, but the kings of others were in all probability creations of the writer's fancy.

We are very sorry that Mr. Jacob has wasted his labours on

this unprofitable book. He is evidently capable of better things, and we hope to meet with him again upon some more worthy subject.

THE CHEQUE-BOOK OF THE CHAPEL ROYAL.*

THIS record is chiefly interesting to us from a side which its editor may not have thought of. The history which it contains is an example of the way in which institutions are not made but grow. The body of clergymen and others who are attached to the Royal Chapels cannot be said to be a foundation; they are not a corporation; they are not attached to any particular place; they do not seem to have any regular permanent statutes; they are simply part of the Royal household, attached to the Royal service for a particular purpose. We conceive that the whole constitution of the body depends on the personal pleasure of the Sovereign. Individuals may have vested interests, but there is no foundation with any real corporate being, like, for instance, St. George's Chapel at Windsor. But the records here published show that the body whose nature seems to be so precarious came, we suppose, by usage, to take to itself many of the attributes of a corporation. The meetings of the body are called Chapters, and they act in many points like a real Chapter. They seem to exercise a certain measure of authority in the choice and admission of members of their own society, and to make, if not formal statutes, at least rules and orders which are clearly meant to have a binding force on their own members. But all this is closely analogous to the way in which the Cathedral Chapters themselves grew up, and it is still more closely analogous to the way in which the colleges of Vicars grew up alongside of them. The Chapters, at first the mere following of the Bishop, gradually grew into bodies independent of the Bishop; the Vicars, at first the mere hired deputies of the Canons, gradually grew into bodies which for many purposes are independent of the Chapters. In these cases, however, the change was crowned by a regular foundation and endowment, giving the bodies which had grown up the legal *status* of corporations. But the Chapter of the Chapels Royal has never received any such foundation and endowment; as part of the King's household, existing solely for the purpose of keeping up divine service in the King's chapels, it hardly could have received such a character. In two cases indeed—the suppressed College of St. Stephen at Westminster and the still existing College of St. George at Windsor—a Royal chapel has received a foundation and endowment, and has thus become an independent collegiate church. But those foundations are local; it is of the essence of the company attached to the Chapels Royal that they are not local. It is merely by a custom dating from the beginning of the last century that they are attached to the particular chapel at St. James's. The King has, as part of his household, a body of clergy and singers, ready to follow him about like the rest of his household, and to perform divine service in the chapel of any of his Royal houses in which he may be dwelling. The two chief members of that body, the Dean and Sub-Dean, are Dean and Sub-Dean of "Her Majesty's Chapels Royal" in the plural, and their authority extends over the Royal chapels at Whitehall and at the Savoy just as much as over that at St. James's. In the present volume we find the Dean in the days of George the First and Second acting as Dean in the King's French, Dutch, and German Chapels, of which the last two seem, though we are not quite sure, to be distinct places. The office of Dean of the Chapels Royal is in no way attached to the see of London, though of late the Bishop of London has commonly held it. Quite lately Bishop Blomfield, after he had resigned the Bishopric, still kept the Deanery of the Chapels, and in former times the Deanery was held by whomever the King chose, very often by a Bishop of some other see. An illustration of the ambulatory nature of "the body of the Chapel Royal" is found under George the First. On January 20, 1715, there was a public thanksgiving at St. Paul's, when the Sub-Dean and Gentlemen of the Chapel attended and officiated, the Cathedral "being the King's chapel on this occasion." The same principle, it will be remembered, was followed, though not quite with the same results, at the Thanksgiving of last year. But nine years later, in 1724, "when His Majesty King George designed to be present at divine service in the collegiate church of Windsor within the Castle," the Sub-Dean and others of the Chapel Royal proposed to accompany him thither, "alledging it," as the Sub-Dean says, "as our duty and our right so to do." A subtle distinction was drawn in answer:—

> Mr. Vice-Chamberlain acquainted me that his Majesty intended to be present at Divine Service in the above mentioned Collegiate Church as Soveraign of the Garter onely, and to present the offering requir'd of the Knights of that noble Order, and that the performing Divine Service at that ceremony belonged only to the members of that church. Had his Maj. honor'd that church with his royal presence at Divine Service as King on any other occasion, our claim of discharging our several duties before his Majesty would have been allow'd as in a Royal Chappel, and the whole function committed to the charge of the Officers and Gentlemen of the Royal Chappel onely.

We are told in the preface, on the authority of Dr. Jebb, that the same rule was carried out within living memory when George the Fourth caused his Chapel—as the phrase would have been in earlier times—to follow him to Brighton.

The Society of the Chapel Royal has naturally been rich in eminent musicians. In the days of the Tudors the Sovereign had the full pick of his kingdom to draw upon at his pleasure. Boys with good voices were pressed for the King's chapel, as in earlier times masons were pressed for building his castles, or as in later times sailors were pressed for manning his navy. This practice is spoken of by Dr. Rimbault in his preface, and it comes out, along with the wandering character of the duties required of the King's ecclesiastical servants, in some verses of Thomas Tusser, which we quote from memory:—

> For sundry men
> Had placards then
> Such child to take.
> The better breast
> The lesser rest;
> To serve the quere
> Now there, now here.

A great number of the most famous English composers of the last three centuries have filled one post or another in the Chapel Royal. Of these musical worthies, whose names are to be found in every anthem-book, Dr. Rimbault has given us biographical notices in the notes at the end of his volume. Such, among others, was the famous Thomas Tallis, the great English musician of the sixteenth century. Like Bishop Kitchen of Llandaff in his own day, and like the real or mythical Vicar of Bray at a later time—we might in truth say, like the great mass of contemporary Englishmen, both clergy and laity—he kept steadily at his post through all changes. Appointed Gentleman of the Chapel under Henry the Eighth, he sang on under Edward and Mary and down to the day of his death, twenty-seven years after the accession of Elizabeth. But it should be noticed that he was not, strictly speaking, organist. In his day there was no such distinct office as that of organist in the Chapel Royal, any more than there still is in the Old Foundation Cathedrals. In theory every Vicar or Gentleman of the Chapel is supposed to be fit to play the organ; in practice the duty is given to some one who by virtue of some other office, as Sub-Chanter, or Master of the boys, is clothed with the authority which modern practice requires to be put in the hand of an organist. It is at a time a little later than that of Tallis that we begin to hear of the organist as a distinct officer. Tallis, as we have seen, seems to have soared above the storms of theological controversy; but one of his pupils, William Bird, though appointed a Gentleman of the Chapel under Elizabeth, got into trouble on account of his real or supposed Popish leanings, and was, along with his wife, denounced, with what result does not appear, as a recusant and a seducer of others to Popery. These are followed by a crowd of other names of more or less note—Purcell, Gibbons, Boyce, and most of the best known composers of English Church music having at some time of their lives held some post in the Chapel Royal. This makes the book valuable and interesting, as amounting almost to a history of the most eminent English ecclesiastical musicians.

We note a few curious points as we go along. In the days of the British Solomon, if not at any other time, places in the Chapel Royal were sold; two such cases are entered in 1605 and 1609. And it was common for a man to be appointed and sworn in, though his pay was not to begin till the death or other removal of some one already in possession. Such promotion might sometimes come earlier than could have been reckoned on in the regular course of things, when we read how

> Mr. John Cave, one of the Gentlemen of his Majesties Chappell Royall, goeing home to his lodgeing upon the 30th of January, about 7 or 8 of ye clock in the evening, about the new Exchange, was by one James Elliott, a Scott, run through the body, of which wound he departed this life the 16th day of February following 1663.

Some of the acts of the Chapter are curious. A great many orders are made against people asking for this and that without the general consent—a good illustration of the position of a body which acted as a kind of corporation by sufferance. Thus, in 1592, William Phelps was

> admitted by our generall consent (*quoatum in nobis est*) by corporall othe, an extraordynarye man into our companye, with this proviso, that he shall not at any tyme hereafter, he shall not by any means whatsoever, private or publick, secrett or open, make suite or obteyn to be ordinarye or to receive waiges with us without the special consent in Chapter of the Subdeane or Substitute in his absence, and the consente of soche, or the moste parte of soche, the ordynarye gentlemen as then shal be present for that cause or other in chapter then assembled.

The qualification in brackets, the italics in which belong either to the original document or to Dr. Rimbauld, recognizing in the body a qualified, but only a qualified, voice in the choice of their comrades, marks a stage in the process by which the colleges of Vicars and Minor Canons have come to have some share in the election or appointment of members of their own body. In another act of the same year we find a process exactly opposite to that of the *congé d'élire* and letter-missive. The Chapter petitioned Queen Elizabeth to elect and admit Anthony Anderson as Sub-Dean, which her Majesty accordingly did by her special grace. On the other hand, in 1603, after the accession of King James, we find strict orders which seem designed to check any pretensions on the part of the members of the body to a voice in filling their own vacancies. The Sub-Dean is especially ordered by the Lord Chamberlain to swear in Edmund Sheregoulde "extraordinary in the chapple," "the which accordinglie was donne in the presence of these gentlemen of the chapple whose names are here under written, without their approbacon, or allowance of the sufficiency of the said Edmunde for that place, their

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* *The Old Cheque-Book, or Book of Remembrance, of the Chapel Royal, from 1561 to 1744.* Edited by Edward F. Rimbault, LL.D. Printed for the Camden Society. 1872.

opinions for the same beinge neyther required nor commaunded." Yet in the next year William West was sworn in "at the especiall request of dyveres of the gentlemen of the chappell whose names are under written," but on the condition that he "shall not suie by any meanes, directly or indirectlye, as by freindes ore otherwise, to com to be sworne into ordinarye in his Highnes sayde chappell untill he be firste called and approved fitt for the same by the Deane, Sub-Deane, and the majore part of his Majesties Chappell."

Other orders of the Chapter touch the good discipline of the body and the better performance of divine service, and sometimes impose punishments on refractory members, as, for instance, in 1618, in a Chapter called by order of the famous Bishop Andrews, then Dean, Cuthbert Joyner, Sergeant of his Majesty's Vestry, received a sentence, the nature of which we do not fully understand:—

> For sunderie contemptes made againet the said Lord Deane and his commaundmentes (to whom he is sworn to obey), for the same his contemptes an admonicõn with a prick was sett uppon his head, as is used in his Majesties house in such lyke cases, intendinge heerby his amendment and reformacõn.

This last is like the practice of the Ecclesiastical Courts, which do everything for the soul's health of the offender; but in the case of Cuthbert Joyner, it seems that disgrace was less powerful than an appeal to the pocket, for he is presently charged with a great number of new offences. "For all these thinges it is comaunded by the Lord Deane that he shal be checked the some of forty shillinges to be staied to his Majestes use out of wages next growinge and due to him." Another order is made in 1724 for the removal of all doubts and disputes about "a play-week or week of vocation from all choir attendance," which had been always allowed after the holidays of Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide. This play-week is not unknown in some other choirs and places where they sing, though there are others of a robuster nature which contrive to get through the year without any break in their duties whatsoever. There are also a good many entries bearing on other matters than the mere constitution of the body. Amongst others, there is a description of "the Princely comminge of her Majestie to the Holy Communion at Estre," 1593, in which Sub-Dean Anderson enlarges on the Queen's inward devotion in a strain which makes us understand the frame of mind of those who put together the opening of our present Prayer for the Queen's Majesty. It is much too long to quote, but it is almost worth getting the book on purpose to see it. The wonder to our mind is, how one, who after all was mortal, could do anything which could be called an act of worship while she was so worshipped by her fellow-worshippers.

There are some cases of marriages and publications of banns. Among these last we find "I aske the banes of matrimonie betweene the two great Princes, Fredericke Prince Elector Count Palatine of Reine of the one partie, and the Lady Elizabethe her Grace, the only daughter of the highe and mightie Kinge of Great Brittanny [*sic*] of the other partie." We find also the entry of the first marriage of Lady Frances Howard, and also "the banes of matrimony betweene the Right Honorable personages, Roberte Earle of Somersett, of the on [*o*] partie, and the Ladie Francis Howard, of the other part," and the formula goes on as usual, "if any man can shewe any just cause why these may not lawfully be joyned together, lett him speake." Later on there is the entry of her marriage with Somerset.

There are a good many cases illustrating the lingering on of old customs and titles. Incense was used in the reign of Charles the Second, and, if we rightly understand, as late as the coronation of George the Third. There was the Epistoler, the Gospeller, the Deacon, the Confessor of the Household, some indeed of which offices, if not all, exist still. There does not seem to have been so wide a distinction as now between the Priests in Ordinary and the Gentlemen of the Chapel. The style, so to speak, of the body seems to be Dean, Sub-Dean, Chaplains, and Gentlemen; but many of the Gentlemen are in holy orders. This again is just like the way in which the distinction between Priest-Vicars, Vicars, and Lay-Vicars grew up in the Vicars' colleges of the Cathedral churches. At the coronation of Charles the First the whole body, whether clerical or lay, seems to have worn both surplices and copes.

THOMSON ON FRUIT CULTURE.*

THAT Mr. Thomson, of whose *Handy Book of the Flower-Garden* favourable notice was taken some years since in these pages, is qualified by skill, experience, and opportunities of observation for the large subject which he takes up in his present volume, may be inferred from his labours at Drumlanrig Gardens, as well as from his able treatise on the culture of the Pine-Apple. The scale of operations which he has to conduct in the exercise of his craft is, as those are aware who have visited the valley of the Nith, commensurate with the other pretensions of the finest ducal residence in the South of Scotland. Out of the fulness, then, of his practical knowledge Mr. Thomson has undertaken to furnish a succinct body of hints on fruit culture under glass, including the culture of pine-apples, peaches, nectarines, grapes, figs, and strawberries, and likewise of melons and cucumbers. His volume will be welcome to a large number of readers for its sound and useful suggestions. "Pine-apple culture" may be left to experts; but the parts of the book which treat of grapes, melons, and cucumbers will possess an interest both for amateurs and professionals, while those who have hitherto looked upon forced or glass-grown peaches, figs, and strawberries as inaccessible luxuries, may be tempted by what Mr. Thomson sets forth to try to grow them in this way. A great inducement to do so is the uncertainty of our climate, which is apt to disappoint the fondest hopes of those who look for any of these fruits from outdoor beds and borders. In the case of strawberries, which are often failures out of doors from the coldness or damp of the soil, and the fickleness of the sun, culture under glass in pots, without extending to the six thousand pots annually of some large forcing establishments, may recommend itself to the modest possessor of a greenhouse or a pit, or to one who is induced to build a strawberry-house (such as is figured in p. 239) by the consideration that, if the back stage of such a house is moveable, its room and the back bed may be used for other purposes when the strawberry season is over. With regard to other fruits Mr. Thomson's instructions are equally serviceable.

The antiquarian reader who grows no cucumbers, and makes no pretence to his own vine or fig tree, will find in this *Handy Book* a good deal of interesting information; for the author prefaces the pages devoted to each fruit with curious attempts to trace out its origin. Thus he surmises that the Phœnicians introduced vines into Britain at the time when they carried away tin as back-carriage; he tells us of the early success of vineyards at Arundel Castle (he should have said in *Sussex*, not *Norfolk*), where, in 1763, seventy pipes of home-grown wine lay in the cellars; and he fixes 1718 as the date of the first application of artificial heat to the vine at Belvoir Castle, by the medium of flues in the walls. The peach and nectarine he traces, with Decandolle, to China rather than Persia; and *à propos* of the melon and the cucumber, he notes the Mosaic mention of both, and the popularity of the former in Imperial Rome. Our modern taste for cucumber with salmon reminds him of the regrets of Israel in the wilderness for "the fish with the cucumbers, and the melons, which they did eat freely" in the house of bondage (Numbers xi. 5). We believe that fish and cucumbers are also abundant and popular in modern Egypt. The Roman culture of the melon and the cucumber began with Tiberius. Cucumbers were served every day at that Emperor's table, his gardeners, we are told by Pliny, wheeling the plants out into the sun on moveable frames in fine weather, and in winter placing them under the protection of glass. This glass or talc bore the Latin name of "specularia", which is applied to a hot-house for forcing fruit and vegetables in an epigram of Martial (viii. 14), where it is said to admit clear suns and fogless day ("sine fœce diem"), and to have faced the south. In that early day vitreous substances for such a purpose must have been scarce and dear.

Our space will not allow us to do more than glance at one or two of the divisions of this work; and we turn to the vinery as a topic of most general interest. In choosing a site for a vinery, we are bidden to seek a south slope sheltered from the north and east, but not shaded, and to avoid a low damp situation with the chance of stagnant water—inimical to all fruits—as a bane only equalled by the dry gravelly subsoil which suffers most and quickest from drought. Lean-tos are recommended for early forcing, in which the heat process begins in October or November with a view to grapes in March or April. This form of house presents its whole surface of glass to the sun. Large panes and light woodwork, painted white, should also subserve the purpose of attracting the sun to the tender vines. A system of hot-water pipes over the concrete and covered in a shallow chamber by pavement, over which the drainage is placed, is a great advantage in applying artificial heat to the soil. As to ventilation, the object of it should be to avoid the ingress of cold air currents, and to introduce air of a suitable temperature into the body of the vinery. Mr. William Thomson's plan is quoted at p. 57 as most efficient for this object. For midsummer grapes a span-roof house is best, running north and south, because it gets the sun longest, and catches it all the day round. We observe that Mr. Thomson is strongly in favour of large and airy vineries, as well as melon and strawberry-houses, as most promotive of flesh and flavour, and also because they can be "fired to a given temperature more steadily than small ones." "A thin wedge of iron is sooner heated and cooled than a thick one." The directions for drainage, which are very minute, depend as to their stringent observance on the subsoil and rainfall. A healthy gravel will not require the same precautions as retentive clay, or a rocky or over-dry soil. The rule to be observed is based on the vine's need of moisture, but strong objection to stagnant moisture. Very full directions are given as to the composition of vine borders, with an eye rather to continuance of crops than production of monster bunches. The deep retentive over-rich border is not the one to promote such longevity as the French and Italian vineyards boast; and the constitution of those Scotch and English vines which Mr. Thomson cites as from eighty to one hundred and fifty years of age has not been made what it is by large and ill-advised infusions of manure, still less by "carrion borders," but by the choice of a rather strong but friable loam, a medium between the light sandy soil and that which has too much clay in it. The best soil for vines, as for peaches also, is a calcareous turfy loam, the top spit, to the depth of six or seven inches, of an old pasture field. This should be taken up when frozen, in order to avoid the tenancy of the wire-worm; should be stacked for some months before use in the compost yard; and should eventually be chopped

* *Handy Book of Fruit Culture under Glass.* By David Thomson, Author of "Handy Book of the Flower-Garden," &c. &c. London and Edinburgh: William Blackwood & Sons. 1873.

up and mixed in stated proportions with lime rubbish, charcoal, bones, horn-shavings, and horse-droppings.

Amongst varieties of vines for early use a marked favour is justly shown to the Black Hamburg, whilst in the case of later grapes the honours are divided between Lady Downes and the Muscat of Alexandria. As to the time and manner of planting, Mr. Thomson lays greater stress upon the latter. You must not plant too thick, and your aim must be to make the roots take firm and equable hold of their new soil after transference from the pots. This is attained by washing the roots clean and clear in tepid water, spreading them out with care, and taking pains with their repacking in their new earth.

Into the details of the treatment of vines, the aim of which ought to be the largest amount of well-ripened wood and roots, so as to get vines in the second season which shall yield first-rate grapes in the third, it would be idle to attempt to enter. Rubbing off buds, watering, temperature, training—these are the heads of the first year's work; whilst the second is concerned with careful pruning, repression of luxuriant lateral growths, guarding against over-dryness of root, and watch and ward against the red spider. Into the third and fruiting year, besides the questions of temperature and ventilation, crowd the peculiar anxieties connected with the coming crop. You must not syringe whilst the grapes are colouring, but supply the need by moderate steaming and sprinkling. You must, as they colour and ripen, admit more and more air, though at a good many points, and in small quantities. Then there is the earlier thinning at the shoot-tying time, and the later and final one when they are out of bloom, not to speak of the mysteries of weight of crop, of disbudding, spur-pruning, and training. As to the last, our author prefers a compromise between the one rod and the extension system, and thinks that a vine limited to two main rods is more under the control of the cultivator, and best adapted for early forcing. Valuable hints are given as to keeping grapes in the vinery through the winter. Circulation of air and avoidance of damp are the main cautions; but we suspect that many a country gardener of the double-debt paying school will stare at the very rational demand that, with an eye to keeping out damp from the inside border when grapes are beginning to colour, "not a pot plant requiring moisture be kept in the house." Full mention is made, with approval, of the long debated feasibility of preserving cut bunches of grapes through the winter, with their stems inserted in bottles of water having a few pieces of charcoal inserted in them, these bottles to be racked in rows in a room at an even temperature of forty degrees. Mr. William Robinson advocated this plan some years since in his *French Gardens*, at a time when it was generally discredited; but now, besides the testimony in its favour contained in Mr. Thomson's volume, we have that of Mr. Tillery of Welbeck, in the first volume of Mr. Robinson's valuable and elegant weekly, the *Garden*, which promises to become a most serviceable *Notes and Queries* to the horticulturist. Mr. Tillery at the time of writing had from 400 to 500 bunches of grapes in bottles of water, which had kept as well as if they had been still hanging on the vines. Another subject of interest is the pot-culture of grapes, which our author deems a very good substitute for the first month's supply of early sorts of grapes in March or April. By means of these the constitution of the permanent vines is husbanded and recruited, and they come in usefully if vines and vine borders want renewing. Sufficiently dwarf, they form a pretty table decoration, and their culture does not differ from that of permanent vines, save in the need of constant watering and feeding with mulching and manure water at the root. For improvement or variety, *inarching*, or striking an eye from a graft of a young ripened vine, and working it on to another (see p. 110), is an interesting and successful process; and there is much to be learnt from Mr. Thomson about setting up grapes for exhibition. On the pests incident to vines, too, he discourses learnedly; and though we regard his comparison of the "Phylloxera vastatrix pest" with the "rinderpest" as a bit of gardener's rhetoric, yet, considering the ravages of this army of mischievous strangers—no bigger than cheese mites—in foreign vineyards and home vineries, we are bound to accord him high praise for his supplement, from personal experience, to M. Planchon's paper in the Comptes rendus de l'Institut. Like the red spider, this insect thrives with drought. It swarms at points where the roots are driest. It cares little or nothing for other leaves, roots, or fruits, than those of the vine. It does not mind tobacco smoke, and the difficulty of extirpating it is enhanced by the depth of soil to be acted upon. Mr. Thomson thinks there is nothing for it where it appears, but to burn the vines, remove all the soil, salt the site of the border thoroughly, and wash and paint everything connected with the vinery before fresh soil is put into it. The ravages of the red spider, however, and of the diseases known as *shanking* and *scalding*, are almost trifles in comparison with the phylloxera, which is only met by stamping out.

There is much attraction in the subject of peach and nectarine culture under glass, in reference to which the same hints as to houses, light, soil, and so forth apply as to vines; one hint to be borne in mind with regard to the soil being that limestone districts produce the finest stone fruit both in and out of doors. In this country the stocks for budding peaches and nectarines on are the Mussell plum, or the Brompton or Mignonne plum. In France the kindred almond is a more suitable stock, though it would not do in our climate. The French also use the St. Julien pear as a peach stock. Mr. Thomson prefers fan-training to any form of cordon; and he is against root-pruning in the cases of peaches and nectarines. Moderate forcing produces finer peaches than rapid forcing, and the peach dislikes a close stagnant atmosphere; so that there is need of caution in watering and syringing and avoiding the extremes of undue moisture and dusty dryness. We do not see that Mr. Thomson anywhere pronounces an opinion upon the glass wall protectors, such as that patented by Mr. Ayres and described in the *Garden*, vol. 1, p. 476, which, it should seem, would be a great resource for peach and nectarine culture where a wall already exists; though, of course, with a wall to build, span-roofed houses would probably be cheaper and more profitable in the end.

The pages upon melon and cucumber culture are singularly interesting on account of the modern alternative which they recommend to the old-fashioned dung-bed system. Both are now cultivated largely in houses, on trellises near the glass, and raised off the soil—a process which better ensures the due setting of the fruit, and renders less precarious very early or late crops. "Nothing is so hurtful to young melons as an over-close moist atmosphere at night, with too much heat," and it would seem that this caution is more easy to observe in the melon-house, than when the fruit is produced on the old fermentation plan. The impregnation of the fruit also is less often a failure in the houses than in the frames and hotbeds. By the observance of Mr. Thomson's minute and practical directions, the melon-house, we conceive, would become a delightful and instructive place of resort, and those who visit it would be free from the trouble of lifting and closing the sashlights as in a melon-frame. There is, too, as our author suggests, some advantage in having the melon-house—a lean-to—for earliest and latest crops, and dung-frames or pits for the summer interval. The directions as to soil, watering, and setting the fruit, will be found intelligibly and simply detailed in pp. 215-20. The cucumber-house is indeed a very modern appliance, which revolutionizes our old-fashioned ideas, and the more so as we get very good and shapely cucumbers out of the old pit or frame. Indeed Mr. Thomson by no means ignores these; but, on the contrary, gives directions for the supply of cucumbers from March to November by means of the brick pit heated with stable-litter and leaves, as well as in the more substantial houses of which the beautiful structure figured in p. 263 is an excellent and captivating type. The old dung-heated pit for the growth of cucumbers from October to July he regards as "one of the best illustrations of being penny wise and pound foolish." It should be added that a calendar of operations concludes the volume, and that there is an index which, though brief, is quite sufficient for the purposes of the practical reader.

CHESTERLEIGH.*

WE concede the merit of a good sensational plot to the author of *Chesterleigh*, so far indeed as sensationalism run mad can be good; but we cannot say much for the workmanship. It is not given to every one to bend the bow of Ulysses; and those who try to walk in the footsteps of Miss Braddon and Mr. Wilkie Collins may chance to find themselves lost in bogs and jungles which the technical skill of those veteran sinners against probabilities enables them to avoid. This has certainly happened to the author of this book.

Chesterleigh is the record of the fortunes, or rather misfortunes, of the noble house of Wentwood, and of Mr. Edmund Worsley, the tutor and assumed biographer. The title of the book is the name of the place; and the family consists of Lord and Lady Tenby, their two sons—Lord Usk or Evelyn, and George Wentwood—and of one daughter, Lady Grace Wentwood. We would remark, however, before we go further, that we cannot understand why the younger son is only plain George, while his sister is Lady Grace; or why they all become Evelyns at the end. Had they two names—Evelyn as the family, Wentwood as the titular, surname? Lord Usk for the second title and Lord Tenby for the earldom we can understand; but the confusion between Evelyn and Wentwood, and the partiality which gives the title of Lady to Grace, and not that of Lord to George, are mysteries beyond our power of solving. Of these two young men, Lord Usk or Evelyn is the author's darling. He is wonderfully handsome, and "Mr. Worsley" dwells on his personal beauty with the rapture of a love-sick woman. Besides being handsome—with the regulation dark grey eyes, aquiline nose, and short upper lip consecrated to *les jeunes premiers*—Lord Usk is clever but odd, cherishes vague bold thoughts about things, which the author however mentions only as a fact and does not make manifest in detail to the reader, is given to fainting fits, and has a heart disease. George, plain George, is stronger and more manly. He is free with his hands and his tongue on occasion; and, though by no means a paragon of literary skill, is more healthful and less sickly than his sentimental brother; while Lady Grace is her brother Usk in petticoats, only "less fragile and shadowy," although she too "is tall, and slight, and bending." The Earl is a gigantic man. "Great height set off by remarkable size and strength of limb, united with handsome, strongly marked features, to render him by far the finest man I ever saw," says the biographer. But he turns out to be as wicked as he is gigantic; not very unlike one of those queer hybrids who used to play the part of "demon lovers" to silly women in olden times, proud, silent, self-willed, unforgiving, and daunted neither by danger nor by sin.

* *Chesterleigh*. By Anstey Conyers. 3 vols. London: King & Co. 1873.

Persons of the most unlikely kind are mixed up in the affairs of the great Earl. For the one part, a half-witted old gardener, or odd man about the place, belonging to Mr. Worsley's clerical father, knows more of my Lord than he thinks wise to tell. By way of preface to the sequel, he goes off into a fit when he hears that Master Edmund is "goin' arter the almighty of the earth," and that those almighty are Lord Tenby and his family; and from that time forward he will not speak to nor look at the young man. For the other part, a South Devon farmer and his family hold some mysterious hooks which find as mysterious eyes in the recesses of Chesterleigh; of which Mr. Worsley the tutor is made the depositary. We have a death-bed scene, wherein the most important and damaging documents are handed to the tutor, and where "a loud sudden crack in the woodwork towards the door," and afterwards a "dull grating sound, as if the branch of some neighbouring tree, bowed by the wind, was sweeping down the wall," and the sight of "one of the men creeping round the low outbuildings that abutted on the house" prepare the reader for eavesdroppers, with consequences, after the manner of *No Name*. But indeed the book abounds with eavesdroppers. They swarm through the pages thick as gnats on a summer's evening. Like Macbeth's witches, they start up apparently out of the ground, and vanish by the way they came. Every one concerned is always hearing voices in unaccustomed places, with apparently no bodies belonging to them; and every one sees men and women of solid substance walking in the sunshine or creeping in the shadow, who, when they are looked for, are nowhere to be found. This trick is repeated again and again till the reader wearies of the stale device. It recalls Mr. Wilkie Collins by its too evident imitation; but it lacks the touch of the master-hand; and a well-worn trick feebly repeated is not the kind of thing to ensure respect. Poor Mr. Worsley is especially persecuted by these gnat-like creatures of mystery and easy disappearance. Having come to the knowledge of certain nefarious proceedings which have been perpetrated by the great Earl in times past, he is "wanted" by the other side; and every kind of engine is set to play against him, from the fascinating ways and marvellous eyes of scampish little Mrs. Vivian Carbery, to the temptations, bullyings, and threats of Mr. James Copestone. Mr. Worsley, however, keeps the secret till it is wrested from him by other means: proving his loyalty to his employer at the expense of his regard for truth, and shielding his beloved Evelyn and his adored Grace as long as he can from the righteous consequences of their father's sin. But, with all his tenacity, Mr. Edmund Worsley is emphatically what schoolboys would call a "duffer," and acts more like an hysterical girl than a man of ordinary nerve and understanding.

The amount of crying which the men of this veracious history get through in the course of their paper lives is something prodigious. Mr. Worsley leans on a table and bursts into tears because he finds his father has gone to Oxford when he gets home on a summons from his mother, and his mother cries too for sympathy. In Isaac's story the great Earl, this demon-lover kind of person, "fell on his knees and laid his head upon the table, weeping and wailing like an infant, because his father had not turned him out for the beggar he was, instead of bringing him up to what was not his own"—that is, when he goes to discover by the registry whether he is illegitimate or not, and, finding that he is, determines to mutilate the registry and destroy its evidence; a manner of action which one would have thought demanded stronger nerves than a weeping man possesses. Mr. Worsley again "pours out hot tears" because Evelyn, or Lord Usk—"Child of my toils, my anxieties, my cares, my sorrows, and my love!" as he calls this well grown young man who cannot be more than three or four years his junior—tells him he is going to die when he finds out that his father is not legitimate, therefore not the Earl of Tenby, and that he is in consequence not Lord Usk. George cries bitterly when his brother dies, which is perhaps more natural, but not pleasant; and old Mr. Worsley "weeps with joy" whenever Grace, now his daughter-in-law, "made some apt remark upon a favourite author, or requested repetition of some knotty point, the elucidation of which had cost him many an hour's labour." They are a miserably maundering and low-spirited set throughout; and in all they have to do they never forget that such is life, and that we walk in a vale of tears. When the crash comes Mr. Worsley and his family befriend and shelter Mrs. and Miss Evelyn as the ex-Countess of Tenby and Lady Grace are called. That crash, by the way, has been a tremendous affair. Lord Usk finds out his father's infamy, and dies sweetly; Lord Tenby drowns himself in his own pond; and Harold Wentwood and his artful little wife take possession, as they had the right to do. Then Mr. Worsley dares to love and hope. "To stand and gaze upon her face when she was perhaps unconscious of my presence, to hear her voice, though her words were given to others, was joy to me," he says. But immediately following the next paragraph, which dilates on the "scarcely real world of happiness" that seemed open to him, and how he "felt that with her his weary, wounded spirit would find its long last rest," he adds the well-known words of Mr. Toole, "And yet I was not happy."

If the framework and certain circumstances of *Chesterleigh* remind us of Mr. Wilkie Collins, the characters have an echo of Miss Braddon. The Lady Audley of Anstey Conyer's brain is Mrs. Vivian Carbery. She is a kind of female Count Fosco for the ease with which she can be in two places at once, and the penetration that can see through stone walls and understand the remotest meaning and consequence of the most unimportant deed. She is a beautiful little widow, with small hands, a caressing manner, magnificent eyes, and a heart as black and hard as a coal. It is darkly hinted that she had had a hand in the murder of her first husband, and that she had led an improper life in the regiment; while the amount of iniquity vaguely schemed by her in the Tenby affair is illimitable. But the author has made out this part of the picture insufficiently. It is good to have something left to the imagination, but not too much; and to be constantly asking oneself what does it all mean, and never getting an answer, is an exercise of the understanding that becomes at last more fatiguing than profitable. There is a certain mad gallop which Mrs. Vivian has with Lord Usk, culminating in a desperate leap; does the author mean that she hoped to kill him then, as one of those who stood between her and her beloved hopes? And does the fighting scene, where George uses his fists "cleverly," point to the same result? Her incessant oglings and dark sayings showered down on Mr. Worsley, dark enough at the time, become more intelligible as the story advances, and the drift is at last made visible. Else one puzzles oneself in vain to make out the target at which these dusky arrows are aimed. We think, however, that we can discern one point—namely, that Mrs. Vivian Carbery tries to work on Mr. Worsley's love for Grace, and on Lord Usk's love for Hester Clive, to induce the tutor to tell the truth, bring down the family to his own level, and make themselves all as happy as they could be among the ruins. It takes a long while to discover this; but we present our readers with so much of a key to this sketchy, confused, and entangled book. Mr. Worsley, being of the feminine type, as feminine in his own way as his beloved Evelyn, whose "soft brown hair" he fondly smoothes from his pale pure brow, and whose beauty he is never tired of admiring, occupies himself greatly with Mrs. Vivian Carbery's little child Bobby. Such a tutor as he would indeed be an invaluable blessing to mothers. He plays at bricks with the little fellow, carries him about, puts him to sleep with cradle songs, retails his conversations, and expatiates on his wan face and large uncanny eyes with all the nursery fondness and experience of a mother or of a spinster aunt. The name on the title-page of *Chesterleigh* has a manly echo with it, but we read it with a doubt; for never in our own experience have we come across a young fellow of three and four-and-twenty, as Mr. Edmund Worsley was, who, after a creditable college career, cries like a girl on small occasions, maunders about the lovely face of his grown pupil, nurses and cradles a child like a woman, and finds every trial of life, no matter under what shape presented, almost more than he can bear at all—certainly more than he can bear with dignity or manliness. We do not of course presume to put any limit to the "womanliness" of certain men; but we confess that Anstey Conyers seems to us to go far towards proving himself an impersonation of masculinity only after the manner of Bottom's line. Add to other characteristic traits slipshod diction and doubtful grammar—"It was certainly not him!" is an example by no means solitary of its kind—and we think that *Chesterleigh* will have to be relegated to the special limbo appointed for the reception of feminine failures in three volumes.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

KING LOUIS I. of Bavaria* hardly belongs to the class of sovereigns whom one takes seriously; an air of comedy, not to say burlesque, is inseparably attached to the memory of his reign. Yet that reign was long and not devoid of usefulness; in one respect at least it was highly distinguished; and while it is impossible to resist the impression to which we have referred, it is by no means easy to justify it by dispassionate argument. The case is probably an exemplification of Goethe's profound remark that all men are identified in our minds with the circumstances under which they take their last leave of us. The inextinguishable ridicule attaching to the King's final disappearance from the political scene under the auspices of Lola Montes has impressed upon his career a stamp of absurdity which could not have applied to it if the affair had been an episode instead of a catastrophe. As delineated in Herr Heigel's partial, but by no means adulatory, pages, Louis seems to have possessed many of the attributes of a king. His abilities were fair, his intentions excellent, the circumstances of his reign were not exceptionally difficult, and allowing him a large stock of foibles, it is still certain that many sovereigns of far worse hearts and heads have contrived to make a creditable figure. His great defect would seem to have been a want of discernment, an inability to accommodate means to ends, to appreciate public feeling, or to penetrate the character of the persons about him. Nothing was probably more sincere in him than his moderation and tolerance in religious matters: yet he acted in such a manner as to incur the imputation of subserviency to the Jesuits, which indirectly occasioned the loss of his crown. Without, apparently, any intention of infringing religious liberty, he allowed himself to be committed to an unpopular course of policy by an Ultramontane Minister, and when at last he wished to retrace his steps, the royal prestige was too deeply impaired to be restored. It must be said that he was not the man to restore it; without being precisely an undignified, he had always been an unkingly, sovereign. The vivacity of his temperament, the purely æsthetic character of his taste, his

* *Ludwig I., König von Bayern.* Von C. T. Heigel. Leipsig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

geniality, candour, and *bonhomie*, were all excellent qualities in a private man, but in a monarch needed reinforcement by others of which he was entirely destitute. His biographer, in giving him ample credit for all his virtues, seems to admit that these were in no way intimately connected with the discharge of his royal functions, and that he gained in real dignity as well as in peace of mind by his descent to a private station. If he lost anything, it was by the cessation of his ability to promote the public works which have made his capital what it is, and for which his biographer justly awards him the highest honour. Merit is also claimed for the warmth of his national patriotism, which, however, neither seems to have surpassed the emotion natural to a young volunteer in the War of Liberation, nor to have distinguished his subsequent government from that of any other average German sovereign. In fact, it did not prevent his treating some of the more indiscreet champions of the national idea with meanness as well as harshness, for which he is justly condemned by his historian. As a political history, Herr Heigel's work is clear and almost impartial, and it will also be found valuable as a record of the more memorable artistic achievements of King Louis's reign.

Franz von Sickingen * affords a good converse illustration of the *vixere fortes ante Agamemnona*. It is at best questionable whether, but for Goethe, he would have attracted so much attention from historians, who, however, notice being once directed to him, find him a picturesque figure in a stirring time. As the supporter of Luther and the friend of Ulrich von Hutten, he combines in a manner the religious and the humanistic aspects of the great reformatory movement of his age; while the independence of his turbulent career is a powerful comment on the disintegration of the German Empire even then. The numerous unpublished sources of information consulted by Dr. Ulmann do not appear to have materially modified the current estimate of his hero's stormy and passionate character, although they have added somewhat to our knowledge of various incidents of his life, especially his exertions to secure the Imperial Crown for Charles V. Apart from his encouragement of the Reformation, his principal claim to the gratitude of his countrymen, in his biographer's opinion, is his constant endeavour to impress a national character upon the Emperor's policy.

The historian of the disputed succession to the German Imperial Crown between Otho IV. and Philip of Suabia † prefaces his narrative with the remark that this is in every respect one of the least satisfactory periods of German history. It is that of the crumbling away of the monarchy of the Hohenstaufen, of the culminating point of the rival spiritual power, of civil war and famine in Germany—worse than all, of national degeneracy, and an almost total dearth of distinguished qualities among the princes and leaders of the people. To this latter remark, in Herr Winkelmann's opinion, his hero Philip afforded a conspicuous exception; his rival Otho is represented as a mere soldier, endowed with the characteristic bravery, rashness, and levity of his Norman blood, and always ready to sacrifice the interests of the State to his private objects. Although, however, the period offers little to gratify a patriotic German historian, it is full of movement and incident, and Herr Winkelmann's treatment of it indicates not only considerable narrative power, but a clear insight into the springs of political action.

The history of the movement towards the national unity of Germany ‡, up to the time when Prince Bismarck took it under his powerful direction, is scarcely more gratifying to national pride than that of the civil broils of the Guelphs and the Hohenstaufen. It is natural, and even praiseworthy, to forget this long series of melancholy failures in the final triumph; while in view of Prince Bismarck's signal services it would be ungracious to dwell overmuch on the fact of his being about the last kind of man to whom a thinking and cultivated nation would have chosen to owe its deliverance, could it have had a choice in the matter. The lessons of the sterile and abortive pre-Bismarckian era remain, and may be studied with advantage even in so uninviting a book as that which Herr Klüpfel is devoting to them. If humiliating in one respect, they are full of encouragement in another; for there can be no doubt that the level of political capacity has risen immensely in Germany since the days of the Frankfort Parliament.

Herr G. Schneider § calls himself a German publicist, by which term he apparently denotes a German newspaper correspondent. He takes credit, and not unjustly, for having remained at his post in Paris throughout the whole of the war, and now enjoys the reward of his tenacity in the opportunity of reprinting a digest of his letters and journals, in four thick volumes, from Napoleon III.'s experiment at constitutional government in 1869 down to the fall of the Commune and the initiation of another "essai loyal." A minute account of so remarkable a period cannot be devoid of interest, but its claim to notice is certainly not based upon literary merit, political insight, or access to exceptional sources of information.

Travellers in the Philippines have usually confined their attention very much to Manilla. Herr Jagor * has visited, and to a considerable degree traversed, all the important members of the group, with the exception of Mindanao. Though primarily a naturalist, he has devoted much attention to the social, industrial, and ethnological circumstances of the Archipelago, and his opinion on all these points is evidently of importance. He has consulted early historians and voyagers, and has been permitted to inspect the public archives. The chief drawbacks to so many advantages are a certain looseness of arrangement, and the fact that his visit is now twelve years old. In some respects his picture of the Philippines is flattering. Travelling is easy and safe, the inhabitants are hospitable and obliging, the authorities courteous and helpful, the beauties of nature inexhaustible, and the facilities of collection such that the naturalist can readily make his trip a source of profit. The relations of the Spaniards and the native population are also excellent, the latter being thoroughly domesticated by their adoption of the religion, and in some degree the manners, of their conquerors. On the other hand, the administration is faulty, corrupt, and overrun with placehunters; the industrial resources of the island are undeveloped, public works neglected, finances embarrassed; worst of all, Europeans and natives alike are given up to an indolence which will cost them dear when exposed to a competition with a more vigorous race. The Spanish system of monopoly and exclusion cannot endure much longer, and upon its fall the island may, we are told, be expected to pass to the United States, or in any event to be overflowed by an immigration of Chinese, who are only kept in check at present by a system of severe restriction. The author's sketches of scenery and manners are always attractive, and their effect is heightened by numerous spirited illustrations. Some of the facts incidentally mentioned, such as the occurrence in sepulchres of ancient Chinese vases, now prized as talismans, and the method of iron-working practised by a secluded race of mountaineers, are highly interesting. The appendix contains a paper by Roth on the geology of the Philippines, and one by Virchow on the native skulls brought over by Jagor and other travellers.

The German Arctic Expedition of 1869 † consisted of two ships, the *Germania* and the *Hansa*. They separated on the 20th July, owing to a misunderstanding of signals, and while the *Germania* pursued her course to East Greenland, the *Hansa* became entangled in ice, and was exposed to great danger. These embarrassments seem to have occupied not only the winter of 1869, but the working part of the following summer also; and the vessel ultimately returned without, as the voyagers admit, having added anything to our geographical knowledge. They take credit, however, for a courageous endurance of hardship which the readers of their adventures will readily accord them. Their voyage occupies the first volume of an extensive work, the second part of which will comprise the more important, though, we suspect, not very important, explorations of the sister vessel; while subsequent sections will be devoted to the scientific results of the expedition. The present volume is eked out by a history of geographical discovery in East Greenland, by Dr. Konrad Maurer, which is probably the most valuable portion of it. The narrative of the *Hansa*, however, is not uninteresting, is drawn up with clearness and modesty, and is copiously illustrated. The work indeed is admirably got up in every respect. The lack of decisive geographical results is unfortunate in every way, since it is these alone that can in general relieve the inevitable monotonous similarity of all histories of Arctic exploration.

Herr Otto Schneider is merely a tourist ‡, an observant and sensible one, however, who can describe what he has seen with point and clearness. The most interesting part of his little volume is that regarding Tunis, a city where the picturesqueness of the old Moorish type is happily blended with many of the conveniences of European civilization.

"Christ's Conception of His Return to Earth," by Dr. W. Weiffenbach §, is an essay on the connexion of this idea in the Gospels with the idea of the Resurrection, of which we can only say here that it is marked by abundant learning.

We are not sufficiently versed in masonic lore to know whether the late Dr. von Trentowski ‖, belonging to a "reformed lodge," had any right to speak in behalf of the body in general. We find him dissuading Masons from the employment of the mystical symbols inseparably, perhaps erroneously, associated in the popular mind with the essence of their craft. The book was avowedly undertaken as a reply to the anathemas of sundry Roman Catholic prelates; which, however, always supposing Dr. von Trentowski to speak with any authority, would seem to be amply explained by his own account of the liberal organisation and tendencies of Freemasonry.

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* *Franz von Sickingen. Nach meistens ungedruckten Quellen.* Von Dr. H. Ulmann. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Philipp von Schwaben und Otto IV. von Braunschweig.* Von Eduard Winkelmann. Bd. 1. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Geschichte der deutschen Einheitsbestrebungen, 1848-1871.* Von K. Klüpfel. Bd. 1. Berlin: Springer. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Pariser Briefe.* Von G. Schneider. 4 Thle. Leipzig: Wigand. London: Williams & Norgate.

* *Reisen in der Philippinen.* Von F. Jagor. Mit zahlreichen Abbildungen und einer Karte. Berlin: Weidmann. London: Nutt.

† *Die zweite Deutsche Nordpolarfahrt in den Jahren 1869 und 1870.* Herausgegeben von dem Verein für die Deutsche Nordpolarfahrt in Bremen. Bd. 1, Abth. 1. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Asher & Co.

‡ *Von Algier nach Tunis und Constantine.* Von Otto Schneider. Dresden: Schönfeld. London: Nutt.

§ *Der Wiederkunftsgedanke Jesu.* Von Dr. W. Weiffenbach. Leipzig. Breitkopf & Härtel. London: Williams & Norgate.

‖ *Die Freimaurerei in ihrem Wesen und Umfassen.* Aus dem Nachlasse von F. B. von Trentowski. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate.

A Swiss teacher, Herr Joseph Bühlmann *, has made the round of Germany to examine into the organization of its public schools, especially those under municipal administration. His attention has been especially directed to practical arrangements, such as sanitary matters and school furniture.

Victor Hehn †, the author of an excellent work on the acclimatization of plants and domestic animals, has extended his researches to the mineral kingdom in a very agreeable essay on the traces, chiefly philological, of the early employment of salt.

The more poetical subject of the rose has provided Dr. Schleiden, known as a popular writer on astronomy, with materials for an interesting volume. The rose is so thoroughly entwined with the poetical literature of every people that it is easy to form a literal anthology of charming passages respecting it, while its connexion with manners and customs, and the part played by it in history, are equally suggestive. With all these advantages, it is no wonder that Dr. Schleiden should have been able to produce a very agreeable compilation, conveying many picturesque glimpses of life in classical, mediæval, and oriental periods, and with sufficient reference to the kindred themes of "women, wine, and song" to satisfy Dr. Martin Luther himself.

The sixth volume of Turgenieff's select works § contains two novelettes, "A Village Lear," and "Spring Freshets." The first of these, a Crabbe-like picture of some of the most unattractive details of Russian rural life, scarcely possesses sufficient depth of poetic truth to redeem its painfulness. The other, though also tragical, and in too morbidly subjective a fashion to be altogether lofty or salutary, interests nevertheless by its accurate analysis of the feelings of a noble but erring man, who has fallen under the spell of one of those callous sirens whom M. Turgenieff delineates with such singular insight into female character in its most repulsive aspect.

The picturesque and significant legend of "Goodman Death" ‖ affords scope enough for a fantastic drama. We are not sure that Otto Roquette has made the most of it; the characters are not strongly outlined; Death in particular is rather commonplace, and the general conception of his character as man's misconceived benefactor, an idea capable of exquisite treatment in skilful hands, remains but obscurely indicated. The scenes, too, are loosely strung together; the relevancy of several of them to the main action is not apparent; and only one situation, the temptation of the hero by the fair and passionate Duchess, excites any profound interest. The powerful catastrophe of the old legend loses its impressiveness by being transferred from the end to the middle of the story, and leading to nothing. With all these defects, Herr Roquette's diction is so fluent and melodious, his thoughts are so clear, and the pervading spirit of poetry in his verse, though by no means potent, is so genuine and refreshing, that his work may be read with real pleasure.

Werner Hahn¶ is very sure that the Norse sagas are the common property of the entire Teutonic race, and that they are capable of being made as familiar to Germans as the Bible or Schiller's ballads. Both propositions may be regarded as somewhat contestable; true however or false, they have prompted Herr Hahn to a creditable and well executed task, the reproduction of the mythological Eddaic lays in a form which, while preserving many of the characteristics of the original, approaches the genius of modern poetry nearly enough to have a chance of becoming popular. Herr Hahn's reproductions will find little favour with Icelandic scholars, nor will they acquire the renown of the still freer version of Oehlenschläger. They have nevertheless enough of taste and of poetical spirit to count as a substantial contribution towards the end proposed by the author. The accompanying commentary has the defect of omitting almost all reference to kindred systems of mythology.

A selection from the three chief classical writers of Germany—Lessing, Goethe, and Schiller **—edited for the Clarendon Press Series by Dr. C. A. Buchheim, deserves especial commendation for the clearness and copiousness of the commentary, which leaves no verbal or grammatical difficulty unnoticed, and for the genial and sympathetic spirit of the biographical notices and introductions to the particular works, prefixed by the editor. The pieces selected are respectively *Minna von Barnhelm*, *Egmont*, and *Wilhelm Tell*. We should like to see the series extended, especially by a selection of the best lyrical poems of Goethe and Schiller; both of which, as must be the case with the productions of voluminous writers, suffer from their association with inferior matter in the complete editions.

The *Russian Review* * continues its useful course, and the latter numbers are particularly important from containing the Imperial Budget for the current year. A paper on railway communication with the Caucasus also possesses much interest in the present state of politics. The contribution of most attraction to general readers is a full account from contemporary sources of Catherine the Second's memorable journey to Southern Russia and the Crimea. The expedition was evidently in the main a great imposture upon the world and the Empress, and the problem is whether the Empress discovered it or not. In either case her cheerfulness, affability, and magnanimity throughout display her character on its most favourable side.

The two excellent series of popular disquisitions † which we have so frequently had occasion to notice are continued with unabated activity. The most generally interesting of the recent numbers is an essay on the Vienna Exhibition, by Dr. A. Oncken.

* *Russische Revue. Monatschrift für die Kunde Russlands.* Herausgegeben von C. Röttger. Jahrg. 2, Hft. 1, 2. St. Petersburg. Schmitzdorff. London: Siegle.

† *Deutsche Zeit- und Streit-Fragen. Sammlung gemeinverständlicher wissenschaftlicher Vorträge.* Berlin: Ludewitz. London: Williams & Norgate.

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* *Eine Schulreise in Deutschland. Ein Beitrag zur Kenntniss der Schulzustände der Gegenwart.* Von J. Bühlmann. Zürich: Verlags-Magazin. London: Trübner & Co.

† *Das Salz. Eine kulturhistorische Studie.* Von Victor Hehn. Berlin: Borntträger. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Die Rose. Geschichte und Symbolik in ethnographischer und kulturhistorischer Beziehung.* Von M. J. Schleiden. Leipzig: Engelmann. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Ein König Lear des Dorfes. Frühlingsfluthen.* Zwei Novellen. Von Iwan Turjenjew. Mitau: Behre. London: Williams & Norgate.

‖ *Gewatter Tod.* Von Otto Roquette. Stuttgart: Cotta. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ *Edda. Lieder germanischer Göttersage.* Bearbeitet und erläutert von Werner Hahn. Berlin: Weidling. London: Williams & Norgate.

** *German Classics. Lessing, Goethe, Schiller.* Edited with English Notes by C. A. Buchheim, Ph.D. 3 vols. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

CRYSTAL PALACE COMPANY'S SCHOOL OF PRACTICAL ENGINEERING. EASTER TERM commences April 28.

Prospectuses and all information can be obtained in the Office of the School of Art, Science, and Literature, near the Reading Room, Crystal Palace, where only can Students be inscribed.

By order of the Committee,
F. K. J. SHENTON, *Superintendent Literary Department.*

MR. SIMS REEVES'S ANNUAL BENEFIT CONCERT will take place at St. James's Hall, Thursday, May 1, when the following Artists will appear: Madame Sherrington, Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Helen Dalton, and Madame Patey; Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. Santley. Pianoforte, Mr. Charles Hallé. Further particulars will be duly announced. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Reserved Seats, 5s.; Balcony Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s. Admission, 2s. Tickets to be had of Austin, St. James's Hall; Chappell & Co., New Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co., Cheapside; Hay's, Royal Exchange Buildings; and Boosey & Co., Holles Street.

MUSICAL UNION.—FIRST MATINÉE, Tuesday, April 22. VIEUXTEMPS, DUVERNOY, from Paris, with Wiener, Wafelghem, and Lasserre. Quartet, in F, Haydn; Trio, in D, Beethoven; Quartet, D minor, Schubert. Solos, Pianoforte, Duvernoy. Visitors, 10s. 6d. each, and Family Ticket for three, 21s., of Austin, at the Hall.

J. ELLA, *Director.*

THE SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER-COLOURS.—The SIXTY-NINTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION will OPEN on Monday, April 28, 5 Pall Mall East. Admittance, 1s.

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DORÉ'S GREAT PICTURE of "CHRIST LEAVING the PRÆTORIUM," with "Triumph of Christianity," "Christian Martyrs," "Francesca da Rimini," "Neophyte," "Andromeda," &c., at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35 New Bond Street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

ELIJAH WALTON'S PAINTINGS.—EXHIBITION, including "A Storm on the Sea" and "A Storm in the Desert," &c., &c., and a Number of new and important Drawings in the Bernese Oberland, NOW OPEN at the Gallery, 4 Westminster Chambers, Victoria Street, from Ten to Six. Admission, with Catalogue, 1s.

THE NINTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of PICTURES, by BRITISH and FOREIGN ARTISTS, is now OPEN for One Month, at J. McLEAN'S NEW GALLERY, 7 Haymarket.—Admission on Presentation of Address Card.

MR. PAVY'S COLLECTION of PAINTINGS by OLD MASTERS will be OPEN to the Public on Monday, April 21, and daily from Ten to Six. Argyll Gallery, 7 Argyll Street, Regent Street.

KING'S COLLEGE SCHOOL.—OLD BOYS' DINNER.—The above Dinner will take place at the Restaurant (Spiers & Pond's), Mansion House Station, on Thursday, April 24 instant, at 6.30 P.M., LIONEL S. BEALE, Esq., M.B., F.R.S., Chairman. The Tickets will be 10s. 6d. exclusive of Wine. Application should be made to the undersigned not later than the 21st instant.

ALFRED J. RIDDLE, 2 Harcourt Buildings, Temple } *Hon. Secretaries.*
J. H. PHILPOT, King's College Hospital ..... }

ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION, for the Relief of Distressed Artists, their Widows, and Orphans. *President*—Sir FRANCIS GRANT, P.R.A. The Right Hon. Sir ROBERT J. COLLIER will preside at a DINNER, to be held at Willis's Rooms, St. James's, on Saturday, May 10, in aid of the Funds of this Institution. The cost of the Dinner, including Wines, £1 1s.—Tickets can be obtained from the Stewards or Officers of the Society, who also will receive notice of Donations, to be announced at the Dinner.

JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, R.A., *Hon. Secretary.*
PHILIP CHARLES HARDWICK, *Treasurer.*
FREDERIC W. MAYNARD, *Assistant-Secretary.*
26 Old Bond Street, W.

CHURCH PENITENTIARY ASSOCIATION.—The TWENTY-FIRST ANNIVERSARY will be held on April 25 (St. Mark's Day). Celebration of Holy Communion at All Saints, Margaret Street, at Eleven A.M.; Preacher, the Rev. A. E. EVANS, D.D., Rector of St. Mary-le-Strand. Evening Prayer in St. Paul's Cathedral at Four P.M.; Preacher, the Rev. H. WHITE, M.A., Chaplain of the Savoy Chapel and to the Speaker. The Meeting will be held in the House of Charity, Greek Street, Soho, at Three in the Afternoon, when the Report will be read, followed by other Papers on which discussion will be invited.

E. L. BIRKETT, M.D. } *Hon. Secretaries.*
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QUEEN'S COLLEGE, Ireland.—The PROFESSORSHIP of CIVIL ENGINEERING in the Queen's College, Belfast, being about to become VACANT, Candidates for that office are requested to forward their testimonials to the UNDER-SECRETARY, Dublin Castle, on or before July next, in order that the same may be submitted to his Excellency the LORD-LIEUTENANT.

The Candidate who may be selected for the above Professorship will have to enter upon his duties in the month of September next.

Dublin Castle, April 15, 1873.

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THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 913, Vol. 35. April 26, 1873. [Registered for Transmission abroad.] Price 6*d*.

THE CLAIMS OF WHIG GOVERNMENT.

THE *Edinburgh Review* contains a manifesto addressed on behalf of the present Ministry to the constituencies, in view of an election which cannot be long deferred, and which had better come as soon as possible if the notion propounded by the writer is true, that the present Parliament is effete and incapable of serious legislation. The object of this article is to show that what it calls Whig Government has an indefeasible claim to govern England in perpetuity. England, it is urged, is a very great country, and it is to the Whigs that it owes its greatness. A Revolution was made once for all in 1688, and, having at that early period closed the era of violent change, the country has since gone on in the true way. We have every blessing we can want—a monarchy which hurts no one, and is loved by everybody; an aristocracy into which entrance is easy, and which has no privileges; an Established Church, combined with a reign of religious liberty; and a debt that scarcely presses on us, as we are so rich. For all these good things we have to thank the Whigs. Sometimes the Whigs see that activity is wanted, and then, as in the earlier years of Mr. GLADSTONE'S Government, they are beneficently active. Sometimes they see that quiet is all that the country requires, and then they can be beneficently quiet. But the right kind of quiet, as well as the right kind of activity, is only to be got from the Whigs. In the present state of the world it is even more necessary than usual that the Whigs should be in office. The earth, we are told in a highly metaphorical passage, is now in a condition of extreme fermentation; railroads and telegraphs have made fissures in it, and it has pleased Providence that this little island should be a sort of crater continually throwing up eruptions of intelligent power. To manage such a crater properly is, it will be confessed, a work of some difficulty and such as demands the superintendence of very good and clever men. But the best and cleverest men are always Whigs, and so they must keep an unceasing watch over the crater, or there is no knowing where the lava may go. This disposes of the notion that a Liberal Ministry which has no striking Liberal measures to propose is no longer wanted. The crater is always there, bubbling up English intelligence for the benefit of the world at large, and somebody must attend to it. The Whigs, when they have no call to do anything else, have a call to carry on the ordinary business of the country. Their first claim to have this task confided to them is their inherent and abiding personal fitness. Of course the Reviewer must only be taken to be speaking generally, and as a man who makes a wide survey. He would probably himself smile if he heard Mr. BRUCE at the Home Office described as a person directing the eruptions of intelligent power. He means us to look at Whig Cabinets and Whig history as a whole, and then he is sure every one will agree with him. The next claim of the Whigs is that resting on the gratitude due to them. They have done much for the country, and the country ought to do a little for them. They have preserved, and possibly invented, the English Constitution; they have made England rich, they have stuck the Crown, the aristocracy, and the Church into precisely the right niches. It is not much that in return they should be invited to manage public affairs. Lastly, the Whigs may fairly claim to hold office, because their holding office is the only signal and convenient way of punishing the Tories which the country can adopt. While the Whigs have been always right, the Tories have been always wrong, and if ever men deserved to reap as they have sown, and to be kept eternally on the Opposition bench, those men are the Tories.

There are points in this description which seem open to some criticism, and there is an air of high colouring about it throughout. We feel, while we read it, as if we were at a wedding breakfast, and Whiggery was the bride, and was having her health drunk; and we also feel that, without disputing her amiability or beauty, we should not be sorry when the process was over. But if we only look at the primary intention of the writer, and suppose him to be insisting that the Liberal party during the last forty years has carried a great variety of useful reforms, and that the immunity of England from violent change during that period has been principally due to the fact that those reforms have been carried, no statement can be more unexceptionable. Nor is it to be contested that the country may often do very wisely in leaving those who have carried great reforms to manage public affairs without demanding from them constant legislative experiments. But then this manifesto of Whig claims is addressed to the constituencies on the eve of an election, and the real question is, what is its value as a means of determining the votes of waverers? Steady partisans will of course vote with their party, but there is a considerable body of persons who are not steady partisans, and are liable to be swayed this way or that, and the next election will probably be held under circumstances which will make this body an unusually large one. The new difficulty which the friends of Whig Government have to face is that, whereas they appeal to the public as moderate Liberals, the Conservatives do exactly the same. In his speech made on the occasion of the late crisis Mr. DISRAELI unfolded, what in American language would be called this new departure of the Conservatives. There is no use, he said, in going back on the past. The Conservatives opposed, but they now accept, Free-trade, as in the same way they accept the disestablishment of the Irish Church and the Ballot. The Conservatives have been beaten or educated into moderate Liberals, and in real life there is no perceptible difference whatever in the opinions of the great bulk of moderate members of the House of Commons, although they sit on different sides. The Conservatives accept what has been done, and all they urge is that the country does not need any more serious changes at present. But this is exactly what the apostle of the Whigs says. He laughs at the fantastic notions of Republicans of Mr. MIALL and Mr. MILL, and scouts the idea of Whigs having anything to do with them. The Whigs, he says, have no programme, for they want none. Their task at present is to keep quiet and watch the crater. But the Conservatives also have no programme, are perfectly ready to keep quiet, and wish to have their turn of watching. The contest is between two sets of moderate Liberals, each of which proposes to do nothing in particular. So far the elector may reasonably think that there is not a pin to choose between them. But he may foresee that some day an attempt to disturb this reign of quiet will come, and so he asks himself which party is most likely to welcome such an attempt. If he fancies that he should be in favour of change in the course of time, he will lean to the party of Mr. GLADSTONE; if not, he will lean to the party of Mr. DISRAELI. It is impossible to see any signs of a Conservative reaction in the sense of a growing desire to reverse any portion of the policy to which moderate Liberalism has carried us; but it is not hard to see that there are many persons who, out of two sets of moderate Liberals equally professing to do nothing, incline to select those whose wish to do nothing is likely to last the longest. It naturally contributes to the growth of this feeling that the only changes proposed by any set of politicians are of a very crude, extreme, and vague kind. As the Whigs have no programme, those who judge them suppose that the next time they get a programme they will borrow it from the Radicals. The Conservatives, on the other hand, have the singular luck to be free from allies whose folly compromises them. There may be Conservatives on an humble provincial stage who advocate real re-

action and dream of undoing past Liberal triumphs. But they are lost in obscurity, and the party remains uncompromised by them.

There is another way of looking at the matter, and that is to ask whether a change of Government would be likely to be in any way beneficial to the nation. Very few electors will practically give their votes in order that remote national benefits may flow from their decision; but it is possible that some may, and the Reviewer turns the attention of his readers in this direction by concluding with an entreaty that the constituencies will elect, not only Whigs, but a proper number of clever young Whigs, so that the traditions of statesmanship may be carried on to another generation. There is, as he truly says, a great dearth of rising young men on both sides. This is more conspicuous on the Conservative side, because it has happened that three of their most prominent leaders have inherited peerages, and have been kept out of the House of Commons at a comparatively early age. But it is quite true of both parties. Nor have we any real hope that a new election will do anything to remedy the evil. The rage is all for local men. There are plenty of young Liberals with at least high hope and ambition who would have been very glad to contest the seat now vacant at Bath if they could but have got a chance; but the Liberals of Bath had far other views, and could not abide the notion of being represented by any one but their own Mr. MURCH. To try to get into Parliament without local influence is now very often to waste money and thought and the best years of life; and, if possible, a seat is harder to retain than to get by politicians who aspire to be the sort of men whom the Reviewer asks the constituencies to return for the benefit of the nation. Year by year and Parliament by Parliament the House of Commons tends to become more and more an assembly of men who in their different districts have power or wealth or name. It will perhaps become more and more like Colonial Legislatures. But if this is to happen, and if the dearth of statesmen is likely to become a serious evil, it certainly seems a great waste of power that, in deference to Whig claims, the country should have to lose for ever the services of the leaders of the Conservatives. Between two sets of moderate Liberals equally proposing to do nothing, the imaginary elector longing to benefit his country might be tempted to give the preference to that set who could bring new physical strength and new intellectual power into the Government. To have two bodies of men trained in office and fairly competent to hold it must be better for a country than to have one. Candid men of both parties would probably allow that Lord GRANVILLE and Lord DERBY would make equally good Foreign Secretaries, but what the advocate of Whig claims urges is, that Lord GRANVILLE ought always, and Lord DERBY ought never, to be in office. To some extent the feeling that it is fair now to give the Conservatives a turn of office may be expected to operate at the next election, and within limits the feeling seems not only a natural but a legitimate one. At a period when local candidates bar so stoutly the way into Parliament to men who aspire to be statesmen, the argument that a change of Ministry will increase the stock of official strength and experience in the country is not without weight.

SPAIN.

THE disturbance in Madrid, and the consequent abolition of what remained of constitutional authority, are necessary steps in the process of fermentation of the original rose-water of the revolution. When the KING retired, it was with reason alleged that all legal power necessarily devolved on the Cortes, who in their turn accepted the form of government which was imposed upon them by an active minority. It was arranged that the Republicans and the Radicals, as they are called, should divide between them the Ministerial offices, and that both parties should govern under the authority and by the support of the Cortes. A few days afterwards the mob of Madrid compelled the Radical members to withdraw, but the fiction of Parliamentary government was still maintained. The majority has since on more than one occasion attempted to assert its rights, but it has again and again been deterred from action by the threat of an insurrection. When the Cortes adjourned, their functions were vested in a Permanent Committee, which has on more than one occasion differed from the Ministers. The result of the conflict has been the violent overthrow of the compromise, and the establishment of the Republican Ministers in power as a revolutionary Committee or Provisional Government. The transactions which led to the ultimate rupture are but partially intelligible. It is asserted that a body of volunteers opposed to the Republic commenced an insurrection against the Government, and that they were defeated by the Republicans. It is at least equally probable that the provocation came from the opposite quarter, and that the Conservative volunteers acted in defence of the legitimate rights of the Cortes and the Permanent Committee. Whatever may have been the immediate cause of the quarrel, a revolutionary movement was inevitable. The progress of anarchy has, since the abdication of the KING, been rapid and uninterrupted. The principal towns are in the hands of demagogues avowing the wildest doctrines; and in some places the formal partition of property has begun. The army is almost dissolved, and it is only through the contemptible character of its opponents in the field that the Republic retains, even nominally, the character of a Government. In the impending elections the Conservatives and Radicals, who form together the bulk of the nation, will probably take no part, and a revolutionary Cortes will command no respect, except perhaps from its own adherents. As soon as any party succeeds in organizing a regular force, some successful military leader will become master of Spain.

The Spanish Government has derived one advantage from its political and military weakness. The utter inability of the Carlists to profit by their unexpected opportunity conclusively proves the hopelessness of their enterprise. They could scarcely have expected, at the renewal of the insurrection several months ago, that troops would refuse to march against them on the pretext that the establishment of the Republic implied the abolition of compulsory military service. The present Government, through policy or timidity, has all but recognized the adherents of the Pretender as ordinary political opponents. More than one Carlist newspaper published in Madrid records with ostentatious sympathy the real and imaginary exploits of the rebels in the North, but the Carlist leaders provide their supporters with but a meagre supply of victories. The official accounts of successes achieved by the Republican troops may probably be exaggerated, but it is certain that the Carlist chiefs have neither made any considerable progress, nor elevated the insurrection into the rank of a regular war. Their predecessors, in the time of the first Don CARLOS, frequently met the Government forces in the field, and under ZUMALACARREGUY they at one time attained a superiority which seemed to render possible the restoration of absolute monarchy. The insurgents of the present day can only levy tribute on unarmed villagers, even at a time when the commanding officers of the Republican forces are sufficiently occupied in promoting or checking mutiny and desertion. It is difficult to understand how the Carlists procure money or arms since the French frontier has been more rigidly guarded. The English subscription the favour has apparently collapsed, notwithstanding the indulgent opinion of the law officers; and it is satisfactory to learn that Mr. GLADSTONE was erroneously supposed to regard it with indifference or approval. Perhaps even political and religious enthusiasts are beginning to understand that, whatever may be the case in a regular civil contest, encouragement of partisan warfare is essentially immoral. Armed bands levied by insurgent leaders can only maintain themselves by plunder, and they are strongly tempted to practise cruelty for the purpose of inspiring terror. The Carlists have no reasonable prospect of ultimate success, except in the event of the establishment of a loose Confederation, which might possibly leave them a portion of the Northern provinces for their share.

The Alfonsists, who will sooner or later be the most formidable opponents of the Republic, have for the present judiciously effaced themselves. Their best chance depends on the probable failure of the Republican experiment; and any hope which they may have entertained of immediate accession to power must have been disappointed through the progress of disaffection in the army. The mutinous soldiers object not to the Republic or to Monarchy, but to discipline, to obedience, and in general to military service. SERRANO, who, if he could have counted on the army, might perhaps have attempted a restoration, has on more than one occasion been consulted by the Provisional Government; but it would seem that his influence over the troops is no longer paramount, and it is reported that since the last struggle in Madrid he has fled or concealed himself. The Republican Government is at the same time embarrassed and secured against immediate danger by the former success of the party in demoralizing the army. FIGUERAS and CASTELAR require the aid of regular troops to maintain public order; but a disciplined and efficient army might perhaps not be altogether at their disposal. The extreme demagogues of the great towns, though they may complain of the moderation of the Government, hesitate to break into open revolt against the Republican leaders.

There is reason to believe that the great majority of the nation, including nearly the whole of the upper and middle classes, is opposed to the Republic; but in the absence of regular troops physical force always rests with the rabble. Occasional excesses committed at Barcelona or at Malaga gave temporary aid to the Government, by depriving its opponents of all temptation to undertake the task of restoring order, but the revolution has now passed beyond the control of moderate Republicans. The so-called Radicals of the Conservative Opposition were partially aware that it would be impossible for any but the Republican party to administer the existing Republic. A courageous majority of the Cortes might, on the abdication of the late KING, have assumed supreme power, with the professed object of maintaining the Constitution which was lawfully established; but when they allowed the occasion to pass, by acquiescing in the proclamation of the Republic, they transferred to their adversaries the legitimate control of public affairs. The Republican leaders are in their turn learning by experience the valuable lesson that it is easier to impede the operation of government than to govern. CASTELAR, a congenial disciple of MAZZINI, whose dreamy theories were never tested by practice, is by this time in a condition to correct the doctrines of his master.

Although it is thought necessary for every successive Government to pledge itself to the maintenance of the national dominion, thoughtful Spanish statesmen cannot but recognize the increasing difficulty of pacifying and governing Cuba. In the colony the Republic inspires neither sympathy nor confidence; for the dominant Peninsular party suspects the tendency of the Republicans to emancipation, and the disaffected Creoles desire to throw off Spanish supremacy, by whatever party it may be exercised. Even if the mutinous propensities of the army at home should, in spite of probability, not extend to Cuba, it will be impossible to provide reserves and reinforcements on the customary scale. The report of a military insurrection in Porto Rico, though it has been contradicted, probably indicates the existence of insubordination among the troops in the colonies. The higher officers in Cuba enjoy opportunities of enriching themselves which may probably reconcile them to temporary exile; but the duties of the men are in the highest degree irksome; and although their enemies may be contemptible, they are exposed to serious risk from exposure to the climate. The preservation of the colony would probably involve the maintenance of slavery, which the Republicans are pledged to abolish. On the other hand, the emancipation of the slaves would inflict ruin on the colonists of Spanish birth, who would no longer have any motive for struggling against the demand of the natives for independence. The irritation which was provoked by the menacing language of the American Government has subsided; and perhaps the PRESIDENT and the SECRETARY of STATE may have reconsidered any design of annexation which they may formerly have cherished. General GRANT, indeed, announced in his Message to Congress his opinion that extension of the area of the Union was in general expedient; but fuller acquaintance with the state of Cuba will not have made the acquisition of the island appear more desirable. Even if the PRESIDENT retains his ambitious designs, he can scarcely count on the support of the Senate or of the Republican party. There are few Americans settled in the island; and the Creoles and the negroes would be equally unacceptable to the American people as fellow-citizens, while no machinery has been provided for governing them as subjects. The result of negro suffrage in the Southern States of the Union has been highly unsatisfactory, and many of the slaves in Cuba, unlike their coloured neighbours on the mainland, were born African savages.

There seems to be no hope of the termination of the rebellion in Cuba, either by force or by an amicable settlement. The revolt is even less respectable than the Carlist insurrection; for, after continuance during several years, it has not produced an army or an ostensible leader; yet it is favoured by the majority of the population, and only resisted by the population of Spanish birth with the aid of the regular army. The Spanish Volunteers, who seem to exercise nearly all the powers of Government, display remarkable spirit and energy; but their constant demand for reinforcements from home shows that their own resources are not adequate to the task of keeping the island in subjection. The stake for which they play is not insignificant; for the enormous profits of sugar cultivation render the continuance of slave labour for each successive year in a high degree important to the owners. The capital represented by the slaves themselves is so large that the interest on the amount, added to the cost of maintenance, is probably equal to the wages of the same number of free labourers; but the great advantage of class labour is not that it is cheap, but that it may be counted on with absolute certainty. Free negroes or hired coolies would sometimes refuse to work; and their absence for a limited time might perhaps involve the loss of an entire crop. The present slaves, if they were emancipated, would probably, like the freedmen of Jamaica, procure a sufficient subsistence from the land, without troubling themselves to work for wages. The conductors of one of the most profitable kinds of industry in the world may be pardoned for regarding with repugnance the destruction of their own fortunes, especially as it would involve the probable ruin of the island. The active opposition which was offered in the Spanish Cortes to the emancipation of the slaves in Porto Rico can only be excused by the obvious probability that Cuba will be compelled to follow the example of the neighbouring colony. All parties concerned are in different degrees entitled to the good will and sympathy of foreign observers. It can scarcely be said that the slave-owners, the creoles, or the Spanish colonists, are wholly in the right or absolutely in the wrong; nor is the Republican Government in Spain responsible for the colonial complications which aggravate its domestic difficulties. Political revolutions, though they are for the most part unmixed evils, penetrate less deeply below the surface of society than social and economical conflicts. At present the prospects of Cuba are, if possible, even darker than those of Spain.

THE BUDGET DEBATE.

THE debate on the Budget was necessarily ineffective and desultory; for, except on rare occasions, the House of Commons accepts the financial proposals of any Government which commands the confidence of the majority. The notorious project of the Match-tax and the Succession duty proved to be too much for party devotion; but the present Budget, though it includes some questionable proposals, is not bad enough to be rejected. It is possible that a bolder and a better scheme might have been introduced if the Cabinet had contained fewer financiers. The simultaneous reduction of the Income-tax and of the Sugar duty seems to indicate a compromise; for Mr. LOWE declared two or three years ago that he intended to leave the Sugar duty as it stood; and he informed a deputation in the course of the present year that there would be no considerable surplus, or, in other words, that the American damages were to be paid out of current revenue. The change in the Sugar duties is the more unexpected because it is evidently intended as a step towards total abolition. It is not worth while to interfere with an important trade and manufacture, except for the sake of a large addition to the national income. Both importers and sugar-refiners will now be able to establish a strong case for entire relief, and if Mr. LOWE retains office for another year, he will probably have established one-half of that "freedom of the breakfast-table" which he has so often ridiculed. The reduction of the Income-tax is popular, but in spite of Mr. GLADSTONE's high authority, a million and three-quarters of surplus revenue might have been more advantageously applied to the redress of special grievances and anomalies. It is now admitted that the licence duty on brewers is indefensible, and the exceptional tax on third-class passengers by fast trains involves wanton and irritating harshness. The extension of the exemptions and deductions allowed to small incomes would have been strictly consistent with former legislation. The diminished value of money tells most severely on the recipients of small incomes, which are necessarily expended in the purchase of articles of consumption. The reduction of the tax will perhaps be justifiable if it has the effect of checking the agitation of malcontent tradesmen.

Mr. WARD HUNT was justified in commenting on the excess of the actual surpluses during the last two or three years over the successive Estimates; but, as Mr. LOWE showed, Mr. HUNT committed a singular oversight in complaining that the opposite error of an unduly narrow margin had been introduced into the present Budget. It is true that the estimates of revenue and expenditure are closely balanced; and it is possible, though not probable, that there may be a slight excess of payments over receipts; but a year hence, if Mr. LOWE's calculations are approximately realized, he or his successor will start with a prospective surplus of 1,600,000*l.* arising from this year's provision for payment of one-half of the *Alabama* damages. The amount will be tempting to official or non-official financiers who may be inclined to abolish the residue of the Sugar duty. It is not likely that any change will be immediately made in the rate of Income-tax, which indeed is

already sufficiently low, if it is to be maintained at all. If the year is prosperous, another large surplus will perhaps give the opportunity of dealing at last with the Malt-tax. The best characteristic of the present Budget is that it exhausts the surplus, leaving nothing for Sir Massey Lopes or Mr. Goschen. No more careless financial proposal was ever made than Mr. Lowe's offer of two years ago to surrender the House-tax to the ratepayers. In a few days it will be known how far local taxation is to be increased or readjusted; but happily it will be too late to transfer any portion of the burden to the National Exchequer. Sir H. Selwin-Ibbetson and Mr. Bentinck referred but hesitatingly to the resolution of last year, which their party in general have perhaps by this time recognized as a conspicuous blunder. The Government will quote the majority of one hundred in support of its scheme of local taxation; but good care will be taken not to defer to the expression of Parliamentary opinion as far as it was opposed to the Ministerial policy. If it had been intended to assume on the part of the Treasury a large portion of the expenses of lunatic asylums, or of other local establishments, the Estimates for the Civil Service must have been increased; and the surplus would have been reduced to the same extent. Captious critics have hinted that the actual Budget has, since the Ministerial crisis, been modified for the purpose of acquiring popularity with the constituencies. Any contribution from the public revenue to local expenditure would have been a more transparent bribe.

As there was no serious attempt or wish to disturb the arrangements of the Budget, the House, or some of its more active members, were at liberty to engage in collateral discussions. Mr. Rylands naturally took occasion to reproduce his favourite doctrine that taxation on real property ought to be increased. In common with many projectors, he commences with conclusions, and then proceeds to devise reasons for his opinions; and it now appears that an Income-tax of twenty per cent. ought to be placed on landowners because the National Debt is a mortgage on their property. It is true that no Minister or Parliament ever dreamed of pledging the land to the public creditor except as a part of the national substance. The contract with the fundholder is that the annuity which he has purchased shall be regularly paid, and that Parliament shall provide by taxation the necessary means for the purpose. If it were possible to raise six-and-twenty millions by a tax upon the utterance of idle nonsense, the money might, as properly as any other produce of revenue, be applied to the payment of the National Debt. It would be unjust to the other speakers in the debate to place them on a level with Mr. Rylands; but it cannot be said that Mr. Childers directed any portion of his elaborate discourse to the defence or elucidation of the Budget. Mr. Ward Hunt, in conformity with a tradition which might be abandoned without practical inconvenience, undertook to prove that his own Administration had been not less frugal than that of his successors, although he had not been equally fortunate in profiting by a season of unusual prosperity. It may be natural that Mr. Ward Hunt should, as he said, never forget Mr. Gladstone's Lancashire speeches, which consisted in a great measure of denunciations of the extravagance of Mr. Hunt and his colleagues. Whatever may have been the justice or unfairness of Mr. Gladstone's charges, they were made between four and five years ago, and many things have happened since. That the Estimates of the present year are or are not, after due deductions and additions, larger or smaller than the Estimates of 1868, is a matter of infinitesimal interest. The House of Commons of the day is, in both cases, responsible for the expenditure which it sanctioned; and if Mr. Gladstone or any other statesman at any time maintained that reduction of expenditure was necessarily expedient, he affirmed an unsound proposition.

The best excuse for Mr. Ward Hunt's formal attack upon the Government is that it must have been expected by Mr. Childers, who had armed himself with the most elaborate calculations for the defence of himself and his colleagues. Mr. Childers is an able man, and a laborious student of the statistics of finance and administration; but perhaps between the hustings at Pontefract and the House of Commons he repeats the same speech unnecessarily often. The expediency of reducing taxation or of paying off debt is in no degree affected by the proof that so much has been saved on army expenditure, or that another branch of the Estimates has been cut down. In the result it is not easy to diminish the total cost of government at a time when the prices of all articles are rising, and while new demands for administrative improvements are constantly pressed on the Government. In some of his comparisons Mr. Childers took the superfluous trouble of going back twenty years, and he reminded the House of the familiar fact that the cost of the collection of the revenue was formerly not included in the Estimates and returns of public expenditure. Although the change was effected by Mr. Gladstone, it seems that Mr. Childers almost regrets the new system of bookkeeping, because it makes the public expenditure apparently larger. The preponderance of authority is in favour of the insertion of all the items on both sides of the account; but no principle is involved in a formal arrangement of figures. It is remarkable that none of the speakers in the conversation of Thursday night recurred to the more important question of reducing debt, although occasional reference was made to the doubtful provision for the *Alabama* damages. Mr. Ward Hunt professed to think it strange that the Government should ask for a contingent power to borrow money, in a year which produced an unprecedented surplus. It would have been consistent with principle to borrow the whole of the money for the American demand, and to make the large reduction of taxation which would then have become possible. The actual proposal of the Government is open to criticism on two opposite sides, and Mr. Lowe abstained from defending a scheme which was probably adopted at the last moment in deference to his colleagues. A more uninteresting debate on a Budget has never been held.

THE PARIS ELECTION.

THE opinion of Paris has suddenly come to be of something like its old importance in France. The contest between M. de Rémusat and M. Barodet is watched with keen interest by the whole country. If the Minister is defeated, the policy of the Government will be understood to have sustained a serious check. If M. Barodet is defeated, M. Thiers's position will be regarded as materially strengthened. It was by M. Thiers's free choice that Paris has thus been raised from its low estate. A little time ago all parties in France seemed to have agreed to put Paris out of their calculations. The majority of the electors were known to be Radicals, and suspected of being Communists. The recent triumphs of the Republican cause have all been won in the provinces. Paris was treated as a thing apart, a difficulty which all Governments, whether Monarchical or Republican, would have to make the best of. In the natural order of events, therefore, the election of an extreme Radical to the vacant seat would have been of no moment. The Parisians might have returned M. Barodet, and no one would have thought of attaching any political significance to the event. Paris is an hereditary Irreconcilable as regards all settled Governments, and a very large discount has to be made for this fact in estimating the value of a Paris election. The appearance of M. de Rémusat as a candidate entirely changed the position of affairs. It proved that M. Thiers had determined to submit his policy to the judgment of the electors of Paris, and after this it will be impossible to treat the expression of that judgment with indifference. A Government cannot go out of its way to provide a test for its own popularity, and then throw discredit on the accuracy of the test it has itself chosen. M. de Rémusat's appearance in the field can have but one meaning. It is a declaration that M. Thiers believes that the fruit of his policy is ripe for picking, that the alliance between moderate Republicans and moderate Conservatives is at last secured, and that even in Paris, the chief centre and focus of extreme Republicanism, the leaven of moderation has so far done its work that the election of a Minister may fairly be counted on. It is plain that if M. Thiers proves to be right in his calculation, to-morrow's election may be a turning-point in the fortunes of the Republic. The return of M. de Rémusat will show that the Radical wolf has been tamed by M. Thiers's influence, and is now prepared to dwell peacefully with the Conservative lamb. This is the point upon which the Conservative lamb has hitherto been troubled with so many doubts. He has been comforted by M. Thiers's assurance that the millennium is really on the stocks, and has, on the whole, supported the Republic with praiseworthy zeal. Now M. Thiers no longer asks him to accept the fact on his unsupported testimony. He proposes to call the wolf himself into the witness-box, and to allow the lamb to judge by his behaviour whether the greatness of the change in him has been exaggerated.

It is not to be supposed that M. Thiers made up his mind to this bold stroke of policy without counting the cost beforehand. Yet it is difficult to believe that in his preliminary survey he attached as much weight as it deserved to the

peculiar position of his Government at the moment of M. DE RÉMUSAT's coming forward. Three months ago he might have done so with an almost certain prospect of success, for at that time it was the cue of the Left to support the Government against the reactionary hostility of the Right and the Right Centre. Since that time M. THIERS has given serious displeasure to the Left by his apparent desire to conciliate the Conservative Opposition. The policy of which M. DE GOULARD is regarded as the representative has been in the ascendant, and this fact has been made evident in a way peculiarly displeasing to the electors of Paris. They have not yet so entirely given up the hope of regaining their own tail as to wish to see other cities as tailless as themselves. A member of a Cabinet which had just joined in attacking the municipality of Lyons had therefore special obstacles to encounter in canvassing Paris. If this was fully taken into account by M. THIERS in the anxious meditations which must have preceded M. DE RÉMUSAT'S definitive appearance as candidate, his decision must have been based either on the reported temper of the electors or on the hope of coming to terms with M. BARODET'S supporters. In the latter case his calculations have come to nothing. Down to the beginning of the week there seems to have been some hope that M. BARODET might withdraw, but even the announcement of M. GRÉVY'S intention to vote for M. DE RÉMUSAT failed to shake the extreme Radicals. It is not impossible that M. THIERS'S persistence in putting M. DE RÉMUSAT forward as a candidate has been partly prompted by another motive than the simple belief that his man would win. It has all along been his custom to advance in the direction in which he wishes to sail by means of alternate tacks. From the moment that he had taken the decided step of depriving Lyons of its municipal government he would naturally be in search of a favourable opportunity for taking an equally decided step in the opposite direction. He had gone to one extreme to gratify the Right. It was now the turn of the Left to come in for their share of favour. The Assembly was not sitting; so that nothing could be done by means of a speech. M. DE GOULARD'S dismissal would have had the effect he wanted; but M. THIERS has never liked to tie himself down to choosing his Ministers from one section of the Assembly. And, with M. DE GOULARD gone, the Right would be without any representative in the Cabinet. If M. DE RÉMUSAT became a candidate for Paris, there would be an obvious occasion for making a fresh Republican declaration. Even the Conservative supporters of the Government would see the necessity of doing all that it was possible to do in order to conciliate Republican votes, and in this way M. THIERS would be able to unsay a good deal that has lately been said by M. DE GOULARD and M. DUFAURE, without giving them the annoyance of an unprovoked contradiction.

This is the explanation of the phrase, "the integrity of "universal suffrage," of which such good use has been made by M. DE RÉMUSAT'S canvassers. Of all the changes which the majority in the Assembly are anxious to see effected before a dissolution, some modification of the suffrage is the most pressing. The creation of a Second Chamber can wait. The question who is to administer the Government between the dissolution of the present and the meeting of the next Assembly will probably settle itself. But upon the modification of the electoral law rests the one chance that the majority have of being a majority in the new Chamber. If the suffrage can be restricted, the elections may possibly go in their favour. If the suffrage remains unaltered, they are certain to be defeated all along the line. In the present condition of public feeling, the Conservatives do not think it prudent to advocate the abolition of universal suffrage; they content themselves with a proposal to regulate it. If by regulation were meant the adoption of additional precautions to prevent personation, there would be no objection to the proposal. The most impassioned advocate of the right of every man to vote will not maintain that it includes the right of every man to vote more than once. But with the French Conservatives regulation means more than this. It stands for restrictions in the way of age and length of residence which would have the effect of greatly reducing the number of the electors, and of reducing it by the excision of the classes among whom Radical opinions are, as a rule, most prevalent. M. DE RÉMUSAT'S promise to respect the integrity of universal suffrage finally dissociates the Government from these views. If the word integrity means anything, it means that no man who has a legal right to vote under the law as it stands shall be deprived of that right by the promised Reform Bill.

The statement of M. BARODET'S Committee, that he is put forward with the view, not of opposing M. THIERS, but of enabling him to withstand the pressure of Monarchical conspirators, must be taken as a conventional tribute to their own character for consistency. That it can really impose upon a single elector is impossible. Every man who votes for M. BARODET will know that he votes against the Government, and ought to know that by doing so he helps to make it more difficult for the Government to continue to work with the Republican party. M. DE RÉMUSAT'S defeat would not necessitate any immediate change of policy; but it would dispose many of M. THIERS'S habitual supporters to welcome any disposition he might show to treat the establishment of the Republic as a question still undecided. It might not alter M. THIERS'S own conviction on this point, but it would paralyse his efforts to get that conviction accepted by that great body of French Conservatives who would like a Republic as well as, or even better than, a Monarchy, provided that they could feel equally secure under either. If M. BARODET is returned, the occurrence of such a reaction seems inevitable, and it is this prospect that makes the issue of to-morrow's contest a matter of such grave moment.

THE DEBATE ON CENTRAL ASIA.

THE discussion of Tuesday last on the question of Central Asia was interesting and instructive, though it had little practical bearing. Oriental subjects, if they sometimes fail to attract general attention, have the advantage of being almost exclusively treated in Parliament by competent and well-informed speakers; but the result of the debate is to confirm popular impressions which may have been originally founded on imperfect information. The progress of Russia may be regarded either with the solicitude which inspired Mr. EASTWICK'S motion, or with the cheerful confidence of Sir C. WINGFIELD and Mr. GRANT DUFF; but there is no serious difference of opinion either about the facts of the case, or on the expediency of maintaining an expectant and vigilant policy. Mr. EASTWICK suggested the occupation of certain military positions which might be useful in the contingency of a war, and it will be universally admitted that the fortifications of Peshawur ought, if necessary, to be rendered defensible, and that it would be desirable by degrees to reduce to permanent submission the predatory tribes of the Northern frontier. Measures of this kind would be useful even if Russia had been stationary; and the increased possibility of foreign complications furnishes additional reason for all prudent precautions. The recent negotiations with Russia meet with but faint approval from persons of Indian experience, on the ground that it is undesirable to limit in any way the freedom of future action. The counter engagements of Russia are probably of little value, inasmuch as reasons or excuses for interfering with Afghanistan, in spite of the recent correspondence, may readily be found. Official journals at St. Petersburg and Moscow have already explained away Count SCHOUVALOFF'S undertaking to abstain from a permanent occupation of Khiva. The EMPEROR, it is said, only announced his actual intentions, without pledging himself in any way to a foreign Power. It would be not less easy to contend that the occupation of Badakshan had been rendered permissible and necessary by a change of circumstances. Lord GRANVILLE can scarcely be blamed for completing a negotiation which was voluntarily commenced by his predecessor; and possibly Lord CLARENDON may have judged rightly in placing on record the right and intention of England to resist any operation which might be thought dangerous to India. It is scarcely probable that any more solid concession could be obtained without a menace of war; and the most anxious alarmist would not maintain that the time has come for opposing the further advance of Russia by force. When action is necessarily renounced or adjourned, it is rather an intellectual pastime than a political proceeding to inquire whether the possible civilization of barbarous tribes compensates for the unwelcome vicinity to India of a formidable rival. It is certain that Russia will both extend and consolidate her dominion in Central Asia, without regard to the prudent fears of Mr. EASTWICK or to the sanguine anticipations of Sir C. WINGFIELD. The conquests which have been made within the last twenty years probably affect English interests less directly than the establishment of Russian influence over Persia, which it is nevertheless impossible to prevent. Since the recent commencement of the campaign, Russian troops have traversed Persian territory as if it were their own; and there is no reason to suppose that the encroachment has been resented.

It matters little whether a steady and consistent policy of

aggression is the result of perpetually recurring causes or of a deliberate purpose. Mr. GRANT DUFF may perhaps be justified in regarding the legendary will of PETER the GREAT as a fiction; but the traditions and the tendencies which are embodied in the imaginary document are living forces. The real or pretended disobedience of ambitious generals, the provocations which are offered by barbarous neighbours, and the consequent vengeance which, as if by accident, assumes the form of conquest, all contribute in their turn to the extension of the limits of the Empire. As long as Russian ambition confines itself to the remote regions of Central Asia, England has neither the right nor the power to oppose it; and projects for interference with the English rule in India, though they may have been occasionally entertained, have rarely assumed a definite form. During the Crimean War Russia would have been fully justified in attempting a diversion in India; but the plan of invasion which was at that time proposed was hopelessly chimerical. It would have been far easier to organize an insurrection in Poland than to send a Russian force to operate in India. From time to time there may have been some secret or unauthorised intrigues; but during the mutiny no suspicion ever arose that Russian agents were tampering with the army or with native princes. It is of course possible that Afghan refugees who are now under Russian protection may form plots against the reigning AMEER, nor would it be easy to prove that their designs might not have been directly or indirectly countenanced by Russian officers; but the Russian Government has disavowed any intention of interfering in Afghan affairs, and Mr. GLADSTONE's statement that no liability has been incurred on the part of England will remain on record as the English interpretation of the recent correspondence. It seems, unless Mr. GLADSTONE has been misled by his love of ambiguity, that the term "neutral zone" was understood on both sides to have no special meaning; and in the later communications other phrases were substituted. It will be the duty and the policy of the Indian Government to restrain the rulers of Cabul by advice and by influence from encroachments on the territory of their Northern neighbours. According to Mr. GLADSTONE, moral force only is to be used; and, if diplomacy failed, the Russians would perhaps not greatly regret a violation of the frontier which would practically relieve them from the obligation of their recent pledges.

The most definite conclusion which can be drawn from the debate is that the appointment to the Persian Mission ought once more and finally to be transferred to the Secretary of State for India. The Foreign Office has hitherto prevailed in the contest between the departments because the Foreign Minister has for the most part been superior in official influence to his Indian colleague. Lord PALMERSTON's long supremacy was far beyond the reach of rivalry; and Presidents of the Board of Control of the rank of Sir JOHN HOBHOUSE or Mr. VERNON SMITH would, however their official attributes might have been nominally defined, have been merely his subordinates. As Prime Minister, he naturally supported the claims of his former office, and Lord CLARENDON's experience and reputation rendered it difficult for his colleagues to question his authority. The Duke of ARGYLL is equal in capacity to Lord GRANVILLE, and he had, even before his accession to his present office, acquired extensive knowledge of Indian affairs; but it is difficult to alter an established practice; and the Foreign Office has always clung with excessive tenacity to the control of Persian affairs. One of the results of the actual distribution of patronage and business was the resignation by Sir HENRY RAWLINSON of a post which he was eminently qualified to fill. A Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs has but little choice of qualified candidates; and it is generally thought that the latest appointment was in a high degree inexpedient. The excuse for the present arrangement is that the affairs of Persia are mixed up with those of Turkey and Russia, which belong to the sphere of European politics; but it might on similar grounds be contended that Afghanistan or Khelat ought to be placed under the superintendence of the Foreign Office. The diplomatic and territorial encroachments of Russia on Persia are only important to England as they may affect the security or the policy of the States which lie between Persia and India; and only Anglo-Indian statesmen hold the key of complicated Oriental intrigues, and understand the character of the princes and Ministers with whom an Envoy in Persia has to deal. Mr. GRANT DUFF oddly appealed to Mr. EASTWICK to exercise his own personal influence at the Court of Teheran in favour of peace and moderation; nor is it impossible that an Indian civilian of long experience may obtain a more favourable hearing than an agent of the Foreign Office. The absurdity of the existing system was still more clearly illustrated by the judicious selection of Mr. GRANT DUFF to represent the Government in a debate on the affairs of Central Asia which necessarily included frequent reference to Persian politics. With the exception of his chief, no other member of the Government is equally familiar with the relations between India and Persia; yet, when instructions are sent to the Minister at Teheran, the despatches are not communicated, except perhaps as a matter of courtesy, to the Duke of ARGYLL and Mr. GRANT DUFF. An Indian resident at the Court of Teheran would watch with unceasing vigilance any measure which might even remotely be dangerous to India, and in many cases he would probably, like Sir JOHN MALCOLM and Sir H. RAWLINSON, acquire an influence which would be equally beneficial to Persian and to Indian interests. When the power of Russia in Central Asia becomes more fully consolidated, it will often be necessary to conduct informal negotiations directly between Calcutta and St. Petersburg, although, as a great European Power, Russia will of course continue to communicate with the Foreign Office.

Notwithstanding his characteristic optimism, Mr. GRANT DUFF commented severely on the false commercial policy which involves a possible risk of collision between Russia and England. In conquering markets and sources of supply the Russian Government interferes with the commercial interests of England. NAPOLEON's Continental system would alone have justified the perseverance of England in the war, because his extensions of territory, and the treaties which he imposed on neighbouring States, were in a great measure directed to the exclusion of English commerce. The trade which passes through India into Central Asia is at present comparatively limited, but it will inevitably extend as long as the local Governments are not sufficiently civilized to devise systems of protection. At the Russian frontier line, wherever it may be drawn, commercial intercourse ceases. It is to prevent such exclusion that the Indian Mission will proceed to Eastern Turkestan in the hope of concluding a commercial treaty. If that country should be afterwards subdued by Russia, it would be reasonable to stipulate for the maintenance of the relations which may have been established with the present ruler. One of the numerous reasons against precipitating a conflict with Russia is the certainty that within a longer or shorter time the demonstrable principles of free trade will be generally adopted. Russia, like England, will find that it is possible to deal with a shop without first serving an ejectment on its owner; and conquest will become at the same time less tempting and more harmless to peaceable neighbours.

MR. FAWCETT'S BILL.

THE opponents of Mr. FAWCETT's Bill wisely contented themselves on Monday with slaying the slain. Mr. MITCHELL HENRY's amendment would have been relevant to the half of the Bill which had been withdrawn, but it was altogether irrelevant to the half which had been retained. Even on the hypothesis that a satisfactory settlement of the question of University Education in Ireland cannot be arrived at without the appointment of a Royal Commission to take evidence as to "the opinions and wishes of the Irish people generally," there is no special reason for appointing such a Commission at this moment. The Dublin University Tests Bill does not profess to settle the question of University Education in Ireland. Its appearance in its latest form is an admission that, in the opinion of all parties, the question must for the present be left where it is. In the natural course of legislation, the abolition of tests in Trinity College, Dublin would have been included in the Act which disestablished the Irish Church. For more than three years the position of the College has been anomalous to an extent unexampled even in Ireland. As Mr. GLADSTONE pointed out, while it has been thought undurable that the endowments of English and Scotch Universities should be confined to members of Established Churches, the endowments of the principal Irish University have been confined to members of a Church which is no longer Established. The justification of this anomaly was the intention of the Government to make the question of University Education a separate feature of their Irish policy; and so long as that intention was still unfulfilled and still entertained, it was convenient to defer legislation upon the cognate subject of tests in Trinity College. This justification exists no longer. The policy of the Government upon University Education in Ireland has been declared and rejected. In the words of the PRIME MINISTER, the Ministry are out of the way, and

their business is to give place to others who may be more fortunate than they have been. There can be no excuse for maintaining tests in Trinity College until such time as another Government is prepared to try its luck with another policy. Even if a Royal Commission had already collected and digested the multifarious information of which Mr. MITCHELL HENRY desires to see Parliament put in possession, there is no one in a position to make use of it. Those who are really anxious to consult the wishes of the Irish Catholic laity in the matter of University Education have been prevented from doing so by the very persons whom they wish to gratify. Unless Home Rule is to be conceded in substance while denied in form, the opinions of the people of England and Scotland must in some measure be consulted in the action of the Imperial Legislature. The Irish laity have chosen to put their cause into the hands of the bishops, and it serves the turn of the bishops to mix up a grievance which admits of a remedy with a grievance which does not admit of a remedy. It would have been difficult in the present state of English feeling to affiliate a Roman Catholic College to a mixed University, but if the Irish Catholic laity had been satisfied with this concession, it might not have been beyond the power of the Government to induce Parliament to grant it. By declaring that nothing will content them short of the endowment of a Roman Catholic College, if not of a Roman Catholic University, they have made the Government helpless. There is no chance that a Conservative Ministry will succeed in carrying what a Liberal Ministry has not ventured to propose. Concurrent endowment in Ireland might have been swallowed by the Conservatives if they had seen in it an additional bulwark to the Established Church. It cannot possibly be made palatable to them now that they would regard it merely as an additional insult to the disestablished Church. Yet the most sanguine Irish member cannot imagine that a Bill endowing a Roman Catholic College can be passed except by the Government of the day. That the bishops should have no desire to part with the last Irish grievance over which they will have any control is intelligible; but the readiness of Irish Catholic parents to reject a Bill which would have enabled them to send their sons to the University of Dublin without sacrificing denominational education can only be explained by the supposition that those whom Mr. MITCHELL HENRY describes as the "classes "practically interested in the question" are in their hearts comfortably careless about it.

It is possible that the Irish members have been misled by a belief that, though concurrent endowment can no longer be regarded as a bulwark to the Established Church, it would still have a claim on the Conservative party, as making it possible to preserve the denominational character of Trinity College. If the Conservative trumpet sounded the same note in Ireland as in England, this might not have been a wrong calculation. But the debate on the Irish University Bill made it abundantly clear that the Conservative belief in the importance of combining education with religion is not sufficiently fortified to stand a sea voyage. Even Mr. HARDY, who is the accredited prophet of this faith in England, gives it up when he is asked to apply it to Ireland. A very slight observation of Irish Conservatism might have satisfied a candid observer that this would be the case. Even in the best disciplined party, denominational education is too big a morsel to be thrust down unwilling throats; and in Ireland the persons who, in the nature of things, might have been expected to be Denominationalists, have one and all come forward as Secularists. The authorities of Trinity College, who have the right to be first heard upon this question, are among the foremost supporters of a Bill which leaves them their revenues, and only deprives them of their religion. The disestablished Church is too busy in altering its theological standards to have any thought to spare for the maintenance of theological teaching. The great body of Irish Protestants would at any time see a pound taken out of their own pockets if by that means they could prevent a pound from going into Roman Catholic pockets. Any Bill, therefore, which proposed to open the University of Dublin to Roman Catholics on terms consistent with their subjection during the period of their residence to the teaching and discipline of their own religion, would be unpopular with the majority of Irish Conservatives, and on an Irish question the policy of the Conservative party is naturally determined by the views of the Irish section of it. Such a Bill must be taken up by the Liberal party if it is to succeed, and at present its chance of being taken up by the Liberal party is exceedingly small. After the Irish Catholics have overthrown a Liberal Ministry, and brought a dissolution perceptibly nearer, rather than accept a scheme of which the affiliation of a Roman Catholic College was an integral part, they can hardly expect either the Government which they have weakened or the party which they have inconvenienced to go out of the way to satisfy them.

For this, as well as for other reasons, there is little probability that Mr. SMYTH's motion to provide for the establishment, as a College of the University of Dublin, of the institution known as the Catholic University will be taken into serious consideration. In itself the proposal is just and reasonable; but a less appropriate time for making it could hardly have been chosen. In the first place, it is in direct antagonism to the known views of the framers of the measure into which it is to be introduced, and its adoption by the Committee would reduce Mr. FAWCETT to the necessity of voting against the third reading of his own Bill. Its acceptance by the Government would consequently be little short of a direct breach of faith. The agreement with Mr. FAWCETT is that, in consideration of his abandoning the constructive part of his Bill, the part which deals with the abolition of tests shall have the full advantage of Government support. It cannot be maintained that this agreement would be carried out by the addition of a new constructive part to which Mr. FAWCETT is altogether opposed. Nor are the Government under any temptation to be guilty of this sharp practice. It would reflect no credit on them to accept from the hands of a private member a settlement which they had failed to get adopted as an integral part of their own programme; and even if the Irish vote could be counted upon, there would probably be a very large defection of English Liberals from a division in which the Ministerial Whip could play but a subordinate part. There is no reason, however, to suppose that the Irish vote could be counted upon. Mr. SMYTH's motion is as obnoxious to the objections of the Irish bishops as the Government Bill was. It makes no mention of any endowment for the Roman Catholic College; it leaves the teaching of the University in Protestant hands; it does not contain even the guarantee which would have been afforded by the provisional nomination of the University Council by Parliament, that the Catholic element in the University will be fairly dealt with. It is hard to see how the Roman Catholic bishops could show any greater favour to this proposal than to the one which they have so lately rejected, and there has not yet been time for the development of any lay opinion independent of the bishops.

THE EVIDENCE PROVISIONS OF THE JUDICATURE BILL.

WHEN the real matter in dispute between a plaintiff and defendant is ascertained by some such method of pleading as we indicated in a former article, the next step in the cause must be to ascertain the truth as between the conflicting statements of the opposing parties. It is strange that there should have been any divergence of practice in this respect, and still stranger that there should be any substantial difference of opinion. Bring witnesses face to face, cross-examine them when necessary, and then employ the acutest and most practised minds at your disposal to draw a sound conclusion from the testimony given, and you will not often fail in arriving at a satisfactory result. Instead of this, we have two rival methods in use, neither of which satisfies these obvious requirements.

In Chancery, affidavit evidence is used, with liberty to cross-examine under conditions which often render the privilege nugatory. The plaintiff has a choice—and it is hard to say why plaintiffs any more than defendants should have such an option—between two methods of procedure almost equally objectionable. Either he may have the case tried by alternate affidavits, with the right to cross-examine before an official who has nothing to do with the hearing, or else he may insist on cross-examining in Court, subject to the condition, that each side shall adduce his evidence in chief in ignorance of what the other is saying, and without any power of recalling a witness to contradict statements which may be made in cross-examination. These methods do not work at all well, and it is impossible that they should do so; but the most obvious remedy—to require *viva voce* examination in Court—would render it necessary largely to increase the numerical strength of the Equity Bench, and for some reason or other it seems to be a settled political maxim that additional Equity judges shall not be appointed, however much they may be required; and accordingly the Judicature Bill, while recognizing the imperfection of affidavit evidence in really contested cases, proposes to render the resort to *viva voce* evidence more impracticable than ever, by re-

ducing the number of the judges of the Court of Chancery. We do not pretend to understand the motive of this singular course, but we notice it as showing how hopeless it would be, under the provisions of this Bill, to attempt any reform of the Chancery methods of ascertaining facts.

At Common Law the practice diverges, though to a less extent, from what seems to us the only sound ideal. Questions involving mixed considerations of fact and law are constantly submitted to twelve unprofessional men in preference to one or more judges with far more intellect and experience than the whole twelve put together. This seems to us as great an abuse of the jury system as the Chancery procedure is of the methods of investigating facts, and we propose to consider the principles which should determine when a jury ought to be resorted to, and to what extent (if any) the costly but effective process of *viva voce* examination may be safely replaced by the more economical procedure on affidavit evidence.

It is impossible to deal with the jury question without paying some deference to existing habits and opinions, and even perhaps to prevailing prejudices. One must go a long way back to find a time when a British subject needed special protection against the subserviency of the Bench to the Crown; but the old notion that in criminal and quasi-criminal proceedings the defendant is entitled to have his case tried by his so-called peers has outlived the reason of it, and ever since the time of the truculent author of the Letters of JUNIUS it has been a popular superstition that trial by jury is the palladium of English liberty. No one, we believe, has suggested that in cases of this description the old and somewhat barbarous contrivance of a jury should be abolished, and we shall not attempt the vain task of ejecting so grand an idea as a palladium from the popular imagination. Keep juries by all means in every case where there is supposed to be a possibility of evidence being strained in favour of the constituted authorities. But Mr. JONES, when he is sued by Mr. SMITH on the common money counts, does not seem to stand in need of any special palladium, and the suitability of this mode of trial must be determined on other grounds. The questions to be considered are not only whether a judge sitting alone is more likely to arrive at a correct conclusion than a jury guided by a judge, but also which method may be expected to foster the greater respect for the decision arrived at, and which is the more consistent with the maintenance of the dignity and high repute of the Bench.

It was once said by a very brilliant judge that there were many cases which could only be decided by tossing up, and that it was more seemly that a jury should toss up than a judge. No one can really, for instance, appraise at its true pecuniary value a broken limb or a damaged reputation, and it seems desirable that all assessments of damages in such cases should be made by juries. Then, again, it has been said that suitors are more satisfied with the unreasoned verdict of a jury than with the reasoned decision of a judge; and if this were true, it would be a ground for extending the employment of juries even to cases not specially unfit for judicial decision. But it is as certain as such a matter can well be that this notion that suitors—or at any rate that honest suitors—like juries is an utter delusion. In the County Courts a jury is seldom asked for, and in the Divorce Court, where the judge has a certain discretion, it is observed that petitioners almost always desire a trial without jury, while respondents for the most part prefer twelve untrained laymen to one acute and experienced judge. Now this occurs in a kind of litigation where the fiercest conflict of evidence may be looked for, where the least scrupulous and most strongly tempted witnesses are put into the box, and where, therefore, the supposed instinct of juries in discriminating truth and falsehood ought to be of inestimable value. The inference is obvious. A petitioner generally believes that he has a good case. A respondent, at least as often as not, knows that he has a bad one. It would seem therefore that, as a rule, suitors who think that they have the truth on their side prefer a judge, while suitors with doubtful or desperate defences are anxious to take the chance of misleading a jury. We conclude, therefore, that there is, to say the least, no respectable prejudice in the minds of ordinary suitors in favour of juries, and that the resort to them may (subject to the exceptions we have noticed) be safely governed by the consideration whether they are likely to promote or obstruct the success of the party who is in the right.

It is quite clear, in the first place, that no mixed question of law and fact should ever be submitted to a jury. The temptation to assume legislative power and override the law under pretence of determining facts is often irresistible. It is seldom that a Company can get justice from juries, they have shown themselves quite incapable of holding an even hand between parties of different sex, and many other prejudices notoriously affect their decisions. Bearing in mind these and the like consequences of the indiscriminate use of juries, we think that some such rules as the following might well be laid down:—

1. Juries to be employed in the trial of all criminal and quasi-criminal cases, in estimating damages whenever their amount is necessarily of an uncertain character, and in the trial of such other specific questions as the Court may consider unfit for judicial determination.

2. Juries never to be allowed to decide on mixed issues of fact and law; in other words, all verdicts to be special verdicts in answer to distinct questions previously settled by the Court or propounded by the judge at the trial.

3. These rules to be departed from only with the consent of both sides.

With such modifications the jury system would cease to be a reproach to a civilized and rational nation.

Let us now consider in what form evidence ought to be adduced, whether it be taken before one or more judges or before a judge and jury. The advantages of *viva voce* evidence are so obvious, and the absurdity of the Chancery system has been so abundantly confirmed by experience, that we shall assume that, in some shape or other, witnesses must as a general rule be produced and examined before the tribunal which is to decide the issues. It still remains, however, to be considered how far it may be practicable, either generally or in exceptional cases, to modify with advantage the ordinary course of a Nisi Prius trial. Two objections (and two only, so far as we know) have been urged against this mode of investigation—one that a party with a good case may sometimes be defeated by surprise for which no satisfactory redress can be given, and the other that the process is unreasonably expensive. The danger of surprise would, we believe, be obviated almost entirely if the system of open pleading of actual facts, as distinguished from legal inferences, with sworn answers, were substituted for the vague and often false pleadings by which Common Law procedure is embarrassed. With really effective pleadings both plaintiff and defendant will be tied down to proof of the facts on which the bill and answer are based, and no evidence can well be called which the opposite party ought not to be prepared to meet. The only weighty objection to *viva voce* trials is the expense (sometimes enormous) which they involve. Witnesses cannot be kept waiting in attendance on a Court day after day and preserved in a proper frame of mind without very considerable outlay, and no arrangements have yet been devised by which it can be known beforehand precisely, or even approximately, at what hour of what day a cause will be called on. Expense is a grave matter, and may sometimes involve an actual denial of justice to all but wealthy suitors. Still the interests of truth and justice must not be sacrificed altogether to economy, and the inexpensive method of proving facts by affidavit ought not to be admitted, except in cases where it can be ascertained with reasonable confidence that no serious conflict of testimony will occur. To sort causes at an early stage, with the object of applying different modes of procedure to different cases would be somewhat difficult; but with full open pleadings it would not be impracticable; and we think that power should be given to the Court, immediately after the pleadings are complete, to direct whether the mode of trial should be by *viva voce* evidence before the Court, with or without jury, or by affidavit. This was the idea on which the Report of the Chancery Commission of 1852 was based; but the recommendation broke down in practice, because, the number of judges being insufficient to do the work, the oral examination was relegated to examiners out of Court, a process almost more futile than the pure affidavit system. Various attempts to patch up the evidence machinery of the Court of Chancery were subsequently made from time to time, but all came to nothing, because the Legislature would not supply a sufficient staff of judges to allow oral examination in Court to be made the rule. We assume that a measure which is meant to be sweeping and comprehensive will not be suffered to fail by a continuance of the parsimony which has already done so much mischief, and that Equity judges as well as Common Law judges will be allowed in future to ascertain facts in the only satisfactory way. The substitution of the cheaper affidavit procedure in appropriate cases, if guarded by very careful restrictions, would, however, be a great boon to suitors. Probably it might be found safe to admit affidavit evidence subject to some such rules as these:—

1. Affidavits to be admissible in all cases where neither side asks for a *viva voce* trial.

2. Affidavits to be filed alternately as on motion for decree, and not sprung upon the other side as they are when issue is joined by replication.

3. When affidavits are allowed, each party to be at liberty to cross-examine in Court (on reasonable notice of such intention), with the privilege, where the Court thinks it right, of recalling a witness to meet statements made on cross-examination—a privilege the want of which has often proved fatal on the cross-examination, in Chancery, of stubborn witnesses who know that their assertions cannot be displaced.

4. In all cases where affidavit evidence is not directed, the procedure to be by *viva voce* evidence as at Nisi Prius, and, if before a judge and jury, specific issues to be settled by the Court on which the jury are to find their verdict.

A scheme of this character would, we believe, combine in the best possible way the efficiency of *viva voce* examination with the economy of affidavit evidence. It would require an addition to the judicial staff, and that (if an objection) is the only objection which, so far as we can see, can possibly be urged against it.

Some such idea as ours seems to have been floating in the mind of the draftsman of the Government Bill, but to have been unfortunately overmastered by his dread of disturbing any jurisdiction or procedure except that of the Court of Chancery. The Schedule does give the Court a discretion to say whether a trial shall take place before a judge with or without assessors, or before a judge and jury, and adds the rather dangerous authority of handing over the judge's work to a referee. It also gives some discretionary power of using affidavit evidence. But the Bill itself provides that, if either party desires a jury, the Court shall have no power to deprive him of it, unless it also deprives him of his judge and sends the whole question to a referee. If the right to a jury (though, as we have seen, not generally prized by *bonâ fide* suitors) is too sacred to be touched without consent when the hearing is to be before a judge, it is difficult to understand why the substitution of a referee should remove the difficulty. This otherwise unintelligible arrangement may possibly have been suggested by the fact that the existing Common Law procedure does recognize trials without juries before arbitrators forced on the parties, though it is not the practice to hold such trials before a judge alone. This consideration, however, loses some of its weight when it is remembered that the Judicature Bill is, or ought to be, something more than a servile reproduction of existing Common Law practice. If our views are right, it would not be difficult to modify the Bill so as to bring it into harmony with the principles which we have dwelt upon, and which the Bill itself is probably not intended to subvert.

SCOTCH AND IRISH PEERS.

AN illustrious Assembly which often complains of want of employment might do worse than in providing a remedy for an undoubted grievance. The House of Lords consists of hereditary members, of members for life, and of elected members who must possess an hereditary qualification. There is for the moment no active agitation either against spiritual peers or in favour of the appointment of temporal peers with a similar tenure of their dignity; but several Irish peers have lately revived the well-known objections to their anomalous position. One of them pathetically complains that he is disfranchised, having neither the seat in the Irish House of Lords which induced, as he says, his ancestor to accept the burden of an earldom, nor the right to apply to the priests for permission to enter the House of Commons as member for an Irish constituency. The Scotch peers, though they have borne their misfortunes in silence, might justly point to their own more pitiable condition. Their Irish brethren often profit by the right of representing English constituencies, but the Scotch peer is absolutely excluded from Parliament, unless he has the fortune to be elected by his equals to sit in the House of Lords. The disability was first created by the Scottish Act of Union. Lord FALKLAND, who, according to Mr. CARLYLE, has acquired immortal fame by being killed in a clean shirt, was a Scotch peer and a member of the English House of Commons; and probably there were other instances in which the same persons held seats in the two neighbouring Parliaments. The restriction imposed in 1707 was probably due to English jealousy, though it might have been supposed that the competition of Scotch peers could, as a general rule, not have been formidable to English candidates. Irish peers occupied in some respects a different position; for every Scotch peerage is held by a family of Scotch descent, while many Irish peerages were, both before and after the Union, conferred on Englishmen who were supposed not to be sufficiently powerful or sufficiently meritorious to claim a seat in the English House of Lords. GEORGE III., in one of his letters to Lord NORTH, intimates his determination to make no more Irish marquises, because he has too much respect for English earls to squander a title ostensibly higher than their own. There are several Irish peers who have not an acre of land in Ireland, and who have perhaps never even visited the country. The political JOE MILLER records the offer of PITT to give one of his supporters an Irish peerage in preference to granting his request for permission to drive through the Horse Guards. It was often convenient to gratify a faithful follower with a title and at the same time to retain his services in the House of Commons. Other Irish peerages were bestowed on diplomatists who may perhaps have turned their rank to the public advantage in foreign Courts. Two younger sons of a Durham baronet were decorated in this manner, within a few years, as a reward for their diplomatic services. Mr. WILLIAM EDEN, afterwards a peer of the United Kingdom, became Lord AUCKLAND in the Irish peerage, after he had negotiated the French Commercial Treaty, and while he was Ambassador at Madrid. Mr. MORTON EDEN'S descendant still sits, under the title of Lord HENLEY, for an English constituency.

Tears of compassion provoked by the pitiful story of Irish peers must be easily elicited. The nobleman who complains that faith was not kept with his ancestor forgets that services to the Irish Government of the day would probably not have been recognized by the gift of an earldom if the title had been as valuable as in England. The disfranchised Irish peer has a vote for twenty-eight representative members of the House of Lords; and, if he is in a minority, he is no worse off than a Conservative commoner who happens to live in Scotland. His chance of being selected by his party to contest an English seat is considerably increased by his possession of a title. Lord PALMERSTON, who was an Irish peer, may be thought to have enjoyed during sixty years a fair share in political life. The late Lord MAYO would not have been Viceroy of India if he had been an English or Irish commoner. An Irish peer and his son at this moment represent two important districts in a midland county. One, if not more, of the leading members of the House of Lords would probably be well content to return to the House of Commons, if accident had reduced them to the unhappy state of Irish peers. The social advantages of the peerage are equally shared by the titled Pariahs from Ireland. Their wives and their children bear titles not less sounding than those of their English equals, and they take precedence according to priority of creation. Scores of peers of the United Kingdom, some of them pure-bred Englishmen, are only known to the world by older or higher Irish titles; and an English marquis thought it worth while a few years ago to accept an Irish dukedom. Even Scotch peers, who are subject to heavier disabilities, would seldom be content to subside, if they had the choice, into the rank of commoners. CHAUCER thought that a woman was quite right in wishing her husband to be made an alderman, because

> It is full fair to be y-cleped "Madame,"
> And go to church the neighbours all before.

It is still fairer to be called "My Lady," and to take precedence of greater personages than even the wives of aldermen; and a Scotch peerage has, in addition to its other attractions, the advantages of a tontine. By the Scotch Act of Union creations of Scotch peers were prohibited, and consequently the most recent Scotch peerage must be a hundred and seventy years old. By the Irish Act of Union the Crown was restricted to the creation of one peerage for every three peerages which might become extinct, but of late years the prerogative has seldom been exercised, and it is scarcely probable that any further creations will take place. Many Irish peerages have, to the benefit of surviving families, died out since the first year of the present century. Scotch peers are more tenacious of family vitality, because their creation was ordinarily limited to heirs general, and there is a strong probability that some remote ancestor may still be represented through sons or daughters.

Although the grievances of the oppressed peers may not urgently demand a remedy, an inconvenience which affects the country at large rather than the excluded peers or the parts of the kingdom from which they derive their dignities might be advantageously removed. It would have been much better to provide for the election of the repre-

sentative peers by drawing lots than to allow the whole number to elect sixteen peers for Scotland and twenty-eight for Ireland. It was easy to foresee that only the majority would be represented, and the actual operation of the arrangement has been flagrantly unjust and absurd. The Duke of WELLINGTON and the late Lord DERBY successively appointed the Irish representative peers as often as occasion occurred; and if the exercise of Parliamentary patronage by a Minister is objectionable, it is still more anomalous that a leader of Opposition should be able to secure through his nominees a permanent majority in the House of Lords. To Lord MILLTOWN'S complaint that the Conservative majority now refuses to elect a Liberal representative peer, it is perhaps a sufficient answer that, as a general rule, it is unusual to vote for a political opponent; but there is no electoral system in the kingdom to which the modern device of representation of a minority could be more fairly applied. There is no risk that peers, even of the Liberal party, will choose exponents of revolutionary doctrines; and at the worst a Jacobin peer, of which type there were formerly one or two specimens, would be as innocuous in the House of Lords as a wild elephant lashed on either side to a dozen tame companions. When an innovation in the constitution of the House of Lords of a much more questionable kind was proposed three or four years ago, Mr. BRIGHT, then a Cabinet Minister, remarked with characteristic good taste that there was no use in tinkering an incurable institution. The peers themselves probably hold a different opinion; and if they were to pass a Bill enabling the minorities of Scotch and Irish peers to have a share in the representation, the House of Commons could scarcely refuse to assent to the improvement. The Government cannot be expected to propose a measure which might perhaps not satisfy the Conservative peers; but the more prudent members of the House of Lords would not unwillingly see the diminution of their own numerical preponderance, especially as an invidious scandal would be simultaneously abated. It would often be less disagreeable to be outvoted than to choose between the acceptance and the rejection of an unavoidable and unpalatable measure; and it may even be conjectured that the best means of preserving what remains of the power of the Upper House would be to afford facilities for the introduction and adoption of Ministerial measures. The House of Lords has never sunk into the state of political incapacity which is proverbially expressed by the phrase *non possumus*; but *nolumus*, which is understood, though it may not be uttered, deprives statesmanlike concessions of much of their utility and grace. An amendment of the two Acts of Union would present no serious constitutional difficulty, and the introduction of a truer representation of the Scotch and Irish peerages would be only temporarily necessary. If the House of Lords lasts so long, many of the exceptional peerages would either become extinct or be absorbed in ordinary peerages within fifty years. If Lord PORTARLINGTON'S figures are correct, there are now 41 Scotch peers and 107 Irish peers who are not peers of the United Kingdom. Of these, 44 sit in the House of Lords as representatives, leaving 104 to be provided for, or pitied, according to the measure of their sufferings. Only two or three weeks ago Lord NORMANTON was made a peer of the United Kingdom, and both political parties are likely in turn to summon partisans of their own into the higher circle. When only fifty are left outside, it would be at the same time humane and harmless to remove their provincial disqualification; and, with the necessity for electing representatives, the existing abuse and the provisions by which it might be mitigated would equally disappear. A visible hole in a vessel or in an institution is more objectionable than the blemish which may possibly result from the process of tinkering.

WHAT NEXT?

MR. CAWLEY has not succeeded in persuading the House of Commons to pass his little Bill for allowing steam-engines and trains of trucks free course over all the roads and highways of the country; but there is to be a Select Committee on the subject, and the proposal will no doubt be renewed, and there is no saying but what Mr. CAWLEY, if he has only perseverance enough, may have his way in the end. It may occur to some people that England will be rather a lively country when steam-engines are careering wildly in all directions up and down the public roads. Horses still play an important part in English life, but of course if locomotives are coming into general use, horses must be prepared to retire from the field, and be replaced by steam-machinery. We would merely venture to suggest that it might be as well to make sure of the machinery being available for every purpose before horses are finally dispensed with. At least it is difficult to see how the two will get on together. The only hope for the public would seem to be a free fight between tramways, road-steamers, and the rest of the invaders. They cannot very well all have the roads, and when they have run each other down, the public may have a chance of coming by its own. Perhaps it is only natural that the success of the tramway speculators should have encouraged the road-steamer fanatics. Everybody knows the old story of the ship captain who thought that land was rather useful in its way, as something you could stick an anchor into and get provisions from; and it is almost amusing to observe the calm way in which different sets of people assume that the public highways were constructed simply to serve certain private purposes of their own, and that the public should be thankful if any room is left for it at all. Not long since we found ourselves in one of the chief suburban thoroughfares of London, with the whole of the pavement on one side occupied by droves of sheep and cattle, and the roadway by a quick succession of tramway-cars filling both lines of rails, the pavement on the other side being graciously left for pedestrians, in so far as it was not wanted for perambulators. For vehicles which were not tramway-cars there could hardly be said to be any room at all; they were compelled to dodge about in nooks and angles of the way, making a spurt when the road was clear for a moment, and then taking shelter in a side opening till the rush of cars and cattle had again somewhat subsided. One of the drovers explained that it was impossible for him to turn his animals into the road, as they would there be cut to pieces by the tramway-cars. He took for granted that this circumstance conferred either a statutory or Common Law right on drovers and cattle to take possession of the pavements. If steam-engines are added to the tramways, it will certainly be time to ask the Duke of ARGYLL, who is, we believe, President of the Aëronautic Society, how he and his friends are getting on with flying-machines.

Mr. CAWLEY appears to be of opinion that the time has come when steam-engines should be turned loose upon the world on their own responsibility. Parliament ought to assume that they are quite capable of knowing right from wrong, and behaving properly, and should be content with enforcing penalties for misconduct. His Bill proposed that any locomotive which did not emit smoke, and which when working did not produce any noise by steam, or discharge steam into the air, should have the freedom of all the roads in the kingdom, on paying tolls if it came to a bar. It would of course be at liberty to cut up the highways without incurring even this trifling expense. Locomotives which did not conform to these conditions as to smoke and noise were to be required to obtain a licence from the Board of Trade before setting out on their travels. Of course, if the Bill had passed, locomotives of every kind would have taken to the road indiscriminately, and the responsibility of objecting to them and of proving that they smoked or snorted would have been thrown on public-spirited persons who were willing to spend time and money in a law-suit. Each locomotive would of course be provided with a set of attendants, who might not know very well how to drive it, but who would be warranted to swear against any odds that it never smoked and never snorted. Another provision was that in towns locomotives were not to go faster than five miles an hour, or in the country faster than eight miles; but here, again, there would be an obvious difficulty in determining at what rate an engine was going. Eight miles an hour is a pace which would rather make country people wink, and it would be hard to say whether the engine might not be going at ten or twelve miles an hour. It is a nice question whether an engine that makes a noise or an engine that does not make a noise is more dangerous. In the first case, your horse may be frightened, but at least you have a warning of the approaching monster; in the other case, it is down on you, dashing along at ten miles an hour, before you know where you are. Under the Bill, country districts, including many populous hamlets and villages, with children playing in the road, carts and gigs standing at doors or driving along, would have been provided with a fair share of the perils and excitements of Mugby Junction. One of the supporters of the Bill remarked that locomotive engines ought not to be placed in a worse position than other vehicles of a similar size travelling along the high road; but pace, to say nothing of noise, fire, and smoke, has

surely something to do with the question of public safety. This member was disposed to put horses out of account. They are not represented in Parliament, and besides, as he said, what will not horses shy at? People who ride or drive horses may perhaps, however, be disposed to think that the feelings of horses are entitled to some consideration, if only for the sake of the limbs and lives of those who use them. Mr. CAWLEY said the time had come when those interested in the use of these locomotives ought to know what the law was, but he might have satisfied this modest desire by a reference to the statutes in the library of the House of Commons. We have occasionally met a procession composed of a man carrying a red flag with a road-steamer following slowly, in his wake, and perhaps horses are trying to get accustomed to this apparition. But it may reasonably be doubted whether either men or horses are quite ripe as yet for locomotives, with perhaps a long train of trucks behind them, rushing along at ten or twelve miles an hour, blowing off smoke, snorting, shrieking, and scattering red-hot cinders in all directions, and then perhaps exploding in the middle of the road as a pretty climax. One member who gave his experiences in the course of the debate stated that a road-steamer which visited his neighbourhood first broke up the highway for a mile or so into holes and pits, and then smashed itself in despair. There is no reason to suppose that the drivers of locomotives are likely to be men of a very superior class, and we have some experience in towns of the perils to which the public is exposed from wild waggoners and homicidal cabmen. There is certainly something more exciting than pleasant in the idea of having men of this sort turned loose on steam-engines all over the country, whirling through narrow, twisting country lanes, and racing along highways.

It would perhaps have hardly been worth while to notice this happily abortive Bill, if it had not been a measure of a class which seems to be growing more numerous every year, and in regard to which, we are afraid, public opinion is not so resolute as it should be. The old sort of freedom which consisted in the enjoyment of common and equal rights, on the principle of mutual accommodation and give and take, some making way here and others there, so that all might move smoothly along and share alike, would seem to be less appreciated than it used to be. Nowadays each clique and faction has its own pet contrivance, and everything must give way to it. The question is not how all can get along together, but who is to have absolute possession of the public ways to the exclusion of the rest. Mr. CAWLEY's huge locomotive, snorting, fuming, crashing over the roads, and sweeping everything before it, may almost be regarded as an emblem of the rude intolerance and arrogant pretensions of the modern spirit. Now the tramway, now the locomotive, claims the highway as its own, and all other traffic, horse and foot, carts and carriages, is expected to retire before it. Nobody will deny that in their proper sphere tramways and road-steamers may be exceedingly useful and valuable. We have nothing to say against them except that they do not seem to us to supply all the wants and objects of life, and that it is rather hard that the use of the public highways, which are supposed to be maintained for the benefit of all classes in common, should be handed over for the purposes of a minority, to the serious inconvenience, if not exclusion, of the rest of the community. The only comfort is that, when the public has been beaten off, the tramways and locomotives will begin to prey upon each other, and in this way public rights may in time be restored. From this point of view there might be a good deal to be said in favour of Mr. CAWLEY's Bill.

SOCIAL BARRIERS.

THE immortal Dr. Johnson once applied what he supposed to be a crucial test to the sincerity of Mrs. Macaulay's republican principles by proposing that she should invite her footman to sit down with them at dinner. If a willingness to meet social inferiors on equal terms be a fair test of republicanism, it must be granted that the number of genuine republicans in the world is singularly small. Indeed, as is often enough remarked, the effect of democratic political institutions is very often to make the social barriers more impassable than ever. The reason is obvious enough. An American gentleman can less afford to put himself into familiar relations with an Irish labourer in New York than an English nobleman to talk easily to a man of the same class at home, because there is a much greater risk that the free and enlightened citizen will take unpleasant liberties. The absence of any recognized difference makes the protection of a certain reserve more necessary. Invisible barriers have to be thrown up to supply the place of the old tangible distinctions. In a first-class railway carriage in England each passenger knows that his fellow-travellers belong, within certain limits, to the same social stratum with himself, and have therefore a certain common understanding upon various matters. In an American car he can only say that his companions are not niggers; but they may be capable of eating with their knives, of chewing tobacco, and of using language which is not strictly in accordance with conventional usage. You can speak with much more freedom to a fellow-traveller if you have a well-founded confidence that he will not reply by devoting your eyes to eternal perdition. In short, the simple process of shuffling together people who are at the very opposite ends of the scale of civilization does not tend to promote familiarity. Its first effect is to cause the more sensitive units to surround themselves with an imperceptible atmosphere of general repulsion. In the long run possibly the constant intermixture may bring about a closer assimilation; but the immediate consequences—and "immediate" may be interpreted with considerable latitude—are very often the reverse of what they are sometimes hastily assumed to be.

Part of that phenomenon which is generally described as the widening of the gulf between different classes is obviously due to this simple fact. The destruction of a political privilege is tacitly compensated by an increase of social exclusiveness. When we have reached Utopia, the existing awkwardness will be removed. Man will meet man on equal terms; there will be no jealousy on the part of the superior, and no envy from the inferior. Every one will take his place naturally, conscious that it is that for which he is best adapted, and there will be no attempt to create artificial distinctions when those actually existing are felt to repose upon absolute justice. Meanwhile amiable young reformers are apt to attempt to precipitate the process. They fret against the barriers which have sprung up at the very moment of their supposed destruction. They are shocked to discover that their work is only half done, and try to translate the political into social reforms. They give to working-men the right hand of fellowship, sit down to tea with them, and elaborately lay aside the prestige of superior rank and education. They try to talk to their servants as if they were fellow-creatures, and as if the stairs which separate the kitchen from the parlour were not more difficult of ascent—except in a merely physical sense—than the cliffs of the Matterhorn. That such efforts are well meant would be denied by nobody. They are directed against a real evil; for one can hardly consider it as part of the eternal order of things that people whose bodies inhabit the same tenement should be separated from each other in spirit as widely as though they were denizens of different planets. It may even be admitted further that some people have the happy art of really conciliating by condescension; that they can lay aside their robes of state without becoming more imposing in their incognito than in their official costume; and that for them the phrase of putting people at their ease does not really mean producing a general sense of extreme awkwardness, and a forced air of familiarity which is at the very antipodes of the genuine article. A man, however, and even a woman, must be possessed not only of singular benevolence, but of a singularly felicitous manner, if success is to be obtained in such an enterprise. For the great majority, the fetters of custom have penetrated far too deeply into their souls to permit really free action when they voluntarily leave their accustomed sphere. Angels' visits are proverbially rare, and most angels would probably find it hard to lay aside their wings and talk to any mere mortal as to one of themselves. More frequently they come like the "blessed Glendoveer," declaring only too distinctly "'Tis mine to speak and yours to hear," and conferences conducted on such terms may be improving, but scarcely diminish the sense of constraint.

Without denying, therefore, the good which may possibly be effected by crossing the gulf when the innovator has the happy disposition necessary to ensure success, it is more expedient for persons of colder temperament to ask what are the real difficulties to be surmounted. When we appreciate the nature of the obstacles which retard the advent of the millennium, we may expect to aid in removing them by judicious effort, though we cannot hope to overleap them at a bound. The obstacle of which we have already spoken is the most palpable, and is the inevitable result of an unsettled state of society. When nobody is quite certain of his position, and everybody is trying to tread on his neighbour's toes, the result must be a widespread feeling of awkwardness. Vulgarity, in the most general sense, is the product of an attempt to assume habits of thought, or dress, or manner, not as the spontaneous expression of our own taste, but as a conscious imitation of other people's taste. When a servant tries to adopt her mistress's fashions, or an upstart tries to ape an old aristocracy, or an Indian wears Manchester prints instead of his native costume, the same sense of incongruity is produced. Perfect manners, it is said, are to be found only in the uncontaminated East, because there everybody has a traditional code of behaviour from which he never thinks of deviating, and which has become a second nature to him; and therefore, as long as an incessant struggle of classes continues, we shall all feel more or less uncomfortable in each other's presence. But, even assuming this difficulty to be removed in a few centuries, another threatens to be more permanent. We cannot look forward to any time at which cultivation will be uniformly diffused. So far as we can see, the differences are likely to grow rather wider than narrower. In spite of all that has been said about the levelling tendencies of democracy, the differences of fortune increase most rapidly in the

most democratic countries. Millionaires on a scale hitherto unprecedented become daily commoner in New York, whilst the workman's wages, if they rise at all, rise only by imperceptible degrees. Intellectual differences seem to follow the same law. The more science extends, for example, the greater are the exertions required to be decently familiar with its results. It takes the study of many years to be an accomplished chemist or mathematician; and therefore it becomes daily more hopeless for the bulk of mankind who have to live by manual labour to acquire any knowledge worth having upon such subjects. The self-taught genius has daily a harder task before him; for the condition of making additions to our knowledge is familiarity with the vast masses of knowledge accumulated by the labours of preceding generations.

There must thus remain a fundamental difference, tending rather to increase than to diminish, between people at opposite ends of the social scale. For really easy intercourse something like a community of interests is requisite. In order to enjoy a man's society, you must be capable at least of sympathizing with his favourite pursuits. If your whole knowledge, for example, of natural history is confined to recognizing an empirical distinction between a horse and a cow, how can you profitably talk upon such subjects to a man whose mind is a walking British Museum? The region in which he habitually dwells is for you closed by doors which it is impossible to pass. This difficulty is of course merely suggested by way of illustration. As a matter of fact, a tolerably intelligent person who has never got beyond the asses' bridge may converse profitably with a person whose mathematical speculations are so profound as to be intelligible to only half a dozen persons in Europe. But that is because mathematics, however deeply immersed a man may be in the study, fills only one division of his intellect. Even the deepest of mathematicians can take a keen interest in the cooking of a mutton chop, to say nothing of such subjects as poetry, or politics, or theology, which may be said to have a universal human interest. Extend, however, the same principle to other departments of intellectual activity. Take a man who is thoroughly conversant with the great currents of European speculation, and place him in contact with an ordinary ploughman, whose whole intellectual apparatus has been provided at a village school. How can they find real pleasure in each other's society? The ploughman can of course traverse only an infinitesimal part of the philosopher's sphere of thought, and the philosopher, however amiable, will in time grow weary of talk about petty parish gossip, or even reflections upon agriculture from a purely bucolic point of view. The answer, indeed, may be easily given. Such a difference need not cause any sense of awkwardness. If the ploughman is intelligent enough to admit the value of a philosophy which he cannot understand, and therefore to pay due respect to philosophers; and if, on the other hand, the philosopher is not too pedantic to take an interest in simple human passions and troubles, they have a common ground upon which each may give and take some useful information. Unluckily it is just on this ground that the discord is likely to be most complete. The ploughman probably takes an interest in the rate of wages, and attributes his bad pay to a certain inherent meanness on the part of the nearest farmer; the philosopher can only reply by statements about the wages-fund and Malthus, which to his interlocutor are as consoling as a text in Hebrew. The ploughman finds consolation in the doctrines of a Methodist preacher; and the philosopher, if he belongs to a certain class of thinkers, is unable even to conceive how anybody should regard a Methodist as anything but a curious survival of archaic forms of belief. It is not merely that one man knows a certain list of facts of which the other has never heard, but that their whole methods of thought are jarring and mutually exclusive. Add to this that the philosopher feels that his prosperity in a democratic state of society depends very much on the ploughman's good will; while the ploughman is much inclined to class the philosopher with the numerous blood-suckers whom he considers to be living on the fruits of his labour, and it is obvious that there are a good many obstacles, even if all political differences were levelled, to a comfortable intercourse between different classes. Our ploughmen and philosophers, however, are merely special instances of a want of harmony which might be illustrated in a thousand different ways. The misfortune is that the old definition of contemporaries has practically ceased to be true. Of people alive at this moment, many are really living in remote periods of the past; others are really living in the nineteenth century; and not a few are aspiring at least to live in the twentieth. When all people who inhabit the same planet at the same time are truly contemporary, the barriers which now divide them may disappear; for, though not at the same level, they may be in the same scale of thinking beings; but the process of effecting the change is likely to be something of the slowest.

CATHEDRAL LEGISLATION.

THE Cathedral legislation of thirty years ago is one of the great blots of the Statute Book, and may well serve as a standing beacon to reformers of all kinds. It is hard to say which were the worst and most discreditable, the abuses or the remedies; and, considering what the abuses were, this is saying a good deal. The men who undertook to purge and reform the cathedrals found a great and historical organization, enormous resources, and vast and pressing popular wants; they found the wants not attended to nor even recognized, the resources scandalously misappropriated and wasted, the organization—in itself a perfect and admirable machine capable of infinite applications and untold work—at a dead standstill for want of adequate objects, and of zeal and intelligence to find them. These were the abuses, heavy and serious enough. How were they dealt with by the politicians who professed to be filled with righteous indignation at the uselessness of the cathedrals, at their failure to fulfil public duties and to benefit the nation? Not venturing to destroy, they damaged and maimed the machine, so as to make it as useless as possible—quite as useless as it ever had been in its worst days; they alienated, and for a long while frittered away, resources which they did not know how to apply; and as to the popular wants of the country, they had but one idea as to the way in which they were to be met—namely, by multiplying livings with starvation incomes. Filled with the narrowness and conceit of a period singularly shallow in its political doctrines and meagre in its practical measures of policy, they did not choose to take the trouble to master the rationale of the cathedral system. The Chapters certainly did not come before the nation or the Church with clean hands, but they did not want able and learned spokesmen, who, if the reformers had chosen to listen, made it abundantly clear what cathedrals were meant to be, and might still be made. But, for the hasty and priggish legislation of the time, learning was too cumbrous, and real intelligence, with its largeness and its depth, too troublesome. The Cathedral Act of 1840 broke down the cathedral system with axes and hammers. Cathedrals, various in history and in circumstances as they varied in form and size, were all condemned to a pinched and dull uniformity of staff and function. Throughout the Act there is not a trace to be found of any design or even indirect endeavour to stimulate and improve the efficiency of the cathedrals, either as places of solemn popular worship or as centres of ecclesiastical action. The one idea was reduction; reduction stringent and indiscriminate, so as to leave as large a balance as could be gathered from the vast capitular estates for the new fund which was to be administered by the new Commission. The framers of the Act had not the faintest understanding of what a cathedral was intended to be; it never entered their minds that it ever could be made of any use, except to provide places of reward and easy work for exactly the same class of clergymen as those under whom the cathedral system had become a great system of sinecures. That it could be a popular institution, a connecting link between the Church and the masses, a sphere for high enthusiasm and effective work, evidently never crossed the minds of those who drew up the clauses of the Act. That it left deans and canons, with diminished incomes indeed, but also to their old-fashioned poorness of thought as to the duties and services for which they existed, did not trouble the cathedral reformers. They had done enough by cutting down the number of canons to the number of the four seasons; the reform was effected by their being made few, and as to what was to be done by these shrunk-up Chapters, with their magnificent fabrics and their pitiable and unworthy resources for divine worship within them, the Act left that alone. Personally, it was very indulgent to the convenience and the interests of the deans and canons; but in their public capacity it did nothing to remove their difficulties if they should be minded to infuse new vigour into a system hampered and paralysed at every turn with the growth of vested interests, and the claims of chartered and privileged indolence. No important change has perhaps ever been made in England marked by so great ignorance, such vexatious carelessness, and such discreditable want of sympathy with the higher purposes of the institution supposed to be reformed, as the Cathedral Act of 1840. That the cathedrals have survived its mischievous and deadening effects is due to the rise of a spirit in the Church and in the people which the policy of that Act did its best to stifle and defeat by anticipation.

As long as the cathedrals, taking the hint given them by the Act, confined themselves to their old groove and simply went on in the received way, doing very little and venturing on nothing new, the Act appeared merely to be one of rough and hasty spoliation, of which the gains were not very satisfactorily administered. But as soon as the cathedrals began to wake into something like life, and uses were found for them which had not been thought of before, it became clear how recklessly and unskilfully the legislators of 1840 had dealt with the grave interests with which they had meddled. One result soon showed itself. The cathedral reformers had taken care that a Chapter should be reduced to the smallest possible number. Probably assuming that they never could have anything serious to do, the Act had made no provision that they should be efficient. Deans and canons necessarily grow old, and there was nothing to prevent a great and magnificent cathedral, the ornament and central shrine, it might be, of some great city, falling under the management of a body of sick and worn-out old men, past all real work—perhaps past even the outward pretence of it. No margin being allowed, no provision being made for retirement, and human infirmity doing its natural work, it is no wonder that in many instances the slender staff of the cathedrals broke down. In these splendid and costly palaces of religion there were not men to represent it, and cathedral services became a proverb for the meanness and slovenliness of their arrangement. The want of strength, the want of men, the want of relays of workers, have been felt wherever a cathedral has tried to rise to what may be expected from its place and opportunities. It is undermanned for all the various functions which more intelligent thought and greater religious earnestness have found for it; it is undermanned anyhow; but it is further undermanned, because it

is served by men on whose time and work it has not an exclusive, scarcely even a prior, claim; and it is still as much encumbered as ever with exhausted and useless members, for whom no fair mode of retirement was ever thought of till the partial and make-shift Act of two years ago. No cathedral ever begins to stir without feeling itself crippled, without becoming another example of the fatal improvidence which thirty years ago threw away an invaluable inheritance, and upset and deranged and half destroyed a great machinery, instead of patiently and wisely trying to make it fulfil its purpose.

The Act, besides the radical fault of its sweeping and undistinguishing uniformity of cathedral constitution, is full of instances of blundering and short-sighted arrangements, which, in spite of subsequent corrections and amendments, still cause embarrassment to those who have to be guided by it, or to carry it out. But it does in one point profess to look forward, and provide the possibility of mitigating its inconveniences. It actually provides for the possible re-endowment of suspended canonries. There is a kind of grim cynicism about the clause which gives this liberty of re-endowment; for the re-endowment which it mainly contemplates, and which it empowers Chapters to make, is supposed to be out of the "divisible corporate revenues *remaining to the said Chapters, after paying to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners the profits from the suspended canonry.*" The Chapters have leave given to mulct themselves out of their diminished corporate revenues, to fill up the gaps made by the Act, and to restore new canonries in place of others which are "suspended" in the same breath. It is hardly necessary to say that the power has not been put in action, either by the Chapters, or, as the Act also seems, according to the Attorney-General, to permit, by private gifts, although the present Bishop of Lichfield endeavoured to give it vitality. The conditions were not inviting, and the provision has remained a dead letter. But at least it affords a ground for further action. If the Act of 1840, professedly at least, looked not unfavourably on the restoration of places in cathedrals, and on a possible increase of their clergy, it cannot be said, at a time when cathedrals have begun to show something of what they may do for the Church, that it is too late, or too great a departure from the established order of things, to propose practical measures for reinforcing the cathedral body. Mr. Beresford Hope's Bill, which was read a second time on Wednesday, really goes not a step beyond the principle accepted in the Act of 1840; but it regards this principle as one which may seriously be carried into effect, and relieves it of the absurdity thrown round it by the terms and conditions under which the Act of 1840 lets it in. It puts aside the suppositions that it is Chapters who, in the first instance, should re-endow the canonries just taken from them, and that it should be only allowable to revive suspended canonries, but not to create fresh stalls. It simply lays down, broadly and generally, that plans may be laid before the Ecclesiastical Commission by the Chapters, with the sanction of their visitors, for establishing by restoration or creation additional canonries, and accepting endowment for them. It merely enlarges a liberty already given; but it gives it free from the ambiguities, difficulties, and restrictions which have hindered the exercise of this liberty. And when the prospect is considered of the enlarging and unsuspected possibilities of usefulness in the cathedrals, and account is taken of the growing demands of religion, of the increased importance of concentration and joint action, and of the advantage of attaching to places full of every kind of interest, such as the cathedrals, the sympathies of all classes and orders of Church people, the liberty asked for is not too great, and may reasonably be expected to be used with important benefit to the Church.

The Bill rightly leaves as open as possible all the details and conditions of any arrangements that may be made for increasing the staff of the cathedrals. But, in giving facilities for these arrangements, it indicates one special reason why this liberty of establishing new canonries is asked for, and it gives prominence to one very important provision which should accompany them, the pressing need of which is becoming more and more recognized throughout the Church. One chief reason why new canonries are felt to be so desirable is that they would afford the means of connecting with the cathedrals, as diocesan centres, definite offices and functions belonging to the organization of the diocese. Working heads of the Church Societies, inspectors of religious instruction, itinerating preachers, and other clearly defined officers of superintendence, administration, and organized teaching which are likely more and more to grow as the Church extends its work and finds new duties to be done, may with the greatest advantage be joined in membership with the great central church of the diocese. The provision which we refer to is one which speaks of limiting the tenure of the canonry to a term of years, and making this tenure dependent on the performance of the duties assigned to the holder. The embodiment of this idea is a most valuable and original part of the Bill. In truth, the efficiency of the service of the Church, compared with other public services, depends on the degree in which we become familiar with this idea of a man retiring from its responsibilities and duties when he can no longer discharge them. It is obvious that the correlative of such an obligation is a system of pensions in some form or other. It is also obvious that there are great difficulties in the application of this idea, and in the establishment of a pension or retiring fund. There are great departments of Church ministration and service where it would be vain, and perhaps mischievous, to apply it. But there are others where, with fairness and justice, it might be, partially at least, brought into play; and cathedral offices, with the calls on them for special aptitudes, and for full vigour and efficiency if the work of the cathedral is to be properly carried on, seem specially fitted to receive the salutary action of a fair retiring system. A man may do priceless service in a parish long after he is too old to do the work which deans and canons, in their special positions, ought to be equal to doing. The more the idea takes hold of the public mind and the public imagination that great Church functions are no more than great military or civil functions freeholds for life, but depend on the necessary qualifications for their discharge, the better for the service of the Church, and the more hopeful for its prospects in the future.

SCHOOLMASTERS ON SPELLING.

THREATENED men are said to live long; we therefore have some hopes of the English tongue. Otherwise we should begin to fear when we see the enemies who are arrayed against it. We cannot say that we ever before heard either of the National Union of Elementary Teachers or of the Educational Institute of Scotland; but we conceive that education, especially in the form of "elementary teaching," includes the art of spelling—that is, the art of using the "elements" or A B C. When, therefore, Elementary Teachers and Educational Institutes conspire to teach people to spell wrongly, it is something like a betrayal of the citadel by its defenders. What is to be said to people who "desire to secure the maximum of advantage with the minimum of change," and who go and propose to write *sity* for *city*, and at the same time to write *cir*, *cervice*, and *celf* for *sir*, *service*, and *self*? Perhaps, however, it is not to be at the same time, but we are to be sent backwards and forwards and round, round, round. Anyhow, *sir* is to be spelt *cir*—whether all words beginning with *s* are to be so served (*ço cerved?*) we are not told. But *city* is to be spelled *sity* only "if the changes are to be carried further," in which case *g* and *c* soft are to be "abolished altogether." This is beyond us; but it would seem as if *c* soft was to be treated like a victim for sacrifice, to be cockered and pampered for a season and then to be abolished altogether. After being allowed for a while to annex *sir* and *service*, it is in the end to be driven out of *city* and *centre*. But we mark that it is only the "perfervidum ingenium" of the Educational Institute of Scotland which goes so far as this. The Scotch Committee, "convened" by Mr. J. Macarthur, was appointed "to co-operate with the English Committee in the endeavour to devise some practical scheme of lessening the anomalies of our present orthography"; but the English Committee did not look on these special vagaries of their Scottish yokefellows as being "practical schemes." Both Committees, however, English and Scotch, agree in ruling that the history of the English language is a matter of no importance. We are told in a style so grand as to be almost beyond our understanding—

I. This Committee having considered the etymological objection, is of opinion that any disadvantage in this respect would be more than counterbalanced by the educational advantages to be derived from a simplification of spelling.

Perhaps we are not so fully alive as we ought to be to educational advantages; perhaps our own education may have been neglected in those matters. To us it seems that an anomaly here and there is cheaply purchased, so long as we are able by its means to trace out the history of a word or class of words. Thus for instance in the group of which we spoke in a former article, *candle*, *chandler*, *chandelier*, in their somewhat inconsistent spelling and pronunciation, preserve the history of the several stages of the English language at which they crept into it. Arguments like these however, "the etymological objection," the Committee has considered and cast aside. Perhaps we ought to feel abashed, perhaps we ought to cast aside our old-world difficulties on the spot, when we are told in this lordly fashion that they are nothing worth. But we confess that we should be more inclined to bow down if we had the faintest notion who it is that is ordering us in this fashion to forsake the error of our ways. We have said that our darkness is such that we never before heard either of the English Union or of the Scottish Institute in their corporate character. And we are sorry to say that we are no wiser when we read over the names of their leading members. We do not know what may be the claims of Mr. W. Osborne, the English President, or of Mr. J. Macarthur, the Scottish Convener, to be listened to on such a matter; all we can say is that, of the list of names which follow theirs, there is not one of which we ever before heard, and that we mark that, among those whose names are followed by any letters denoting a degree, that of B.A. seems to be the most usual. It is perhaps our own fault, but, as things stand, to us the grand language of the Resolutions seems perhaps just a trifle too grand for those who put it forth.

The second resolution runs thus:—

II. The Committee having also considered the cases of certain words similar in sound but different in meaning, is of opinion that as there is no difficulty in perceiving the meaning of such words, in the spoken language, there need be no difficulty in the written language.

Here again we are a little puzzled by the lofty style of our instructors, but by looking through the list of words which are to be altered, we think we have got a glimmering of its meaning. *Write* is to be spelt *rite*, while *rite* is still to be spelt *rite*—what is to become of *right* and *wright* we are not told; that is to say, the Elementary Teachers think that people may be left to find out

from the context whether *rite* stands for *scribere* or for *ritus*. Our argument of course is that four wholly distinct words, to which, through mere idleness, we have got to give the same sound, are still distinguished, and the history of each is pointed out, as long as each keeps its distinct and appropriate spelling. But the Committee, who are not troubled at *rite* being used both for *scribere* and for *ritus*, become offended at certain other cases of supposed ambiguity:—

The ambiguity in such sentences as the following would be removed by a change of spelling. "I read a book," may mean, "I *am* reading," or, "I *did* read a book." The Present Tense would be "I reed," Past Tense "I red."

"The boy made a bow" may mean, "the boy made obeisance," or, "the boy made an instrument for shooting arrows." The latter should be, "The boy made a bo".

The latter of these two cases is a thoroughly good instance of the reckless way in which these innovators set to work. It is plain that they do not see that the two meanings of the word *bow* are really the same. *Bow, arcus*, and *bow, obeisance* are simply different shades of meaning of the same word. Each means something which is *bowed* (*búgan, beágan*). We have known people who made no difference in the pronunciation, and though *bow*=*arcus* is commonly sounded *bo*, yet the *bow* of a ship, which is essentially the same word, is always sounded in the same way as *bow*=*obeisance*. If we made the distinction in spelling which the Elementary Teachers want us to make, we should be making a distinction where there really is none, and we should be wiping out a piece of history by getting rid of the proofs of the original identity of the two words.

When we look through the proposed vocabulary for "optional spelling," it is plain that the whole thing goes on the principle of paying no regard whatever to the history of words, but of ruthlessly wiping out everything which shows from what quarter they have come, and every mark of earlier and fuller pronunciation. We need hardly go much further when *knight* and *night* are both to be written *nite*, when *knee, kneel*, and *knot* are cut down to *nee, neel*, and *not*, and when *one* is to be written *won*, while *won* seemingly stays as it is. As for the proposed beheading of *knee* and *kneel*, is not Mr. Trollope in some measure the guilty cause? Or was his MS. seized on by some one in the interest of the Elementary Teachers, and was the immortal breeches-maker, whose name in all reason ought to have been *Knevfit*, cut down to *Nevfit* according to some phonetic theory? Yet perhaps we ought not to use the word phonetic, for our Elementary Teachers, English and Scottish, are at least not phonetic in the worst sense. They are satisfied with the Roman alphabet; they ask us to make some very queer spellings out of the letters which we are used to, but they do not ask us to use any new letters, or to stick any of the old ones round about with dots or marks, above, below, or on both sides. And in one point they have lighted, though seemingly quite by chance, upon the right principle for reforming spelling, if spelling is to be reformed at all. They have got hold of the fact, though they do not seem to understand it, that in some of the old editions of the best English writers spellings are to be found which are decidedly to be preferred to those which are now in use. Thus they tell us:—

The following modes of spelling are found in the early editions of Shakspeare, Milton, Spenser, Tyndale, Wichff, Chaucer, and other old authors:—tung—tongue; foren—foreign; plow—plough; yung—young; freud—friend; feeld—field; crumb—crum; delite—delight; dore—door; flud—flood.

And again, after giving a list of reprints of several older writers from Chaucer to Milton, they go on to say,

An examination of these reprints will show, that altho there was no fixt standard of spelling at the time, the same word being often spelt in several different ways on the same page, yet that in a very large number of words the most *common* mode of spelling many words used by the early writers was more simple and more in accordance with the pronunciation than the current spelling.

Thus in the editions referred to, we seldom or never meet with the *b* in *debt, doubt*; the *g* in *sovereign, foreign*; the *e* in *head, heart*; *gh* in *delight*; *c* in *scent, scion*; *w* in *whole*; *s* in *isle, island*; *b* in *lamb, crumb*; the *e* in *believe, field*, &c., and so of many other instances.

With regard to other anomalous words, such as *flood, blood, prove, move, shoe*, &c., altho the present spelling of these words was common at the time referred to, still the simpler forms of spelling them is often met with as *flud, blud, proov, moov, shoo*, &c.

In fact there is scarcely an instance of a difficult or anomalous spelling for which a simpler form may not be found in the editions of the old Authors given above.

All this is perfectly true, and in a great many cases it is much to be regretted that the spelling has been changed, and it would be a great gain if there were any reasonable chance of getting back the older spelling. But why? Not simply because a particular spelling comes nearer to modern pronunciation, but because the older spelling is in most cases—we do not say in all—the most etymologically correct. In many of these words the later spellings wipe out some part of the history of the word or suggest a wrong notion as to its origin. We have already said that, if anybody, English or Scotch, Elementary Teacher or anything else, can persuade the world to write *tung* instead of *tongue*, we shall be ready to rejoice in his triumph, though we are not daring enough to offer to bear the heat of the battle along with him. So it will be well if he can get rid of the *g* in *foreign*, which has crept in where it has no business from some fancied analogy with *reign*, just as printers turn "connexion" into "connection," from some fancied analogy with *affection*. As between *plow* and *plough* we rather prefer the more usual form, as a better memorial of the old final guttural. The *w* in *whole*, and above all the *s* in *island*, it would be a great gain to get rid of, as they too have crept in through misconceptions of the origin of the words. But we cannot, not even to please Chaucer and Milton themselves, agree to give up the *a* in *head* and the *e* in *heart*, because they are survivals, if nothing more, of *heafod* and *heort*. *Hed* is of course accounted for by such an intermediate form as *hoved*, which we find in Sir John Mandeville. Still, however, the *a* came back again, and it is a good thing to have it there. We believe that *crumb* may be harmlessly written *crum*, but to shear the *lamb* of the last letter of his tail, so to speak, would be, not to shear, nor even to flay, but to cut off a limb, or rather a *lim*, as in that word the *b* has no part or lot. But the Elementary Teachers, with charming simplicity, turn these facts to the following purpose. Here is another list:—

C. Modes of Spelling suggested by the analogy of other words of similar formation.

EXAMPLES.

In former times, quite, spite; brisk, risk; told, summer, &c.: were spelt thus—Quight, spight; brisque, risque; tould, sommer. In the same manner, bright, light, opaque, shoulder, world, might be changed into brite, lite, opake, sholder, wurld, with many similar words.

Now the spelling of *quight* was "a mode of spelling (wrongly) suggested by the analogy of other words of (seemingly) similar formation." The *gh* has no business in *quite*, because it is a word of Latin origin, in which the Teutonic guttural never had any place. It was stuck in from a false analogy with *bright, night*, &c. So *sprite* used to be written *spright*, and *sprightly* is still written. But "*delight*" and *spight* are another matter; to change the *c* in "delectare" and "despectus" into our *gh* is a kind of ἀντιπεπονθός for such Latin spellings as "Ædilberctus." But good English *bright* and *light* must stay as they are, if for no other cause, yet for this. Who that believes English history from one end to the other to be all one thing would wish to wipe out the identity of name between the Right Honourable John Bright in the nineteenth century and Beorht Ealdorman in the eighth?

The Elementary Teachers put at the end a collection of extracts headed "Approval of Eminent Persons." But the eminent persons, Mr. Mill, Professor Müller, and others, are so cautious that we think that we have just as much claim to their approval as the Elementary Teachers have. The most cautious of all is Mr. John Morley, who writes thus:—

I think the notion of improving and harmonizing English spelling by recurrence to old forms, wherever they give a spelling more phonetic than that now in use, is excellent, and on this principle within due bounds, much practical service can be done in the way of Spelling Reform. To any Spelling Reform that would re-shape English into arbitrary phonetic forms, I am strongly opposed.

To our mind this is just the right thing. But the Elementary Teachers seem to think it is the right thing too. On the whole we think that reasonable spelling will survive the resolutions of the Elementary Teachers.

INNKEEPERS AND TRAVELLERS.

WE are always supposed to be a great commercial people, and we rather pride ourselves on our practical notions and business-like habits. And, no doubt, in the higher regions of business this self-complacency is sufficiently justified. Nothing can be more thoroughly practical and business-like than the way in which men of business meet each other in strictly commercial affairs. But, on the other hand, how strangely uncommercial we often are in the ordinary, everyday business of life! It would almost seem as if tradesmen when they had to deal, not with each other, but with the general public, threw aside all thought about their customers, and considered themselves entitled to conduct their business in any way that happened to please themselves. Just think, for example, of the retail shopkeepers setting their faces resolutely and ferociously against cash payments, and quarrelling with people who go to them with ready money in their hands rather than break off with the people who seldom, if ever, pay at all. The old-standing grievance about hotels is another illustration of the oddly uncommercial ways of this great commercial community. It might be imagined that it would be the object of hotelkeepers to try to encourage people to come and stay with them, that they would set themselves to consider what their guests would be likely to want, and would do their best to supply those wants, and to make their houses as comfortable and agreeable as possible. If one could banish from the mind all actual experience on the subject, one might even fancy that an innkeeper would be rather pleased than otherwise to see a customer arrive, and would greet him with a propitiatory smile. In real life, of course, we know how little these expectations are realized. Everybody is familiar with the sullen scowl, expressive at its mildest of supercilious indifference, with which the landlord of an inn, on those rare occasions when he condescends to show himself at all, receives his guests, and which is imitated with admirable fidelity by most of his retainers. A nervous visitor can hardly help feeling that he is terribly in the way, that he is putting all these worthy people to a great deal of inconvenience, and that perhaps the best thing he can do will be to apologize for the liberty he has taken and slip away. It is difficult at first sight to see why stopping at an hotel should be an outrage on the host. His open doors appear to invite strangers to enter, and it is on their payments that he depends

for a livelihood. Yet he certainly does his best to convey the impression that he would rather be without them. English hotelkeepers, as a rule, have an air of rather resenting the fate that has put them in this position; and they seem to fancy that their noblest revenge is to let all the world see how very much they are above their work by doing it as badly as possible. In France, in Germany, in Italy, you find landlords and waiters who are still primitive enough to take a pride in their business, and who regard the satisfaction of their customers as the test of success. Compare the sulky, slovenly movements of an ordinary English waiter with the triumphant alacrity of a Frenchman balancing a pile of dishes and covers, and distributing them on every side with the briskness of a conjuror. After all, there is an art in handing plates and pulling corks, and Alphonse looks upon himself as quite an artist in his own way, and his self-esteem would alone compel him to do his best. The old race of English innkeepers and waiters had something of this spirit about them. Many of the innkeepers had risen from being waiters, and the waiters had their chance of some day rising too; but the new system of great hotels has produced a change in this respect. The experience of a waiter is, as a rule, not quite wide enough for the management of one of these vast caravanserais; but the companies can hardly be congratulated on their success in discovering the right sort of people for the work. The choice of gentlemen and ladies of genteel aspirations who have broken down in some other sphere, and who have no practical knowledge of hotel life, does not strike one as particularly promising. The old custom of the landlord bringing in the soup with his own hands survives, we imagine, only in secluded districts; but nobody wants menial attentions of that kind. All that is required is that a landlord should take the trouble to see for himself that things are being managed properly, and should move about among his guests, in order to ascertain their wants and give the necessary orders. As it is, the great man dwells like a star apart, and makes all his arrangements without the slightest regard to the convenience or requirements of visitors. They find a hard and fast system which has been planned from a point of view just the opposite of their own, and to which they have to adapt themselves as best they can.

An American "Victim" wrote to the *Times* the other day, apparently under the impression that there is a general conspiracy on the part of Englishmen to recover the *Alabama* damages by plundering American travellers in detail. If it were only Americans who suffered we might bear it with more equanimity. Unfortunately the idea that an exception is made in favour of natives is a pure delusion. Britons or Americans, natives or aliens, all suffer alike at the hands of the remorseless innkeeper. Of course the "Victim's" letter has provoked replies. We are assured that American hotels are much more extravagant than our own; and the soundness of some of the "Victim's" complaints is sharply challenged. His assertion that English hotels are not only ruinously extravagant, but that in accommodation, food, and service they are miserably deficient, is certainly too sweeping; but if the innkeepers were wise, they would derive much instruction from his letter. If travellers were questioned on their return from a trip, we believe it would usually be found that what exasperated them most was not so much the general charges of the hotels where they had put up, as particular items, often trifling in amount, but outrageously out of proportion to the real cost of the articles supplied. They had asked perhaps for a cup of tea and a biscuit, or a slice of bread and butter, and had been charged as if for a full meal. They had ordered an egg or some other trifle as an addition to the ordinary breakfast, or as a substitute for supper, and found that eggs were reckoned at famine prices. The wine-card is, of course, a continual source of grumbling, for everybody knows something of wine nowadays, both as regards quality and price, and is naturally disgusted to find himself charged twice or thrice as much at an inn as he pays when at home. The American "Victim" resented a demand of 3*s.* 6*d.* or 4*s.* a head for a couple of diminutive soles, a couple of stale eggs, some tea, and bread and butter, as an obvious overcharge; but nothing seems to have really revolted him so much as a charge of 8*d.* for washing a shirt. We should say that, as a rule, the tariff of most English hotels, as far as lodgings are concerned, is not unreasonable; nor is it out of the way in other respects—always excepting the wine list—for a man with a very good appetite who takes his meals just at those hours which the host chooses to appoint. The fault of the system is that the charges are all framed on an estimate of the wants of a person of this kind, and that they are not adapted to the diversity of individual tastes and requirements. Nothing, for example, can be more exorbitant in its way than a charge of 3*s.* for a lady's breakfast, considering what a lady usually eats. Lunch is hardly recognized as a meal by itself, and if you happen to go beyond a simple chop or bread and cheese, you are charged as if for an ample dinner. In France you can always get a dish or series of dishes suitable for any kind of appetite, from a mere snack to a substantial meal, and you pay accordingly. But the English bill of fare lacks this elasticity and variety. Two classes of people frequent hotels—people who are travelling on business, and people who are travelling for pleasure—and the engagements of both classes render fixed arrangements as to meals irksome and disagreeable. If you are very hungry and can eat a great deal, and choose to breakfast or dine at the landlord's hour, you may do very well; but once wander from the prescribed arrangements, and attempt to indulge any little caprice or convenience of your own, and you are sure to find exasperating traces of it in the bill. The only way in which the extremely various wants of travellers can be fairly met is by charging, not for meals as a whole, but for the different articles which a traveller chooses to order according to a fixed tariff. An hotelkeeper who has undertaken to answer the "Victim" declares that fixed tariffs are now common in English hotels; but if they are, they would seem to be chiefly reserved for the host's private use. To be of any service, they should of course be freely exhibited in all parts of the hotel, in the bed-rooms and sitting-rooms as well as in the coffee-room. There can be no doubt that innkeepers commit a great mistake as regards their own interests in not allowing their guests more freedom in the choice of refreshments during the day, and in slipping in exorbitant charges for little things which irritate and rankle far more than the total of the bill.

Political economists assure us that everything is settled by supply and demand. Now there is certainly a demand, and a very strong demand, for comfortable hotels, and there is no artificial monopoly of the trade—for the licensing system hardly operates to that extent, except in isolated cases—yet everywhere we hear the same complaints of the deficiencies of hotel accommodation, and of the excessive charges with which they are associated. Instead of encouraging people to travel, the innkeepers might almost be supposed to have bound themselves in a solemn league and covenant to do all they can to keep people at home. The country is prosperous and flush of money. All classes have been learning to spend freely, to take more recreation, to run about more than they used to do. There is an evident inclination to supplement the regular summer holiday by an occasional little trip of three or four days. Saturday to Monday in the country is becoming almost a domestic institution. But the great drawback to this indulgence is the discomfort and expense of living at hotels. And it may be remarked, as another instance of the extraordinary way in which the business of pleasure is conducted, that the railways on their part certainly do not neglect to do what they can to promote the discouragement of travelling. What can be more wantonly absurd and disgraceful than the ordinary arrangements of the ticket-office? You are kept hanging about in a bare and cheerless hall, with draughts of air in every direction, until it is near the hour at which your train is to start. There is a general rush to the wicket, a struggle past the barrier, and then you are pushed out at the other end by an impatient crowd almost before you have had time to pick up, let alone counting, your change. The rules of most Companies are inexorable on this point. No tickets are to be issued until a quarter of an hour before the train starts. Yet it is difficult to see what harm would happen to the Companies if a traveller could go or send to the station and get his ticket whenever it suited his own convenience. The Scotch Railway Companies are decidedly ahead in this respect. In Edinburgh or Glasgow you can go into a bookseller's or confectioner's shop and purchase a railway ticket, or bundle of railway tickets, which you can use whenever you please. In this way the Companies encourage railway travelling, or at least the sale of railway tickets. Probably the tickets thus bought are not all used, but it is tolerably certain that more tickets are sold than if the purchaser had to make up his mind on each occasion, and to pay separate fares. If the railways were managed on sound commercial principles, they would naturally push the sale of their tickets in every direction, and might even allow a discount on taking a quantity. As for railway refreshment rooms, it is of course impossible to imagine anything more fanatically uncommercial, but the subject is too painful to be dwelt upon.

It is an old story that the English take their pleasure sadly, but if they do so still, it is mainly due to the perversity and stupidity of those who undertake to minister to their pleasure. In almost every direction we find the same eagerness to discourage and repel. The series of miserable experiences involved in going to the play are tolerably familiar—the choice of bad back seats at the box office if you take places beforehand, the good seats being reserved for the sake of the boxkeeper's tips at nights; the fees for the bill, for opening the door, and for attendants here and attendants there; the uncomfortable seats, hard and narrow; the poisonous atmosphere; the exorbitant charges for simple refreshments; the gang of roughs and thieves who are allowed to hang about the entrance under the pretence of calling carriages. It may be imagined that one must be a very passionate playgoer to care to run the gauntlet of these amenities very often in a year. There is nothing perhaps that irritates strangers so much in this country as the incessant demand for fees and tips to which they are subjected on every hand; but natives are probably too much accustomed to it to feel it so keenly. It may be questioned whether the late Mr. Peabody's philanthropy ever took a more practical or useful form than in strenuously resisting all demands of this kind.

Since the siege of Paris, London has been taking up an important position as the resort of foreign travellers, and there can be no doubt that those who have charge of the business of pleasure in its various forms would find it eminently profitable to make the capital more agreeable to strangers. The French just now do not care to go to Germany, and the Germans are not made particularly welcome at Paris. The Americans who pass through London would be glad to spend more time here if an attempt were made to meet their wants. In itself London has now considerable attractions as a pleasure city. In the last few years it has gained in brightness and ar-

chitectural dignity. The Parks have been greatly improved, and the surrounding country within easy reach has always been renowned for its natural beauty. It has probably the best operatic companies in Europe, and its theatres are capable of improvement. The headquarters of business have naturally an attraction for the votaries of pleasure, who often wish to combine both; and all that is wanted to make London the great meeting-place of the world is that those whose duty it is to entertain strangers should, if only for their own sake, endeavour to turn their opportunities to good account by thinking a little less about their own convenience and stereotyped ways, and a little more about what their guests are likely to want.

THE POPE'S ILLNESS.

IT has been almost as difficult during the last fortnight to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion about the real condition of the health of Pius IX. as to decide, amid the mass of conflicting evidence, whether Clement XIV. was or was not poisoned a century ago. So eagerly were the rival journals of Italy and the Vatican engaged in contradicting one another, that one might have imagined it was a point of faith with the Clericals that his present Holiness is immortal, and with the Liberals that his end is come. If the *Fanfulla* asserted that the Pope was confined to his bed and could see nobody, the *Voce della Verità* was sure to reply, with much bubbling indignation at so audacious a falsehood, that he had got up for half an hour and received a deputation with Peter's pence; if the *Osservatore Romano* asserted that he was decidedly better, the *Italia* would rejoin next morning that his physicians considered the disease to be chronic, and that, at his advanced age, it could only have the most serious results. According to one report, His Holiness was forced by his Ultramontane attendants to get up and hear mass on Holy Thursday, against the urgent remonstrances of the doctors and of his most attached personal friends, in order that it might not be supposed he was too ill to do so. On the other hand, it seems to be allowed by the clerical organs that Cardinal Antonelli has written to foreign Governments to express a hope that, in the event of the Pope's death, no difficulty will be made about acknowledging whomsoever the Sacred College may elect as successor. For the present, however, it is pretty generally admitted that all immediate danger is over. But even Popes are mortal, and at the age of eighty-two it is impossible not to remember that Pius IX., though he comes of a very long-lived family, cannot hope to live for ever. We have indeed heard on good authority of a venerable lady who was visited with a severe illness at ninety-two, which, as she remarked in confidence to her more intimate friends, 'had always been a critical time of life with her family," but who recovered, and lived to be ninety-nine. If Pius IX. should attain to the same green old age, he will have almost succeeded in doubling "the years of Peter," which no previous Pontiff has presumed to equal; and he is reported the other day to have told an aged French priest, who came to pay his respects at the Vatican and apologized for his deafness on the ground of his old age, that he "was much older himself, and meant to live a good while yet." Perhaps he may; we are far from grudging him his full tale of years. But it is only natural that his recent illness should lead both statesmen and ecclesiastics to speculate on the possible chances of a vacancy of the Holy See, and how it is likely to be filled. Even the easy-going people who are in the habit of putting aside all difficulties with the selfish consolation that the system will last their day, may be excused for feeling some anxiety in the prospect of a change of *personnel* in the claimants of official infallibility. The *status quo* may be expected to continue during the lifetime of Pius IX., but what then?

In the first place, it must be remembered that, if the Papacy is immortal, it cannot be said that the Pope never dies. The proud proclamation, "Le roi est mort, vive le roi!" does not apply here. An interval of some days there must always be, and there has sometimes been an interval of years, between the death of one Pope and the election of another. There was a two years' vacancy, for instance, between the death of Celestine IV. and the election of Innocent IV., and three years intervened between Clement IV. and Gregory X., who succeeded him. In the next century, again, the See was vacant for two years after the death of Clement V., who removed the Papal Court to Avignon. No such interregnum certainly has occurred of late years, or is likely to occur, but some break there necessarily must be, nor can there be any guarantee for the new Pope carrying out the policy of his predecessor. The Prime Minister, as well as all the Monsignori—who are supposed to be the Pope's domestic chamberlains—go out of office as a matter of course on his death, and it is against all received usage for the Prime Minister to be elected Pope, or to resume his former functions. Lambruschini, it is true, devoted all his energies to securing his own election after the death of Gregory XVI., but only with the result of splitting up the Conservative party among the Cardinals, and paving the way for the election, after an unusually brief Conclave, of a Pope credited at the time with Liberal sentiments, though the great majority of his electors were of the opposite school of thought. Not unfrequently indeed there has been a sharp contrast between the line and character of successive Popes. Thus, in the critical sixteenth century, to the polished and sensual unbeliever Leo X. succeeded the strict ascetic Adrian VI., and to him again the easy-going and worldly Clement VII., who was in turn followed by the stern Paul III., the founder of the Roman Inquisition, and he by Julius III., whose conciliatory policy towards England was summarily reversed by Paul IV. Pius IV. openly complained that his predecessor's uncompromising haughtiness "had lost England to the faith"; while Pius V., whose zeal for "crushing" heretics is commemorated in the collect for his festival, brought matters to a crisis by excommunicating Elizabeth, and publishing the Bull *In Cœnâ Domini*. This is but an illustration, drawn from the middle of the sixteenth century, of the abrupt contrasts so often presented by successive pontificates. Nor is there any reason for assuming that the successor of Pius IX. will be more like-minded with himself than was the successor of Pius IV.

In saying this we have not the least intention of adding one more to the various conjectures, each as trustworthy, or rather as worthless, as another, which have been hazarded as to the results of the next Papal election. What truth there may be in the current rumour of a Brief having been drawn up by the present Pope, dispensing with the prescribed interval of nine days after his death before summoning the Conclave for the election of a successor, we are unable to say. Nor is it at all clear that such a Brief, if it exists, would be held valid after the death of the Pontiff who sanctioned it. But at all events the process of election, when the Conclave does meet, is so studiously complicated that no previous calculations can be worth the paper they are written on. The overwhelming majority of the present College of Cardinals are the nominees of Pius IX.; but so, too, were the great majority of the Conclave which elected him nominees of Gregory XVI., who was as narrow a Conservative as Mastai Ferretti was then believed to be a pronounced Liberal. And for some reason or other, not easy to an outsider to understand, more than a third of the places in the Sacred College are suffered to remain vacant.

It would no doubt be a matter of considerable interest in itself to speculate on what might be accomplished by a Pope of commanding genius, and fully alive to the exigencies of the Church under the social and religious conditions of the present day. A Pontiff as completely master of the possibilities of the situation in the nineteenth century as was Gregory VII. in the eleventh, might, we do not say achieve as brilliant a triumph as Hildebrand—for the entire relations of secular and ecclesiastical life are changed since then—but might do much, not only to make himself a permanent name in history, but to remould the whole future of Catholicism in its influence on the world. But the practical importance of all such speculations is limited by the fact that there is no commanding genius, and indeed no man of any but the most ordinary capacities and attainments, among the Cardinals, still less among the Italian Cardinals. And although in the time of Gregory VII. the franchise, formerly in the hands of the Roman clergy and people, had just been restricted by a decree of Nicholas II. to the Sacred College, there was no rule or tradition to limit their choice to members of their own body. Hildebrand was simply a deacon, without name or dignity in the Church. But the uninterrupted etiquette of three centuries and a half, stronger for practical purposes than any written law, confines the electors of our own day, not only to Cardinals, but to Italian Cardinals. It must be a very urgent sense of necessity that could induce a close corporation, whose habits and instincts and most cherished beliefs must alike constrain them to look with suspicion on any semblance of novelty, to break through the time-honoured prescription and look beyond the limits of their own charmed circle for the future father of Christendom. Least of all could they be expected to elect one who is not an Italian, when to do so would look like a virtual acquiescence in the loss of the temporal sovereignty. One change of detail must of course be accepted as inevitable; the next Conclave can hardly assemble in the Quirinal. According to the famous prophecy of St. Malachi, the next Pope is to be *Lumen de Cœlo*: but it requires a prophetic eye to discern from what quarter of the heavens the promised light is to dawn upon the world.

CRIMINAL CONSPIRACIES.

WE are glad to see that the present state of the law of conspiracy is to be discussed in the House of Commons. Nobody can say that the law as it stands is altogether satisfactory, but there would seem to be a good deal of misapprehension both as to its scope and objects and the principles on which it is based, and it will be as well that people should understand distinctly what the law really amounts to, and what purposes it is intended to serve, before any changes are introduced. It may possibly be found on examination that some of the defects attributed to the law are rather in the nature of merits, while others are only such as belong to almost every branch of jurisprudence. Those who desire to know what the law is, and how it gradually developed into its present shape, cannot do better than refer to a very interesting little work on the subject which has just been published by Mr. R. S. Wright (*The Law of Criminal Conspiracies and Agreements*. Butterworths). The earliest definition of criminal conspiracy—but the crime must of course have been previously recognized—is given in the Ordinance of Conspirators, 33 Edw. I. (1305), in which it is set forth that "conspirators be they that do confeder or bind themselves by oath, covenant, or other alliance, that every of them shall aid and bear the other falsely and maliciously to indite, or cause to indite, or falsely to move or maintain pleas." This Ordinance seems to have been specially

directed against great lords who "retain men in the countries with liveries or fees for to maintain their malicious enterprises." The history of the law of conspiracy from that period down to the present time is a very good illustration of the power of growth in the Common Law, and of the manner in which it adapts itself to the varying circumstances and necessities of each age, as well as of its relations to the Statute law. It will be observed that the law which in our own day has attracted most attention as being directed against dangerous combinations of working-men was originally used as a weapon against confederations of powerful and unscrupulous nobles. The law of conspiracy has at different times been narrowed and expanded by legislation, but it would appear to have derived much of its force from the discretionary authority of the Common Law Courts to prohibit and punish whatever is *contra bonos mores et decorum*. In 1616 the Court of Queen's Bench, asserting itself as the rival of the Star Chamber, declared that it had power "not only to correct errors in judicial proceedings, but other errors and misdemeanours extra-judicial . . . so that no wrong or injury, either public or private, can be done but that it shall be repaired or punished in due course of law." And after the Star Chamber was abolished, Sir C. Sedley, who was charged with acts of gross indecency and profanity, was informed that, "although there was not now a Star Chamber, still they would have him know that this Court is *custos morum* of all subjects of the King." Lord Mansfield also upheld the right of the Court to act as "the general censor and guardian of the public manners." On various points there may be some doubt as to the precise effect of decisions of the courts in regard to criminal conspiracies, but there can at least be no question as to the authority which they have uniformly claimed to determine, with reference to the general interests of society, what practices shall be deemed criminal when a number of men combine and agree to execute them. Criminal conspiracies may be divided into eight categories:—(1) Combinations to commit crimes; (2) combinations against the Government; (3) to pervert or defeat justice; (4) to do anything against public morals or decency; (5) to defraud; (6) to injure individuals otherwise than by fraud; (7) in restraint of trade; (8) to coerce individuals. At an early date we find two principles clearly and firmly developed—first, that a combination to commit a crime is a crime; and, secondly, that the essence of the crime of conspiracy lies in the agreement, and is independent of the execution of the conspirators' design. So far, as Mr. Wright points out, the law of conspiracy may be regarded as practically an extension of the law of attempts to commit crimes. But, beyond this, there are cases which tend to establish the principle that it may be criminal to combine to do an act which in itself would not be regarded as criminal apart from the conspiracy. Before going into this question, however, it may be worth while to glance at one or two of the leading cases on the general law of conspiracy.

In 1611 the Poulterers' case settled the question of the essence of a criminal conspiracy. A number of poulterers in London, who had a spite against a man who had married the widow of a poulterer, combined in order to bring a false charge of robbery against him, and to procure him to be arraigned, indicted, adjudged, and hanged. Happily the poor fellow was able to prove that on the day on which the robbery was alleged to have been committed in Essex he was in London, and the Grand Jury threw out the Bill against him. Upon this the poulterers pleaded that, even if they had combined against the man, yet the matter had not gone far enough to render them liable to punishment for conspiracy. But the court held that "a false conspiracy between divers persons shall be punished, although nothing be put in execution." In 1663 (Timberley) it was laid down that a combination to charge a man with heresy with intent to extort money from him, or to defame or disgrace him, was indictable; and Lord Mansfield (1762) held it sufficient that there should be a combination to obtain money from a man by charging him with "a false fact," "whether it be criminal acts, or such only as may affect his reputation." In 1825 the King's Bench decided that, if the purpose was to extort money by indictment, it was immaterial whether the charge was true or false; but in a subsequent case the Recorder of London (1845) permitted inquiry as to the truth or falsity of charges as material in determining the question of intent. In regard to combinations to defraud, it has been held in Warburton's case (1870) that a merely equitable wrong will suffice. "It is not necessary," said Cockburn, C.J., "in order to constitute a conspiracy that the acts agreed to be done should be acts which, if done, would be criminal. It is enough if the acts agreed to be done, although not criminal, are wrongful—*i.e.* amount to a civil wrong." In this case Warburton was partner with L., and conspired with P. by means of false accounts to pretend that the firm owed money to P., with intent that such money when paid to P. should be divided between P. and Warburton, and that L. should so be defrauded; and it was held that this was a conspiracy, as it was a combination to commit a civil wrong. In 1833 (Levi) a "Knock-out" at an auction—that is, a combination of men to bid against other people, in order to drive them away—was held to be indictable, and Mr. Wright suggests that this decision may be explained on the ground that, if the auctioneer had known of the combination, he would not have knocked down the goods to any of the persons concerned in it, and thus his consent to the transfer of the property was obtained by a false appearance of competition. With few exceptions, the cases of combinations by workmen to regulate the conditions of their labour have been combinations expressly prohibited by statutes (now repealed), or combinations to do what it would have been punishable for one man to do without combination. The exceptions will be considered hereafter.

O'Connell's case may be taken as the modern leading case on seditious conspiracy. In that case Chief Justice Tindal, in delivering the opinion of the Judges upon writ of error in the House of Lords, ruled that "the agreement of divers persons together to raise discontent and disaffection amongst the liege subjects of the Queen, to stir up jealousies, hatred, and ill-will between different classes of Her Majesty's subjects, and especially to promote amongst Her Majesty's subjects in Ireland feelings of ill-will and hostility towards Her Majesty's subjects in other parts of the United Kingdom, and especially in England," is an illegal act. He added that the judges thought it unnecessary to state reasons in support of the opinion "that an agreement between the defendants to diminish the confidence of Her Majesty's subjects in Ireland in the general administration of the law therein, or an agreement to bring into hatred and disrepute the tribunals by law established in Ireland for the administration of justice, are each and every of them agreements to effect purposes in manifest violation of the law." Lord Denman suggested a doubt as to "whether there was anything illegal in exciting disapprobation of the courts of law for the purpose of having other courts substituted more cheap, efficient, and satisfactory." Lord Campbell held that "any person who deliberately attempts to promote feelings of ill-will and hostility between different classes of Her Majesty's subjects—to make the English be hated by the Irish, and the Irish hated by the English—is guilty of a most culpable proceeding; and that, if several combine to do so, they commit a misdemeanour." He shared Mr. Justice Denman's doubt as to the attacks on the courts of law, but said that "a conspiracy generally to bring into discredit the administration of justice in the country, with a view to alienate the people from the Government, would certainly be a misdemeanour." The judges were of course agreed that the crime of conspiracy was complete even though the conspirators had done nothing to carry their plot into execution.

These cases illustrate clearly enough the general operation of the law of conspiracy. It will be found on examination that in the great majority of reported cases the conspiracy has consisted in an agreement to do something which at the time was, apart from combination in itself, a crime, either by statute or Common Law. In other words, the act in question was a crime, whether committed by one or by a number of persons. The effect of applying the law of conspiracy in such a case is that, where there are a number of persons concerned, the law can lay hold of them at an earlier stage of the affair, and even, as it were, nip the intended crime in the bud, without allowing the conspirators to evade punishment. As Mr. Wright observes, the modern law of conspiracy has grown out of the application to cases of conspiracy of the doctrine that, since the gist of a crime is in the intent, a criminal intent manifested by any act done in furtherance of it ought to be punishable, although the act did not amount in law to an actual attempt. It is necessarily difficult, if not impossible, to prove a man's agreement with himself to commit a crime; but when several persons are concerned, the communications which take place between them in regard to the contemplated act are sufficient to bring it home to them. It has been said that, if the law of conspiracy is to be confined to combinations with a view to commit what if done by one man would be a crime, it might as well be abolished, since the offenders could be got at by an indictment for the crime itself. The value of the law of conspiracy, however, as affording an earlier opportunity of coming down on the intending criminals, and also greater facilities for proving the charge against them, ought not to be overlooked.

So far the law is clear and simple enough. A combination to commit a crime is in itself a substantive and distinct crime, and the essence of this crime lies in the agreement, and does not require any step to be actually taken, beyond agreement, towards the commission of the contemplated crime. The doubtful part of the law relates to the question whether a combination will change the complexion of an act, so as to make that criminal when performed by a number of persons which would not be deemed criminal if performed by only one person. The first suggestion that a combination might be criminal, although that which it proposed to accomplish was not in itself criminal, would seem to have sprung from a misapprehension of the case of the Brewers (Starling) in 1665. This was an information against the brewers of London for conspiring "to put down the gallon trade by which the poor are supplied, and to cause the poor to mutiny against the farmers of the Excise," and thus to "depauperate" the latter. The King's Bench gave judgment against the brewers, but on the ground that "the Excise was parcel of the King's revenue, and to impoverish the farmers would be to make them incapable of rendering the King his revenue"—in other words, that the combination was levelled at the Government. Other decisions following in the same line were open to a similar remark. In the Cardmakers' case (Cope, 1719), where the defendants had bribed a cardmaker's apprentice to spoil his master's cards by putting grease into them, an act of this kind was then criminal, apart from conspiracy. In the well-known case of Leigh (1775), for hissing Macklin the actor, conspiracy is charged only in the first count, and there only in the inducements, and the substance of the indictment would seem to be, not con-

spiracy, but riot and obstruction of the play. The defendants were convicted, but no judgment was passed, the matter having been privately settled. In 1809, however, Sir J. Mansfield is reported to have said, that if any body of men were to go to a theatre with the settled intention of hissing an actor, or of damning a piece, such a deliberate and preconcerted scheme would amount to a conspiracy. And in 1853 Mr. Justice Crompton observed, in an action for maliciously inducing a singer to break her contract, that if two or more persons, with a mischievous intent to ruin a rival trader, went to a banker, or any one who owed money to the rival, and begged him not to pay the money, and by that means ruined or greatly prejudiced the man, an indictment for conspiracy might perhaps be maintained against them. In two important Trade-Union cases (Druitt and Brown), expressions were used by the judges which would certainly seem to point to the view that, in regard to coercion, a combination will invest with criminality an act which, without combination, would not have that character. In the former case, which related to picketing in the tailors' strike, Baron Bramwell ruled that, "if any set of men agreed among themselves to coerce a man's liberty of mind and will to say how he should bestow himself and his means, his talents and his industry, they would be guilty of a criminal offence"; and he explained coercion to mean "something that was unpleasant and annoying to the mind operated upon." And in the recent gas-makers' case, Mr. Justice Brett said that there would be "improper molestation"—amounting to a criminal offence—"if anything were done to cause annoyance in the way of unjustifiable interference which, in the judgment of the jury, would have the effect of annoying or interfering with the minds of ordinary persons carrying on such a business as that of a gas company." It should be observed that the jury acquitted the gas-stokers on this charge, and convicted them on the count for a combination to prevent the Company, by a simultaneous breach of contract, from carrying on their business. The explanation of Baron Bramwell's observation is probably that he had then specially in his mind some such form of violence as picketing—the offence charged against the tailors. Mr. Justice Brett's language obviously requires definition. To tell a jury that improper molestation consists in unjustifiable interference is simply to leave them to settle the law of conspiracy for themselves. To some extent a similar objection might be made to the definitions of seditious conspiracy in O'Connell's case. But it is obvious that offences such as sedition and improper coercion must always turn very much on question of circumstance and degree, and that it is neither possible nor perhaps desirable to define them with great precision.

A review of the cases brought together by Mr. Wright would seem to show that the law of conspiracy is mainly an extension of the law of attempts, but that, in the case of agreements of a public nature and levelled at the Government, and perhaps in the case of agreements to pervert or defeat justice, or to injure private persons, combinations to do something which if done by an individual would not be criminal may be brought within the category of criminal conspiracies. That the law of conspiracy has its uses cannot be denied. Mr. Wright enumerates several advantages derived from it in dealing with combinations to commit crimes; it enables the conspirators to be punished for agreement without any other overt act, and it is useful in founding jurisdiction, and as a ground for the admission of evidence which might not be relevant to a charge of actual attempt or commission. It is clear that a combination to execute a criminal design is in every way a much more serious affair than a similar enterprise on the part of an individual. It implies deliberation, careful preparation, a settled purpose; the evil effects of the act are naturally increased by the scale upon which it is to be executed; and in proportion to its force and efficiency is the temptation to commit it. It ought, therefore, to be punished with the utmost severity. As to the question whether acts which would not be criminal if performed by an individual should be converted into crimes when taken in hand by several persons acting together, we are disposed to think that the principle is sound in itself, but of course great caution and discretion are necessarily required in applying it. It is easy to conceive acts which are inoffensive or trifling when performed by an individual, but which would become very serious if performed by a body of people simultaneously and in concert. It would certainly seem to be desirable that the courts should retain the power of dealing with such cases on their merits, but of course it would be well that the limits of discretion should be clearly defined. This would no doubt be done by the courts if cases raising the points at issue happened to come before them, but this is a mere matter of accident, and it would therefore seem to be the duty of Parliament to take up the question. A Committee of the House of Lords could hardly be more usefully engaged than in endeavouring to supply the necessary definitions. The political atmosphere of the House of Commons on the eve of a general election is perhaps hardly favourable to calmness and impartiality in dealing with such a matter, even if that body cared to commit itself to legislation at such a moment.

THE ALLIANCE AT EXETER HALL.

THE leaders of the Alliance are always hopeful. They have persuaded themselves, and are endeavouring to persuade others, that their prospect is improving. They admit that during last year there was a large increase in the consumption of beer and spirits; and they even argue that, if restrictions had not been imposed upon the sale of liquors, the consumption would have been larger still, and yet they expect to impose a measure of prohibition. They have held a meeting at Exeter Hall, which they will doubtless declare to have been a great success, and whatever be the exact result of the next debate on the Permissive Bill, they are prepared to prove that that result is a triumph to their cause. The speeches at their meetings are usually very dreary reading, but it is interesting to know that even the Alliance feels the need of a comic performer. There is one of their speakers, evidently a great favourite, who, having to speak of pauperism, doubled himself up and hobbled to and fro on the platform as if to imitate the movements of a crippled and infirm pauper. One feels considerable relief at having thus got to the comic side of the Alliance. Its supporters are, after all, human creatures like ourselves. They are not so devoted to great principles and a lofty mission but that they like to hear their leaders poking a little mild fun at the brewers. Those leaders for the most part are respectable dull men, whose most valuable quality is perseverance, and who are better at action than at speech. It would be invidious to mention names, but we may say that if all the oratory at Exeter Hall had been as bad as some of it, the meeting could hardly have lasted the appointed time. But the managers discreetly kept their funny man to the end, and the bulk of the audience remained to hear an established favourite, although they scarcely concealed their impatience of an earlier speaker whom we will venture to describe as an unmitigated bore. One of the longest-winded of the leaders of the Alliance claimed indulgence for loss of voice, upon which it was obvious to remark that a beneficent design of nature appears even in the prevalent east wind. Lest, however, an enemy should connect hoarseness with teetotalism, it was mentioned, and doubtless with truth, that colds are by no means confined to water-drinkers.

The great gun of the evening appeared to be Mr. Neal Dow, who once more repeated his account of the effects of prohibition in his native State of Maine. He says that there is less drunkenness in that State now than when he was young, and he ascribes the increase of sobriety to prohibition. But it would be quite as reasonable to ascribe prohibition to the increase of sobriety. He of course denies that the Maine Liquor Law is evaded to the extent that has been alleged; but we can hardly accept statements of manifest partisans on either side. A pint of whisky bought in Portland was produced in the House of Commons by a member. Mr. Dow answers this imputation by saying that the whisky must have been sold as medicine, which is possible. In this country, if the public-houses were closed, the druggists would certainly do an increased business, particularly during an east wind, and therefore we prefer to keep the public-houses open. The want of stimulants in an inclement spring is like the demand for jokes at a meeting of the Alliance; it is a confession of the ordinary weakness of human nature. We are able, by way of comment on Mr. Dow's speech, to refer to the last number of the *Alliance News*, which reports a debate in the Canadian Senate on a Prohibitory Bill. The chief supporter of the Bill stated that he had travelled lately in Michigan, "where liquor was not seen, unless asked for." He believed this to be the case in other places where the law was in force; and even if nothing more than this were effected, he considered that a great work would be accomplished. We are happy to remember that our own law and practice are already, to a great extent, in harmony with this speaker's desire. The legal designation of a large class of drink-sellers in England is licensed victuallers, and it is the custom of this class in London to exhibit upon their counters biscuits and pork-pies, which, however, appear to be adapted rather for keeping than for eating. The publicans would probably be willing to compromise with the Alliance upon the terms that liquor should not be seen unless asked for. Messrs. Spiers and Pond would be obliged in that case to remove the decanters of liquor from their refreshment counters at railway stations, but they might continue to derive whatever advantage is now obtained from the adornment of those counters with coloured glass. Mr. Dow says that visitors to a new country are apt to generalize too hastily. He has heard lately of an incident which, in ignorance of the exact fact, and in disregard of the feelings of Nonconformist members of the Alliance, he described as a prize-fight in a Baptist chapel. The occurrence to which he referred took place in a building which had formerly been a chapel. Even if the information on which he spoke had been correct, it might have occurred to him that truth is sometimes inconvenient. This, however, is by the way. Our immediate concern is with the comment which he made upon the supposed fact which he had stated. If, he said, he were to go home and report that the English were a nation of prize-fighters, that would be an example of hasty generalization. But we should answer that, if he were to go home and say that the lower order of Englishmen are much addicted to fisticuffs, he would be near the truth. And if an Englishman were to return from America and report that in States where a prohibitory law exists large numbers of persons manage to get supplied with spirits, he would not probably be very far wrong. Mr. Dow glorifies himself and his friends on the persistence which compelled one of the great political parties in the State of Maine to adopt the prohibitory law into its "platform." But even this story is capable of being told two ways. We have heard that ingenious politicians have contrived to conciliate fanatical support without producing popular discontent. In other words, they have arranged that the law should say

what it pleases, and the people should do what they please. Principle is asserted, and practice remains undisturbed; or, as the Canadian Senator puts it, liquor is not seen till asked for.

The elasticity of spirit of the leaders of the Alliance is indeed admirable. Their organ quotes from the charge of the Chairman of the Quarter Sessions of the North Riding of York to the Grand Jury. He says that in the corresponding quarter of last year the number of cases of assault arising from drunkenness was forty-one, but in this year there were seventy-six. "The increase of drunkenness was to be attributed to the great rise in the wages paid for labour throughout the country, especially in mining operations, and also those relating to the manufacture of iron." It is difficult to understand how this undeniably true statement helps the cause of the Alliance. They assume, for rhetorical purposes, that the Permissive Bill will pass this year. Let us assume, for the purpose of argument, that it had passed last year, and that an attempt had been made to enforce it in a mining or iron-working district of Yorkshire. Is it necessary to ask a Chairman of Quarter Sessions or a Chief Constable of the County what the consequence would have been? Surely we can imagine it for ourselves. But why agitate for a measure which is manifestly incapable of practical application? The Alliance might seriously apply to the Permissive Bill what Dogberry blunderingly says of writing and reading—"Let that appear when there is no need of such vanity." If all the persons present at Exeter Hall lived in a district by themselves, they might adopt and enforce a prohibitory ordinance to their own entire satisfaction, and amid the plaudits of an admiring universe. But if these respectable and rather feeble people were only a majority, and there were a minority of colliers and miners, an attempt at prohibition would produce an awful riot which police, or perhaps soldiers, must be employed to quell. We should not complain much of the Alliance if it were simply useless, but its pretence of work may prevent real work being done. It is lamentable to find that the earners of increased wages can make no better use of their prosperity than to eat and drink more plentifully. It is still more lamentable that Parliament, in presence of a grave evil, should be bewildered with impracticable suggestions, and denounced if it declines to listen to them. Almost the only words of sense that were uttered at Exeter Hall came from the Liberal candidate at the late Liverpool election. If he was selected because he supports the Permissive Bill, the result of the experiment can hardly, we think, be encouraging even to the irrepressibly sanguine leaders of the Alliance. He told the meeting that he was Chairman of a Company established for supplying Liverpool with public-houses without intoxicating drink. The Company owns eight such houses, and it pays dividends of forty per cent. Here is an example worth imitating. You cannot do away with the ordinary public-house unless you offer something in its place. The *Alliance News* is very severe upon the Railway Companies for allowing spirits to be sold to their own servants on their own premises. The Railway Companies generally arrange that tea and coffee, as well as gin and brandy, shall be supplied at their principal stations; but we believe that an engine-driver, if he takes coffee, usually likes a little brandy in it. That which has been done at Liverpool might be done with advantage to the community, and perhaps with profit to the undertakers, at other places. Such an experiment appears hopeful where the programme of the Alliance is simply hopeless. Its leaders demand, for the present, merely the Permissive Bill; but they announce their intention to proceed, when they have got that, to total prohibition. The years in which they will labour to this end will probably be like that which has just elapsed. There may be fluctuations of prosperity; but, on the whole, the wages of labour are likely rather to increase than to diminish. It is difficult, under such circumstances, to understand how any rational man can put himself forward as a leader of the Alliance. No doubt a meeting at Exeter Hall is pleasant to those concerned, and does little harm to anybody else. It is tolerably well seen now that the publicans can take care of themselves. The speakers at Exeter Hall gain a useful notoriety, and the listeners probably persuade themselves that they are enjoying a moral and intellectual benefit. If the Dean of Canterbury, who presided, was able to persuade himself that he was usefully engaged, so much the better. We observe that the *Alliance News* remarks that the season for indoor meetings is nearly over—a remark which requires qualification with reference to the east wind. But as summer evenings are likely to arrive ultimately, it may be useful to consider what is to be done with them. Supporters of the Alliance are recommended to "mission" their neighbourhoods on its behalf. The verb "to mission" comes for the first time under our notice, and we cannot help thinking that the Alliance has enough to do in the department of morals, and would do well to abstain, at least for the present, from attempts to improve the English language. We will venture, however, to say that we think missioning in summer must be thirsty work.

SKETCHES OF CENTRAL ASIA.

THE Crystal Palace has on loan a collection of pictures and sketches which claim special attention at the present moment when Khiva and Central Asia generally are assuming a new political importance. These remarkable works, which reveal the character of the country as well as of its inhabitants, come before us as the vivid and veracious testimony of an eyewitness. The painter, M. Basil Wereschagin, a Russian by birth, seems to combine in his own person the enterprise of a pioneer, the valour of a soldier, and the skill of an artist. During the years 1868, 1869, and 1870 he traversed, pencil and sword in hand, the wild districts which range east of the Ural and stretch onward between Siberia, India, and China. Having been first educated in the Naval School of St. Petersburg, the adventurous painter was qualified to join the Russian military detachment, the exploits of which he witnessed and portrayed. "The Unexpected Attack," "Surrounded and Pursued," and "The Presentation," as trophies, of human heads cut off from the vanquished, are terrific scenes of hot slaughter and of cold-blooded brutality. This guerilla warfare, whether conducted by the French in Algeria or by the Russians in Central Asia, and whether chronicled by Horace Vernet or by M. Wereschagin, can scarcely fail to be eminently picturesque. Across a wide plain without boundary, save a circuit of wild hills, a savage horde of "barbarians" rushes onward as a fierce wind bearing a storm cloud. Attila, "the Curse of God," led such fiends to plunder and to slaughter. In vain a firm front is made and a compact square formed; the men fall thickly and heavily; the foreground of the picture is strewn with the dead weltering in blood. The skill which the artist has at command is not out of keeping with these thrilling incidents; the style is vivid and realistic, and a certain savagery, or "devil," brings the painter and his subjects into close accord.

M. Basil Wereschagin, before he entered seriously on art as a profession, had studied, as we have seen, the tactics of war. In Russia military men have shown an exceptional aptitude and affection for the arts. A Russian officer who lost his right arm at Leipzig forthwith took up a brush with his remaining hand. The battle painter, M. Kotzebue, was dabbling in paint while he studied the arts of war. Also the famous Russian marine artist, M. Bogoluboff, served on board ship before he proved his talent in depicting a naval engagement. In Russia the practice of art has crept into the highest classes; even statesmen are known to have gained almost professional proficiency. Intolerable tedium is supposed to drive Russians to painting or to drink. But M. Wereschagin at any rate has long since passed from the ranks of the dilettanti. Before he entered on his art campaign in Central Asia he had studied for five years in the Imperial Academy of St. Petersburg. He has also had the advantage of three years' residence in Paris, where the studio of M. Gérôme was open to him. Indeed the style of the illustrious Frenchman and the manner of this Russian, who, if we mistake not, will make for himself a name in Europe, have much in common. M. Wereschagin seems to have travelled thousands of miles as if for the express purpose of opening here in the Crystal Palace a chamber of horrors; hundreds of dry blanched skulls and of gory grinning heads, fresh severed from the trunks, are heaped life-size upon canvas. Russians are known for an enterprise which carries them far and wide over the surface of the earth in search of knowledge. Russian painters are pensioned as pioneers to penetrate remote regions, in order to bring back whatever may be most new and strange in nature and in art; and certainly in the present instance the pictorial products can scarcely disappoint, either for sensational intensity or trenchant truth. M. Wereschagin claims to be a pupil of M. Gérôme, and yet he does not admit himself to be under any obligation to his master, as most people might suppose, for the callous cynicism, the cool-blooded cruelty, which in these works appal the spectator. The confession which the painter himself makes is that he was compelled to paint the horrors he saw, that he could not shrink from his duty as a faithful chronicler. M. Gérôme, it is said, in pursuit of art goes out of his way to seek sensations; while the more innocent-minded Russian, we are left to infer, would willingly escape from a painful duty if he could. We confess, however, that we do not see in the present instance any ground for exception to the all but universal rule that a painter chooses his subjects according to his tastes.

The large oil pictures are scarcely so trustworthy as the smaller studies. They do not pretend to have been painted on the spot; in fact they come from Munich, where a spacious studio was specially arranged so as to favour the artist's endeavour to gain the effect of outdoor daylight and sunshine. Accordingly the manipulation, the heavy impasto of pigments, and especially the dramatic method of composition, with scenic contrast of light, shade, and colour, pertain to the Munich school. And yet neither Director Kaulbach nor Professor Piloty would care to be held responsible for a certain rude vigour which is not Bavarian, but semi-barbaric and Russian. It will thus be readily understood that these startling revelations from the far East will be regarded with amazement as unaccustomed phenomena, rather than as works of art, subtle, refined, or complete. Perhaps the painter's strongest point is the power with which he seizes on action and situation; the actual scenes live before the eye, the country is made familiar, its inhabitants we are ready to greet as personal acquaintances. And yet we would feign hope that some of these tableaux are too highly coloured. "Within" is on the confines of a walled town. The turbaned soldiers, dressed, as in mockery, in gay costumes of green, red, and blue, lie scattered on the ground in the agony of death; the living carry away the dead on stretchers, and range them with military precision in one long row beneath the wall of the lofty fort. Now are we to believe that the composition thus deliberately arranged with an eye to effect

was one of "the numerous actions and other events" at which "M. Wereschagin was present"? Again, "Forgotten on the Field" is almost too striking as a picture to be literally true; a corpse is cast prostrate on the ground, a gun and a bayonet by the side, and the painter throws in as many birds as may suit his purpose; no less than sixty are here brought together to devour one man. And, in like manner, almost too good to be true is "The Apotheosis of War," dedicated, we are told, "to all great conquerors—past, present, and future." The picture is a pyramid, in which 8,000 skulls, at a rough estimate, are piled together. We do not object to ravenous birds being again called in to assist wherever they can be of service, neither do we deny the artist the liberty of making each skull a cleanly chiselled form rather than the wreck of war or of the elements. A poet's license is the painter's privilege. Yet we do think the following announcement, though printed on authority, needs to be received with caution:—

> This picture is historically true; Tamerlane, who drenched the whole of Asia and part of Europe with blood, erected everywhere such monuments of his greatness. In comparatively recent times the head of a learned German traveller (Schlagintweit) found its way into a similar heap.

In this remarkable historical announcement we direct special attention to the words, "erected everywhere such monuments of his greatness." How, we would venture to ask, could it be thus easy, in a region where inhabitants are scanty, and where, in consequence, heads must be scarce, to erect everywhere a monument of 8,000 skulls? And yet the painter speaks of "these faithful sketches" as a means of "dispelling the distrust of the English public towards their natural friends and neighbours in Central Asia." We should rather have imagined that thousands of skulls erected into monuments everywhere would have had an opposite effect, even on an "English public."

The numerous "studies" on the spot in oil and in pencil are of real value, not only from their art merit, but as veritable records of the physical geography of countries comparatively unknown, and of the physiognomies and costumes of peoples who have seldom come within reach of a painter's pencil. The scenery may be summed up under the categories of wide plains, high mountains, long and perilous passes. There are four views of "The Pass of Bars-Kaun," directly Alpine in character; a torrent rushes through the midst and the rocks on either side bristle with firtrees. There are also four "Views in the Alatau Mountains," which might easily be mistaken for the Alps. A lake at the foot of these mountains is tranquil and grey, and another lake, of which there are three sketches, is environed by snowy mountains. Few of the sketches on the South-East frontiers of Asiatic Russia indicate a barren land. Here and there, it is true, we may come upon a ruined fortress, standing on the border of a desert, such as travellers find in the Turkish Empire. Also there are picturesque specimens of mosques, or rather of saints' tombs, such as throng the sandy desert outside the city of Cairo. But, for the most part, the artist has chosen a land which, though left wholly in the hands of nature, shows capacity for culture and a sphere for future civilization. Perhaps some surprise may be felt that these untrodden hills, ravines, and plains do not contrast more strongly with territories which lie within the ordinary traveller's track; but experience seems to teach that the great geographical divisions of the globe, so long as they fall within the same latitudes, offer to the landscape artist pretty much the same pictorial elements. One obvious difference, however, lies in the contrast between cultivated and uncultivated regions, with the usual concomitants of civilized and stationary or uncivilized and migratory inhabitants. Almost without exception the territories here delineated belong to the latter category. The people do not so much inhabit as run over these open tracts; the whole continent is without a hedgerow or other artificial boundary; the only divisions are nature's barriers of rivers and mountains; private property has little more basis than when at the falling of the Tower of Babel men wondered where best they might find a way or the means of sustenance. These studies, in fact, do not reveal a state of things materially different in Asiatic Russia from Asiatic Turkey. In Siberia, in fact, the sketcher would appear to find himself in about the same plight as in Syria. We have travelled on horseback in Samaria, the Lebanon, and along the shores of the Sea of Galilee, and, pictorially speaking, the difference is but slight between such epitomes of Eastern scenery and the vast tracts which have been compassed by this Russian adventurer. In fact, simply for art purposes it is seldom worth while to go far afield, though the world has much to gain in knowledge when a bold wayfarer happens to be a well-trained draughtsman. In the present instance, however, little new can be learnt save the apparent fact that Central Asia is much the same as the centre of European Russia or as the open tracts of the Turkish Empire.

Important to the ethnologist are the studies of all the strange people whom the artist encountered. Here are "Kalmuck Women," a perfect picture of ugliness, stupidity, and dirt; then there are Dervishes, an order of beggar monks, bundles of rags, and yet gay in Oriental colour; "Solone Men and Women," savage, stern, indolent; and "Kalmuck Lamas," cunning knaves, degraded monsters, "but also, with God's help, consulting physicians." The painter's strength lies in the delineation of character. Some months ago we took occasion to speak in warm praise of a faithful study of "Opium Eaters," a work which attracted attention in the last International Exhibition. There is perhaps just a suspicion that these and other characters may be overdrawn; yet we place faith in their general fidelity, and especially do the pencil drawings of individual heads prove that power of literal transcription which peculiarly distinguishes the painters of Russia. Such capacity for copyism has also enabled M. Wereschagin to make faithful records of the architectural structures and the decorative details which belong to Central Asia. The domes, the minarets, and the geometric surface ornaments are those which in Eastern Europe and in Egypt have been associated with the Mahommedan religion and the Saracenic race. Indeed these interiors of mosques and tombs, ornate with cast stucco, cut stone, and carved or mosaic-wrought wood, from Central Asia, are all but identical with architectural structures and decorations in Cairo and Constantinople. And yet what has sometimes been termed "the ethnology of art" receives in these sketches important illustration.

EUGENE ARAM AT THE LYCEUM.

WE can do no injustice by adopting the manager's description of this play, although we should like to know whether that description is approved by the author. The playbill, which we presume may be regarded as an official announcement, states that the author has invested "this well-known personage" with a halo of romantic incident based neither upon the popular novel of Lord Lytton, nor on the poem of Hood, but mainly upon tradition. "It will be dramatically created by Mr. Henry Irving." A manager is almost a king, and we are not therefore surprised that a playbill should use pronouns with the looseness of a Royal Speech. We are uncertain what "it" is which will be dramatically created by Mr. Irving, but if the manager means that the character of Eugene Aram will be dramatically created, we will remark that this promise has been fulfilled in exactly the same sense in which the character of Jack Sheppard was dramatically created soon after the publication of Mr. Harrison Ainsworth's story. A play which invests a notorious criminal with "a halo of romantic incident" is in some danger of incurring the censure of the Lord Chamberlain; but fortunately it is not easy for the public to forget that Eugene Aram was hanged at York for a particularly atrocious murder. We by no means complain of the success which this piece has attained. On the contrary, we congratulate Mr. Irving on the boundless field which Mr. Wills has opened for the exercise of his talent. His range of parts will henceforth be coextensive with the Newgate Calendar. There is no limit to the process of palliating crime and obliterating the memory of punishment. The statement that "the halo of romantic incident" is "based" upon tradition shows a cool audacity which deserves success. Jack Sheppard became a burglar because he was crossed in love, and Eugene Aram committed, not a murder, but an act of irregular justice, upon a villain. The death of Eugene Aram is required as a tragic termination of the drama; but he dies in a churchyard in the arms of a young and pretty girl, "whose affections he had won, and who assures him of his innocence in her regard." We quote these words from a laudatory notice of this play, as showing how it is generally understood. The author first does his utmost to depict the horror of Eugene Aram at the recollection of a hideous crime, and then represents that this crime was not so very shocking after all. No doubt there have been criminals who have enjoyed the sympathy of young and pretty women. The famous Captain Macheath was supplied with more of this commodity than he well knew how to do with. But, although several ladies would have been ready to assure the handsome highwayman of his innocence in their regard, or at least that they liked him better for what the law called his crimes, we do not remember that any scene of the *Beggar's Opera* is transacted in a churchyard or assisted by an anthem. No quantity of fine writing can conceal the weakness of this drama. The prettiness of the first act, and the power of the second, only show more forcibly the absurdity of the third. The critic from whom we have quoted admits that the public on the first night expected something different from what they saw; but he explains that they ought not to be disappointed. The author has taken an "idyllic view" of his subject. His theme is human guilt and retributive suffering, "tenderly relieved by hovering glimpses of the all-embracing amnesty that awaits repentance." We entirely object to the "idyllic" view of murder, and we think that tenderness is wholly out of place in the case of Eugene Aram. Probably the audience on the first night expected to see the murderer in the condemned cell, and were rather disappointed at the death of Eugene Aram from no apparent cause, unless he caught cold by sleeping in a damp churchyard. The "all-embracing amnesty that awaits repentance" is a difficult subject for the stage; and it is, to say the least, doubtful whether Heaven would be as easily satisfied as the parson's daughter with the explanation that Eugene Aram gives of the motive of his crime. The critic is on surer ground in praising the scenery of the play. The vicarage, with its gravel walks and flower beds, looks as real as such things are ever likely to look upon the stage; and the interior of the same vicarage is only too handsome for the manners of the time. The acting deserves all the praise that has been bestowed upon it. The tendency of the age is towards what may be called speciality in art, and Mr. Irving would perhaps gratify his admirers by playing undetected murderers during the remainder of his career. It is difficult to maintain dignity while sitting or lying upon the ground, and Mr. Irving probably con-

tends as well as possible against the absurdity of his position in the last act.

It is difficult to understand why the author of this play deviated so widely from history. The entire action of the play passes at Knaresborough, whereas in truth Eugene Aram quitted that place after the death of Clarke, and was living at Lynn in Norfolk at the time of his apprehension. Lord Lytton in his novel has adhered closely to fact, and, as often happens, fact is more picturesque than invention. In the play Houseman comes to the vicarage at Knaresborough and borrows spade and pick with the avowed object of exploring St. Robert's Cave. His object is to possess himself of Aram's share of the plunder, which is buried with Clarke's body. He is watched by a suspicious gardener, and thus the murder is discovered. But, according to the story which Lord Lytton has adopted, Houseman having been impelled by circumstances to revisit Knaresborough, happens to pass a spot where a skeleton has been discovered, and people are exclaiming that they are the bones of Clarke. Houseman takes up a thigh bone and says, "That is no more Dan Clarke's bone than it is mine." Thereupon he is questioned, points out where Clarke's bones really lie, and charges Aram with the murder, to which he admits that he was accessary. This incident impresses every mind on first hearing the story, and with the assistance of Lord Lytton it might be effectively represented. We do not of course attach importance to mere accuracy of adherence to fact in a drama, but an author invites criticism by attempts to improve on history. The removal of Aram to Lynn, which was much more distant from Knaresborough at that time than it is now, is an important fact alike for history, romance, and drama. The attempt to begin a new life could hardly be expected to succeed at the actual scene of crime, where Aram's strange behaviour would necessarily connect itself with any suspicion that might have been entertained. Lord Lytton represents Aram as engaged to marry a squire's daughter at his new abode, and the play represents him as engaged to marry a parson's daughter at Knaresborough. It is permissible to both novelist and dramatist to make up any deficiency in the private history of the time, and we have only to remark that the novelist has, in our judgment, shown more skill than the dramatist in this operation. Lord Lytton thought that the hero of a novel ought not to die upon the gallows, and therefore he treats the attempt which Aram did make upon his own life in the prison as successful to this extent, that he dies at the gallows' foot. It would have been easy for Mr. Wills to follow this precedent, upon which we must say he has not improved. Aram might have given his own account of his share in the murder to a sympathizing friend of either sex, or in soliloquy, and then he might have taken poison, and laid himself down to die as the curtain fell. Here would have been an easy way to escape the ridiculous business which is transacted in the churchyard, and neither the cross nor the anthem need have been introduced, which would have been, we think, an advantage. Lord Lytton has put into Aram's mouth a very good apology for his life, and if Mr. Wills would have condescended to turn this into blank verse, with embellishments at discretion, his third act would have been a much more workmanlike performance than it is. In fact, Aram did make an attempt at suicide, which was unsuccessful. He was carried to the gallows, and the hand of the law at least helped to take his life. He wrote a paper justifying his attempt at self-destruction, and that which he wrote was much more in harmony, as might be expected, with his character than that which Mr. Wills has written. The dramatist, like the novelist, seems to have considered that he must not hang his hero, and he further imposed upon himself the difficult condition of bringing that hero to what is called a good end without abatement of his heroism. In fact, Aram dies in the odour of sanctity, but we cannot help thinking that Christianity is able to do tolerably well without such Christians as Aram. Differing from the critic from whom we have already quoted, we have no desire to obtain at a theatre "hovering glimpses" of the forgiveness which is promised to repentance. The English public has not yet arrived at the point of regarding Christianity as a mere machinery for producing stage effects. It has been said that religion was not designed to make our pleasures less, but it certainly was not designed to make them greater at the theatre. Mr. Wills apparently considered that it was his duty to vindicate the ways of Heaven to man, but on this point we differ from Mr. Wills. Mr. Spurgeon, when he was young and gushing, preached a wonderful sermon, in which he described Satan as watching for a murderer's soul, and fearing that the murderer would deprive him by repentance of his expected prey. Mr. Spurgeon is wiser and less pictorial than of yore, and he would probably now agree with us in the opinion that the destiny of the souls of murderers is not a subject well adapted for public discussion. There is a grandeur in the figure of the real Aram, "equal to either fortune," as he said in the last words of his defence, which impresses the mind of every reader of his trial. A dramatist might easily be tempted to produce this figure on the stage. But Mr. Wills either was unable to do this, or deemed that such a figure would make his play unsuitable for family use. He has written a nice play called *Charles I.*, in which there is a good king, who is acted by Mr. Irving, and a wicked rebel, who is acted by a low comedian. Perhaps it has become a speciality of Mr. Irving to make good endings upon the stage, and he may have felt that his character required him to abstain from the immorality of cheating the gallows as the real Aram tried to do. If the actual history of Aram is unsuitable for dramatic treatment, it need not be treated. Mr. Irving is a clever actor, who has probably many years of professional life before him. His talent will be likely to improve by variety of exercise, and his favourite part of conscience-stricken criminal might, by constant repetition, become tedious.

Lord Lytton was a better artist than Mr. Wills, and he has given an account of the motive which impelled Aram to murder Clarke which is not inconsistent with history, although probably an exaggeration of it. The ability and the acquirements of Aram have perhaps been overrated by writers whom Lord Lytton followed. The written defence of Aram has been often described as a miracle of skill and learning, but Lord Lytton had sufficient shrewdness to see that it did not meet all the points of the case against him. It seems a reasonable supposition that he wanted money to help him to rise to a place in the world equal to his abilities, that he was tempted to join Houseman in robbing Clarke as a means of supplying that want, and that the murder was an unforeseen adjunct of the robbery, and was the act, not of Aram, but of Houseman. Immediately after the fatal night a relation of Aram's died and left him enough money to supply the want which had urged him to an irrevocable step of crime. Surely, if the dramatist desired to handle this story at all, he might take it as it stands. He should be a great as well as a bold artist who undertakes to improve on nature, and it is to be observed that Lord Lytton only attempts such improvement very cautiously, while Hood in his poem takes the story exactly as it came to him.

NEWMARKET CRAVEN MEETING.

MISERABLY small fields were the order of the day at the first of the Newmarket meetings, which was, to all intents and purposes, a festival to the honour and glory of M. Lefèvre. There were thirty-one races, including walks over, during the week, in twenty-two of which M. Lefèvre had one or more than one representative, and fourteen of which he won. The whole of England only supplied eighty-five horses for the various events of the week. As it is not very likely that we shall always have the luck to meet with a French gentleman who cares to keep a hundred and fifty race-horses in training in England, and who enters them and runs them in every possible race, without any regard to pecuniary considerations, the retrospect of last week's racing cannot prove very agreeable to upholders of a sport which it is almost difficult now to call national. The representatives of English stables were not numerous enough to supply an average of three starters for each race of the meeting, and, but for the accidental support of a rich foreigner with a strong taste for racing, the time-honoured Craven Meeting would have dwindled to ridiculously small dimensions. Nor can we see that there is much hope for improvement, so long as there is not the slightest appearance of any new racing men coming forward to supply the places of those who, year by year, are withdrawing from active association with the Turf. Two more eminent breeders of racing stock, Sir Joseph Hawley and Lord Portsmouth, have announced their intention of disposing of the whole of their studs this summer; others of our most honoured sportsmen are far advanced in life, and, according to present probabilities, in another half dozen years there will hardly be as many gentlemen of rank and position who will breed, own, or run racehorses. The sad disasters which have crippled the resources of many families of note, and for which, perhaps with some exaggeration, the Turf has been held responsible, have deterred the rising generation from embarking in what, at any rate, is the most unpromising of speculations. Tastes change also from time to time; and just as four-mile heats and matches have given way to handicaps and half-mile scurries, so these in turn may be replaced by other varieties of sport. Of late years, for instance, steeplechasing has advanced in popular favour as steadily as flat racing has declined.

Small as were the fields on the opening day of the Craven Meeting, it was worth going to Newmarket to witness the meeting of Prince Charlie and Vulcan, and the *début* of Hochstapler. The Craven Stakes were left to the first-named pair, who were brought to the post in splendid condition. Despite all the hard work that Vulcan has done during his chequered career, he looked well enough to suggest the probability that he may keep on running as long as Reindeer, while time has done what might have been expected to improve a horse of such magnificent frame as Prince Charlie. Fordham brought Vulcan along the Rowley mile as hard as he could, but the pace was not good enough to trouble his gigantic opponent, who never shows to greater advantage than on this course, and after one moment of doubt at the foot of the hill, Prince Charlie won cleverly. He required some rousing before he finally shook off Vulcan, whose gallant struggle was worthy of his fame. Then came the long-expected first public appearance of Hochstapler, whose name was in everybody's mouth last autumn, and whom rumour had described as a second Gladiateur. Hochstapler is, however, a horse of pure English breed, being by Savernake out of La Traviata, and is, we need hardly say, the property of Count Renard, the owner of Adonis, Bauernfänger, and other well-known horses. Being engaged in the English Derby, he has been trained since last summer at Newmarket, and this was his public trial. His opponents were Hurlingham, The Colonel, and Planète. Hurlingham, by Trumpeter out of Convent, came out at Warwick last autumn with a great reputation as the coming Derby horse, but he was signally beaten in his first essay. The excuse was then made that he could not act in the dirt, and during the winter he gradually re-

covered his position among the Derby candidates. The Colonel, it will be remembered, acquired some reputation by winning the Spencer Plate this year at Northampton. Hochstapler, who is very backward in preparation as yet, there being a good five weeks before the Derby, is a commanding-looking horse, nearly sixteen hands high, and of great power and substance. Such an exhibition as he made of his three antagonists has rarely been witnessed. From the top of the Abingdon hill he came away by himself, and left Hurlingham and The Colonel to fight together as they pleased for the second place. Nothing could be more satisfactory than this maiden performance of Hochstapler, and the best horse in the world could have done no more, or won with more in hand. Whether Hurlingham and The Colonel are good enough to extend a first-class horse is another matter. Hurlingham, we should say, both from his looks and his running, is an impostor; and if he has any merits, he certainly does not show them in public. A Spencer Plate winner like The Colonel is by no means certain to show to advantage over a longer course; and, on the whole, Hochstapler's grand appearance, fine style of galloping, evident willingness to run generously, and room for improvement between now and the end of May, are better guarantees that he will distinguish himself on the Derby day than his defeat by any number of lengths of Hurlingham and The Colonel.

The Brethy Plate brought out a dozen runners, the most noteworthy being Azalea, Chopette, and Roquefort. The race fell, however, to Chandos, who ran into a forward position in the Middle Park Plate last year. Chopette has apparently lost all her form, for she was throughout conspicuous in the rear. The Fifteenth Biennial had not the importance of former years, for none of the leading favourites for the Two Thousand or the Derby put in an appearance. Gang Forward, Paladin, and Kaiser were all engaged, but all declined the contest. An attempt to get a line was, however, made by starting stable companions, Claudianus representing Mr. Crawford; Andred, Lord Falmouth; and the Harlequin's dam colt, Mr. Savile. Negro did battle for M. Lefèvre and Copernicus also; His Grace represented Baron Rothschild; The Preacher, Lord Lonsdale; and Cheveley made the field up to eight. On public form Andred was undoubtedly the best of the lot, he having beaten Flageolet, Surinam, and the Harlequin's dam colt, and having been beaten only half a length from Gang Forward. Negro's best performance was his defeat of Silver Ring, who was conceding 4 lbs. and sex allowance, by a neck; and the form of the remainder was not good enough to repay examination. The race resulted in a match between Negro and Andred, and the former, who stayed the longest, and climbed the hill with much greater power, won by two lengths from Lord Falmouth's horse. M. Lefèvre obtained by this victory a good line for Flageolet in the Two Thousand; and, in addition, can form a fair idea as to the part Negro is likely to take in the Derby. Negro, who is by Saccharometer out of Honey, is a black, like his sire, and possesses much of his quality. He is built on a somewhat small scale, but he is powerful all over, and looks well adapted to encounter the ups and downs of the Derby course.

M. Lefèvre only won three races on the first day of the meeting; but on the following day he carried off five, though four out of the five were only plating affairs. The fifth was the Newmarket Handicap, for which fourteen started. M. Lefèvre was represented by Houghton and La Méprisée, and among the field were Corisande, Moorlands, Enfield, Falkland, and Protomartyr. There was an unusual amount of swerving, cannoning, and jostling in this race, and for the last quarter of a mile Houghton and Moorlands, by dint of hard riding and hard flogging, alternately headed each other. Ultimately Houghton won, and an objection raised against him by the rider of Moorlands was very properly overruled, because it was obvious that both horses were equally in fault, and that they equally interfered with each other. Houghton is a most moderate horse, though two years ago he won a long race, ending also at the top of the town, and Corisande, with all her weight, must have sadly deteriorated to be unable to get near the front. Falkland and Enfield were knocked clean out of the race by the waywardness of Moorlands—always a coarse-grained animal; and La Méprisée, who was supposed to be better than her stable companion Houghton, had to be content with the third place. There was nothing else worthy of note on the second day, except the first appearance of Mr. Bowles's Gratinska, a very promising daughter of Macaroni and Klarinska, who won the Column Stakes with great ease from Victoria Alexandra and the Lady Augusta gelding, and will take her own part in the One Thousand and the Oaks.

Thursday's racing would have been beneath contempt but for Laburnum, already a prominent favourite for the Chester Cup, being brought out for a public trial over the two miles from the Ditch-in against Bethnal Green and Alava. This he succeeded in accomplishing in the most satisfactory manner, for, though Alava attempted to force the running to serve Bethnal Green, he could not get out of Laburnum's way, nor could Bethnal Green make an effort when his stable companion was done with. A hollower victory could not be seen, and after Baron Rothschild's horse had passed the judge's chair thirty lengths in advance of Sir Joseph Hawley's pair, he was forthwith made first favourite for the Chester Cup. But Laburnum is a horse of very queer temper. He has run all his best races at Newmarket, especially up the hill to the top of the town. He dislikes a crowd of horses hanging on him, and it is not at all certain that he likes a crowd of spectators shouting at him. Nor is it clear that he will relish the sharp and continued turns on the Chester course, or that it will be his pleasure to learn the "circus" business which is so necessary for a Chester Cup winner to acquire. Therefore there is yet a good deal of uncertainty about how he will acquit himself on the Roodee; but then to lovers of racing the uncertainty of the thing is half the pleasure. The Hundred Sovereigns Sweepstakes over the Ditch Mile was carried off by Andred, but he had only the wretched Pantomime to beat, and it was hardly worth while to send the latter all the way from Russley, seeing that he has little chance of winning any one of his numerous engagements unless he should happen to be indulged with a walk over. Then Victoria Alexandra beat Wild Aggie just as easily as she was beaten herself the day before by Gratinska, and renewed attention was directed to the claims of Mr. Bowes's filly. Plating races occupied the rest of the afternoon, and the uncertain Croxteth managed to beat Trombone, and Angela just snatched a race from Borély, the French stable running, for a change, second instead of first three times in succession. The wind-up of the week was the very climax of dulness. Out of eight races on the card, four ended in walks over, and the only one of the four which deserves mention was the Queen's Plate, which was easily won by Lilian, Mr. Feeder not being able to live with her at the finish, and Shannon being beaten a quarter of a mile from home.

The chief results then of this meagre week's racing, so far as the future is concerned, were the establishment of the French and German horses, Flageolet and Hochstapler, in the first, or very nearly the first, place in the quotations for the Two Thousand and Derby respectively. And the general impression left on the minds of racegoers was one of fervent hope that the first meeting of the year at Newmarket was not a sample of the six that are to follow. The Craven and First Spring Meetings have already been cut down from five days to four; but so far from the sport being improved thereby, there was not enough racing last week to fill up even three days. We may hope for better things next week, particularly as on the last two days two-year-old races will be permissible; but it is an ill sign when, with nearly a thousand horses in training at Newmarket, there is such a disinclination to bring them out. Apparently the form of different stables is so well known that one owner hardly cares to oppose another, unless he is pretty certain of the result; always excepting M. Lefèvre, who is ever ready to oppose anybody and everybody, and would, we dare say, if he could, start two horses of his own to oppose one another sooner than see a walk over. This state of things is not encouraging. Matches have died out; the old-fashioned rich sweepstakes no longer attract subscribers; the Pott and the Claret end in nothing; no human being cares a farthing about the Cup or the Whip, or Eclipse's tail or head, or anything that was his. Even the new style of handicaps fails to meet with the accustomed support, and Newmarket plates have been multiplied till they have become a byword. Clearly it is impossible, because it is so obviously ridiculous, to attempt to continue seven meetings during the year at Newmarket on their present footing. Even the Jockey Club cannot care to perpetuate stakes that invariably end in nothing, and to issue programmes that are never realized. Either racing must be carried on at Newmarket on quite a different basis, or not only the number of days at each meeting must again be curtailed, but there must also be a diminution in the number of meetings themselves. At present Newmarket is kept going pretty much by one person, who is a Frenchman, and by his horses, most of which are French bred. This does not say much for the position of the national sport of England.

REVIEWS.

ANDREW MARVELL.*

THE Rev. Mr. Grosart, the indefatigable editor and publisher of the Fuller Worthies' Library, has come to Andrew Marvell, and has produced the first volume, a comely one, of an edition of his works, which is to fill four volumes. The work is in three sizes, and published by subscription. There are a hundred copies of quarto size, at a guinea and a half a copy; a hundred and six of octavo size, at a guinea; and a hundred and fifty-six of twelvemo size, at half-a-guinea; in all three hundred and sixty-two copies. A publication by subscription is not the same as a printing for private circulation. This edition of Marvell is public property, subject to public criticism. It behoves us to say that the notes and illustrations, more especially of the political poems, require much revision and improvement. But all who feel an interest in the memory of Milton's friend and of a genuine poet will thank Mr. Grosart for his zealous labours on Marvell.

An able biographer and critic of Marvell, in the pages of the *Cornhill Magazine* (July 1869), demonstrated that Marvell could

* *The Complete Works in Verse and Prose of Andrew Marvell, M.P.* For the first time Collected and Collated with the Original and Early Editions, and considerably Enlarged, with hitherto inedited Prose and Poems, and a Translation of the Greek and Latin Poetry, and in the quarto form an Original Portrait on Steel, and other Portraits, Facsimiles, and Illustrations. Edited, with Memorial, Introduction, and Notes, by the Rev. Alexander B. Grosart, St. George's, Blackburn, Lancashire. 4 vols. Vol. I.—Verse. Printed for Private Circulation. 1872.

The Poetical Works of Andrew Marvell, M.P. for Hull; with Memoir of the Author. Reprint of the American Edition. London: Alexander Murray. 1870.

not have been the author of two political satires which, on the bad authority of a bookseller's compilation—the "Poems on Affairs of State"—have been continually ascribed to him. These are "Hodge's Vision from the Monument," and "Oceana and Britannia." Both refer to events subsequent to Marvell's death. Mr. Grosart, on similar grounds, has exploded a third, "Royal Resolutions." Mr. Grosart does not explain why he denies or doubts the authenticity of three other poems—"Upon the Cutting of Sir John Coventry's Nose," or "The Haymarket Hectors," "The Chequers Inn," and "The Doctor turned Justice." There is no anachronism in any of these three poems. The first two, and the same may be said of "Royal Resolutions," are exceedingly witty, not coarser than many of the pieces not denied or doubted to be Marvell's, and superior in style to some of which Marvell's authorship is not disputed. Mr. Grosart is wrong in the date which he assigns to Marvell's "Britannia and Raleigh." He gives the date "1670, or but little later." But the poem contains this couplet:—

> Her creature Osborne the revenue steals,
> False Finch, knave Anglesey, misguide the Seals.

Her is the King's mistress, Madame de Querouaille, vulgarly called Carwell, ennobled as Duchess of Portsmouth. Osborne was made Lord Treasurer in June 1673; Finch, Lord Keeper in November 1673; Anglesey, Lord Privy Seal in May 1673; The poem, then, could not have been written much, if at all, before 1674. Of a poem called "Advice to a Painter," Mr. Grosart is right in saying that, if Danby is the correct word in a couplet put into the Duke of York's mouth—

> Most holy father, being joined in league
> With Father Patrick, Danby, and with Teague—

it must have been written in or after 1674, in which year Osborne was created Earl of Danby. But *Danby* is doubtless the wrong word. Darby, which Mr. Grosart is inclined to substitute, is unmeaning and impossible. Talbot, which he records as a various reading, is doubtless the proper name to be joined with Patrick and with Teague; either Colonel Dick Talbot, afterwards successively Earl and Duke of Tyrconnel, or his brother, Peter Talbot, a Roman Catholic ecclesiastic. The contents of this poem make it clear that it was written while the Duke of York's marriage with the Princess Mary of Modena was in preparation, in the autumn of 1673.

It would be better for Marvell's fame if it could be proved that he had written none of the political satires ascribed to him. None of them were printed in the widow's edition of his poetry of 1681, three years after his death. But his political satires and lampoons were necessarily anonymous, and it would have been then too soon to disclose the secret of his authorship. As it is, the fact of any poem being published among the "Poems on Affairs of State," with Marvell's name attached to it, is no sufficient proof of his authorship. But, without being able generally to be positive as to any one particular poem, common fame and general contemporary belief amply justify us in assuming that many, if not most, of the political satires ascribed to him are his. His rabid enemy, Bishop Parker, describes him as the lewdest of lewd revilers, a "satirist for the faction," a "vagabond, ragged, hungry poetaster." Bishop Parker's language and tone about his witty antagonist who conquered him are unseemly enough; but there must exist underneath the fact that Marvell, the member of Parliament for Hull, was an habitual pamphleteer and satirist; and the truth must be added that he who was Milton's friend and a sweet poet of nature and of sentiment has been the accredited author of many satires full of loathsome obscenity and virulent malice. The anonymous is full of danger for men of warm feelings and strong antipathies, as Marvell's were. He was the author of a remarkable political tract, anonymously published, on the growth of Popery and arbitrary government, which incensed the courtier majority of the House of Commons; and the following passage of a letter of his to Mr. William Ramsden of Hull shows how he was careful to avoid acknowledgment of authorship to an intimate friend, while he also abstained from denial:—

> There came out about Christmas last a large book concerning the growth of Popery and arbitrary government. There have been great rewards offered in private and considerable in the *Gazette* to any one who could inform of the author or printer; but not yet discovered. Three or four printed books since have described, as near as it was proper to go (the man being a member of Parliament) Mr. Marvell to have been the author; but if he had, surely he should not have escaped being questioned in Parliament, or some other place.

This letter was written June 10, 1678. About two months after he suddenly died. The widow may well have been afraid to avow his political satires, full of scurrilous personality, in 1681. We do not quarrel with Mr. Grosart for publishing all Marvell's poems, or all believed to be his, whether disfigured or not by indecencies, for Marvell is an English classic and celebrity, and posterity, to judge him truly, must have all before them. "I will not castrate John Dryden" was Sir Walter Scott's defiant announcement when he undertook his edition of Dryden's works. But it is well to warn fathers of families that the political poems imputed to Marvell contain extreme grossness and unmitigated filth. The virulent personality of these poems is another great blot in Marvell's character. His political animosity against the Duke of York carried him into unmanly and loathsome war against the Duchess. Anne Hyde, who in youthful weakness had yielded to the Duke's dishonourable overtures, and whom he had married by compulsion wholesomely exercised on him, was by general testimony an amiable, and, ever after her early fault, a virtuous woman, much to be pitied for her husband's indiscriminate and unconcealed amours, and bearing her unhappiness with calm dignity. The sinning Duke aggravated against his poor wife the innocent attentions of two gentlemen of their household—Henry Sydney and Henry Jermyn—who probably pitied the Duchess, and in whose sympathetic courtesies she might be excused for finding some solace of her woes. Marvell, with the utmost unmanliness, rips up her early history, charges her over and over again with profligacy, and over and over again accuses her, against authority and against probability, of poisoning one of her husband's mistresses, Lady Denham. No well-conditioned man can do less than grieve over this style of anonymous satire. One of the most likely of these political poems to be really Marvell's is "The Last Instructions to a Painter," written in 1667. It contains a description of the Duchess of York, of which the two following lines, bad enough, are a tame sample; most of the rest it is not possible for us to print:—

> Paint her with oyster lip, and breath of fame,
> Wide mouth that asparagus may well proclaim.

Marvell then charges her with the foulest vices. Crimes, misdemeanours, and vices are constantly charged in the coarsest language against high officials and members of Parliament; this could only be done anonymously. There is a prose tract, always ascribed to Marvell, being a list of the members of the House of Commons who supported the Court, published at Amsterdam in 1677, which is rampant with personal scurrility. Here is a mild specimen:—Sir Solomon Swale, member for Aldborough, "one whose word will not pass for threepence where he is known, an old Papist, if not priest, but his bald pate excuses his tonsure; a forger of wills." Sir Robert Carr, member for Lincolnshire, brother-in-law of Earl of Arlington, is said to have "two wives living at this hour, one Arlington's sister." We are forced to assume that Marvell was the author of these scurrilous libels. We have no sympathy with Bishop Parker, his vindictive and virulent enemy, but there is some justice in his foul language. The Bishop calls Marvell also a "drunken buffoon"; there is truth here also. His admiring friend Aubrey says of him that "he kept bottles of wine at his lodging, and many times he would drink liberally by himself to refresh his spirits and exalt his muse." It is idle and worse to ignore the truth; Marvell's faults must not be denied or cloaked. The biographer who sees nothing to blame, everything indeed apparently to worship, in the filth and scurrility of his satires, and will admit no truth in Bishop Parker's invective, is afflicted with the *lues Boswelliana* in a very aggravated form. Mr. Grosart describes the satires and political poems as "noble, profound, prescient, wise as witty and witty as wise, penetrating and burning." We cannot go with him here. We refer for our justification to the accounts of Lady Castlemaine (lines 80-104), and of Colonel Birch (142-6), to a passage on Clarendon (473), and another on the Speaker Turner (831-6), in "The Last Instructions to a Painter," besides the abominable description of the Duchess of York, already noticed. We further refer to the account of the Duke of York's vices and diseases (37-54) in "Advice to a Painter," to lines 17-20 of "Nostradamus's Prophecy," to lines 19-22 and 43, 44 of "An Historical Poem," and to the fourth stanza of "Clarendon's House-Warming," on which—for it is a foul reference to Clarendon's daughter, the Duchess of York—Mr. Grosart contents himself with directing his readers to the vile account of her in "The Last Instructions to a Painter," for, he says, "the grossness of this stanza will bear no further explanation." We refer to these passages for proof of our assertion of the filthy indecency of Marvell's political satires.

It is quite clear from what is otherwise known of Marvell's career in Parliament, that Bishop Parker is substantially right in describing him as having there no influence or consideration. We do not sympathize with the fine gentlemen and cormorant courtiers who despised the poor private tutor, the scholar and poet unknown to the world of aristocracy, whom connexion with burgess families of the place had made member for Hull, and who received a stipend from his constituents. Bishop Parker writes in his History of his own Time:—

> The King being restored, this wretched man, falling into his former poverty, did for the sake of a livelihood procure himself to be chosen member of Parliament for a borough in which his father had exercised the office of a Presbyterian teacher, and done notable service in the rebellion; for there was an ancient custom, that the expenses of those that were elected into Parliament should be borne by the borough for which they were chosen, at the rate of five shillings a day. This custom had a long time been antiquated and out of date, gentlemen despising so vile a stipend that was given like alms to the poor; yet he required it for the sake of a bare subsistence, although in this mean poverty he was nevertheless haughty and insolent. . . . . But such men had little weight in that assembly, being looked upon with shame and disgrace, so that if they would do no good, they could do no hurt; for they were hardly ever suffered to speak without being hissed at; and our poet could not speak without a sound hasting; wherefore, having frequently undergone this discipline, he learned at length to hold his tongue. But out of the House, when he could do it with impunity, he vented himself with the greater bitterness, and daily spewed infamous libels out of his filthy mouth against the King himself.

Here speaks worldly prosperous gentility against poor honesty and talent. Allow Marvell his faults, that he wrote anonymous libels, and drank intemperately in secret; still he was a brilliant scholar, and had great attainments, and was in poverty an honest, incorruptible man. Was not the Bishop a furious bigot and unchristianly implacable foe? What were not the demerits of the fine courtiers and personages who huffed and hooted Marvell? The few notices on record of Marvell in the House of Commons show that he was not in his element there, and was not a favourite.

Grey, the reporter, unusually mentions on one occasion that he spoke "somewhat transportedly." He was called to explain. There was a curious long debate on one occasion (March 29, 1677) on the Speaker Seymour's calling Marvell to order for giving a blow to Sir Philip Harcourt, when much feeling was shown by many members against Marvell; and either ill feeling aggravated a trifle against him, or he committed an indecorum under the influence of wine. Marvell spoke very seldom in the House. There are not more than seven speeches in all attributed to him, most of them very short; one speech only of any length, March 27, 1677, on the second reading of a Bill for educating the children of the Royal Family in the Protestant religion, which he vehemently opposed. He is reported as then saying that "he is not used to speak here, and therefore speaks with abruptness." In one of Marvell's letters to his friend William Ramsden, at Hull, he speaks of the probability of his having an employment in Ireland; the idea was not realized. This would have been probably some place under the Lord-Lieutenant, Lord Berkeley of Stratton, a patriot peer. We are not accustomed to think of Marvell as a placeman, but we may be sure of his honesty. "I think it will be my lot," he wrote in February, 1671, "to go on an honest fair employment into Ireland; some have smelt the Court of Rome at that distance: there I hope I shall be out of the smell of ours." He had in 1663 gone as secretary to the Earl of Carlisle, Ambassador to Muscovy, Sweden, and Denmark, and had been absent from the House of Commons more than a year. Deferentially consulting his constituents, he then wrote to the Mayor of Hull:—"It is no new thing for members of our House to be dispensed with for the service of the King and the nation in foreign parts." There still exists, and has in recent times been acted on, a special provision, under a resolution of 1575, by which diplomatic functionaries may continue members of the House of Commons:—"Any person being a member and in service as an Ambassador shall not be amoved during that service."

We have not loved to dwell on Marvell's faults and shortcomings. He is associated in general memory with Milton, who has reflected light on him; but it cannot be said that his soul was, as his illustrious friend's, like "a star and dwelt apart." Wordsworth's praise of Marvell may be turned to exaggerated use, and results only from remembrance of him as Milton's friend:—

> Great men have been among us; hands that penned
> And tongues that uttered wisdom, better none;
> The later Sydney, Marvell, Harrington,
> Young Vane, and others who called Milton friend.

To Wordsworth we are sure that Marvell's satires were unknown. Treating Marvell as an erring mortal, we turn with satisfaction from weakness and sin to his better nature. He had two natures.

> Enough of sin and shame and blight,
> This is rather of those moments bright
> When to the consciousness of right
> His heart was true;
> When virtue prospered in his sight,
> And wisdom grew.

We gladly believe that it must have been an ineffable relief to him to exchange malicious satire and debasing thoughts for the study of his loved classics and the composition of that sweet poetry which has made him famous in after-time. His scholarship was of the first order. Many Latin poems of his are before the world. Milton highly commended his scholarship, writing to President Bradshaw to beg his appointment to be an assistant to himself as Latin secretary, "laying aside," he grandly said, "those jealousies and that emulation, which mine own condition might suggest to me by bringing in such a coadjutor." Aubrey says of him:—"He was a great master of the Latin tongue; an excellent poet in Latin or English; for Latin verses there was no man could come into competition with him." We are spared the need of large quotation from Marvell's sweet and serious poetry. There is a recent cheap edition of his poems. Gems of his poetry are encased in favourite collections, in Palgrave's *Golden Treasury*, and in the *Household Book of English Poetry* of Archbishop Trench, a poet of merit who has set the stamp of his high authority on Marvell's poetry. We make an exception by quoting some lines, of dignity suitable to the subject, from Marvell's "Poem on Paradise Lost," which has done much to unite his name with Milton's:—

> When I behold the poet blind, yet bold,
> In slender book his vast design unfold;
> Messiah crowned, God's reconciled decree,
> Rebelling angels, the Forbidden Tree;
> Heav'n, Hell, Earth, Chaos, All; the Argument
> Held me awhile, misdoubting his intent
> That he would ruin (for I saw him strong)
> The sacred truths to fable and old song
> (So Samson groped the Temple's posts in spite),
> The world o'erwhelming to revenge his sight.
>
> * * * *
>
> That majesty which through thy work doth reign
> Draws the devout, deterring the profane;
> And things divine thou treat'st of in such state
> As them preserves, and thee, inviolate.
> At once delight and horror on us seize,
> Thou sing'st with so much gravity and ease,
> And above human flight dost soar aloft
> With plume so strong, so equal, and so soft;
> The Bird named from that Paradise you sing
> So never flags, but always keeps on wing.
> Where couldst thou words of such a compass find?
> Whence furnish such a vast expanse of mind?
> Just Heaven thee, like Tiresias, to requite
> Rewards with prophecy thy loss of sight.
>
> Well mightst thou scorn thy readers to allure
> With tinkling rhyme, of thy own sense secure;
> While the town-Bayes writes all the while and spells,
> And like a pack-horse tires without his bells:
> Their fancies like our bushy-points appear,
> The poets tag them, we for fashion wear.

Mr. Grosart's note on "town-Bayes" is unsatisfactory. "Is Bayes Bavius anglicized," he asks, "or is town-Bayes an ironical name for the town-Laureate, or, as Ben Jonson calls Munday, the city poet?" The town-Bayes is Dryden, the Poet-Laureate, not city poet, christened Bayes in the *Rehearsal*. There is probably more than a coincidence in the word *tag*. Marvell probably knew from Milton the story which Aubrey tells of Dryden's request for leave to adapt *Paradise Lost* to a play in rhyme, and of Milton's reply that he might tag his verses. This story gives point to the last lines of our extract. Dryden clearly had a grudge against Marvell, and this passage is probably the explanation.

Let us now contrast the poet Marvell, with all his faults, with the great Bishop Parker, his vindictive and railing enemy. Two centuries after both have disappeared from the earth, what are the relative fames of the names of the haughty Bishop and the poor poet and scholar and low-born faithful member of Parliament? Who cares for the Bishop's memory, and who does not value Marvell's? It would be well if transitory worldly greatness would take a lesson from such an instance. When Marvell remonstrated in the House of Commons against heavy fees imposed on Milton by the Sergeant-at-arms who had had him in custody, Sir Heneage Finch, the Solicitor-General, pronounced his opinion that Milton deserved hanging. Some years before a future Primate of Ireland, Bramhall, wrote that Milton had deserved to be turned, not only out of the University of Cambridge, but out of the society of men; and that if Salmasius knew as much of Milton as he did, he would make him go near to hang himself (*Rawdon Papers*, p. 109). Locke, whom all now revere as a philosopher, was ignominiously expelled by a truckling Bishop from a Christ Church studentship at Oxford, in obedience to the arbitrary mandate of a profligate Secretary of State, for alleged "factious and disloyal behaviour," which the Bishop disbelieved. Who would now care to exchange the places of Locke, Milton, and Marvell in the gallery of fame for those of Bishop Fell, Earl of Sunderland, Archbishop Bramhall, Sir Heneage Finch, afterwards Earl of Nottingham, and Bishop Parker?

TROLLOPE'S AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND.*

We have delayed for some time our notice of Mr. Trollope's book upon Australia; long enough, indeed, for it to have reached a second edition before we have rendered our account of the first. Our apology for the delay must be very simple. It is wrong, as a rule, to review a book without reading it; and reading Mr. Trollope's performance has been a work of time. Two portly volumes might be filled with the records of a year's stay in Australia, of which every line should be amusing; and Mr. Trollope in his ordinary vein certainly possesses the art of amusing his readers. On the present occasion, however, he has been ambitious of soaring above that humble aim. He has not so much written a story as compiled a blue-book. He appears in the character of a politician and an economist. He gives us disquisitions upon colonial institutions, upon land laws, upon the effect of the gold discoveries, upon the labour question, upon the fate of the aborigines, upon railways, upon preserved meat, upon ecclesiastical arrangements, and upon a number of other questions of the gravest, and occasionally of the driest, character. Now on all these subjects Mr. Trollope has much that is interesting to say. We cannot, indeed, profess to regard him as a great political theorist; he is not, and makes no pretensions to be, the Tocqueville of the Antipodes. He is a fine specimen of the true John Bull in politics, and possibly might be stigmatized by Mr. Arnold as a Philistine. But, though we do not anticipate much new light from his remarks, we willingly admit that he writes like a solid, sensible, and painstaking man, who is frequently commonplace, but never silly. We have therefore no disposition to complain of Mr. Trollope for indulging in disquisitions about matters of more serious importance than the love affairs of two or three imaginary couples. The misfortune is that he has carried into another province of literature the habits which are certainly excusable, and perhaps meritorious, in his peculiar style of fiction. One of the qualities to which Mr. Trollope owes his success—though by no means the highest—is his unwillingness ever to write above the capacity of his public. He is aware, or he instinctively assumes, that the ordinary English novel-reader is above all things a person of indolent mind; and that consequently he likes to have set down in plain black and white a number of facts which people of quicker understanding would be glad to take for granted. Hence Mr. Trollope is never afraid of boring us by explanations. He gives all the ins and outs of every little domestic complication, and repeats all the "says he's" and "says I's" at full length and in perfect reliance upon our sympathy. The result justifies his confidence; we are amused without being excited; and we follow the development of his plots as we make the acquaintance in real life of a set of ordinary but sociable and kindly people. This method, however, becomes not a little tiresome in political disquisitions. The habit of composing in perfectly simple sentences, each of them

* *Australia and New Zealand.* By Anthony Trollope. London: Chapman & Hall. 1873.

conveying one easy proposition, makes him intolerably diffuse. To take an example, pretty much at random, Mr. Trollope wishes to explain that it is very important to devise some means of preserving Australian meat. Most writers would credit their readers with sufficient acuteness for discovering the reasons of this circumstance for themselves. Mr. Trollope, however, begins, properly enough, by giving the figures which prove that meat is much cheaper in Australia than in England. Next he tells us that the price of other necessaries of life is equalized by the cost of transporting them. Thirdly, this is the case with wheat. Fourthly, the difference in price of tea, sugar, and other articles in different countries is due rather to the duties on import than to the cost of transport. Fifthly, "meat has hitherto been an exception to this rule, from a cause that is manifest to every one." Sixthly, this cause is the decomposition of meat exposed to the air. Hence, seventhly and lastly, it follows that it would be desirable to transport meat as securely and cheaply as other commodities. Nothing can be truer; but is it necessary to construct a chain of seven links in order to demonstrate this familiar truism? On the same principle, Mr. Trollope is given to indulge in little expositions of the theory of the British Constitution. He expends a page or two in pointing out that when a Minister has encountered an adverse vote under certain circumstances, he may either resign or ask for a dissolution. Once more we say, that is very true; but might you not for once take something for granted? Two and two most certainly make four; but a proof of the theorem need not be given every time it is used.

The diffuseness of Mr. Trollope's style is aggravated by the mode in which the book was composed. He tells us, with admirable frankness, that he wrote it as he went along. He finished off his account of Queensland before he had begun to work up Victoria; or, as he puts it, Queensland "had been, as it were, despatched and cleared out of his mind." Now this method of writing has its advantages. If Mr. Trollope had been giving an account of personal adventure, we should have been glad to have the story as set down whilst the events were still fresh in his mind. But when the object is to discuss political problems, the advantages of this system are exceedingly doubtful. There are many conditions which are common to each of the seven colonies visited by Mr. Trollope; and we have thus to listen to discussions substantially identical seven times over. The land questions, for example, are very important and very complicated. If Mr. Trollope had got up the subject as well as he could, if he had arrived at certain definite conclusions, and discussed them in logical order, pointing out how far the same principles had been applied in the different colonies, how far the systems differed, and what light was thrown upon each by the experience of the others, he might have given us a really useful dissertation. As it is, we are confused and worried. Mr. Trollope's method in this instance saves himself at the expense of his readers. He gives us a mass of amorphous pleadings, and does not take the trouble to sum up or compare. In order to arrive even at his own opinions upon the subject we should have to go through a considerable amount of labour; though, if we had noted all the various passages in which the topic is touched, and were to bestow a second or a third reading on some which have become rather dim in our memory, we might doubtless succeed in codifying Mr. Trollope, and drawing out a systematic profession of faith from his voluminous pages. We have not done so, for various reasons; and we are not therefore in a position to say with any confidence how much new light he may have thrown upon the matter.

Thus much, indeed, we dimly gather. Mr. Trollope, politically considered, is a good sturdy Whig. He believes in the British Constitution and in the advantages of the *via media*. He likes good, solid, substantial reasons for everything, and turns a deaf ear alike to sentimental loyalty and to democratic Buncombe. He holds that Government should be kept in order, and that the Colonial Office is much too fond of red tape. There is nothing, in his opinion, so good for a nation as letting it alone. Thus he looks forward t the gradual emancipation of the colonies. Their enthusiastic loyalty strikes him as, on the whole, a little absurd. It is impossible, he thinks, that this vast empire should really be ruled much longer from Downing Street, and the Australians should be encouraged to run alone as soon as possible. We are all the more likely, he considers, to part on friendly terms, when the inevitable parting comes, if we do not try to keep up an impracticably close connexion. On the other hand, Mr. Trollope is not by any means a rampant Radical. He watched, and has described with a good deal of humour, the proceedings at some of the miniature Parliaments of the antipodes. He admits that they are a good deal wanting in that decorum which we are accustomed to think essential in a legislative assembly. The members are in the habit of using extremely vigorous language about each other; the Speakers have very lax notions of enforcing order, and the newspapers are very ready to explain the little amenities which have passed by imputations on the sobriety of their representatives. He admits, too, that Cabinets have an unpleasantly short tenure of office as a general rule; and that political purity is by no means valued so highly as it ought to be. All this, however, does not materially disturb his complacent optimism; everything will come right in the long run, if only it is let alone. The scurrility and brutality of political life are at any rate a sign that people take an interest in politics; and the one thing to be dreaded is indifference. The ferment will gradually settle down as society becomes more organized; and a decent political order will be evolved out of the conflicting elements. To all this we need say nothing. Mr. Trollope may be right or wrong; but it is tolerably plain that we need not expect much new light from him; we have only to remark that, of ten ordinary members of the Cobden Club, probably nine would come to much the same conclusions, though they might express them rather more briefly. The subject upon which Mr. Trollope has much to say that seems to us really valuable is on the difficulty of obtaining a confederation of the colonies. There are many reasons for wishing that at least a customs union might be brought about as soon as possible upon the Australian continent; but politics there are still too much in the vestry stage. Petty local jealousies obscure wider views, and the centrifugal seem at present to be too strong for the centripetal forces. In fact, a federation has hitherto been produced only by some strong external pressure. The United States were forced into alliance under great difficulties by their common hostility to England; and Canada has been forced into unity only by fear of her overbearing neighbours. Australia is fortunately free from such motives, and is likely long to remain free from them; but as population extends, and the mutual relations of the colonies become more intimate, one would hope that more far-sighted views may prevail.

Mr. Trollope goes in so much for statistics and for politics that his lighter material is pushed into corners. It is a pity, for the lighter material is by far the most interesting, and is occasionally very good. Mr. Trollope, indeed, is hampered by a very natural difficulty. He cannot speak of individuals without offending against the laws of private confidence; and he most properly refrains from seasoning his pages with personalities. There is indeed one description of a member of a colonial Assembly to which we should fancy that there could be no great difficulty in assigning a name; and, if so, we hope that the person indicated may learn a lesson from the remarks which he has provoked; but elsewhere Mr. Trollope has most scrupulously avoided saying anything which can wound anybody. We applaud his discretion, but it also follows that his field of description is considerably narrowed. However, he describes with great animation many of the amusing incidents of his journeys. There is a really humorous and vivid account, for example, of some of the convicts whom he visited in Tasmania; in regard to which we only regret that its length prevents us from quoting it. There is a description, again, of hunting in Australia, given with all the vivacity which we might expect from the author of *Hunting Sketches;* and we may safely say that, by resolute skipping, a very amusing volume may be extracted from the two before us, which would occupy perhaps two hundred and fifty out of the thousand pages. In describing scenery Mr. Trollope is hardly successful, and he justifies himself by declaring rather broadly that nobody can describe scenery. Nobody, indeed, can set before us scenery totally different in kind from that with which we are familiar; but it is possible to describe the emotions which the scenery produces on the mind of the traveller, and we need hardly refer to cases in which this has been done. Mr. Trollope, to say the truth, seems to have had his mind rather too exclusively fixed upon questions about sheep-farming and land laws, and at times upon questions of dinner and comfort, to be very much moved by the scenery. However, he has given some good touches even of this kind, which may at least stimulate our curiosity; and we would hope that he may attract some members of the Alpine Club to the snowy peaks of New Zealand.

An innkeeper, overheard by Mr. Trollope through the partitions of corrugated iron, observed that Mr. Anthony Trollope "must be a damned fool to come travelling in this country in such weather as this"; and Mr. Trollope apparently agreed with him at the time. We entirely deny that Mr. Trollope is a fool—with or without any epithet prefixed—either for travelling or for publishing an account of his travels. He doubtless did well both in visiting Australia and in recording his impressions. But we wish that he had tried to form them into a book, instead of tumbling them out as an amorphous mass of writing.

FERGUSON'S DIALECT OF CUMBERLAND.*

TO deal with a local dialect is a much harder thing than most people seem to fancy. As a rule, people who sit down to make local dictionaries and glossaries appear to think that there is nothing to be done but to put down all words, forms of words, or meanings of words which at all differ from modern high-polite English. Those who go a little further than this stick on something by way of etymology, "derivations" from "Saxon," Danish, or sometimes things further off. The natural consequence is that the same word, form, or phrase is found over and over again in different local glossaries belonging to the most distant parts of the kingdom. A word or form or phrase which has vanished from high-polite English is perhaps in familiar use everywhere from Kent to Cumberland. It is perhaps in no way characteristic of one district more than another; it is an archaism; in delicate ears it is a vulgarism; but it is in no sense a localism. But, because it is in familiar use while it is not in high-polite use, every maker of a local glossary from Kent to Cumberland at once puts it in his book, as if it were characteristic of his own district. Words of this class have really no business in a local glossary at all; they have their place in the general history of the language,

* *The Dialect of Cumberland, with a Chapter on its Place-Names.* By Robert Ferguson. London: Williams & Norgate.

but they have nothing to do with the particular history of any of its local forms. Then there is another large class of words, which may be said to be accidentally local—words once common to the whole language, but which have lived on in particular districts only. Thus there are a vast multitude of words which are commonly called North-country, or, more commonly still, Scotch, which are simply words that are in themselves no more Northern than Southern, but that have lived on in Northern English while they have been lost in Southern. Words of this class belong equally to the general and to the local inquirer, but it is rather the business of the local inquirer to find out, if he can, why they have been preserved in one part of the country while they have been lost elsewhere. These of course ought to be found in a local glossary of the part of England to which they are now peculiar, but they ought to be carefully distinguished from words which are in themselves local, words or forms which, as far as we know, not only are not now, but never have been, in use in other parts of the country besides those of which they are now characteristic. When this last class has been really separated from the other two the work of the local etymologist begins. Take, for instance, a word or form or phrase which is in use in Yorkshire or Lincolnshire, but which is now unknown in Southern England. In a vast number of cases, far more than people commonly think, the fact simply is that the word has gone out of use in Southern England. To take a very familiar case, the word "bairn," which everybody would now call a North-country word, perhaps a Scotch word, is itself no more Northern than Southern. It has simply dropped out of use in the South. But it may be that the word or form is one which not only is not now in use in the South, but which there is no reason to think ever was in use in the South. Then comes the question of its origin. In the two counties which we spoke of, the question would be, Is it Anglian as opposed to Saxon, or is it Scandinavian as opposed to English in the wider sense? In some other districts, Cumberland among them, there is the further chance, stronger or fainter, that it may be British. These are the kind of facts which it is the business of a local inquirer to work out, and, as a rule, they fail to be thoroughly worked out from the difficulty which affects all local inquiries. A local subject can never be thoroughly worked out except by a man who is quite capable of dealing with the general subject, and a man who is capable of dealing with the general subject will not very often stoop to deal with the local subject. In fact, a local inquiry calls for such specially keen and minute kind of investigation, combined with a thoroughly wide view of the general subject, that it really seems as if greater powers were needed to deal with a local dialect or a local anything else than are needed for inquiries which seem to have a wider scope. A man cannot deal with the dialect of a particular district unless he thoroughly knows the history of that particular district, and he cannot thoroughly know the history of that particular district unless he is thoroughly master of its relations to other parts of the world. In short, a local work of any kind, if it goes beyond the barest collection of facts, is a somewhat more difficult task than people seem commonly to think it.

Let us take, for instance, the district whose dialect is treated in the little book before us. First of all, What is Cumberland? The word has more than one meaning; the Cumberland of the modern map takes in some districts which at the time of Domesday were part of Yorkshire; this we had occasion to point out at the time of those amazing letters in the *Times* about the omission of Cumberland in the Great Survey. That omission was something much more important than the mere change of the boundaries in the county. To be in Yorkshire was, then as now, to be in England, but to be in Cumberland was then distinctly not to be in England. Modern Cumberland is formed by adding piece of English Yorkshire to the old un-English Cumberland which is represented by the late diocese of Carlisle. Almost the first question which one would ask in inquiring into the Cumberland dialect is, whether there is any difference in dialect, or in anything else, to be perceived between that part of Cumberland which in Domesday is part of Yorkshire and that other part of Cumberland which became part of the kingdom of England only under William Rufus. Then, again, one would naturally ask what is the relation of Cumberland in either sense to the districts North and South of it, districts closely connected with its history, and its separation from which is one of the great puzzles of our early history? Then we have the remarkable phenomena of that whole region of which modern Cumberland forms a part, and the special phenomena of the special district added to England by William Rufus. Cumberland, in this sense, made no part of the English conquest of Britain. There is no reason to think that it was occupied by any settlements of Angles or Saxons in the time of the first invasions. It was a fragment of the great Welsh kingdom, call it Strathclyde or what we will, which was ruled by Scottish princes, which must have received a large Scandinavian colony, Norwegian rather than Danish, which further received a colony from Southern England under William Rufus, and at least a temporary Flemish colony under Henry the First. Now the great peculiarity of this Cumbrian history is that the Scandinavian settlement, which has left such important traces on the local dialect and nomenclature, is unrecorded. In Yorkshire, Lincolnshire, Norfolk, we know when the Scandinavian settlement took place, and under what leaders. In Cumberland, setting aside a dark passage of Henry of Huntingdon, we infer that there was a Scandinavian settlement because we see its still abiding effects; but we know not at all when or how it took place, and there certainly never could have been any Scandinavian dynasty in Cumberland such as we know reigned in Yorkshire. We hardly know what inferences to make or what kind of language we should expect from the presence of these various elements. The Scandinavian settlers, who did not even displace the reigning Celtic dynasty, cannot have made so thorough a sweep of the Celtic inhabitants as the Angles and Saxons made in England. We have no data for the proportions of Britons and Northmen to one another, or of the proportions of either to the English colony planted by Rufus. But we may fairly look for three elements, British, Scandinavian, and English; the Scandinavian being likely to be the greatest of the three. Mr. Ferguson's glossary now before us does not give us so much help as we should have liked in settling all these questions. Some of them he does not seem to have thought of at all. Thus he tells us:—

> In Cumberland a great part of these names date from the division of the soil among the followers of the Conqueror, of which Denton gives us many of the particulars. Thus Dovenly was called from Dolfin, the son of Ailward, while Ailward the father gave his name to Ailwardby, perhaps the present *Allerby*. *Gamelby* took its name from Gamel lord of Bothel; *Melmerby* and *Ousby* (formerly Ulfsby), from Melmor and Ulf, the sons of Halden or Halfden.

We do not know anything about Denton or the particulars which he may have given; but it is certain that he cannot have given any authentic particulars of "the division of the soil among the followers of the Conqueror" in any part of Cumberland except that which in the Conqueror's time was part of Yorkshire, and for that we should go to Domesday rather than to Denton. Dolfin and Ailward, Gamel and Ulf, are moreover strange names for "followers of the Conqueror," especially if the Dolfin here meant is the one whom William Rufus drove out of Cumberland. This kind of talk does not lead us to expect any very scientific treatment from Mr. Ferguson. He stands, however, on a much higher level than most writers on local subjects; it is plain that he understands the languages which he is writing about, though he does not seem to have grasped their historical relation to one another in the district with which he has to deal. The peculiarity of Cumberland is that the Low-Dutch element represented by the English and Flemish colonists of the days of the Conqueror's sons is in Cumberland a later stratum than the Scandinavian element; while in Yorkshire, or in any other part of England where the two come together, the English is the earlier and the Scandinavian the later stratum. We might therefore fairly expect the Scandinavian to be the main essence of the dialect, and the purely English element to be an infusion at the one end, like any traces of Welsh which may be found at the other end. This, however, depends largely upon the exact extent of the English colony in Rufus's time, a point about which we know very little, though we do know that it was a real colony, as they came with their wives and their cattle and sat down to dwell and to till the ground. In writing a book which is not a mere glossary, but which contains a good deal of philological and quasi-historical disquisition, Mr. Ferguson should not have left all these things wholly out of sight.

We need only open the Glossary to find in almost every page some words which really seem to be distinctive, and which probably are really Scandinavian, while there are plenty of others which are simply obsolete in modern English, or very often not obsolete at all, but in familiar use everywhere. We can see nothing distinctively Cumbrian in such common words as "afore," "ax" (in modern form ask), "bag" for a cow's udder, "bang" in the sense of *beat*—in the sense of *excel* or *surpass*, one would think it must be slang, like the kindred use of *beat*, *whip*, and *flog*—"barm," "baste," "batten," "bid," "bide," "boggle," "booze," "brand new," "brat," "bumble-bee" (ὥσπερ μέλιττ' ἢ βομβύλιος εἰσέρχεται), and a crowd of others, which, if they are used in Cumberland, are equally used in other places also. *Combe* or *Coomb*, meaning valley, on the other hand, is just the sort of word which ought to be in the Glossary. It is not peculiar to Cumberland, but it is distinctive and characteristic of Cumberland; it is found in Cumberland for the same reason for which it is found in Somerset; namely, that both were districts in which the British speech held out longer than usual. So again, "bannock," a cake, seems to be a real Celtic word. "Bain," on the other hand, meaning "*near, convenient*, applied to a road; *willing, handy*, applied to a person"; seems to be real Scandinavian. We are not aware that it is to be found either in ancient or modern English. So "gain" in the same sense, which has much the same meaning, is, as far as we know, peculiar to the Scandinavian parts of England. And Mr. Ferguson also gives us here and there some by no means bad bits of philology. For instance, he puts *bairn* in his list, though it is local only in the sense of having lived on in some parts, while it has dropped out of use in others; but he shows that he knows the fact:—

> Anglo-Saxon *bearn*, Old Norse *barn*. This word, originally common to all the Teutonic idioms, was superseded by *kind* in Germany as early as the thirteenth century, and by *child* also in an early period in Southern England. It is still in exclusive use throughout the whole of Scandinavia, as also throughout Scotland and Northern England.

So under the word *en*, meaning *than*, he raises a fair philological question:—

> May be derived from the Old Norse *enn* than—*meira enn athrir*, "mair *en* others." But we also find in Prov. Germ. (Hennoberg) *enn* for *den*—*nit mehr enn drei*, "nit mair *en* three." The Old Norse *enn* is formed by anacope from *thenn*, as is the Prov. Germ. *enn* from *denn*. Or, in other words, it may be said to be the result of defective pronunciation. "The

anacope," observes Cleasby, "is entirely Scandinavian"—which, if it means that it is not to be found in German, is to be qualified by the exception above quoted. Now the question is—is our word derived from the Scandinavian, or is it the result of similar phonetic tendencies within the dialect itself? To this we can give no certain answer; but in any case it is probable enough that these phonetic tendencies in our dialect (of which another instance is *er* for *nor*) may be of Scandinavian origin.

In this way there is a good deal of real philological matter to be gleaned from Mr. Ferguson's book; and it of course has the value that any collection of facts must have. But it would have been better if it had followed throughout the more strictly scientific method, and if the very remarkable history of the district had been more directly brought to bear upon its language.

ZINCKE'S MONTH IN SWITZERLAND.*

IT has become a recognized fashion for travellers who write books to expatiate on almost everything which may be nearly or remotely suggested by the course of their travels. Perhaps it is too late to protest against the fashion at all, though by the light of nature it is difficult to see why a man whose own observation has furnished him with materials for an essay on land tenure or education should not roundly put forth his essay, backed by his observed facts, rather than lead it in surreptitiously, parenthetically, or apologetically, under pretence of narrating the circumstances under which the facts were observed. It is easy enough, indeed, to see that this latter course may save the trouble of detaching one's thoughts from the transitory associations in which they first arose, and putting them into a more orderly shape. The trouble saved to the writer is made up, however, by the reader. It would save still more trouble, and with a result in the end of the same kind, though greater in degree, if authors never corrected their proofs. But at all events it would be unfair to blame any individual writer for following the common practice in the matter of using a holiday tour as a nucleus for the collection of miscellaneous notes. Therefore, when we say that Mr. Zincke's *Month in Switzerland* is a book of this miscellaneous kind, we do not mean to prejudice the reader against it. There are many excellent books, such as dictionaries, whose very nature it is to be incoherent and desultory. Only we are compelled to observe for our own protection that it is the duty of a reviewer to reflect as faithfully as may be the general character of the book reviewed: and that if our review appears desultory and incoherent, it will be because we could not otherwise give any adequate notion of the desultoriness and incoherence of this particular book.

Mr. Zincke is a traveller of a quick and intelligent, but we should say not very sympathetic, mind, who has set down the thoughts that were excited in him by the stimulus of novel aspects of man and nature, apparently without much deliberation or manipulation. As to manner, these thoughts are always expressed in fluent and readable language; as to matter, they are sometimes ingenious, generally sensible, and occasionally commonplace. Not that Mr. Zincke can be accused of egotism, for he is not less willing to preserve things which other people communicated to him. He goes so far as to give a chapter to a "Drama of the Mountains," written at Aigle, at the end of the tour, by the youngest member of his party, who is generally described as "the blue boy." The doings of a clever child are always interesting, and this is a curiosity in its way; but we think it was not quite fair to the boy to print it. It is only just to mention that the most material digression, of which more presently, is marked off in a chapter of its own, and introduced with a certain form and solemnity.

The first thing we naturally look to in a book of Swiss travel is what the writer has to say of the mountains. Mr. Zincke's tribute to the powers of the ice-world is decent and respectful, and perhaps it ought to satisfy any reasonable person; but it is hardly enough to satisfy a mountaineer. It is pretty clear that in this tour the mountains were not the primary object. At two critical points, both likely to call out any mountain enthusiasm which the visitor may have latent in his nature, the Rhone glacier and Grindelwald, nearly twice as much space is given to the hotels as to the glaciers; and we may remark by the way that Mr. Zincke's general estimate of Swiss hotels does not seem to us quite fair. Really it is no fault of an innkeeper's if his guest finds honey disagree with him, or gets tired of always having his breakfast served in solid white china. We are indeed glad to find that Mr Zincke duly appreciates the merits of the all but ideally perfect Alpine headquarters afforded by the "Eagle" at Grindelwald. Yet, from the mountaineer's point of view, one cannot but deem this a meagre account of one of the most splendid and impressive scenes of the Oberland:—"Two great glaciers come down into the village from the two sides of the Mettenberg, which here has the Eiger on its [*i.e.* the spectator's] right, and the Wetterhorn on its left." Not a word of that marvellous precipice of the Wetterhorn plunging straight down into the valley; nor of the dazzling amphitheatre of the Viescher Grat that closes in the basin of the Eismeer; nor of that exquisite undulating crest of the Eiger which perfectly realizes Mr. Kingsley's simile of a leaping wave frozen before it falls. We gather incidentally that the day was fine, and we presume that the travellers were rewarded for their journey over the Wengern Alp by seeing a clear sunset at Grindelwald. And the glory of a September sunset on those mountains is assuredly a thing not to be forgotten. But of this too there is never a word. After the merely topographical statement we have quoted comes a note of the number of hours the party had been "on the tramp," and the journal quietly proceeds:—"*September* 14.—Returned early to our *voiture* to Interlaken." It is a mystery to us how anybody can be content to spend only some fraction of a day at such a place as Grindelwald, and return early the next morning to Interlaken. But so it is, that many come and go, scarcely knowing what marvels they have seen; they gaze in wondering curiosity, or approve with discreet and distant admiration; and the divine madness of mountaineering is a gift not to be received by all men. And a comparative indifference, for such we must think it, to the peculiar influences of the higher regions is the less matter for surprise in a traveller who has other purposes, and who is bent on observing many other things besides the mountains. Certainly we are not such fanatics as to suppose that in Switzerland, or even at Grindelwald, the mountains are everything; and we do not speak as criticising, much less as blaming, Mr. Zincke on account of his attitude of mind in this respect, but only as giving notice of what is not to be expected from him. If he does not meet us with any very active sympathy, yet he is in no way against us. Indeed the thanks of Alpine climbers are due to him for some very judicious and sensible words of approval, which are the more valuable as coming from a disinterested witness. It is pleasant to turn from the random moralizings of the daily press on the folly of mountaineers, repeated with the same confidence and the same ignorance almost every season, to the opinion of a cultivated and observant traveller, who, having been in many lands and seen many forms of human activity, concludes that mountain climbing is, on the whole, "the most rational and stirring" of all athletic pursuits. And Mr. Zincke does in one place express a hope of making the better acquaintance of the ice-world at some future time:—

> We had now completed the circuit of the great ice-field of the Bernese Oberland. . . . We had had a near or more distant view of all its chief snowy peaks, but had nowhere crossed any part of the snow-field itself. That, perhaps, may be the work of another day, when the blue boy will be old enough, and the rest of the party not yet too old, for such work; for those who are not up to Peaks, either of the first or second class, may still graduate as Pass-men by crossing the ice-fields between the Peaks.

One might cavil, if so disposed, at such a loose way of speaking of "*the* snow-field" of the Bernese Oberland, when a glance at the Federal map would show at once that this form of words corresponds to nothing in nature; and one might observe that it is not true as a general proposition that all passes are easier than all peaks. It is true that the easiest of all glacier expeditions are to be found in a few well-known passes; but it is also true that less frequented passes (without counting one or two so-called passes made by mistake, and, as Mr. Ball puts it, "not recommended for general adoption") afford some of the very hardest. But we commend the intention, and will not quarrel with details.

Our attention must now be turned to some of the miscellaneous contents of Mr. Zincke's volume. We take the oddest thing first. There is a little æsthetic discussion about the peculiar effect of moonlight, and incidentally to this Mr. Zincke translates a celebrated passage of Homer, with this apologetic remark:—

> I have essayed a rendering of this famous simile, not because I hope to succeed where so many are supposed to have failed, but because, as may be believed of a country parsonage, I have not a single translation at hand.

Now the passage in question is the very same which has been translated by Mr. Tennyson. Thus we are driven to a puzzling choice between improbable conjectures. Either Mr. Zincke has not a copy of *Enoch Arden* and its companion pieces in his parsonage; or he has the volume and has never read it; or he has read it and forgotten all about the very interesting "Experiments" collected at the end; none of which alternatives would commend itself to our reason in the case of any parson, not to say a parson of Mr. Zincke's culture and abilities. The only guess left is that the book was there once, and that some friend, not exempt from the communistic leanings in the matter of books and umbrellas which are found in the most respectable society, borrowed it and carried it off past recovery. But we confess ourselves at a loss.

The most considerable digression is a chapter on peasant proprietorship, suggested by the observation of that system as established in the valley of the Visp. Mr. Zincke handles the subject with much ingenuity, and in the main with sound reason. His general conclusion as to the life of peasant owners is that, while it is independent and blameless, yet, "after all, it is the moral life rather of an ant-hill or of a bee-hive than of this rich and complex world to which we belong." Accordingly the system is unsuited to an advanced industrial and mercantile community like ours. After some acute discussion of our own existing state of things, and the reasons which make it unsatisfactory, Mr. Zincke gives his own view of the land question. He considers the true question to be, What is the best way of bringing the resources of capital to bear upon land? And the solution he propounds is the owning and working of agricultural land on a large scale by companies. Reasons are given for supposing that such joint-stock enterprises would yield considerable profit, and would, indeed, be the only way of developing the resources of the land to the best advantage. Any one who could afford to take a share or two in one of these land-owning companies might thus acquire a substantial interest in the land. The idea is novel and striking, and we should like to see a serious attempt to work it out. Of course the advocates of peasant proprietorship would object to it that it does not provide for satisfying the desire, assumed by them

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* *A Month in Switzerland.* By F. Barham Zincke, Vicar of Wherstead, Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1873.

to be a necessary and universal part of human nature, to call a specific bit of land one's very own. But Mr. Zincke has very little opinion of them, holding that "we shall never in this country see anything approximating to peasant proprietorship. That is simply inconceivable in the era of capital." In the course of this discussion on land-owning there are some good observations on the different moral effects of possessing different kinds of property, especially the negative moral effect, as it may be called, of property which gives its possessor no trouble. Mr. Zincke goes so far as to say that "the simplicity and gentility of a large fortune in Three per Cent. Consols" is likely to educate the holder in refined selfishness.

The copious water supply of Swiss towns and villages gives occasion for a strong protest against our own shortcomings in this respect, and a prediction of the day when "a public, free, inexhaustible supply of the purest possible water will be the first care of every community, great and small." We hope we may soon take example by the Swiss, and realize Mr. Zincke's hope. Pure air and pure water are not in themselves virtue and happiness; but it is of little use bidding the people of our towns be happy or virtuous without them.

We may finally say in commendation of this book that it is not overloaded with small travel talk and incidents. Such things as the writer does relate have some point and individuality to justify them. Here is a piece of grim American humour, gathered at Meiringen:—

> A practical man—I took him for one who had struck oil—was leaving the hotel. A porter, assuming an expectant air, takes up a position at the door of the hotel. The practical man addresses him in a firm tone, "Now, sir, tell me every thing that you have done for me beyond your duty to the hotel." A look of blankness comes over the porter's face, and he steps aside. The practical man, with the look of one who has discharged a lofty duty, steps into his carriage.

But it is time for us, too, to step aside, and leave Mr. Zincke's volume to pursue its journey in the world. If the duty we have discharged in telling the reader what he may expect to find in it can hardly be called lofty, it has at least been agreeable; and we part from these results of a month in Switzerland with imperfect sympathy, indeed, in some points, but with satisfaction in most, and with respect in all.

LIFE OF H. T. COLEBROOKE.*

HENRY THOMAS COLEBROOKE, the greatest Sanskrit scholar of his day, and probably inferior in this one line to very few, if any, now living, was the son of Sir George Colebrooke, some time member for Arundel, and formerly Chairman of the East India Company. That a magnate of Leadenhall Street should endeavour to provide for his family by appointments in the Civil Service was quite natural, and when the father became involved in difficulties owing to unfortunate speculations, his two sons went to India as "writers" on the Bengal establishment. Sir George Colebrooke was himself a man of literary tastes, and his wife is described as a person of unusual force of character. Young Colebrooke was never sent to any school at all, but he was evidently a lad of quick perceptions and studious habits, and, after a home education, he landed in India at the early age of seventeen, well grounded in classics and mathematics, with a considerable command of French, and with some knowledge of German. The position of the servants of the old Company was at that time peculiar. Clive had, some years before, given the death-blow to the gigantic system of plunder and corruption which enriched individuals and disgraced the English name. Cornwallis had not yet placed the whole civil, criminal, and revenue administration of the country under an official hierarchy nobly remunerated and yet properly supervised. Things were in a state of transition. Senior merchants who had good appointments at Calcutta, or who were Chiefs of the provincial Councils of Patna, Dacca, or Moorshedabad, lived generously, dispensed profuse hospitality, and saved fortunes. Writers and factors were glad to get unimportant situations at the Board of Accounts or the Court of Requests, or were starved and discontented on 80*l.* or 100*l.* a year. The general tone of society was not exactly edifying. Gambling, drinking, and duels were the amusements or excitements of the community, and a fine old lady, deceased only fifteen years ago, used to declare how she herself had seen Lord Wellesley, who had officially prohibited horse-racing on a Sunday, setting the fashion of an outward morality by attending divine service in his full official robes. Young Colebrooke appears to have spent about three years in Calcutta, hunting, shooting, and studying the languages. In 1786 he was appointed Assistant to the Collector of Tirhoot, a rich and populous district of Behar, and in 1789 he was transferred to the next district of Purneah. The inquiries which terminated in the Perpetual Settlement of Lord Cornwallis were then in full progress; and, doubtless, in these districts Colebrooke laid the foundation of that intimate familiarity with Hindu usages and modes of thought which secured him an early elevation to the Bench, and eventually a seat in Council. In 1793, the year of the said Perpetual Settlement, Colebrooke was placed in charge of the huge district of Rajshahye. In mapping out the country for official purposes, our early administrators selected as stations or local capitals the residences of modern Nawabs or ancient Rajas. Such selections were sometimes singularly infelicitous. Nattore, the head station of Rajshahye, was some thirty miles from the left bank of the Ganges, and for five months of the year it was a mere island in a vast sea of rice. The station was abandoned subsequent to Colebrooke's time, and a second fatality characterized the new choice of a centre. Civilians who had been struck down by malarious fever at Nattore were transplanted to Rampore Baulia, on the crumbling banks of the Ganges; and in the space of the last thirty years, court-houses have vanished and alleys lined with splendid trees have been eaten up by the simple process of diluvion and erosion. From this swampy and feverish district of Bengal Colebrooke was transferred to the drier climate and more congenial society of Mirzapore and Benares. By this time his character and attainments received their due reward and recognition, and he was sent by Wellesley on a diplomatic mission to the Raja of Berar, which enlarged his experience and occupied him for more than two years. On his return he was appointed Judge of the Highest Court of Appeal, known for seventy years as the Sudder Adawlut, and some time afterwards he was made Chief Judge of the same tribunal—a position which he had practically filled in the estimation of suitors and of colleagues from the time of his appointment. In 1807 he became member of the Supreme Council. In 1810 he married; and, his wife dying after four years of what appears to have been unalloyed domestic happiness, he finally quitted the service in 1814. Previously to his departure he had been President of the Asiatic Society of Bengal. In his retirement he continued the same course of laborious research and scientific inquiry which had illustrated his Indian career. Though in 1823 he declined the offer of the first Presidentship of the Royal Asiatic Society, he accepted a similar post in the Astronomical Society in the next year. His later life was tried by failing health, by loss of sight, by domestic sorrows, and by some family annoyances; and he gradually sank, and died on March 10, 1837, in his seventy-second year.

The above is a record of a life not wholly uneventful, and yet not passed in scenes of stirring interest or importance; of faculties naturally acute and developed by assiduous culture to the highest point of perfection; of attainments which, if exceeded in point of versatility, have in one branch of study not been surpassed; and of a character upright, honourable, unblemished, and pure. It now remains for us to take a short survey of some of his acquirements, and to estimate, as far as possible, his place in the republic of letters and in the Indian oligarchy. We do not gather from the memoir the precise nature of the influences which set Colebrooke to explore the mines of Oriental literature, and to separate their ore from their dross. Something was obviously due to the necessity of mastering at least two of the Oriental languages as a condition precedent to success in his profession. But we suspect that the main incentive came from Sir William Jones, who about the year 1790 was at the zenith of his reputation, and of whom his more illustrious contemporary Gibbon could truly say, in one of his pithy notes, that he was "perhaps the only lawyer equally conversant with the year-books of Westminster, the Commentaries of Ulpian, the Attic pleadings of Isæus, and the sentences of Arabian and Persian Cadhis." It is curious, by the way, that to this list of attainments the historian should not have added Jones's unquestioned proficiency in Sanskrit. But, whatever the motive power in the case of Colebrooke, it is certain that he must have commenced his Sanskrit studies under difficulties and obstructions which it is scarcely possible to exaggerate. Elementary works did not exist. Grammars and dictionaries were composed in the very language itself; and the former, whatever may be said for their depth and comprehensiveness, were clearly compiled on the sacred principle of locking up knowledge from the eyes of the vulgar and of turning a fine vehicle of thought into a series of philological conundrums. Then it is also certain that Brahmans were at first unwilling to display their occult science for the curiosity of *Mlechhas*, or outward barbarians; and though Colebrooke could not conceive "how it came to be asserted that Brahmans were ever averse to instruct strangers," it is thoroughly well established that difficulties were experienced by Jones and others. Some Pundits would not read except on particular days; others feared the reproaches of their fellow-countrymen; and even those who were willing to teach Hindu epics, law, and divinity for a consideration, had little of the art of imparting what they knew. Colebrooke's industry and aptitude carried everything before him. He became a scholar erudite, accurate, and profound. Curiously, however, he chose for his first essay in literature the very practical subject of the Husbandry and Commerce of Bengal. Fully to discuss such a question familiarity with the dead languages of the East is not indispensable. Excellent Reports on land tenures, ploughs, implements, and products have been written by civil and military officers of active habits and a liking for field sports, who knew nothing but the vernacular of their district. From specimens given in the memoir we see no reason to doubt that, had Colebrooke turned his attention to purely executive details, instead of to judicial work and to philological researches, he might have rivalled the reputation of Thomason or Munro. At another time he wrote a short paper on a peculiar sect of the Mohammedans. We are told that he was a good Arabic scholar. But his main pursuits were Hindu law, theology, and literature, and, incidentally, science. And with these two great subjects before his eyes, he was almost always translating some learned work, conducting some lengthy correspondence, or publishing some thoughtful essay. He compiled a grammar and edited a

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* *The Life of H. T. Colebrooke.* By his Son, Sir T. E. Colebrooke. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

lexicon, he translated treatises on law, he expounded Hindu philosophy, he deciphered ancient monuments and inscriptions on rocks, and his inquiries extended from the precession of the equinoxes, as observed by native astronomers, to the exact heights of those magnificent snowy ranges which had first delighted his eyes while collecting revenue and shooting partridges in the plains of Purneah. We think that he might have attained to great eminence in the physical sciences had he not made Oriental literature his chief pursuit. Sanskrit scholars are under deep obligations to him. It is not that he facilitated the study of the language by the preparation of elementary works, or by annotated editions, for his grammar would probably be useless to any one not possessed of his extraordinary capacities. But he explored and illustrated some wholly unknown departments of Eastern philosophy; and, if not an unquestioned authority on canons of taste, he hazarded no conjectures, he ventilated no plausible theories, and he attempted nothing which he did not fathom. His translations of two well-known law books have never been superseded, and are used to this hour by lawyers bred in Westminster Hall and by native gentlemen who have taken academical honours in the University of Calcutta. The memoir gives us no details as to his judicial career, though we cannot but think that a research into the volumes of Select Reports of the Sudder Court would have brought to light curious cases in which questions of caste or social and religious rites were illustrated by his acquirements, and knotty points of inheritance solved by his legal lore. More than a quarter of a century ago, when a judge superior in ability to his colleagues was adorning the bench of the Sudder Court, it was said by old law practitioners that the days of Harington and Colebrooke had returned. The portrait of the former, known for his excellent Analysis of the Laws and Regulations of Bengal, now adorns the walls of the new High Court of Calcutta. The fine bust of the latter may be seen in the rooms of the Asiatic Society in the same city.

While admitting the depth and extensiveness of Colebrooke's erudition, we cannot avoid the conclusion that he belongs to that class of scholars whose talent for communicating truths, as remarked of Niebuhr by Macaulay, by no means equals their talent for investigation. He never could have been a popular writer; and the extracts given in the memoir are marked by a somewhat unwieldy diction and a heavy style. It was possibly a consciousness of these defects which induced him to refuse an invitation to contribute to the *Edinburgh Review*. Something is no doubt due to the character of the subjects on which he wrote. But examples are not wanting of other Eastern scholars who have handled such topics with gracefulness and ease. Classic elegance was wanting to Colebrooke. We may be quite certain that he could never have written anything approaching to the imitation of Alcæus by Sir William Jones. Nor could he have transferred glowing Oriental imagery and feeling to heroic English verse with the success attained by the late Professor Wilson in his poem of the *Cloud Messenger*. But the Sanskrit reading of Jones scarcely extended beyond the epic poets, a few plays, and the Laws of Manu; and Horace Hayman Wilson, with all his talent and originality, was not to be compared to Colebrooke in accuracy and depth.

Those who have been accustomed to regard Colebrooke as a laborious student and a man of a reserved, thoughtful, and unimaginative disposition, will be surprised to find him occasionally the slave of ardent and impulsive feelings. But they break out on more than one occasion. He inveighs, in his early letters, against the crooked policy of Hastings, at the time when that remarkable man had the sympathy of the whole Settlement. He advocated Free-trade and attacked the monopoly of the East India Company, when such views were unpopular in high places, and when they might have injured his own prospects. At another time he bought some land in America, and he invested a considerable sum in the purchase of real property at the Cape. He wrote a pamphlet pleading for a relaxation of the Corn-laws; he recommended emigrants from Great Britain to turn their attention to the Cape; and he fancied that he had discovered a solution for some difficult Indian problems when he desired to people the plains with what he calls creoles, or half-castes. Some of his early opinions strike us as rather crude. The Persian language with him is "too dry to entice," though it is not very easy to conceive what epithet we ought to select for his favourite Sanskrit, if dryness is held to be a characteristic of the Persian language, with its simple grammar, its admirable moral tales, its ornate poetry, and its historical narratives not paralleled by anything in the whole range of Sanskrit literature. At a later period he did not seem to care much for the *Edinburgh Review;* he observed that it had "declined in excellence," and he anticipated its "cessation." At the same time he seems to have devoured all kinds of writers, and while at Nagpore he read through a complete edition of the British Poets. His son, not unaptly, compares his father to Cato, as Cicero describes his friend, immersed in books, and yet attending to the business of State. Another classical prototype is suggested to us by the elder Pliny, who read in his litter, pretty much as Colebrooke may at times have read in his palanquin. Private correspondence with distinguished scholars was carried on by him unremittingly in the intervals of business, and he appears to have written regularly to his father. During a journey in tents at the hottest season of the year, he kept a diary of his tour. We are bound to say, however, that his letters reflect, in most instances, the severe character of his studies. With the exception of a few notices of birds and beasts, to which he was attracted as much by his love of natural history as of sport, the correspondence is taken up with requests for books, literary jottings and plans, and even astronomical calculations; and his letters to Sir Thomas Strange, H. H. Wilson, and other native and English scholars, must, we think, have resembled the celebrated interchange of epistles between the Antiquary and Dr. Dryasdust, which went on for six years and then only settled the first line of an inscription.

His political opinions were occasionally in advance of his age. We have already spoken of his views on commerce and Free-trade, and he incurred the displeasure of the Court by the part he took in certain financial measures of the Supreme Council. But we have only space for a notice of one other topic, and that is the long and now half-forgotten controversy on the rite of Suttee. It is admitted in the memoir that when the Government of India first took up this question in earnest, and endeavoured to regulate and control the practice, the opinion of Mr. Colebrooke was allowed great weight, and the rules for the guidance of officials were always considered to have been mainly drawn up by him. The biographer states that his father used to vindicate the course taken by Government on the ground that direct suppression would have been met by resistance, and that it would become a point of honour with natives to persevere. We should vindicate Colebrooke's character on other grounds. The rules were not practically enforced until the year 1814, nor were regular statistics collected until the following year. From that date until the abolition of the rite in December 1829, statistics of burnt widows were supplied with the regularity of Poor-law returns, and one of the most tremendous of controversies raged during that period between those who recommended perseverance in attempts to control the practice and those who saw no remedy but entire abolition. The official literature of Suttee, between 1815 and 1830, is one of the most curious and instructive in the voluminous Indian archives; and those who may ever explore our Blue-books will be amazed at the perverted doctrines of the priesthood, the curious and suggestive facts showing how the practice had increased under British supervision, the growing demoralization of the populace, the fierceness of the paper warfare, and the apathy and timidity of two long Administrations. Colebrooke, who had drawn up the rules, left India for good without having any opportunity whatever of seeing their effect. We venture to think that if, either on the bench of the Court or at the Council Board, he had seen the unexpected result of the half measure, a man of his humane, courageous, and thoughtful disposition would soon have been ranged on the side of the abolitionists. It is one thing to hear the echo of a controversy in retirement in England, and another to discuss it with a true sense of responsibility and with accumulated facts, while the pyres were lit up in the very suburbs of Calcutta, literally, at the average of one every week.

We have endeavoured to do justice to a life and a memoir which, though by no means light reading, and only attractive to a certain class, may have yet a sterling value for all who take interest in Oriental researches, or who wish to trace the various roads to eminence opened by an Indian career. The biographer, we should mention, has performed his task with judgment and good taste. There are some few misprints, arising out of the inevitable employment of a copious Oriental phraseology; but Sir Edward Colebrooke is evidently a man of no inconsiderable acquirements, and his early training in the Bengal Civil Service has enabled him to pick his way skilfully amidst laws and Regulations, treatises and titles, unfamiliar regions and strange castes. In the eyes of ordinary Asiatics Colebrooke will never hold the same place as those early pioneers and civilizers whose appearance is hailed by them as an incarnation of equity and order. And many an Englishman will tell us that he had far rather have "settled" a province than have deciphered an Edict of Asoka, and that he would prefer the gratitude of a million of agriculturists to enrolment in all the learned Societies and Academies in the world. But there is no need of any such invidious comparison. The foremost of English and Continental scholars at this day bow in reverence at the name of Colebrooke, while hard-working and less learned civilians ought to look on him as one of whose attainments, writings, and character any service might be proud.

TIMBS'S DOCTORS AND PATIENTS.*

IF irrelevance is the art of straying from your subject, Mr. Timbs may be said to have mastered it in the present compilation; unless he pleads that his title is a happily exhaustive one, embracing all the conditions of humanity and everything in which human beings can find concern. It is certainly true that, taking a sufficiently wide view, all things are included in it. All men are doctors or they are not, and, if not doctors, they must be patients in fact or in possibility; even those who resolve to be neither one nor the other finding a legitimate place as exceptions to the rule. Moreover, every position, pursuit, circumstance, or accident in life has its medical aspect, and may be treated as beneficial or adverse to health. Nor does death sever the indissoluble chain. Patients die; therefore funerals are in place; or they only seem to die, so the fascinating horror of being buried alive may claim at least a chapter. And where the link is less obvious ingenuity need never be at fault. Thus patients dream; therefore the theory of dreams is in place, and how some dreams come true. Some

* *Doctors and Patients; or, Anecdotes of the Medical World and Curiosities of Medicine.* By John Timbs, F.S.A. London: Bentley & Sons. 1873.

patients are fat, so Daniel Lambert's epitaph hits their case; music pleases or displeases in sickness, so we have Luther's defence of harmony as a weapon against the Devil. Superstition is connected with anatomy by the child's caul, discussed in poetry and prose. Scepticism is an affair of liver or digestion. Sympathies and antipathies, poisonings, phrenology, intoxication, gardening, pastry and Shrewsbury cakes, magic, travelling, cookery, botany, the North Pole—the material body politic appropriates them all.

These two volumes probably constitute the residuum of a long life's commonplace or rather scrap book. After more than one gleaning, what was reducible under no other head is thrown together here, and left to place itself very much by accident, the same facts not seldom appearing under different headings; and the most enormous numbers and statistics being given with an audacity of trust very fortunate for the reader with an appetite for wonders. Of course, if there had been a great deal to say about doctors, or patients either, there would not have been room for all these offshoots from the main subjects; but there is little about them viewed apart, and scarcely anything in conjunction. It is remarkable indeed, considering the universality of sickness and the crowd of doctors in every age who come in contact with it, how slowly the store of anecdote grows—of the anecdote at least that finds its way into print. The good stories here told are mostly so old and familiar to the corners of newspapers that we must not venture to repeat them. The epigram on Dr. Lettsom, the repartees of Ratcliffe and the saviour, and Ratcliffe and Sir Godfrey Kneller, the drunken Dr. Fordyce and his unconscious diagnosis "Drunk, by Jove!" the ingenious artifice by which the nobleman is taught that his fee of three guineas ought to have been five, the bearishness of Abernethy, and a good thing about wooden legs—all these take their place by a sort of natural right, but there are few additions to the floating stock of anecdote, and we look in vain for the graver contribution of the subject which books, especially of biography, give. Except where passages are extracted from works with a similar title and design, the material for the present work is borrowed almost entirely from magazines, reports, and newspapers. We searched at once, but in vain, for some of our old friends—for some mention, for example, of Dr. Willis, "the most famous physician of his time, whose Latin style for its natural sweetness, pure elegancy, delightful unaffected neatness, none scarce hath equalled, much less outdone," who in pursuit of his calling "kept Abingdon market every Monday," and who won such fame in it as to be buried in Westminster Abbey; and, again, for his contemporary George Bates, whose successful career is quaintly condensed by his chronicler. His practice lay at first among precise and puritanical people, who took him for one of themselves; but when Charles I. came to Oxford and appointed him his chief physician, his views took a different colour, which, however, changed when the Royal cause declined; and, retiring to London, he managed his interests so well as to be appointed to the same office to Oliver while General and at length Protector, whom he flattered to an extreme degree. Nor could the turns of fortune take him by surprise. At the Restoration he got on again with the Royal party, "by his friends' report *that he had, by a dose given to Oliver, hastened his end*"; and we lose sight of him as Chief Physician to Charles II. and member of the Royal Society. Nor is the name and credit of more recent doctors set forth by Mr. Timbs as we should have looked for. It would seem as if the medical faculty could only attain to vulgar fame by some touch of eccentricity or absurdity allying it with the earliest practitioners of the art, some quaintness or precision of dress, roughness of manner, or deliberate affectation adopted for the purpose of notoriety. There are no instances in these volumes of skill in its highest exercise, of that sagacity of insight which constitutes the true physician—the faculty for which Dr. Baillie was distinguished, and of which biography records some examples; as when Francis Horner consulted him in illness, and he gave it as his opinion that his disease was one or other of two so rare as to be almost without example in pathological science, and on a post-mortem examination it appeared he had been suffering from both of them.

However, as these volumes are beyond the province of criticism, and are only compiled by the author, we will not dwell further on omissions. They have elements of popularity. Desultoriness is not an insuperable objection, else books of anecdotes would not be such favourite reading; and scraps of science or fragments of information are interesting to a good many people who shrink from a larger dose of either, and yet are willing to believe that they read to some purpose. To such readers the following advice is scarcely applicable, yet, as a useful hint to those whom it may concern, we extract it:—

> Dr. Anderson was often heard to say that clergymen, authors, teachers, and other men of reflective habits lose much health by losing sleep, and this because they carry their trains of thought to bed with them. In my earlier years I greatly injured myself by studying my sermons in bed. The best thing one can do is to take care of *the last half hour before retiring*. Devotion being ended, something may be done to quiet the strings of the harp, which otherwise would go on to vibrate. Let me commend to you this maxim which I somewhere learnt from Dr. Watts, who says that in his boyhood he received it from the lips of Dr. John Owen, a very good pedigree for a maxim—*Break the chain of thought at bed-time by something at once serious and agreeable.*

The faculties of medicine and divinity do not always agree, as they must do here, in the duty of promoting bodily comfort and efficiency. Certainly no moral teacher would sanction the advice of Sir Theodore Mayerne, the prescriber to so many crowned heads, who recommended, we are told, a monthly excess of wine and food as a fine stimulant to the system; and the mention of chloroform and Sir James Simpson's use of it in these pages recalls the objections that were raised to his efforts to lighten the primæval curse upon Eve and her daughters. Asceticism has often, and with some force of logic, opposed surgical alleviations; for why, it is said, take pains to rid yourself of heaven-sent ailments and inflict at the same time self-chosen torments? So we read that St. Cyran, when Director to Agnes Arnauld, set his face against the lancet which was to open her abscess, though the lancet merely as an instrument for letting blood was at its height of favour. "La mère Angélique," who took nothing else away with her when she left Port Royal, carried her lancet, which had already caused torrents to flow—she sharing in the popular idea so long prevalent (as here quoted from the *Edinburgh Review*), and accepted alike by doctors and patients, that people could not have too much of a good thing, and that they required a periodical hand at the pump to keep them from foundering.

Mr. Timbs, though not severe generally in his dietetics, is an alarmist on the subject of cucumbers. He extracts from the *Medical Circular* a reminder that this vegetable, from the mode of forcing—being shut up close in a hot atmosphere and the solar action excluded by blinds—acquires certain acrid and purgative principles not unfrequently in a state of concentration, accounting for the sufferings sometimes resulting from a "surfeit of this fruit." We offer the view for the consideration of the "immoderately fond" who indulge in surfeits:—

> We consider before using the cucumber it should in every instance be sliced and purged of the preponderance of its acrid and purgative elements by treating with a little salt and then saturated with vinegar for some hours previously—never eaten without, in fact—otherwise it is very apt to produce choleraic diarrhœa. . . It is related that Dr. Glynn of Cambridge, being in attendance on a lady patient, pointed out to her the impropriety of eating cucumber, of which she was immoderately fond; when he gave her the following humorous receipt for dressing cucumber. "Peel it with great care, then cut it into very thin slices, pepper and salt it well, *and then throw it away.*"

We make no apology for changing the subject to the bedside of the so-called dying; for sudden transitions are of the nature of the book. One of its topics is "Helping the Dying," and a story is quoted of a clergyman inquiring of the parish doctor how he had left his patient:—

> He told me the room was full of friends and neighbours, all telling her she could not last long; and, said he, "I make no doubt she will not; she is sinking, because she thinks she is dying; yet I see no other reason why she should, and I could not get one to leave the room." I entered, and my authority had a better effect. I turned all but one out of the room, and addressed the woman who was apparently exhausted and speechless. I told her exactly what the surgeon had said, and that she would not die, but be restored to her husband and children. The woman positively started, raised herself in bed, and said with an energy of which I did not think her capable, "What, am I not dying? Shan't I die? No! Then, thank the Lord, I shan't die." I gave strict orders that none should be admitted, and the woman did recover and has often thanked me for saving her life.

None are kinder to their neighbours than the poor so long as there is hope, but when hope is—as they judge—over, they have a sense of something being due to themselves; and a quick summary end that shall not keep everybody in suspense for no good is a blessing to all parties. A nurse who had done her duty well in a lingering case of dropsy and sustained a cheerful mien through it all, when she considered the case unreasonably protracted, said, with an air of pleasantry, which the sufferer did not take amiss, "One would think nobody had ever died before, you make such a fuss about dying!" We find ourselves concluding with a "patient" who is not one of Mr. Timbs's commemorating, but it is one of the effects of a rambling book to set the reader rambling on his own account.

THE ATHANASIAN CREED AND THE UTRECHT PSALTER.*

WE have frequently taken upon ourselves the office of finding fault with the defects of the Catalogue of the Cotton MSS. But it is undoubtedly no fault of the Catalogue or of its compiler that the volume Claudius A. VII. is described as wanting. There are so many other *lacunæ* which are partly due to the fire which injured so many of the books that still exist in a more or less mutilated condition, and partly to accidental causes which it is needless to particularize, that it would have been quite hopeless to guess at what the contents of this particular volume might be. The missing book has, however, happily been identified. A book in the Utrecht Library, now known as the Utrecht Psalter, has the press mark Claudius A. VII. stamped upon it, and has the usual marks of having once belonged to Sir Robert Cotton's collections. It is one of the remarkable results produced by the last few months' controversy about the Athanasian Creed that this splendid volume, the existence of which had been entirely unknown in England, has been brought to light. All that is known of its history is that Archbishop Ussher had seen it in Sir R. Cotton's library in 1646, and that when Waterland wrote his *Critical History of the Athanasian Creed* in 172., it had disappeared. From that time to this no English scholar had any knowledge of what had become of it, and we now know that, just six years before Waterland published his work, this Gallican Psalter had been presented to the University Library at Utrecht.

* *The Athanasian Creed in Connexion with the Utrecht Psalter.* Being a Report to the Right Honourable Lord Romilly, Master of the Rolls, on a Manuscript in the University of Utrecht, by Sir Thomas Duffus Hardy, D.C.L., Deputy-Keeper of the Public Records. 1873.

by Monsieur D. de Ridder. The Deputy-Keeper of the Record says it had *happily* become the property of the Library because by this means it escaped the fire which destroyed so many precious volumes in the Cottonian Library. But, though there are two or three other volumes lost out of the fifty or sixty which are marked by the name of the Emperor Claudius, it does not appear that this part of the Library suffered much from fire, so that we fear we have not even that poor consolation for the loss which the Deputy-Keeper considerately suggests. We have no means of guessing whether the book was stolen or whether it has accidentally strayed from its proper home; neither is it of much consequence now. It is a great satisfaction that it has been found, because it has settled for ever the lately vexed question as to the antiquity of the Athanasian Creed in the exact words in which it is still used in the Breviaries of the Western Church.

Into the theological question of the date of the composition of this document it is neither our province nor our intention to inquire. It rests entirely upon internal evidence; but we may at once say that we make no doubt that Waterland is correct in assigning it to the first half of the fifth century, though he has spoiled what appears to us a very complete argument by the baseless suggestion of the name of Hilary Bishop of Arles as its author. But, whatever be the truth of this conclusion, or the cogency of the arguments by which it is established, probably few people have learning or ability enough to master the question; and such persons as are in this predicament will hail with satisfaction an argument the force of which is irresistible, that the Creed must have existed at least as early as the sixth century, because the handwriting of a manuscript in which it is found at full length is beyond all question of a date not later than that century.

And this is what the Deputy-Keeper has established beyond —as it appears to us—any possibility of gainsaying. We have had an opportunity of examining the four beautiful pages which he has had photographed from the original, and of reading the luminous Report upon the Utrecht Psalter which he has presented to the Master of the Rolls, and we much regret that the latter has not been printed and published in a smaller form, and so rendered accessible to students in general. We hope that this may still be done. Meanwhile, for the benefit of others who have not had the advantage of seeing this privately printed volume, we may give some information about its contents.

The Deputy-Keeper speaks with the utmost confidence of the date of the handwriting as being not later than the sixth century; and certainly there is a striking resemblance between the character of the handwriting of the Utrecht MS. and that of the MS. at Paris which is known as No. 8,064, specimens of which are given in Astle's work on handwriting, and which is generally pronounced to be at least as early as the sixth century. The Deputy-Keeper even thinks that the two may have been written by the same scribe. That would perhaps be more than we should like to assert, especially as we have seen another specimen which more closely resembles it. It is that of the Ambrosian palimpsest, from which Angelo Mai edited the fragments of Cicero's oration in defence of Scaurus. The editor of these fragments was of opinion that the handwriting was as ancient as the time of the Antonines, but this certainly cannot be maintained. The character of the writing of all these MSS. is what is called Roman rusticated, and, what has some weight in estimating the antiquity of the palimpsest, the writing which covers the original in the Ambrosian MS. is itself of the seventh century.

Our readers are aware that a theory has lately been propounded by Mr. Ffoulkes to the effect that this Creed is a forgery of the ninth century committed by the saintly Paulinus, Patriarch of Aquileia. In the present article we only profess to deal with the question as Sir Thomas Duffus Hardy has treated it, as a question of palæography. We need only, therefore, say that Mr. Ffoulkes's theory has been entirely crushed by Father Jones and by Professor Brewer. But, as we observed before when speaking of the date of the composition of the Creed as ascertained from internal evidence, few persons will care to enter upon the subject. A reasonable exception, however, may be taken to the Deputy-Keeper's assertion of its antiquity, on the ground that Professor Westwood, who once ascribed it to the same period, has, though without assigning any reasons, changed his opinion, and now speaks of it as possibly of the ninth century, the character of the sixth with its rustic capitals having been copied. Unquestionably this argument will hardly suit the views of those who maintain a late origin for the Creed, as, if it were good, it would show that another copy of the document exactly like this copy of the ninth century had been executed in the sixth. This, however, we are not concerned with now. The character is admitted on all hands to be that of the sixth century. Those who assign to the document a later date ought of course to be able to show good reason for their opinion. It will be admitted that the *onus probandi* rests with them.

Nevertheless the Deputy-Keeper of the Records has in his elaborate and most conclusive preface anticipated every objection that he could conceive to be alleged against the date he has assigned to the document. Perhaps the most plausible objection yet urged against it is the allegation that in the Apostles' Creed, which as well as the Athanasian is appended to the Psalter, there occurs the article *Descendit ad infernu*. Now it is said, and truly said, that this article did not exist in the Roman Creed till the latter end of the eighth or the beginning of the ninth century. But the objection in reality proves nothing more than the fact, which is otherwise incontestable, that this document was not written at Rome, but in some other place, possibly in the patriarchate of Aquileia, where this article was acknowledged as an article of the Creed—and it is well known that it existed in an Arian version of the Apostles' Creed as early as the year 359 A.D. This article is also found in other undated MSS. of the Creed which have been assigned to the sixth and seventh centuries by eminent palæographers. In attestation of this assertion, Sir T. Duffus Hardy has printed in parallel columns the Apostles' Creed as it appears in the Utrecht MS. and in another ancient Gallican Psalter of the year 560 A.D. They resemble each other, with a few very slight differences, in all respects, and they both have the descent into hell expressed in the words *descendit ad infernu*, a form of expression which exactly corresponds to the Greek word *καταχθόνια*, but which had subsided before the eighth century into the form which has ever since prevailed in the church—namely, *descendit ad inferos*.

Perhaps, however, the most important argument in vindication of the early date assigned to this particular document is derived from the fact that the Psalter to which it is annexed is a Gallican, and not a Roman, one. The use of the Gallican Psalter, as distinguished from the Roman, is known to have prevailed in Britain before the mission of Augustine; and, from the answer that Gregory I. gave to Augustine in A.D. 597, it is plain that this version of the Psalms was permitted by the Pope, and was actually used in this country for about a century, after which time it was gradually superseded by the Roman Psalter. The whole argument stated briefly is this:—Here is a most costly volume, carefully written in a hand of the sixth century, containing a Psalter according to a version which was in common use in the sixth century, though almost entirely obsolete in the eighth century, containing besides the Psalter the Athanasian Creed, the Apostles' Creed, and other Church offices, such as were at that time, as they are still, in use; the handwriting throughout the volume being that of the same scribe, with the exception of the headings, which are in Roman uncials of the same period. Upon examining the text of the Creeds minutely to ascertain what indications of antiquity the spelling of the words presents, we observe that the contractions are very few in number, and that the same word is occasionally written at length and sometimes in a contracted form. Now it is well known that the later the writing of the first four centuries, the more does it exhibit contractions. Again, we find such words as *immensus* and *compellimur* written in the forms *immensus* and *compellimur*, and in another part of the manuscript *Lucan* for *Lucam*, a characteristic of the fifth, sixth, and seventh centuries. Another mark of great antiquity is the want of a separating space between the words, and there are very few such in the Utrecht MS. Further, the manuscript is illustrated throughout by drawings, the style of which is Roman as regards the dress and the armour of the figures and the shape of the buildings. With regard to the punctuation nothing need be said. It has plainly nothing to do with the original handwriting, but has been added in most capricious style at some later period. The original was, in all probability, entirely without stops. Again, the letter Y is formed so as very much to resemble the V, yet nevertheless it has in a very few places the superscribed dot which served to distinguish it from the V. Of this the Deputy-Keeper observes, "the less frequently the letter Y is found surmounted by a point, the more ancient have we a right to consider the MS. in which such letters occur." Again, the absence of ornamented initial capitals is a strong argument for a MS. being not later than the fifth, or at the very latest the sixth, century, and the Utrecht Psalter has only one ornamental letter throughout its 220 pages. This is the initial letter of the first Psalm, which is a beautifully illuminated B. Here we must confess we were at first a little at fault. Professor Westwood speaks of it as an Anglo-Saxon letter. Sir T. Duffus Hardy is as decidedly of opinion that it is of Irish character, and in this opinion he is supported by Irish antiquaries, of whom he quotes Mr. Brian O'Looney as describing it as a true Irish letter of a very old type. Now the handwriting of the MS., which is certainly not that of an Anglo-Saxon scribe, destroys the theory that this initial letter is Anglo-Saxon, unless indeed it was added at a later period, after this Gallican Psalter had found its way into this country. That it should be the composition of an Irish artist is by no means improbable, when it is remembered that artists from Ireland travelled into Greece and Rome as early as the fifth century, introducing a new style of art quite distinct from that of any other part of the civilized world, and which in time superseded the ornamental writings previously in vogue in those countries. The hypothesis is perfectly adequate to account for the initial B of the Psalter, and there is therefore no occasion to fall back upon the supposition that it may have been added at a later period.

The initial B is, however, the strong point which the impugners of the antiquity of the MS. allege. But the difficulties of any theory which assigns it to a later century than the sixth rest on the fact that it is a Gallican Psalter which was not in use; whereas this volume must have been intended for the use of some royal or noble personage, if we may judge from the costly mode of its production; and, as the Deputy-Keeper forcibly argues, there is no conceivable reason why any one who wanted to palm off a forgery of the Athanasian Creed in a handwriting three centuries earlier than his own time should have taken the trouble to copy the whole of a Gallican Psalter in the same handwriting. Moreover, if a scribe is imitating handwriting, it is absolutely inconceivable that he should have been so careful as never to have made a mistake in his imitation and there is evidence enough in the

photogram of the four pages in this volume that the scribe was somewhat careless, for he has written *saluta* for *salute*, *Virgine* for *Virgine*, and *misera* for *miserere*. What other mistakes there may be in the remainder, which we have not had the advantage of seeing, it is impossible for us to say; but we do not hesitate to say that three mistakes within so short a compass plainly show a very unusual carelessness in the writer, and would lead us to expect an occasional carelessness in the formation of the letters which he was copying. On the contrary, the letters are almost as exactly like each other respectively as if the document had been printed. We have detected only one letter which has two forms. It is the letter G, which is sometimes written in a fashion resembling our present capital G, and sometimes more like a C with a comma joined to it thus, Ꞓ.

There is one argument which has been used by those who maintain a later date for this manuscript, which, if the assertion on which it is grounded could be established, would be fatal. Opposite to Psalms 150 and 151 are drawings of two organs with arrangements for the organist to play with his hand, of a kind which, it is said, did not exist till after the time of Charlemagne. This, we will admit, appeared to us a plausible objection; but the Deputy-Keeper states that, though the method of making such organs might not be known on this side of the Alps till the ninth or tenth century, "the question against this objection is settled by the fact that there is an excellent representation of an organ not very unlike that in the Utrecht Psalter carved on one of the early catacomb stones now inserted in the upper corridor leading to the library in the monastery of San Paolo Fuorimuri, near Rome, in which the player is depicted with outstretched fingers" (p. 27).

One of the most interesting features of the Report is the conjectural history of the document with which it closes. The author thinks the volume may have been brought over by Bertha, daughter of Chariberet, King of France, who was married to Athelberet, King of Kent, and was accompanied by Bishop Luithard, who was her spiritual adviser. If the book had been intended for an Anglo-Saxon personage, the Latin would have had an interlinear translation. An additional conjecture is given. The Deputy-Keeper suggests that it may have been bequeathed by Bertha to the monastery of Reculver, where Athelberet built a palace. In support of this conjecture it is observed that the charter of this monastery appears formerly to have been annexed to the Utrecht Psalter, and to have been detached from it when the volume was rebound in the time of Sir Robert Cotton. This charter is now in the Cottonian Library (Augustus II. 2). The monastery was dissolved in 999, and its effects were removed to Canterbury, and amongst them probably was this MS., unless it had been previously removed by Bercuald, who was promoted from this abbacy to the Archbishopric of Canterbury. And at Canterbury in all probability the numerous existing copies of the drawings of this Psalter were executed.

And here we close our notice of this interesting Report with the remark that it seems to us entirely unanswerable, and to have proved to little short of mathematical demonstration that Bishop Ussher was right in ascribing this MS. to the sixth century.

JOHN'S INDIAN AFFAIRS.*

THE author of this contribution to the discussion on the principles of Indian administration appears to be under the impression that he has conceived his essays in a vein of humour. The subtle character of this may be inferred when we say that it is chiefly manifested by his invariably speaking of Mr. Grant Duff as "Duff," and by his having thrown his speculations into the form of an imaginary conversation between the author and a personage whom he styles Mr. John Bull. This idea, which is as playful as it is original, opens up expectations of a store of amusement for the reader which are hardly realized when we find that the joke is sustained throughout the whole of the essay which forms the bulk of the volume. And when we are told that My dear John will remember how the author opened the conversation by remarking, &c., and how My dear John here took breath and wiped his forehead, and fretted and fumed at the facts and figures relating to the mismanagement of John's estates—for by this ingenious disguise the author would be understood to refer to British India—and so on through the greater part of an octavo volume, the pleasantry becomes a little fatiguing. A clumsier machinery for introducing a discussion upon Indian affairs it would have been difficult to hit upon; but it has been so far successful as conveying the impression very faithfully that "John"—Mr. Elliot meaning thereby John Bull—found himself desperately bored by the conversation, as well he might be. Nor can we say honestly that the matter of the book redeems the manner. Mr. Elliot is no doubt thoroughly in earnest in believing that he is the only person with sound views on the nature of the reforms required in Indian administration. This point is pressed with the same *naïve* pertinacity as the witticism about "Duff" and "My dear John"; but we are bound to say that Mr. Elliot's notions on the subject appear to the last degree unpractical, not to say flabby, while he labours under misconception as to the facts of the subject-matter under discussion to an extent which must render his opinions hardly deserving of sober consideration. Thus at p. 35 My dear John is told that there is no absurdity in the shape of taxation that his agents do not seem equal to proposing, and the wilder the scheme the better they seem to like it; after which remark, by the way, the author with commendable candour makes his dear John reply that, though in conversation a good deal of latitude is allowed, he would rather that Mr. Elliot stuck closely to the point; which strikes us as being about the most sensible observation in the book. Now it is probable enough that a lot of foolish proposals about taxation have been put forward at various times by writers in the Indian press and other irresponsible persons, but that the Government of India has ever proposed any extraordinary schemes for taxation is not true. And what is still more to the point, no additional taxation has been levied. An impression prevails in some quarters, and is not confined to Mr. Elliot, whose book implies it as a matter of fact, that the course of recent government in India has been to impose a great deal of additional taxation, thereby causing widespread discontent among the population. Far be it from us to praise the financial administration of India, which has usually been, and still is, the weakest part of it; but Indian financiers of late years have at least displayed the negative merit of leaving things alone. The only additional impost raised which could be directly felt by the people of India has been the Income-tax, and this is paid by only an infinitesimally small portion of the community. It has indeed been the subject of loudly expressed discontent; but it would be a curious misconception to take the Anglo-Indian press, which represents unreservedly the interests of the small European community, as in any way expressing the sentiments of the people of India. That press has denounced the Income-tax violently, and that press is the only manifestation of opinion which reaches us from India; but it is, we believe, no exaggeration to say, not only that the great bulk of the indigenous population are not affected by the tax, but that they have never even heard of the agitation which has been carried on against it.

But, indeed, Mr. Elliot's utterances on the subject of finance hardly admit of serious treatment. He regards it (p. 49), for example, as very ominous that, of the two hundred millions of Indian general and railway debt, only about nine per cent. is held by natives, although he himself explains it in the very next page by the fact that the natives can always invest their money at twelve per cent., and therefore do not care to invest it in railway shares. He seems not to be aware of the advantage to a poor country—where, owing to the absence of capital, interest is high—of being able to obtain money from richer countries on cheaper terms. A still more extraordinary blunder is contained in the statement (p. 191) that "India is suffering from an enormous annual depletion of cash to this country (variously estimated at from twelve to sixteen millions a year)." Who may be the wiseacres who have framed these sagacious estimates we know not, but, without crediting Mr. Elliot with any great depth of information on the subject, he ought at least to have known that the fact is precisely the reverse, and that it is Europe, and not India, which undergoes "the enormous depletion of cash" to pay for the large excess of exports over imports in the trade of the latter. Whether that is a good thing for India is another matter, but a person who professes to enlighten the English public about that country should at least have mastered this elementary fact.

After these specimens of our author's critical faculties, it will hardly be expected that the constructive portion of his contribution to the subject will bear much examination. The way to govern India properly, according to Mr. Elliot, would be to follow the system pursued by Hyder Ali:—

> We see him seated in full durbar surrounded by a number of his people, and he starts a subject on which he wishes to have the general opinion. Cautiously concealing his own views, he allows the fullest discussion, which was always the more free as it was always doubtful to which side he might be inclined. At the end he announced his own judgment, which he never allowed to be questioned.

Persons who have had experience of political discussions with the natives of India will smile at the notion of a free discussion by councillors, whether of native or European rulers, on any subject on which the ruler's opinion was kept back. But the point is not of practical importance, since Mr. Elliot is careful to tell us a page or two further on that he does not recommend Hyder Ali's example for adoption; for he proposes a system of councils—village councils, county councils, and provincial councils—whose opinions, assuming that they could be educated up to the point of offering any, are apparently not to be overruled by superior authority after the fashion of Hyder Ali or other despot. No taxes are to be levied except with the advice and concurrence of these councils, save only in the case of war; and as this is the only case in which additional taxes are likely to be raised, the reservation is a very safe one. The only objection we have to Mr. Elliot's scheme, which he claims to be a development of one proposed by Sir Bartle Frere, is that it is simply impracticable. According to our author's views, the first thing to be done is to settle how much revenue is to be raised; the spending of it is a secondary consideration. Most persons, however, are of opinion that the first duty of a Government in regard to finance is to determine what is the needful expenditure of a country; and next to provide the ways and means for meeting it. The greatest item of expenditure in India has always been, and is always likely to be, the army; and for regulating this and the other great branches of expenditure any sort of consultative councils, whether

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* *Concerning John's Indian Affairs.* By Robert H. Elliot, Author of "Experiences of a Planter in the Jungles of Mysore." London: Chapman & Hall.

by villages or provinces, would have as much useful effect as the bird which sits on the wire has over the course of the telegrams passing through it. The highest functions such councils could be adapted to perform might be the supervision of the village schools in their respective districts, and perhaps the construction of petty village roads; the probable result of entrusting them with which latter duty would be that the roads in each district would be laid out in utter disregard of the direction taken by those of the neighbouring ones. Find out the opinions and feelings of the people by all means, if it is possible to do so, and act in accordance with them so far as may be practicable; but it is not necessary to set agoing an enormous machinery of sham councils for this purpose.

As to the general notion which seems to be floating in our author's mind, that financial economy is to be found in some indefinite plan of decentralization, the truth seems to be that such a scheme would be one simply provocative of extravagance. The limited plan of decentralization which has been carried out by the Indian Government, of making over certain local revenues to the provincial governments to be spent by them on local purposes, is no doubt a sound and proper measure; but that any useful result would arise from creating a number of semi-independent governments in place of one central authority, we take leave to denounce as a perfect delusion. The quasi-independent position at present occupied by the Madras and Bombay Governments is distinctly a source of needless expense, although the independence is rather sentimental than real, being the relic still remaining of a state of things when England was represented in India by three separate Powers, operating from different and widely separated bases. But so far as it is still maintained, it simply leads to waste of money in many ways; notably in the continuance of three separate armies, with separate establishments and departments kept up for the two smaller ones and absurdly overdone. The amalgamation of these three armies into one, and the reorganization of the Madras and Bombay Governments on the more reasonable footing of that provided for the much larger and more important province of Bengal, would be a far more effectual move in the direction of economy than the formation of any number of consultative councils.

OAKSHOTT CASTLE.*

MR. HENRY KINGSLEY in writing *Oakshott Castle* must, we should think, have been engaged in a feat somewhat similar to that of those great chess-players who, without seeing the boards, play half-a-dozen games at the same time. For no other explanation can we give of the utter confusion and absurdity of his latest novel, save the supposition that when he was writing it he had a good many others on hand also, while his memory was not powerful enough to keep the several plots from getting jumbled up together. It may, however, be the case that the present story, like many of its predecessors, has come out in parts, and was moreover written in parts. If this be the case, a certain indulgence should be shown for the hopeless confusion of the plot; for we should be sorry for any one, even if he were Mr. Henry Kingsley, who should in the way of business be compelled to read any portion of *Oakshott Castle* twice over. But without a second reading, and a most careful annotation of the opening chapters, even the author himself would be utterly unable to form any conception of the drift of the tale. At the end of the first volume we felt as bewildered as if we had been riding at an Easter Monday fair in a merry-go-round, and even by the end of the book all the characters seemed to be still spinning round us. With all this bewilderment there is an arrogance about Mr. Henry Kingsley's style of writing which is most provoking. In every sentence he tacitly lays claim to a kind of infallibility which we should scarcely expect to find even if the Pope were to turn novelist. On this account he is the most irritating of all authors. We will not go so far as to say that *Oakshott Castle* is the worst novel ever written; but, on the other hand, it lacks that one merit which saves many a bad novel, that it puts its readers to sleep. It keeps them awake, not to any enjoyment or good end, but as a gnat or a mosquito keeps one awake. We have read it because it was our duty to read it, but we read it almost in a passion. Mr. Henry Kingsley tells us that a case he saw in Bedlam was a great puzzle to him, as "it seemed to arraign the justice of God." A scarcely smaller puzzle, though it is one out of Bedlam, is the appearance of such a novel as this. It is surely at first sight contrary to all the doctrine of probabilities that at the same age there should be living one man capable of writing *Oakshott Castle* and another man capable of reading it. Even if they are both to be found together, yet one man—enthusiastic admirer though he may be—can scarcely want a whole edition to himself. We rather incline to the belief that Mr. Kingsley's supporters may be found in those University gentlemen whose weights are carefully recorded from day to day in the newspapers before the great boat-race, and those other University gentlemen whose reputation is gained, not by their heads, but their heels. No doubt while they are in training they have to be careful what they read, lest if they were to think at all they might unduly increase the weight of their brain, and so spoil the balance which should exist between the different parts of the body. Now Mr. Henry Kingsley's story is confusing enough to render thinking useless, while it has an athleticism running through it which would suit very well with a training diet. We believe that raw beefsteaks are no longer consumed by our boating men. If they were, and if at the time when they were being eaten *Oakshott Castle* were read aloud, there would be a remarkable harmony between the physical and the intellectual diet. There is, too, in most of Mr. Henry Kingsley's characters that readiness to fight which is the delight of young readers and the distinguishing mark of the muscular Christian. There is a certain moderation, however, in the present work; for his hero, Lord Oakshott, only once asserts his willingness "to hit any man between the eyes," while "the deltoid" is only once shot through and only once clutched. Mr. Kingsley would not do amiss if he were to extend his knowledge of pugilistic anatomy, and in his next novel introduce a fresh muscle or two; for of the deltoid, old favourite though it is, we have had almost enough. The man who is shot recovers, but the unfortunate gipsy whose "naked deltoid with the hair is clutched" gets killed in the struggle. As, however, he was running away with the heroine's little boy, the hero's adopted son, and chose to fight an Irishman who took the lad's part, the reader does not regret him. The gipsy had shown all his skill in trying to avoid death, for when he felt himself clutched, and felt moreover the point of the Irishman's elbow pressed on his nose, down he judiciously went, "to avoid that horrible click in the neck which tells you that your man is dead." Unfortunately for him, the Irishman "Mr. Dennis made a grand mistake. He turned out his heels, consequently drew in his knees, and fell on his man." The natural result was "rupture of the colon and liver," and Mr. Dennis was tried for manslaughter and "relegated to twenty years' penal servitude." Had not Mr. Dennis drawn in his knees, two results would have followed. In the first place, the child would have been carried back to Oakshott Castle, and so a great deal of nonsense about him would not, at least in the particular form it takes, have been written; and in the second place, we should have been spared some further nonsense on the subject of England and Ireland. Mr. Kingsley must indeed have no sense of humour if he can end such an incident as this of the stealing of the child with anything but a grin, and the Irish must have lost all the humour they ever had if they receive his flattery with anything but a roar of laughter. It is no doubt pleasant for a nation to be praised, but to be praised at the end of a scene which would be hissed off the stage of the most melodramatic of the London theatres is a different matter. Mr. Boucicault will go a great way, but even he would not insult the "gods" by such a scene as this. He would not have the adopted son of a nobleman, the only son of the heir to his great estates, at the instigation of the child's grandmother, drugged first with chloroform, next with opium, carried off by gipsies, and made the subject of a grand fight between an Irishman and a gipsy. Or, if he had been guilty of such folly, he most certainly would not, before the curtain dropped, —as the dead man was being carried off on one side, and the conqueror was being "relegated" on the other side—have ventured on such a sentiment as Mr. Kingsley indulges in:—

> Why can't we make Dennis, and such men as he, love us? I fear they are not permitted to do so. At the day of judgment it will go hard with those who separate Great Britain and Ireland. Every nation has found them out. We found them out centuries ago, and called them sinners; now they are saints, though their language is not exactly saintly.

It is almost impossible to explain the plot of such a story as this; for not only is it in itself as difficult to unravel as a tangled ball of string, but moreover it has a confusion superadded which is peculiar to Mr. Henry Kingsley's writings. For, beyond all writers we have ever come across, he is wanting in dramatic power. He introduces certainly a great number of characters; but then his characters, whether good or bad, whether they are heroes or murderers, or, as some of them are, now one, now the other, all talk exactly alike. If a man is going to save life, he talks like Mr. Henry Kingsley; or if a man is going to take life, he talks like Mr. Henry Kingsley. Since the days when the village schoolmistress used to tell her pupils whenever they came to a hard name in the Bible to say Jerusalem and pass on, there surely has never been such a confusion in literature. People who have in a high degree the power of remembering names may possibly in reading *Oakshott Castle* keep the characters separate in their own minds. But those who do not easily remember names—especially the names of people in whom they have not the slightest interest—will do well either not to read the story at all, or else to draw up as they go on a kind of biographical dictionary. For want of some such help as this we became utterly bewildered in a very few chapters, and even now that we have in some way got through the whole book we do not in the least know what it was all about. The hero himself is as great a puzzle as any one. For the first two volumes he is a highly honourable English nobleman, who is always ready to hit any one between the eyes or to plunge into the waves to rescue a drowning man, but who unfortunately has incurred the hatred of the mother and of the husband of the lady with whom he had been in love. He returns good for evil, pays down 60,000*l.* to save the husband, his cousin and heir, from a charge of forgery, and puts the wicked mother in the way of making a great deal of money by speculations in stocks. All to no purpose, however, as the mother sets "the Carbonari and Camorristi" to assassinate him, and the gipsies to drug and steal his adopted child, while the wicked husband is ready for any number of crimes, and, though our memory here fails us, does, if we are not deceived, commit a good many. But in Lord Oakshott there

* *Oakshott Castle; being the Memoir of an Eccentric Nobleman.* Written by Mr. Granby Dixon, and Edited by Henry Kingsley. 3 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1873.

was "a substratum of potential ferocity." When the wicked husband takes to beating his wife, whom Oakshott had wished to marry, and still wished to marry if she were once a widow, the owner of the substratum first takes to a course of swindling, and then determines, like a model and most muscular English nobleman of the present time, to murder his enemy. Happily for him the stolen boy turns up—a fine young man by this time, though his earliest memories had been wiped out by chloroform and opium—drops a primrose, and Oakshott is saved. At the same time, too, in a Sister of Mercy, Camilla Borichi turns up, though who she was and why she turned up we never made out. She, however, shared in a great degree with the white primrose the merit of the conversion. To make matters still more interesting, a day or two after in a dark room at the castle, her brother Borichi, the tenor, turns up also—his first appearance likewise—and fires a pistol at the hero. The bullet only passes through the wall, but in the struggle that follows a lamp is overset which served as a light for ships at sea. As there was a dreadful storm brewing, the wicked husband was of course at sea, and was straightway blown on to the rocks. His lordship, hearing the signal guns, and remembering that Borichi was "the finest swimmer in Naples," offers him his life if he will swim for it. "Lord Oakshott, Dickie (the boy of the chloroform), Borichi, and two fishermen were in the water at once." As every one might have expected, the good lord—for good he was, in spite of his slight errors as a financial swindler and a would-be murderer—saves the wicked husband, though only for a short while. He lives long enough by his confession to make the story still more confusing than ever, and then dies of an old wound. "The wound," the author observes, "was a singular one, but I cannot give the details. I can only say that I saw it, and would give the details to the doctor." His wife, who was a most model wife, it would seem, had tried to murder him. But there was some excuse for her, poor creature, as she was clearly mad. She did not, indeed, talk such nonsense as the sane characters, but then she indulged occasionally in "a sharp double movement in staccato, probably in C, but ending with the wild wail of the Coyote. It was the Apache war-cry."

The absurdities of this book are so many and so varied that it is impossible in the space that we can waste on it to give our readers any but the slightest notion of them. Whenever Lord Oakshott has nothing better to do he rushes off to the House of Lords, and makes speeches which, though they lead to an invitation from the Prime Minister to him to join the Government, would disgrace Bedlam. Those readers who take no interest in politics—or what Mr. Kingsley calls politics—will find an account, if not interesting, at all events new, of a presentation at Court. "The most august person in the world," to quote our author, "if I humbly dare say such a thing, knows nearly everything in English society." Not only did she know that "Lord Oakshott was an extremely talented" (Heaven defend the Queen's English!) "and fantastic person," but also she knew that he had a most fascinating adopted daughter. But here Mr. Kingsley shall tell his own story:—

> The most august person in the world was not only eager to receive her, but was very anxious to do so. The greatest Personage in the world had her wish.
>
> The great Lady looked steadily as she saw the mass of maiden beauty and jewellery which came before her. It is a way which the greatest Lady in the world has.

What the most august person would have thought had she heard this mass of maiden beauty and jewelry talking a few minutes later to "a round foreign princess," we cannot pretend to say. Vulgar though her talk was with this distinguished lady, it did not quite come up to her talk with her adopted father, of which we will now give a specimen:—

> "Dixie!" said Lord Oakshott.
> "Well, hoss," said Dixie.
> "You said you would not."
> "Well, then, I won't; only if you don't go up and rag out, I will kick up the most immortal old tar river Jerusalem breakdown ever you heard. Molasses to a pine-apple! I'll burst the railings of your lot."

A story is told how some years ago a Government official in the country, having a quarrel with a man who was in the same office, wrote up to his superior in London to complain that his comrade's conduct "was not only blasphemous, but ostensible"! What he meant neither he was ever able to explain nor was any one else ever able to find out. Not a little of Mr. Henry Kingsley's writing is equally eccentric in its defiance of all known canons of interpretation.

AMERICAN LITERATURE

THE second volume of the United States' Census for 1870* is less interesting than its predecessor, from the character, the limits, and the imperfection of the figures it contains. These are confined to what are called Vital Statistics, and chiefly to tables of mortality, which do less than most statistics to illustrate the condition and progress of such a people as the Americans. They are derived, not like ours from a strict registration of births and deaths, but from a collection of reported deaths during the twelve months preceding the commencement of the Census. It will easily be understood by those who have had any experience in such matters, whether as collectors or students of figures, how very unsatisfactory and untrustworthy such a mode of reporting on the mortality of a country must necessarily be. The Superintendent points out several special causes for its failure. First, as the collection of the Census figures occupies some months, the deaths may have to be enumerated long after they occurred—perhaps as much as eighteen months—and after the lapse of so long a time many persons very imperfectly remember the date even of so important an event as a death in their house. Secondly, however imperfectly family memories may serve on such a point, they are far better than any others; and of the deaths which occur in boarding-houses, hotels, lodgings, and the like, of the deaths of travellers, loafers, and persons of unsettled habits or without family ties, scarcely any record is kept. Thirdly, in not a few cases death breaks up and disperses the family in which it occurs, so that nobody is left to be asked for a return: and, finally, the officials themselves are apt to neglect so troublesome and ungratisfactory a part of their functions. Altogether we need not be greatly surprised to learn that, according to the best conjecture that can be formed by experienced officials, the proportion of deaths returned to those occurring is very nearly as six to ten. Therefore, in making up the comparative tables, it is the practice of the Census compilers to add 41 per cent. to the numbers shown by the returns. On the face of the matter, figures so purely conjectural can be of little value for any but the broadest uses. The Report seems to suggest that, for purposes of internal comparison, the average deficiencies being generally the same, the figures may be treated as practically sufficient—that is, as showing the ratio, though not the numbers, of deaths in different places, and from different causes. We doubt whether there will not be such variations in the accuracy of the reports between wild and settled districts, and between deaths by slow and lingering disease, generally taking place at home, and those by sudden sickness, such as may overtake men anywhere, as will much affect the certainty of even comparative statistics. Still we can believe that, in the main, the broad and general comparisons are correct. If so, it is curious and satisfactory to note that, with our excellent registration, ensuring a fuller return of mortality than in many other countries, the health of England stands so high. The numbers surviving at different ages are much higher with us than in the United States for the years of infancy, indicating either better constitutions in the mothers, or more rational and careful rearing of the offspring—perhaps both. After infancy is past, the difference dwindles rapidly; but the advantage is still on the side of England till we reach the "allotted period" of human life. It would seem that there are more men of eighty and upwards in America than here; but we know how liable to exaggeration is the age of very old people; and, considering how many of the American specimens of extreme age are found among the negroes, who would be particularly liable to such an error, we suspect that our more accurate registries, rather than our inferior condition or climate, are answerable for the apparent disadvantage. Looking at the excellent and most convenient maps which indicate the comparative effects of different causes of death in different districts, we are struck by some unexpected peculiarities. Consumption is, as might be anticipated chiefly prevalent in the North. But it is not so easy to see why it should be in an especial degree the native scourge of New England and the eastern part of the Lake shores, of Wisconsin and Michigan, and of patches running down into Tennessee, while Pennsylvania and the region west of Wisconsin are comparatively little afflicted by it; or why in the South it reappears, though more mildly, at the mouths of the Mississippi and Alabama, and on the coast of Texas, while the miasmatic districts of the Atlantic seaboard seem to escape it. Malaria is the scourge of the non-consumptive regions, appearing at its worst in South Carolina and Florida, and ranging over all the South, with the exception of certain patches in the interior, and, to our surprise, on the coasts of Alabama and Louisiana. The consumptive districts are for the most part free from it. Typhus and its tribe are found most dangerous in the West and in the State of Georgia, including a portion of the latter, which appears almost blank in the Malaria map. The dark green patches which mark the worst ravages of intestinal disease are scattered apparently at random; but in a less severe degree they seem to spread in every direction from Lake Michigan, reaching southward as far as Kentucky. The Rain Chart of the United States makes its appearance in this volume. It is on too small a scale, but deserves attentive consideration. The statistics of lost senses and of idiocy are also to be found here, as well as those relating to births, ages, and so forth.

It is remarkable that a man of the political eminence and literary powers of the late Vice-President of the Confederacy should think it worth his while to write a school-book of the simplest kind, and designed, it would seem, only for the junior classes.* For, considering how large a place in American estimation is filled by the history of the States, we can hardly imagine

* *Ninth Census of the United States.* Vol. II. Vital Statistics; embracing the Tables of Deaths, Births, Sex, and Age; to which are added the Statistics of the Blind, the Deaf and Dumb, the Insane, and the Idiotic. Under Direction of the Secretary of the Interior, by Francis A. Walker, Superintendent of the Census. Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

* *A Compendium of the History of the United States from the Earliest Settlements to 1872.* Designed to answer the purpose of a Text-book in Schools, &c. By Alex. H. Stephens, Author of "A Constitutional View of the Late War between the States," &c. &c. New York: E. J. Hale. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

that a mere compendium of that history, hardly exceeding in size one of those volumes of Mrs. Markham so familiar to our childhood, should be intended as a text-book in any but the elementary classes of an American school; and the very poor woodcuts by which it is defaced appear to indicate pretensions equally humble. We turned of course with especial interest to Mr. Stephens's treatment of the late Civil War. As we anticipated, he speaks in a thoroughly neutral tone, but he introduces one fact which, until the justice of the Federal cause was demonstrated by success, Northern sympathizers always decried with reckless vehemence—the fact that Mr. Seward promised to evacuate Fort Sumter, and implicitly repeated that promise after the fleet had sailed from New York to relieve it; so that the first blow was struck, and treacherously struck, by Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet, and the bombardment of Sumter was an act of pure self-defence absolutely forced on the South. Mr. Stephens avoids comment; but those who read this passage, and note at the same time the effect produced at the North by the bombardment, cannot well avoid seeing that the two sections were hurried into war by a faction which feared the peaceable achievement of secession.

The Report of the Controller of the Currency for the year 1872* is not one of the most interesting of that series. It brings out, however, one or two noteworthy incidents; such as the attempt of Congress to distribute the currency, by the medium of the banks, not according to the demand made upon the Treasury (which, in the case of an inconvertible currency, would of course incur the risk of over-issues), but according to the supposed necessities of each State, as inferred from its wealth and population; the adoption of the principle of the English Bank Act, in forcing banks of issue to maintain an adequate reserve, though this reserve is in America a security for depositors only, the currency being secured by the public credit; and the unfairly heavy special taxation imposed on the banks generally, both by the States and by the Federal power, under the mistaken impression that they were making enormous gains and could afford to be victimized.

The first part of the *Bibliographia Catholica Americana* † contains what is intended and professes to be a complete list of all Catholic works published or republished in the United States from the Revolution down to 1820. The works published from 1820 to 1873 will be separately classified in subsequent publications as original, translations, and republications. The author gives us something more than a mere catalogue—a description, often careful and sufficient, of the character and purpose of each important work, and here and there some curious bits of literary or bibliographic information.

We have received this month a number of treatises and journals on Education ‡ in various countries and under different aspects, which, if better arranged, might be described as going far to constitute a cyclopædia of educational systems. It is not yet complete; but, so far as it goes, it is wonderfully full, and is one of those masterpieces of official compilation which we have so often noticed as the principal purpose of the existence of many American departments, and the peculiar boast of many more. On nearly every subject treated in these volumes the author has collected the completest accounts that could be obtained from every civilized country of its own method or methods, school or schools; he has brought together into solid volumes the educational disquisitions of eminent pedagogues, philosophers, and practical statesmen, from Roger Ascham and Sir Thomas More down to the present Bishop of Exeter; from Lord Bacon and Milton down to Mr. Lowe. He reports upon Cornell College and the Ecole Polytechnique; on the National School systems of Anhalt and of Schwyz, of Hesse and of France. Of course, though all these volumes have been recently published, we have in them the fruits of years of official labour and official opportunities, beginning so long ago as 1836; but it is no small credit to a man, even in so long a life, to have amassed so much useful information, and to have rendered it so thoroughly available to the public. In most cases, too, it seems to be well kept up to the latest times, and we have notes of changes produced by the war between Germany and France. The first part of the series before us consists of the sixth and seventh volumes of the National Series of the *American Journal of Education*, which is less a journal than a periodical issue of papers on all manner of educational subjects. We find, for instance, in the beginning of the first volume an elaborate collection of papers on Special Education in Great Britain, which would fill an ordinary octavo volume; and subsequently papers of portentous length, in that trying small type of which Americans are as tolerant as if eyesight were either worthless or imperishable, upon the Universities of the Middle Ages, and the Primary Schools of Germany. The latter subject is taken up again in another volume entirely devoted to the National Education of the German States. Here we find not only a full account of the schools as they are, of their different grades, of the course of study in each, and the connexion between them, with notes on the strength or weakness of particular points in the system, but, in the more important cases, a history of the politics of education which would in itself form a valuable treatise. In a word, there is in the volume the substance of several interesting Reports, two or three good treatises, and half a score of excellent review articles. Another and still more solid volume deals at almost equal length with the education of the remainder of the Continent; with the school organization and schooling, Universities and colleges, learning and studies, not only of France, Russia, and Italy, but of Sweden, Denmark, Spain, and Holland, Belgium, Portugal, and Greece. Another volume is promised which shall do for England and America what these have done for Continental Europe. In the meantime we have a volume, somewhat misentitled, for it has not much to do with English pedagogy, or with English schools as they are or ever were, but is rather a collection of all the most remarkable utterances on educational and cognate questions, of Ascham, Bacon, Milton, Wotton, Locke, and Herbert Spencer, as well as of Cowper and Shenstone; a reprint of articles written for the educational journal we have already described, or of old treatises, among the most curious and interesting of which is an anonymous "Plan of an Industrial School," which some quiet thinker, undisturbed by the passion and clamour of civil discord, found leisure to write and print in or about 1647. To this we must add a collection of essays and extracts, old and new, clerical and lay, on "Studies and Conduct" and on Female Education; among the authors of which miscellany are St. Jerome and Mgr. Dupanloup, Burleigh and Gladstone, Sidney and Bulwer, Newman, Huxley, Mill, Froude, and Carlyle, as well as Franklin and Lalor, Humboldt and Raumer. Finally, we have two volumes which deal with Technical and with Military Education respectively. As an example of the completeness and minuteness of treatment in these, let us look at the account of the Ecole Polytechnique, the first of the military schools described in the latter volume. It begins by condensing into fifty closely printed octavo pages the 440 quarto pages in which M. Leverrier, as Reporter of a Commission of Inquiry, discussed the initiatory studies and examination, and the method and manner of teaching the principal branches of mathematical science, which abridgment forms in itself about as striking a treatise on the latter subject as we could wish to read. Six pages are then given to the history of the institution; twenty to a full description of its objects, management, method, and system of discipline and examination, and forty to a minute analysis of the programme of instruction. From this account we can learn almost everything relative to the system of the Polytechnic School that can be understood without actual inspection. Other military colleges are described almost as fully, and the entire system of military education pursued by the great military Powers is traced through the regimental school, the *lycée*, the general military institute, the special schools of the staff, engineers, and artillery; and not a point is omitted that can help Americans to understand how the soldiers of other countries are trained to their duties, and how their education is made to subserve their promotion. Of course the greater part of this matter is not original; but even to compile, arrange, and digest the immense body of materials needed to produce these eight solid volumes must have required labour so great that we cannot be surprised if here and there the arrangement appears clumsy and defective.

Connected with the *Educational Journal*, as having been written at the suggestion of the editor and intended for publication therein, are Mr. William Russell's Lectures on Normal Training*, addressed to young men intended for the scholastic profession. As so intended, there is an independence and novelty in their suggestions as to the subjects and method of instruction, and the mode of developing the mental and moral faculties by other means than the ordinary routine of grammar and abstract mathematics, such as we are accustomed to find in attacks on the whole existing system of school training, but rarely in counsels addressed to teachers by those who take part, as administrators and directors, in the working of that system. Some of these lectures well deserve the notice of young men who go, fresh from fifteen years of Latin, Greek, and Euclid at college, to teach Latin, Greek, and Euclid to a new generation of boys, with attention as concentrated on those particular subjects as if the world held nothing else worth knowing or knowable.

What will be the tone and topics of a work entitled *The Religion of Humanity* †, the main purpose of which is to contrast an

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* *Annual Report of the Controller of the Currency of the United States.* Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

† *Bibliographia Catholica Americana: a List of Works written by Catholic Authors and published in the United States.* By Rev. J. M. Finotti. Part I., from 1784 to 1820 inclusive. New York: Catholic Publication House. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

‡ *The American Journal of Education.* Edited by Henry Barnard, LL.D. Vols. VI. and VII.

National Education: Systems, Institutions, and Statistics of Public Instruction in different Countries. Part I. Europe; German States. Part II. Europe; France, Belgium, Holland, Spain, Italy, Russia, Sweden, Turkey, Greece, &c. New York: Steiger.

Military Schools and Courses of Instruction on the Science and Art of War in France, Prussia, Austria, Russia, Sweden, Switzerland, Sardinia, England, and the United States. New York: Steiger.

Technical Education: Systems, Institutions, and Statistics of Scientific Instruction applied to National Industries in different Countries. Vol. I. New York: Steiger.

Letters, Essays, and Thoughts on Studies and Conduct, addressed to Young Persons by Men eminent in Literature and Affairs. Hartford: The "American Journal of Education" Office.

English Pedagogy, Education, the School, and the Teacher in English Literature. Edited by Henry Barnard, LL.D. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

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* *Normal Training, the Principles and Methods of Human Culture.* A Series of Lectures addressed to Young Teachers. By W. Russell, Editor of the "Boston Journal of Education," 1826-29, and Principal of the New England Normal Institute. Lancaster: Mass. New York: C. Brownell. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

† *The Religion of Humanity.* By O. B. Frothingham. New York: D. G. Francis. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

imaginary "Christ of Humanity," spoken of as if he were a real personage, with the historic Author of Christianity, our readers can guess without needing our assistance. We shall not, therefore, say more than that Mr. Frothingham's book is—what might be expected.

A Manual of Gesture *, illustrated with woodcuts exemplifying the manual and bodily attitudes and movements proper to the expression of ideas and emotions, which in their turn are exemplified by phrases generally selected from Scripture, may find many readers in a country so given to rhetorical indulgence as America. It will tend, we fear, to teach some of them to make themselves more ridiculous than their natural gifts would have obliged them to appear, even when figuring on the stump or in the pulpit.

The *Wishing Cap Papers* † are mostly familiar to readers of the light literature of the last generation as among the more unpretentious and readable of Leigh Hunt's writings in various magazines. They are professedly here collected for the first time.

The authoress of *Woman in American Society* ‡ undertakes to demonstrate two points, against which the instinctive feeling of mankind will kick pretty vigorously. The first is that, as actually existing in the world, and particularly in America, women are sickly, senseless, soulless, heartless, useless creatures, inferior not only in intelligence and vigour of mind, but even in modesty and delicacy of spirit, to the stronger sex. The second is that this is all man's fault, and only to be remedied by elevating women to the rank, work, and dignity of manhood. How is it that it never occurs to such writers that, if nature had fitted women to be men, that fitness would have asserted itself long ere now in the sex generally, as it does in the very few women who have really masculine intellects? It is by women, moreover, not by men, that the social law which restrains the vagaries of "strong-minded" women is enforced. How is this, if the actual position of women is constrained and unnatural, and their real power equal to that of men? How come men to have enslaved the wills as well as the actions of equals?

Bits of Talk about Home Matters § is, on the other hand, a quiet, sensible, practical little work: a collection of short kindly papers on various topics of social and domestic interest, and notably on what the authoress considers common errors or shortcomings in the treatment of children.

Mr. Timrod, a Southern poet, politician, and journalist, among the many to whom the war brought ruin and misery, has left behind him a sufficient number of graceful and often spirited poems to fill, with a brief memoir of the author, a small unpretending volume.‖ Mr. Walt Whitman, on his part, has given the world another rhapsody¶ which has at least one recommendation as compared with some of its predecessors—that there is very much less of it.

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* *A Manual of Gesture; embracing a complete System of Notation, with Principles of Interpretation and Selections for Practice.* By Albert M. Bacon, A.M., Professor of Elocution. Chicago: Griggs & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

† *The Wishing Cap Papers.* By Leigh Hunt. Now first Collected. Boston: Lee & Shephard. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1873.

‡ *Woman in American Society.* By Anna G. Woolson. Boston: Roberts Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1873.

§ *Bits of Talk about Home Matters.* By H. N. Boston: Roberts Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1873.

‖ *The Poems of Henry Timrod.* Edited, with a Sketch of the Poet's Life, by Paul H. Hayne. New York: Hale & Son. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

¶ *After all Not to Create Only.* Recited by Walt Whitman on Invitation of Managers American Institute on Opening their Fortieth Annual Exhibition, New York, Noon, September 7, 1871. Boston: Roberts Brothers. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

NOTICE.

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OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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MR. SMITH'S MOTION.

THE Opposition attacked, through Mr. W. H. SMITH, the soundest, if not the least assailable, part of the Budget. A financial scheme which was neither the best nor the worst which could have been devised possessed the negative merit of exhausting the surplus without providing for the premature diversion of national funds to the relief of local burdens. It is true that the miscellaneous majority which last year supported Sir MASSEY LOPES's ill-advised motion had affirmed the expediency of substituting taxes for rates in certain branches of local expenditure. A year before Mr. LOWE himself had authorised Mr. GOSCHEN to offer the proceeds of the House-tax as a boon to the malcontent ratepayers; but Mr. LOWE, Mr. GOSCHEN, and Sir MASSEY LOPES, with his majority, were all in the wrong, for reasons which were forcibly urged on Monday last by Mr. FAWCETT and by Mr. GOSCHEN himself. The control of expenditure and administration is necessarily associated with liability to burdens; and it is not desirable that the parsimonious tendencies of local bodies should be obliterated or rendered useless. There is also an objection which applies to nearly all readjustments of taxation. Rateable property has been bought and sold on the assumption that it would be charged both with actual and prospective burdens for local purposes; and it is unnecessary to confer on owners or occupiers a gratuitous boon. It was a singular proof of blindness on the part of the country gentlemen to demand a redress of their supposed grievances from a Government which has uniformly displayed an unfriendly feeling to their class. Mr. GLADSTONE, Mr. GOSCHEN, and Mr. LOWE have lost no opportunity of warning landowners that they should be punished for the trouble which they have caused. The attempt to rally once more in support of Mr. SMITH's motion the majority of last year indicated but little skill in political or Parliamentary calculation. Sir MASSEY LOPES's temporary allies were professedly voting on a question which involved no party issue, while the success of Mr. SMITH's amendment to the Budget Resolution would necessarily have produced a political crisis. A further awkwardness arose from the special form of the motion; though it would have been impossible to devise an amendment which would have been carried. The leaders of the Opposition seems to have thought that an objection to the reduction of the Income-tax would be unpopular; and consequently they were reduced to the necessity of attacking one item in a Budget which had been partially adopted by the House. Although Mr. LOWE's theory of a necessary equilibrium of direct and indirect reductions is arbitrary and fallacious, it may be assumed that the parts of every financial scheme have a relation to one another and to the whole. If the proposal of retaining the sugar duties had been adopted, it is possible that the House of Commons might have wished to reconsider the question of the penny of Income-tax. If the entire Budget had been rejected or remodelled, the *Alabama* damages might have been paid in full out of income; and the moderate surplus which would have remained might either have provided for the removal of various detailed grievances, or have been reserved until the policy of contributing to local taxation had been finally determined.

The worst fault of Mr. SMITH's motion was that it rendered possible the delivery of a Ministerial speech for which it nevertheless furnished no sufficient excuse. Mr. LOWE only six or seven years ago acquired his great position in the House of Commons by a vigorous resistance to the increase of the political power of the lower classes. After his final defeat in consequence of the tergiversation of the Conservative party, Mr. LOWE announced, with double-edged and scornful irony, that now it had become expedient to educate our masters. His objection to democracy must have been that opportunities would be afforded for gratifying the envy of the poor towards the rich. He now thinks it not unworthy of his official rank and of his own intellectual powers to stimulate the prejudices and the passions of those whom he strove in vain to exclude from power. The latter part of his speech consisted of mischievous appeals to the jealousy felt by the working part of the population against the owners of property. They must, he said, be either saints or idiots if they would tolerate a measure which was exclusively beneficial to those whom the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER thought fit to describe as the rich. Every Budget, it seems, must henceforth take off an equal amount of duties on consumption for every penny of direct taxation which may be remitted. As Mr. FAWCETT appropriately remarked, Mr. LOWE has not been in the habit of maintaining the same steady balance when there was a question, not of taking off taxes, but of putting them on. Only three years ago the Income-tax was increased by fifty per cent., while not a single indirect duty was imposed or augmented. The whole tone of Mr. LOWE's speech was consistent with his reckless suggestion of an antagonism between the poor and the rich. In referring to certain alleged mis-statements about the sugar trade, he absurdly described as lies such propositions as that grocers derive no profit from the sale of sugar, or that the reduction of duty confers no advantage on the consumer. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE fitly rebuked the overbearing tone in which Mr. LOWE referred to the possible results of Mr. SMITH's motion on the position of the Government. It was plain that the success of the Opposition must have led either to the resignation of Ministers, or more probably to the dissolution of Parliament; but it is highly inconvenient to dilute unnecessarily on the incidental results which may follow from a division. Sir S. NORTHCOTE's able speech contained a virtual admission that the motion was untenable. It was idle to demand from the Government a declaration of its future policy as a condition of adopting the Budget. Mr. GLADSTONE indeed had, a few days previously, injudiciously encouraged a deputation to hope for the possible abolition of the Income-tax; but it may be taken for granted that he will, as Mr. GOSCHEN promised on his behalf, abstain from repeating the prospective arrangements which formed a blot on his famous Budget of twenty years ago. If the House of Commons had decided that no indirect taxes should be repealed until Mr. LOWE announced his future intentions with respect to the Income-tax, there would have been little advantage in obtaining a promise from a Government which would be simultaneously turned out of office. Mr. LOWE's enumeration of the obstacles to a grant in aid of local taxation would have been more convincing if he and his colleagues had not on former occasions hastily promised to concede the principle of Sir MASSEY LOPES's demand. It may be true that the system of assessment is unsatisfactory, that the constitution of local governing bodies is various and confused, and generally that it would be premature to bestow a gift on recipients who can at present hardly be defined; but Mr. STANSFELD has undertaken the task of framing a new Social Constitution, and the Budget has, according to Mr. LOWE, been so framed as to ensure an applicable surplus for the ensuing year. After prudently taking care that there should be no balance available for local purposes, Mr. LOWE might have dispensed with additional reasons for refusing an immediate contribution. It is not certain that Mr. SMITH was wholly wrong in contending that the Budget contingently disposed of the next year's surplus. It had probably been assumed by most of those who have studied the Budget that the Exchequer Bonds which will be

issued if the revenue proves inadequate would be paid off in the following year. That the Bonds will form an indistinguishable portion of the unfunded Debt is the result of technical arrangements which Mr. SMITH may be excused for overlooking.

Although Mr. SMITH's motion was prudently withdrawn without a division, the debate was neither uninteresting nor useless. Some members of the Opposition recognized the inconsistency of affirming a proposition which would have precluded them from supporting a reduction of the Malt-tax. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, a pupil of Mr. GLADSTONE's, and the only scientific financier of his party, directly or tacitly disavowed nearly all the arguments which were adduced in support of the motion. Mr. DISRAELI condemned the tactics for which he was himself responsible by delivering, on a professedly financial question, a strictly political speech. Having all his life hankered after popularity with the multitude, Mr. DISRAELI addressed himself to the task of currying favour with the working classes somewhat less awkwardly than Mr. LOWE; but he perhaps forgot that he was defending a motion which he had himself inspired for confining the remissions of the year exclusively to the Income-tax. It would not have been difficult to find another opportunity of delivering a speech which in a Budget discussion only indicated an absence of any definite opinion on finance. Mr. GLADSTONE secured an easy triumph by exhibiting his own perfect familiarity with the whole subject of taxation. From the latter part of his speech it may be collected that the proposed relief of local taxation by the aid of Imperial funds will assume the smallest possible dimensions. Mr. GLADSTONE denounces as utterly inadmissible the proposal of affording any relief whatever to the owners of property, who will, on the contrary, probably have to thank Sir MASSEY LOPES for a large addition to their burdens. It appears that house-owners, including freeholders receiving ground rents, will be assessed to the rates. Mr. STANSFELD's statement of next week will remove all doubt as to the intentions of the Government, though it will not be practicable to deal with the whole question in the present year. The reorganization of the whole system of local government will, in accordance with the present tendency of legislation, probably increase the power of numbers to the detriment of property. It happens at present to suit the purpose of both political parties to exaggerate the defects of the existing system. Mr. STANSFELD will probably succeed in convincing the Conservatives that they have committed a mischievous blunder.

M. BARODET'S VICTORY.

THE return of M. BARODET for Paris is a very heavy blow to the Republic of M. THIERS. If the fortunes of no other Republic were involved, this fact need give little distress to Liberal politicians. The spectacle of M. THIERS balancing himself with infinite dexterity between two opposing parties, leaning over now towards one and now towards the other, has by this time become a little wearisome; and an event which forced him to take a more decided line himself, or to give place to a more decided successor, would not in itself be unwelcome. But courses of policy cannot be withdrawn like plays that have run several hundred nights, solely because they have ceased to amuse. The success of a reasonable and moderate Republic as much depends upon M. THIERS's power of keeping the peace between the extreme factions on either side as it did two years ago. Unhappily the forces at his disposal are weaker now than they were then, while the forces arrayed against him have gained strength and courage in the interval. In the spring of 1871 Conservatives and Radicals were alike smitten by a spirit of moderation. Both seemed to have learned that half a loaf is better than no bread. The Conservatives chose to suppress the Commune as Republicans rather than to be suppressed by it as Monarchists. The Radicals chose to accept a moderate Republic which was freely offered them rather than run the risks of fighting for a Republic more to their mind. In the spring of 1873 the Conservatives are found voting for a Bonapartist soldier put forward with the avowed object of preventing M. DE RÉMUSAT's election, while the Radicals have ignored all that M. THIERS has done for France, and consequently for the Republic, in order to give force to their indignation because he governs in the interests of the French people, and not of a particular section of it. All this seems like a return to the old impracticable state of things. We know what the Conservatives can do, acting alone. The Revolution of 1830, the Revolution of 1848, the Revolution of 1870, leave no doubt upon that head. We know what the Radicals can do, acting alone; successive Restorations give an equally unmistakable answer upon that head. If France is to see any better days than those which she has seen hitherto, it must be through the abandonment, alike by Conservatives and Radicals, of these pretensions to absolute dominion. M. DE RÉMUSAT presented himself as a candidate for Paris upon this principle of mutual concession. Himself a moderate Conservative, he was supported by moderate Radicals; and the policy which he recommended to the electors was a policy which moderate Conservatives and moderate Radicals could agree to defend. The verdict of Paris has been decisive. By a majority of 45,000 votes the electors have returned a candidate whose main claim to support was his repudiation of any alliance on the part of the Radicals with Conservatives, even of the most moderate shade. It is true, no doubt, that Paris has always voted for extreme candidates; but then the hopes of which France has recently been the object rested in a great measure upon the belief that the leopard had for once changed his spots. An attack of fever may not be worse than other attacks that have gone before, but if the patient's recovery depends upon his having no more attacks, the mere fact that they continue to come is sufficiently discouraging.

It will be well, however, if Frenchmen can bring themselves not to look too exclusively on the dark side of the prospect. It would be a foolish optimism to say that there is a bright one, but nevertheless the clouds are not altogether unrelieved. There is a gleam of sunshine visible in the fact that the Radicals have been divided to an unexampled degree. With the exception of M. GAMBETTA—a most important exception, it is true—the prominent leaders of the party have been on the side of M. DE RÉMUSAT. It has been objected that this only proves that, in proportion as the leaders become moderate, their hold on their followers becomes weak. There is an element of truth no doubt in this view, but it leaves out of sight the peculiar circumstances under which the election took place. To ask a Parisian Republican to vote for M. DE RÉMUSAT was to make a very great demand on his good sense. He has been accustomed to identify the Government with an Assembly which has exhibited towards Paris an intense and persistent hostility. Politicians know that M. THIERS does not share this hostility, that he would personally like to see the Assembly sitting at Paris instead of at Versailles, that he has yielded to the majority of the deputies simply because he could not help himself. But the average elector is not a politician; and if ever he understood anything of this, he has long since forgotten it. He regards the Government as an indivisible unit, and at present the action of this unit is unmistakably hostile to Paris. It was specially unfortunate that this sentiment of the Paris Republicans should have been strengthened, and to some extent justified, by the concurrence of the Government in the attack upon the municipal liberties of Lyons. The Republican leaders could see that even upon this point large allowances had to be made for M. THIERS; that the Lyons municipality had on several occasions acted with reckless folly and violence; that its suppression, if decreed by the Right, could hardly be resisted to much purpose; and that M. THIERS had made an important concession to Republican feeling by giving Lyons an opportunity of returning her former Mayor as a deputy. But these were not considerations which admitted of being reduced to a popular form. The plea of M. BARODET's supporters, that the Government had done gross wrong to Lyons, and that it was for Paris, herself the victim of a similar wrong, to avenge her sister in misfortune, came home far more easily. It does not necessarily follow therefore that the Radical leaders will find themselves equally deserted by the rank and file of the party the next time that they give their support to M. THIERS. The occasion will probably not have the same special interest for the Paris Republicans; and consequently they will not have the same special motive for acting with exceptional independence.

There is some comfort to be found in the reflection that, even in opposing the Government, the Paris Radicals have displayed unusual moderation. A few weeks back it seemed that one great danger of the contest between M. DE RÉMUSAT and M. BARODET would be the temptation to the use of violent language which such an election would naturally offer. The usual habit of Radical Committees in Paris has been to describe their opponents as malefactors of the worst order, and

when it is the Government that is thus characterised, it is difficult alike for assailants and assailed not to come out of the battle with their dislike of one another greatly intensified. In this case it has not happened so. M. BARODET's friends—at all events, his prominent and responsible friends—have steadily maintained that he was not put forward as an act of hostility to M. THIERS, but only for the purpose of strengthening the Republican element in his councils. The plea was almost ludicrous in its absurdity, but the fact that it was invented and adhered to is all the more significant for that reason. Why was it thought expedient to strip M. BARODET's candidature of any air of hostility to M. THIERS, if it were not that even the Radicals of Paris are not anxious to see his authority overthrown? When Paris genuinely desires to destroy a Government, the electors do not wrap up their wishes in polite phrases; they usually express their enmity with the most unflattering frankness. That an opposite course should have been pursued in the recent canvass goes a long way to show that among the 180,000 electors who voted for M. BARODET there must have been many, perhaps a majority, who may be set down as illogical well-wishers to the Government which they were doing their best to damage. It has now to be seen how M. THIERS will deal with this anomalous state of affairs. These wrongheaded and untrustworthy friends may be easily turned into declared enemies. If M. THIERS makes M. BARODET's election an excuse for allying himself with the Right, the probability is that at the next election for Paris the Radical candidates will be returned with the avowed intention of driving M. THIERS from power. If, on the other hand, he is ready to be taught by defeat, and proves his possession of this most valuable quality by resisting the undue influence of a party which has already caused him unnumbered embarrassments and is ready to cause him as many more, M. BARODET's victory may in the end prove a useful warning.

WOMEN VOTERS.

THE House of Commons is too practical an assembly and too averse to speculative changes to allow a Bill to make any way which proposes to give the Parliamentary suffrage to women, and a decisive majority has again doomed Mr. JACOB BRIGHT's measure to failure. There was nothing much to be said for or against the proposal that was new, and the debate was singularly vapid and lifeless. It may be candidly admitted that some of the arguments on either side were little calculated to inspire conviction. It is perfectly useless for a body like the House of Commons to pretend to examine whether the intellect of women is necessarily inferior to that of men. No one can seriously think that the precedents of JOAN of ARC, of ROSA BONHEUR, of MENDELSSOHN's sister, and of some lady who rode about with a Polish chief, can determine the issue whether Englishwomen who happen to be householders should be entitled to vote for members of Parliament. Mr. JACOB BRIGHT made the best use he could of the example of the QUEEN, and since his Bill of last year he has had the opportunity of finding a new illustration of the capacity of women in the admirable skill with which the QUEEN held an even balance between the claims of Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. DISRAELI in the late Ministerial crisis. There are a million of male voters in England, and it is easy to show that the QUEEN, or ROSA BONHEUR, or possibly JOAN of ARC, might have been as competent to select a member of Parliament as some of these million males. Mr. JACOB BRIGHT estimated that, if his Bill passed, about a quarter of a million women would be added to the electoral roll, and out of this number there would be many who would use the franchise better than the dregs of the male electors. We may perhaps go further, and say that the whole quarter of a million would make as good a choice and on as good grounds as the fourth of the million men would make which was least fitted to exercise the franchise. It is quite true that men, even of the humblest class, have in their industrial and social gatherings a faint means of learning some of the rudiments of political knowledge which women have not. But women who are householders are perhaps better instructed, and learn more from books and papers, than the humblest rank of urban male householders. It is because they are women, and not because they are more utterly incapable of exercising the franchise wisely than the rudest of their male neighbours, that the House has declined to let women vote. Nor is there any insuperable difficulty in women voting now that order and decency have been introduced into elections. Possibly the presence of women as voters would tend still further to promote order at elections than has been done by the Ballot. Nor is the increase of the electoral body by one fourth a very alarming one, at a moment when proposals are being made to double this body by swamping it with new county voters. If Mr. JACOB BRIGHT's Bill were carried, the new electors would not vote worse than a great number of the old ones; they would vote in safety and without molestation, and they would not swamp the existing electoral bodies. So much may be conceded; and those who concede it may, we think, concede it without being brought a step nearer to the conclusion that Mr. JACOB BRIGHT's clients ought to be allowed to vote.

What, then, are the objections to allowing them to vote? The two principal reasons are, that their claim rests on a wrong conception of the value of the Parliamentary franchise, and that it rests on a wrong conception of the relative position of the sexes. Their advocates talk as if the quantity and kind of persons who vote for members of Parliament were a matter of pure indifference, and that the more voters there are, the merrier party they will make. They also speak as if any set of persons who cannot get all they fancy they want should be specially represented in Parliament, in order that they may get a legislative sanction for their crotchets. But the object of elections is not to give the greatest number of persons an opportunity of voting, but to get a good Government for the country. How shall we get the best House of Commons is the main question, and not who shall have the amusement of selecting members. In 1867 we tried a dangerous, although inevitable, experiment, by largely increasing the constituencies; the justification of the step being, that many members of the House of Commons sat for small, subservient, or corrupt boroughs, that there was not life or purpose enough in the House to make vigorous legislation possible. In order to remedy this defect, a great number of persons very little fitted to vote were allowed to vote. The enlargement of the constituencies was in some cases beneficial, but in others experience will probably show that it was not beneficial. There was, however, no other resource within the compass of practical statesmanship, and of two evils the smaller was chosen. Far, however, from its being true that, because the franchise has been extended largely and suddenly, it may be wisely extended to any degree, it is much more true to say that any sweeping addition to the franchise now would be to add an unnecessary to a necessary risk. If two drunken men may vote, it was said on Wednesday, why should not one sober woman also vote? The sober woman might certainly be as competent to vote as either of the drunken men, but if we have two bad voters already, it is unsatisfactory to mend matters by adding a third to them. It is true that persons who have political powers conferred on them, if they are tolerably fitted to exercise them, are raised by having wider interests added to their life. Although the main object of elections is to get together a good House of Commons, they fulfil the subsidiary object of educating the electors. But this can only be the result if the electors keep the main object in view, and set themselves to fulfil national aims, and think the franchise is something they ought to respect and value. If the electors despised the suffrage, and in exercising it thought only of very petty issues, they would be lowered rather than raised by being electors, while at the same time they would return a bad House of Commons. The argument which converted Mr. HENLEY from an opponent into a supporter of the Bill was that women who are householders are already allowed to vote for School Boards and municipal officers. They use their privilege eagerly, and, as no one not in a district knows anything about its School Boards or its municipal officials, it is impossible to say that they have not voted as well as any one else. But the Parliamentary franchise ought to be put before the body of the people as something much higher than the right to take part in the election of a little herd of persons wrangling over primary education or of town councillors. Nor ought the existing House of Commons to admit for a moment that, in order to get good legislation in favour of any particular class, it is necessary that this class should have votes. The reason why the present House does not legislate in favour of women is not that it is unwilling to do women justice, but that no proposals are made to it on behalf of women that will bear discussion. A very sensible lady informed Mr. JACOB BRIGHT that, if she did not know what her rights were, she at least knew that she had no wrongs. Mr. BRIGHT said that this might be true for her, but that it was quite untrue for her poorer sisters. What are the wrongs of poor women? There may possibly be some of a kind removable by legisla-

tion, but there is no need whatever to assume that the House of Commons would refuse to redress these grievances if their existence was proved, and apt remedies suggested. The course taken in regard to the franchise of women, or in regard to most proposals for extending the franchise to particular sets of people, is first to assume that they have wrongs; then to assume that Acts of Parliament would sweep these wrongs away; then to assume that the House of Commons, under the present electoral system, deliberately ignores these wrongs; and then to conclude that the electoral system must be altered. The house is to be always burnt down when we want roast pig. The Constitution is to be altered in order that an undefined change may be made to protect the property of women who are on bad terms with their husbands.

The first objection then, or rather set of objections, to giving votes to Mr. BRIGHT's quarter of a million of women is that it would form a useless addition to the constituency, that it would degrade the popular estimation of the Parliamentary franchise, and that it would foster the notion that people with alleged grievances must be specially represented in order to get justice from Parliament. The second objection is that the claim of these women really rests on the notion that the sexes are naturally equal, that it is nothing but bad institutions that has obscured this natural equality, and that Parliament ought to pave the way for the recognition of this equality by extending the franchise as suggested. Nor is it possible to suppose that those who wish that the franchise should be given to this quarter of a million of women would be satisfied if they got what they asked. It is for the most part the same set of people who ask that women, even when married, should be regarded as equal partners in a firm. The married partners are to contribute to a common stock of which they are to have the joint management, while each enjoys a special ownership over the share which he or she may have contributed. It is only in complete accordance with such notions of married life that the wife as well as the husband should be allowed to vote; for of the two partners one might be as well called the householder as the other, even if the qualification of household occupation could be long preserved after it had been settled that all human beings were equal. The main purposes, too, which Mr. JACOB BRIGHT's Bill is supposed to serve could not be accomplished unless women generally had votes. Mr. FAWCETT, for example, said that one of the great grievances of women was that Trade Unions did not behave handsomely to them, the true cause of this unhandsome conduct being that women are not considered the equals of men. It is obvious that the spirit of Trade Unions would not be greatly altered by the franchise being accorded to an eighth or a tenth part of the whole number of women who, if women were treated as equal with men, would vote. To teach the doctrine of this equality effectively women generally must be allowed to vote. The first thing to ask is whether there is any natural equality between men and women, and it is only because in the regions of abstract speculation everything is debatable, that this can be treated as a debatable question. The universal consent of the unnumbered generations of mankind is against the theory of the equality of the sexes, and there is one practical argument which may be treated as decisive of the question. If men choose to say that women are not their equals, women have nothing to do but to give in. Physical force, the ultimate basis of all society and government, must be on the side of the men, and those who have the key of the position will not permanently consent to abandon it. A Government in which women were on an equality with men would be a Government of perpetual revolution, even if one revolution was not enough to overturn it for ever. The happiness of domestic life depends on the subordination of the wife in all matters of public duty or interest; but even if we were willing to forego domestic happiness, and let women parade an artificial equality by voting at Parliamentary elections, we should make the sacrifice in vain, for men generally would be certain in the long run to take care that the sex which is physically weaker should feel its inferiority.

PROGRESS OF REVOLUTION IN SPAIN.

REVOLUTIONS always come in gusts and squalls; and for the moment there is a lull in Spain, because the extreme Republicans have had their way, and have not yet thought of any fresh demand. With natural inconsistency the fanatical devotees of provincial independence accept, when it suits their purpose, the decision of Madrid as readily as if they were French demagogues waiting for the latest news from Paris. The whole country acquiesces with helpless indifference in the suppression of constitutional authority; and it may be readily believed that, except in the centres of political agitation, life proceeds with little interruption in its ordinary course. Early experience will show whether public affairs will be equally manageable with private business. Even a Federal and Social Republic requires money, and a disciplined force to compel obedience to the Government. The whole financial system of Spain, never easy or prosperous, has since the beginning of the present Revolution become thoroughly disorganized. The disturbance of trade has reduced the scanty receipts from Customs duties; and one or two maritime towns have announced their intention of converting themselves into free ports. The usual resource of borrowing has for the present become impracticable; and it is difficult to conjecture how the Minister of Finance will provide for the most pressing necessities. There is no reason to suppose that the members of the Government are incapable or careless, and they enjoy the reputation of personal integrity; but it is impossible to dissolve the bonds of political society for one purpose, and at the same time to retain the advantages which belong to traditional order. Only a few weeks before the Revolution the present Ministers were denounced by the irreconcilable faction as traitors to the common cause. FIGUERAS and CASTELAR might have foreseen that when they established the Republic they would be compelled to rely on the support of the ferocious agitators with whom they had previously refused to act. Their error consisted, not in holding that a Republic was a possible or perhaps a desirable form of government, but in supposing that it meant to the most active partisans in Spain anything but the destruction of order and the confiscation of property. It may be admitted that the dissolution of military obedience, which is the greatest of many actual evils, could scarcely have been foreseen either by the Republicans or by their opponents.

The official narrative of the events of the 23rd of April is obviously one-sided, if not wholly untrue. The Alcalde of Madrid ordered some battalions of volunteers to meet for the purpose of protecting the Permanent Committee, but notwithstanding the sanction both of Parliamentary and municipal authority, they and their commander, General LETONA, are denounced as rebels. The MINISTER of WAR, by the orders of the Government, took measures to attack the so-called insurgents, and it is stated that the troops of the garrison sided with the Republican volunteers. Bloodshed was fortunately avoided by the timely discovery that the Government had the stronger force on its side, and the rebels, now proved by the event to have been in rebellion, dispersed or fled, as SATAN fled in *Paradise Lost* when he saw the heavenly balance inclining against him. Once certain of victory, the Ministers dissolved the Permanent Committee and the Cortes which it represented, and order reigned for the time in Madrid. One of the Committee, Señor FIGUEROLA, lately an advanced Radical, was put in prison, probably for the purpose of protecting him from the lawless violence of the mob. It is once more reported that SERRANO and SAGASTA have quitted Spain, and for some time past ZORRILLA has prudently withdrawn himself from public notice. As in all similar cases, the Spanish Revolution, which commenced four or five years ago, devours its own children with increased appetite as it acquires additional force. The time is probably not far distant when FIGUERAS and CASTELAR will have to defend themselves against the charge of treason to the Federal Republic. The politicians who invited AMADEO of Savoy to ascend the throne, and afterwards drove him to abdicate by political opposition and personal affronts, deserve but little compassion. The other Spanish parties in their reciprocal intolerance failed to perceive that the anarchical Republicans were the most resolute and unscrupulous of all the jarring factions. In a certain sense the winners have deserved their temporary success; but there is no symptom of political foresight or wisdom in their measures, and they will probably become more and more extravagant in their policy until they provoke a decisive reaction.

One of the oddest freaks of modern opinion is the favour with which the extreme Republican party is regarded by English politicians of strictly Conservative tendencies. In spite of his own professions, and of the statements of friends and opponents among his countrymen, GAMBETTA is constantly described as a uniformly prudent and practical statesman; and every attack on the French Assembly attracts unqualified sympathy. The Spanish Republic is not less fortunate in the indulgent construction which is placed on all the acts of its promoters. As soon as the Cortes had been frightened into proclaiming the Republic, it was

announced that a peaceful and successful revolution had been accomplished with the smallest possible departure from constitutional practice. The Cortes, as the only supreme authority remaining after the abdication of the KING, had, it was said, recognized the necessity of dispensing with the Monarchy, which indeed it had been elected to maintain, and all civil and military functionaries would continue to discharge their offices under a new and orderly Government. The illusion was apparently not dispelled when the rabble of Madrid, imitating the Sections of Paris during the French Revolution, had compelled those of the Ministers who represented the majority of the Assembly to make way for trustworthy Republicans; and the usurpation of provincial clubs and municipal delegations was conveniently overlooked. The mutinous proceedings of the army caused regret because they tended to weaken the Republic; but it was justly thought that the Ministers themselves were anxious as far as possible to maintain order. It has always been the inveterate habit of the shallower sort of English writers on current politics to sympathize with political movements abroad which would be regarded with horror if they occurred at home. Twenty years ago the candid admirers of the Federal Republic would have been zealous Imperialists in France, though not in England; not so much because any kind of institution is good enough for foreigners, but through the temptation of displaying an enlightened superiority to prejudice. The later stages of the Spanish Revolution have not disturbed the complacency of its apologists. The Cortes, elected under the Constitution by universal suffrage, have been formally dissolved by the Ministers whom they had themselves appointed; and it is at least possible that the Government may have provoked the riots which gave it an excuse for disposing of its rivals and opponents. At present the Republican Government has absolutely neither a legal basis nor a claim to the obedience of the nation, except that a loyal citizen will for the moment maintain any barrier which stands between social order and total anarchy. The exploit has nevertheless commanded approval in England. The Constitutionalists who, regretting too late their own weakness, had made an unsuccessful attempt to assert the supremacy of Parliament, are denounced as an obstructive faction, itself responsible for the violence which was rendered necessary by its encroachments. If the Spanish Correspondent of the *Times* is not a Red Republican, he can scarcely escape the imputation of childish imbecility. The growing laxity of political principle is illustrated by the events of Madrid and by the comments which the revolutionary act of the Ministers has produced. ROBESPIERRE and his accomplices in the Committee of Public Safety, while they exercised an unresisted tyranny, never ventured to supersede the nominal sovereignty of the Convention. In the Reign of Terror, as during the present Spanish Revolution, every gathering of the rabble assumed to represent the people, but nevertheless the Assembly which had been really elected by the constituencies was always regarded with a certain respect; and ultimately it survived to direct the reaction against the bloodthirsty dictators. FIGUERAS and CASTELAR may perhaps have acted to the best of their judgment for the public interest; but they at present exercise, as far as they are not themselves intimidated by the mob of the capital, a power which is altogether arbitrary and lawless. Their prospective appeal to the Constituent Cortes is an idle form. If such an Assembly were, in accordance with the probable opinion of the majority of the nation, to declare against the Federal Republic, the dispersion of its members by force would be neither more nor less an act of violence than the recent dissolution of the Assembly after the dismissal of the Permanent Committee.

The eloquent disciple of MAZZINI exercises for the time, perhaps with the purest intentions, an irregular tyranny which can only be excused by the tyrant's plea. The eulogists of the Spanish Ministry may perhaps be in the right when they contend that a measure which involved a deplorable usurpation was indispensably necessary. The constitutional party had all principle on its side in maintaining the superiority of the Cortes to the Executive Government; but the Assembly which had suffered the establishment of a Republican form of Government could not safely refuse to concede the conduct of affairs to the dominant Republican party. The error of submitting in the first instance to an active minority included in itself the consequence of an abdication of power by the Cortes after the example of the King. When the Constitutional party recovered from its first stupor, its efforts to resume its legitimate control over affairs proved to be too late. The Permanent Committee had no difficulty in proving that the condition of the country was miserable and alarming; nor can it be doubted that the mutinies of the army and the extravagances of the municipal deputations were distinctly traceable to the proclamation of the Republic; but a repentant Cortes ought, if any remedy was still possible, to have dismissed the Ministry, and to have undertaken to govern the country through nominees of its own. The Ministers, after actively destroying all the substantial securities of liberty, were perhaps compelled to disregard its elementary forms. The armed ruffians of the streets might have become their assailants instead of their allies if they had continued to recognize the only legal authority in Spain. The impending election will probably result in the return, by a large majority of voters, of a Jacobin Cortes; but it is not certain that the provincial separatists will allow the elections to be held unless the Cortes is deprived beforehand of any constituent power which might be exercised to the detriment of the Federal Republic. It is evident that to vest in an Assembly the power of framing a Constitution is inconsistent with the fundamental doctrine of federation. The American Constitution was in the nature of a treaty concluded by the authorised representatives of independent States. It has not yet been proposed that the deputies of Catalonia or of Andalusia should exercise a veto on the constituent legislation of the Cortes. The modern device of universal suffrage has proved itself a wretchedly inadequate substitute for the old-fashioned faith in the indefeasible sanctity of fundamental laws and traditional institutions. The nations which have in recent times most frequently returned Constituent Assemblies are the least disposed to abide by their decisions. No Cortes which will ever meet in Spain can claim higher authority than the Constituent Cortes whose work has now been summarily abolished.

THE JUDICATURE BILL.

THE amendments carried on Thursday by Lord CAIRNS will mitigate, but only mitigate, the tendency of the Judicature Bill to subordinate and disparage the Equity jurisprudence which the LORD CHANCELLOR, backed by every one who knows what Equity is, desires to make universally supreme. As Lord CAIRNS strongly urged, it would have been a fatal policy to weaken the Court of Chancery numerically and morally as a first step towards winning for its jurisprudence the prestige and predominance with which we all agree it ought to be invested. The amendments have saved the Courts of Equity and the principles which they apply from the humiliation which the desertion of the CHANCELLOR and the diminution of judicial strength would inevitably have involved.

But the debate in the House of Lords, and other not less remarkable incidents of the past week, will do far more to convert the Bill into a real, vigorous, and successful reform than the partial amendments to which Lord CAIRNS was unfortunately limited by the forms of the House. Those who candidly examine the different views which have been presented of this measure and its consequences will be astonished to find how nearly all are agreed. In principle and purpose there is no antagonism between the LORD CHANCELLOR on the one side and Lord CAIRNS and the Equity Bench and Bar on the other. All desire the same end. All, not excepting the LORD CHANCELLOR, agree that that end would be certainly attained by the method suggested by the Equity Bar. But the LORD CHANCELLOR thinks that there is another method of attaining the same end, not indeed quite so good—for even he does not say that—but in his opinion not much worse, and at the same time a trifle easier and cheaper. Whether the Legislature shall adopt the plan admitted to be the best, or the plan from which the whole profession anticipate nothing but disastrous failure, is the sole controversy which remains to be determined; and it is by bringing out this clear issue that the debate in the House of Lords, following the remonstrance of the Bar, has so largely contributed to the future settlement of this most important question.

The LORD CHANCELLOR in the course of his speech made an observation very true and very pertinent. He reminded the Equity Bar that the mass of the business under his Bill would flow into its old channels—as no doubt it would, because every plaintiff who was allowed to do so would bring his equities to be decided by Equity Judges; and he added that there was no occasion for alarm, for even in cases where equitable questions might have to be determined by Common Law Courts, the assistance of members of the Equity Bar would be called in. The LORD CHANCELLOR can hardly doubt that the Equity Bar must be fully sensible that their personal

interests will not suffer by the extension of equitable jurisdiction to the Common Law Courts, and some among them are even supposed to be rejoicing at the prospect of a new world to conquer. Their remonstrance was, we are sure, not dictated by selfish fear for themselves, but by a genuine and well founded apprehension that the spirit of Equity jurisprudence could not survive unimpaired unless administered by Courts habituated to grasp and sympathize with its doctrines. The Lord Chancellor at present doubts this, though we believe he will in the end be converted to the opinion of the Bar and the Bench. His reasons for the doubt deserve, and shall receive, our respectful examination; but before plunging into argument, we cannot help calling attention to another point on which the observation to which we have already referred is full of instruction. It is nothing less than an acknowledgment that suitors having equitable rights to try would rather submit them to Judges experienced in Equity than to any Court of Common Law. They at least are not expected to believe that any branch of jurisprudence will be administered best by those who have studied it least; and, after all, the suitors are the people who are most concerned in the matter, and whose wishes ought to command the greatest consideration.

It will, we think, tend ultimately to remove the startling divergence of opinion between the Lord Chancellor and the profession of which he is specially the head if we examine somewhat closely what the conflicting opinions really are. And, first, let there be no misconception of the obvious meaning of the protests of the Equity Bar. The Lord Chancellor discussed them very slightly, and we have *no* reason to suppose that he misapprehended them; but Lord Hatherley understood them in a sense entirely opposed to that which they were evidently intended to bear. Lord Hatherley considered it impossible to read those protests as expressing anything but a desire that the existing severance of the Courts of Law and Equity should be perpetuated. We confess we consider it impossible on the face of them to read them in any such sense. What they do insist upon is simply that Equity ought to be administered by Judges who know Equity, or at least by Courts leavened with an adequate proportion of such Judges. They refer to the paramount authority hitherto enjoyed by the Court of Chancery, not for the purpose of insisting that it should be continued, but for the sake of pointing out that when that safeguard of Equity is destroyed, another safeguard should be supplied by adding Equity Judges to every Court which is to exercise equitable jurisdiction.

We think this is a most reasonable demand. At any rate, this and no other is the demand, as we interpret it, preferred by the Bar. For ourselves, we cannot understand how their language could have been supposed to bear a different signification. We see no reason whatever to suppose that the letters were intended by those who framed them to have any such reactionary import as is supposed by Lord Hatherley; and we are convinced that they never would have been signed by the mass of those who did sign them unless they had frankly accepted the proposed fusion, and submitted what the Bar believe to be the essential conditions of success in that great undertaking. The Lord Chancellor must know that it is from the Equity side of the profession that the movement for fusion has received its chief impulse, and he at any rate will not think it possible that the whole Equity Bar should join in obstructing a great reform which it is known that very many of them have most cordially at heart. The plain and obvious purpose of the letters of the Bar is to strengthen the hands of the Lord Chancellor, and to make him launch his scheme in the shape which, if unfettered by existing arrangements and personal considerations, he would himself have given it—that is, with a due provision for the administration of every branch of the law by Judges who have already learned it. This being on the face of their letters the real meaning and purpose of the Bar, let us see how far the Lord Chancellor seriously differs from a conclusion apparently so obvious. So far as we can discover, he has never said that a scheme in which the Judges should be fused in every Court would not be a better scheme than his own. He has hinted that it would be more difficult, and he has no doubt been told by some one that it would—at first, at any rate—be a trifle more expensive. Nay, he has gone further than this; for, unless we misunderstood him, he plainly intimated on an earlier occasion his preference for the scheme which the Bar memorials advocate over the halting arrangements and concessions which, in the first instance, he felt himself compelled to submit to. We know well the obstacles with which Lord Hatherley and other reformers have had to contend. We do not altogether wonder that Lord Selborne shrank from facing them. But if he can estimate public opinion as a great politician should, he will see that no petty consideration of expense would be allowed for one moment to stand in the way of a measure which he could produce, not as he has produced this Bill, as the best he thinks he can venture upon under the circumstances, but as the very best which all his knowledge, experience, and skill can devise. We believe we correctly state the desire of that rapidly growing section of the lay public who have begun to take an interest in this subject, and notably of the great commercial class who know what the principles of Equity have done for them, and from what they have saved them, when we say that they would utterly ridicule the idea that the new edifice of justice should be constructed out of its due proportions because the country happens to have in stock four times as many Judges of one sort as of another. The finest site in London is deformed by a building which the unlucky architect was compelled to spoil in order to work in a dozen handsome but unsuitable columns which had been picked out of the ruins of another building which had just been destroyed. From that day to this the name of poor Wilkins has been a byword in art, and the economy of the miserable contrivance is exemplified by the fact that the building stands condemned, and has to be replaced at fifty times the cost of the original saving. Are not these things an allegory? Will not the Lord Chancellor be warned in time that the people of England are really not so poor or so sordid as to consent that a grand project for the reconstruction of the law shall be made less than perfect for the sake of working in a superabundant stock of old pillars of the law for whom appropriate places cannot be found in the projected edifice? Parsimony of this kind is not the bent either of the people or of Parliament, and it would be lamentable indeed if a man like the Lord Chancellor were compelled to build under conditions like those which proved fatal to poor Wilkins in the lower field of mere material architecture.

Nothing, as we have already intimated, will make us believe that the Lord Chancellor regards his Bill as anything more than a *pis-aller*. Both he and Lord Hatherley, in clever forensic speeches, made the most that could be made of the case for the defence. Neither quite went the length of saying that Equity jurisprudence would be improved by being administered by Courts without a single Judge who has enjoyed Equity training; but both of them urged strongly a sort of plea in mitigation of damages, and insisted that, after all, Common Law Judges would pick up Equity somehow, and tried to prove that experience justified the experiment. The Lord Chancellor mentioned the great names of Lord Hardwicke and Lord Eldon as having practised at Common Law. That is quite true, but Yorke had studied Equity with Salkeld in his youth, and before he was eight-and-twenty he became a Chancery barrister, and so continued during the Chancellorships of Lords Macclesfield and King. Lord Eldon's career was very similar. He also came into Equity practice at a very early age, and the great Equity case of Agroyd *v.* Smithson, which made young Scott's reputation, was argued before he was thirty. It is true that in those times Equity business only afforded occupation for about fifteen counsel for a part of the year, and that it was then the practice, now unfortunately impossible, for them to go circuit and keep up their Common Law knowledge. In this sense Hardwicke and Eldon were Common Law men. But they were great Chancellors because they knew Equity, and they cannot be cited in favour of such a project as the present Bill. Lord Hatherley also referred to the fact that half the Chancellors in recent times had been Common Law men in the strict modern sense—that is, men who had never studied Equity at all. That is true, and it shows that it is possible to make such appointments. But Lord Hatherley did not say that the Common Law half of his list of Chancellors were as good Equity Judges as the Chancery half, and as some of them still survive, we will be content with Lord Hatherley's silence, and reserve our own opinion. And there is this very material consideration to be borne in mind—that a man of great ability and self-command, even though rather ignorant of the special law which he has to administer, can get on very fairly as a Judge of Appeal if he is not hurried, though he would break down utterly as a Judge of first instance, especially with the mass of business which now is dealt with daily. The Lord Chancellor endeavoured to meet this by referring to the fact that both Lord Gifford and Lord Lyndhurst sat for some time in the Rolls Court. The Lord Chancellor did not add that Lord Gifford contributed much valuable matter

to Equity Jurisprudence, and the less said about his example the better. Lord LYNDHURST, it is true, was one of the giants of those days; and, even if he had been a successful Judge of first instance, it would not follow that every Common Law Judge on the Bench would be equally successful. But, in truth, LYNDHURST was not successful. If we may trust the historical statement of one, perhaps the strongest, of the Common Law Chancellors to whom Lord HATHERLEY referred, "COPLEY sat as seldom as possible, rose as early as "possible, and did as little as possible, while of his judicial "performances as Master of the Rolls hardly a vestige re-"mains." Probably Lord ROMILLY has often disposed of more business in a month than COPLEY did during his whole leisurely occupation of the same seat. And these are absolutely the only examples cited to justify the experiment of committing Equity Jurisprudence to a Bench informed with Common Law pure and simple. And why is the risk proposed to be run? Merely to save a few pensions by which the whole difficulty might be solved. Until we hear very clear evidence to the contrary, we shall believe that Lord CAIRNS was right when he said, "For years "you will have no Common Law Judges willing—and, "with deference, I will add competent—to administer in "the Court of Chancery a system in which they are en-"tirely untrained." This was said, no doubt, with reference to a suggestion that Common Law Judges might occasionally take the place of the Master of the Rolls; but, if correct, it applies equally to the experiment of an entire Common Law Bench deciding questions of pure Equity Jurisprudence.

There was much in the LORD CHANCELLOR'S speech bearing on incidental topics to which we should gladly refer, but for the present we must confine ourselves to the plain and simple issue which has been raised between the LORD CHANCELLOR and his own Bar.

THE EMPEROR'S WILL.

THE will of the Emperor NAPOLEON has been published, bearing date April 1865, and the only two points of interest connected with it are the language in which it is drawn up and the smallness of the sum passing by it. When the will was made the EMPEROR was still at the summit of fortune. The Mexican expedition was a military success, and it was still hoped that France might be repaid from the resources of the Empire of MAXIMILIAN some of the treasure lavished on founding a new Government in a Spanish Republic. It is true that the fading fortunes of the Southern Confederation must have suggested doubts to the EMPEROR'S mind whether he could make his new creation of a Transatlantic Empire enduring; but there was not enough at that time to cause him any very serious apprehension, and the Mexican Empire was certainly in as flourishing a condition in April 1865 as it ever was. The EMPEROR could not then have anticipated the frightful scene in which the Empress CHARLOTTE ran shrieking from his presence, laying at his door in her frenzy the betrayal and ruin of her unhappy husband. France otherwise was at peace, and apparently contented. There were no signs of the struggle between Prussia and Austria which made the next year notorious; or, if the EMPEROR might think that he discerned symptoms of the impending contest, he was well content that two Powers, neither of which was very friendly to him, should exhaust their strength in a quarrel between themselves. The contrast between the state of things in France when the will was made and that which prevails there now that the will has become operative is as complete as any contrast of the sort could be. Moralists may add a new example to enforce the vanity of human wishes; and if any one really found his sense of contentment increased by the perusal of didactic poetry, he might be encouraged by a fresh JUVENAL or JOHNSON to realize how much happier is the possessor of a modest competence than an EMPEROR whose will is made at the Tuileries and opened at Chiselhurst. It is perhaps better worth while to notice how naturally a Sovereign having family ties applies to the highest department of public life the feelings which inspire men in private stations when thinking of their families after they themselves are dead. The EMPEROR was a man who knew perfectly well by how strange a combination of accidents he had become EMPEROR, what thought and anxiety he had to bestow every day and every hour for years in order to make himself tolerably secure, and how very hard work he had found it to get things to go on at all as he wished during his reign. But when he came to think of what was to happen after he was gone, he forgot his own experience, and pictured the future and made his arrangements as if it were a farm, and not an Empire, with which his successors would have to deal. He his wife will think kindly of him, and forgive him anyt which she may have to forgive, and he is quite sure she do admirably as Regent. His boy of nine years old is sure to be worthy of his name, and to understand the secret of the NAPOLEONS, and to be truly pious. His conjugal and parental tenderness spared him from finding anything sad or alarming in the thought that he was handing over France to a woman and a child. This was perfectly natural, and is not a matter of much reproach to the EMPEROR, if once his position as EMPEROR is accepted. That everything should depend on the head of the State, and that the headship of the State should depend on the accidents of family life, was a part of Imperialism as of every other form of hereditary despotism. LOUIS NAPOLEON was, however, fortunate in being able to persuade himself that in his case everything was really for the best, that his wife would make the best of Regents, and that his son was sure to turn out admirably well.

But his son could not be expected to turn out admirably well unless he knew his special position, appreciated the inspiration that would be vouchsafed to him, and accepted with fond devotion the doctrines of his family. The EMPEROR wished his son to do as he himself had done; to meditate and ponder over every saying that had ever dropped from the lips of the great founder of their family; to study his life, to understand his aims. On the other hand he would not have to pursue this arduous task unassisted; for the soul of NAPOLEON the GREAT would specially co-operate with him, and bring its heavenly strength to aid his weakness. It would guide him into the right path, and teach him that the first duty of an Emperor is to do everything for his people, and that the cause of the peoples is the cause of France. No one can for a moment doubt that when the EMPEROR penned these words and laid this solemn injunction on his son he was perfectly sincere. In fact, he says that he is only expecting for his son what he has experienced for himself. He had found that the soul of his uncle had sustained and blessed him, and therefore he did not doubt that the vivifying influence would be prolonged in favour of his son. It is most extraordinary to outsiders to understand how any one not mad on other subjects could have felt as LOUIS NAPOLEON felt about the first BONAPARTE; but that he did feel it, and feel it keenly, is incontestable. When he talked about NAPOLEON and CÆSAR as MESSIAHS, he seemed to himself to be talking reasonably, and without any blasphemy at all. In fact, it is impossible not to notice that, perhaps unconsciously, and certainly without intentional irreverence, he applied the language and thoughts he had imbibed as a Christian to describe the emotions which his uncle's memory created in his mind. It was this state of mental exaltation on the subject of the first NAPOLEON that prevented the late EMPEROR from ever troubling himself as to what the doctrines of the founder of his family were, or as to how far the conduct of the great man corresponded to his theories, if they were good. That the Great NAPOLEON, of all men, should say that the cause of the peoples is the cause of France is wonderful, for he spent the last ten years of his life in crushing out every popular movement, and in sacrificing millions of human beings for no object at all except to gratify his own passing caprices. But when at St. Helena, he amused his declining years by picturing what were the best motives that he could be imagined to have had at different epochs of his past life, and quietly announcing that historically those were his motives. LOUIS NAPOLEON pieced together a sort of private gospel out of these fragments of heroic thought, and believed without the shadow of a doubt that the soul of the inspired teacher was ever present to guide and fortify him. It was a creed in which he was, and probably will be, the one believer. The gentle boy he has left behind him will not make much of such recondite sayings as that the cause of the peoples is the cause of France, and he certainly will not find the explanation in history. It is the future biographer of LOUIS NAPOLEON who will most profit by the EMPEROR'S will, for he will be able to use it as a convincing proof how profoundly the strange beliefs which LOUIS NAPOLEON entertained about his uncle were rooted in his mind.

The fortune passing by the EMPEROR'S will is not at all large. The amount is said to be about 120,000*l.*, which will be reduced by one-half after all claims are settled. This is not a large sum for a man to leave who has had twenty years at the Tuileries, and an enormous annual income at his disposal.

The EMPEROR enriched his friends, but did not enrich himself. He let his friends make use of their position, and they often made use of it in a very unscrupulous way; but he had as much money as he could want, and he did not save. The extravagance of the Imperial Court was very great, and it was part of his political system to dazzle Paris with constant shows, to have the Imperial magnificence constantly talked about, and to keep traders satisfied, and busybodies employed. The older Sovereigns of Europe found nothing to despise in the mode in which the French Court was maintained, and while everything went smoothly the great majority of French people were much gratified to think that their EMPEROR spent so much and their EMPRESS dressed so splendidly. Still, if the EMPEROR had wished to save money, no doubt he could have done so. He might have had all his magnificence and the pleasure of economizing at the same time. But he did not think it necessary to save. He did not think of reverses and exile as matters of serious anxiety to himself or his family. He took it for granted that Providence would be on the side of the BONAPARTES. A King like LOUIS PHILIPPE properly and prudently looks upon his chance of wanting the means of keeping up a private station handsomely as one of those chances against which he ought reasonably to provide. He has been made a Sovereign to his own surprise, and he knows that an accident may unmake him as an accident has made him. The EMPEROR looked on himself in a very different light. His uncle's memory invested him with a sort of divine right, and his uncle's protecting influence kept him safe. These happy privileges would descend to his son in due course of time, and there was therefore no need to contemplate the possibility of the family living in poverty or exile. The EMPEROR has, as all the world knows, been grievously mistaken. He did die an exile, and comparatively in poverty; but even his not putting by money shows how fervently he believed in the special character of the destiny of himself and his family. As it happens, the very best thing he could have done, if the political interests of his party are to be considered, was to die poor. At a time when France is groaning under new taxation caused by a war associated with the EMPEROR'S name, its keenest indignation would have been roused against him and his family if it had become known that the EMPEROR had used his position while EMPEROR to accumulate in safety a large private fortune. As it is, no one can cast this reproach on the EMPEROR'S memory, and his son, if he ever appeals to France, will be able to do so without having to overcome the obstacle created by wealth hoarded up at the cost of a suffering country.

IRISH RAILWAYS.

THE Irish members were, as usual, unanimous in their support of the proposal for purchasing the Irish railways. The evils of which they complain undoubtedly exist; and some of the objections which are urged against the scheme of a State purchase might probably be overcome. It is true that there is no distinct Irish revenue; but there are several modes in which Ireland might, if necessary, be separately taxed. As Dr. BALL remarked, public money is habitually advanced on the security of the county cess; and a compulsory rate might, if the Irish members consented, be charged on property as a guarantee for any loss which might be incurred on the railways. It is highly probable that the enthusiasm which is felt for Lord C. HAMILTON'S proposal might rapidly cool if it encountered a definite proposal for an increase of local taxation; but if there were no other objection to a purchase, a practical test would be more effective than many argumentative speeches. It would probably appear, when the experiment was tried, that the districts which are comparatively well served by the Railway Companies would object to pay an equal contribution to a fund which would be principally for the benefit of other parts of Ireland. It is alleged, not without reason, both that the actual railways are in various degrees inefficient, and that there is an urgent demand for the construction of additional lines. The proposal of a general purchase implies a liability to supply the deficiencies of private enterprise. The advocates of the scheme have generally assumed that an increase of accommodation, combined with a large reduction of fares, would for some time impose a considerable burden on the State or on the Irish taxpayer. They have for the most part not considered the more serious cost of raising capital for additional lines which have hitherto not been thought sufficiently promising to attract private promoters. It can scarcely be doubted that Ulster would object to pay its share of the interest on a railway which might tend to improve the wilds of Connemara. Residents on the prosperous Great Southern and Western Railway would be likely to prefer rates and fares which may perhaps now be thought too high to direct taxation which would affect that part of the population which neither travels nor supplies freight to railways.

The grievance which provides Mr. DOWNING and Mr. DELAHUNTY with a new argument for Home Rule is of the oddest kind. Under the present system Ireland is exclusively ruled by the Irish in all matters connected with railways. If there are four hundred Directors where, it is said, forty would suffice, they are all Irishmen, placed and kept in office for the most part by Irish constituents, who have preferred the creation and continuance of petty Companies to a more comprehensive and simple railway policy. A line of the most brilliant prospects projected to Skibbereen has, according to Mr. DOWNING, to be abandoned because an alien Government, represented by a cynical CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, refuses to advance a moderate sum of money on the guarantee of shares which have never been created. To remove his scruples, many persons of undoubted wealth offer their personal guarantee in aid of the questionable security of the railway; but they are contumeliously informed by Mr. LOWE that Government advances cannot be legally made on personal security. The grand jury of the county had guaranteed a dividend of five per cent. on the stock after the completion of the railway, and only 40,000*l.* was required to silence the objections of the Treasury, and to confer an inestimable benefit on an important Irish district. Neither on the security offered by the grand jury, nor through the private resources of the wealthy promoters, could the moderate sum be raised; and yet Parliament is asked to believe that Irish funds would be readily forthcoming for the purchase of all the railways in Ireland. The high fares and rates are fixed by Irish Directors; the slow trains are stopped or delayed by Irish traffic managers, appointed by Irish Boards; and it would seem that the great remedy for the railway grievance is not the panacea for ordinary national misfortunes, but the transfer of the management and control of Irish railways to a Government which is principally English. If low rates would be remunerative, and if there is a demand for better accommodation, the Irish Railway Boards have nothing to do but to abate, to the profit of their shareholders, the existing grievances. It is said that coals are carried in Ireland at a rate which has long been obsolete in Great Britain; but it is not stated whether a higher profit would be obtained by carrying them cheaper. It is evident that the State can do nothing but what the Companies can, if they think fit, do for themselves; except, indeed, that it may at its discretion conduct the business at a loss. The advocates of purchase sometimes assert that it would be worth while to submit to a pecuniary sacrifice for the purpose of encouraging trade and locomotion; but if they entered into practical details, they could scarcely defend the policy of taxing stationary farmers for the purpose of cheapening railway tickets to tourists or commercial travellers. The utmost which could be reasonably demanded would be that the State should, after paying interest on capital and cost of working, dispense with further profit; but in many cases it is doubtful whether the attainment of such an object would be compatible with a reduction of rates and with an increase of working expenses. It is admitted on all hands that a State purchase is not necessary for the introduction of more economical management. The London and North-Western Railway, which is alone equal in extent to all the railways of Ireland, is in this Session seeking amalgamation with the Lancashire and Yorkshire system, which is itself larger than any single undertaking in Ireland. It might have been supposed that the petty Companies which justify the complaints of Mr. O'REILLY and his colleagues might imitate a familiar example before they applied to the State for relief. The economy which they would have secured by union would entitle them to claim a higher price if they were afterwards purchased by the State.

The Irish Companies are not professedly promoters of the agitation for purchase. As one of the speakers complained, they seem to think that they can obtain a better price by holding back than if they openly solicited an offer. The larger and more thriving Irish lines have no desire to sell their property, although they might of course be tempted by adequate terms. The Companies which border on insolvency would not unwillingly treat with a purchaser; but the property which they have to sell has not a remunerative aspect. The Irish supporters of purchase properly disavow any desire to benefit shareholders; but it is well known that some of the most active promoters of the agitation are proprietors of un-

profitable railways. As to the greater part of the capital invested in Irish railways, the purchase, if it is at any time effected, will be altogether compulsory. Mr. GOLDSMID, whose arguments were afterwards partially adopted by Mr. GLADSTONE, contended rather against the transfer of railways to the State than against Lord CLAUD HAMILTON'S limited proposal. As Mr. GLADSTONE justly remarked, it would not be impossible to deal on special grounds with Irish railways, if a sufficient cause for interference were established; but the Government has not seen its way through the difficulties which surround the project on every side. Mr. GLADSTONE prudently explained away Lord HARTINGTON'S hasty pledge of last year, and he proposed an alternative which was afterwards justly described as liberal. On certain conditions the Government is willing to advance money to Railway Companies at a low rate of interest, on the security of their debentures, and Mr. GLADSTONE calculates that the saving which would be effected by the aid of the Government loan, added to reductions of expense to be produced by amalgamation, would yield an additional revenue of more than 100,000*l.* a year. If the Treasury is secured from loss, there is no objection to the proposal, except that the Irish Railway Companies ought to be able to dispense with Government assistance. Several of them have at present no difficulty in borrowing money on debentures or debenture stock at a moderate rate of interest. The best claim to State assistance will perhaps be possible insolvency.

Mr. GLADSTONE had apparently wavered before he formed a provisional determination to abstain from the purchase of Irish Railways. It is possible that he may have sometimes felt inclined to try, on a moderate scale, the doubtful experiment of a general appropriation of railways, and in Ireland official management would have the great advantage of offering a contrast to the indigenous administration which Irish patriots denounce and deplore. The strange plan of buying up railways and then letting them to Companies to work would operate even more perversely and paradoxically in Ireland than in more advanced parts of the United Kingdom. It would be necessary first that the State should recoup itself for its outlay, and then that the lessees should realize a profit on their undertaking. English contractors who might tender for the leases would be regarded with universal jealousy, and probably the present Directors and managers would resume the conduct of the traffic under a new denomination. Again and again the question recurs, why Home Rule answers so badly as applied to railway administration. Mr. DELAHUNTY does injustice to himself and his colleagues when he complains that no men of business are returned to Parliament from Ireland. Mr. DELAHUNTY himself is a man of business. Mr. O'REILLY adds to general ability a special knowledge of all railway affairs; but if Mr. DELAHUNTY'S charge is even approximately true, the Irish priests and their obedient constituencies are wholly responsible for the choice of incompetent representatives. It would surely be as hopeful a project to induce little Irish Companies to add to their resources by amalgamation and by improved management as to persuade Parliament to conclude a purchase which on the part of Ireland would be a confession of incapacity. The remuneration of the numerous Directors on the various Boards is probably moderate; and if the shareholders resolve to reduce the number, they ought to have no difficulty in effecting their object. Mr. GLADSTONE suggested that something might be done by extending the alliances of Irish Companies with their powerful neighbours in England; but, as might have been expected, an indignant member at once angrily protested against the usurpation by the London and North-Western Companies of rights over the Great Southern and Western of Ireland. If the Imperial Government ever undertakes the ownership and control of Irish Railways, it may rely on provoking universal irritation and resentment.

THE VIENNA EXHIBITION.

THE International Exhibition at Vienna has been opened with the ceremonies usual on such occasions, and in the midst of troubles and difficulties which, it is to be hoped, are only temporary. The cabmen have struck, the hotelkeepers are mutinous, the Exhibition itself is in a very backward condition, and the town miserably over-crowded. On the whole, the throng of strangers do not appear to be in a particularly cheerful and complacent frame of mind, and some dark hints of cholera scarcely help to enliven the prospect. Visitors to Vienna have been assured that they would find there all the marks of social and political progress; and it is at least evident that the working classes are tolerably advanced in their appreciation of the rights of labour. A cabman who would not join in the strike had his cab smashed, himself beaten, and his house wrecked. Austrian unreadiness has passed into a proverb, but Austrian luck is equally proverbial; and, in spite of the present discouraging state of affairs, there is every chance of the Exhibition turning out a genuine success. The mere getting-up of an Exhibition is of course a very small part of the business of organizing such displays, and it is evident that the resources of Vienna, limited in themselves, have been severely overtaxed. They have been subjected to a sudden strain without adequate preparation. Just now Vienna is a city in a state of transition. Its fortifications have not very long been pulled down, and the new town which has overgrown the old limits is still in course of construction. Moreover Vienna has hitherto lain somewhat out of the common line of travel. Even Germans are more at home in Dresden than in Vienna, and the accommodation of the Austrian capital has been chiefly adapted to the wants of a comparatively small, exclusive, and wealthy body of visitors. It used to be said that Vienna was one of the dearest cities in Europe; and for a stranger who desired to be comfortable, and to enjoy himself, it certainly was so. In London or Paris a man can live cheaply or expensively pretty much as he chooses, and there are infinite gradations of expenditure open to him. But at Vienna there was practically no choice between living well, and at considerable cost, and living very badly. The consequence was that Vienna never knew what it was to be over-crowded, and had few dealings with the ordinary run of tourists. The hotels trusted mainly to a select circle of guests who relished good dinners and good wine, and did not object to pay for them. It is probable that during the present summer this class will be rather doubtful about visiting their favourite capital. Vienna has now a very different set of guests to entertain, and it is no wonder that it has at first not quite succeeded in adapting itself to their wants. The action of the local authorities, more energetic than discreet, has hardly tended to smooth matters. Not only the cabmen, but the hotelkeepers, have been taken rather roughly in hand, and a variety of hard and fast regulations imposed upon them. The hotels at Vienna are not very large or very numerous, and the practice of letting private lodgings is almost a novelty. A register of lodgings was opened, but people who wished to let their rooms to the best advantage naturally resented the official restrictions, and preferred to retain in their own hands the right of bargaining with their guests. The hotelkeepers held that they were entitled to similar freedom, and it would seem that the authorities have had to give way. Edicts which in former years would have been accepted as a matter of course are now not only resented, but defied, and it is evident that paternal government is no longer regarded with that grateful acquiescence which is indispensable to its success. It is only natural that at the outset all classes should endeavour to make the most of the expected harvest; but when things settle down, prices will perhaps become less unreasonable, and a more satisfactory return will be given for them.

Those who defer their visit to Vienna for another month or so will probably find the city better prepared to receive them, and the Exhibition more complete. As it is, it would seem that the opening of the Exhibition implies little more than the opening of the Exhibition building, and that the Exhibition has still to be got ready. A considerable part of the display will of course be similar to the sort of Exhibition with which we are already sufficiently acquainted. People who wish to examine the productions of Western Europe will doubtless be able to do so to more advantage nearer home. It is idle to attempt to disguise the fact that an International Exhibition is, after all, only a collection of shop-windows, and though shop-windows are exceedingly interesting in their way, still it is hardly worth while to go to a distance to see what can be seen any day in the streets. The failure of recent Exhibitions in our own and other countries has been mainly due to the predominance of the common shopkeeping element. There is no reason to suppose that this element is not abundantly represented at Vienna, but there at least one may expect to find a spice, and more than a spice, of novelty and freshness. Austria and the countries lying towards the East ought of themselves to supply the materials for a very attractive and curious display. The natural resources of Austria are rich and varied, but their full measure can only be tested when the country has been thoroughly opened up. Mines, forests, vineyards, immense corn-fields, and manufactures of almost every kind

offer an ample field for national industry; and even within a short period the productions of Austria have lost much of the crudeness and imperfect workmanship which formerly distinguished them. It is perhaps not without significance that the place of honour, as well as the largest share of space, in the Exhibition has been assigned to Germany. It has been conveniently discovered that, on geographical grounds, as Germany is in the centre of Europe, she ought to occupy a central position in the International Exhibition. The Exhibition, however, is supposed to include the New World as well as the Old, and geography has perhaps been adapted to political considerations. In addition to the space allotted for ordinary courts, Germany has quite a settlement of separate buildings for special exhibitions—a hall for illustrations of the German school system, another for German industry, two more for German mining and metallurgy, and another for KRUPP'S steel. It may be presumed that at Vienna at least the Austrians are still keenly German, and the German part of the Exhibition will therefore be regarded with something like national sympathy. It is conceivable, however, that this preponderance of Germany, and the magnetic influence which may possibly be attached to it, may suggest to the minds of statesmen some disquieting reflections as to the maintenance of the integrity of the motley and imperfectly cemented Austrian Empire. There will probably be no lack of big guns in Mr. KRUPP'S collection, but the exhibition of the German school system may perhaps exercise a more seductive influence on the German population of Austria. On the other hand, it will be interesting to ascertain what signs there are of new vitality and progress in those Eastern races towards which, according to another theory, Austria is being irresistibly drawn.

It is possible that many visitors to Vienna will be disposed rather to study the social character and habits of their hosts than to indulge in political speculations. Those who know Berlin will find a curious contrast in Vienna. The Austrian capital is in every way a more pleasant, cheery city, with, if not more life, at least more colour and animation about it than its rival in the North; and as the city is, so are the inhabitants. If the Austrian has not the Prussian's sharpness and quick eye for the main chance, he at least he is free from the offensive priggishness and sullen arrogance which are too often encountered in the North. The Austrian is frank, cheerful, and thoroughly genial. With the Frenchman he has points of contact in his social qualities, and with the Englishman in his sense of order, conservative steadiness and solidity, and fondness for out of-door sports. He likes a quiet, easy life, and to rub on smoothly with everybody; indeed his whole disposition is eminently social and friendly, and much of the good fortune of the nation, the sort of luck that has warded off or broken the force of disasters that would have crushed any other, may be traced to this happy temper. It is impossible not to see in the Prussian, as in the American, an uneasy distrust both of himself and of the people he meets, as if doubting whether he is showing himself off sufficiently and getting justice done to the greatness of the country represented in his person. The Austrian, more self-complacent and composed, is at ease with himself and puts others equally at ease; and his placid philosophy has more than once conciliated an enemy at a critical moment. Apart from the Exhibition, Vienna is certainly a pleasant city to visit, but it will hardly be seen at its best while the Exhibition lasts. The discomfort of the present state of affairs will probably be mitigated as the arrangements for the accommodation of strangers get into proper order, and as prices find their level. But still Vienna, crowded, bustling, overflowing with eager tourists, will necessarily have lost much of the charm which attaches to the ordinary snug, easy, homely life of the city. A crowd which would make little difference in London or Paris will be enough to change the aspect of Vienna. Travellers may console themselves with the reflection that they need not stay in Vienna longer than they choose, and that they are within easy reach of a vast number of beautiful and interesting places.

THE LIBERATION SOCIETY.

MR. LEATHAM recommends the Liberation Society to take courage because the question of the separation of Church and State has already passed the stage in which changes are resisted on grounds of abstract principle, has come near the end of the stage in which they are resisted on grounds of expediency, and is on the eve of entering upon the final stage in which they are met by a mere plea for delay. He forgets that these stages, even supposing that they follow one another with absolute regularity, may, like geological periods, be of very unequal lengths. A question may run rapidly through the first two, and yet be a very long time in getting out of the third. Even the prediction that the separation of Church and State is almost past the second stage may yet prove to be premature. Perhaps a simpler analysis of the progress of great political changes would resolve them into two stages—one in which the opposition rests upon theory, another in which it takes its stand on the practical objections to the proposal. It may be conceded to the Liberation Society that the separation of Church and State is no longer seriously resisted on the first of these grounds. The believers in the doctrine that a community made up of persons of all religions is bound to single out some one of them as the recipient of special favours may almost be told upon the fingers. The real strength of the Established Church consists in this—that it is very hard to say what advantages would follow upon disestablishment, and very easy to suggest grave evils that might follow upon it. Of course to those who hold that the existence of the Established Church involves a continuous violation of justice, this fact will appear of no importance. Wrongdoing does not cease to be wrongdoing because its mischiefs are not immediately apparent. But it may yet turn out that the bulk of the English constituencies need to be further enlightened on this point. Their notion of inequality is practical, not theoretical. It is always associated with a grievance. Regarded in this light, an Established Church may not look so black as it has been described. The Dissenters have been so successful in getting rid of the incidents of a State religion which entail any hardship on those who do not belong to it, that they have cut themselves off from using the argument which the existence of these incidents might have supplied to the advocates of entire separation of Church and State. A similar cause averted disestablishment in Ireland for more than a generation, and there it operated under immense and unavoidable disadvantages. In Ireland the Established Church was the Church of a minority, while those who dissented from it belonged for the most part to a single communion, and that a communion marked off from it by the widest possible distinctions. In England the Established Church is still the Church of the majority; while those who dissent from it have little union among themselves, and are in many cases separated from it by differences of little or no practical moment.

It is far from unlikely, therefore, that the Liberation Society may apparently come a good deal nearer to success than they now think themselves before discovering that a new and unforeseen class of obstacles has yet to be surmounted. Apart altogether from these higher arguments to which we should ourselves be disposed to attach the most importance, and which are too familiar to require to be repeated, there is another order of considerations which may be found to have considerable practical force. The irrepressible ratepayer, for example, may have a word to say on the subject, and, considering how often the parson stands to him as the outward and visible symbol of a variety of voluntary agencies which tend in one way or another to relieve local charges, it is not to be taken for granted that this word will be in favour of disestablishment. Whatever the "Educated Gentleman" theory may be worth in other respects, it is indisputable that the parson is the channel, both as regards collection and distribution, of a great deal of money which in the event of disestablishment would, or at all events might, be lost to the community. What compensating gains do the Liberation Society hold out to the ratepayer in return for this probable increase of his already heavy burdens? Mr. ARNOTT rests his case on the greater power of coping with Romanizing tendencies which the Church of England would possess after disestablishment. If this expectation is shared by the ratepayers generally, it will be interesting to watch the struggle between their zeal for Protestant truth and their zeal for local economy. Mr. MIALL proposes to secure their co-operation by holding out the hope that the Christian religion will be raised by disestablishment to that "higher plane" where it shall be delivered from the entanglement of political affairs. It is doubtful whether the mass of the ratepayers will not prefer to see the Christian religion left on its present lower plane if the process of raising it promises, when closely looked at, to prove unexpectedly costly. Mr. MIALL instanced as a further benefit to be derived from disestablishment that the Church would be ruled by those who are its members. Two years ago he might have insisted that the general tide of ecclesiastical affairs in Europe was setting in this direction. The Italian

motto, "A free Church in a free State," had not then been openly repudiated by any Protestant State, while the disposition to adopt it was steadily growing in the Catholic States. To-day this state of things exists no longer. In the Empire of Germany and in the Republic of Switzerland the avowed object of the Government is to deprive the Church of its liberty, to ensure that it shall be ruled by those who are not necessarily its members, to set the Christian religion on a plane where, if it is delivered from the entanglement of political affairs, it shall be by the summary process of making it a branch of the permanent Civil Service. So much has been said at former meetings of the Liberation Society about the universal tendency towards disestablishment, that it might have been expected that Mr. MIALL would not have allowed this remarkable change to pass without notice. We are not asserting that it will eventually operate unfavourably for the objects of the Liberation Society; for the spectacle of what happens to State-supported Churches in Prussia may possibly create a feeling in favour of disestablishment inside the Church of England. But, whether it makes for or against the Liberation Society, it is singular that Mr. MIALL should have omitted all reference to it.

There is one of the resolutions adopted at Wednesday's meeting with which we entirely agree. It is that which expresses regret "that the supporters of Church Establishments "should have had recourse to clamour and violence in order "to obstruct the public advocacy of the Society's principles." The resolution goes on to say that such proceedings are "one of many indications of the progress which those prin-"ciples are making in the estimation of the public." If the tactics in question were generally adopted by the friends of the Established Church, this would be a very legitimate inference. But "lambs" of the kind required to break up a meeting can be hired so cheaply that a few foolish or low-bred people may easily create an impression that they constitute a much larger percentage of the body to which they belong than is really justified by the fact. If ever the time comes when the Established Church will have nothing better to trust to than the rowdyism of a few of its professed supporters, it may be conceded that the end will not be far off. At present the assumption of the Liberation Society, however natural it may be under the circumstances, is to say the least exceedingly hasty. It requires, we think, a very sanguine mind to discover indications of the progress of the Liberation Society's principles in the estimation of that vast public which remains outside the immediate influence of sectarian organization and platform rhetoric. On the whole, the chief impression which Liberation speeches and resolutions will produce on most observant minds is that their authors have not even begun to realize to themselves the immense, if apparently inert, weight and force of the obstacles that they have to overcome.

AGES OF MAN.

IT is always a temptation in reading history to think and speak as if Hesiod's parable of the five races of men were a real law of man's history which is acted over and over again from generation to generation. People, by the way, almost always quote that parable as if the gold, silver, and so forth expressed ages of the world, whereas what the poet is speaking of is successive races of men. Hesiod's notion is the exact opposite to Mr. Darwin's. He knows nothing about development and selection, about an advance from one physical or moral state to another. To be sure, if he does not acknowledge progress upwards, neither does he acknowledge progress downwards. As if to torment the divines and the philosophers at once, he preaches the doctrine of a constant succession of new creations. Five times has Zeus made man upon the earth. Four times has he taken away the race of men whom he had created to a better or a worse place according to their deservings. He will some day do the like by the fifth race, the worst of all, which is now upon the earth, and that seemingly, according to Hesiod's belief, before very long. Of his first three creations, the men of gold, silver, and brass, each was inferior to the race before it. It is inferior, not by any process of degeneration, for in each case the elder race is swept away; but because Zeus himself each time calls into being a worse type of man than he did before. The fourth time he succeeds better and makes the godlike kin of the heroes, the men who fought before Thebes for the sheep of Oidipous and before Troy for the fair-haired Helen. Last of all he makes his worst attempt; he creates the iron race of men which was in being when Hesiod sang, and which we suppose has gone on in being ever since. In none of these cases is the later race the progeny or the development of the earlier; each is created afresh. It has often been pointed out that the introduction of the fourth race, the race of heroes, between the bad brazen men and the still worse iron men, breaks the consistency of the story as a tale of gradual degeneracy—though of course degeneracy is not the right word—marked by a regular succession of metals. But, putting the metals aside, the breaking of a general course of degeneracy by a period of virtuous reaction is only what we constantly meet in human affairs. The interposition of a better fourth race between the bad third and the worse fourth answers very well to such periods in real history as the time of the Achaian League in Greece and the time of the good Emperors of Rome. It has been marked over and over again that, as a rule, revolutions do not come, and that States do not fall, when things are at their very worst, but rather when attempts, perhaps ill-timed and unskilful attempts, are being made to make things better.

But our point is that the Hesiodic notion of a succession of races of men seems practically to affect men's ideas of several periods of history. Perhaps people do not go so far as to believe in an actual destruction and fresh creation, but they seem to believe that at certain times all the fathers die off at once and all the sons take their places. It is really hard to avoid the notion that a man is born at the time when we hear of his first actions. The division of historical time into marked periods is so convenient, it is both such a help to the memory and it does so much to give us clearer notions of successive states of things, that we are apt to fancy that ever and anon the world, or some large part of it, made altogether a fresh start, that the old men and the old things utterly passed away, and that a new set of men with a new state of things began all at once. Nobody of course really believes this as a literal fact, but it is one of those inevitable notions which have a practical influence on men's ways of looking at things. No doubt there really are times which can be parted off more distinctly than usual from the times before or the times after them. It sometimes happens that a great number of leading men, sovereigns of principal States or the like, die off at about the same time, that a number of inventions or changes or important events of one kind or another happen about the same time in different countries, so that things really do look as if everything was making a fresh start at once. And times like these ought carefully to be noted; they are the landmarks and stepping-stones at which it is well to halt and look backwards and forwards, and to compare the times which are past with the times which are coming. Still we must not carry this process too far, not so far as to fancy that, in any sober sense, old things have passed away and all things have become new. We must not forget that the men who played the chief part in the new system were not, as we just before said, born at the time when they begin to play their part. They were born under the old state of things, they were brought up under it, they carry its ideas with them, even if they carry them with them merely for the purpose of throwing them away. In short, everything is continuous; there is no such thing as a fresh start. The earlier state of things always influences the later, and never does it influence it more directly than when the later state of things goes on the avowed principle of getting rid of the earlier. At the great French Revolution men went on this avowed principle; they wished to break with the past altogether, to get rid of all that was in being up to their own time, to have new things whenever they could be had, and, when that could not be, to give at least new names to the old things. But this conscious attempt at breaking with the past was itself one form of the influence of the past. The eager attempt altogether to sweep away a certain state of things showed the impression which that state of things had made on men's minds. The past influenced the course of history by the very attempts which men made to get rid of the past. Things went differently from the way in which they would have gone if men's minds had not been so full of the past, though only with the object of destroying it. The new things, the new names for old things, were a more striking memorial of what they supplanted, they brought the old things and the new names more forcibly before men's minds, than if the old things and names had in themselves gone out, or had been left to die out in the ordinary course of nature.

The accession of Elizabeth is one of the times at which men and things in general seem, in the way of which we have spoken, to take a fresh start. The character of the time becomes widely different from the character of the time just before it, and the fact that the leading figure in the new state of things was young perhaps helps to strengthen the impression that all things started fresh together. The old men and the old things seem swept away at a stroke. Cecil in the State, Parker in the Church, seem as if they had sprung into being on purpose to be the leaders of a new race of men. It is hard to believe that the men really belonged to an earlier generation, and that their minds and characters must have been formed under a wholly different state of things. It needs an effort to bear in mind that Parker was born in the reign of Henry the Seventh, and that, but for his own refusal, he would have risen nearly as high under Henry the Eighth as he did under Elizabeth. Cecil was a younger man—about midway between the age of the Archbishop and that of the Queen—and, as he reached a great age and lived nearly to the end of the Queen's reign, he seems to be in a more special way identified with it. Still, at the accession of Elizabeth he had reached the age of thirty-eight, a time by which the characters of most men are pretty well formed, and when it has been made pretty clear what manner of men they are. It is well to remember that men who seem so distinctly Elizabethan had seen a good deal of the world before the Elizabethan age began. We do not mean that anybody seriously thinks otherwise, that anybody, if he stopped to think for one moment, would doubt about the fact. We only mean

that it is one of those things which people, if they formally remember, yet practically forget. The truth of course is that, till the accession of Elizabeth, Parker and Cecil, though they were men, the one in middle life, the other somewhat beyond it, though each was a man of mark, and had filled important offices, still neither of them had reached that kind of position which makes them stand out in history in the first rank of men of the time. We therefore get the involuntary impression that their career began at the time when they began to be really prominent in everybody's eyes. We shall understand the Elizabethan period better if we remember that, at the end of Henry the Eighth's reign, Parker was a distinguished divine, a dean and a master of a college, who had refused a bishopric; and, what should never be forgotten, that he somehow contrived to keep safe in England during the reign of Mary. We should remember too that Cecil was coming into notice before the death of Henry the Eighth, that he had been Secretary of State under Edward the Sixth, and that he went quietly to mass under Philip and Mary. Again, the fact that the reigns of Henry and Elizabeth are cut off by two other reigns, and those specially busy reigns, in which so much was changed backwards and forwards, makes us apt to forget how short the real interval was. It brings the course of time more truly home to us when we find that, even in the time of James the First, there were still a few ejected monks living, and receiving the pensions granted to them by Henry. In the early years of Elizabeth the ruined monasteries, those whose buildings were neither preserved nor wholly swept away, were not the picturesque ruins softened and mellowed by time, in which poets and artists delight, but they must have shown that bare and patched and in every way unpleasant look which belongs to a building which has been lately unroofed and dismantled.

It is in this way often useful in reading history to stop and think what events any particular mind could have remembered. In Grecian history Isokratês and Polybios have often been pointed out as the men whose memories must have been more instructive than those of almost anybody else. In the case of Polybios no unusual length of days was needed to see an amount of change such as could hardly have been seen in the course of an ordinary lifetime in any other age. He simply saw, without, as far as we know, living to any remarkable age, all the events which ruled that Rome should become the head of the world. Isokratês, without seeing quite such changes as these, saw some very remarkable events, and saw more of them than other people, by sheer dint of living longer than other people. A man who dies at the age of ninety-eight by his own act unfairly defrauds the world of some part of his experience. Still it was something to have been born before the Peloponnesian war began, to have been able to talk to survivors of the fight of Marathon, to have been grown up at the time of the Sicilian expedition, and to live to starve himself after the overthrow of Chaironeia. In this case we so thoroughly identify the man with the later time that we are apt to forget that he more truly belonged to the earlier, and that the peculiar character of his writings and his way of looking at things is doubtless owing to the fact that he did belong to an earlier time. Our surprise is the other way when we find Junia, the niece of Cato, the sister of Brutus, the widow of Cassius, dying quietly in the eighth year of Tiberius. Such a fact as this reminds us of what people are apt to forget, that the glories of the so-called Augustan age are really the glories of the last generation of the Republic. Virgil, Horace, Livy, lived on to carry into the Imperial age the vigour of the days of the Commonwealth. The reign of Augustus is singularly barren of men of any mark born in it, though here again it seems to carry us over a long time when we find that Galba had seen Augustus in his childhood.

But if this tendency is at work which makes us involuntarily fancy that men came into being at the time when they rose into eminence—that is, which makes us practically look on men as younger than they are—there is another tendency which makes us fancy some men older than they really were. There are some kings whose reigns were nearly as long as their lives, and some of them began really to take a part in affairs when they were very young. Such was the last Philip of Macedon; such was the Emperor Henry the Fourth. Neither of them lived to be sixty, yet Livy talks about Philip as "senex" and "senio confectus" a long while before his death, and almost every historian who writes of Henry the Fourth draws a moving picture of "the aged Emperor" persecuted by his rebellious son. Henry, like our own Henry the Seventh and his contemporaries, may very likely have grown old before the proper time, but this is not what is meant. Such expressions simply mark the involuntary feeling that men who had been before the world for so great a number of years must really have lived an unusual number of years themselves. Altogether it is no unimportant matter in history as well as common life to mark carefully the ages of the people with whom we are dealing. We remember an old clergyman who, whenever any person whatsoever was mentioned, always asked, and that in a broad North-country dialect, "Praigh what caged mon might he be?" The question is a good one to ask in every page of historical reading, provided we not only ask how many years each man had lived, but what events a man who lived that number of years could remember.

NATURE-WORSHIP.

THE leaders of the poetical revolution of the beginning of this century were in the habit of describing their own movement as a return to nature, and expressed their dislike to the school of Pope by denouncing what they called its artificiality. These catchwords have undoubtedly a meaning; and yet when one looks into them with the desire for a precise definition, they seem to elude any definite grasp. Is it possible, in fact, to contrast art and nature thus broadly? Must we not take man and man's works to be a part of nature, if we would speak philosophically? Cowper's aphorism about God making the country and man making the town seems to imply a very singular theology; for, if we fix the assertion down to its direct logical meaning, it would amount to declaring that God made trees and beasts and did not make man. Otherwise, why should a house be a less interesting object than a nest? The difference between the work of a bird and the work of a human being cannot surely be that the one is and the other is not of divine origin; but simply that reason has in one case been the divinely appointed substitute of blind instinct in the other. Of the two, one would say that an object which implies the action of reason should be the more interesting to a reasonable being. Pope, in fact, has put his own case with undeniable force. In his earlier efforts, as he tells us, "pure description held the place of sense"; in his more mature work he acted upon the doctrine that "the proper study of mankind is man." His theory seems to be sound enough, whatever may be said for his practice. The *Essay on Man* is full of grievous poetical faults, for which reason few people read it at the present day. But it deals with the most perennial sources of human interest; the position of man in the universe, and his relations to his Maker and his fellow-creatures, are the topics with which the greatest poets as well as the deepest philosophers will continue to occupy themselves chiefly. And when the reaction against Pope's artistic practice led to the rejection of his theory, and to a sort of vague impression that a poet's business was to describe the colour of a primrose or the motions of a cloud with photographic accuracy, instead of dealing with human emotions, the error was of a more serious kind than that which it supplanted. The true objection to Pope was not that he wrote about human nature, but that he took a prosaic view of human nature; though it would require a difficult analysis to say in what particular aspects his view deserves to be called prosaic.

Without entering upon that question, we may safely assume that the interest in what is called nature—that is to say, in inanimate objects or in the lower orders of animated beings—is often carried to excess in the modern school. We have seen unqualified praise lavished upon a poet for his unfailing correctness in observation of natural objects, as, for example, in making flowers blossom at the correct period of the year. Undoubtedly such correctness is a merit in a poet, so far as it enables him to appeal more forcibly to our sympathies. A poet who should make daffodils appear in November instead of "coming before the swallow dares" would perplex and annoy us by the confusion. But the mere accuracy of Shakspeare's dates in the exquisite passage from which we quote is not properly a poetical merit at all; it is one which he shares with a gardener and in which he is surpassed by a professional botanist; and for anything that appears so far, his writings might be on a level with a scientific manual. The poetry enters when the emotion naturally associated with the daffodils is so sympathetically indicated. The claim, therefore, of modern poetry, so far as it rests upon the close observation of nature, must imply the doctrine that some of our deepest emotions are excited by the contemplation of inanimate objects. Yet when that doctrine is expressed too absolutely, it becomes a kind of Byronic misanthropy. We are invited to admire the sea because it is in the habit of sending man shivering and howling to his gods—a sentiment which, on the whole, seems to imply rather a morbid frame of mind. Indeed, the doctrine might be inverted. Is it not more artificial than the contrary to delight in savage scenery for its own sake? Does not the love of barren mountains, so characteristic of modern poetry, imply an unsocial, which may be fairly called an unnatural, aversion to our fellow-creatures? A perfectly healthy mind should, it may be argued, take more interest in the cultivated scenery which supplies food and shelter to human beings than in the wastes of desolate ice and rock where no human life could sustain itself for more than a few hours. Our love of nature is therefore the measure of our dislike to our kind, and proves how far we still remain from being in a perfectly social state. So long as a discord runs through all social arrangements we shall delight in the wilderness; when we are thoroughly acclimatized to the new order, we shall like to live in a crowd all the year round. The better we love mankind, the more reluctant we shall be to undergo even a temporary separation. In one of his finest poems Marvell eulogizes a hill and grove belonging to Fairfax for their perfect subserviency to human wants, and he very properly, as it may seem, condemns the more unsocial heights:—

> Here learn, ye mountains more unjust,
> Which to abrupter greatness thrust,
> Which do, with your hook-shouldered height,
> The earth deform and heaven fright,
> For whose excrescence, ill designed,
> Nature must a new centre find,
> Learn here those humble steps to tread
> Which to securer glory lead.

How would the Alpine Club reply to such arguments? How can they justify their preference of the snows of Mont Blanc to the

softer charms of Richmond Hill? That enthusiastic body might possibly give a satisfactory reply. They are solacing themselves at the present moment, during the many months of enforced abstinence from their favourite madness, by exhibiting a collection of pictures by a distinguished French artist, M. Loppé, which very forcibly illustrates the peculiarity of their tastes. M. Loppé's special talent is in the representation of Alpine snows. By effecting a difficult ascent in St. Martin's Place, up a staircase which, in concession to the weaknesses of ordinary humanity, is not coated with ice, the daring tourist may find himself for all practical purposes in the heart of the Alps. Desolate snow-fields and inaccessible peaks glare upon him from all sides. One tremendous crevasse in particular, somewhere in the wilds of the *Mer de glace*, impresses him with the profound conviction that a party of guides must be frozen in a sleep of many years' duration somewhere in its unfathomable depths. That M. Loppé has taken pleasure in painting it may be inferred from the loving fidelity with which he has represented its minutest details. That the Alpine Club—which is presumably composed of ordinary human beings—loves to gaze upon this gaping grave (for so it appears to the unprejudiced observer) is equally clear from the reception which they have accorded to the painter. But is their enthusiasm creditable to them? Should we infer that they are modern ghouls, hating mankind and loving the deserts which still hold out against human invasion; or is there some better interpretation to be placed upon their peculiar sentiment? Why take pleasure in the abomination of desolation in the immediate vicinity of Charing Cross? Should these pictures of untrodden wildernesses, lighted by blood-red sunsets or shining in a ghastly light of their own, really attract people more than that full tide of human existence for which Dr. Johnson expressed a manly preference over all rural beauties?

The reply would probably start from the principle that love of nature is something of a misnomer. A man who takes pleasure in contemplating daffodils or clouds does not really think that a daffodil is a more interesting object than a human being, or attracts a larger share of his sympathies. If it did, he would be partly a misanthrope, but still more decidedly an idiot. He merely intends to imply that he is capable of enjoying solitude; and he doubtless enjoys it because he can think of the destinies of the race more distinctly when he is not disturbed by the presence of too many of its units. He can meditate on the shortness of human life or the fallacy of human hopes the more effectually when he has no inducement to listen to gossip about the chances of a particular judge making a vacancy, or a given young man marrying a specific young woman. The preaching of daffodils is effective because it is so very simple and commonplace. The true test of poetical sensibility is the power of finding fresh interest in the most threadbare platitudes. There is, in fact, a very close alliance—to modify the ordinary phrase—between sublimity and stupidity. Now the merit of a mountain, considered as a companion, is that it is incessantly but very emphatically repeating one very simple sentiment. It makes a sufficiently near approach to the unity of a living organism to be easily personified; and, when personified, it continues to say over and over again how very small man is, what a short time he can live, and how very small an effect he can produce upon the world in which he lives. Here am I, pretty much the same as I was a thousand generations before you were born, and as I shall be a thousand generations after you are buried. A ploughed field flatters human vanity, and suggests the advantages of steam cultivation and the number of quarters of corn that may be raised. A mountain with its crevasses and glaciers suggests the slow development of vast changes reaching backwards and forwards beyond the petty ken of human beings. That is clearly a very commonplace and rather monotonous observation, after a time. But yet it is the sentiment which, expressed in various forms, is the substance of a great part of all the most impressive poetry and moralizing that has ever been composed. Byronically interpreted, it may become cynical; but that is only because a Byron chooses to repine against the inevitable, instead of looking things in the face like a man. To rejoice in communion with mountains ought therefore to indicate a power of taking pleasure in some of the most solemn reflections that can occur to a human being. We do not venture to say that it actually does imply that power; for mountains have been only too effectually associated with mere athleticism or with the delights of a vigorous appetite. The most poetical objects may be turned to such base uses. We only say that when the pleasure in savage scenery is genuine and healthy, it implies a susceptibility to this vein of reflection. The love of nature generally should mean, not an indifference to human nature, but a tendency to contemplate its most simple and general aspects, instead of being distracted amongst the petty details of small personal interests. In that sense only it is admirable; and in that sense the mountains are more eloquent preachers than scenery which speaks more of human conquests over the physical world than of the insuperable barriers which restrain them within narrow bounds.

LETTERS TO YOUNG PEOPLE.

In noticing some time ago Cobbett's *Advice to Young Men*, we omitted a qualification which appears to be required of our praise of that useful volume. We should have observed that Cobbett's system of life and morals is defective in taking no account of the existence of plain women. His advice to a young man is that he should marry a pretty girl as early as possible, in the faith that the happiness thus procured would far more than compensate for the privations and trials entailed by having to keep a wife and children upon a narrow income. Now, giving the fullest application to the maxim that beauty is in the eye of the beholder, we nevertheless feel that many women and some men would be left unprovided with places in Cobbett's scheme of society. It might possibly occur to a modest man to doubt whether, when he had found a woman whom he could think pretty, she could be induced to marry him. But Cobbett perhaps did not contemplate that his young man should be more burdened than he was himself with modesty, which is not a quality well adapted for getting through the world. An American writer, of far inferior force to Cobbett, has undertaken to advise young men in the choice of wives; and he has to some extent provided for the case, which is probably more rare on the other side of the Atlantic than on this, of a young man wanting in self-confidence to go in and win in matrimony. "Never content yourself," he says, "with the idea of having a commonplace wife. You want one who will stimulate you, stir you up, keep you moving, show you your weak points, and make something of you. Don't fear that you can't get such a wife." This writer doubtless desires to be widely read; and, as he addresses both sexes, he may perhaps be able to explain to commonplace young women what part in life they are to fulfil. But at present he is speaking to young men who may fancy that commonplace wives are as good as they can expect to get. This, he assures them, is a mistake. He quotes the answer which a gentleman who happened to combine wit and common sense made to a young man who feared that a young lady of great beauty and attainments would dismiss him if he became serious:—"Infinitely more beautiful and accomplished women than she is have married infinitely uglier and meaner men than you are." The wit of this reply is to our mind less obvious than its candour. But the writer adopts it as the utterance of a modern Solomon. "'You,' says he in effect to a young friend, 'are mean and ugly, but I will teach you how to win a handsome and distinguished wife.'" If the young friend is honest and honourable, if his character is spotless, if he is enterprising and industrious, if he has "some grace and a fair degree of sense," and if he loves appreciatingly and truly, he can marry almost anybody worth his having. This of course is very nice for young men, but unsatisfactory perhaps for young women. If even pretty and clever girls are liable to be married to plain and stupid men, what is the destiny of plain and stupid girls, if there are any such in America? The principle of natural selection may be generally valuable, but its application to the particular cases of the non-selected must be inconvenient. It seems to us that this author has undertaken more than he can well perform in constituting himself the adviser of both sexes as regards marriage. Indeed he appears to feel the difficulty of being on both sides at once. "I shall not quarrel," he says, "with a woman who desires a husband superior to herself, for I know it will be well for her to obtain such an one, if she will be stimulated by contact with a higher mind to a brighter and broader development." An ill-natured American has remarked that Englishwomen have a tendency towards "broader development" in mature years, but he spoke of the person, whereas this writer apparently refers to the mind of woman, which is to be stimulated by contact with the higher mind of man. But if man at the same time desires to be stimulated by contact with the higher mind of woman, one side or the other must submit to some sacrifice of its aspirations. "At the same time I must believe that for a man to marry his inferior is to call upon himself a great misfortune; to deprive himself of one of the most elevating and refining influences which can possibly affect him." We are reminded of another philosopher who advised a young man not to marry for money, but to go where money is. This is an excellent precept to give in a particular case, but it is manifestly incapable of general application. Women as well as men can improve their minds, but unfortunately men are advised to look, as indeed they would look without advice, for bodily as well as mental grace and beauty. The handsome Paris says that the glorious gifts of the gods are not to be despised, those gifts which are given by the gods themselves, and which a man cannot have by wishing for them. It may indeed be possible to increase the supply of pretty women in the world by taking care that all the pretty women that exist are married early. But if men propose a system which takes account only of pretty women, it is not perhaps wonderful that plain women should begin to agitate for what they call their rights.

The whole result, however, of the book is that men and women are to do their best to get their minds stimulated, and otherwise to arrange advantageously for themselves in marriage. Women in general have so few opportunities of associating with men before marriage that they are often obliged to make blind bargains. The author, who is as free as his own model young man from the burden of excessive modesty, speaks in his own person thus:—"My own wife very fortunately got an excellent husband, but it is something for which she is to be grateful to an overruling Providence, for her own knowledge had very little to do with it." He speaks elsewhere of the value of religion in a family, and he doubtless contemplates that his wife thanks Heaven daily on her knees for bestowing on her the blessing of himself. In egotism, if in nothing else, this writer might compare himself with Cobbett.

In arranging marriage he took care of himself, and Providence took care of the lady who became his wife. In style he is far inferior to Cobbett, and indeed it is vain to expect elegance of language from a writer who tells young women that "development in the broadest sense" is the end of their lives, and who explains his view of religion by saying that humanity had got off the rails and was sticking in the mud when Christianity came to help it out. Cobbett had warned his young man that, whatever he may think before, he will find out after marriage that his wife is not exactly an angel. But this writer goes inexorably into details which Cobbett spared. By the time, he says, that the husband has seen his wife eat heartily of pork and beans, and with her hair frizzled, and her oldest dress on, busily set on overhauling things, he sees that she belongs to the same race as himself. This is lamentably true, but perhaps hardly consistent with other portions of the treatise. It will probably have occurred to young men to suspect, without going the length of imputing a fondness for pork and beans, that young ladies have in private better appetites than they display in public. There are illusions in many courtships which marriage dissipates, but if young men and women saw as much of one another before marriage as the author desires, it is possible that these illusions might be dissipated prematurely, and the prospect of marriage might not survive them. A companion picture to the bride who eats heartily of pork and beans represents the bridegroom getting up cross in the morning, and trying to shave himself with cold water and a dull razor, "while his suspenders dangle at his heels." It is perhaps inevitable that husbands should be cross and wives addicted to pork and beans, but if men shave, which is happily no longer necessary, they can easily be supplied with machines for warming water and with sharp razors.

The author's ideas of dress for men are novel. He does not exactly adopt the notion that the ends justify the means, or in other words that a good hat and boots will atone for shabby coat and trousers; but he proposes the thrifty expedient of finding what he calls your "dress centre" and adorning that, while the rest of your person may be left quite plain. This "dress centre" is a nucleus from which the rest of the dress should be developed and unfolded. This "dress centre or primary dress idea" is different in different persons, but it is always above the waist. We seem to ourselves as we quote this passage to be talking that sort of nonsense which about this time of the year begins to be passed upon a confiding public as art criticism. But what which we ignorantly think nonsense may, after all, be refined art. Only we should like to know how to find the dress centre, say, of Thomas Smith. "The cravat, the vest, the hat, the bosom, the coat-collar, may either of them, be this idea," in Thomas Smith, or anybody else. Thackeray has said that if a man can do nothing else to entertain an evening party, he can at least wear an embroidered waistcoat. If Thackeray had used artistic language, he would have said that a man can find his dress centre and adorn it. This dress centre may be safely located about the neck and chest. "A beautiful cravat, sustaining a faultless dicky, is about all a man can stand without damage in the way of elegant dress." We speak with diffidence on so high a subject; but it occurs to us that a man's appearance would not suffer if he ventured upon solemn occasions to wear, not only a dicky, but a shirt. "This" (that is, the cravat and the dicky) "should form the centre." Any man who has made dress a study knows that two pounds a year spent about the neck will go further than ten pounds spread upon the person. This would be important to gentlemen of limited incomes, if true; but, unfortunately, the habit of wearing white ties at and after dinner rather interferes with the full application of the author's principle that "the whole dress should bow to the cravat." He explains more fully that the vest should harmonize, but be modest, and all the other robing should be shaded off until there is not an obtrusive feature. "Extremities will then only be noticed. These should be faultlessly dressed, but in a manner rather to satisfy than attract attention." By "extremities" the author probably means feet and hands, and in these the most inventive genius would not find much more scope for ornamentation than about the neck. But as extremities are certainly not the centre this is unimportant. The author's meaning, put into plain prose, appears to be that men should wear gorgeous neckties whenever possible. "Coarsest clothes," says he, "developed from an elegant central idea become elegant themselves, and receive and evolve a glory which costs nothing," except consideration and the reading of his letter. We have read his letter, and considered it at no slight cost of patience, but we have no hope of understanding it, unless the enterprising managers of the International Exhibition would kindly undertake to give a series of lectures upon the "central idea" of dress. An exhibition of neckties and dickies of all nations would be an attractive feature of their programme. "Let each young man choose his central idea; plant it, and develop it," and he will find that he can dress better than ever before and at half the cost. The author's precepts for choosing a wife are intelligible, and perhaps, with a sufficient quantity of assurance, practicable; but we do not see our way as regards dress. We must be content, in the absence of instruction, to wear clothes made of good broadcloth, although it is, as this author assures us, a sign of mental poverty.

THE SANITARY DIGEST.*

THE first of the two promised Digests of the Sanitary Statutes has at length appeared, and the sanitary authorities in towns can no longer plead ignorance of the extent or nature of their powers as an excuse for not putting them into operation. An octavo volume of two hundred and fifty pages professes to contain—and, so far as we have been able to examine it, does contain—a clear and methodical exposition of the existing law, in which, while the language of the statutes has been preserved, it has been stripped as far as possible of technical phraseology. The provisions relating to the same subject have been brought together, there is a sufficient index, and a very full table of contents. There can in future be no difficulty in ascertaining what the law says on sanitary matters. What the law means may still remain uncertain, for in a rider prefixed to the Digest Mr. Lambert takes care to explain that it is a digest only, that it does not claim to be an authoritative interpretation of the law, and consequently that no attempt has been made to construe or reconcile the statutes quoted. To those who think that the Public Health Act ought to have included a consolidation of the sanitary law, this will appear a lamentable, though, under the circumstances, an unavoidable, defect. That is not our opinion. Consolidation is greatly needed as regards this branch of the law, but completeness, based on actual experience, is more needed still. If consolidation comes too soon, it may tend to stereotype an incomplete state of the law, because the very introduction of the consolidating Bill, at the tail of a long course of legislation on the subject, would seem to imply that the necessary enactments are all in existence, and that they only need to be arranged and made intelligible. The law relating to public health is very far from being in this state of perfection. It is more comprehensive than it is generally supposed to be, but it stands in need of many amendments and additions. Parliament will be much better able to make these amendments and additions when the machinery created by the Acts of 1871 and 1872 has been at work for a year or two. The existing sanitary laws were then for the first time extended to the whole country. Every acre of ground has been subjected for sanitary purposes to a single local authority, and this local authority to a single central authority. Among these local authorities there will be some genuinely anxious to make full use of the powers with which they are invested, and others again genuinely anxious to do nothing which they are not obliged to do. From the representations of the former the Government will learn what additional powers are needed to enable zealous authorities to take proper care of the public health within their district. From the action or inaction of the latter the Government will learn what measures are required to make the powers conferred by the Act effectual, even in the hands of careless or unwilling administrators. At present the law has not been adequately tested in either direction. It is not known how much can be done or how much left undone. By the time that every Town Council and Local Board in urban districts, and every Board of Guardians in rural districts, has been for a certain period in possession of these Digests, has turned or not turned to account the knowledge gained from them, and in the latter case has been subjected to whatever pressure the central authority can bring to bear on them, there will be a store of material for supplementary legislation which was not and could not be in existence at the time the Public Health Act was before Parliament.

Assuming that an urban sanitary authority fully conscious of the importance of the duties entrusted to it, and desirous of discharging them to the utmost, takes the Digest in hand with the view of ascertaining the limit of its powers, let us see what will be the result of the inquiry. In the first place, these bodies have the control of the water supply. Where no proper supply at present exists, they may either make contracts with a Waterworks Company or construct waterworks of their own. Where a Waterworks Company is already established, they may insist upon its supplying water for all reasonable purposes upon terms to be settled by arbitration. Whenever a house is not properly supplied with water, and can be so supplied at a rate not exceeding 8*s.* 8*d.* a year, they may compel the owner to remedy the want at his own cost, or, if he refuses, they may remedy it themselves and recover the expenses from him. They are bound to provide and maintain all requisite machinery for securing an efficient supply of water in case of fire. They can prevent the pollution of the water under their control. In the next place, urban sanitary authorities have the control of all the sewers within their district, and they are bound to make such new sewers as may be necessary for effectual drainage. In the case of houses not provided with a sufficient drain, they can require the owner to construct a drain into any sewer within a hundred feet of the house, or, if there be no sewer within that distance, into a covered cesspool not under any house. They have the same power as regards houses newly built or completely rebuilt. They must take care that all drains, closets, and the like shall be constructed and kept so as not to be a nuisance; and in the event of any house being reported to be destitute of proper conveniences in these respects, they may require the owner or occupier to provide them, or else provide them themselves at the owner's expense. They must see that ponds and ditches are drained, cleansed, or filled up, so as not to be prejudicial to health, and they must remove at the cost of the occupier or owner of the premises any accumulation of manure or other noxious matter. They may cleanse and whitewash at the owner or occupier's expense any house which the Officer of Health

reports to be in an unwholesome condition. In the third place, the urban sanitary authorities have the management of the highways within their district. They are responsible for their being kept in proper repair, for the proper numbering of the houses, for the removal of obstructions, for the safe covering of cellars, and for the destruction of dangerous buildings. They may arrange for the lighting of the streets. A long list of offences calculated to annoy residents or passengers in the streets is set out in the Digest, any of which are punishable on conviction by a fine of 40s. Under certain restrictions urban sanitary authorities may also provide markets, and make by-laws for the regulation of the sales in them. They have the control of all hackney-carriages, and of pleasure-boats and horses or donkeys standing for hire. They may provide public pleasure-grounds and public clocks, covered or open bathing-places and washhouses. In the fourth place, urban sanitary authorities have large powers as regards the regulation of dwellings. They may, with the consent of the Local Government Board, make regulations as to the registration, inspection, and cleansing of houses let in lodgings, or occupied by more than one family. They must take proceedings upon the certificate of the Medical Officer of Health to abate overcrowding. They are charged with the administration of the Common Lodging House Acts. In places where the population amounts to ten thousand persons, they must investigate the condition of all houses condemned by the Medical Officer of Health; determine, subject to an appeal to Quarter Sessions, whether the mischief can be remedied, or whether the house must be pulled down; and require the owner, or other person responsible for the state of the premises, to execute the necessary works, or to pay for the execution of them by the sanitary authority. They are specially charged with the supervision of bakehouses, and with the enforcement of the statutory requirements as to their painting, washing, draining, and ventilation. Lastly, urban sanitary authorities have the right of refusing their consent to the establishment of offensive trades or manufactures. As regards trades already established within the limits of any city, town, or populous district, the sanitary authority, on the report of the Officer of Health, or on the requisition of ten inhabitants, must institute proceedings against any person causing a nuisance by the carrying on of such trade. All slaughter-houses and knackers'-yards, except those in use at and since the coming into operation of the Local Government Act of 1858, must be licensed and registered, and the sanitary authority may make by-laws for cleaning such slaughter-houses, and for the prevention of cruelty to the cattle slaughtered. Articles of food exposed for sale may be examined by Officers of Health or the Inspector of Nuisances, and, if found to be unwholesome, may be seized and laid before a magistrate for condemnation. The sanitary authorities are further bound to inspect their districts from time to time, in order to discover whether there are any nuisances requiring abatement. Under the term nuisance is included foul drains, animals kept so as to be injurious to health, accumulations of noxious matters, unhealthy or overcrowded houses, overcrowded or unventilated factories or workshops, furnaces which do not consume their own smoke, and chimneys not belonging to private houses which send forth black smoke in such quantity as to be a nuisance. The sanitary authorities have a right of entry into the premises complained of, either to ground proceedings or to execute works ordered to be done.

It will be seen that urban sanitary authorities, making full use of the powers entrusted to them by the several Acts embodied in their Digest, need hardly complain of having their hands tied. In practice no doubt they may discover that their progress is hindered by unexpected obstacles. The language of the statutes may be found to furnish unforeseen loopholes to those who wish to evade their operation. The machinery provided for the enforcement of the law may prove defective. The value of this or that precaution against the generation or communication of disease may turn out to be lessened by the omission of this or that other precaution. Some or all of these defects are certain to be discovered in course of time, and it will be the duty of the Legislature to remedy them as they come into view. But it cannot be maintained that urban sanitary authorities have not a good statutable foundation to work upon. It cannot be said, with any approach to truth, that the powers they already possess are worthless. Probably there is no sanitary authority that has yet made full trial of them, none that is not authorised by law to do more than it has yet done for the protection of the public health. A very great responsibility now rests upon the more intelligent and public-spirited corporations. If they set a good example in carrying out the sanitary law, if they make it their object to raise the standard of health and comfort within their districts to the highest attainable point, they will do more to promote sanitary progress than can at this moment be done by any other agency whatever. There are three principal ways in which such action on their part will exercise a beneficial influence. The first is by showing where the law needs addition or amendment in respect of the powers with which it invests the local authorities. Until these powers have been fully exerted, it is difficult to say confidently whether they are sufficient or insufficient. The second way is by showing the good results that follow from a full use of these powers, and so encouraging a larger number of urban authorities to use them likewise. There is a rivalry between towns which may prevent one from resting content under a very much larger death-rate or a very much lower level of municipal comfort than prevails in another. The third way is by creating a sound public opinion which will enable the central authority to use its coercive powers effectually, and to obtain additional powers from Parliament when those which it has are found to be inadequate. As yet the central authority has moved with caution, and even timidity, in the direction of coercion; but, considering how easy it is in this country to raise the cry of over-centralization, it would be rash to say that it has moved too slowly. Still it is essential to the extension of sanitary improvements that it should act with greater decision in time to come. There are a large number of the smaller and less enlightened sanitary districts in which it is almost useless to hope that the local authorities will go a step further or faster than they are compelled to go. If the Government can point to the larger districts as examples of the benefits conferred by an energetic sanitary policy, it will be much easier to bear down the ignorant or interested opposition which every addition to the stringency of the Public Health Act is sure to call forth.

THE CORAL-FISHERS OF CAPRI.

STRANGE as a Southern winter seems to English eyes, it is still stranger to the eyes of the South. The peasants of Sicily, the lazzaroni of Naples, the Capri fisher-folk have never yet succeeded in realizing the fact of cold as an annual fact in their life. The Englishman, whose winter spreads over half the year, pokes his October fire with a cosy prescience that he may poke on till May. Winter is the central fact in his life; he may have six months of sunshine, but he is certain to have six months of cold; and his practical mind arranges existence on the basis of the certainty and not of the doubt. His house is built for winter, his windows close, his doors shut, his fires draw; he knows that the fight with mist and fog and rain and snow and ice will be a long one, and he buckles himself steadily, as an Englishman can, to a long fight. He even gets a certain joy out of the contest. He skates, he snowballs, he keeps Christmas, he airs himself on the hearthrug, and chuckles over the comforts of home; he pulls on his greatcoat with an air of defiance, and shouts, "A fine winter's morning!" to his neighbour in the teeth of the East wind. But the Caprese peasant has never had time to get the fact of winter fairly into his head. The cold comes year after year, but it comes in a brief and fitful way that sets our Northern conceptions at defiance. The stranger who flies for refuge to the shores of the little island in November finds himself—as he did last winter—in a blaze of almost tropical sunshine. A fortnight of dull weather at the opening of December raises hopes of an English Christmas which are suddenly swept away by a return of the summer glory for a month. Far away over the sea the crests of the Abruzzi range lift themselves white against the sky, but February has almost come before winter arrives, fitful, windy, rainy, but seldom cold, even when the *maestrale*, so dreaded on the Riviera, comes sweeping down from the North. March ought, even by Caprese experience, to be the difficult month; but "Marzo e pazzo," say the loungers in the little piazza, and this time the "madness" of March takes the form of a delicious lunacy of unbroken sunshine. Corn is already rippling under the olives, leaf-buds are running like little jets of green light along the brown vine-stems, the grey weird fig-branches are dotted with fruit, women are spinning again on the housetops, boys are playing with the birds they have caught in the myrtles, the bright shore across the bay is veiled in a summer haze, and winter is gone. It is hard to provide in English fashion against such a winter as this, and the Capri fisherman prefers to regard it as Mr. Lowe regards the opposition of the priesthood, as something abnormal, exceptional, to be borne with "pazienza" and a shrug of the shoulders. When the storm-wind blows he lounges in the sunny corner of the Piazza; when the rain comes he smokes at home or mends his nets under the picture of the Madonna and the Bambino; when the cold comes he sits passive and numbed till the cold goes. But he knows that the cold will go, and that the rain will pass, and that peace will settle down again on the sunny bay; and so, instead of making a fuss about winter, he looks on it as a casual little parenthesis in the business of life, intensely disagreeable, but luckily brief. He sees no poetry in it, no beauty of bare wold and folded mist; he hears no music in it like the music of tinkling icicles so dear to Cowper's heart. Christmas itself isn't much of a festa in the South, and has none of the mystery and home pathos which makes it dear to Englishmen. There is the "presepio" in the church, there is the procession of the Wise Men at Epiphany-tide, but the only real break to the winter's dulness is the Feast of the Coral-Fishers.

What with the poverty of the island and its big families, it is hard to see how Capri could get along at all if it were not for the extra employment and earnings which are afforded by the coral fishery off the African coast. Some hundred or two hundred young fellows leave the island every spring to embark at Torre del Greco in a detachment of the great coral fleet which musters at that port, at Genoa, or at Leghorn, and the Sunday before they start—generally one of the last Sundays in January—serves as the Feast of the Coral-Fishers. Long before daybreak the banging of big crackers rouses the island from its slumbers, and high mass is hardly over when a procession of strange picturesqueness streams out of church into the sunshine. At its head come the "Daughters of Mary," some mere little tots, some girls of sixteen, but all clad in white, with garlands of flowers over their veil, and girdles of red or blue. Behind come the fishermen,

young sailor-boys followed by rough grizzled elders, bearing candles like the girls before them, and then the village Brotherhood, fishers too, but clad in strange garments of grey, with black hoods covering their faces and leaving nothing but the bright good-humoured eye to guide one under this sepulchral figure to the Giovanni or Beppino who was cracking jokes yesterday till the Blue Grotto rang again. Then beneath a great canopy upborne by the four elder fishers of the island, vested in gowns of "samite, mystic, wonderful"—somewhat like a Doctor of Music's gown in our unpoetic land—comes the Madonna herself, "La Madonna di Carmela," with a crown of gold on her head, and a silver fish dangling from her fingers. It is the Madonna of Carmel who disputes with San Costanzo, the Saint of the mother-church below, the spiritual dominion of Capri. If he is the "Protector" of the island, she is its "Protectress." The older and graver sort, indeed, are faithful to their bishop-saint, and the loyalty of a vine-dresser in the piazza remains unshaken even by the splendour of the procession. "Yes, Signore!" he replies to a sceptical Englishman who presses him hard with the glory of "the Protectress," "yes, Signore, the Madonna is great for the fisher-folk; she gives them fish. But fish are poor things after all, and bring little money. It is San Costanzo who gives us the wine, the good red wine which is the wealth of the island. And so this winter feast of the fishermen is a poor little thing beside our festa of San Costanzo in the May-time. For the image of our Protector is all of silver, and sometimes the bishop comes over from Sorrento and walks behind it, and we go all the way through the vineyards, and he blesses them, and then at nightfall we have 'bombi'—not such as those of the Madonna," he adds with a quiet shrug of the shoulders, "but great bombi and great fireworks at the cost of the Municipio." On the other hand, all the girls go with the fisher-folk in their love of the Madonna. "Ah yes, Signore," laughs a maiden whose Greek face might have served Phidias for a model, "San Costanzo is our protector, but he is old and the Madonna is young, so young and so pretty, Signore, and she is *my* protectress." A fisherman backs up the feminine logic by a gird at the silver image which is evidently the strong point of the opposite party. The little commune is said to have borrowed a sum of money on the security of this work of art, and the fisherman is correspondingly scornful. "San Costanzo owes much, many danari, Signore; and it is said," he whispers roguishly, "that if they don't pay pretty soon, his creditors at Naples will send him to prison for the debt of the Municipio." But the Madonna has her troubles as well as the Saint. Her hair, which has been dyed for the occasion, has unhappily turned salmon colour by mistake; but the blunder has no sort of effect on the enthusiasm of her worshippers, on the canons who follow her in stiff copes, shouting lustily, or on the maidens and matrons who bring up the rear. Slowly the procession winds its way through the little town, now lengthening into a line of twinkling tapers as it passes through the narrow alleys which serve for streets, now widening out again on the hill-sides where the orange kerchiefs and silver ornaments of the Capresa women glow and flash into a grand background of colour in the sun. And then comes evening and benediction, and the fireworks, without which the procession would go for nothing, catherine-wheels spinning in the piazza, and big crackers bursting amidst a chorus of pretty outcries of terror and delight.

Delight, however, ends with the festa, and the parting of the morning is a strange contrast in its sadness with this Sunday joy. The truth is that coral-fishing is a slavery to which nothing but sheer poverty drives the fishermen. From April to October their life is a life of ceaseless drudgery. Packed in a small boat without a deck, with no food but biscuit and foul water, touching land only at intervals of a month, and often deprived of sleep for days together through shortness of hands, the coral-fishers are exposed to a constant brutality from the masters of their vessels which is too horrible to bear description. The fishing is itself hard work. The two beams of wood laid cross-wise, with hemp and loose netting attached to them, which serve as a dredge, are dragged along the sea bottom with a rope, which it sometimes requires the crews of half-a-dozen boats to haul to the surface. If it breaks, the whole boat is in peril; if the sailor who is paying it out fails to note the moment when it catches the coral, his thigh, over which it runs, is cut to the bone. A long pull tears the branches entangled in the net from the rock, or breaks off rock and all, and a shout of joy bursts from the wearied fishermen as the tangled mass of coral appears above the waves. To the masters the fishery is lucrative enough; of the eight thousand francs which form the returns of a single boat, some two thousand are clear profit. But, measured by our English notions, the pay of the men seems miserably inadequate to the toil and suffering which they undergo. For the whole period of eight months, it varies with the strength and experience of the seamen from 12*l.* to 18*l.*; the boys receiving as little as 4*l.*; and of this much is absorbed by the extortionate shopkeepers of Torre. Enough, however, remains to tempt the best of the Capresa fishermen to sea. Even a boy's earnings will pay his mother's rent. For a young man it is the only mode in which he can hope to gather a sum sufficient for marriage and his start in life. The early marriages so common at Naples and along the adjoining coast are unknown at Capri, where a girl seldom weds before twenty, and where the poorest peasant refuses the hand of his daughter to a suitor who cannot furnish a wedding settlement of some twenty pounds. Even with the modern rise of wages it is almost impossible for a lover to accumulate such a sum from the produce of his ordinary toil, and his one resource is the coral-fishery.

The toil and suffering of the summer are soon forgotten when the young fisherman returns and adds his earnings to the little store of former years. When the store is complete, the ceremonial of a Capresa betrothal begins with "the embassy," as it is termed, of his mother to the parents of the future bride. Clad in her best array, and holding in her hand the favourite nosegay of the island, a branch of sweet basil, sprinkled with cinnamon powder, and with a rose-coloured carnation in the midst of it, the old fishwife makes her way through the dark lanes to the vaulted room where her friends await her with a charming air of ignorance as to the errand on which she comes. Half an hour passes in diplomatic fence, in chat over the weather, the crops, or the price of maccaroni, till, at a given signal, the girl herself leaves the room, and the "ambassadress" breaks out in praise of her good looks, her industry, and her good repute. The parents retort by praise of the young fisherman, and compliments pass quickly into business, and a vow of eternal friendship between the families is sworn over a dish of figs and a bottle of rosolio. The priest is soon called in, and the lovers are formally betrothed for six months, a ceremony which is followed in a few days by a new appearance of the ambassadress with the customary offering of trinkets from the lover to his promised spouse. The old Capresa costume has disappeared, but the girls still pride themselves on the number and value of their ornaments—the "spadella," or stiletto which binds the elaborately braided mass of their ebon hair; the circular gold earrings, with inner circles of pearls; the gold chain or laccétta, worn fold upon fold round the neck; the bunch of gold talismans suspended on the breast; the profusion of heavy silver rings which load every finger. The Sunday after her betrothal, when she appears at High Mass in all her finery, is the proudest day of a Capri girl's life; but love has few of the tenderer incidents which make its poetry in the North. There is no "lover's lane" in Capri, for a maiden may not walk with her betrothed save in presence of witnesses; and a kiss before marriage is, as "Auld Robin Gray" calls it, "a sin" to which no modest girl stoops. The future husband is, in fact, busy with less romantic matters; it is his business to provide bed and bedding, table and chairs, drawers and looking-glass, and, above all, a dozen gaudy prints from Naples of the Madonna and the favourite Saints of the day. The bride provides the rest, and on the eve of the marriage the families meet once more to take an inventory of her contributions, which remain her own property till her death. The morning's sun streams in upon the lovers as they kneel at the close of mass before the priest in San Stefano; all the boyhood of Capri is waiting outside to pelt the bridal train with "confetti" as it hurries amidst blushes and laughter across the Piazza; a dinner of maccaroni and the island wine ends in a universal "tarantella," there is a final walk round the village at the close of the dance, and the coral-fisher reaps the prize of his toil as he leads his bride to her home

MR. MACREADY.

THE death of Mr. Macready has followed soon upon that of his friend Lord Lytton, and, as a help to estimating the great actor's services to dramatic literature, we may remember that the plays of *Richelieu* and the *Lady of Lyons* were produced by him in two following years as manager of Covent Garden Theatre. Indeed we may almost say that when Mr. Macready ceased to be a manager, modern England ceased to have any dramatic literature worthy of the name. He conducted successively the two national theatres upon sound principles, and with practical ability, and the result was that he lost a large sum of money. It is enough to say in his praise that there has been nothing like his management since he retired, and there never can be anything like it again. There might be another actor of equal talent, although hardly of equal opportunity, but there could not be another manager with equal materials for efficiently performing the highest class of plays. Mr. Macready was strongly sensible of the evils of theatrical monopoly, and we have fully experienced in recent years the evils of theatrical free-trade. Formerly a manager presided over a complete company, but now every actor of any mark requires a theatre for himself. It is bad enough when a playbill comprises only one good actor, but it is worse when a play is composed with only one good part. Yet the first duty of a manager is to pay his way, and many examples show that the pursuit of excellence in dramatic art leads to bankruptcy. Mr. Macready was not only a manager, but the foremost actor of his time, and modern managers are more likely to imitate him in losing than in making money. They have no resource to look to beyond their nightly receipts, and they are driven to adopt a hand-to-mouth policy, which is almost necessarily antagonistic to genuine art. Under such conditions we ought to bear patiently great evils, and to be thankful for any small qualifying good. If Mr. Macready and his company could be restored to Drury Lane Theatre, we could hardly expect him to go on sacrificing his resources at the rate of 5,000*l.* a year for our intellectual gratification. But now that he has closed a long and honourable career, it becomes us to remember that he incurred private loss in rendering a great public service. We may well stand as mourners round his tomb, for he was the last of a great race of actors, and the glory of the national theatre must be buried along with him.

It was the good fortune alike of Mr. Macready and of the pro-

fession which he adopted that he received a liberal education before learning the business of the stage. Whatever may be thought of classical study as a preparation for other professions, there can be no doubt of its utility to an aspirant to the highest honours of the theatre as it used to be. When Mr. Macready's father sent him to Rugby, he did not desire that he should become an actor; but if he had wished him to become a successful actor, he could have taken no better step. The value of classical scholarship to a tragedian is obvious, and, besides, a man who has been educated at a public school is probably a gentleman, and an actor who is to play kings and nobles ought to be a gentleman to start with. The embarrassments of Mr. Macready's father brought him at seventeen years of age face to face with the realities of life. He was thus forced into connexion with the provincial theatres of which his father was manager, and by stress of circumstances rather than by free choice he entered the profession of which he became the head. He might perhaps have done better for himself in one of the professions which are called learned, but he could hardly have done as well for society, of which as an actor he became a delight and guide. His career commenced in 1810 and terminated in 1851. The first part he played was Romeo and the last was Macbeth. He found the stage occupied by the Kembles, Kean, and Young. He succeeded to the kingdom where they had ruled, and after him came anarchy. The best testimonial that any actor of tragedy could produce in recent years has been that he was a member of Mr. Macready's company at Drury Lane Theatre in 1841–2. Mr. Phelps was a member of this company, and we know what he has done at Sadler's Wells and lately at the Princess's Theatre. Mr. Ryder was another member of it, and to him as stage manager much of the success of Mr. Tom Taylor's play '*Twixt Axe and Crown*, at the Queen's Theatre, was due. Mr. Anderson, who used to play Othello to Mr. Macready's Iago in the same company, was, we believe, last seen in London about two years ago. The Desdemona of that company was Miss Helen Faucit, while the leading actresses for comedy were Mrs. Nisbett and Mrs. Stirling. We cannot mention the name of Mrs. Stirling without remembering that, in an excellent performance of the *Rivals* lately at the Charing Cross Theatre, that lady played admirably the part of Mrs. Malaprop. More than thirty years have passed since Mrs. Nisbett and Mrs. Stirling played Rosalind and Celia in *As You Like It* with Mr. Anderson, who had youth and strength for wrestling or any other sport, as Orlando, and Mr. Macready himself, or Mr. Elton, who was afterwards unfortunately drowned, as Jacques. Mr. Ryder was the Duke in the same cast; the late Mr. Keeley was Touchstone; and Mr. Compton, who is now playing at the Globe Theatre, was William. Most of us remember Mr. Keeley, and we can see Mr. Compton any night we please; but it is easy to imagine how the one would talk and the other look as Touchstone and William. This play was acted with sufficient scenery and decoration, but the accessories were not made more important than the play itself, as has become the fashion in recent years. If all the surviving members of Mr. Macready's company were willing to act together for a night next week, it would probably be said that either the play they might select must be produced shabbily, or the manager must lose money by what ought to be a promising speculation. This perhaps is the most annoying of the changes which have happened since Mr. Macready's time. Whatever else we get at a modern theatre, we never get variety. Thirty years ago there were persons who held boxes or season tickets at Drury Lane Theatre just as they are now held at the Opera, and some of these persons occupied their places nearly every night. You might see *Othello* one night, *As You Like It* the next, and perhaps *Richelieu* the third, and there was always a screaming farce after a tragedy. The musical department also was very good, and the performance of *Acis and Galatea* under Mr. Macready's management is still spoken of as unsurpassed. We ought not to mention music without noticing that Miss P. Horton, who is still a great favourite with the London public, was Ariel when Mr. Macready produced the *Tempest*. In effect there were three companies at one theatre, and we should not complain if the same quantity of talent were now distributed among three, or even six, different houses. But we get nothing like the completeness in all parts that marked the performances which Mr. Macready directed; and, besides, there has never been since his time such a school as he provided for rising actors. Mr. Charles Kean revived Shakspeare almost too gorgeously at the Princess's Theatre, and indeed he may be said to have "inaugurated the era" of upholstery in tragedy. He was perhaps rather too apt to think that himself and his wife, who certainly could do a great deal, could do everything with the help of scene-painters and tailors. Thus a sort of partnership was established between tragedians and tradesmen, in which latterly the tradesmen have become the more important members. We ought not to say that the public taste is wholly vitiated when the *School for Scandal* has been played, and very well played, for upwards of two hundred nights, and the *Rivals* was played contemporaneously, and also very well, for more than fifty nights. Lord Lytton's *Money* has been only lately withdrawn, after a run of many months, and as that play was never very brilliant, and has long since lost the charm of novelty, the attraction must have lain principally in the acting. Comedy, therefore, still flourishes on our stage, but tragedy has reached a pitiable condition of weakness to which death would be almost preferable. For leading actors in tragedy we must look almost exclusively to the surviving pupils of Mr. Macready, while it is almost impossible to fill the minor parts satisfactorily. We can hardly expect young men of talent and education to enter a profession which neither confers wealth nor promises fame. If a young man who had passed with credit through a public school were disappointed of the hope of going to college, and felt the want of an immediate maintenance, it would not now occur to him to seek it upon the tragic stage. There has appeared during the last few years more than one promising Juliet, but we doubt whether there has appeared a Romeo of equal, or indeed of any, talent.

Amid all the comforts and luxuries which have multiplied with the growth of national wealth, it is permissible to look back with regret to that ruder and poorer time when one could go any night for three shillings to the pit of a theatre, and see Shakspeare well performed. The theatres were in those days the centre of an intellectual society which dwelt within two miles of them. Mr. Macready, as manager, had the sympathy and support of the foremost men in literature and art, and even those who adversely criticized his acting bore emphatic testimony to the value of his attempts to rehabilitate the poetic drama. It is enough to say in his praise that playgoers look back through more than thirty years to his management as to a model of hopeless, unattainable perfection. They have seen *Formosa* at Drury Lane, and *Babil and Bijou* at Covent Garden, and they have consoled themselves with the belief that after the lowest ebb has been reached there must come a flood. In honour of the memory of Mr. Macready some special effort should, we think, be made to revive, even if it could be only for a few nights, the sort of performances that he would have approved. We may remember or imagine the performances which he directed; but it would be well to place before younger playgoers some reproduction, however feeble, of our dreams or memories. If by the retrenchment of upholstery it were possible to produce several plays, the rising generation might be infused with some slight idea of the effect of a powerful performance of *Julius Cæsar*, *Lear*, or *Macbeth*. Something ought to be done to commemorate the services of Mr. Macready to literature and morality. The name of one "who made a nation purer through his art" is not likely to be forgotten in the list of great and good men who have been schoolboys at Rugby. He owed much to early training, and he has paid the debt by the lustre which his career reflects upon the school which trained him. Under his rule the theatres fulfilled the promise of their patents, that they were instituted "for the promotion of virtue, and to be instructive to the human race." It was not by accident that the poetic drama grew to its highest prosperity in England during a long and arduous, and ultimately triumphant, war. The temper of men's minds in 1814 was well adapted to be influenced by the ardent genius of Kean. We cannot reproduce, except at the price of equal sacrifices and sufferings, the feeling of society "when hope long doubtful soared at length sublime," and therefore, if we had another Macready, we could not place him in the circumstances necessary to success. Great men are nurtured amid great events. Mr. Macready's birth was coincident with that of the first French Republic, and he survived the Second French Empire. When for the last time in public he spoke the lines—

> I have lived long enough; my way of life
> Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf—

he could not have hoped to be able to look back upon his farewell of the theatre through more than twenty years' enjoyment of the love and honour that should accompany old age. He exceeded the common lot of man alike in the duration and varied experience of his life:—

> We that are young
> Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

MR. O'KEEFFE ON ULTRAMONTANISM.

WE have never expressed any opinion on the details of Mr. O'Keeffe's quarrel with Cardinal Cullen, nor do we intend now to prejudge questions which will shortly be brought before the legal tribunals in Ireland. That he has been treated in an arbitrary and oppressive manner by his ecclesiastical superiors is what most Englishmen will be ready to believe, and if it should turn out that they have kept within the letter of the canon law, by which they profess to be bound, the general comment of outsiders will probably be, "so much the worse for the law." Mr. O'Keeffe of course contends that they have overstepped their canonical rights in their eagerness to crush an obnoxious opponent, but we are as yet only imperfectly acquainted with the grounds on which his contention will be maintained. Meanwhile he has come forward with a sort of general vindication of his position in the shape of a letter to the *Times* on Ultramontanism, which may be considered on its own merits, and quite apart from any bearing it may be supposed to have on the technicalities of the case. It seems to have been immediately occasioned by a somewhat Hibernian mare's nest of Mr. Mitchell Henry's—who has since defended himself by appealing to a precisely similar blunder of Dean Stanley's—about the meaning of the term "Ultramontane." A very moderate knowledge of etymology might have sufficed to convince them that the term, when used by Italians, must necessarily refer to opinions prevalent North of the Alps, and, when used by Northern Europeans, to opinions prevalent in Italy; nor would it require a more profound mastery of history to establish the inference that in the former case it signified anti-Papal, or what used to be called "Gallican" and "Cis-

alpine," views, and in the latter case what is now commonly understood by Ultramontanism. The "strange perversion" of the name, of which Mr. Mitchell Henry complained, exists only in his own fanciful explanation of it. Mr. O'Keeffe is also fully justified in asserting that "the two schools have been always considered orthodox in the Roman Catholic Church," at least up to July 18, 1870. His extract from Fleury gives a tolerably correct rough summary of the substance of the "Gallican Liberties"; but when he goes on to observe that the Council of Constance "set aside three Pretenders to the Papacy," and put Martin V. into their place, he materially understates his own case, both by omission and inaccuracy. The Council of Constance deposed the reigning Pope, John XXIII., who was not a pretender at all, for his crimes and contumacy, besides getting rid of the two anti-Popes. And it also passed a decree, to which we shall have occasion to revert presently, of far more importance in its theological aspects even than this high-handed assertion of sovereign authority in the Church.

The main point of Mr. O'Keeffe's letter, however, is comprised in his reference to what he calls the "famous Resolutions of the French clergy in 1682," commonly known as the Four Gallican Articles, or the *Declaratio Cleri Gallicani*, of which he gives a brief summary. And here we may pause for a moment to recall the origin of this truly "famous" manifesto of the French Church in its palmiest days. The Declaration is often spoken of as Bossuet's, and so far rightly, that it embodied his belief, and that he wrote an elaborate defence of it. But its real originator was the Minister Colbert, who persuaded Louis XIV. that a seasonable opportunity had arrived for publishing a formal statement of the rights of the Crown and of national Churches as against the claims of the Papacy. He enlisted the sympathies of Dr. Harlai, Archbishop of Paris, and the Archbishop of Rheims, and the drawing up of the Report to be presented to the Assembly of Clergy was entrusted to De Choisseul, Bishop of Tournay. It was a masterly document, tracing out the constitution of the ancient Church down to the ninth century, and the gradual encroachments of the Roman Curia on the strength of the False Decretals. The Assembly received it unanimously, and directed the author, in conjunction with Bossuet, to compile the formal Declaration based upon it. But they were unable to agree in their views about infallibility. Bossuet, while denying the infallibility of individual Popes, maintained a theory, more high-sounding than intelligible, on what he called the infallibility, or, as he explained it, when pressed, the indefectibility of the See of Peter. Individual Popes might err from the faith, but, in the long run, the See of Peter would never be suffered to fall away. This view, if less logically coherent than the more extreme doctrine subsequently enunciated by the Vatican Council, had the convenience of avoiding many historical difficulties, while it was far less onerous in practice. Dr. Choisseul, however, with more consistency—and, as the event has proved, with a clearer prescience of the tendencies of either system—denied Papal infallibility, whether of the person or the see, altogether. So Bossuet was left to draw up the Declaration by himself. It was signed by the thirty-four bishops and thirty-four clergy of lower rank composing the Assembly, ratified by the King, registered by the Parliament, and ordered to be taught in all universities and colleges throughout France, and subscribed by all professors. The Pope was furious, and threatened a formal censure, on which Bossuet made the not very dutiful remark that "good intentions, combined with slender enlightenment, were a great misfortune in so exalted a position," and in his instructions to his envoy at Rome he insisted on the fatal results of throwing over the Council of Constance. Antoine Arnauld entirely sympathized with Bossuet here, and expressed his "pity" for the See of Rome finding such champions as, for instance, Ceroli de Cerceto, who deduced from the sovereignty of Christ over the whole world the supremacy of the Popes, His Vicars, over all Kings and secular Governments. Innocent XI. found it prudent to abandon his intention of issuing any formal censure against the Declaration; but bulls of institution were systematically refused to the newly-appointed French bishops, till at last no less than thirty-five sees were left vacant, the Chapters committing the administration of the diocese to the unconsecrated nominees. Meanwhile Bossuet was engaged in composing his great treatise in vindication of the Four Articles, *Defensio Declarationis Cleri Gallicani*, which was completed in 1685, but, by the King's desire, not published. It first saw the light in 1730, many years after his death, in an incorrect and unauthorised form, and in 1745 was published in its proper shape, as it finally left the hands of its illustrious author. There can be no doubt whatever of its authenticity; indeed the original MS. was discovered in 1812, in the Royal Library at Paris. Its appearance greatly disconcerted the Ultramontane party, who were anxious to get it officially condemned; but Rome trembled at the name of the great apologist of Catholicism, and Benedict XIV., far the ablest of recent Popes, pointedly declined to pronounce any formal censure. To this day it remains unanswered and uncondemned, except of course implicitly by the Vatican decrees.

Mr. O'Keeffe gives the following abstract of the Four Articles:—

"1. That Kings and Princes are not subject in temporals directly or indirectly to the ecclesiastical power, and that they cannot be deposed by authority of the chiefs of the Church, nor their subjects absolved from due allegiance.

"2. That the decrees of the Council of Constance on the authority of general councils ought to remain in full force; and that the Church of France does not agree with those who think these decrees are doubtful, or only made for the time of schism.

"3. That the exercise of ecclesiastical power ought to be regulated by the canons; that the rules, customs, and laws received in the Gallican Church ought to be observed in it.

"4. That, though in questions of faith the Sovereign Pontiff has the chief part, and that his decrees regard all the Churches, his judgment, however, is not irrefragable, if not followed by the assent of the whole Church."

This summary is tolerably correct as far as it goes, except that in No. 3, for "ecclesiastical power" should be read "apostolic (i.e. Papal) authority." And this is the clause that most closely touches on Mr. O'Keeffe's own case. When the "Papal aggression," to which he refers further on, took place, it was supposed that the creation of the new hierarchy in England would be followed by a regular parochial organization; for a diocesan episcopate, as distinguished from the government of Vicars Apostolic, is always supposed to connote, as the logic books say, the establishment of ordinary parishes, with canonical rights of parish priests. But the See of Rome, which had been ready enough, in the Concordat with Napoleon, to sweep away all existing parochial rights in France by a stroke of the pen, did not see any necessity for introducing this part of the diocesan system into England; and the new bishops, we need hardly say, were not anxious to press on its attention the propriety of limiting their own arbitrary powers. There are, accordingly, no Roman Catholic parish priests, in the sense of the canon law, in England to this day. But in Ireland, where the old diocesan organization has never been interrupted, the old rights of the *parochi* are also supposed to remain in force. And here, we presume, will lie the strength of Mr. O'Keeffe's position. If Papal authority can only be exercised in accordance with the canons, Cardinal Cullen may find it difficult to justify his summary mode of procedure. But, without pronouncing any opinion on the issue of the approaching trial, we cannot but observe that the zealous champion of ecclesiastical independence has left one vulnerable point in his armour. While adhering to the first three Gallican Articles, he announces his abandonment of the fourth, which, as he justly observes, has been condemned by the Vatican Council, whose decrees he conceives that every Roman Catholic ought to admit. How that may be we need not here discuss: it is of course notorious that a large and growing number of Roman Catholics do not admit them. But what has apparently escaped Mr. O'Keeffe's notice is that the Vatican Council has just as emphatically condemned the second, if not also the first and third, of the Gallican Articles as the fourth. If the decrees of Constance on the authority of General Councils are to remain in force for all time—and this is surely an obvious corollary from the infallibility of General Councils—the decrees of the Vatican are expressly condemned by anticipation. For what is the famous decree of Constance, sanctioned by Pope Martin V. and several of his successors and by the Council of Basle? "Every lawfully convoked Œcumenical Council, representing the Church, derives its authority *directly from Christ*, and every one, the Pope included, is subject to it *in matters of faith*, the healing of schism, and the reformation of the Church." A more pointed denial of the infallibility and supreme ordinary jurisdiction of the Pope, which are the two points defined at the Vatican Synod, could hardly be put into words. But if this doctrine is to be superseded, and every Roman Catholic must believe the Pope infallible, we must confess that the opponents of Ultramontanism appear to us to enter the contest so very heavily weighted that their chances of success are inappreciable. What avails it to appeal to "the Cisalpine spirit of a Murray and a Doyle," both of whom solemnly on oath repudiated Papal infallibility before a Committee of Parliament, or to lament the want of "an Irish prelate more Catholic than Roman," when that Cisalpine spirit has been distinctly branded as heretical, and to be more Catholic than Roman is to aspire to be greener than the grass and more blue than the azure of a cloudless sky? Mr. O'Keefe should remember that on Vatican principles the measure, and the sole measure, of true Catholicism is identity with Rome. As Pius IX. happily expressed it, *Tradizione sono io*. He holds all truths and all laws, as another Pope has worded it, *in scrinio pectoris sui*. It is surely obvious that Infallibility must be a law unto itself.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

1.

THE present Exhibition is a fair average and nothing more. There is scarcely a picture that will take the public by surprise, there is hardly an artist who will create a sensation by surpassing the standard of excellence he has reached in previous years. The utmost that in charity can be conceded is that the collection is pleasing and varied, and that the rooms are balanced with more than usual taste. Little or nothing in the way of novelty or innovation upon traditional respectability and established mediocrity calls for notice, save the continued and accelerated decadence which marks the grand central Gallery in consequence of its being reserved as the appointed field wherein certain Royal Academicians are privileged to prove their lack of genius. From year to year it becomes more and more intolerable that insane creations should be placed conspicuously to represent English art. Yet perhaps we may take it as consoling evidence of a vitality which nothing can destroy that Mr. Hart, R.A., is comparatively innocuous, although he claims as of right a place on the line for a screaming horror termed "The Conference between

Manasseh Bén Israel and Oliver Cromwell" (322). This picture is hard as stone, while its neighbour, "Eliezer and Rebecca at the Well" (315), by Mr. Thorburn, A.R.A., is weak as water. We wish it were possible to bury in this, the Poets' Corner of the Academy, a direful work by Mr. Cope, R.A., "Mary Magdalene at the Sepulchre" (309). Mr. O'Neil also has long merited the last reward of labour, and certainly he will have done something more towards paving the path to oblivion by a speedily to be forgotten composition of that trite theme, "Tintoretto painting his Dead Daughter" (246). It is perhaps too much to expect that those and other artists should deny themselves the last infirmity of noble minds; still it is a pity that ambition is not made of sterner stuff, and, at any rate, the love of fame might be tempered by a self-knowledge which should restrain the painter from perpetrating works which only prove his weakness. On this day will assemble a distinguished company of men of state, of letters, and of science, who here, in the Banqueting Hall of the Academy, will, as a matter of course, pay graceful tribute to the ability of our English school. It is much to be regretted that, under existing rules, works of mediocrity which come from the members cannot be shunted.

The guests of the Academy will however doubtless exercise the worldly tact which knows how to seize on the most agreeable topics. And, if we mistake not, attention will especially be directed to one of the most artistic and pleasing pictures of the year, "Subsiding of the Nile" (292), by Mr. Goodall, R.A. This artist has in seasons past made us familiar with the ancient monuments and the modern inhabitants of Egypt, but never do we remember from the same easel a picture so lovely and impressive for scale and distance, for silvery haze in atmosphere, and for the silence which reigns habitually in the Desert. The spirit of tranquil beauty rests on this canvas. Then, again, notice must of necessity be taken of the noble group, "After the Expulsion" (282), by Mr. Elmore, R.A. To paint Eve is always to encounter no ordinary difficulties, but the triumph has been complete; the treatment is refined, the form is instinct with beauty. The post of honour has been reserved for Sir F. Grant, who, as president at the annual dinner this day, will be in the way of praise for his equestrian portraits of the Earl and Countess of Coventry, presented by two hundred and forty-five friends "who have had the pleasure of hunting with his lordship's hounds" (212). But such subjects are hopeless save in the hands of painters such as Rubens, Vandyck, or Titian—from whom Sir Francis, by general confession, stands at a respectful distance. Also conspicuous is another large equestrian portrait, "A Sketch of Her Majesty the Queen" (256), by Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A. It seems to us a question whether a work avowedly very far from completion should not have been withheld altogether; and visitors, it is to be feared, are likely to feel all the more acutely the absence of the three Miss Armstrongs who signalized last year's Exhibition, inasmuch as Mr. Millais has not been able to supply any adequate substitute. And yet the portrait of "Mrs. Bischoffsheim" (228) is in its way triumphant. Among many masterly portraits of the year by Mr. Millais and others, none is so defiant in bravura of brush and daring concatenation of colour. But Mr. Millais has contracted a mannerism of which, we fear, he can scarcely fail in the end to become the slave.

This introductory article will be best devoted to a general summary of the contents of the exhibition. The visitor on entering the first Gallery will be astounded by one of the grandest landscapes of modern times, "A Lion in the Path" (28), by Mr. Poole, R.A. The manner has the breadth, the boldness, and the wide imaginative sweep of the Old Masters; only figure-painters can throw into nature such dramatic intensity. Wild, too, is "The Wind" (64), as the storm rages and the torrent roars in the Highlands—a picture which not even Mr. Peter Graham, the painter, has ever surpassed in power. Its companion, "A Coming Storm" (78), is the only example of the grand manner of John Linnell the elder. "The Fountain" (72), around which graceful girls are posed, cannot be accepted as the strongest work of Mr. Leslie, A.R.A. This picture, together with portraits by Mr. Watts, R.A., and further portraits by Mr. Millais, R.A., will fall under notice on a future occasion. Landscapes and portraits constitute the strength of the first Gallery. The next room in succession is weak; but here again landscapes and portraits assert themselves powerfully. Among the former is Mr. Vicat Cole's "Haytime" (114); this fine study of foreground and middle distance occupies the central spot which the artist held by his master-work of last year. On the same wall hang with good effect a scene "In the Isle of Wight" (122), by Mr. Birket Foster, and "Ramsey Island" (107), by Mr. C. P. Knight. Among figure-painters Mr. Frith, R.A., is not at his best. Mr. Webster, R.A., Mr. Storey, Mr. F. D. Hardy, M. Frère, and Mr. Clark, make this room the stronghold of genre painting. Moreover, the walls are enlivened by certain eccentricities which of late years have become the vogue. But we are all indebted to Mr. Albert Moore and others for breaking the dull monotony, the dreary mediocrity, which rule for the most part in these Galleries. On the whole, classic and mediæval manifestations this year dwindle into a smaller minority than heretofore. Yet our English school has gained so much by these innovations that we wish them to be wisely directed rather than wholly destroyed.

We have already described in brief the aspect of the third Gallery, or Banqueting Hall, and so now cross over to Gallery IV. In passing round the walls again the suspicion grows of weakness and of well-balanced propriety. The Academy, we trust, will live too long to die of dignity, yet some people prefer the free outspoken naturalism and caprice permitted to the Dudley Gallery on the opposite side of Piccadilly. But the Dudley Committee have not yet invited the Ministry and the Bishops to dinner, and therefore do not command the fashion and the prices which more and more favour Burlington House. In Gallery IV., again, we find landscapes so fairly treated as to lead to the inference that the Academy has at last resolved to redeem its character. "Mountain Solitude" (379), by Mr. Leader, "The Graves o' our ain Folk" (336), by J. Smart, A.R.S.A., "Trawlers Waiting for Darkness" (386), by Mr. Hunter, and "Steeple Rock, Kynance Cove" (419), by Mr. Cooke, R.A., are landscapes of a character and power which hold more than their own in competition with the neighbouring figure pictures. Among the latter we shall hereafter have to notice "Jack Ashore" (329), by Mr. Hodgson, the newly elected Associate, "La Levée de Monseigneur" (346), by Mr. Calthrop, "Chatterton" (361), by Mrs. Ward, "The Ethnologist" (380), by Mr. Marks, A.R.A., "The Landing of Charles II. at Dover" (400), by Mr. Ward, R.A., and "A Flag of Truce" (401), by Mr. Pettie, A.R.A. The next Gallery, No. V., leaves but little impression. Here again, however, by a pleasing, well-balanced variety, wherein each picture takes its fitting place as if painted for the post it holds, we are led to the conclusion, not only that the hangers had ample materials out of which to make their choice, but also that they did not hesitate to reject wholesale what they did not want and could not work. On this assumption it can easily be understood how the rooms have been brought together into pictorial and decorative harmony. That the individual sacrifices have been great beyond the average seems proved by the unusual number of rejected works. In this fifth and subordinate Gallery, the chief pictures are "Over the Heath" (447), by Mr. W. Linnell, "Summer Afternoon" (453) by Mr. Davis, the newly elected Associate, "Finished Study for the Head of Lear" (487), by Mr. Herbert, R.A., and "The Path of Roses" (517), by Mr. Yeames, A.R.A.

Galleries VI. and VII. more than sustain the standard of the preceding rooms; indeed it is evident that anxious care has been taken that at no point shall the interest flag or the merit die out. A terrific, but formal fight, conducted strictly according to Academic discipline, "between More of More Hall and the Dragon of Wantley" (541), reinstates Mr. Poynter, A.R.A., in the position which he endangered by the companion picture of last year, "Perseus and Andromeda." The large, studious, and noble work now exhibited is one of the chief features of the Exhibition. On the opposite wall, also commanding the central position, is "The First Prince of Wales" (593), a composition which once more proves Sir John Gilbert the not unworthy disciple of Rembrandt and of Rubens. The corner Gallery, No. VII., which has usually been well cared for and strongly pronounced in character, struck us as being remarkably well massed and managed by the hangers. The greater part of one wall is in possession of landscape, an art of national significance which has never been made more honourable than in the present year. A place of distinction is fitly given to a sober and solid study. "Amongst Granite Boulders" (681), by Mr. Brett. Around this central work are ranged "Borrowdale" (677), by Mr. Hering, "The Vocal Memnon" (676), by Mr. MacCallum, and "Dordrecht and the Meuse" (682), by the well-known Belgian painter, M. de Schampheleer. To the Dutch artist, M. Israels, we owe one of the most simple and pathetic compositions of the Academy, "The Poor of the Village" (684). And here we may take occasion to say that foreign pictures have this year been interspersed with judgment; the examples are well chosen and not too numerous.

Gallery VIII. is, as usual, devoted to water-colours. Galleries IX. and X., with which the oil pictures close, maintain to the last a merit which seems to indicate that the Academy could have further extended the exhibition had space permitted. An increase, however, were it practicable, is to be deprecated on divers grounds; the quality must in the end deteriorate; besides, the endurance of the public could scarcely be expected to hold out. The quantity already given is assuredly ample, the quality only is deficient; and merit cannot be raised except by the accidental birth of genius, or by the slow process of education. In rapidly scanning these last rooms we cannot bring ourselves to admire Mr. Prinsep's choice of a subject—the herd of swine running violently down a steep place into the sea (988). Here is one of these numerous cases in which a written narrative does not bear to be thrown into a pictorial reality. Hence the established distinction between poetry and painting. That the artist has been signally successful in bringing the incident vividly home to the spectator proves all the more irresistibly that the scene is not within the sphere of art. In short, it becomes a question whether swine ought to be painted at all; there is too much beauty in the world to make it worth an artist's while to depict unclean beasts. In the tenth and last room it is impossible, even on the most cursory survey, to overlook either "The Heir" (1062), by Mr. Boughton, or "The Mountain joyous with Leaves and Streams" (1026), by Mr. Alfred Hunt. But if we were asked which work has here left the most indelible mark on the imagination, we should name the grand and ghastly composition by M. Alma Tadema, "The Death of the First Born" (1033). Also abiding in the memory for its loveliness is Mr. Leighton's design illustrative of "The Arts of Peace" (1270). Of these compositions, as well as of others, which we have not found space even to enumerate, we shall treat hereafter. Of "the rejected" it is not our province to speak save in com-

miseration. But the anomalous fact may be worthy of note that the works refused, as well as the works admitted, have been this year beyond all precedent. We are sorry for the unsuccessful, yet without rejection little value would be set on the privilege of admission.

THE TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS.

VERY little happened on the first day of the First Spring Meeting to influence in any way the great event of the week. The Two Thousand Stakes Trial Plate brought out only four runners—Cobham, Tourbillon, Fontarabian, and Hughenden, and a good race between the first two ended in favour of Cobham. The very bad performance of Fontarabian might at first sight have jeopardized the position of Gang Forward, who was beaten at Doncaster by Sir J. Hawley's horse; but, on consideration, that race could be entirely neglected. It was Gang Forward's first appearance in public, and it was the first race on the St. Leger day. There was an immense concourse of people, and the officials had hardly settled down to their work. The mob crowded into the course so much that the horses were almost shut in, and Gang Forward's first experience of racing was not calculated to encourage a beginner. His subsequent performances fully made up for his first and only failure, and each time he ran he gave evident signs of improvement. The Prince of Wales's Stakes had no direct bearing on the Two Thousand, but The Colonel ran well enough in it to satisfy the admirers of Hochstapler that their champion's maiden victory was gained over one horse, at least, who was not absolutely worthless.

We may proceed at once to the Two Thousand day, which opened very inauspiciously for the French stable. First of all, Drummond was beaten easily by Alava; the distance, two miles and a quarter, being too far for M. Lefèvre's quondam Leger favourite, even against so moderate an opponent as Alava. Then Borély, who, it was generally said, was one of the horses that took part in Flageolet's trial, was defeated by Alaric and Hannah; Orphelin fils ran out of the course, a circumstance that has never before, so far as we are aware, happened to any horse ridden at Newmarket by Fordham, and John was beaten far away by Chopette and Meleurge. These successive defeats of M. Lefèvre's representatives could not fail to have a depressing effect on Flageolet, about whom ominous rumours were afloat, and whose position among the leading favourites became weaker and weaker every hour. Indeed towards the end nothing would go down but Kaiser. His success was looked upon almost as a foregone conclusion, and not only Flageolet, but Gang Forward and Somerset also, lost ground at the last. The scratching of Paladin had removed one competitor who, on last year's running, promised to be formidable; but who, we must conclude, has been discovered not to have made the improvement necessary for the maintenance of his position among the leading three-year-olds. The field ultimately dwindled down to ten, the smallest for nine years, save in Macgregor's year, when the same number started. It consisted of Flageolet and his stable companion Trombone, whose mission was to make a strong pace, Kaiser, Suleiman, Somerset, Andred, Doncaster—Mr. Merry's representative—Boiard (a genuine French horse), Lord Mayo, and Gang Forward. We need not recapitulate Kaiser's performances in this place. It is sufficient to say that, despite many defeats, as, for instance, in the July and Criterion Stakes, he ran throughout last season like a good honest horse, and his dead heat with Surinam—to whom he was giving 4lbs.—for the Middle Park Plate, with the cream of the two-year-olds behind him, was quite sufficient to establish him in the position which he has ever since maintained. Flageolet's great triumph was in the Criterion Stakes, which he won from Paladin, Kaiser, and Surinam, giving 2lbs. to Paladin and receiving 3lbs. from Kaiser. His previous victories over Amalie von Edelreich and Lord Mayo were of no great account; but his Criterion victory, which was accomplished by sheer gameness and staying power, stamped him as a racehorse of superior class. The impression left on the minds of those who saw him last year was that he had not a very great turn of speed, but would show to advantage over a distance of ground. Somerset showed great speed in the July Stakes, but Kaiser most effectually turned the tables on him at York. His appearance and action were those of a horse adapted to short courses, and, as will be seen, his performance last Wednesday supported the view taken last year of his capabilities. Gang Forward was never defeated after the mishap that befell him at Doncaster. He ran four times subsequently, and won the Boscawen Stakes at Newmarket First October Meeting, beating Surinam by a head; the Twenty-fifth Triennial at the same meeting, beating Paladin by a neck; the Glasgow Stakes at the Houghton, beating Andred and Surinam; and walked over for a 500 Sovs. Sweepstakes at the same meeting. These races were all won by Gang Forward through gameness and resoluteness at the finish, and each time he came out his friends had fresh confidence in his powers, and in his good will to use them. Suleiman won two good Nursery handicaps late last autumn, and Andred's form has been shown within the last fortnight by his defeat in the Biennial by Negro. On the whole, the two-year-old running of last year showed that there were four or five horses whom it would be difficult to separate from one another, but that Kaiser's form was perhaps a little the best. It was more probable, however, that they were a lot of fair second-class horses than that there was one first-class one amongst them. Most likely future running will show that, as three-year-olds, their standard is not altogether up to the average.

Though there were only ten starters for the Two Thousand, it was as difficult as ever to find out where they were or where they would be saddled. In the Birdcage only five out of the ten were visible, but among the five was Flageolet. No fault could be found with his appearance, and no complaints could be made about his want of improvement during the winter. Doncaster, the highly bred son of Stockwell and Marigold, did not attract much attention, but he ran well enough in the race, considering his backward preparation, to deserve notice hereafter. Trombone, Boiard, and Andred were the remaining horses saddled near the Cesarewitch Stand, so that it was but a meagre parade there before a great race. Kaiser and Gang Forward were saddled at the Ditch Stables, and those who galloped down to see the preliminary canters reported that Kaiser's condition was perfect, while Gang Forward made no new friends, if he made no new enemies. He receded, however, in the quotations up to the last moment, while Kaiser became firmer and firmer. With so small a field there was naturally not much difficulty in effecting a start. It took a little time to induce the crowd of eager horsemen who accompanied the competitors to the post to settle down in their proper places out of the running track; but when once that was done, the starter's task was easy. There were one or two hasty attempts to break away, and then the flag fell. The pace was fast all through, and Trombone did what he could to serve his stable companion. The fast pace soon found out which of the ten could stay a mile and which could not; and at an unusually early point in the race more than half the field were in trouble. Somerset and Andred retired at the Bushes, and Lord Lonsdale's expensive purchase is evidently content with a six-furlongs course. At the top of the hill Kaiser and Gang Forward came out, and Flageolet attempted to join issue with them at the same moment; but, to the consternation of his supporters, he failed to improve his position, and his boasted staying powers were found wanting. Suleiman, who had also occupied a prominent position to the top of the hill, had to be ridden hard as he descended it, but answered gamely to the calls made on him. It had clearly become, however, a match between Gang Forward and Kaiser, and in the dip Kaiser was going as easily as Cremorne last year at the same point. Directly they breasted the hill Gang Forward closed, and a punishing struggle up the final ascent ended in favour of Mr. Crawfurd's horse by a short head, the very last stride just making him the victor. Suleiman, who might have been nearer, was three lengths behind Kaiser; Boiard was fourth, Doncaster fifth, Flageolet sixth, and Andred, Somerset, Trombone, and Lord Mayo formed the rearguard. In justice we ought to say that Lord Mayo was the rearguard all by himself; for, according to a published report of the time of the race, the winner covered the distance in 1 min. 46¼ sec., while Lord Mayo arrived at the judge's chair in 2 min. 5 sec. The winner's time was very good, compared with the time of the last few years; but we confess that we have little faith in time tests, and still less in the accuracy of the people who are supposed to keep the time. The first two horses deserve all the credit that can attach to the positions they occupied. Nothing could be fairer than the tussle for victory between them, though Kaiser, if anything, showed a slight inclination to swerve towards the finish. But a horse sometimes appears to be swerving when, in reality, his jockey is unable to keep him quite straight; and it is an axiom in racing that the strongest rider makes the straightest horse. It has been hard luck for Mr. Savile not only to lose the Two Thousand last year—for which Prince Charlie might have been disqualified—but to miss the City and Suburban and Two Thousand this year also, when both prizes seemed with his grasp. Yet, if it is true that Kaiser is not within some pounds of what Cremorne was at the same age, he can hardly be accounted a first-class horse, and he has had as much success as a good second-class horse can fairly expect.

Gang Forward has fully established his character for gameness, but it is doubtful whether even the best of the three-year-olds are up to a very high standard of excellence; and if Hochstapler is a little out of the common, he has a good chance of winning the Derby. We may add that Kaiser came down the hill much better than Gang Forward, though he was beaten up the hill by the latter; and that the much severer descent at Epsom may very possibly enable Kaiser to turn the tables on his Two Thousand conqueror. Kaiser is much the more compactly built horse of the two, and, in appearance, better suited to the ups and downs of the Derby course. What are we to say of the wretched discomfiture of Flageolet? He must have lost his form like Paladin; but then Paladin's want of improvement was found out in time, and he was struck out to avoid a disastrous defeat. Why was the same course not adopted with Flageolet? As we remarked last week, there is no more trustworthy trial horse in England than Vulcan; and how well qualified the old horse now is to test the merits of a younger stable companion was shown by his excellent race with Prince Charlie at the last meeting. A wonderful mistake must have been made in the estimate of Flageolet's present capabilities, and M. Lefèvre's Two Thousand favourite has shared the fate of other French horses whose signal defeats in great races are fresh in the recollection of race-goers. Hospodar and Fille de l'Air were not only beaten, but disgracefully beaten, for the Two Thousand Guineas; Stradella, after showing extraordinary form a fortnight before, was nowhere in the Chester Cup; and Drummond's failure last year at Doncaster was just as decisive. Mistakes such as these are made either by having an imperfect trial, or by over-estimating the value of its results. Trials may be overdone, we are quite aware; many a good horse

has been ruined by such trials; and it is well known that owners have occasionally been so staggered by the result of a first trial as to consider it too good to be true, and have thereupon ordered a second and more severe task to be set, under which a good horse has succumbed. That is the fault of over-caution; but, on the other hand, some horses have been indulged in their trials, and their owners or trainers have shrunk from ascertaining the real truth as to their powers, for fear lest the truth should turn out to be not so pleasant as they would desire. Perhaps some such error may have been committed in Flageolet's trial; but, mortifying as it may be to an owner and trainer to see their horse beaten under their own eyes, it must be much more mortifying to witness his defeat in public, and the mortification is not felt in the latter case by themselves alone.

REVIEWS.

ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT.*

NO man had ever a greater dislike to his life being written than Alexander von Humboldt. His horror of biographies he described to a friend in his last years as being almost as great as that which he felt for the portraits of old men painted by the sun, although both might, he allowed, be viewed in the interests of science as a disagreeable necessity. In his will he enjoined his dear relatives and friends to prevent, as far as possible, any biographical notice of him from appearing in the public journals, and he expressly desired that the *éloge* usually delivered upon the death of any foreign Associate of the Institute of Paris should be omitted in his case. His representatives having, in furtherance of his wishes, protested against the publication of any confidential letters or papers of his, it seemed at the time impossible to construct a life of Humboldt that should rest upon any authentic and adequate basis of facts. What little was publicly known of the life of the great traveller and philosopher, or of the process of development of his master mind, was in the main derived from a skeleton memoir furnished by Humboldt himself in the year 1850, at the request of the editor, for the *Conversations-Lexikon* of Brockhaus. Fragmentary and imperfect notices of his life and labours have been put forth by H. Kloncke and W. C. Wittwer, and just after the death of its illustrious subject, W. F. A. Zimmermann published his *Humboldtbuch*. It being impossible long to maintain the prohibition laid down by the writer, a series of Humboldt's letters was put forth, within little more than a year, by Varnhagen von Ense, to suit whose propensities for gossip they had been written, and by whom they should by right have been committed to the flames. Piquant as they are, and rich in traits of character and life, these familiar outpourings revealed too much of weaknesses or failings, which, however, shared by even the greatest of men, go far towards making up a truthful image of the writer. The unfavourable impression caused by the untoward and unreserved publication of many secrets was enhanced by the censorious remarks and comments thrown in by Varnhagen himself. Later sets of letters, such as those edited by Berghaus and De la Roquette, did something to bring into prominence the scientific aspect of Humboldt's mind and work. But it was not till the approach of the centenary of his birth that the national interest in him may be said to have thoroughly awakened, stimulated as it was by the advance of Prussia—the once insignificant country of Humboldt—upon the political stage. The meeting of the scientific association at Dresden in September 1868 became the occasion of Professor Karl Bruhns of Leipzig devoting himself to the compilation of an adequate life of the author of *Cosmos*. Scientific friends fell eagerly into the scheme. Letters to Marie Auguste Pictet, to Count George von Cancrin, to Bunsen, and other correspondents of mark, found their way into the pages of periodicals, or were poured in upon the editor. The Humboldt MSS. in the Berlin Observatory were brought out by Professor W. Förster, and the use of the traveller's journals in America and Asia, with his correspondence, was granted by Frau von Bülow, his niece. No fewer than five hundred letters to Humboldt from distinguished personages were supplied by his confidential attendant Seifert, and much matter of value was derived from the archives of learned Societies, as well as from those of the State Departments. The scheme of Professor Bruhns divided itself into two parts. The first part was to contain the story of Humboldt's Life, in three sections, treating of his youth, his manhood, and his old age. The second was to discuss, in eight distinct treatises, the several departments of science to which by his researches he had contributed. We are glad that the second part, made up as it was mostly of extracts from Humboldt's writings, has been omitted from the English edition. The Misses Lassell have given us a clear and readable version of the biography comprised in the earlier part, which supplies, interwoven with the narrative, a sufficiently critical investigation of what the great traveller has done for science. Carefully as the translation has been executed on the whole, it would have gained much from having been subjected throughout to strict revision under some competent hand. Not only would certain failings or solecisms in grammar have been set right, but such queer anomalies or confessions of literary weakness as occasional queries inserted in the text would have been done away with.

The chief interest of the present biography will be felt to lie in the new and additional light which it throws upon the early part of Humboldt's career, his mental training, and the dawnings of that special genius or aptitude for natural study which was so transcendently displayed in after life. It was herein that previous notices had been most strikingly deficient. For the achievements and discoveries of his manhood and age we had, in his published travels and unnumbered works on science, a record of the most eloquent and enduring kind. It was in the nature of his most characteristic writings to fall largely into the form of autobiography. Readers of the *Aspects of Nature* and of *Cosmos* will feel that not much is to be added to the knowledge or the estimate of the man who has taken them in his company over so wide a portion of the earth, and poured out to them his inmost experiences of nature. It was his own expression, that the biography of a man of learning is to be found in his works; and, with all his devotion to his task, Herr Bruhns cannot have found much more to do towards the later portion than to condense and epitomize the all but stupendous products of perhaps the most voluminous writer ever known. The results of Humboldt's travels in America alone, in the shape of journals and treatises, filled, it is said, seventeen folios, nine quartos, and seven octavos; and the list of his entire writings extended to such a length as to induce its omission, much to our regret, from the English edition. For the opening years of Humboldt's life his biographer has to acknowledge the aid of Herr Julius Löwenberg, who had for years been accumulating materials for that purpose. Setting aside much mythical matter which had gathered round the origin and ancestry of the Humboldt family, as having in ancient times settled in Zamenz or Zammenz in Eastern Pomerania, and fought, as stated by Berghaus, in the wars between the Germans and Scandinavians—the name, according to Pott, signifying a Hun of gigantic proportions, and the family wealth having been so vast that the father of William and Alexander von Humboldt bore, in the shape of a loan, half the expenses of the Seven Years' War—we come upon historical notices of the family in the seventeenth century. Johann Humboldt was Burgomaster of Königsberg in the crisis of the Thirty Years' War, dying in 1638. Clemens, his son, bailiff of Neuhoff in the Electorate of Brandenburg, of whom a few particulars are handed down, was great-grandfather of the two illustrious brothers. Nothing of note marked the intervening generations, saving the petition for the patent of nobility, in 1738, by Captain Hans Paul Humboldt, one of whose sons, Alexander George, a major in the army of Prussia, by his marriage with a lady of the old Burgundian family of Von Colomb, the widow of Captain Ernst von Hollwede, came into a large landed estate at Tegel on the Havel, eight miles from Berlin. By her he had a daughter, who died in infancy, and two sons—William, born at Potsdam, June 22, 1767, and Frederick William Henry Alexander, born at 22 Jägerstrasse, Berlin, part of his mother's property, September 14, 1769. Royal personages, including the Prince of Prussia, afterwards King Frederick William II., stood sponsors at the baptism of the younger infant. The premature death of her husband threw at an early period upon the mother—who is spoken of as a good manager, but not marked by genius or force of character—the care of the two boys. Nothing about Alexander bespoke in early life the powers that were to make him great. In frame anything but robust, his slowness of mind caused doubts, as he himself states in middle life, whether even ordinary intelligence would be awakened in him. His first tutor, writes Herr Bruhns, was J. H. Koblanck of Halle, in 1773; though Campe, who had been some years before private tutor to young Hollwede at Tegel, had taught the little Alexander to read and write at three years old, and has generally been held to have inspired the boy from very early years with the passion for foreign travel. His second tutor was Johann Clüsener, afterwards private secretary to the Princess Ferdinand, and counsellor in the local government of Sonnenburg, who was succeeded in 1777 by Kunth, a man of varied culture, with broad and philanthropic views, distinguished in later years by his share in furthering free trade and the formation of the Zollverein throughout Germany. Under Kunth's guidance the young Humboldts had the benefit of the best educational advantages to be had in Berlin, attending the lectures of Fischer in classics and mathematics, and those of Engel and Dohm in general philosophy and political economy. The youths had for their fellow-pupil Joseph Mendelssohn, from whose father Moses they are said to have received valuable attentions. It cannot be said that Alexander made much progress in Greek, since we find him in his nineteenth year, under the tuition of Bartoldi, writing of himself as beginning to decline ἐχίδνα. Flowers and plants, shells and stones, formed his favourite toys or studies; from perpetually collecting, arranging, and labelling which he was called as a child "the little apothecary." He had a marked talent for drawing, and in later life studied in the life school at Paris under Gérard. His portrait of himself, drawn in black chalk in 1814, engraved as the frontispiece to the volumes before us, is one of the best we have. In etching and engraving he had lessons from Chodowiecki, and several impressions from plates of his are extant. For music neither of the lads had the slightest taste or feeling. To William it was simply intolerable, while with Alexander it was "une calamité sociale." The physician Kessler mentions having explained to the lads at Tegel in 1781 the Linnæan system, which William took in readily; not so the younger brother, who himself tells us he had not so much as heard of botany till

* *Life of Alexander von Humboldt.* Compiled in commemoration of the Centenary of his Birth. By J. Löwenberg, Robert Ave-Lallemant, and Alfred Dove. Edited by Professor Karl Bruhns, Director of the Observatory at Leipsig. Translated from the German by Jane and Caroline Lassell. 2 vols. London: Longmans & Co. 1873.

he made, in 1788, the acquaintance of Wildenow, a youth of his own age who had just brought out a Flora of Berlin.

In the intellectual atmosphere of Berlin, where Lessing and Kant were diffusing a higher life of thought, and gifted women like Rahel and Henriette Mendelssohn, married to Marcus Hertz, gathered round them all that was brilliant in literature and art, the young Humboldts rose to man's estate. After ten years under Kunth, who received from Frau von Humboldt a pension of four hundred gold florins for his care of her sons, and who as long as he lived continued to manage Alexander's property, the brothers went to Frankfort, where they matriculated October 1, 1787. It was his mother's wish that Alexander should devote himself to the study of finance, as a preparation for entering the service of the State; but within half a year, while William proceeded to Göttingen, Alexander returned to Berlin. Developing his early taste for botany, he here produced anonymously in French his first literary work, a translation of Thunberg's treatise on the Upas of Macassar, with notes showing much knowledge of natural history. In April 1789 he joined his brother at Göttingen with a letter from Fischer to Pfaff, speaking of him as a fair proficient in political economy who might well have become distinguished in mathematics. This University was then at its height of intellectual power and glory. Alexander writes of his hearing Heyne in Greek, with Matthia, Krcis, and Woltmann for fellow-pupils, Spittler in trade and commerce, Lichtenberg in light, heat, and electricity, and Beckmann in agriculture. In moral philosophy Less was insufferably dull, Fromm of Frankfort seeming actually eloquent beside him. The English princes, Ernest of Cumberland and Adolphus Frederick of Sussex, who were students with Humboldt, moved his pity by having to listen to such dreary trash for a couple of hours a day, and to write out each lecture for Less's correction—"such is the folly actually demanded by that detestable English orthodoxy." He was himself bringing his widening erudition into effect in a little work (1793) upon the Greek and Roman loom, the parts of which he explained from archaic remains, the *onomasticon* of Pollux, the writings of Isidore and others, and which he showed to have been introduced into Spain by the Saracens in the reign of Charles Martel. Beyond all the professors of Göttingen, Blumenbach was the one who most attracted and influenced the mind and taste of Humboldt. His love of natural history, with his new and suggestive efforts to raise ethnology into a science, were traced through life by his grateful pupil as having been among the turning points in his career. It was to Blumenbach that the young student communicated with pride the result of his early experiments with galvanism upon the action of the muscles and nerves. In 1789 the Philosophical Society was set up, chiefly through the influence of Humboldt, among a number of students of like tastes and pursuits. Foremost amongst these, and most qualified by his manifold gifts and accomplishments to serve as a guiding star to Humboldt's career, was Heyne's son-in-law, George Förster, his senior by fifteen years, a linguist, a man of science, and a philosopher, who had already been Cook's companion in his second voyage round the world, of which he had published a masterly narrative. In company with Förster, Humboldt made in 1790 the tour of the Rhine, Holland, Belgium, England, and France. Of the observations of nature made in this journey one result was some slight and somewhat crude treatises on Basalt, to which his limited knowledge of geology led him to assign an aqueous origin, his authority on this point continuing to be appealed to long after he had himself renounced the mistake. Fragmentary notices from his journal and letters show him observant and busy in the Peak Cavern, Derbyshire, at Stratford, Blenheim, and Oxford; also in the thick of a general election, and in the House of Commons, where he mentioned late in life having heard Burke, Pitt, and Sheridan speak in one night. Nothing pleased him more in the course of this tour than the kindness and appreciation shown him by Sir Joseph Banks, to whom he repeatedly through life sent tokens of gratitude and recognition.

Humboldt's strong and growing tastes for nature and travel, fed from so many sources, were for a while diverted by his desire to qualify himself, in accordance with his mother's wishes, for practical or political life. While she lived all more cherished pursuits must give way to this. He is thus found at Hamburg at the end of July 1790, with a letter from Förster to Johannes von Müller, attracted by the celebrity of Büsch as a jurist and a lecturer upon political and commercial subjects. Still his leisure hours at the School of Commerce were occupied with geology and botany, to which he added the study of the Danish and Swedish languages. With the view of completing his education for public life, with especial reference to mining operations and the machinery employed in them, he next entered upon a six months' course at the School of Mines established at Freiberg in Saxony, in 1766, by Heinitz, and then presided over by Werner, reputed the first geologist of the day and even the founder of that science. Young Humboldt's aqueous theory of basalt naturally won him the favour of the arch-Neptunist, by whom Karl Freiesleben, a student of promise with whom he was destined to maintain a close friendship through life, was assigned as Humboldt's mining guide and college chum. The friendship and guidance of Von Buch must have been of even higher value. In eight months' time followed his official appointment as Inspector of Mines in Franconia, where he is seen indefatigable in duty, while storing up multifarious knowledge, setting up the first "fire-engine" at the Royal Porcelain Works at Berlin, where he worked hand in hand with Klaproth, reporting upon salt and vitriol works, narrowly escaping suffocation by carbonic acid gas in the alum works at Berneck, while experimenting upon a safety-lamp of his own invention. The versatility of his talents, brought to light in so many ways, led to his being despatched, much against the grain, on a diplomatic mission, in July 1796, to check the advance of the French under Moreau into the territory of the Prince of Hohenlohe. In the meanwhile an important turn had been given to Humboldt's mind and character by his joining his brother in the intellectual circles of Jena and Weimar, where the young German genius and the light of the new philosophy had gathered to a focus. From 1794, the date of his entry at that University, Goethe, who kept young poets ungraciously at a distance, but eagerly drew to his side youths who were engaged in natural philosophy, was irresistibly attracted towards Alexander von Humboldt, as Schiller's tastes for literature and romanticism drew him towards William. How deeply the gain to both natures from the reciprocal play of intellect and taste was felt on either side is to be seen from the terms in which each of the friends does homage to the genius of the other. Alexander's presence, Goethe writes to Schiller, April 26, 1797, "has had the effect of arousing from its winter sleep my taste for natural science," and he speaks of the "Dioscuri" who came to illuminate his path, setting at the head of those to whom he felt in debt for intellectual benefits received, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, Schlegel, and the brothers Humboldt. In Goethe, on the other hand, Humboldt not only recognized the poetical interpreter, but the scientific expositor, of nature; and that none the less for the fact, which might be thought inexplicable but for the known self-absorption and exclusiveness of the poet, that Goethe, as it has been handed down, never discussed with Humboldt any of his own researches in botany or optics. How highly Goethe stood in his friend's estimation as a botanist is evident from the dedication to him of Humboldt's *Thoughts upon the Geographical Distribution of Plants*, a design of Thorwaldsen's for the title-page showing the genius of poetry as Apollo crowned with laurel unveiling Isis, at whose feet lies a book inscribed "The Metamorphosis of Plants." In *Cosmos*, too, he speaks of the great master of poetic art "whose works are deeply imbued with an equally intense love of nature." With Schiller there was obviously less sympathy or union. Of Humboldt Schiller speaks as "the impersonation of keen, cold reason, with no power of imagination, no tender sympathy, no sentimental interest." "He will never, notwithstanding his great talents and restless activity, accomplish anything truly great in science." "A trivial restless vanity is the main-spring of all his actions"—a harsh and erroneous judgment which, omitted in the published correspondence with Körner, is here given for the first time from the Schiller MS., together with the disparaging phrase "er ein Maul hat" (the gift of the gab). Schiller was nevertheless delighted with Humboldt's consenting to write, in 1794, for *Die Horen*, his new periodical, telling Körner that he is certainly the most gifted man in Germany in the department of natural science, "perhaps even excelling his brother in intellectual power, gifted as he undoubtedly is." It does not appear that Humboldt wrote anything for Schiller's paper beyond the ingenious and elegant little allegory, the *Rhodian Genius*, republished in the second edition of the *Aspects of Nature*, in which, by the mouth of Epicharmus, he sets forth his view of the vital principle in accordance with the philosophy most prominently enunciated by Stahl. Schiller's judgment of this charming fable was, in common with that of most critics of the time, far from favourable. It is most interesting as a sign of the philosophical bias of the writer at what may be considered the turning-point of his life, matured as he was by wide and thoughtful study for the direct investigation and pursuit of physical truth. In the new and instructive light thrown by the correspondence of this period upon the whole process of expansion and preparation in Humboldt's mind lies in fact, we repeat, the chief value and interest of Professor Bruhns's biography.

(To be continued.)

DIXON'S TWO QUEENS.*

THESE volumes are somewhat curious. They show us Mr. Dixon on his good behaviour. Mr. Dixon did not get his farthing damages for nothing. He is evidently trying to put together something which nobody can call either "obscene" or "vamped up." For once we are not called on to believe everything merely because Mr. Dixon tells us that it is so. He is beginning, if not exactly to give references, at least to tell us what are his authorities. One authority, to be sure, if we could only get at it with our own eyes, would doubtless outweigh all the rest in value. Many of Mr. Dixon's facts seem to be set down on the authority of "My Note-Book." The smallest belongings of great men have their charm, but we confess that a sight of Mr. Dixon's Note-Book would for us have a special charm. Perhaps we might find in it the first rough draught of those wonderful dialogues between the nun and the engineer which were worked up to such a brilliant stage of polish in the pages of *The Scotsman*. Perhaps we might find the jottings which Mr. Dixon made when he read the *Characteristics* written by an Earl of Shaftesbury under the belief that it was the first Earl of the series. Nay, what just now concerns us more, we might perhaps find in the Note-Book what we do not find in any part of this present

* *History of Two Queens.* 1. *Catherine of Aragon.* 2. *Anne Boleyn.* By William Hepworth Dixon. 2 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1873.

volumes—namely, Mr. Dixon's reasons for believing that Mary, Duchess of Burgundy, wife of Maximilian, mother of Philip, grandmother of Charles the Fifth, was the daughter of Charles the Bold's last wife, the English Margaret. Mr. Dixon tells us so more than once; so it cannot be a slip. Genealogies, to be sure, are perhaps more commonly "vamped up" than anything else; but we have too great a love for our farthings to run the risk of hinting that Mr. Dixon has "vamped up" this or anything else. He must have some reason, if he would only tell us what it is, for thinking that all earlier historians of that age have so sadly mistaken the Duchess's parentage. He must have some way of explaining how it was that no advantage was taken of a descent which would have put Philip and Charles so near in succession to the English Crown. It would, one would have thought, have been very little use for Henry and Ferdinand to take off the head of the Earl of Warwick, if male descendants of Margaret, male descendants of Richard of York, were not only living, but were among the most powerful princes in Europe. Mr. Dixon is certainly not disposed to undervalue the position either of Maximilian or of his grandson. Not only does Mr. Dixon, anxious perhaps to air his German, call Maximilian "Kaiser" long before other writers report him as being so much as "erwählter Kaiser," but both he and Charles in their turns are constantly called "heir of Germany," "heir of the Empire," somewhat to the prejudice, one might have thought, of the rights of the Seven Electors. Mr. Dixon's Note-Book no doubt contains some full explanation of these difficulties. But it is hard to be told so often that such a source of knowledge is in being, and yet to have no means given us of in any way profiting by its contents.

The Note-Book however which Mr. Dixon dangles in this tantalizing way before our eyes, but which he never allows us to grasp, is far from being the only source to which he refers us for the history of his two Queens. He sends us to all manner of books in all manner of languages. Who can say that these volumes are "vamped up" when at the end of each we find page after page of the names of books—English, French, German, Spanish—all of which we are bound to believe that Mr. Dixon has made use of? The list is imposing; still it is given us in a form which makes it less useful than it might have been. Yet we must not be hard upon a beginner. Mr. Dixon is quite a novice in the art of giving references at all. He and his public have so long agreed to dispense with anything which might imply a doubt as to the inherent infallibility of any statement of Mr. Dixon's, that they have not got into the ways of those authors and readers who are used to a more exacting standard. There are those who make it a point of conscience to give their readers means of testing every statement which they make without going beyond their own pages. We cannot expect Mr. Dixon to reach this stage all at once. It is something that he should recognize that there are such things as authorities at all. Still it is very seldom that we have the chance of comparing Mr. Dixon's own words with the words of the authority on which he relies. He divides his book into chapters, and his chapters into numbered paragraphs. At the end of each volume we may find the names of the books or manuscripts on whose authority the statements in that paragraph are founded. Doubtless this is something for the chosen few who have the books and manuscripts within reach, or whose zeal is strong enough to send them forth on a journey to consult them. But those whose libraries are rich enough in Spanish literature of all dates to be able at once to see how far Mr. Dixon's statements are borne out by his Spanish authorities must be a small and enviable class. Still we have no wish to discourage one who is plainly trying to learn to walk in better ways than he has hitherto been used to. Step by step Mr. Dixon may get on, till he gives us real references instead of, as now, a mere stately shadow of references. Twice or thrice, we are bound to say, he does give us documents in full both in Latin and in Spanish. So far, so good. But in many cases where there is no need to print a document in full, we wish to know, by looking to the bottom of the page, where Mr. Dixon got the materials for some of those striking and picturesque little touches of which his volumes are so full. But this hope is always baffled. We should like, for instance, to know, without rummaging through volume after volume, what authority Mr. Dixon has for calling the Mahometan sovereigns of Granada Caliphs, and their dominions the Caliphate. The formula is certainly unusual in European writers, but so many Mahometan princes in Spain and elsewhere have at one time or another given themselves out as Commanders of the Faithful, that it would be dangerous for any but a good Arabic scholar to pronounce dogmatically that no such title was ever used. This is just the sort of case for which references and foot-notes are meant. If we found such a formula in Mr. Prescott or Mr. Bergenroth, we should feel sure that they had some authority for it, though we should be better pleased if they told us what the authority was. With Mr. Dixon, even with Mr. Dixon on his good behaviour, it may be only a flower of rhetoric, meaning nothing in particular. The suspicion may very likely be an unjust one, but by the simple addition of a foot-note he might have hindered it from springing up in our minds.

If Mr. Dixon thus takes so much pains to keep clear of any charge of "vamping up," he has taken no less pains to keep clear of the other even graver charge which was valued, we presume, at the other of the two mites which made up Mr. Dixon's farthing. As far as we have read, and though we do not profess to have read every word—human nature will sometimes give way—we have read much the greater part of these two volumes, we have not come across anything which can lay Mr. Dixon open to a charge of "obscenity." In fact he would seem to have some wish to show us how near he can go to the forbidden ground and yet keep quite clear of it, how near he can go to the candle without singeing his wings, how he can handle pitch and not be defiled. He puts one in mind of those ancient saints whose virtue was so proof against all risks that they could safely put themselves in positions which in other men would have been looked at as quite proof enough of vice. The subject which Mr. Dixon has chosen is one which must have presented almost irresistible attractions to a writer whose line of life had lain a good deal in the way of Spiritual Wives and such like. King Harry's first two wives were not exactly spiritual, but they have got surrounded by an atmosphere almost as unsavoury as if they had been. If a man chooses really to go into the questions which pretty well make up the history of Katharine and Anne—and without going into them he cannot really understand the ruling controversies of the time—he will find himself in the very *cloaca maxima* of history. No doubt the private memoirs of Elagabalus or William Rufus would be nastier still, but we have not the same means for reconstructing them in full. It is not that people were more vicious then than at other times, but that even virtuous people were driven, either by their misfortune or their choice, to the minute discussion of such wonderful questions. There is a long Latin discourse of Archbishop Cranmer's in Mr. Pocock's collection of documents, an English version of which might perhaps come in some danger of Lord Campbell's Act. And these things cannot be shirked by any one who wishes to go honestly into the history of the time; our estimate of Henry the Eighth, and of many things and many people besides Henry the Eighth, must largely depend on the view which we take of the relations between Arthur and Katharine, and of the relations between Anne Boleyn and several people. It would be hard to write the history of these times in full, so as at once really to look questions in the face, and at the same time to write nothing which cannot with propriety be read aloud in a family. We know not what may be coming. Mr. Dixon calls his book *History of Two Queens*, but as yet we have only one Queen; Henry marries Katharine at the very end of the second volume. Or rather it is the History of Two Queens, but not the Two Queens in the title-page; for the book really amounts almost to a history both of Isabel of Castile and of Elizabeth of York. In writing about them Mr. Dixon does not lay himself open to any special temptations. It is when he gets—we suppose that more volumes are coming—to the divorces and trials of Katharine and Anne that his difficulties will really begin. As yet we get only a few guarded words, a few hints that no one looked on Katharine after her marriage with Arthur as merely a "nominal Princess of Wales." Here no doubt was temptation. We remember how much some writers have made out of the marriage, without waiting for the divorce. We remember how much Mr. Dixon himself made out of the unsavoury doings of the Court of James the First. It is plain that he has practised some self-restraint. He has at least put off the evil day.

Mr. Dixon, even in his reformed state, is not easy to review, or rather he is still harder to review in his reformed state than he was in the unreformed. When he wrote about the Switzers and Her Majesty's Tower it was no hard task to follow him; but no one can carry in his head all the details of the complicated European politics of the days of Ferdinand and Henry the Seventh. It is the sort of case where no one can follow in detail, unless he is prepared to go through as much research for the purpose of reviewing a book as he would have to go through for the purpose of writing it. Again, we must confess that Mr. Dixon's style stands in the way of that serious comparison of statement with statement which is the right thing with people who write straightforward prose in English or any other language. Mr. Dixon is the opposite to M. Jourdain; he stands to verse in the same relation in which M. Jourdain did to prose. Or we may liken him to the youthful Ovid:—

Et quid tentabam scribere versus erat.

In these volumes he has written a vast quantity of blank verse, and, as far as we can see, without knowing that he has been writing it, for he does his metre the injustice of printing it after the manner of prose. Certain it is that many lines together of the *History of Two Queens* fall, sometimes into the ordinary blank verse of tragedy or Milton, in other cases into something like the irregular metre of Southey. Sometimes indeed one can hardly think that the metrical form is unintentional. After Mr. Dixon has recorded the beheading of the Earl of Warwick, and added a quotation from Bacon which nobody can take for anything but well-balanced prose, he gives us a paragraph of one line which not only makes a well-metred verse of ten syllables, but is a kind of tragedy in itself:—

It was Fernando's axe that clove his neck.

But in other parts of Mr. Dixon's poem we have to dig the verses out from the hiding-place into which the printer has thrust them, as editors have often to do with quotations in both classical and mediæval writers. Here is a passage in the shorter iambic metre, one cultivated both by St. Ambrose and by Sir Walter Scott. Mr. Dixon follows the former by trusting to metre only, without adding the more modern invention of rhyme. The Queen spoken of is neither of the Queens in the title-page, but the mother of the former of them:—

The Queen was reeling in her mind.
So many graves about her feet,

So many ghosts about her bed,
So many troubles in her states,
Were more than mortal frame could bear.

Elsewhere, however, Mr. Dixon more commonly uses the familiar blank verse of tragedy. Here, for instance, is a graceful picture of Katharine when she first landed:—

Her name, her rosy cheek, her light-blue eye,
Reminded people of her English blood.

But lest people should be too bewitched with the foreign lady, it is well to put out a few pages later a protest against her father having any jurisdiction in this realm of England:—

On English soil Fernando had no voice,
Except so far as Henry might allow.

Here, again, we have a longer picture of Katharine, accompanied by the Earl of Surrey and Sir William Boleyn:—

The princess was beside herself with joy.
Yet near her mule, and near the Duke of York,
Stood two great courtiers, cap in hand, whose blood
Was by and by to mingle in the veins
Of one who was to be her rival in
The palace, her successor in the throne.

And so the thing goes on. We might copy whole pages by far the greater part of which falls easily into lines, very fair lines some of them, of ten-syllable verse. They are indeed broken here and there, sometimes by a few words with a syllable or two which refuse to bend with the run of the metre, but more commonly by lines, as we must call them, like the unfinished verses in Virgil or the short lines in the *Curse of Kehama*, which break in upon the rule of ten syllables, but which do not break in upon the iambic cadence. Let anybody take p. 351 of the first volume—the passage is too long for us to copy after copying so many—and he will find that the five or six opening sentences fall easily into iambics; not indeed like the others, after the manner of Milton, but quite after the manner of Southey. We do not know whether this metrical tendency is one of the beauties of Mr. Dixon's style in the eyes of his admirers; for our own part we like prose to be prose and verse to be verse. When we turn to pieces of really good narrative writing in other books, we find that it would be possible here and there to pick out a stray ten-syllable verse, but it is never possible to pick out four or five together as we can with Mr. Dixon. But the unlucky thing is that this poetical style of Mr. Dixon quite disables us from the sort of research which would be needed to test those of his facts which do not show themselves obviously on the surface. No amount of metre could persuade us that Duchess Mary of Burgundy was the granddaughter of Duke Richard of York. But when we find Lord Surrey and Sir William Boleyn described in easy flowing lines as standing on each side of the princess's mule, we really do not care to look in Hall or anywhere else to see if it really was so; we should as soon think of looking up the authorities for the judicial combat of Marmion and of De Wilton. Both our poets carry us off into a region which we are used to see peopled with historical names, but where we do not search too minutely into the historical character of their actions. But there is, on the other hand, a point of difference. Scott and Southey alike give us at the end of their volumes a mass of curious and miscellaneous matter which we have known some people of perverse taste prefer to the poems themselves. Mr. Dixon, when he comes down from his metrical flight, gives us nothing but dry references to books and MSS. which are hard to come at, and to his own Note-Book which is hardest to come at of all.

We cannot honestly say that we wish Mr. Dixon to go on any further with his *History of Two Queens*. We have no pleasure in hearing Arthur called over and over again, not Prince of Wales, but "Prince of Camelot." We see no wit or wisdom in repeating the words "moping widow" and "child of sin" over and over again in two or three pages. Some people, we suppose, like such tricks; we do not. Still, in consideration of Mr. Dixon's manifest strivings to behave better than before, we will promise him thus much. If he will write his next volume in prose—and we will define prose to be where we cannot find more than two ten-syllable lines, and those not consecutive, in each page—and if he will make his references even as little unsatisfactory as Mr. Froude's, we will review such a volume seriously as an historical work.

ETRUSCAN INSCRIPTIONS.*

LORD CRAWFORD has convinced himself that the language of the ancient Etruscans was a High-Dutch dialect, and that with this key we may decipher the strange inscriptions which have hitherto baffled philologists. We may say at once that his conviction and his interpretations, although many of these may lie open to serious objections, cannot be dismissed with contempt. The last hundred years have been marked by many marvellous philological discoveries, of which some have stood the test of criticism, while others have gone their way into the limbo of absurdities. The monuments of Darius and Tiglathpileser have been read with a success, and a general harmony among interpreters, which leave no doubt of the soundness of the result; and the fact that Egyptian hieroglyphics have been made to yield up their secrets is no longer questioned even by those who hold that these hieroglyphics furnish very little history and no definite chronology. But, whether in the case of the Persian or of the Assyrian and Egyptian inscriptions, the method followed has been the same. This method is hedged in by the rules which an examination of the growth of language has imposed on comparative philologists; and discoveries which have been brought about in defiance of this method have been met by strong suspicion or dismissed as absurd. The results of Assyrian explorations have been received with confidence, not only because the inscriptions have been shown to be written in a coherent language whose grammatical structure has been thoroughly analysed and compared with that of other kindred dialects, but because they yield intelligible statements, many of which are abundantly borne out by writers belonging to other countries, and not a few of which furnish precisely those contradictions to the versions of foreign writers which we should expect to find in them. When, therefore, an attempt was made to prove that the inscriptions of Sennacherib and his fathers were pure Arabic, and that they resolved themselves into incoherent ravings and howling incantations to the sun, the moon, and other gods—and this too only by dint of leaving a good deal of matter untranslated—the effort simply raised a smile, and it was felt that Sir Cornewall Lewis's reading of "Hey Diddle-diddle, the Cat and the Fiddle" into old Umbrian was a better and a more successful joke. In his hands the old English nursery rhyme became an excellent votive inscription; the deliberate absurdity of the thing lying only in the arbitrary assumption that the Umbrian might be read off into English, or English into Umbrian. If solid grounds could be adduced for believing that the method here followed was not arbitrary—in other words, that the translator went upon no mere assumption—the process and its results would both cease to be absurd. But we have had so much of random guesswork of the wildest kind that a feeling of impatience on being brought face to face with fresh wonders may well be forgiven. The burnt child dreads the fire; and we may shrink from experiments which give the Phrygian *dav* or *dam* as the mother of our *dame*, and which find in the Assyrian Nergal a compound of the Greek *anêr* and the Hamitic *gula*. The mischief of this lawless license is not confined to the jumbling of words from languages no more akin to each other than English and Tahitian; and the authors of these random guesses are responsible for the historical and theological speculations which their unwary victims have based upon them.

Lord Crawford is not to be classed with men of this school. However defective may be his method, and however uncertain his results in some or in many cases, however sure we may feel that not a few of his interpretations must be rejected as groundless, he is aware that the attempt to decipher writings in any language is absurd unless we have good reasons for believing that we can trace the affinity of that language to some other known dialect. If, then, he starts with the assumption that the old Etruscan was a High-German dialect, he has at the least shown that this assumption is not arbitrary. No one probably now looks on the old fancy that the Tyrrhenians came from Lydia as worth a thought, and no one probably is less confident in the likelihood, at least, of Niebuhr's conclusions respecting their origin. In the facts that the Rætian speech was closely cognate with the Etruscan, and that the Etruscan cantons had, in earlier times than that in which we become historically acquainted with them, extended to the north of the Po, and even into the mountains, we have a full justification for tracing their course from the North and not from the South. This conclusion Niebuhr adopted without hesitation; nor have the speculations of philologists, even when they differ most widely from each other, advanced anything to shake it. That the old Etruscan language belonged to the class of Indo-European dialects has been admitted by all. In Dr. Prichard's belief nothing more could be regarded as "tolerably well established." Dr. Donaldson held it to be "in part a Pelasgian idiom, more or less corrupted and deformed by contact with the Umbrian, and in part a relic of the oldest Low-German or Scandinavian dialects." Differing from him in seeking a clue through the labyrinth in High rather than in Low German forms, Lord Crawford does not stand alone; and all that remains to be done is to test the soundness and value of his results. Of their general correctness he feels no doubt; indeed doubt would have been a conclusive reason for not putting them forth to the world. But while he is prepared for the rejection of much, he thinks that from the amount of work already done "some views may be formed as to the course which inquiry will take in these directions." He admits candidly at starting that to some extent the search must be empirical. The Etruscan bilingual inscriptions have yielded no Rosetta stone in which the two texts give the exact equivalent in the two languages. With one solitary exception, "the whole of them put together only furnish one single positive Latin equivalent for an Etruscan word other than a proper name." But if Lord Crawford's speculations may at all be trusted, the method by which proper names were translated gives some results confirming his theory. One of these inscriptions exhibits the Latin Q. Folnius Pom Fascus as the equivalent of the Etruscan Ælchephalmiælches Kiarthialisa, the latter word being a metronymic, not a patronymic. Here the prænomen Quinctus answers to the Etruscan Ælche, while for the cognomen Pom., whatever this may be, the Etruscan has no corresponding word. Lord Crawford, holding that Quinctius or Quinctus may be compared with Fabius, Lentulus, and many other Roman names taken from fruits or vegetables, looks for

* *Etruscan Inscriptions Analysed, Translated, and Commented upon.* By Alex. Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, Lord Lindsay, &c. London: John Murray. 1873.

analogies to Ælcho in Teutonic dialects, and finds it in the German *quette* or quince. The rest we must give in his own words:—

"Quett-isch would be "of or belonging to a quince." *T* and *l* are interchangeable letters; and thus *quet-* would become *quel-*, and *quettisch quellisch*. But there is a constant tendency in Teutonic words which begin with *q* to drop that letter, as, *e.g.* in *quus*, which we have already shown to be the old form of *feast*, and in *quell*, "fons," the English *well*. Our original *Quettisch* thus becomes *Uellisch*, that is, in Etruscan *Æt-cii*, or more properly *Æt-scii-*, the Etruscan ∀ having, I have suggested and I think shown, the force of *sch*. On the other hand, the genius of the Latin dialect was less ready to part with the initial *q*, as we see in the retention of "quatuor," "quinque," "quis," as compared with the Celto-Gallic and Teutonic pater, "four," the Greek and Italic *πέντε*, "five," and innumerable similar words; and thus Quinctius survives; or, in other words, Quinctius is simply the original *quette*, *quents*, with the *n* inserted for euphony (p. 69).

We will but note here the seeming haste of Lord Crawford to put down as directly Teutonic words which may have been received through Latin from the common source both of Latin and Teutonic. Feast and festival have an ecclesiastical look; and a more obvious analogy for *quas* might be found in the old English waes-hail or wassail. The mysterious Pom. in this inscription Lord Crawford, without pretending to determine its developed form, refers to the Pomum Cydonium, Κυδωνία, or quince. That *Kiarthialisa* answers to the cognomen Fuscus there can be little doubt. Lord Crawford, asserting that TH is a softened form of z, finds the Teutonic equivalent of Kiarthi in *Swarz, Swarz, Swart, swarthy*. In another inscription the Latin Niger translates the Etruscan Thapirnal; and here again the TH, as equivalent to z, leads Lord Crawford to connect the word with the German *zauber* and the Greek *σφήρος*. In the same way the Latin *violens* is written on an inscription at Perugia as the equivalent of the Etruscan *Kahatial*, in which Lord Crawford discerns the modern German *heftig*, the older *haftig*, derived from the same root as the Etruscan *capys*, γύψ, a hawk, and *haben*, "cap-ere," to seize. He is not even deterred by the mysterious phrase *κόγξ ὀμπαξ*, by which the worshippers were dismissed at the Eleusinian mysteries, and which some have identified with the not more intelligible form Cansha om Pachsa, with which the Brahmins close their religious services. For Lord Crawford these words have no mystery at all, and represent simply *Gang zu ambachs* or *zumbachs*, "Go to your (practical) duties," "Go about your business." On such ground as this there is need of wary walking, and we move among pitfalls as we follow his remarks on the correspondence between the Latin names Caius and Caia and the Etruscan Vele. That Caius and Caia came to denote man and wife is proved by the words used by the Roman wife on crossing her husband's threshold for the first time—*Ubi tu Caius, ego Caia*. So completely had the origin of this phrase been forgotten that Cicero looked upon the choice of the name as a mere accident, like that which introduced John Doe and Richard Roe into English law courts. Some woman named Caia was the first, or among the first, who had been married by coemptio; and her name being found in old records by later writers led them to suppose that all women married by coemptio were called Caia or Gaia. Lord Crawford thinks that there must be something more in it when we trace the name through Umbrian, Volscian, and Oscan, as well as Latin dialects, and when we find that Gaia in Greek is the earth as the universal mother, Caius and Caia being thus the active and passive agents in reproduction, and thus rendering it not unlikely that the Etruscan *vele* is cognate with the Teutonic *bull*. But it would be satisfactory to have some decent warrant for going off to the "old Egyptian Ka-, signifying 'husband, male,'" or to the Semitic Baal for Vele. Here, as for *quas* and *wassail*, we have a nearer source in the root which has furnished the large family of words, including genus, kind, kin, king, and queen.

As a last instance we may take the process by which the name Otacilius, as translating the Etruscan Unata, is connected with the Greek and the Teutonic wind gods. In Unata Lord Crawford sees another form of the Etruscan Andas, interpreted Boreas by Hesychius, of Antæ, which Hesychius assigns as the Etruscan for "winds," as well as of Antar, which he interprets by ἀετός, the eagle. In the first two words Lord Crawford sees an abraded form of *went, ant, and, wint*, wind, the Latin ventus, the first syllable in Otacilius representing the same word, while *-acil* points to the Latin aquila, the vogel, fowl or bird *per excellentiam*, and to Aquilo; which at once brings Lord Crawford to Boreas, and plunges him into venturesome speculations on the mythology of the Edda, in which the giant Hræs-velgr is spoken of as living far in the North, the wind being produced by the shaking of his eagle wings. Hræs-velgr, he thinks—but he does not commit himself to the assertion—may be a Scandinavian form of Boreas-fylg, and thus equivalent to Boreas, the messenger, and he is of opinion that Ὠτ- ακλ- may be ultimately resolvable into this compound name:—

This inference [he urges] is palpably supported by the facts that, by an ancient tradition, the Otacilii derived their origin from Dacia, that is, Thrace—that Boreas lived, according to mythological legend, in Thrace, and that "Hræs" in Hræs-velgr is etymologically the same as Thrax and Thrace on the one hand, and Boreas on the other—the Getæ, moreover, being proto-Goths or Jötuns—the Juthungi being evidently one of their divisions—of the precise breed of Hræs-velgr.

We have allowed Lord Crawford to speak for himself, and although our judgment generally must be reserved, he has at least a claim to a fair hearing. Language, he admits, has not been his special study, and his object has been not to interpret these inscriptions for their own sake, but to ascertain what the language is in which they are written, and to apply the argument thence arising to the solution of the question "Who were the Etruscans?" Possibly, at a time when we have the promise of a work on the subject by one who has made language his special study, Lord Crawford might have done more wisely in keeping back his own volume. But, as he has put it before the world, it would be unjust to withhold our opinion that his toil has not been altogether wasted, and that he has done good service by his attempts to break ground in a field on which more labour must be spent hereafter.

SQUIRE SILCHESTER'S WHIM.*

ONE of the characters in Mr. Disraeli's latest novel attributes the vigour of the English upper classes to their abstinence from books, combined with their out-of-door habits of life. Mr. Mortimer Collins, or at least Mr. Collins's Squire Silchester, pushes the theory a stop further, and argues that, while it is certainly well to read very little, perfect safety lies only in not knowing how to read or write at all. The Squire brings up his son and daughter on this principle. When the girl was twenty and the boy nineteen they had never opened a book. Their father undertook their education, and told them in rhyme everything he thought it necessary they should know. The result, we are assured, was that they possessed a great deal more of all the best kinds of knowledge than most young people of their age, and especially they knew how to commune with Nature (capital N of course). These studies, it seems, frequently led Silvia to the tops of the highest oaks in her father's woods. The first part of the story is full of denunciations of the alphabet and that "scoundrel Cadmus," and all the mischief and misery that come from reading and writing; and we naturally expect that the succeeding chapters will show the admirable results of the Squire's plan. We are surprised and disappointed to find that when the young Silchesters grow up they are very like other people, except that they talk rather more nonsense and are distressingly priggish. Silvia has spent her youth on the tops of the oaks, as far as we can see, to very little purpose, and she gives up her taste for climbing as her petticoats lengthen. As for Silvester, he turns out not only a prig, but a poetaster, a writer of verses of the genuine *Keepsake* and *Book of Beauty* style, and of these Mr. Collins inflicts on the reader rather too many examples. "What perplexed our young poet at first was absolute ignorance of the art of writing"; but this was an obstacle which a sharp memory enabled him to overcome, and afterwards he learned writing on his own account. If Mr. Collins had depicted the weak-minded youngster as having been saved from the misfortune of proclaiming his imbecility in wishy-washy verses, he would have furnished at least one good argument in favour of striking out reading and writing from the ordinary course of elementary education. Possibly if Silvester had been taught his letters in the ordinary way as a child, he would have worked off his yeasty sentiment at school. It is said that a novelist's creations occasionally exercise a strange fascination over his own mind, and one is led to suspect something of this kind here. It would almost seem as if Silvester had seized Mr. Collins's pen and written the book for him; there is a tone of boyish greenness and pretentious, inflated sentiment, big talk, and small ideas running through it all. When we say boyish, we mean something of course very different from the fresh boyishness of the genuine schoolboy—which in its way is quite natural, and, we may even say, manly; we mean rather the boyishness of settled unripeness and hopeless immaturity; the boyishness of the man who has grown in years, but not in manhood. Both Silvester and the author break out into rhyme on the slightest provocation, or rather on no provocation at all, and their verses are wonderfully alike in glib mechanical dexterity, and borrowed or reflected commonplace. The verses which are used to swell the volume have for the most part absolutely nothing to do with the story; but, after all, verses which are printed as verses carry their warning with them, and a very little taste of Silvester's puts us on our guard against them. But it is hardly fair to entrap the unwary reader by verses disguised as prose, as in the following passage—a young lady's soliloquy:—

Oh, if I only knew how to tell whether a man was true—how to tell whether his brilliant bravery had any kin at all with knavery—how to find his measure of mind beneath the handsome corporeal rind! I am ready to love to my uttermost breath, and to give my love to the verge of death. But he whom I love must be true, or I shall leave him alone in his filth—and die. Better any death than to bear the curse of a scoundrel husband. It were not worse to be a slave without chance of egress—a frightfully flogged and scarified negress.

With more of the same stuff to match. In order to eke out the three volumes we have not only scraps of namby-pamby verse, but old legends, dull dissertations on the elements of poetry, on the relations between the sexes, on the best form of government, drainage, the poor-laws, and even—of all things in the world—"a digression as to diplomacy with America."

The story, as far as there is any story, would fill, we should say, pretty nearly one of the three volumes into which the work has been painfully—we are thinking of the reader—spun. If Mr. Collins had put what there is of it into a single volume, there would have been less reason to complain, but it is rather hard

* *Squire Silchester's Whim.* By Mortimer Collins. London: King & Co. 1873.

that people should be deluded into wading through all this flabby leading-article and still more flabby verse under the pretence that it is part of a story. Mr. Collins should take a hint from the honest milkman, and give his milk and his water in separate jugs. Of the story itself we cannot presume to say anything in the way of criticism. It is just one of those things which defy, or at least elude, criticism. We must content ourselves with trying to give a faint idea of it. The Silchesters are a very old family, and Devonshire to the backbone. Silvester's grandfather, disappointed in love, waited till the sweetheart who threw him over had a daughter marriageable, and then married the daughter. Silvester's father saw a young lady one night at the theatre, proposed to her next day, and was accepted. Silvester himself went out one day for a walk. In a lane he met a young lady, Miss Louisa Osyth St. Osyth, the rector's niece. He had never seen her before; but she looked a very nice girl, and so he said (quite in the good old Devonshire way):—

Silvester.—"Marry me?"
Louisa.—"To-day?"
Silvester.—"Not necessarily; but when a girl has said yes, she is married. You are my wife from this moment, Louisa, if you say yes."
Louisa.—"I say yes, my dear love . . . and I am yours always."

And presently Silvester goes off into a gabble of verses, quite in the style of *bonbon* mottoes.

Miss St. Osyth is described as "very High Church and very learned." She was a first-rate geometrician and algebraist, read Greek and wrote Latin, and composed her uncle's sermons for him. Silvia, Silvester's sister, was "a sumptuous young creature with fair hair, dog-violet eyes, straight Greek nose, and much magnificence of curve." One day there arrives at the Devonshire village by the sea a little undecked boat with a lateen sail. A stalwart young fellow, with bronzed face, jet black hair, and a pair of pistols and sharp long stiletto without a sheath in his belt, steps on shore. On board the boat, and chained to it, is a panther, which keeps guard over a chest of gold and jewels, the stranger's travelling treasury. From a pouch in his belt he produces a rough diamond, about the size of a hen's egg, and a nugget of gold that might weigh a dozen pounds. His pockets are full, as he incidentally observes, of precious stones, in case he should run short of change. This interesting young man falls in love with the two girls and resolves to carry them off, either one after the other or both at once. "He thought of islands in the Greek seas that he remembered, where it would be Elysium to live with a woman till you tired of her. What then? Leave her to chance or sell her as a slave." Thus the nice young man meditated over a pipe of honeydew. He seizes Louisa first, puts her in his skiff and makes for an island, which he has hired for his purposes, at a short distance from the coast. She escapes, with the aid of an old Highlander. Next, he disguises himself as a missionary, lives in a secluded tower, and makes a haul of both girls, who have fallen into a pool close by and have come to the tower to get themselves dried. He puts Louisa into one of the cellars and chains her to a staple in the wall, and meanwhile Silvia walks home in her sleep—only a mile or two—clothed simply in a blanket. An alarm is raised, and Louisa is again rescued. Another time Nugent—for that is the villain's name—reappears dressed as an old gipsy, is again foiled, goes away to Jersey, and hires a man with a balloon to fly away with one of the girls. But the balloon is destroyed in a storm, and Nugent can now think of nothing else than putting himself at the head of a band of navvies who have been sent down to survey the Silchester country with a view to a new railway, and besieging the Squire's house by night. At last he is caught and locked up in a lunatic asylum for the rest of his days. We feel, however, that we have given a very feeble idea of the complicated villany and startling incident of this thrilling romance, which is certainly quite equal, if the poetry, philosophy and other jargon were left out, to anything we ever recollect having read in penny numbers when a boy.

In epigram Mr. Collins is almost as strong as in incident. Here are some samples:—"Trees talk." "There are cats and dogs among men and women." "Curiosity, like Comedy, lives in villages." "The pulex is not named in genteel society." "The perfect lady is the difficulty of description." "The sort of woman whom it is my desire to describe is confoundedly indescribable. Pretty? Perhaps. Witty? Rather. Dreamy? Drat it. Sweetheartish? Yes, thank you." We learn incidentally that as a rule the author is to be found in bed between 2 A.M. and 8 A.M., though sometimes in cold weather he takes another hour or two in the morning, and that "when he hears a man swear at a servant, his reflection is—'You won't dine with me.'" One of these days, should the Good Templars and Permissive Prohibitory people get the upper hand, these volumes will possess a curious historical value, as a record of the obsolete drinking customs of the country, or at least of Devonshire. The book reads like a continued carouse, and may be described as a romance of chronic alcoholism. Nothing ever happens without a drink. There seem to be always glasses on the table, and corks popping, and a strong odour of liquor and tobacco-smoke. Every incident has its appropriate beverage, and at intervals business is completely suspended for a big drink all round. There is a doctor in the book who insists that "brandy should always be carried in the pocket." When the rector is in trouble about his niece he is "dosed with brandy" and goes home consoled. When Louisa is on the villain's island she has a lobster and pint of still hock for luncheon, and afterwards Donald cplies her with Glenlivat. "We might manage some Moselle cup," says gentle Silvia, in one of her thirsty moods; and when she and Louisa seek shelter at the tower, she remarks that they are lucky to find a fire and "something to drink." "Getting opposite to each other in front of the fire, clad extemporaneously in blankets, with a table before them, on which was a bottle of cognac, and a kettle singing on the fire, they are certainly not to be pitied." The Squire, we are told, drank brandy and seltzer with his pipe in the library, and occasionally Tokay or Madeira when he had an old friend with him. On market-days he had a glass of sherry at the "Silchester Arms." When some old manuscripts are going to be read, "cool liquids" are ordered up. The villain's favourite drink is cider and brandy, half-and-half, but when disguised as a missionary he has "a pretty little straw-coloured pints of maraschino about him." At a school-girls' party the author lets off the young creatures with a taste of "a weak preparation of alcohol." In the second volume there is an arid interval in which nobody is drinking anything, and Mr. Collins has to look up a couple of school-boys and a drunken voter and send them together to a pot-house. The boys and the voter have nothing on earth to do with the story, and nothing comes of the incident; but it is at least a pretext for a dram. Towards the end of the book there are strong symptoms of dipsomania. Even the ascetic vicar acquires a keen appreciation of Chablis with lobster salad, gets quite chirrupy, and spouts Catullus. The company have a hearty meal at 10 P.M.; then they go out on a moonlight adventure, make a call, and have another "good supper of lobster and rabbit," and then "home to breakfast." Another night they polish off "a quantity of cold beef, and—fortunate find!—a lobster and a mighty tankard of old ale, singularly soft and strangely potent." But as they do not go to bed immediately, they are soon ready for "a splendid piece of bacon and no end of eggs," with another "mighty draught of ale." There are some passages about wedding ceremonies at the end that might certainly have been written by Silvester during or after one of these heavy nights.

SYMONDS'S RECORDS OF THE ROCKS.*

MR. SYMONDS, an early promoter of the field-clubs which are now so popular in many parts of England, endeavours in his *Records of the Rocks* to interest his readers rather by pleasant gossip than by authoritative teaching. Indeed it is rather in his general character as a pedestrian guide to "amateurs who," to quote the words of his preface, "enjoy passing their leisure hours among rocks, old castles, old authors, and the wild flowers of strange wayside places," that we prefer to regard Mr. Symonds in the present notice of his book; for we are sure that, while it will serve as a very useful itinerary for geologists on their rambles, it will be still more welcome to the more discursive naturalist and to the ordinary tourist, on account of the variety of fields over which it conducts him. Leaving, therefore, to others the phenomena of denudation upon which he discourses in the Woolhope Valley and elsewhere, the relative influence on highland and mountain scenery of aqueous action and volcanic movements, and the problems connected with glacial erosion which are recurred to in several parts of the volume before us, we shall content ourselves with taking account of the collateral objects of interest which environ Mr. Symonds's path. Whoever avails himself of the *Records of the Rocks* as a travelling companion will be in no danger of wasting precious time by the way, in false starts or mistaken routes. The writer is thoroughly acquainted with his ground, and spares no pains to give his readers clear and useful information on all sorts of subjects. Suppose, for example, we are seized with a desire to ascend the Lickey, a remarkable range of hills to the north of the town of Bromsgrove, the Longmynd in Shropshire, or that landmark of the Herefordshire border of Gloucestershire known to every traveller as May Hill—Mr. Symonds tells us not only the most convenient route, but all that it is desirable to glance at by the way. Here is a description of May Hill, which will afford a fair illustration of Mr. Symonds's style, and may perhaps recommend the ascent to tourists who might otherwise be disposed to tarry at its base:—

> May Hill, which gives its name to these Upper Llandovery rocks, is a great prolongation of the axis of Silurian strata from Woolhope to Purton and Tortworth, across the Severn into Gloucestershire. It is supposed by some to take its name from Maia, the mother of Mercury, whom we now behold in the heavens as one of the Pleiades, while the less antiquarian mind attributes the name to the fact that, on May-day in times gone by, the good folk of Gloucester danced on the green among and around the firs that are planted on its summit. Nowhere in this part of England is there a nobler view. To the north rise the ancient Malverns, the Silurian rocks of Ledbury and Woolhope clothed with wood, and to the north-westward peep out in the distance the Welsh hills of Old Red Sandstone, with here and there an outlier of Carboniferous rocks, telling the history of denudation between points so distant as the Pen Cerrig Calch, near Crickhowell, and the Clee Hills in Shropshire. Westward is the Forest of Dean, with its Old Red base, and all the Carboniferous series on its summit; and eastward is the Severn, wandering by the old Norman cities of Worcester, Tewkesbury, and Gloucester, among the battle-fields of centuries, by ancient cathedrals, abbeys, and churches, until it expands into its fine estuary; and far away to the south we see its glistening waters bordered by the Cotteswold, the Mendip, and the Quantock Hills.

This is a very good example of the sort of mixture of geology, archæology, and local geography which Mr. Symonds provides for his readers, and they can choose for themselves whichever aspect

* *Records of the Rocks; or, Notes on the Geology, Natural History, and Antiquities of North and South Wales, Devon, and Cornwall.* By the Rev. W. S. Symonds, Rector of Pendock. With numerous Illustrations. London: John Murray. 1872.

of the landscape they may happen to prefer. When we are carried on a visit to the beautiful and secluded Abbey of Llanthony, Giraldus Cambrensis is laid under contribution for its origin and history, and the gossiping old Archdeacon of Brecon is cited as affirming that the stones of the Black Mountain of which the structure was built are "Parian stones," susceptible of a high polish—in other words, free stone "qui et liberi vulgo dicuntur." At New Radnor, Leland is quoted in reference to a ruin supposed to have crowned the summit of the Castle Hill, but without a vestige or token left, till an attempt was made in 1863 to dig foundations there for the "Lewis memorial." These excavations unbared, it would seem, the very "piece of a gate" which Leland says "was amendyd." Certainly not until Mr. Symonds unearthed the fact would modern Radnorians have dreamed what the same topographer records, "that after Owen Glyndour won the castel, he took a threescore men that had the guarde of the castel, and caused them to be beheaded on the brinke of the castel yard, and that, since, a certain bloodeworth groweth ther wher the bloode was shed." It was on the historic ground of Whittington Castle, near Oswestry, which Guarino de Metz won with Peveril's daughter as the meed of prowess in the tilt-yard of the Castle of the Peak, that it first occurred to Mr. Symonds to combine his geological investigation of rocks with some account of the buildings, ecclesiastical or military, which have been built of or on them. This combination of historical with geological lore is sometimes turned to good account. Notably is this the case as concerns the bearing of botany on geology; and, in a kindred fashion, geology explains archæology and legend lore, or *vice versâ*. Near Merlin's city, Caermarthen, the wizard, so legends tell, was enticed on a fine summer's day, when the birds were singing and the butterflies flitting, by another wily fairy Vivien, into a cavern, where she entombed him by aid of his own spells. The clue to the whole story is, it seems, the appearance of buttertlies (or trilobites tails) in the "Upper Llandeilo" rocks of Pensaru and Mount Pleasant.

It was at the legend-haunted Llandewi Brevi, near Tregaron in Cardiganshire, that St. David's preaching to the bishops, abbots, clergy, and laity of Wales was so visibly and supernaturally sanctioned "that a snow white dove descending from heaven, sat upon his shoulders; moreover, the earth on which he stood raised itself under him till it became a hill," on which indeed its still remaining church was afterwards built. The legend, Mr. Symonds surmises, is referable, in part at least, to the fact that the site is a volcanic dyke of the Caradoc period; whilst the fable of the furrow of the Llanog oxen, which in St. David's day transported the carcase of a gigantic beaver from the same place, and of one of which the horn was a holy relic implicitly believed in by the Cambro-Briton, is clearly due to the preservation there of a well-fossilized portion of the horn of "Bos primigenius." The marvel of Marcley Hill, near the conflux of the Lugg and Wye, in Herefordshire, changing its ancient site, and going of its own volition a slow and painful three days' march to a higher station (A.D. 1575), is still referred by the gaping rustic to an earthquake at the Crucifixion. The undoubted solution is a landslip, not singular in the Upper Ludlow rocks about the Woolhope country. "The cause of these great landslips may be referred to the jointed structure of the rocks, the steepness of the dip of the beds, and the percolation of much rain down the joints." The Buckstone, near Monmouth, which is usually called Druidic, is shown to be one of many cases of erratic boulders; and the legend in North Wales "that from Llandudno to Puffin Island was dry land within the human epoch," has its germ of truth in the geological doctrine of submergence. These instances, it is true, are rather connected with legend than with history, but there is no old castle of which Mr. Symonds does not tell us the personal history as well as of the rock out of which it is raised; and the care with which he has ransacked Giraldus and Leland and Camden bespeaks him an observer of catholic instincts, and not a *homo unius libri*.

Mr. Symonds has also a quick eye for objects of botanical interest, as will be seen from the care with which he chronicles the finding of the exceedingly rare Draba Aizoides at Pennard Castle, near Gower Inn, in Glamorganshire, and the Yellow Wood Anemone growing wild in the same neighbourhood; the Tree Mallow and the Arabis stricta in the scarce accessible clefts of the Stack Rocks, in Pembrokeshire, and the rare and curious flora of the Doward and Symonds Yat on the opposite banks of the Wye. The mention of the Arabis stricta and the Tree Mallow reminds us of a stirring personal anecdote of the author's, in reference to the perils incident to the pursuit of science by an ardent botanist or ornithologist, or to the indulgence of the irresistible pastime of stone-throwing by the sight-seer endowed with an average amount of life and spirits:—

> There is a danger [writes Mr. Symonds in reference to egg-gathering at the Stacks] which may as well be mentioned, as I had a narrow escape myself. Lord Cawdor has fortunately forbidden shooting at or disturbing by fire-arms the swarms of sea-fowl which frequent the coast rocks, or no doubt what has occurred at Puffin Island, near Beaumaris, would occur here, and the birds would be persecuted, mangled, and destroyed. Still it is hardly possible to see flocks of guillemots and puffins, which cover the Stacks, apparently within a stone's throw, without jerking a pebble in hopes of persuading the multitudes, which are there sitting and screaming, to rise and fly. I had made one or two attempts at a long and strong throw, when my feet slipped, and I had a heavy fall on the slippery glass with my feet over the precipice. Only a week afterwards a number of schoolboys went from Pembroke to the coast for a holiday, and one of them, in throwing a stone, lost his footing, shot over the rock, and was dashed to pieces.

Mr. Symonds is so lively a writer and so pleasant a fellow-traveller, on paper or afoot, that we hope he will take a lesson, and steel himself against the boyish penchant for shying stones, especially in such perilous places, as well as against emulation of adventurous egg-collectors, such as the one who

> sprang across a chasm which would have puzzled an Anne of Geierstein, and returned in a few moments with a handful of lovely rose-coloured blossoms (of the Lavatera), all the more valuable as being gathered in a truly wild locality.

An excellent idea of such habitats of a wild flora may be gathered from the frontispiece and the illustration facing p. 342.

The botanical contrast between the wild plants of Conway and Llandudno, and the favour shown to diverse vegetation by limestone rock and trap rock respectively, is well worked out in p. 311; and we are introduced to the haunts of the Maiden Pink at Diganwy, and of the Pyrenæan "Cotoneaster vulgaris" on the Great Orme's Head. Indeed in all Mr. Symonds's geological rambles, no botanic specimen passes unnoticed. When he marks the reindeer lichen side by side with the Ling in Wyre Forest, in Worcestershire, he is rapt into the past, and chants a pæan over the relics of an alpine and sub-alpine flora, where thousands of years ago wandered the reindeer and the mammoth (386). This is part of the romance, so to speak, of geology, akin to the accounts of the bone-caves, the submerged forests, above all to the lignite formations of the vastly remote Miocene period, of which, in connexion with the discoveries of numberless sub-tropical plants and shrubs fossilized at Bovey Tracy in Devonshire, our author has an excellent summary in pp. 286-90. Nor is ichthyology neglected. Mr. Symonds has an interest, as a disciple of Isaac Walton, in other fish besides palæozoic, and reverences a certain St. Cyric, connected with Radnorshire, as much for his traditional introduction of very fine trout into the little glacial lake of the Drygan mountain, which consists of Lower Landovery rock, as for the cure which resided in his staff for glandular swellings. This saint, by the way, would have been warranted to know a samlet when he took it. Mr. Symonds also has something to say about the peculiarly white-scaled trout of the Bala Lake, called the "Gwyniad" on account of its colour from the days of Camden. Sir William Jardine regards it as an allied species of the genus Coregonus. A tourist who has been fortunate enough to put this book in his portmanteau when exploring the districts of which it treats will certainly be at no loss for interesting and valuable local information of every kind.

HUGHES'S MEMOIR OF A BROTHER.*

WE think it fortunate that this Memoir was not "meant originally for publication," but was written solely for the sons and nephews of "the home-loving country gentleman" whose life is here briefly given us. It is happy that it is not in that "very different form" which Mr. Thomas Hughes tells us "it would have taken" had he from the beginning had his thoughts fixed on the public. There are in every generation a few men whose lives are matter of great public interest. There are still more who, though they have not lived in the full blaze of public life, have yet been so far out of the common run that it would not be an idle curiosity which should lead us to ask to be admitted into a knowledge of their histories. There are, besides these, men who may be counted, not by the tens or by the hundreds, but by the thousands and tens of thousands, who in their own homes, their own villages, their own worlds—that small circle of four English miles diameter or thereabouts, as Tristram Shandy defines it—have led lives so good and true that each little knot of mourners would fain know more of the history of one who in their thoughts held so large a place. The lives of such men are always worth reading, though it rarely happens that there is any one capable of writing them. If indeed a biographer does arise, he almost always falls into the error of treating his hero as the frog in the fable treated herself. He swells out his homely virtues till they become offensive by their extravagance, and, while demanding that we shall see in the man whose life he writes a miraculous draught of all the great qualities that are to be found in the boundless main of human nature, he forgets that he forces us to ask how it happens that a man so great has done so little. If a man's goodness and greatness were known only to his own home, let their story be written for his own home. If they took in a wider range, and filled with love and admiration a village or a township, let their story be written for the village and the township. If, again, a man's good life, though known to few, yet ranged beyond his little local world, and showed itself in different forms to what is called a wide circle of friends, then let it be told, though with all moderation and quietness, yet from a more general point of view. Such lives, though written, or rather perhaps because written, for the few, would be full of interest for the many. Pictures of lives, however homely, so long as they are faithfully done and are free from affectation, whether they are on canvas or in type, are sure to be studied with eager attention.

We are glad, therefore, that the publication of a *Memoir of a Brother* was an afterthought with Mr. Thomas Hughes. Had he, while the sorrow of his great loss was still fresh in him, sat down to let the world know how good a man it had lost, in all likelihood he

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* *Memoir of a Brother*. By Thomas Hughes, Author of "Tom Brown's School Days." London: Macmillan & Co. 1873.

would have failed as much as he has now succeeded. We can easily bring home to ourselves the feeling of weariness with which we might have laid down the more elaborate biography—a weariness akin to that which comes upon us when we reach the end of an epitaph that covers a whole gravestone. Nay, it is not impossible that we might have been so offended by the unintentional exaggeration of the whole book as to have almost taken a feeling of dislike for its really estimable subject; whereas we have now laid down this modest Memoir with a deep feeling of regret that a man so good, so loving, and so worthy of being loved should by one single act of imprudence, one single exposure to a chill, have been torn away from those who might for many years have looked to lean on his strong arm and to draw courage from his true heart. We would not be misunderstood by any means to say that this work is faultless. If we thought that the occasion called for severe criticism, we might justly find not a little to blame in the literary execution of this Memoir. We are glad, however, to feel that we are justified, in the case of a book whose origin is due to such deep affection, and whose tone is for the most part so good, in being blind to what is amiss, and in seeing only what is good. At the same time we cannot but regret that the athletic side of Mr. George Hughes's character should have been quite so strongly brought out. The author is clearly aware of the mischief that is being done by the present outrageous worship of bodily strength and bodily skill, for he says, "I must not tell you so much of all his successes in athletic games. These things are made too much of nowadays, until the training and competition for them outrun all rational bounds." We wonder if it ever crossed Mr. Thomas Hughes's mind how much the author of *Tom Brown's School Days* has to answer for all this. If Muscular Christianity, as some maintain, is a new form of religion, that writer certainly was its prophet. There is no doubt some excuse for the prominence which is given to these sports in the *Memoir of a Brother*, as Mr. George Hughes was a man of no common fame. It would seem that at Rugby he was for years looked back to as were the men of a former generation by those with whom Nestor lived:—

κείνοισι δ' ἂν οὔτις
τῶν, οἳ νῦν βροτοί εἰσιν ἐπιχθόνιοι μαχέοιτο·

Mr. Hughes tells of a wonderful kick by which he gained a match at foot-ball, and the School House "regained its position":—

He had kicked the last goal from "a place" nearly sixty yards from the post. The tradition of that kick was handed down for many years, and, I remarked, was always getting back some few yards; so that, by the time it expired, I have no doubt it had reached 100 yards, and became as fabulous as many other traditions.

Then, too, he was stroke of the Oxford boat in the year when, with only seven men, it won the race at Henley. When we consider how comparatively small thirty years ago was the interest taken in boat-races, and yet read in Mr. Hughes's narrative of the extravagances which followed on the unlooked-for victory, we can only hope that, should Oxford ever again at Putney win the race with a man short, every policeman in London, nay, every soldier in the country, will be drawn up ready to crush the frenzied outburst which would be certain to follow. What happened in those unathletic days in such a quiet village as Henley is certainly striking enough:—

The crew had positively to fight their way into their hotel, and barricade themselves there, to escape being carried round Henley on our shoulders. The enthusiasm, frustrated in this direction, burst out in all sorts of follies, of which you may take this as a specimen. The heavy toll-gate was pulled down, and thrown over the bridge into the river, by a mob of young Oxonians headed by a small, decorous, shy man in spectacles, who had probably never pulled an oar in his life, but who had gone temporarily mad with excitement, and I am confident would, at that moment, have led his followers not only against the Henley constables, but against a regiment with fixed bayonets.

Mr. George Hughes, then, was no common athlete. We can forgive his brother for lingering over the memory of the great deeds he did, and for telling us also of his comrade, F. Menzies, the "Radical reformer" of rowing, and of "the small slice of lemon" which he always saw every man had by him at the start. We can forgive him, as the younger Greeks doubtless forgave old Nestor when he went on to say:—

οὐ γάρ πω τοίους ἴδον ἀνέρας, οὐδέ ἴδωμαι
οἷον Πειρίθοόν τε, Δρύαντά τε, ποιμένα λαῶν.

Those who take an interest in public schools—that is to say, in the opinion of public school men and public school boys, the whole universe—will find in the account given of the school-boy life of the author and his brother much that they will care to read. We ourselves, when we came to one passage in the book, felt the same doubt coming over us that came when we first read *Tom Brown*, as to the soundness of the system which Dr. Arnold worked. No one can have read that story without being shocked by a revolting act of cruelty which is there described. We should like to know how many lashes with the cat an indignant public would fix as the minimum to be inflicted on a set of ragged, base-born scoundrels who should use torture by fire as a means of extorting money. In the book before us Mr. Thomas Hughes says:—

He writes home of everything, in these first years, except of what he knew would only give pain, and be quite useless—the exceedingly rough side of school life as it then existed. A small boy might be, and very frequently was, fagged for every moment of his play hours day after day; and, there was a good deal of a bad kind of bullying. But these things he took as a matter of course, making the best of what was inevitable.

What an athletic Christian calls a bad kind of bullying must have been a very bad kind indeed. The school doubtless had got into a bad state before Dr. Arnold was made Head-master. But Mr. Hughes is writing of a time when he and his brother had been there already six years. Surely, in a far shorter time than that a man with Dr. Arnold's strength of character should have swept all cruelty clean out of Rugby. It is a matter utterly beyond our understanding how a man who has all the power that belongs to the head of a school, whether great or small, should not make short work with all bad kinds of bullying, and have the accursed thing put clean away from among his boys. Dr. Arnold, on the one hand, was, if we mistake not, far too tolerant of schoolboys' fashions and traditions, which, when leading to wrongdoing of whatever kind, ought to meet with the most summary justice. But, on the other hand, he had, we have little doubt, a far greater horror of sin than of suffering. His nature was stern. He could hardly, we should imagine, have believed in the exquisite suffering that can be undergone in childhood by those who are gifted with nerves of anything but iron, and who carry a heart as full of feeling for others as it is all shrinking in itself. Well does the father of the two brothers, in writing to his eldest son, when he was now a sixth-form boy, urge him "to protect the junior boys in their little comforts and privileges." Well also does the eldest brother—the subject of this Memoir—years afterwards, when he has in his turn a son at Rugby, write to him:—

There is one lesson which you ought to learn from your present feelings of discomfort and worry; when you are a big boy at Rugby, and see any poor little fellow worried and uncomfortable, you must say a kind word to him (remembering what you once felt yourself); you have no idea how much good a kind word from a big fellow (what you call a swell) will do to a poor little beggar.

We are sorry to find from a letter which Mr. George Hughes wrote in 1868 how great was the power in the school that was still held by those who were merely good at games:—

All the power and influence is in the hands of the athletes, and the sixth form and all the rest pay them (the athletes) the greatest respect, and the most willing obedience. They obey the sixth (lawful authority) less willingly. All this is not quite satisfactory, but it might be worse. At all events Temple, who is a tremendous Radical, knows it and allows, nay, encourages it. But I find that few people are Radicals in their own departments.

After all, the heroes of our great schools and Universities differ but little in the glory they seek, and in their fitness to hold rule, from the unlettered rustics of the Deserted Village

that simply sought renown
By holding out, to tire each other down.

Had we space we should like to quote a kind letter which Mr. Hughes and his brother received in their childhood from Miss Edgeworth. They, with all the courage of seven and eight years of age, "had laid their heads together and written two letters asking her to tell them what were the contents of the remaining drawers in the wonderful Indian cabinet" that we read of in *Rosamond*. After having received such a letter in answer, and after admitting that her books were in his childhood his great delight, we are surprised to find that Mr. Hughes, in writing to his own sons and nephews, says, "you probably have never read her books." We are quite ready to allow that Miss Edgeworth's books are somewhat one-sided, but we know of no better corrective for the far more one-sided stories for the young that are now written—*Tom Brown's School Days*, for instance—than the *Parent's Assistant* and the *Harry and Lucy* that delighted us and our fathers before us. Those, however, who entertain respect and affection for Miss Edgeworth's memory will find not the least interesting part of the work before us in this kindly letter of hers to her youthful admirers. We must find space for one more quotation, as in a very few lines we get a great deal of humour. Mr. George Hughes is describing a scene that took place at Pau, where he passed the winter:—

There was a scene at the opera the other night. The conductor of the orchestra is the *amant* of the contralto. Just before the opera began, the conductor in a jealous fit tried to strangle the contralto: whereupon the basso profundo knocked the conductor down: whereupon the conductor ran off towards the river to drown himself: whereupon he was knocked down again to save his life: whereupon he threatened to cut everybody's throat: whereupon he was locked up in prison, and there remains. So there is no conductor, and the contralto can't sing from the throttling.

We have not tried to present to our readers any sketch of the character of the subject of this Memoir. The Memoir itself is but a sketch, and would only be spoilt by condensation and analysis. Those, however, who have a spare hour on their hands might well spend it in studying the character of one who, in his brother's words, "was only a good specimen of thousands of Englishmen of high culture, high courage, high principle, who are living their own quiet lives in every corner of the kingdom from John o' Groat's to the Land's End."

MAY.*

WE should be sorry to place any limits to industry, and we know that the amount of productive power varies in each individual writer; that some minds are like the elephant, capable of only rare efforts, while others are like rabbits, that bring forth young at all seasons and in large numbers. But then the one is an elephant, living long and serving humanity while it lives, and the others are only rabbits. George Eliot is a slow worker, while the Ouidas, the Woods, and the Cudlips are prolific. We

* *May.* By Mrs. Oliphant, Author of "Chronicles of Carlingford," &c. 3 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1873.

are sorry to add also Mrs. Oliphant to the list, whom yet we are far from placing in the same category with her feebler sisters. We would rather bracket her with a steadygoing worker like Mr. Trollope, and yet even he would be the better for a rest at times, and a longer breathing space after a continuous strain than he suffers himself to have. One thing, however, we can say of Mrs. Oliphant—fresh or weary, she is always original. Her books have a certain stamp of their own, an individuality of character and an unhackneyed plan of story that go far to redeem some of the faults which time and use and haste only deepen. Whatever she does, she does with all the strength she possesses at the moment; she is thoroughly honest, however exhausted; and her heart is never cold to her labour, though her brain may be tired and her hand heavy. And it is this quality of honesty that raises her work above the ordinary standard of that which is done at too great speed and without taking time enough to rest between whiles.

The gem of this novel, *May*, is the character of May or Marjory herself. She is essentially feminine and natural, loveable and tender, but planned on a nobler scale than is usually assigned to the marriageable young ladies of novels. She is a woman of three-and-twenty, with a young half-sister clinging to her like her child; which also is a relief from the rosebud and bread-and-butter inanities of seventeen and eighteen, so dear to the hearts of many authors. Here we have a woman still young and beautiful and fresh and fair, but with a fine matured dignity and common sense that enrich the story with possibilities of action denied to callow innocence. Consequently she becomes the heroine, not so much by the arbitrary will of the author as by natural and logical necessity. The strongest of the party, she has perforce to bear the heaviest burden; the wisest, she has the most to decide; the most unselfish, she has the most to sacrifice. In all the events that crowd on that first pretty picture when she is seen coming down the High Street of Pitcomlie as if she were a young princess, as indeed she is the princess of that country—and she knows it—to the last unravelling of the painful secret that clears poor Isabell's clouded name and changes the Hay-Heriot succession, she is always beautiful and brave; never once shown in an ugly light, or dwarfed by meanness, cowardice, or self. She is a grand creature, and we congratulate Mrs. Oliphant on the beauty and harmony of her character.

The scene of the story is laid in Scotland, near the small town of Pitcomlie, itself not far from St. Andrews; and Mrs. Oliphant has caught the echo of the racy Scottish humour creditably enough. Miss Jean Hay-Heriot, the old aunt of the present Laird of Pitcomlie, with her keen black eyes and keener tongue, her quick resentments, and her profound belief that the world had been going wrong ever since she left off being young, with a soft place, however, somewhere about her, if only it could be got at—which was difficult, and not often—makes a capital picture of the sterner side of the North British character. The keynote of her nature is struck in the beginning, when Marjory and Milly, in their riding habits, the child with her long hair streaming behind her, come in late to luncheon. Miss Jean "prepared for tempest." "It roused her up sometimes, and gave her a pleasant exhilaration, to get an opportunity of setting 'that girl of Thomas's' to rights." But, cross as she was, and glad of her chance of a tempest, she had ordered a dainty luncheon for her grandnieces; mingling benefits and buffets in that odd way belonging to the crabbed-tempered, kind-hearted old. She plays only a subordinate part in the drama, but she is always effective; her witchlike age and dourness contrasting with the queenly graciousness of May and the childish tenderness of golden-haired Milly, not with a sense of discord, but of completeness. The two brothers, Thomas the Laird, and Uncle Charles, both Hay-Heriots, father and uncle of the girls, are well drawn; but of the two Uncle Charles, though the more important to the story because he has the most to do, is the less satisfactory. "Only a haverel," as Aunt Jean calls him, and at the best of times nothing but a thin, long-legged dilettante, he every now and then displays a pertinacity scarcely in accordance with the leading lines of his nature. His elder brother had evidently kept him well in hand; but he sometimes holds his own with more manliness than seems to belong to him, collapsing as he does when any real strain is put upon him. The Laird comes out more clearly; and the sudden bitterness that invades his kind and loving nature, and turns it all to irritation and injustice under his great sorrow, is wonderfully true to life. Singularly well observed too is the special injustice of his tone to Marjory; she who had done all, borne all, and whose reward from him was only anger and complaint. It is in these nice touches that Mrs. Oliphant excels. She may be neither deep nor philosophical, but she is always keen, and generally delicate and true.

None of the characters, however, are very prominent, save May; and none of them are so purely beautiful. Fanshawe, with whom she has so much to do, gains his chief importance through his association with her and hers; Uncle Charles is hazy; and the Laird her father dies before the core of the struggle is reached. We see the elder brother Tom only on his death-bed, which, though well described, tells us nothing beyond the fact that he has been wild and something worse, and that he dies with a secret undivulged. The other brother, Charlie, is a mere name; and his wife and sister-in-law are rather caricatures than anything else. Women are often painfully silly, we admit, and some are to be found as selfish, vain, and vulgar as Matilda; a few also are as clever as Verna Bassett; but we do not like the portrait of either, and we think that in them Mrs. Oliphant has overstepped the line which separates realism from triviality, and has condescended to something very like spite. A good deal might have been made out of the situation, and the broad characteristics of the two sisters might have been kept; but it would have been a higher kind of art to have toned down the episode into more quietness than our author has allowed; and the drawing would have been stronger had its uglier details been less elaborated. We do not say that it is not natural; it is only too much so. The black nurse and the languid babies; the confusion worse confounded of the untimely arrival; the helpless muddle of all concerned, which every one who has had to do with Anglo-Indian mothers and their babies and ayahs can picture for himself; the mental determination of Verna Bassett to make her own account out of the good luck that has befallen her silly sister through the death of her husband, her father-in-law, and the heir of the estate, all in a breath; Matilda's helplessness and half-idiotic vanity, her physical excitability, and her mental and moral hardness and selfishness—all this is true in the main, if even here we find a tendency to over-breadth. But when we come to the circumstances, say, of the cap and the reading of the will, and of Matilda's appropriation of the mistresshood of Pitcomlie with such a gratuitous amount of insolence, we demur, and question both the artistic truth and moral feeling with which this whole episode has been constructed. It is a new thing to say of Mrs. Oliphant that she is either vulgar or spiteful; but she touches on the brink of these unpleasant qualities in her account of how Matilda Hay-Heriot, or "Mrs. Charles," and Verna Bassett her sister, played their little pranks of brief authority at Pitcomlie, and acted like unmistakable snobs when they masqueraded as ladies of high degree.

The idea of the dilemma in which May is placed, and of the grief and humiliation inevitable whichever alternative she accepts, is excellent. On the one side is Isabell, a Highland peasant girl, with a doubtful story and a plebeian origin. She is, or she is not, "poor Tom's" widow. If she is not, then the memory of the dead is stained with one sin the more, and the sister has still more cause to blush for than to lament her favourite brother. If her story is true, and her child is really legitimate, then the proud Hay-Heriots have received a wound they can never get over, and the glory of their family traditions is tarnished for all time. Yet anything would be better than Matilda and Verna as the mistresses of Pitcomlie; and in any case *fiat justitia* holds good. Still the dilemma is a grievous one for Marjory, proud, fond, and true as she is; and as it is her hand which has to give the blow in any case, her position is a hard one, and we do not wonder at her sending for her friend Mr. Fanshawe to help her out of her difficulties.

The love affair between May and Fanshawe is very prettily described. It is of the gradual, unimpassioned, and sensible kind which is so like reality and so unlike love-making in novels in general. They do not soliloquize to the moon, nor kiss frantically in the woods, nor have brain fevers because things go cross, nor give up all their social chances in life for the sake of a few months' earlier marriage, nor do anything of the mad and mischievous kind; but they drift quietly from indifference to pleasure in each other's society, from pleasure to doubt, from doubt to resolve, and from resolve to certainty; the stages interspersed with the little starts and flights which belong to the devious road on which they are travelling, and which give life and colour by the way. And there always comes in the golden head and clinging fondness of little Milly, to add that half-matronly purity and responsibility which does so much for Marjory's character. There has seldom been a more successful portrait of a child than this of Milly. She is nothing wonderful in any way; just a "bonnie bit bairn" of ten or so, who rides about the country with her sister, and follows ever after her like her shadow, who has long bright golden hair that streams in a mane behind her, who cries copiously for vague sympathy and vaguer "dool" when their troubles come on the family and "my May" is distressed, and her father estranged. She says her prayers, and reads heavy Sunday books as the right thing to do when they are all in grief and mourning; and when Fanshawe makes her laugh right out, she feels conscience-stricken, as if she had committed an impiety. She is probably not very clever, not very promising, not very anything; but her presence in the story is one of the prettiest things in it: and Mrs. Oliphant has proved herself a master of the art in this sweet and lifelike child's portrait. If novel-writers would only go more to nature for their models, and trust less to their own sickly fancies, we should have better work than we have now. But, indeed, the mass of unreal and unripe fiction poured weekly from the press is a grave matter as a sign of modern intelligence; and when we reflect that not half-a-dozen of our present authors write of life as it is, not half-a-dozen are able to make beauty and interest and poetry out of the ordinary conditions of humanity, but either stoop to filth or soar into absurdity, we may accept with gratitude such work as Mrs. Oliphant's, even though in this, her latest production, she has given signs that she would be all the better for a rest, and a spell of playtime void of pen and paper.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

BARON VON HÜBNER has published in two thick octavos the narrative of his travels round the world.* He started

* *Promenade autour du monde.* Par M. le baron de Hübner. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

from Ireland on the 13th of May, 1871, and arrived at Marseilles on the 13th of January, 1872, after having visited North America, California, Japan, and China. The interesting volumes with which he presents us are merely the transcript of his diary, but they show us the impressions of a man who, whilst seeking recreation, turns to account the observations he is enabled to make, and studies society from the point of view of a politician. The simplest facts which he witnesses serve the purpose of illustrating some striking trait in the character of the people amongst whom he is thrown, and his work is much above the ordinary average of productions of the same class. We would especially draw the reader's attention to the chapters bearing upon Mormonism and the Salt Lake City.

The problem which M. Moreau de Jonnès has attempted to solve in his new volume * is one of those which for want of properly authenticated data must ever remain *sub judice*. When did the meeting take place, in pre-historic ages, between the races of the North and those of the South? When did that fusion begin from which sprang in the first instance the Ethiopians, and afterwards the Semites and the Aryans? Our author points to the shores of the Euxine as the probable locality. Five thousand years ago, he says, an immense sea occupied the space now held by Russia, Poland, and Tartary; northwards it was confounded with the Baltic and the Arctic Ocean; in the South it joined the Caspian and the Sea of Azov. Seven islands were, he conjectures, scattered over that broad expanse, the largest of them being the Atlantis described by Plato. Such was the spot where that union occurred of which M. Moreau de Jonnès speaks, and in support of his theory he gives a number of details which are about as valuable as the theory itself. Thus he identifies Hades with the Crimea, and places the Elysian Fields in the island of Saman; according to him, the Ogygia mentioned by Strabo was on the same spot, and the birth of Pallas Athene—which he apparently regards as an historic, or at least a pre-historic, fact—occurred near the Sea of Azov. We must say that pre-historic history is a difficult and hazardous subject to write upon.

The numerous contributions on scientific subjects made by M. Littré to French periodicals, both before and since his conversion to Positivism, have been collected by him into a volume.† We need scarcely say that on every occasion the disciple of Auguste Comte endeavours to bring forward the leading characteristics of his system, and to explain the new laws which determine the progress of society. His main idea is the regular logical deduction of all sciences from each other, beginning with mathematics and ending with what is called sociology. This sequence admits of no variation, and is as unchangeable as the order in which the strata of the earth present themselves to the geological observer. M. Littré explains this in his preface, and takes the opportunity of criticizing Mr. Herbert Spencer's system of interdependence, as in contradiction to the conclusions of Positivism. In reviewing M. François Lenormant's *Manuel d'histoire ancienne*, he sketches the programme of universal history; of course, with him the Bible has no more weight than any work of merely human origin, and all ideas of a merely theological character should, he maintains, be excluded from treatises which aim at being scientific. Accordingly he repudiates altogether the account given in the Book of Genesis of the creation of man, and classifies the various nations of the old world in an order different from that received by most authors. M. Littré's views on the manner of studying and conceiving history are developed in his article on M. Renan's *Histoire des langues sémitiques*, and in a lecture which he delivered, at M. Gambetta's request, on February 1, 1871, before the pupils of the École Polytechnique.

The Count du Barry de Merval professes to be, not an archæologist, but a mere amateur.‡ Travelling in Egypt, he is struck by the architectural remains scattered in such profusion over the country. He studies them, and endeavours to deduce from his researches the laws according to which those imposing structures have been erected. The result is a valuable monograph in which every point connected with the architecture of the Egyptians is carefully discussed—the materials used, the arrangements of temples, palaces, sepulchres, the introduction and application of painting and sculpture. He devotes a chapter to a suggestive account of the relations existing between the architectural style of the Greeks and that of the Egyptians; and he shows how the former, after proceeding from the latter, modified it in its turn.

The *question ouvrière* §, as our neighbours call it, is one of such importance that any work relating to it is sure to receive attention. The Count of Paris has evidently given much thought to the great social question of the age, and he has endeavoured to bring together the data from which an equitable code of laws may be framed. His book, divided into three parts, explains what has hitherto been done in England. Wages, Trade-Unions, and Acts of Parliament relating to the protection of the rights both of masters and men, are among the subjects discussed in his lucid and well-written treatise.

Another book on the France-Prussian War ‖! Baron Ambert, however, has aimed less at writing a military history than at putting together a series of reflections on the political events which preceded and accompanied the invasion of France by the Germans. His Imperialist sympathies are apparent even in the few words of dedication prefixed to the volume; they show themselves in every page, and no words of contempt are strong enough when the men of the 4th of September, their principles and their actions, have to be characterized. Baron Ambert opens before us an amusing gallery of portraits, and, if some of them are caricatures, yet in most cases the resemblance cannot be denied. He is very severe upon Marshal Bazaine, whom he charges with incapacity, selfishness, indifference for his soldiers, want of energy and of foresight. General Trochu, too, is roughly handled; and as for Garibaldi and his followers, they are treated with a contempt and hatred which will perhaps call forth an angry reply on the part of the Republicans. Baron Ambert's conclusion can easily be guessed; the Revolution is the cause of all the evils from which France has been suffering, and, to quote his own words, "Whilst the Emperor was falling on the field of battle, the Revolution stabbed him behind." It might reasonably be objected here that Napoleon III. was the very man who caused the catastrophe by which he was finally overthrown. When, however, our author expresses his opinion that the only chance of safety for France is in a return to the ideas of morality and to a sound religious and intellectual training, he will no doubt find an echo in the breast of every true patriot. An atlas accompanies this volume, which, notwithstanding its prejudiced point of view, forms a valuable contribution to the military collection published by M. Plon.

Several scholarly works have been issued from time to time on the mediæval French theatre *, and the principal mysteries, moralities, and farces which form so important a part in the earlier literature of our neighbours are now easily accessible to the general reader in cheap and well-edited books. We would notice, amongst others, the collection published by MM. Francisque Michel and De Monmerqué, under the title *Le théâtre français au moyen-âge*, the ten volumes which the late M. Jannet issued in his *Bibliothèque Elzévirienne*, and the duodecimo prepared by M. Paul Lacroix (bibliophile Jacob) for M. Delahays's *Bibliothèque gauloise*. We have now to examine a magnificent volume for which we are indebted to M. Édouard Fournier, and which seems to us the best work of the kind ever given to the public. The great defect of all previous reprints of mediæval plays is that they merely supply the text, and add nothing whatever in the way of notes, glossarial elucidations, &c. They are, in fact, intended either as bibliographical curiosities, or as hand-books for scholars whose acquaintance with the grammar of the langue d'oil enables them to dispense with critical and historical explanations. M. Fournier appeals to a wider class of readers, and he has done so very successfully. From the rich and curious collections previously consulted by MM. Jannet, Leroux de Lincy, Michel, Lacroix, and others, he has chosen a series of excellent plays belonging to the respective categories of mysteries or miracle-plays, moralities, *sotties*, and farces; he has added the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Pierre Gringore and Roger de Collerye; and a comedy by Marguerite de Navarre takes us to the opening of the Renaissance period, when the drama, as well as other branches of literature, underwent a complete transformation. One specimen, and one only, the *Farce du porteur d'eau*, belongs to the reign of Louis XIII., and M. Fournier inclines to think that the piece was probably a corrected reprint of some old drama. The volume contains no less than fifty plays, each of which is preceded by a brief notice and an argument; the introduction gives a general account of the French stage, from its earliest beginnings to the sixteenth century. It has often been observed that the glossaries added to collections of this kind were exclusively taken up by the explanation of grammatical and etymological difficulties; this was peculiarly the case with the otherwise excellent index which forms the tenth volume of M. Jannet's *Ancien théâtre français*. M. Fournier gives no glossary at all; but his foot-notes supply every verbal elucidation required, together with a full discussion of the numerous historical, antiquarian, political, and social allusions contained in the text. A series of coloured engravings has been added representing the principal *dramatis personæ*.

M. Marty Laveaux deserves well of the public for his elegant edition of Rabelais.† The third and concluding volume of the text just published contains the Fifth Book of the *Pantagruel*, and several pieces which are usually appended to the great work of the jolly curé of Meudon; we mean the *Pantagrueline prognostication*, the almanacks, the *épistre du Lymosin*, and the *cresme philosophale*. Scholars interested in documents bearing on the biography of Rabelais will find an ample harvest in the letters, dedications, commendatory verses, &c., which form the latter half of this elegant octavo.

The chatty, entertaining *Mémoires du peuple français* ‡, by M. Augustin Challamel, are now finished; the eighth volume begins with an account of French society during the age of Louis XIV., and ends with the Revolution. In this panorama, where the clergy,

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* *L'Océan des anciens et les peuples pré-historiques.* Par A. C. Moreau de Jonnès. Paris: Didier.

† *La science au point de vue philosophique.* Par E. Littré. Paris: Didier.

‡ *Études sur l'architecture égyptienne.* Par le comte du Barry de Merval. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

§ *De la situation des ouvriers en Angleterre.* Par M. le comte de Paris. Paris: Lévy.

‖ *Histoire de la guerre de 1870-71.* Par le général baron Ambert. Paris: Plon.

* *Le théâtre français avant la Renaissance; précédé d'une introduction.* Par M. E. Fournier. Paris: Laplace.

† *Les œuvres de maistre François Rabelais.* Publiées par M. Marty Laveaux. Vol. 3. Paris: Lemerre.

‡ *Mémoires du peuple français.* Par Augustin Challamel. Vol. 8. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

the magistracy, the nobility, and the people are brought together, we have often to notice details which would be perfectly incredible if they could not be shown to be well authenticated. The *Recueil de Maurepas*, the *vaudevilles*, squibs, and lampoons of the times have been freely consulted by our author, and it would be amusing to compare his statements with the flattering and untrustworthy narrative of Voltaire. As we get fairly into the eighteenth century the interest of the book becomes greater; we have the quarrels of the Parliament with the Court, the scandalous orgies presided over by the Regent, the Jansenists and the *convulsionnaires*, the Encyclopædists, the Paris *salons*, the financial speculations of Law, and the political intrigues of Cardinal Dubois. The picture, though overcrowded perhaps, is well worth studying, because it shows to what a state of corruption the *ancien régime* had sunk when the taking of the Bastille marked the beginning of a new era in the history of the country.

M. Jules Barni * is a staunch admirer of the eighteenth century; but he is not blind to the errors which some of Voltaire's and Rousseau's disciples committed, and whilst he praises the *Émile* and the *Contrat social*, he denounces in severe terms St.-Lambert's *Catéchisme* and the works of Volney. This third volume of the *Moralistes français* contains sketches of writers who may be said to have formed the minor group of free-thinkers; Vauvenargues opens the list, then come Duclos, Helvétius, St.-Lambert, and Volney. It would be an interesting question to discuss whether the extreme doctrines upheld by the last two authors especially were not the legitimate development of the theories which they had learnt in the school of Voltaire, and also whether the admiration of brute force, as it appeared in Napoleon's despotism, was not the natural consequence of a system which looks upon man merely as a clever piece of mechanism; but we cannot here enter upon such considerations. M. Barni's third series of lectures fully equals in merit the other two, and his copious extracts from the writings of the philosophers whom he criticizes are well chosen. When noticing Volney's teaching at the École Normale, he might have said a few words about Garat and the celebrated controversy which that lecturer carried on with St.-Martin, the *philosophe inconnu*.

Several important works have at different times been published on Christian art, and the names of MM. Rio and Didron will suggest themselves at once to persons who are acquainted with the subject; but M. Grimouard de Saint-Laurent † aims at something more ambitious than either of those writers; he seeks to unfold before the reader the whole history of Christian æsthetics, to show its successive manifestations, and the various characteristics it has displayed notwithstanding its substantial unity. We have now the first volume of a work which is to comprise four other instalments. The introduction gives a sketch of the progress of religious art from its earliest beginnings to the present day. The author shows how the twofold current of idealism and realism has affected the production of great specimens of painting, sculpture, and architecture, and he describes the principal episodes in the struggle. What he calls the "grammar of the language spoken by Christian artists" forms the subject of the first part of the book. Study of drawing and of colouring, composition, laws of perspective, arrangement of draperies, attitude and expression, formation of groups, distribution of light and shade—all these topics are discussed at considerable length. M. de Saint-Laurent has of course illustrated his teaching by numerous engravings taken from the best models of Christian art; these figures are admirably drawn, and some of them are masterpieces of correctness and of finish.

M. Édouard Chevalier in a very suggestive book ‡ considers the best way in which a fleet can assist land forces, supposing the case of a Continental war. Since the conclusion of the peace of 1871 public attention, he says, has been directed towards the apparent inactivity of the French navy whilst the war was going on. Why did not an extensive landing of troops take place on the German coasts, thus creating a diversion which could have been turned to good account? M. Chevalier shows that the disasters of the campaign rendered this course quite impracticable, and as soon as the French Admiralty knew that it was impossible to reckon upon the co-operation of a *corps de débarquement*, the notion of an attack on Kiel and the Jahde was out of the question. The problem, examined from a general point of view, may be thus stated:—What operations have been heretofore undertaken by fleets condemned, on account of their very superiority, to inaction as naval forces? In answering this question, our author begins by discussing the campaign of 1870–71, and he then seeks for further examples in the history of the Crimean expedition, and of the War of Secession in the United States. His conclusion is that a fleet must necessarily act in close combination with land forces if it is to render any substantial service, and that for this reason no blame whatever can be attached to either Admiral Rigault de Genouilly or Admiral Fourichon on the ground that during the late war their activity did not correspond with that displayed by the other branch of the service.

The anonymous *conservateur, rédacteur du "Français"* § does not bring back with him a very favourable impression of the "red countries" which he has lately visited, and his experience corroborates in a striking and amusing manner that of Baron Aubert, already noticed. Twelve letters, dated from various towns in the South of France, tend to show that the Conservative element is still extremely strong there; and that, but for the hesitation of the Government officials, who were cowed by the threats of a noisy minority, the patriotic firmness displayed by many friends of order would have rendered even the temporary triumph of Radicalism impossible. M. Thiers was, we are told, systematically kept ignorant of what was going on amongst the excitable populations of Avignon, Marseilles, Arles, and the surrounding districts, and the prefects nominated under the pressure of local influence were in most cases not the representatives of the law, but mere tools in the hands of the demagogues.

Madame Quinet's journal of the siege of Paris * gives us day by day an account of that terrible episode in the war. We need scarcely say that a deep hatred of Napoleon reigns throughout these short and burning paragraphs, written under the pressure of passing events; the Government of September 4 is likewise very severely treated, and the attempts at insurrection made by Delescluze, Flourens, and their friends, previously to the great outburst of the Communist civil war, are regarded as abortive efforts which the enemies of the Republic purposely exaggerated. M. Edgar Quinet's preface summarizes the impression conveyed by the work itself. While certain writers would fain make us believe that the invasion of France was the idea of the Prussian Government, carried out in distinct opposition to the sympathies of German democracy, we find recorded here what seems to us very much nearer to the truth—namely, that the whole German race supported most cordially Prince Bismarck's policy, from the wish to avenge in a signal manner the humiliations which it had endured under the despotism of Napoleon I.

The same spirit characterizes the *Journal d'une Parisienne* †, for which we are indebted to Madame Edmond Adam. It differs from Madame Quinet's volume inasmuch as it initiates us more completely into the political life of Paris after the capitulation of Sedan, and it gives us, in an amusing, gossiping way, an account of the formation of the Republican Government, and of the difficulties amidst which it was established. M. Adam himself, our readers may remember, held office at that time, and his relations with the leading representatives of the Liberal Opposition have enabled his wife to give us curious details respecting MM. Pelletan, Rochefort, Welfitzer, Gambetta, &c.

After having admired the energy of which patriotism is capable when danger stares a whole nation in the face, we turn with melancholy interest to the records of the crimes which disgraced Paris under the Commune, and which have done so much to discredit Republican institutions even in France. ‡ M. de Pontmartin may perhaps be wrong when he says that the Government of September 4 was particularly distinguished by the spirit of impiety, but it certainly took no efficient steps to prevent the orgies of the party represented by Raoul Rigault and Flourens. The repulsive details published by M. Paul Fontoulieu, first in the *Figaro* newspaper, and now in the present volume, are sad memorials of a state of moral decomposition which would ruin society if left unchecked and unpunished.

We must briefly mention a new educational work §, forming part of MM. Hachette's series. It is a small volume, containing easy French stories for young children, the majority of which have never yet appeared in collections of this kind. This collection may be regarded as a natural introduction to the French Reader published by the same editors. It is accompanied by a vocabulary.

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* *Les moralistes français du dix-huitième siècle.* Par M. Jules Barni. Vol. 3. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

† *Guide de l'art chrétien.* Par M. Grimouard de Saint-Laurent. Vol. 1. Paris: Didron.

‡ *La marine française et la marine allemande pendant la guerre de 1870–71.* Par Édouard Chevalier. Paris: Plon.

§ *Voyage aux pays rouges.* Par un conservateur, rédacteur du "Français." Paris: Plon.

* *Paris; journal du siége.* Par Madame Edgar Quinet. Paris: Dentu.

† *Le siége de Paris; journal d'une Parisienne.* Par Juliette Lamber (Madame Edmond Adam). Paris: Lévy.

‡ *Les églises de Paris sous la commune.* Par Paul Fontoulieu. Préface de M. de Pontmartin. Paris: Dentu.

§ *Hachette's Children's Own French Book.* Edited by the Rev. E. Brette and Gustave Masson. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

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First Performance this day, Saturday (May 3). To be repeated on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday.

MUSICAL UNION.—VIEUXTEMPS and DUVERNOY.—Tuesday, May 6, SECOND MATINÉE.—Quartet, Haydn; Sonata, C minor, Piano and Violin, Beethoven; Solo, Violoncello, Lasserre; Quintet in D, Mozart; Piano Solos, Schubert and Chopin. Family Tickets for Three, 21s.; Single Admission, 10s. 6d. at St. James's Hall. J. ELLA, *Director*.

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BRITISH MUSEUM.—The BRITISH MUSEUM will be CLOSED on the 1st and RE-OPENED on the 8th of May, 1873. No Visitor can be admitted from the 1st to the 7th of May inclusive.

British Museum, April 26, 1873. J. WINTER JONES, *Principal Librarian*.

ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION, for the Relief of Distressed Artists, their Widows, and Orphans. *President*—Sir FRANCIS GRANT, P.R.A. The Right Hon. Sir ROBERT P. COLLIER will preside at a DINNER, to be held at Willis's Rooms, St. James's, on Saturday, May 10, in aid of the Funds of this Institution. The rest of the Dinner, including Wines, £1 1s.—Tickets can be obtained from the Stewards or Officers of the Society, who also will receive notice of Donations, to be announced at the Dinner.

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24 Old Bond Street.

ROYAL LITERARY FUND.—The EIGHTY-FOURTH ANNIVERSARY DINNER of the Corporation will take place in Freemasons' Hall, on Wednesday, May 28,

The Right Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P., in the Chair.

The Stewards will be announced in future advertisements.

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THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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THE IMPERIAL MEETING AT ST. PETERSBURG.

THE Emperor WILLIAM has been paying a return visit to his nephew, and everything has been done that the Emperor ALEXANDER could devise to show honour to his uncle. There are but a limited number of means by which a royal guest can have his visit made satisfactory to him. Illuminations, dinners, balls, and reviews must make up the programme on every such occasion; and all that could be done has been done at St. Petersburg to make them each after their kind as splendid as possible. The especial pleasures offered to the Imperial visitor in the Russian capital were a visit to the tombs of the Czars and of the Imperial Family, including that of his sister, the wife of the Czar NICHOLAS, a call on General TODLEBEN, who gave him a lecture on a model of Sebastopol, and the treat of an evening at the French theatre, which, since the War of 1870, he has not been able to enjoy at Berlin. The German EMPEROR was attended by his great Minister and his great General, and the people of St. Petersburg enjoyed, and perhaps abused, the satisfaction of being able to stare at Prince BISMARCK and Count MOLTKE. For the latter it is said that they felt nothing but the unbounded admiration naturally conceded by a military nation to the first commander in Europe. Prince BISMARCK provoked more mingled feelings, and envy or fear even found utterance in a few hisses entirely out of keeping with the cordiality towards the visitor and his suite which was enjoined so far as official injunctions could reach. The CZAR seemed delighted with an occasion of proclaiming, not so much to the world, or even to Germany, as to his own subjects, how very great is the value which he sets on the maintenance of the most friendly relations possible with the Court of Berlin. To preserve these friendly relations has been the special policy of his reign, and Prussians would be very ungrateful not to acknowledge how much they were indebted in 1866 and 1870 to the personal wish of the CZAR to protect and favour the interests of his uncle. On this occasion he has announced that not only is this policy one on which he has set his heart, but that he sees in its maintenance the best security for the preservation of peace in Europe. What was said at Berlin last September is being said over again at St. Petersburg. The league of the uncle and nephew and of their brother EMPEROR at Vienna is a league of peace; and the German EMPEROR was especially earnest in proclaiming at St. Petersburg that the mere fact of the constitution of an Empire like the German Empire in the centre of Europe is a new guarantee for peace such as Europe has never had before. Each EMPEROR offers the other the pleasure of seeing the best of his regiments and the finest of his soldiers, and each assures the other that the mere fact that his brother Sovereign has been so kind as to come and look at this splendid machinery of war is an indisputable pledge that it is not likely to be put to a serious use. This is certainly the most comforting view of the purpose of expensive armies that could be suggested to overburdened taxpayers. They are, if the EMPERORS who command them are to be trusted, kept on foot in order that foreign sovereigns who see them reviewed may give so much pleasure by being present at the sight, and may receive so much pleasure from it, that a war is next to impossible.

No indications of national policy can really be gathered from the fact that one sovereign is very civil to another, and lights up his capital for him and has dinners and reviews for him. On the occasion of the last French Exhibition the Emperor of the FRENCH made a special point of the attendance of the King of PRUSSIA, and seemed as if he could not enjoy the Exhibition unless his pleasure was shared by the conqueror of Sadowa. Subsequent revelations have informed us that this brotherly visit was paid immediately after the host had deferred war simply because all his best generals had told him his army was not ready, and after the guest had disappointed the calculations of French diplomacy by declaring that the French could not have an inch of German soil conceded to them. Both host and guest knew that their meeting had no tendency whatever to avert the coming struggle to which they both looked forward. On the other hand, when a sovereign who is possessed of great personal power, and whose position is such in his country that what he wishes is really attended to simply because he wishes it, cultivates honestly and cordially an alliance, his sympathies may have a real influence on the history of nations. There was a time when the personal sympathies of the late Emperor NAPOLEON for England kept France, or at least the military and predominant party in France, from a war with England which would have been most welcome to them. That the CZAR honestly loves and reveres his uncle, and thinks that Germany is the best ally he can have, is a fact which very largely contributes to preserve the peace of Europe, and the Germans have already reaped considerable benefit from it. But, as usual, inspired panegyrists try to make too much of their case, and both in Russia and in Germany critics have found that they cannot go quite as far as official enthusiasm would wish them to go. In Germany, for example, a semi-official journal has recorded all the occasions on which the present King of PRUSSIA has in his long life been brought into contact with Russia; and, to read the tale as told in this way, any one would think that Russia had been consulting the convenience of Prussia and promoting its interest without intermission from the date of the battle of Leipsic. It will be only a very young generation of Germans who can believe this, and their elders cannot forget the sad days of humiliation when the nascent aspirations of Prussia towards German unity were rudely crushed by Russia, and a yoke of Russian supremacy was imposed on Prussia which was broken finally, not by the efforts of Germans, but by the victories of the Allies in the Crimean War. In the same way the courtly eulogist of Berlin cannot express his happiness at the stable condition and peaceful proclivities of Russia and Germany without having his fling at the unfortunate States of Western Europe. France and Spain undoubtedly present examples of States going through times of difficulty; but it is neither wise nor generous for the politicians of one country to be always pointing out how much better they manage things than the politicians of another country. If a Berlin official writer is sincere in his wish that France and Spain should again enjoy what he would consider to be a good Government, he must be aware that the surest method of driving Frenchmen and Spaniards in an opposite direction is to keep dinning in their ears that their goings on are looked on with disfavour at Berlin and St. Petersburg.

The German EMPEROR was prudent enough to abstain at St. Petersburg from using any language that could bear such a construction. He was anxious to avoid giving offence to any one. That he might give offence somewhat easily was probably brought home to him by the many symptoms which must occasionally have forced themselves on his notice that the friendship of Russia for Germany is a friendship of the Court rather than of the people. The CZAR likes the Germans, but his subjects do not. Directly the pressure of official inspiration is removed and the Russian papers are free to speak, they begin with remarkable heartiness and unanimity to abuse Germans and Germany. They make the most of every sign of German weakness, and delight in prophecies showing that in the little struggles which go on in Galicia or Bohemia or elsewhere between Germans and non-Germans, the side

favoured by Russia is sure to win, and the side disliked by Russia is sure to lose. There are many causes for this unfriendliness of Russians towards Germany. In the first place, the mere fact that their own Government represses its manifestations probably adds fuel to the flame, for even the most loyal of nations may get wearied of being bid to love its sovereign's uncle. Then the Russians cannot bear the Germans in Russia, who are too pushing and exacting and far too industrious for them, who make better officials and clerks and merchants than they do, and who in one way or another are always getting much more than what Russians think their fair share of plums out of the pudding. Then there lurks in many Russian minds a sort of schoolboy feeling that, as the Germans have beaten the Austrians and the French, they are sure to try to beat the Russians also, simply because there is no one else for them to beat. This feeling does not perhaps make Russians uneasy. Every nation probably, except England, believes in its army till it is beaten, and Russians may take for granted that Germany would attack them in vain. But the apprehension that a struggle is coming some day produces an irritation which Germans who remember how irritated they were by the persuasion that, before long, France would attack them, must allow to be natural. The apprehension is, in the case of the Russians, apparently a groundless one, for neither Germany nor Germans have ever shown any real wish to embark in a causeless and wanton war with Russia. But the Russians may dislike the Germans, and their irritation at the thought of such a war may help to produce this dislike, although that irritation may be due to a misapprehension of German policy. Lastly, there is a vague sense among Russians that a new obstacle has grown up between them and the realization of some of the dreams they have been taught to cherish, and that this obstacle is the German Empire. Russians may not have any precise notion of what it is that they want, and they may be content to wait very patiently for it, whatever it may be. But they have been taught to believe that there was something very splendid planned as the gift of the future to them by their great CZAR, and that they were drawing nearer and nearer to the enjoyment of this acquisition. They cannot help now being alive to the fact that their prize will not be so easy to get as they fancied, and that it is the Germans who will probably stand in the way of their getting it. It is not perhaps to be wondered at, therefore, that in Russia this magnificent and cordial reception of the German EMPEROR is looked on as somewhat of a piece of Court show, in which good Russians may properly take part to please their CZAR, but which no one is to misinterpret into an indication of love for the German EMPEROR or his subjects.

MR. STANSFELD'S PROPOSALS.

EITHER Mr. STANSFELD is more prudent than his predecessor, or the Government has learned wisdom from experience. Two years ago Mr. GOSCHEN, having previously paved the way by a pamphlet in the form of the Report of a Committee, introduced an ambitious, and in some respects mischievous, measure which excited much uneasiness. The owners of landed property could not but perceive that the Bill was framed in a hostile spirit; and if they had not themselves discerned the tendency of Mr. GOSCHEN'S proposals, they would have been enlightened by the applause which sentimental professors of newfangled theories about land bestowed on a measure which they declared to be a just attack on the squires. More impartial critics doubted whether it was just or expedient to frame systems of finance for the sake of punishing any class of the community. Mr. GOSCHEN himself, and Mr. GLADSTONE, more than once intimated in a sneering tone their intention of relieving the grievances of the ratepayers at the expense of those who had promoted the agitation. Further reflection has perhaps suggested a doubt whether a general transfer of liability to local burdens would be possible, although Mr. GOSCHEN'S measure would in a large number of cases have caused serious hardship. An accidental coincidence is still more likely to have checked the enthusiasm of the Government. On the same night on which Mr. GOSCHEN moved for leave to introduce his Local Government Bill, Mr. BRUCE expounded his ill-fated project for ruining a class more powerful than small landowners. The licensed victuallers at once merged all political differences in a combined and unanimous hostility to the authors of the Beer Bill, and they have since convinced friends and enemies that they were not to be threatened with impunity. The Durham election which occurred two or three weeks afterwards provided them with the first fruits of their revenge; and it would seem from the result of the contest at Bath in the present week that their wrath is not yet appeased. The Irish clergy had no electoral influence, and the Irish landlords were either powerless or opposed to the Government; but the publicans command many votes in every borough in the kingdom. Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues by this time understand that men sometimes prefer their own interests to the most sublime considerations of public morality. Mr. GOSCHEN'S Bill, though it was a less hazardous experiment on the part of its promoters, necessarily offended and irritated the landowners against whom it was directed; and the occupiers, who have often reasons for not wishing to disturb existing relations, have shown but little eagerness to accept the proffered bribe. Some of the provisions of the Bill were obviously impracticable, and the plan of retaining or reviving the parish as the unit of local administration was generally disapproved. The Bill of 1871 was summarily dropped, and in the last Session no similar plan was proposed; but the Government is still pledged to deal with the whole subject of local government and taxation, and the majority obtained by Sir MASSEY LOPES rendered it impossible to postpone some scheme of readjustment.

No objection can be raised to Mr. STANSFELD'S division of a task which could not prudently have been completed or undertaken in a single year. The Government still professes to intend that some contribution shall be made from the national revenue to the relief of local burdens; but Mr. LOWE announced in his speech on Mr. SMITH'S motion that it was impossible to arrange the form or amount of the payment until the position of the recipient bodies was more fully ascertained. No similar scruple had prevented the offer of 1871 to surrender the house-tax for the benefit of the ratepayers; but perhaps the Government may anticipate a change in the opinion of the House of Commons. During the two or three years which must elapse before any measure of the kind can be proposed, it is possible that the ratepayers may become less urgent in their demands. The preliminary question of local government is neither simple nor easy, though Mr. STANSFELD, like Mr. GOSCHEN, is probably prepared with a plan to be considered by a Select Committee. Mr. GOSCHEN'S Committee of 1870 was appointed at a time when the influence of the Government over the Liberal party was at its highest; and, as the result proved, the Chairman was justified in reckoning on the implicit obedience of his docile majority of nominees. On every important question a strict party division resulted in the victory of the Government, which had, according to an odd but recognized custom, a majority of one. Mr. GOSCHEN'S Report, which was opposed by every Conservative member of the Committee, might as well have been produced in the shape of a pamphlet or a Bill, without the idle form of reference to a Committee. Mr. STANSFELD'S proposals will perhaps be more independently discussed; nor, indeed, is he himself known to have, like Mr. GOSCHEN, arranged the principles and details of a measure beforehand. He has not explained whether he adopts the plan of dividing the burden of the rates between owners and occupiers. It is now generally admitted that there is a distinction in the incidence of local taxation as it respectively affects land or houses; but whether the owner or the occupier is at present chiefly taxed, any plan of readjustment ought to be narrowly watched. As Mr. FAWCETT shows in an article in the current number of the *Fortnightly Review*, it is necessary in determining the question to distinguish between places where the quantity of building land is practically unlimited and especially eligible situations such as the heart of the City of London. Wherever rates practically fall, either in whole or in part, on the owner, he has no relief to expect. There are sufficient reasons against any plan for diminishing the special burdens on land; but it is a novel and questionable theory that a tax, if it only lasts long enough, becomes a charge upon property in favour of the State. The liability of landowners or other taxpayers is not to supply a certain annual revenue, but to provide for necessary expenses which might possibly be diminished, or even in some instances abolished, with the effect of relieving the ratepayers.

The removal of exemptions, which is the principal object of Mr. GOSCHEN'S Bill, although it will operate injuriously to certain kinds of property, cannot be reasonably resisted in principle. The State sets an example of self-denial, and provides an instalment of relief to ratepayers by surrendering its immunity in respect of public buildings and other property of the kind. The rates which are paid on a Post Office will, in accordance with Sir MASSEY LOPES'S demand, be

contributed by the general taxpayer. In some places, as in Westminster and in the towns which contain dockyards or arsenals, the share of rates paid by the Government will be not inconsiderable. The extreme gratification which is derived from taxing a visitor or an alien has been illustrated by the constant attempts of parishes and unions to extort from the railways which traverse their districts the largest possible amount of contribution. No effort will be spared to assess Government property at the highest possible amount. The extension of the rate on coal-pits to metal-bearing mines has often before been proposed, and a rate on the value of land for sporting is defensible as far as the shooting has a money value. The provisions of the Bill will nevertheless in many cases work injustice, unless they are carefully framed. Many owners of land, though they retain the right of sporting, take little or no trouble to preserve game; and perhaps they scarcely kill as much in the year as would cover the wages of the keeper and the cost of powder and shot. Their liability to be rated ought to be measured by the price which a tenant would pay for the shooting if the same head of game were maintained. It would perhaps be easy by a system of strict preserving to keep ten times the actual head of game on the land; and a zealous preserver might be willing to pay a high rent for a tract of land now bare of game, with the intention of turning it into a poultry-yard of pheasants. If the Bill is equitably framed, the rate ought to be regulated by the quantity of game annually killed. Every keeper can return the numbers with the strictest precision, and for his own sake he will not be inclined to curtail the return. The proposed increase of valuation of country houses is more plausible than just. All other property is rateable according to the actual or possible income which it would produce to the owner, but a large house in the country, unless it is so situated that it would be likely to find a tenant, is a cause of expense and not of profit. Mr. STANSFELD has not professedly adopted Mr. GOSCHEN'S iniquitous proposal of taxing mansions on the estimated cost of building. The needy owner of an ancient castle which could not be built for a hundred times his actual income might be ruined if a house were rated on the interest of the supposed cost of construction. If the rate, on the other hand, depends on the saleable value, it will be found that houses on large estates are in many cases thrown into the bargain by the vendors. In this and in other cases a just valuation is the first condition of a fair system of rating.

BATH AND GLOUCESTER ELECTIONS.

THE success at Bath and Gloucester is sufficient to inspire the Conservatives with great immediate satisfaction, and with no slight confidence as to their prospects at the next general election. They are important towns; the constituent bodies are of a varied character; the members whose death or retirement has created the vacancy have been respectable Liberals of a safe and sound kind, not likely to have excited any special opposition by their political career; and altogether there could scarcely have been found two better places to test what is the real amount of increasing strength that the Conservatives have acquired. These are exactly the kind of Conservative victories that make Liberal sitting members quake in their shoes; for they seem to make unsafe those delightful Liberal seats which are not dependent on the fancies, the prejudices, or the fanaticism of immense electoral bodies. At the bottom of the Conservative triumph lies no doubt the fact that political opinion runs now almost entirely in one groove—that of moderate Liberalism—and that many moderate Liberals incline to think that they can be more sure that the Conservative section of their party will be Liberal than that the Liberal section will be moderate. This cannot be called a Conservative reaction, for it is not a reaction at all, but it leads many persons with no strong political bias to give votes to Conservative candidates. Then again the Ballot is almost sure to act favourably to a Conservative candidate seeking to win a Liberal seat under such circumstances. An elector of Bath who read the addresses and speeches of Lord CHELSEA and Mr. MUNCH would have noticed that no real difference of opinion divided the candidates. In fact, the only serious dispute between them appears to have been as to which of the two was entitled to the credit of having first adopted the bright idea of moving for the total abolition of the Income-tax. If a Liberal elector was inclined to think that of these two moderate Liberals he would feel the more comfortable with Lord CHELSEA, it was a much less difficult step for him to separate himself from his party under the Ballot than it would have been if open voting had been in force, and his neighbours and friends could have made unpleasant remarks on his defection. This is a very serious consideration for many sitting Liberal members, and no doubt will co-operate with many other causes in making them desirous above all things that the dissolution shall be put off till next year. It is still doubtful whether the dissolution will be postponed beyond the autumn; but, if it is postponed, its postponement may be chiefly regarded as the reward which the Ministry will give to a number of staunch and zealous supporters who have no chance of re-election, or who feel that their chances are small, and claim that, in return for the enthusiastic aid they gave to the Government in its days of glory, they should now have one more short year added to the span of their Parliamentary life.

There is no reason to dispute that these two elections have some significance as to party prospects generally, but it is at least singularly instructive to turn to the details of local history that preceded them, and to learn what actually happened that may have had a practical bearing on the result. At Bath there was plenty of that pressure put on the candidates, both by the Permissive Bill agitators and by the publicans, which the House of Commons deplored with so much feeling and candour on Wednesday. Lord CHELSEA took a decided line, and said that he would vote against the Permissive Bill, and pointed out that if he was returned on the Tuesday he might be in time to vote against it in the House of Commons on the Wednesday, which he actually did, so that he was naturally the publicans' man. Mr. MUNCH, on the other hand, declared that, if elected, he would neither vote for the Bill nor against it. This lost him the publicans without gaining him the Permissive Bill agitators. The unblushing mode in which both these sets of people determined to make the whole election depend on concurrence with their special views could not have been better illustrated than by what took place at their respective meetings after the views of the candidates became known. At the meeting of the Licensed Victuallers the Chairman began by announcing the cheering fact that their Association had over a hundred members, and the next step was to decide which way the whole set of them should vote. The first speaker said that Mr. MUNCH was an excellent man, but that "he objected to "him because he was rather against their trade to a certain "extent than he was for it"; a view of political duties and responsibilities which wakened the audience to applause. He was followed by a bold tavernkeeper who urged that it was not with the politics of Lord CHELSEA or Mr. MUNCH that they were concerned. In every other respect Mr. MUNCH was deserving of the respect and the good will of the citizens of Bath, but he was halting between two opinions, and that would not do. Accordingly a resolution was proposed and was seconded by a person who avowed himself to be a Liberal, that all sections of the trade should be invited to vote for Lord CHELSEA. After this had been carried, a member of the Executive Council said that the voice of the publicans in the Bath election would have an immense influence on other constituencies at the next general election, and we are inclined to think he was right. On the other hand, the Permissive Bill people had their meeting, and they decided not to support Mr. MUNCH. They adopted a resolution to the effect that his merely promising not to vote against their Bill did not "evoke enthusiasm or a desire to work for "Mr. MUNCH," and the principal speaker announced that "if a party could win without them, it must be a very strong "party indeed, and if it could not, then that party knew "how to get their aid." In other words, the Permissive Bill supporters determined that Lord CHELSEA, who was entirely against them, should get in rather than that Mr. MUNCH, who was at least neutral and more friendly than not to them, should get in. And these are good electioneering tactics, for the great thing with these people is to get their support bought at elections; and the way to convince a candidate who may be elsewhere in Mr. MUNCH'S position that they are worth buying, was evidently to show that he would lose if he did not pledge himself to obey their dictation on condition of being returned by them. The majority for Lord CHELSEA was 260, and the abstention of the Permissive Bill people and the unanimity of the publicans' go a long way to account for a majority of this number.

Bath returned a Conservative in the last Parliament, and for this Parliament returned two Liberals by a majority that was not very large. But Gloucester returned two Liberals for the last Parliament, and sent two Liberals to this Parliament by a majority of 400; and it is therefore a great

triumph for the Conservatives to have wrested a seat at Gloucester from their opponents. Here, again, the inevitable beer question seems to have had much to do with the result. The contest in part turned on questions of a curiously local character; the Liberal candidate averring that he paid his men higher wages than his adversary did, and the Conservative candidate retorting that he had more ships than his enemy had. But these minutiæ were drowned in the beer. Most fortunately for Mr. WAIT, who is now the Conservative member, his friends were able to appeal to a letter he had written some time ago, enclosing a cheque for a Licensed Victuallers' Asylum, which proved that he was at heart a friend of the publicans, and that it was not merely in order to get a seat in Parliament that he simulated sympathy with their cause. This judicious benefaction, and the hearty support he was prepared to give to amendments such as the publicans desire to see made in the Act of last year, turned the scales in his favour; and at a meeting of his supporters, held on the eve of the polling day, he had the satisfaction of announcing that he had just had put into his hands a copy of a resolution at which the publicans had unanimously arrived, and which was to the effect that of the two candidates the publicans pronounced him to be the more favourable to the interests of the trade, and would therefore all vote for him. The publicans have, in short, shown by the Bath and Gloucester elections that they can do much more to affect the result of an election than their opponents can do, and that they mean to do all they can. As a general rule, it will be more easy and natural to Conservatives than to Liberals to fall in with the mode of viewing social matters which commends itself to the publicans. The Conservatives, as a rule, are less likely to have run off into any of the grooves in which the energy of sentimental philanthropy expends itself. Lord CHELSEA had no hesitation, when asked about the Contagious Diseases Acts, in replying that he thought their object was an excellent one, and that they ought to be upheld. It is wrong that such minute matters as the Licensing Act and the Contagious Diseases Acts should be made the sole turning-point on which the election of a person to take charge of the interests of a great Empire depends; but if folly and narrow passions make them such turning-points, it must be a comfort to be able to vote for a candidate who laughs at the humiliating farce of the Permissive Bill, and scorns the indecent agitation on the other question. But it must be said, in justice to the constituencies, that if they now allow elections to turn on such very trifling matters, and submit to the whims of cliques, this is in a great measure due to accidental and temporary causes. There is no subject of general political interest now to enliven and divide the electoral bodies. How complete the lull in politics is may be gathered from the fact that the Liberal candidate at Bath had to promise not to support Mr. MIALL, and announced that he was entirely against the extension of the franchise to agricultural labourers. When thus the platform of both parties is made virtually the same, each fraction of the voters thinks not unnaturally of itself and its own interests and grievances; and the Conservative candidate at Gloucester had to please his working-men friends by engaging to support an alteration of the Masters and Servants Act which would place masters and servants on an equality, and, when he got among porters and pointsmen, he pledged himself, if elected, to endeavour, by some means which he did not specify, to reduce the hours of railway labour. Here, again, we do not see why there should be any difference between Liberal and Conservative candidates. What one can safely and honestly promise the other can promise; so that really the chief distinction between the two parties as regards the forecast of their electioneering prospects seems to be that the beer interest has concluded that the Conservatives are the most to be trusted, and that the beer interest has shown itself to be very powerful.

FRENCH PROSPECTS.

IT is hard to say whether the prolonged holiday of the Assembly is in the present state of French affairs an advantage or an inconvenience. Had the Assembly been sitting at the moment of the Paris election, the terror of the majority would probably have found expression in some wild proposal to extinguish Radicalism by giving the Radicals a genuine reason for their political existence; and as suggestions of this kind usually cause far more excitement than the chance of their being adopted justifies, the tranquillity of the country is so far furthered by the absence of the deputies from Versailles. On the other hand, the agitation to which the Conservative party in France is at present a prey may become more intense by suppression. When the recess is over the majority in the Assembly will have to put their fears into words, and it sometimes happens that the mere effort to do this exercises a calming influence upon the patient. The symptoms do not seem quite so alarming when they are frankly stated as they did when they were nursed in secrecy. When Conservative leaders are forced to affix a precise value to the return of M. BARODET for Paris, they may insensibly be led to confess that the fact that the capital has made good its traditional reputation by returning a Radical deputy need not altogether undo the work of the last two years. It is disappointing no doubt to find that even a Republic does not gain acceptance in Paris if it has the epithet Conservative tacked on to it; but the attitude of the Conservative party towards this particular constituency goes some way towards accounting for the unpopularity which attaches to the name. The element in the population which would ordinarily be most opposed to revolutionary projects has been rendered tolerant of them by the folly of the Conservatives in treating the return of the Assembly to Paris as a typically Radical measure. The Paris shopkeepers may naturally argue that the worst evil that can befall them under a Radical Government is the loss of business, and that as they are already exposed to this by the hostility of the Conservatives, they may as well try whether their luck may not be improved by giving the cards another shuffle. That the Conservatives will admit that they have made a blunder in thus alienating their hereditary allies is not to be expected; but they may at least come to recognize that this alienation is only an unavoidable drawback to the policy they have deliberately adopted. If they can be brought to see this, they may cease to regard the recent election as the exceptional and inexplicable horror which they now esteem it.

Unfortunately the absence of justification for excitement does not involve the absence of excitement. Though there may be no sufficient reason why the feeling of the country should have been changed by the return of M. BARODET, it may have been changed notwithstanding. As yet there are no data forthcoming on which to found a conclusion as to this point. The language of the Conservative deputies is reported to be extremely violent; but the peculiarity of French politics for some time past has been that the Conservative deputies do not represent the Conservative electors. The two may have been brought into harmony by the unexpected exhibition of Radical strength in Paris, but there is no present ground for thinking that this change has taken place. The Conservative deputies are coming back to Versailles in an exceedingly embittered frame of mind; but it is at least possible that this may result from the discovery that their constituents are not so much alarmed as themselves, and are consequently so much the less likely to return them at the general election, and so much the more likely to support M. THIERS in the interval before the general election. It would be unsafe to assume that this is the cause, because it is also possible that the violent counsels attributed to the Conservative leaders may proceed from the conviction that they may now for the first time count upon the co-operation of the country in giving effect to them. The fact that the provincial elections have all gone in favour of Republicans of various shades does not of itself disprove this, both because the elections were held on the same day as the Paris election, and because the Conservative electors are wont to evince alarm, not so much by voting for a candidate of their own way of thinking as by abstaining from voting altogether. Nor is it easy even to speculate with any assurance on what is going on in their minds. They have lately shown a wholly unexpected amount of common sense in relation to politics, and the wonderful success with which M. THIERS has governed France is mainly due to this fact. But then they may have attached a disproportionate value to the apparent acquiescence of Paris in M. THIERS's rule, and the rejection of his FOREIGN MINISTER by the Parisians may create an equally unexpected distrust of M. THIERS's power to go on governing. In this case the power of the extreme section of the party will be greatly increased. They, at all events, know what they want, and will undertake, if they are given what they ask, to ensure the maintenance of order. If the moderate Conservatives no longer feel their old faith in the Government, they will be likely to listen to these assurances from sheer despair of attaining safety by less desperate counsels.

For more than two years M. THIERS has steadily endeavoured to form a Republic by the hands of the Conservatives instead of, as on all former occasions, by the hands of the Radicals. The main obstacle which he has had to encounter

in this undertaking has been the unwillingness of the Conservatives in the Assembly to be employed for such a purpose. Hitherto this unwillingness has been balanced by the readiness of the Conservatives out of doors to support the Government. The Assembly has done as much as it dared to thwart M. THIERS, but whenever things have come to a crisis it has shrunk from placing itself in open antagonism to its constituents. It may be that opposition to M. THIERS would no longer involve it in this open antagonism. It may be that the Assembly thinks that opposition to M. THIERS would no longer have this effect, though its reasons for thinking so are insufficient. Either way the danger of a collision between the Executive and the Legislature would be greatly increased. M. THIERS is pledged to bring in Bills which, if framed in a Republican sense, can hardly fail to be exceedingly distasteful to an Assembly in which the majority are Monarchists at heart. If these Bills are rejected, M. THIERS will be placed once more in the dilemma in which he found himself last autumn. Either he must take his orders from an Assembly with which he is not in accord, which would be to sacrifice his influence in the country; or he must resign his office, and thereby abandon France to the civil strife which would probably accompany any attempt to bring about a Restoration, whether in name or in fact; or he must appeal to the country to judge between him and the Assembly, and to declare which of the two it prefers. If he should be reduced to this choice of evils, the ill effects of the Radical policy in preferring M. BARODET to M. DE RÉMUSAT would become terribly apparent. It is essential to M. THIERS's success in the very difficult enterprise in which he is engaged that he should feel entire confidence in the support of the country. Nothing short of this can give his policy the necessary certainty and decision. There are not wanting symptoms that M. THIERS no longer feels this entire confidence in the support of the country; that he, like other people, is unable to pronounce on the instant whether the effect of the Paris election has or has not been to alienate the provincial Conservatives, who have up to this time stood his staunch friends. Unless his reliance on the country is speedily restored, his hold on the country can hardly be maintained. To all appearance, the hope that the Assembly will be wise in time grows fainter every day. Little can be looked for when the Session begins again except a renewal of the attempt to force M. THIERS into a line of action which would create an incurable breach between him and the Republican party. If he shows any want of resolution in resisting this attempt, it is certain to be prosecuted with increased vigour, because its authors will be proportionately assured that in the end his resistance will be overborne. M. THIERS will thus be reduced to make his choice between absolute submission to the Assembly and open repudiation of its claim to represent the country; and if he really entertains a suspicion that this claim, since the Paris election, has become less ill founded than he has heretofore held it to be, he may have no option but to accept the former alternative. There is another element in the calculation which must not be left altogether out of sight. Very little is known in England of the political temper of the French army, or of the line which Marshal MAC-MAHON would take in the event of an open conflict between the PRESIDENT and the Assembly. Both the troops and their commander may be devoted to the PRESIDENT, and in that case the Assembly would think twice before essaying a Conservative *coup d'état*. But their devotion to the Assembly may turn out to be greater than their devotion to M. THIERS, and in that case the Assembly might defy M. THIERS to hasten its dissolution even by a day. If the country were clearly on the side of the PRESIDENT, even the assurance of being supported by the army might fail to nerve the Assembly to adopt so bold a policy. But if M. BARODET's return has really wrought a change in this respect, the prospect of the Assembly's having recourse to some violent measure may be less remote than its previous irresolution would lead the world to imagine.

SIR CHARLES DILKE'S MOTION.

MR. GLADSTONE'S speech on Sir C. DILKE's motion proved that, among his many oratorical gifts, he is capable of succeeding in a style which he has not habitually cultivated. It would have been impossible to enumerate more skilfully all the commonplaces which serve as arguments, and sometimes as very good arguments, against troublesome proposals. The question of redistributing electoral power is complicated and difficult; it cannot advantageously be considered in the second half of the Session; other important measures demand the attention of Parliament; and finally the PRIME MINISTER expresses a well-founded confidence that the House will reject the motion by a decisive majority. In former times Sir ROBERT PEEL and Lord PALMERSTON excelled in the art of abstaining, under cover of conventional phrases, from binding themselves by superfluous pledges. Mr. GLADSTONE is ordinarily more candid and more impulsive than his predecessors; but it is satisfactory to find that on occasion he also can get rid of an inconvenient resolution without enouncing any general principle. His speech was quite as good an answer as the motion deserved; and the House must have heard with a feeling of relief that Mr. GLADSTONE also could be prudent and deliberately dull. It is not impossible that the present generation may witness the accomplishment of Sir C. DILKE's ulterior designs, to which an equalization of electoral power would effectively contribute. The meaning of all schemes of the kind is to transfer political power to the poorest class, which forms the numerical majority of the population, or rather to the demagogues who would govern through the aid and in the name of the multitude. The Friends of the People, finding themselves unable to command the confidence of their equals, hope to suppress personal independence by appealing exclusively to the homogeneous masses. Those who hold that almost any method of selecting rulers is better than universal suffrage, take little interest in the various proposals which are devised for the coercion of the intelligent minority. If Sir C. DILKE, and other reformers of the same kind, are strong enough to remodel the Constitution, they will sooner or later create equal electoral districts, as a step to the establishment of a Republic. In the meantime they address to an Assembly which has no sympathy with their opinions ostensible arguments which can have no influence on the opponents of revolutionary measures. It is but an idle amusement to collect statistics for the purpose of proving the notorious fact that some constituencies are several times larger than others. Small boroughs have been quite as judicious as large towns in the discharge of their electoral duties. Sir R. PEEL sat for Tamworth, Lord PALMERSTON for Tiverton, and Sir ROUNDELL PALMER for the borough of Richmond. Mr. LOWE found refuge at Calne from the intolerant violence of Kidderminster. He now represents the only constituency in England which would four or five years ago have been sufficiently intelligent and independent to select a man of great ability, who as a Liberal had no claim on Conservative electors, while he had given the deepest offence to the advocates of democracy. With perfect consistency Sir C. DILKE proposes to disfranchise the Universities, suggesting that Mr. HARDY and Dr. LYON PLAYFAIR might easily find seats elsewhere. Mr. HARDY, till he was elected for Oxford, represented the borough of Leominster, which then returned two members to Parliament. It is uncertain whether he would find a vacant seat if he were to retire from Oxford; and of Dr. PLAYFAIR it is enough to say that the academic constituency which he represents was the first to discover his merits.

The theorists who with good reason desire to secure the representation of minorities would, if they looked around them, find that their object is already in some degree attained through the unequal distribution of electoral power. All parties, and nearly all interests, are represented in the House of Commons, although a Conservative in Scotland or in Birmingham is as incapable of influencing an election as if he were a Radical candidate for an old-fashioned county. Mr. COLLINS was willing to accept Sir C. DILKE's proposal, on condition that the new and artificial contrivance of a cumulative vote should be imposed as a condition of the equalization of the franchise. A Parliament elected by labourers and artisans would make short work of any arrangement which interfered with the predominance of numbers. Even if it were admitted that the elaborate devices of modern projectors produced a just system of representation, no institution is worth much which exists, if it exists at all, at the mercy of those who have an interest in overthrowing it. It is not worth while to dwell on the anomalies which are found inseparable from the most ingenious systems of cumulative voting. The fatal defect of intrinsic weakness is a sufficient condemnation of the theory. Mr. BRIGHT never more thoroughly represented the democratic instinct than when he denounced with passionate indignation the experiment which seemed likely to endanger the supremacy of his party at Birmingham. Whatever may be the opinion of a few speculative Radicals, the genuine supporters of popular suffrage desire exclusively to promote the political interests

of the most numerous class. They are on their own principles perfectly right in objecting to measures which would practically withdraw from them an ostensible concession. Systems of the kind have been tried on a small scale in some parts of the United States where probably little interest is taken in political matters; but the deepest conviction of American Republicans is that the majority is practically supreme, if not theoretically infallible. There is no reason why Liberals should not amuse their leisure with devising schemes for teaching Leviathan to go in harness; but Conservatives such as Mr. COLLINS will find it safer to retain what is left of the old institutions which still give them a share of power. A professed Republican who proposes a fundamental change in the representative system is not likely to consult the welfare of monarchy, or of the numerous feelings and interests which find a symbol in the Crown. It is satisfactory to find that for the present Mr. GLADSTONE is not prepared to admit universal flesh and blood to the enjoyment of the franchise.

There is some reason to hope that the House of Commons will deal as summarily with Mr. TREVELYAN'S proposal as with Sir C. DILKE'S. The extension of household suffrage to counties would render the franchise uniform; and it is easy to see that electoral districts would be equalized when there was no longer any distinction between different constituencies. It matters little on what pretext a mischievous project may be rejected. It is now the fashion to object to the transfer of political power to farm-labourers on the ground that they are ignorant, although it is by no means certain that they might not become more formidable if they were as well educated as the artisans of the towns. Privileges and disqualifications are, within certain limits, valuable securities of order and freedom. The extreme faction which now forms a small and active minority in the House of Commons not unnaturally endeavours to strengthen itself by readjusting the constituencies in such a manner as to increase the numbers of the party. The representatives of the labourers in the counties would support Sir C. DILKE; and the members for equal electoral districts would vote with Mr. TREVELYAN. It is useless to remonstrate with ambitious politicians who perfectly understand the means by which their own objects would be most effectually promoted. With those who prefer good government to symmetry, arguments deduced from any supposed right to the franchise have but little weight. It is possible that, if demands for the extension or equalization of the franchise can be adjourned for a few years, the example of foreign and colonial communities may enlighten general opinion on the merits of democracy. In the United States the effects of universal suffrage may be traced rather in the prevailing corruption than in anarchy or violence. The Australian colonies have not tried the experiment as long; but their Parliamentary success is not brilliant nor encouraging. On the Continent of Europe universal suffrage, though it is regarded in theory as the great security for freedom and equality, commands no respect from democrats. Any Assembly which, having been elected by the whole community, ventures to oppose the caprices of the mob is immediately accused of treachery or usurpation. No equalization of electoral districts would have induced the rabble of Madrid to abstain from menacing the Permanent Committee of the Cortes. The sovereign people, after delegating their power to their favourite nominees, commonly reserve the right of exercising their absolute power in their own persons. French demagogues have always frankly professed their contempt for any representative body which might hesitate in its attachment to the Republic. The only Parliament which has thus far succeeded in asserting and administering supreme power is the English House of Commons, which has at present not been chosen by constituencies regularly divided into equal electoral districts.

JUDICIAL PEERAGES.

LORD SALISBURY, who has often expressed dissatisfaction with the present condition of the House of Lords, probably proposed his amendment to the Judicature Bill for the admission of Judges of Appeal to the peerage rather for the purpose of keeping the controversy open than in the expectation that his proposal would be adopted by the House. The mover himself was perhaps not even prepared to acquiesce in the immediate acceptance of his own project; for, although Lord GRANVILLE expressed but a faint objection to the plan, while Lord GREY gave it cordial support, Lord SALISBURY of his own accord withdrew the amendment. If at any future time it is thought expedient to attach peerages to judicial offices, a slight alteration would render Lord SALISBURY'S plan less objectionable. There would be no inconvenience in allowing judicial peers to retain their seats for life, when, through the effects of age or infirmity, they had ceased to sit in the Court of Appeal. It is true that bishops who have under the provisions of modern Acts resigned their sees cease to sit in the House of Lords, and that the prelates of the Irish Church have, since the suppression of the Establishment, been reduced to a private condition; but, according to constitutional theory, the spiritual peers are an Estate of the Realm, and consequently they must be actual incumbents of their respective sees. A more practical reason for construing their Parliamentary claims strictly is that modern opinion or prejudice barely tolerates the presence of bishops in the House of Lords, and is entirely opposed to any increase of their number. The only members of the House who have but a temporary tenure of their seats are the anomalous representatives of the Scotch and Irish peerages. If the presence of the Judges of Appeal in the House of Lords is desirable, they might still make themselves useful after their retirement from office, except that they would in the majority of cases be so far advanced in life that their retention of their seats would at the worst be harmless. Lord GRANVILLE raised the plausible objection that there would be an inconvenience in listening to twenty-one professional speeches on every debate on legal questions; but the law lords who at present discuss legal matters with little assistance from laymen would be the principal sufferers by a large addition to their number. The argument was perhaps good enough to be urged against a tentative motion which was not seriously pressed. Graver reasons for hesitation may be found in the risk which attends any disturbance of an institution which depends in a great measure for existence on its great antiquity.

The jealousy which has been traditionally felt against the combination of judicial and political functions was not noticed in the short conversation on Lord SALISBURY'S amendment. It is highly desirable that the Lord Chancellor should be a member of the Cabinet, and that the same person in his turn should have influence in the councils of the Opposition. The Master of the Rolls may still legally sit in the House of Commons, but it is perhaps fortunate that he can seldom find a constituency. Forty years ago the great object of BROUGHAM'S ambition was to retain his seat for Yorkshire in conjunction with the Mastership of the Rolls; but it was fortunate for his party, and perhaps for himself, that his aspirations were disappointed. It is not at all certain that respect for judicial impartiality might not be impaired if half-a-dozen of the Judges of Appeal happened to take an active part in Parliamentary conflicts. Lord SALISBURY, in proposing to confer upon them a novel and qualified kind of peerage, seems to have assumed that they would content themselves with the modest function of acting as legal assessors to the House of Lords. In deference to the same modern etiquette which prescribes to the clergy a feminine narrowness of decorum, the bishops are now expected to affect indifference or ignorance during ordinary discussions of public interest. A body of elderly lawyers, conscious of knowledge and ability, might perhaps assert their right, as long as they occupied seats in the House of Lords, to take an active part in its general business. It is true that, as Lord SALISBURY and Lord GRANVILLE declared, Governments would scarcely pack the House with partisan judges as unscrupulously as if they were life peers without any special qualification; but some legal promotions are always made on political grounds, and there is nothing to prevent lawyers from being also politicians. The official peers would be as competent to judge of political and legislative questions as their hereditary colleagues; but the popularity or unpopularity which they might possibly acquire would be equally injurious to their position as judges. The difficulty would not be insuperable if there were sufficient reasons for introducing a considerable number of judges into the House of Lords; but, if the measure is ever seriously proposed, the objection would require mature consideration. Every successive scheme for altering the condition of the House of Lords illustrates the complicated nature of the problem.

Lord GRANVILLE took occasion to repeat an opinion which he has frequently expressed, that the House of Lords committed an error in rejecting the claim of a life peer to sit in the House. It is not worth while to discuss at length a hackneyed controversy. A great change in the Constitution, even if it can be shown to be the revival of an antiquarian practice, ought not to be effected at the discretion or caprice of any Minister. The arguments for or against life peerages have little connexion with the failure of Lord CRANWORTH'S rash experiment. The discussion on Lord RUSSELL'S motion of three or four years ago tended to dispel some common illu-

sions. It was found, on investigating the claims of different classes of supposed candidates for a life peerage, that in the majority of cases the honour would be reserved for mediocrity. On that occasion Lord SALISBURY suggested that life peerages might be conferred on great merchants or manufacturers, who would by the nature of the case have acquired ample fortunes. It is after all probable that some useful members might be added to the House of Lords if the choice of peers were not partially limited by the necessity of endowing an hereditary title; but there would be some risk of creating an inferior caste in an Assembly which has always more or less carefully asserted the equality of its members. The profound belief of the peers themselves in the superiority of birth to merit is indicated by their successful persistence in compelling the bishops to appear in ridiculous costumes. Long ago all peers wore their robes in the House of Lords; and when, in common with the rest of the world, the lay peers disused their official uniform, they insisted that the bishops should continue to proclaim to all spectators their strictly professional position. In prizing their own hereditary character the peers display a sound instinct; for rank, and the training and habits which it implies, account in a great degree for the deference which in England is still paid to the aristocratic Assembly. With few and insignificant exceptions, a peerage affords a sufficient guarantee that its incumbent is a gentleman; and among five hundred cultivated men of high social station, it is always found that a sufficient number of statesmen and administrators is included. The average ability in the House of Lords is certainly not inferior to the House of Commons; and it is scarcely a misfortune that a great portion of the intelligence of the community is to be found outside of both Houses of Parliament.

One of Lord SALISBURY'S reasons for his proposal was founded on his wish to maintain in a new form the ancient connexion between the House of Lords and the Supreme Court of Appeal. In deference to general opinion and to expediency, and in some degree under the influence of Lord CAIRNS, the House of Lords has consented to abdicate its judicial functions, except that it will still receive appeals from Scotch and Irish Courts. There is no doubt that the sacrifice of a power which was only formal and nominal will in some degree detract from the authority of the House; but it seems a far-fetched contrivance to make judges into peers because peers have hitherto been judges. In early times the most indispensable condition of judicial authority was power; and when it was recognized that the necessary learning and experience were only to be found among lawyers, the House of Lords retained its jurisdiction by delegating its functions to Chancellors and other law lords. If the members of the Supreme Court of Appeal were to take their seats in the House of Lords, their judicial privileges would henceforth be confined to themselves, and would be exercised in a separate capacity. Lay peers have not claimed any share in ordination or consecration because they sit in the House by the side of the bishops. It is not worth their while to insist on retaining a fragment or a shadow of their former functions, although the Lord Mayor and Aldermen still impose on themselves the solemn duty of sitting mute by the side of the judges at the Old Bailey. If any new class of peers is to be invented, it must take its part in the general business of the House of Lords; and, as Lord GRANVILLE suggested, it would be anomalous to extend the privilege of peerage exclusively to a single profession. If high office is to be represented in the House of Lords, the Adjutant and Quartermaster-General, or the Admiral of the Channel Fleet, might be as fitly summoned as a Judge of Appeal; and probably the President of the College of Physicians would advance a similar claim. If there were a question of framing a new Constitution, there would be nothing absurd in preferring eminent public or professional functionaries to the heirs of great estates, or to the descendants of distinguished statesmen and lawyers; but the House of Lords exists because it has long existed; and that which exists is not a Senate of the heads of professions, but an hereditary Assembly of a peculiar and indeed unique character. Lord SALISBURY'S peers or Lord GRANVILLE'S would derive any lustre which might attach to their titles from association with a body of peers born in the purple.

THE DEBATE ON THE PERMISSIVE BILL.

THE debate on the Permissive Bill encourages the belief that the voice of common sense cannot be altogether drowned by clamour. The Alliance is spending its 100,000*l.* upon an agitation which tends to produce a counter alliance of moderate people against the Permissive Bill. The publicans ought to rejoice to hear that the leaders of the Alliance are not discouraged by the vote of the House of Commons on the Bill, but, on the contrary, that they regard that vote as a call to more vigorous and determined efforts. Violence on one side of a question always inclines cautious judgment towards the other side; and members of Parliament who may be puzzled by the intricacies of the licensing law will unhesitatingly resent the insolent dictation of the Alliance. There is not likely to be much more of the absurdity of voting for this Bill as a sort of general protest that something ought to be done by Parliament to suppress intemperance. Mr. BRUCE opposed the Bill on an estimate, which can hardly be disputed, of the consequences of its passing. He said that it would largely increase the responsibilities of the Home Secretary. There would be continual opposition to it; riots would have to be put down, and scandalous evasions of the law must either be punished or winked at by the Government. This may be taken as the opinion formed of the measure by the experienced officers of the department over which Mr. BRUCE presides. But indeed no authority is needed to support a conclusion which is manifest to ordinary intelligence. The peace of the country could not be preserved if attempts were made to enforce this Bill.

It was time that Mr. BERNAL OSBORNE intervened to raise a laugh out of this most tedious of all annual performances. The inquiry as to the origin of crime is obscure, and even if the opinion be correct that women cause crime in men, the Alliance would answer that drink perverts the women who cause crime in men. The opinion is entertained by many respectable gentlemen who speak on platforms that girls go astray through love of drink, and it may be assumed in favour of these worthy persons that they are not well acquainted with the subject on which they speak. But ordinary observation will teach us that the passion for drink hardly develops itself among men until they are nearer thirty than twenty years of age, and the same remark would apply still more forcibly to girls of eighteen, with whom the love of dress and of admiration are commonly the strongest motives. It is quite true that women of immoral life are often drunkards, but the inference that drink led to immorality would be fallacious. A curious book might be written upon the crimes of sober men, which, if less frequent, are more dangerous than those of drunkards. A sober man may be a libertine or a gambler, and forgeries and embezzlements have been frequently committed to supply the demands of women or of play. When human nature is in question SHAKSPEARE is a good authority, and we may remember that his great criminals, such as IAGO, MACBETH, and CLAUDIUS King of Denmark, are not drunkards. The professional thief in England is not a drunkard, for the best of reasons—that he could not succeed in his profession or any other unless he kept himself sober in the hours of work. When he enjoys the rewards of success, no doubt the best wine he can procure is one of them, but there are others to which he attaches at least equal value. The truth was neatly put by a speaker in the debate who said that it was not drunkenness that brought on crime, but crime or vice that brought on drunkenness. A good deal was said by Sir WILFRID LAWSON about the working classes, who, undeterred by a coalition between gentlemen and licensed victuallers, are to deal at the next election with the great evil of drunkenness. It is remarkable that the working-man seems to be capable of everything except keeping himself sober. He can deplore the abandoned condition of the nation to which he belongs, or of the town in which he lives, but he cannot in his own person give an example of the temperance which he urges upon his neighbours. With good intentions, he cannot pass an open public-house. "The poor man is now the powerful man," but he has no power over himself. This would be a melancholy picture if true, but the working-man is not quite so contemptible a creature as his friends represent. It is true that many gentlemen, or "swells," as Sir WILFRID LAWSON calls them, oppose this Bill, and they do so because they are magistrates and answerable for the tranquility of the districts in which they live. One of the speakers in the debate, being a Chairman of Quarter Sessions, was surely well qualified to deal with this point. He said that in all probability the attempt to put it into force would result in something little short of revolution. If this opinion is only partially correct, the annual debate upon this Bill is simply waste of time. Indeed it may be doubted whether the authors of the Bill have ever seriously considered what would be the result of passing it. They know that it will not pass; and even if it did pass, they would not be called upon to deal with consequent disturbances. It should be remembered that the in-

habitants of a town would not be the only persons interested in the application to it of this Bill. Suppose, for example, that it were applied to the town of Stratford-on-Avon, which has an interest for the whole English-speaking race. If an American or Australian comes to England, he inevitably finds his way to Stratford, and he probably eats and drinks there. But under the Bill drinking might be forbidden to him. Other places are great resorts of traders, and in various ways the public at large, and not merely the dwellers in a district, are concerned with its condition. Take the case of an assize town, or of a town selected for the meeting-place of an agricultural or other society having members in all parts of England. We might perhaps venture to add the case of a Church Congress. This may be rather a narrow ground on which to oppose the Bill; but if the objection is unanswerable, as we think it is, it is necessarily sufficient. Assume that which we deny—that a majority of ratepayers are entitled to bind the inhabitants of a district upon this question—still they are not entitled to bind the people of England who have an interest that travellers should find suitable accommodation in every town. But that which concerns the entire public can only be dealt with by Parliament, and no Bill is needed to give to Parliament the power of legislation.

By the help of statements and counter-statements we may hope gradually to arrive at the truth as to the working of prohibitory laws in those countries where they have been enacted. Mr. DALRYMPLE reported that in Philadelphia he was told that people were in favour of the Maine Liquor Law, but against its enforcement. He also said that at an hotel in Boston he had the choice of three hundred sorts of wine. Mr. DALRYMPLE'S statement is curiously confirmed by Mr. NEAL DOW, who supposes himself to be writing to the *Times* in correction or explanation of it. Mr. Dow says:—"Boston "is controlled by the vote of immigrants from Europe, and "the city Government represents the wishes of that class of "people upon the liquor question; but at no hotel in Boston "are any liquors or wines to be seen on sale; they are care-"fully kept out of sight." It appears, therefore, that Boston is part of a State which has enacted a prohibitory law, but in deference to the wishes of "a class of people" in Boston the law is not enforced. This shows what would be likely to happen in England under such a law. In deference to the wishes of a class of people capable of expressing these wishes emphatically the law would not be enforced. But then it is said that liquor is not "seen on sale" at hotels in decorous Boston; and we might add that even in debauched England it is the practice to keep wine in bin or cask until the customer requires it. The local knowledge which Mr. NEAL DOW possesses of Philadelphia seems to confirm Mr. DALRYMPLE'S story as to the Sunday walk of three or four miles which apparently brought him into a district for which a prohibitory law had been enacted, and where he was supplied with Philadelphia ale. The example of Boston naturally suggests that of London.. As long as we get up what are called International Exhibitions it may be assumed that we desire foreigners to visit London. But if we do desire this, we must allow foreigners to make themselves as comfortable as our climate and customs will allow. As things are, foreigners find themselves sufficiently miserable in London, and we can hardly contemplate to inflict upon them the further hardship of cutting off their drink. But indeed the notion of applying the Permissive Bill to London is too manifestly absurd to bear discussion. It is strange that the House of Commons should be compelled year after year to debate a measure that is so evidently unpractical. As Mr. BERNAL OSBORNE truly says, "There is nothing so "ridiculous that you may not get up a body of men to "propose it." There seems to have been a general desire in the House of Commons to give a quietus to this agitation, but we must pay the leaders of it the compliment of allowing that they are as nearly as can be irrepressible. The whole thing has become beyond expression tedious, and still the annual debate is held and reported, and discussed in articles, until everybody except the chiefs of the Alliance is weary alike of speaking, writing, or reading anything upon the subject. Mr. BRIGHT has influence on other subjects with the authors of this agitation, but the sensible letter which he has written on the Permissive Bill is likely to be as much wasted as reason and common sense usually are when addressed to enthusiasts. Sir WILFRID LAWSON of course says that the opponents of his Bill are fanatics, and we have heard of madmen who were convinced that all the world except themselves were mad. It is perhaps fortunate that Mr. DALRYMPLE has a hobby which he rides in vigorous opposition to the Permissive Bill. The authors of that Bill would lock up the drink, while he would lock up the drunkard. His proposal is perhaps the more absurd of the two, but he almost redeems his character for rationality by maintaining that the abuse of alcohol does not condemn its use. He collected information in America which the supporters of the Permissive Bill would find it difficult to answer. But they can easily disregard it. Sir WILFRID LAWSON says that he has felt the pulse of the working classes, and knows that they are enthusiastic upon this question. If they are not enthusiastic they could become so, and their enthusiasm might take a form which would oblige agitators to request the interference of the police. However, the division of last Wednesday guarantees the country against serious disturbance. Agitation for the Bill only expends ink. Agitation against a law founded on the Bill might easily produce bloodshed.

DEBTORS AND CHARITY.

THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S proposal to apply certain charitable trusts which were originally intended for the relief of "indigent persons imprisoned for debt in metropolitan "prisons" to the education of the children of convicts has given rise to a curious controversy as to whether there are not still some debtors to whom this relief may fairly be given. Vice-Chancellor BACON refused to sanction the scheme drawn up by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL on the ground that the object to which it was proposed to divert these funds did not come near enough to the original object for which they were left to satisfy the *cypres* doctrine, which has always been held in reverence in Chancery. When the object of a charitable endowment has utterly failed, it may be applied to quite a different object, as in the case of the old gift for the redemption of Christian captives in Barbary, which was ultimately used for the purpose of supporting and assisting charity schools in England and Wales. It is obvious that there is no sort of connexion between the ransom of kidnapped Christians and the education of charity children; but then there were no kidnapped Christians to be found in Barbary or anywhere else, and the Court of Chancery felt at liberty to bestow the money on any useful object that seemed to be in want of it. Before, however, the Court of Chancery will agree to such a transfer as this, it must be satisfied, not only that the original object of the charity has failed, but that no kindred object can be discovered. In the present instance Vice-Chancellor BACON held that it would surely be possible to find some other object more closely resembling the relief of imprisoned debtors than the education of convicts' children. He pointed out various objections to the ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S scheme in itself—as, for example, that it was not desirable that children should grow up under a public badge of criminal parentage, and also that provision for the education of children of this class was already made in the Industrial Schools; but the main ground of his decision was that the scheme did not comply sufficiently with the *cypres* principle. He declined to make any specific proposal of his own, but he suggested that the relief of the sick and poor would not be very remote from the original object of the funds in question. It does not appear that Sir JAMES BACON gave any countenance to the idea that there were poor debtors in existence of the class originally contemplated by the testators; but it has since been contended in the *Times* that, in point of fact, the original object of the funds has not entirely failed, and that debtors in need of relief are still to be found in prison just as in former days. This assertion will startle those who were under the impression that one of the principal objects of the last Bankruptcy Act was to abolish imprisonment for debt, and it is worth while to examine the grounds upon which it rests.

In order to understand the point at issue, it is necessary to observe what imprisonment for debt really implied at the period when these charities were established. A debtor was then liable to be put in prison for the most trivial debt, and kept there until he paid it or died. It did not in the least matter whether his default arose from poverty or contumacy. Imprisonment was regarded not merely as a means of enforcing payment, but as a proper punishment for having got into debt, and a creditor who could not obtain his money was entitled, if he chose, to take his revenge. There can be no doubt that many creditors grossly abused this power, and imprisonment for debt became a monstrous instrument of cruelty and oppression. The law made no allowance for honest intentions or inevitable misfortune; it did not ask whether the debtor could not or would not pay. It was enough that he did not pay; and for that he was handed over to the mercy of his creditor,

who could lock him up for years, and even for life, if, as was probable, he had no means to pay his debts. To complete the picture it is necessary to remember what sort of places prisons were in those days, and the terrible reality of the phrase "to rot in gaol." It is impossible to exaggerate the utter wretchedness, degradation, and hopelessness of a debtor in prison, without friends, without the means of sustenance for himself and his starving family except such as his hard creditor chose to allow him. Even in comparatively recent days, after the darker aspects of prison life had been reformed, the debtors' prison was still a scene of great misery and suffering. It will readily be understood that, under these circumstances, humane and tender-hearted people could hardly find a more natural or appropriate object for their benevolence than the relief of poor debtors shut up in prison. It is quite true that there is still imprisonment for debt; but there are not, or at least by law there ought not to be, any destitute debtors in prison. It would be more correct to say that the Bankruptcy Act abolished imprisonment for inability to pay debts than that it abolished imprisonment for debt. Debtors are still liable to be put in prison, but only on the ground that they are able to pay their debts and yet will not pay them. We are not aware on what authority the *Times* makes the assertion that destitute persons, and even paupers in receipt of parish relief, are now imprisoned for debt, but certainly nothing can be more contrary to the express directions of the law. The fourth clause of the Act for the abolition of imprisonment for debt sets forth that, with certain exceptions, no person shall be arrested or imprisoned for making default in payment of a sum of money. The exceptions relate to default in payment of a penalty or sum recoverable summarily before a justice of the peace, default by a trustee who has been ordered by a Court of Equity to pay any sum under his control, default by an attorney to make any payment ordered by a Court, and default in payment for the benefit of creditors of any portion of a salary or other income, as to the payment of which a judicial order has been made. In regard to small debts, it is enacted that a debtor may be imprisoned only where it is proved to the satisfaction of the Court that the person making default has, or has had since the date of the order or judgment, the means to pay the sum in respect of which he has made default, and has refused or neglected to pay the same. There can be no doubt, therefore, as to the meaning of the law. Whether the law is correctly interpreted in all cases is of course another question. If it can be shown that any judges of County Courts are in the habit of sending to prison destitute debtors, that may be a very good reason for calling for a more satisfactory administration of the law, but it is clear that the law itself is not to blame. It is perfectly certain that it is illegal to imprison debtors who are simply unable to pay their debts.

It is unnecessary to show how very different this is from the imprisonment of debtors under the old system. In point of fact, debtors are now imprisoned, not for inability to pay their debts, but for defrauding their creditors by refusing to pay debts when they have the means to pay them. It can hardly be seriously argued that people of this sort are a fit object for charitable relief. Just observe what would happen if this view were to be adopted. A man obtains and consumes a quantity of food and drink, and refuses, even when the debt has been proved against him, to pay for it. He is sent to prison, and at once becomes entitled to claim, as a reward for his misconduct, a gift of money from a charitable fund, to be spent, if he pleases, in further indulgence. If he had paid the bill, he would have been so much money out of pocket; as it is, he has not only succeeded in retaining the money due to his creditor, but has obtained a further sum as a premium on his dishonesty. It may be doubted whether, if this object of the law is to induce people to pay their debts, this object would be promoted by an arrangement of this kind. The *Times*, in a curious article in which the logic is all one way, and then by a sudden jerk the conclusion is twisted in an opposite direction, states the case very fairly. What, it asks, is to be done with a man who owes money, who can pay it, and does not choose to pay? The answer is—Let him go scot free, because "the great principles of modern "legislation are imperious," and because English people have got into the habit of boasting that imprisonment for debt has been abolished. Upon this we have only to remark that there is no imperious principle of legislation that we are aware of in favour of granting impunity to roguery, and that it would be much safer to bring the habit of national boasting into accordance with the actual state of the law than to alter the law to suit a false and foolish boast. It will be seen that there are two questions involved in this matter—first, whether debtors who are able to pay and will not pay should be imprisoned; and, secondly, whether, if they are to continue to be imprisoned, they are to be regarded as proper subjects for charitable relief. We dismiss the second of these questions as too preposterous for a moment's consideration; and we may remark in passing that Vice-Chancellor Bacon seems to have forgotten that, if provision is made for convicts' children in industrial schools, provision is also made in the workhouses for the relief of the sick and poor. As to the other question, the *Times* itself has pointed out that practically there would be very little use in keeping up the County Courts unless they were armed with the power of imprisonment as a means of dealing with contumacious debtors who refuse to pay their debts, having the means to do so. Experience has shown that a very sparing exercise of the power is sufficient to produce a good effect on debtors generally. Shut up in prison a few debtors who can and will not pay, and other debtors at once begin to think they had better settle with their creditors. If it had been proposed to abolish all power of recovering small debts, there might have been some sense in it; but if an attempt is to be made to enforce the payment of small debts, it is an act of self-stultification to deprive the Courts of the only means of putting pressure upon debtors. "If," says the *Times*, "we punish a "thief or a swindler, why may we not also punish a man who "evidently can pay a debt, but who obstinately refuses to pay?" The common sense of the question contrasts oddly with the absurdity of the answer which the *Times* gives to it.

ANDREWS *v.* SALT.

WHATEVER may be thought of the prudence or of the liberality of the Roman Catholic Church in setting its face, as it has lately done, against mixed marriages, there can be no question that if its commands were obeyed the Court of Chancery would be saved a good deal of trouble. In the case of Andrews *v.* Salt, decided by the Lords Justices of Appeal on Tuesday, the Court had to investigate a twenty years' family history in order to determine whether an infant should be brought up as a Roman Catholic or as a Protestant. The deceased father, Thomas Andrews, was a Roman Catholic; the mother, Ellen Andrews, is a Protestant. Before their marriage Thomas Andrews appears to have promised that, if the boys were brought up as Catholics, the girls should be brought up as Protestants; and if he had had the courage to keep his word, the aid of the Court of Chancery need never have been invoked. It is clear, however, that by the time a girl was born to him, which was not until the tenth year of his marriage, either his own conscience had become uneasy as to the propriety of allowing his daughter to be brought up a Protestant, or, as is more probable, his mother, who had never been told of the arrangement with his wife, had begun to press him not to leave the child in the hands of heretics. At this time his mother's wishes had more than ordinary weight with him, since he had been prevented by ill health from carrying on his business, and he and his wife had thereupon gone home to their respective families. He did make some show of effort to get the child baptized by a Roman Catholic priest, but the effort was not determined enough to prevent the mother from acting upon her rights under the agreement, and having it baptized by an Anglican clergyman. Thomas Andrews and his wife met shortly afterwards, and his family represent that he expressed great annoyance at what his wife had done. The wife, on the other hand, denies that there was any disagreement between them on the subject. The discrepancy may perhaps be reconciled by assuming that Thomas Andrews did express annoyance at what his wife had done, but that he prudently expressed it, not to his wife, but to his mother. Some months later his wife returned to her parents, and, in her absence, Thomas Andrews executed, two days before his death, a will by which he appointed his brother Joseph testamentary guardian of his two children, and directed that they should be brought up as Roman Catholics. It is not certain whether Mrs. Andrews was told of this will. At all events, neither she nor her brother-in-law took any steps to carry it out. Thomas Andrews left nothing behind him, and, by a very natural arrangement, his son, who had hitherto lived with his father, continued to be supported by his father's relatives, while his daughter was supported by her mother's relatives. When the girl was nine years old the testamentary guardian thought it time to assert some right over her, and accordingly called upon her grandmother, Mrs. Fleetcroft, with whom she was

then living, to give her up into his charge. This was in April 1871. The demand was at first refused, and afterwards yielded to. At the end of the same year, however, the child went on a visit to her grandmother, it being understood that she should return to her uncle in three weeks. When the time arrived the grandmother was not willing to send her back, and in the end a letter was written by the mother positively refusing to give up her daughter. Since that time—February 1872—the case has been successively before the Court of Queen's Bench, before Vice-Chancellor MALINS, and before the Lords Justices of Appeal. The Court of Queen's Bench held that the legal right of the testamentary guardian to the custody of the infant was indisputable. The VICE-CHANCELLOR held that there were sufficient reasons to induce the Court of Chancery to restrain the testamentary guardian from enforcing his legal right. The Lords Justices have now had to determine whether the order made in conformity with this view should be affirmed or rescinded.

The opinion of the Court of Appeal is the same as that of the VICE-CHANCELLOR. They set aside the claim of the testamentary guardian, and consign the child to the custody of her mother's relations. In former cases of this character the decision has often turned upon the injury resulting to the infant from a sudden and forced change of religious teaching. In this case this element was wanting. The Lords Justices have had the usual interview with the child, and they are of opinion that she "has not acquired the distinctive principles "of the Church of England to such an extent as to make it "wrong and cruel that she should be educated in the Roman "Catholic religion." The points to be determined therefore were, first, what is the legal effect of an agreement made before marriage between a husband and a wife of different persuasions that boys should be educated in the religion of the father and girls in the religion of the mother. If such an agreement constitutes a binding contract, the testamentary guardian would in this case have no right to the custody of THOMAS ANDREWS's daughter. The Lords Justices hold that such an agreement does not constitute a legal contract. At first sight it may seem hard that a husband should be able to disown an arrangement into which he has voluntarily entered, and without assenting to which possibly he would not have gained his wife. But the Court of Chancery has to consider the consequences of taking upon itself to enforce a contract of this kind. In the last resort they would come to nothing less than this—that the Court would take a child from the custody of its own father, and compel him to pay for its education under guardians of a different religion from his own. If the Court is not prepared to go this length, it can do nothing really efficacious. Who is to decide what constitutes education in a particular religion. If a Protestant child lives in the house of a Catholic father, or if a Catholic child lives in the house of a Protestant father, how is the Court of Chancery to ensure its being educated in a religion which is not that of any other member of the family? If it were to insist upon the appointment of a tutor or governess of the religion in which it has to be agreed that the child shall be brought up, what guarantee could it ask that the influence of the tutor or governess shall not be counteracted by the influence of the father, or that in making choice of a tutor or governess the father shall not stipulate that their control of the child shall be merely nominal? Whatever moral force, therefore, an agreement of this kind may possess, it is impossible to invest it with any legal force. It is of the essence of a contract binding in law that it shall admit of being enforced by process of law; and a very cursory review of the difficulties which would attend such an attempt in the case of the education of children will show that an agreement on the part of a father to bring up children in a particular religion is wanting in this elementary condition.

The next point which the Lords Justices had to determine was whether the rights of the testamentary guardian had been barred by his neglect to assert them. The Lords Justices held that they were so barred, and considering that the guardian, knowing that the girl was being brought up a Protestant, acquiesced in this state of things from February 1863 to April 1871, they could not have come to any other conclusion. The case against the testamentary guardian was strengthened by the fact that the mother was in no way to blame for bringing up the child in her own way of thinking. There is nothing to show that she was acting against what she knew to be her husband's wish. On the contrary, she was acting in the spirit of an arrangement to which he had given his consent, and which he does not seem to have repudiated in any definite or unmistakable manner. After a husband has told his wife that their daughters are to be brought up in her religion, she may fairly require such an unmistakable repudiation before consenting to regard his promise as no longer in being. THOMAS ANDREWS knew that his daughter had been baptized by a clergyman of the Church of England, and this certainly constituted sufficient notice that his wife intended, if left to herself, to bring up the child as a Protestant. He took no steps however between May 1862 and February 1863 to prevent his wife from carrying out this intention, and though in the end he appointed his brother guardian of his daughter as well as of his son, and directed that she should be educated as a Roman Catholic, he did not tell his wife what he meant to do or lay any special injunction upon her not to resist his wishes. The guardian might have supplemented his brother's neglect by communicating the contents of the will to his sister-in-law, and insisting on her making arrangements for the education of the girl in her father's religion. Instead of this, he allowed her to remain under the charge of her mother and grandmother for eight years. Unless the rights of a testamentary guardian are held to be as indefeasible in equity as they are in law this conduct must be held to have forfeited them. With the pre-matrimonial agreement and the claim of the guardian thus got out of the way, the Court was free to consult the obvious interests of the child by allowing her to remain in the custody of the relations by whose bounty she has hitherto been maintained. It is satisfactory that a decision so consonant with the welfare of the person principally concerned should proceed on principles which give no cause for triumph to enthusiasts in either Church. The considerations which have led the Lords Justices to declare that the child shall be brought up as a Protestant would, under analogous circumstances, have led them by the same road to declare that she should be brought up as a Roman Catholic.

ALPHONSO'S WISH.

ALPHONSO the Tenth, King of Leon and Castile, enjoys a singular immortality as author of the celebrated wish that he had been consulted at the creation of the world. The form of the remark is rather profane; but a very large number of people re-echo the sentiment. Tell a reformer that his schemes are chimerical, and he will generally reply in substance, So much the worse for the fact. Just change the fundamental laws of human nature, he says, and war shall be abolished, crime disappear, and universal order reign amongst mankind. In other words, if only he had been consulted, the millennium would have begun a good many years ago. Passing over the form of the aspiration, we may perhaps say that it is not quite so ridiculous as appears at first sight. It may be as well at times to dwell in an ideal world, even if the conditions of our imaginary dwelling-place be such as can never be fully realized. Who knows, indeed, what changes may be possible in the coming years? Which are the unalterable laws of human nature, and which can be modified by judicious training? It is not easy to draw the line precisely. Perhaps, as science advances, we may discover that it is possible to change much that now appears to be irrevocably fixed. A wider knowledge of the laws by which the universe is moulded may give us powers of which at present it seems mere madness to dream. And though Utopia is a very unhealthy region considered as a permanent dwelling-place, occasional excursions within its borders may give a pleasant relief to the harsh realities of life, and may even at times lead us to some profitable suggestions. Even as a mere play of fancy such excursions may be amusing, and certainly imply no irreverence. The profanity does not consist in suggesting that men might have been in every way much better than they are, but in repining against the appointed evils of our lot. The fact that the world is not all that we could wish is only too palpable; and the error consists, not in admitting the fact, but in the absurd assumption that our wishes ought to have been exclusively consulted.

The ordinary mode of constructing Utopia is by imparting a little more wisdom and virtue to our "airy burgomasters," as Milton calls the citizens of Plato's Republic. In a humbler way we sometimes think how much might be done by a few physical alterations of no great difficulty, and which may conceivably be accomplished when Mr. Darwin's speculations have been carried to their legitimate result. Take, for example, one change which frequently occurs to us as desirable at concerts, in the House of Commons, and occasionally even in church. Human beings are so constructed as to be able to shut their eyes; and a man suddenly deprived of that power would be in danger of going mad. But why should not the same principle be applied to ears and noses? What an advantage any one would enjoy in the struggle for existence who could at will hermetically close all the avenues by which his senses are assailed and his mind distracted? The perorations of dreary orators, the piano in the next house, the strains of the organ-grinder in the street, would beat in vain against ears provided with a complete natural defence. People now close their eyes in order to concentrate their attention, especially upon a dull sermon; but a closing of the ears would be obviously a more effectual remedy against distraction, and would be less provocative of sleep. A man who could at a

moment's notice shut out all audible annoyances would carry his study about with him, and be able to sit down to work at a moment's notice in the midst of a crowded assembly. On the same principle, we always envy the hippopotamus when we see him rising from the water with his nostrils closely compressed. The power of smelling is undoubtedly useful, but it brings with it at least as many annoyances as pleasures. An inhabitant of London is assailed by more or less unsavoury odours during nine out of ten of his waking hours, in order that he may possibly enjoy the scent of a flower or the savoury forewarning of a good dinner during the tenth. It is no wonder that, under such circumstances, the power should have become enfeebled. To a dog the world doubtless presents itself as a collection of delicious scents, whilst the sights with which they are associated must be quite a secondary consideration. But human beings are disgusted by canine delicacies; and a sense which has brought so many pains in proportion to its pleasures is a possession of questionable advantage. If only we were capable of shutting out the disagreeable influences whilst laying ourselves open to the delicious ones, we might cultivate our sense of smell until it became as exquisite as that of the inferior animals. Or, again, it is obvious to remark upon the extreme inconveniences connected with the present mode of supplying teeth. Decay and accident reduce many of us to the condition of edentate animals before we have lived through half our natural term. The agonies which the race endures from toothache are probably as great on an average as the agony inflicted on a small minority by bullets and bayonets, and the mortality caused amongst infants by the process of cutting their first teeth is disastrously great. We are not, as we fully admit, in a position to suggest any better arrangement for masticating our food. Perhaps, as the intellectual predominates more decidedly over the animal nature, we shall ultimately do without teeth altogether, as it is said that some teeth are already apt to absent themselves from modern jaws. An improvement in cooking would necessarily accompany such a change, and civilization would be advanced in one of its most essential departments. There is, indeed, something rather disgusting to a philosophical mind about eating in general, and perhaps in a more refined age we shall be able to support ourselves entirely by smoking, or by some less gross method of assimilation. Meanwhile it is obvious to remark how great an advantage is possessed by some of the inferior animals. If, like rabbits, we had a constant supply of teeth steadily growing, instead of having to content ourselves with the niggardly allowance of two sets for our whole life, we should be free from many inconveniences. To make one more suggestion of a similar kind, is there not something very questionable about the present distribution of the human hair? When our great-grandfathers, the gorillas, took to rubbing off their natural garments from their bodies, in obedience, as it may be supposed, to some primitive laws of fashion, they were initiating a very questionable movement. The loss of tails had occurred at an early period, and probably deprived us of an appendage which would have been very convenient, and capable of much oratorical expression. But why should we have parted with our hair? and, still more, why should we have retained it in its present arbitrary positions? The naked skin of a pig is disgusting to our taste, and why not the naked skin of a human being? At any rate a beard, in spite of accidental associations, is so palpably awkward in its arrangement that a large part of mankind gets rid of it by artificial means. A whale finds a practical advantage in straining its food through a sieve inside its mouth; but to carry an external network upon which soup and other articles of consumption may leave greasy deposits is surely a flat contradiction to all common sense. A human being, one would have said, should have kept his mouth clear, whilst the rest of him should have been clothed with a fine coat of hair, or, better still, of feathers, which admit of an infinite variety of gorgeous colouring. Tailors' bills would have been saved; though it must be admitted that moulting would probably have been rather a disagreeable process.

The mention of feathers, however, suggests another point. Immense advantages might have been obtained if the leading order of creation had been developed, not out of monkeys, but out of birds. Many birds show an amount of intelligence equal to that of any of the terrestrial orders; and they possess powers which one would have thought would have been singularly useful in the development of civilization. At the present moment the most important material change to which we can look forward is that which would result from the contrivance of some practicable means of aerial travelling. If our remote ancestors had possessed that power from the earliest ages, they would by this time have reached a point of cultivation to which we can only look forward in the dim distance. Comparatively brainless as it is, a bird has attained some accomplishments which reduce us to despair. Everybody can sympathise with Shelley's description of the skylark, whose inarticulate music seems to express a greater fulness of joy than any which falls to the lot of weary humanity. What then would be the effect of giving to a skylark the brain of a Shelley? Should we not have strains of a poetry more ethereal than any which has ever greeted human ears? If indeed the question were between wings and hands, it is probable, as the result seems to have proved, that hands are on the whole the best of the two. But why should the vertebrates be condemned to possess only four limbs? The conventional angel is, we believe, an impracticable, though a singularly beautiful, form; but every vertebra is potentially developable into a limb; and, by a few judicious arrangements, it might surely have been possible to contrive a being which should combine the advantages of an eagle and a man. Perhaps, too, it may be worth asking whether Mr. Darwin's tidal animal did not make a mistake when it took to the land instead of the sea. A race of mermen would enjoy many indisputable advantages. They would live in a region of comparatively equable temperature; the comparative lightness of solid materials in water would enable them to raise structures incomparably grander than those which we have contrived in our thin atmosphere; and, instead of being partitioned off into separate continents, they would be able to form a cosmopolitan society spreading through the whole world. Birds and fishes share the advantage of this indifference to the barriers which divide our petty societies, and have the other indisputable advantage that, instead of being restricted to move along a plane, they naturally live, so to speak, in space of three dimensions. Vertical movement is to them nearly as easy as horizontal movement to us.

A further reflection is suggested by this. Might not the habitable earth have been arranged in far more convenient forms? Sir Charles Lyell has shown how much climate might be improved by altering the distribution, without altering the proportions, of sea and land. The speculations of philosophical historians again have shown how great an influence has been exercised upon civilization by the distribution of territory. The existence of vast continents has been unfavourable to the development of the higher forms of society. Suppose that they had been all broken up by inland seas skilfully arranged, might we not have had many repetitions of Greece and Italy instead of wildernesses of negroes and Australian savages? Should we not at the present day have been further advanced, and moreover protected effectually against that tendency to excessive centralization which is one of our modern dangers? Or again, whilst we are in the vein of speculating, might we not find a good deal to alter in the arrangements of the solar system, and indeed of the universe? Why should not the planets be within hail of each other? Why should matter be broken up into infinitesimal atoms distributed through the illimitable bounds of space, instead of being aggregated into one stupendous ball? Why—but perhaps our speculations are a trifle chimerical, and it may be as well to stop in time.

One reflection, indeed, may be added. Perhaps, in space or time, all the conditions of which we speak may be verified. New forms of animal life and even of rational creatures may be developed; new arrangements of sea and land will be gradually brought about; and, as Mr. Herbert Spencer suggests in one of his boldest reveries, the planets will some day fall into the sun, the sun into some other star, and perhaps the whole material universe come together in one tremendous crash. This consummation, however, is not likely to take place just yet. Meanwhile the only use of such speculations, if they have any use, is to suggest how curiously limited are our notions of the universe, and what vast potentialities may be lurking in the world around us, of which we can take very little note. It never strikes us with any particular surprise that men should be formed just on that particular plan with which we are familiar and on no other; and yet, when one thinks of the infinite variety of modes in which matter might be combined, it somehow seems as if we ought to feel, if not surprise, yet a kind of wonder, at the special arrangement adopted, or at least at our incapacity for conceiving any other.

FELLOWSHIPS AND LIBERAL EDUCATION.

THERE is a notion abroad among the general public, not unfrequently encouraged by the unguarded language of persons who ought to know better, that college fellowships are a mere superfluous excrescence, not to say a mischievous encumbrance, on our present University system, and that as such they ought to be wholly abolished at no distant day. The impression which appears to prevail in the minds of most reformers who, on the strength of superficial acquaintance, take upon themselves to give good advice in this matter, is to the following effect. A college fellowship is a money prize of inordinate value, in the shape of an annuity of indefinite duration, given for proficiency in the very studies for which the University degree ought alone to be a sufficient encouragement and reward. It is a wasteful bounty for which no one gets any return; and the funds now absorbed in this way by a certain number of fortunate individuals ought to be appropriated to the payment of working teachers, so as to give the benefit of them to the whole body of students by making the general course of University education better, cheaper, and more extensive than it is at present.

Now it may be conceded at once that, notwithstanding the partial improvements made by the last University Commission, the tenure of fellowships is still far from being in a wholly satisfactory condition. No one can be more keenly aware of this than the resident members of some of the leading colleges, who have been giving their best efforts to devise means for reconstituting their several polities on a right and reasonable footing; efforts which, however, are likely enough to be superseded by the wisdom of Parliament, stimulated perhaps by impatient ignorance outside Parliament, unless in the course of the next year or two it should come to be more generally perceived that in dealing with the constitutions of colleges, as well as of States, it is worth while to understand them before you demolish them. The popular view,

as we fear we must call it, of the inutility of fellowships, which we believe we have not unfairly expressed, is such a view as is naturally taken by observers of otherwise competent intelligence who do not give themselves any trouble to understand the actual working of somewhat complex and anomalous arrangements, finding it more pleasant, and indeed more effective, to be content with roundly stated generalities. For our own part, we do not profess omniscience even within the limits of English Universities; and the remarks we are about to make are to be taken as applying chiefly to Cambridge. Only when we find that sweeping and indiscriminate charges are not borne out by the facts in that part of the case of which we have some actual knowledge, we are led to entertain a strong suspicion that they are not likely to be much more correct in the rest.

So far, then, as our knowledge goes, these charges in their usual unqualified form are at least exaggerated and misleading. It is not generally true that a fellowship is a mere prize for University studies. The college does generally get some return for it, even if not in the shape of teaching; and, further, in a considerable proportion of cases a fellowship does practically become a direct payment for valuable work done in University education.

In the first place, the criticism is sometimes heard that the University examinations for honours involve a danger of cramping the course of reading within too rigidly defined limits, and sacrificing the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake to what may be called the examination-faculty. The danger is real, and it is good to be reminded of it whether by friends or foes. And if the state of a man who resides after his degree in the hope of a fellowship were merely a continuation of his state immediately before his degree, this would no doubt be a grave objection to the institution. But the fact is that fellowships, so far from aggravating the vices attendant on the system of awarding University honours, act in some ways as a corrective of them. A man who has just taken a good degree is in possession of at least some of the chief instruments of a liberal education, and has learnt to manipulate them with considerable skill; but it is an exceptional case if at this stage the actual knowledge he has acquired in the use of them bears anything like a due proportion to the technical training which has hitherto occupied so much of his time. Before he throws himself for good and all into whatever is to be the principal business of his life, he still wants an interval to complete the furniture of his mind by study of a freer, larger, and more independent sort. We do not say that the state of things we describe is good in itself, or that it may not be desirable and possible to revise the whole plan of University education so as to mitigate it; but there is no doubt that, so long as the general plan remains what it is—and there are very few signs just now of any change either from within or from without—men who reside for some little time after their University examinations are over are decidedly the better for it. It would be hardly too much to say that there is often more fruitful and liberal education in the work a man does in the year after his degree than in all he has done in the three years before it. But what is to keep him at his college for that year? It is obvious that few men can afford to give up time to the improvement of their minds for its own sake at an age when there is every temptation to make sure of an early start in the race for this world's goods. To most it would be in all material respects a dead loss. Those who are enlightened enough to need no positive inducement to fill up the shortcomings in permanent value of reading which took no thought beyond the examination of the morrow may be quite unable to do so without an indemnity. It is the prospect of a fellowship which meets this want by keeping on the spot for a short but valuable season the men who are most likely to profit by it. It does not matter so very much whether any special direction is given to their work; the main thing is that it is done out of harness, so to speak, and without the constant vision of a competitive scale of marks. But the conditions of election, at one college at least of no mean rank, are such as to distinctly favour a more free development of individual excellence than is possible under the yoke of the Tripos. Thus a fellowship is something more than a mere prize added to the honours of a high degree. It is a security for the continuance of liberal studies which would otherwise be unprofitable. Fellowships are sometimes stigmatized as rewards for useless knowledge. It is just because the higher branches of learning are useless—that is, have no immediate money value except to the few who mean to make teaching their profession—that they require artificial encouragement. Such encouragement is but partially and inadequately given by the general University course, and the fellowships help to supply it. It is true that the want ought not to exist, and it ought not to be beyond the skill of University reformers to devise a remedy. But in the meantime we do find, as an integral part of the existing machinery, this institution which provides a kind of compensation, roughly and almost by accident, if you will, for certain glaring defects; there is ample scope for reforming and improving it in detail, and the task of doing so is comparatively simple; but it cannot be wholly abandoned without putting something in its place; and if we make up our minds to dispense with it, we must also be prepared to remodel the whole structure.

Next, let us see whether a college may not derive some appreciable benefit from even its non-resident Fellows who do no specific work for it. It is a mistake to suppose that a non-resident Fellow has absolutely nothing to do but to pocket his dividends. While he remains a member of the collegiate body he is entitled to take an active interest in its affairs, and may have a voice in its government. It is true that there are at present no means of enforcing the attendance of non-residents at college meetings; but it is found, at any rate in the college which is chiefly in our mind, that non-resident Fellows do for the most part attend college meetings pretty regularly, and that their presence contributes a very useful element. They help to multiply the points of contact with the outer world, and to preserve the resident body from the narrowness and isolation of which there is always a certain danger. As for the assumption, which we have seen quietly made in a leading article on this subject, that the business done at college meetings is merely formal, we can only say that it is wholly mistaken. It is to be observed that the tenure of non-resident fellowships, though in theory not limited to a fixed term of years, is practically kept within bounds by the terms on which the fellowships are held. Most fellowships are held on condition of remaining unmarried, and many on condition of taking orders within a certain time. These conditions, though not originally intended for any such purpose, act in a rough way to prevent the stagnation which would ensue without them. They work, however, imperfectly and capriciously, and public opinion has widely grown in favour of replacing them by a short and certain tenure in the case of Fellows holding no college office.

In the case of working residents their operation is not only less convenient than it might be, but in various ways positively obstructive. For a working college officer has to look to his fellowship for a considerable part of his payment. It is true that tutors and lecturers do receive additional emoluments, but no one acquainted with the subject will say that they are on the whole overpaid. The fellowships held by working college officers are in fact utilized to their full extent as payments for work actually done. But the inconvenient conditions attached to them have been but very partially relaxed by recent legislation; and men are naturally unwilling to enter upon a profession hampered with such conditions. This is one of the chief reasons for the difficulty, now much complained of, found in securing a sufficient proportion of the rising generation of Fellows for the teaching staff of the colleges. At present they have very little inducement to stay. Even those who are disposed to make education their profession can generally do much better as schoolmasters than as college lecturers.

These defects might obviously be remedied without losing any of the good points of the present system or making any violent change in the constitution of either colleges or Universities. At the same time it may be reasonably doubted whether the abolition of tests in the Universities has so far reduced them to the condition of lay institutions that their function of contributing a learned clergy to the Established Church should be repudiated. Clerical fellowships may be somewhat difficult to fit into an educational system; but they need not therefore be pushed aside as an anomaly and an inconvenience. They also supply an acknowledged want, though of another kind. The ordinary tenure of fellowships apart from college offices should be limited to a short fixed term of years. The working residents should be provided for by emoluments commensurate with their work, and held on such terms as to induce them to look on it as a permanent profession. Perhaps it is of no great importance whether an extended tenure of their fellowships is conferred on them by that name or not; but any provision which is made must have that effect in substance, and we see no reason why the name should be lost. There is no doubt that it is possible to frame a reasonable and satisfactory scheme of this kind; nevertheless we do not suppose any such plan would be likely to satisfy those who contemplate some large and undefined project of University reform wholly inconsistent with the existing constitution of the English Universities. When any such project takes a definite shape it will be time to see whether it is so good as to make it worth while to abolish what we have already. In the meanwhile it appears to us that on many points relating to University education, and notably on this particular matter of fellowships, much of the partial criticism now afloat is unfair and misconceived.

Since the preceding observations were written a memorial has been presented to Mr. Gladstone from Cambridge on this subject, and is acknowledged in his reply to be an "important document, which sets forth the views of a large and weighty part of the residents of Cambridge." The proposals of the memorial coincide in substance with the suggestions we have advanced, and it is satisfactory to see that they have been well supported, and that there is hope of their receiving due attention in any general plan that may be brought forward.

THE *TIMES* AND THE ARTISTS.

THE *Times* has just been moved to address an earnest exhortation, or rather remonstrance, to the artists of the day. It is not at all disposed to share the gloomy despondency of the *Quarterly Review* as to the present condition of English art. The *Quarterly* holds that the work of our painters bears witness to our incapacity for all elevated thought, and fears that "we shall be known to succeeding generations as belonging to an age in which almost every spark of the epic and heroic had been quenched in the grave of a hopeless materialism." The *Times*, on the other hand, is satisfied that "only an inveterate depreciator of his contemporaries will deny that there is a steady improvement in the general character of the works submitted to the public judgment." What distresses the *Times* is, not a deficiency of artistic power, but the disposition of artists to waste their time, colours, and canvas

either on historical incidents of a remote period, or on subjects of the day which do not fall within the scope of ordinary newspaper paragraphs. "What," it asks, "is the world in which the painters live?" Don't they read the *Times*? don't they even take in a penny paper? If they do, there is no trace of it on the walls of the Academy. For all that appears there, "the history of our own time might as well never have been written." What the *Times* seems to have expected to see on the walls of the Academy was a reflex of its own columns, and it is naturally shocked to find that "our artists live in a world of their own, a professional fairy-land"—quite beyond the reach of morning or even evening papers — "whither no sound of the actual, moving, heaving world without can come, and in which the dramas which change the face of the Old World and the New are quite unknown." For a moment we might fancy that the *Times* and the *Quarterly* are at one, for the former goes on to declare that "if Art"—by the way, has it been observed that the late Lord Lytton seems to have made a testamentary disposition of all his capital letters to the *Times*?—"is not to be entirely divorced from human life in its grandest and most tragic developments, the traditions of our British school must be at fault." We doubt, however, whether the writer in the *Quarterly* would agree with the writer in the *Times* that the Art of an age should be "correlative with its public life," and it is possible that he might not receive very respectfully the suggestion that the aid of photography should be sought in order to illustrate "English national history."

The *Times*, it seems, has no objection to "well-painted landscapes," or "clever illustrations of poetry or fiction or bygone history," or even an "idyllic representation of English life." There is no harm in these things, and they may be tolerated up to a certain point. But surely it is deplorable that "the most interesting incidents of a most interesting age should pass away without a record," and that the leading articles and special correspondence of a great journal should receive no artistic illustration on the walls of a fashionable exhibition of pictures. And then the *Times* goes on to enumerate some of the subjects which it would have been glad to see transferred from its columns to canvas—"armies by the million in the field," "entire hosts carried into captivity," "the most beautiful capital in Europe doomed to the flames by its own desperate defenders," "a war of unprecedented obstinacy"—the writer has never perhaps heard of the Thirty Years' War, or even of the Crimean War, or the Civil War in America—"and devastation softened by admirable displays of religious zeal and true philanthropy." All this means, we suppose, when put into plain language, the march of the German armies, the surrender of Sedan, the feats of the *pétroleuses* during the Commune, and the convivial adventures of the nondescript people who lived at ease and wrote newspaper correspondence under pretence of nursing the sick and wounded. Artists are also invited to depict "the social changes which have transformed the Russian Empire and the American Republic," and "our own busy political life, with all its noble and dignified, its grotesque and humorous incidents." This seems to point, as far as our country is concerned, to pictures of the Irish Church Bill in Committee of the whole House; Mr. Cardwell explaining the details of his Army scheme to a sullen military audience, gradually dropping off into peaceful slumber under his soporific eloquence; Mr. Whalley asking questions about the Pope and the Tichborne Claimant, and being called upon for a song; and those other "grotesque and humorous incidents" which many persons think have been sufficiently commemorated in the *Happy Land*. As for the "social changes" of the American Republic, the shooting of Colonel Fisk might perhaps furnish materials for a thrilling picture, although the doubts of the citizens of New York as to whether it would not be ungrateful to hang the murderer would supply a still more suggestive subject to an artist capable of doing it justice. An historical panorama of the varied scoundrelism of the Erie Ring would certainly possess a curious interest of its own, but after all we are hardly disposed to join with the *Times* in deploring that these great events should be neglected in "the Art of the period."

The only reason which occurs to the *Times* why events of the day are not eagerly seized upon by painters is, that, "there is in England a strong liking for what is nice and agreeable," and that there might be supposed to be a difficulty in treating the "social changes" of Russia and the United States, and our own "busy political life," in this manner. The *Times*, however, has so much faith in the innate propriety and decorum of British artists, that it is quite confident they could portray "the great events of the day" in an aspect at once truthful and picturesque," and at the same time nice and agreeable. Indeed so unbounded is its confidence in this respect, that it believes that even a picture of the Congress of Geneva might be made "nice and agreeable." The *Times* is quite surprised that no English artist has given us the Arbitration of Geneva, which, it says, is "likely to be memorable in the world if the principle of Arbitration"— big A of course—"be generally adopted on the strength of its example." We are quite ready to admit that it will be memorable, even if the principle is not generally adopted, and perhaps most memorable if it should turn out to be an example scrupulously avoided; but still we have our doubts about its suitability for artistic treatment. The *Times*, we are afraid, when it made this rash suggestion, can hardly have reflected on the possible consequences of inciting English artists to venture upon a representation of this historical scene. It has been authoritatively stated that the only object of the arbitration was to please the Americans; and the English member of the Tribunal of Geneva has been rebuked by at least one member of the English Government for discussing the legal bearings of the judgment lest his remarks should ruffle our very sensitive friends. It is quite conceivable that an English painter might produce a picture of the Congress which might not give satisfaction on the other side of the Atlantic, and all the good of the arbitration would thus be neutralized. On the other hand, an English artist might find some difficulty in doing justice on canvas to Mr. Caleb Cushing's graphic descriptions of the great event from the American point of view. Count Sclopis's "large stature, dignified presence, high breeding of rank, but without pretensiveness," Mr. Staempfli's "piercing dark eyes and jet black hair," and Viscount Itajuba's "fair complexion and air of gentleness and amiability," might not be beyond the resources of art; but we are afraid there is no living painter who could adequately portray Chief Justice Cockburn's "tendency to declamatory denunciation of adversary opinion," biliousness of temper, prolixity, disrespect to the Tribunal, negligence, disingenuousness, fault-finding, imputations of bad motives, and other peculiarities. A painter might indeed endeavour to depict Sir Alexander "disappearing like a criminal escaping from the dock," but this would not be enough unless he also brought out the concentrated malignity and turpitude of Mr. Cushing's pet aversion. On the whole, we have some reason perhaps to be thankful that the painters have let the Congress of Geneva alone, and also that they have had the good taste to avoid the agonies of the battle-field and the lurid horrors of revolutionary incendiarism. Another of the *Times's* suggestions is that India offers a fine field for the painter, especially as he can now command the assistance of photography. We suppose that this means that an artist who has a good collection of photographs of Indian scenes and figures need not trouble himself to visit the country, and the hint is certainly quite in keeping with the rest of the article. Nobody can doubt that India offers a noble field to an artist capable of turning his opportunities to account, but it may be doubted whether pictures in Zoffany's style are not sufficiently represented by the woodcuts in the illustrated papers. Although the *Times* spells art with a capital letter, it seems to take a very low view of its aims and functions. Art, in its true sense, has an end of its own apart from the dissemination of useful information as to foreign countries and the pictorial record of current events. It is natural, of course, that people should like to have pictures of the battle of Sedan, the sittings of the Congress of Geneva, Paris in flames, the House of Commons on the night of a great debate, and similar subjects, but it can hardly be said that the supply does not keep pace with the demand. The *Times* has only committed the mistake of looking for it in the wrong place. There is no lack of illustrations of national life taken hot and hot while the events are fresh in everybody's recollection, and very good illustrations they are too in their way, only they have not yet found their way into the Academy. There are good reasons, if the *Times* could only understand them, why it is not desirable that art should enter into competition with the penny-a-liner, or even try to emulate the glorious achievements of "Our Own Correspondent."

If anything could make us hopeless about English art, it would be the prevalence of the sort of notions as to the scope and objects of art which are expressed in such an article as this, and which no doubt meet with the approbation of many worthy people. Measuring English art, not by its highest works, but by the majority of pictures, there has undoubtedly been a decided advance in mechanical skill. Every year there is a larger number of pictures of average merit and commonplace excellence, but the decline, not only in intellectual purpose, but even in mere technical aims, is almost equally conspicuous. The blame, however, does not rest so much with artists as with their patrons. Even without being sordidly mercantile, an artist is naturally influenced by the tastes and desires of the people who buy pictures, and there are "pot-boilers" of all degrees of merit. In a generation of rich men destitute of intellectual culture or artistic perceptions, and given over to the indulgence of mere personal vanity, it is not surprising that art should reflect the narrowness and triviality of its most profitable customers. What the wealthy patron of art wants is to surround himself with portraits of himself and his family, and with other pictures that respond to the narrow range of their tastes and intelligence. Hence it is that wherever you turn in the Exhibition you see the same dull level of commonplace prettiness and self-complacent mediocrity. Nothing can be more poor and trivial, as well as hackneyed, than the majority of the subjects chosen for delineation. It is a doubtful point whether artists do well to take their subjects from books; but if they will go to books for subjects, they might at least be expected to extend their course of reading a little. Here we have all the familiar characters and incidents trotted out year after year—Lear and Cordelia, Prince Arthur and Hubert, the Lady of Shallott, Lord William and Lady Russell, the Eve of St. Bartholomew, Pepys, Chatterton, Dr. Johnson in Bolt Court, and all the rest of our old friends. This year, however, we are thankful to say nobody has found the body of Harold, and we have not been able to discover even a single scene from the *Vicar of Wakefield*. The test of a good picture is, of course, that it shall convey a distinct, definite idea worth carrying away; but there are hardly half-a-dozen pictures in the whole Academy that can be said even to approach to satisfying this demand, or that indicate the faintest perception on the part of the artist that it requires to be satisfied. It is true that a painter, like a poet, will never do much who

does not draw his inspiration from the age in which he lives, but it does not follow that he should devote himself, as the *Times* suggests, to the illustration of contemporary history with the assistance of photography. Almost from the nature of the case, contemporary history is opposed to artistic treatment of a high order, in which the ideal must always be largely mingled. An artist must study humanity for himself as it exists under his eyes; but he must also be on his guard against allowing his view to be disturbed or discoloured by the passions, prejudices, or caprices of the hour. Passing events are too large to be brought within the focus of true art; and the medium through which they are seen is almost necessarily fatal to artistic insight and impartiality. The reason why battle pieces belong to such a low phase of art is simply that the natural suggestiveness of the subject outruns the artist's efforts, and the same may be said of most of the incidents of current history. There is no reason, however, why, while leaving topics of the day as hitherto to the ready pencils of the illustrated papers, artists should not endeavour to rise to the contemplation of everyday life in its higher aspects. There is surely more to be found in

> This live, throbbing age,
> That brawls, cheats, maddens, calculates, aspires,
> And spends more passion, more heroic heat,
> Betwixt the mirrors of its drawing-rooms
> Than Roland with his Knights at Roncesvalles,

than the mere boudoir prettinesses and nursery beatitudes which compose the stock of this year's pictures. There are sterner, nobler, more heroic, and more spiritual aspects of life which should hardly be ignored; and it is here that we come upon the most serious deficiency of modern art.

CITY CHURCHES.

THE old question of the ecclesiastical condition of the City of London with its numerous churches and its diminished population has again been brought before Parliament. A measure bearing the vague and misleading title of "Union of Benefices Bill" struggled through a Select Committee of the House of Lords last year, and then reached the Commons too late to be seriously entertained. It has during the present Session been introduced into the Lower House; and, after having been again handled by a Select Committee, is now awaiting the further consideration of a Committee of the whole House, if it escapes a direct opposition from Mr. Candlish, apparently prompted by the belief that it is a measure calculated to be of some practical benefit to the Church. The Bill itself is in its form one merely to amend the existing Act of 1860 as to the procedure necessary for carrying out a foregone conclusion, by transforming a series of separate Commissions—named in each case by the Bishop of London, but always composed of the same men—by whose advice City livings are now united, into a single body, stiff for a few years with official dignity and Parliamentary recognition, and by doing away with some preliminary sanctions which have hitherto happily, or unhappily, checked the rapid working of the measure. Still the introduction of this Bill has virtually stirred up again the whole question of the policy of pulling down City churches and of consolidating the benefices. No one indeed absolutely denies the lawfulness or the expediency of making some reduction in their number; but the distance between a grudging acceptance of the theoretic case and a strong belief in its practical value may involve the whole difference between the pious desire of solemnly pigeon-holing the measure and the fervid determination to convert it into an engine of ecclesiastical revolution. We are satisfied to stand by and to attempt to disentangle some of the difficulties of a very perplexed case.

Primâ facie eighty-six parish churches were an excessive allowance for the City before the Fire of 1666; and the fifty-one to which they were cut down in consequence of that event, and of which all but a few are still standing, may be accepted as excessive now. We may also admit the truism that if the very valuable sites of the superfluous churches could be turned into money, a large fund would be available for new churches in places in which they are now sadly wanted. If, then, there were no consideration involved beyond the ratios of the actual population of the City to the sittings in those churches, and of those sittings to the number of their occupants at eleven o'clock every Sunday morning, we might very safely accept a scheme of sweeping demolition, and of a large transaction in church building elsewhere. But against this merely arithmetical view of the matter a host of objections, political, social, moral, sentimental, practical, and artistic present themselves, which we shall briefly run over. We need not be stopped by the primary objection to any demolition at all of a once consecrated building as a sacrilegious act. Churches have been so often, and in all lands, altered, removed, or altogether blotted out, that it is idle to set up the feeling as a rule of action. It is, no doubt, a pious instinct, and one worthy of all respect, to shrink from tampering with buildings devoted to sacred uses for no good reason, or for merely a selfish one; and, so far, the Commissioners under the Bill will be on a stricter trial at the bar of public opinion than a mere Improvement Board would be. The conditions of that complex body the Church of England, to which these buildings appertain, give more practical reasons for moving cautiously. Each of these churches has its incumbent, and it represents at least one parish, with its compact knot of parishioners, parish officers, vestry, and that whole category of duties, responsibilities, privileges, advantages, and associations, social and administrative as well as religious, which gather round an old English parish. Many of them represent two or three such parishes; for at the one moment when a sweeping concentration would have been possible, it was neglected; and although London was rebuilt after the Fire with a diminished tale of churches and a reduced list of clergy, the old exuberance of small parishes, with their separate vestries, parish officers, and organizations, was retained, and must, as even the more moderate advocates of further demolition are forced to admit, be still kept up, for civil considerations.

The Bill itself says as much in its title, of one for the union and not for the consolidation of benefices. Let it pass, and let St. Stephen's, Walbrook, and Bow Church fall under its axes and hammers, the parishes which own these names will still exist in the same condition of invisible immortality as those of St. Anne Zachary, St. Mary Moses, or St. Martin Pomeroy. This at once limits the question to a series of comparatively narrow issues; for, the old parochial divisions being still a necessity, the fate of each church and of its parson has in each case to be settled on its own merits, on the one side being the value of the church where it is, and of its clergyman, and on the other, the good which may be got elsewhere by the money value of the one and of the other. It is in fact the universal question of squaring and levelling which the bewildered world is now so busy in codifying. The arrangement is further complicated by the City parishes being of two distinct classes, corresponding with the division, so generally forgotten, of the City itself into the portion within the walls (the City proper) and that without (the old Liberties). In fact the City itself, small as it seems on any map of the capital, represents not only the town but the suburbs of the middle ages. As might be supposed, the parishes within the walls are very small, and those without much larger. If the small parishes were unduly rich, and the populous ones of the Liberties very poor, an admirable opportunity would be afforded for one of those rough and ready reforms in which Commissioners rejoice. But unluckily London within the walls roughly represents the area of the Great Fire, and from this a further result ensues. The tithe of all the City was regulated under an Act of Henry VIII. at the high figure of 2*s.* 9*d.* in the pound, and at this it has been commuted in the parishes which were not burnt. But in those which happen to have been rebuilt after the Fire, it was replaced under an Act of Charles II., commonly called the Fire Act, by a rent-charge, which although augmented under an Act of about the beginning of the present century, still represents small stipends. So the big parishes are rich and the little parishes are poor, and the process of chopping and changing is proportionately difficult. During the halcyon days of pluralities and non-residence no one of course thought of the grievance, for there was probably no City incumbent who had not some other living elsewhere.

Now, however, the question has presented itself under the aspect not only of this apparent plethora of church provision in the City, but of that of very general non-residence, arising not only from the temptation which undoubtedly exists for the clergyman to live out of the City, but from the fact of the great augmentation of income which he can derive from letting the site of the parsonage for commercial uses; and so for about twenty years the question has been discussed, legislated on, re-discussed, and re-legislated about. The one point on which all parties seem agreed is to get as much of the spoil as they can for their own particular use; and here we are confronted with the impossibility of defining the order of the different claims. A parish is a civil no less than a religious institution, and the church may be said to partake of the double nature of the parish itself. On the other hand, London, while in one sense a single town, is in another sense a province of houses. Even in its ecclesiastical character it cannot claim unity, partitioned as it is between the sees of London, Winchester, and Rochester. So that after your church has been condemned, it will be the most difficult thing in the world to decide what had best be done with it. The lay parishioner appeals to a patriotism which need not be despicable because it operates within a narrow area; and pleads that, if necessity compels the destruction of the church which, to him at least, was both useful and a source of legitimate pride, he should first be indemnified by some improvement of his schools, by some enlargement of his narrow streets, and by some alleviation of those local burdens which exist for purposes akin to charity. In much agreement with him, the clergyman and the City man generally can well point to the separate and distinctive character of the old incorporated City of London as contrasted with the loosely jointed "Metropolis," and claim that at least the wants of the poorer alleys of the populous parishes of the "Liberties"—Holborn, Cripplegate, Shoreditch, Whitechapel—should be thought of before Westham, Peckham Rye, or Holloway. Why not, he may argue, re-arrange the City parishes within the limits of the City, and of those parts of the town which are distinctly purlieus of the City? Why not find a *raison d'être* for some of the churches whose actual pastoral duties have shrunk to nothing by assigning to them districts outlying indeed, but within a few minutes' walk of Cheapside or Cornhill? This plea is strengthened by the fact that several of the City churches, which upon the hard parochial principle might appear to have collapsed, have really become, under a more expansive system and in the hands of earnest clergymen, centres of church life. Among them we need only name St. Lawrence Jewry, so long the post of the recently created

Dean of Manchester. Why not also, remembering that non-residence is the crying evil, provide that the first lien on the accruing fund should be a convenient parsonage bought or built for those incumbents who are left? Another class of claimants, armed with antagonistic demands, are the residuary Londonors, with their ecclesiastical chiefs. No doubt churches are much wanted in the suburbs, and if a sum of money should be let loose by the destruction of some church in Laurence Pountney Lane, it would clearly be well disposed of in building another church at Camberwell, Barking, or Hammersmith. But we do not see that the church needs of Camberwell, Barking, or Hammersmith are in themselves a reason why churches should be pulled down in Laurence Pountney Lane, except on principles which might, if more generally applied, lead to rather troublesome results. The Committee of the House of Commons showed its appreciation of this reasoning by striking the nominees of the Bishops of Winchester and Rochester out of the list of Commissioners, while permitting those prelates to have a voice in the distribution of the contingent spoil.

We have purposely left out of sight—because we fear that it has been hopelessly shelved by the drift of the question—the most obvious and the least revolutionary reform in the condition of the livings of the City proper, which might have been at one time possible, and to which indeed the present Archbishop of Canterbury called attention in the Charge which he gave as Bishop of London in 1858:—

> I am aware that you cannot make men learned by giving them leisure for study; but it is certain that it is very difficult for them to become learned without it. Now, since the principal part of the revenues of this Cathedral has been appropriated by Parliament to other purposes, we must be contented if we find anywhere amongst us such situations as may advantageously be held by clergymen of studious habits without their neglecting any direct calls of practical duty. We want also situations in which men who, from advancing age or other circumstances, are not equal to the toil of an overwhelming parish, may pass their time more quietly, but not, therefore, less usefully for the Church; aiding by their advice and quiet example when they can no longer endure the tear and wear of that incessant public life in which the pastor of an overgrown parish is involved. In an age of much excitement, amid the din of perpetual outward activity, we more than ever require to have some quiet spots. Now, as a matter of fact, our City parishes in their present state in some degree at least meet our wants in these particulars. We are glad to point amongst our City clergy to names well known for learning, and we have quiet influences emanating from the City which will sooner or later be felt over the whole diocese and the whole Church. I would in no wise do away with, I would strive by every means to foster, this peculiarity of our present ecclesiastical arrangements.

The revenues of St. Paul's, as the Archbishop points out, have been otherwise appropriated. This is equivalent to stating what we have ever urged, that the Cathedral is the complement of the parochial system, and that as canonries proper are no longer available in London, as they might have been, for the manifold needs of the Anglican Church in that which is really its principal centre, these City livings, properly handled, might have filled up the gap, particularly as they possess a virtual chapter in Sion College. A large proportion of them are already in the patronage of those who might have helped on so good and useful a work—that is, of the Bishop of London, of St. Paul's Cathedral, of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and of the Lord Chancellor, and a judicious exchange of patronage might easily have swept more in. Mindful, however, of the proverb touching spilt milk, we pass on.

We have reserved to the last the architectural question. The very completeness of the victory which Gothic has achieved as the ecclesiastical style should make us more careful not to sweep ruthlessly away, nor yet to mutilate, so noble and elaborate a series of examples of the other great school of constructive art applied to sacred purposes as now exists in the City churches by Wren and his pupils, nor to thin that forest of varied steeples which so gracefully group themselves before the loiterer on London Bridge. The original Act contained a not well chosen list of four exempted churches, one of them being excepted because London Stone was embedded in its wall. A motion to enlarge this list in the present Bill so as to include all the really valuable churches of the City was lost in the Committee, and the question as it stands is left to the good sense of the yet unnamed Commissioners, subject to the instruction inserted at the same time in the preamble, "due regard being had to the preservation of churches of architectural and historical interest." The difficulty on which was wrecked that which would in itself have been the safest and most explicit procedure, was how to frame the list so as both to include churches which never ought to be pulled down, but which are still in jeopardy, and also not to seem indifferent to the eventual fate of others which ought to be equally sacred, but which seem at present too safe to require artificial protection. To give a few examples. No one but a lunatic Commissioner would now propose to pull down the stately St. Andrew's, Holborn, or that majestic fragment of a great Romanesque minster, St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield. What, on the other hand, should we do with the historical St. Magnus, Fish Street Hill, one of Wren's choicest conceptions, and the living monument of that great chapter of our history, the Danish invasions? This church seems safe, but it is not quite secure. On the other hand, there is a cluster of five nearly adjacent churches in the innermost heart of the City, the demolition of any one of which would be a Vandalism, but each one of which has been repeatedly menaced. St. Michael's, Cornhill, with a noble Gothic tower by Wren, and a body gorgeously recast by Sir Gilbert Scott, with Rogers's finest wood carvings and Clayton and Bell's most carefully painted glass, stands very close to St. Peter's in the same street, the traditionary successor of the oldest church in London, with a very picturesque spire, and an interior fitted up with more than usual care by Wren himself. The demolition of either of those churches would be an act of barbarous stupidity; so would be that of Wren's one completely Gothic church with a tower hardly inferior to that of St. Michael's, St. Mary Aldermary, now standing clear on the line of the new Queen Victoria Street. St. Michael's, too, and St. Mary Aldermary, have shown vigorous symptoms of revived spiritual activity; so also have the two adjacent churches of St. Edmund the King in Lombard Street, and of St. Mary Woolnoth, at the corner of Lombard and King William Streets. The last-named church is nothing less than an historical monument, being recognized as the *chef-d'œuvre* of Wren's greatest pupil—of whom so few works survive—Hawksmoor. Yet the General Post Office has long been hankering after its site in order to extend a branch office. We need not multiply our instances. The Committee, we think, might have been more bold in handling the question. At all events, however, it has shown by its addition to the preamble that it looked with no favour upon the Vandalism which would ruthlessly topple down churches well deserving of the reverential care of a civilized community in order to meet the indefinite claims of ill-defined suburbs. We can only trust that the Commissioners, whoever they may be, will lay to heart this monitory instruction. If they neglect it they will very certainly find their tenure of office a troublesome time.

COURIERS FOR VIENNA.

MR. LEVER'S wandering hero in *Arthur O'Leary* is magnificently entertained by a mysterious stranger who displays a marvellous acquaintance with men and things, who has an unparalleled gift of tongues, who is as much a connoisseur in art as in cookery, and who serves him a sumptuous little supper on wonderfully chased plate in a little *salon* hung with gems of the rarest masters. In course of conversation it comes out that the gentleman who thus entertains Mr. O'Leary in the Low Countries has his cottage on the shores of the Bay of Naples as well, and in fact is, to all appearance, an eccentric millionaire. If he is a millionaire, he made his money on the *grande route*, not as a highwayman, but as a courier. Mr. Lever may have exaggerated. It may have been seldom that gentlemen who followed that somewhat harum-scarum calling took advantage of their opportunities to become capitalists, or included the art of saving among their other qualities. But there can be no question that those were the palmy times of the profession, and that they are gone never to return. Before the days of railways, Bradshaws, and Cooks, most of the people who went abroad on tours were really venturing into strange countries. They knew little or nothing of the speech of the natives; there were no interpreters to be found at the different posting-houses, no offices of information in the hotels, no cosmopolitan bankers who made it their business to be cross-examined, no waiters and porters professing polyglot accomplishments. There was no taking a ticket off hand which franked you without further trouble over a couple of hundred leagues. When you posted, you pulled up every few miles to change horses and squabble with posting-masters and postilions. Frontiers were far more frequent than they are now that wars and revolutions have been obliterating the old landmarks everywhere. Passports were demanded perpetually, and they involved you in all manner of painful formalities. You were always being separated from your papers, and it was no easy matter recovering them, if you were left to your unaided exertions. You were constantly in the hands of gangs of custom-house officers, who insisted on your carriage being turned inside out, even to the contents of the sword-case, unless you were prepared to come down generously with black mail. In short, unless you had engaged some one on whom you could devolve your troubles, anxieties, and responsibilities, your tour from first to last would be a worry as well as a weariness. The chances were that you were well to do, and that money was of less consequence than loss of time and temper. So you hired your courier and gave him pretty much *carte blanche*; if you did not give it him, he was very certain to take it.

Those, we say, were the palmy days of the courier. He was hail-fellow-well-met with every landlord from Dover to the Dardanelles. He took his party to one house or the other—to Dessin or to Quillac, to the "Écu d'Or" or the "Cerf Volant"—as he found the hosts consulted his comforts and considered his commissions. No doubt the recompense for his recommendations was arranged for in the bill. His little private dinner was commended to the best care of the *chef*; and wines of the more esteemed vintages were produced for his delectation from the innermost recesses of the cellars. What may have passed between him and the landlord, when it came to be a question of settling the bill, was a mystery; they always withdrew together to the little family sitting-room behind the bar and beyond the vulgar gaze. But, whatever it might be to his master, that certainly was no very evil quarter of an hour for the courier, judging by the jolly smiling face with which he reappeared to swing himself up on the *impériale* of the travelling carriage, whence he waved the heartiest of farewells to the host in exchange for the kiss of the hand. To be sure he had always swallowed a flowing cup by way of parting ceremony, and the ample gourd that was slung to his portly person had been replenished with Bordeaux or Burgundy of body and

bouquet. But it is not uncharitable to suppose that his commissions were handsome, and that his pay, good as it was, was the smaller part of his profits. Then railways came in, and couriers began rather to go out. Theirs had been a tyranny which had not always been tempered with due discretion. Not unfrequently they had forgotten to combine the *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re*. They had been in the way of ostentatiously parading themselves as protectors and guardians to the injury of the self-respect of their charges. It was difficult to avoid regarding them somewhat in the light of spies. So with the introduction of railways the people who had been used to trust to their leading strings began to try to totter along without them. Like babies, when they get to "feeling their legs," tourists soon came to run alone. Having once begun to help themselves, foreign innkeepers began to find it to their profit to help them. No doubt the smiling host had often cursed in his heart his friend the courier whose hands he squeezed and whose cheeks he kissed with effusion. He sorely grudged to the friend of his soul the commission which reduced his personal gains so materially. If he could drop the middleman out of the bargain, he could at once undersell his competitors, and get more out of his customers. So he sent his son to study English. He insisted on his waiters passing competitive examinations in languages, and although it must be confessed that the standard of their attainments was far from a high one, yet they did pick up enough of foreign words to be wonderfully comforting to strange visitors. And what with the spread of the English speech, and the establishment of steam communications which shot you rapidly from city to city, and assured you a speedy retreat should your situation abroad become trying, couriers began to be dispensed with. Newly-married couples, who used to be among the best patrons of the class, were too glad to escape from under those Argus eyes which used to be fixed unwinkingly on their endearments, and made them matter of merry jest with the maid. Young men going on the great tour, the most lavish employers of all, felt an ingenuous shame in being dry-nursed over the Continent. The presence of a body servant who spoke and thought for them smacked too much of tutors and governors, and of those days of boyhood which they desired to forget. So what with one thing, what with another, couriers went much out of fashion, except with City millionaires who sought to swell their dignity by magnifying their retinue, and with ladies and invalids who had much better reason for placing themselves under the care of Greathearts in their pilgrimage.

There seems every reason to believe, however, that the opening of the Vienna Exhibition will give at least a temporary impetus to the prosperity of the couriers' guild. There has already been a rush of visitors to the Imperial city, and by-and-by there will no doubt be greater crowds and tremendous scramble and bustle both in the city and on the roads that lead to it. It will not be a simple question of being shown to snug rooms by obsequious waiters at any house which you may honour by your patronage. It is possible that, as the season goes on, decent quarters anywhere will become matter of negotiation and bargain, and although the sinister rumours of excessive charges may turn out to be somewhat exaggerated, yet simple prudence may often counsel one to come to some understanding in advance. It is in circumstances like these that the courier becomes a real luxury, nor is he likely to be a very expensive one. He will cost a good deal no doubt; but, on the other hand, he may save a great deal even in money, to say nothing of temper and trouble. His experience and topographical knowledge will often be invaluable. He will relieve you of the higgling which an English gentleman hates above all things, whatever may be the sentiments of some managing English ladies. Then in Vienna, unless the head of the family party means to make himself the slave of his household, he must provide himself with a domestic familiar of some kind, while there are many worthy people whom the sense of loneliness and isolation on the banks of the distant Danube might render fretfully nervous or moodily despondent. It would make all the difference between enjoyment and misery to have some one in charge who knows everything you are ignorant of, who thinks for you, tends you, feeds you, and to whose coat-tails you can cling in case of necessity. To many veteran travellers in Rhineland and Switzerland there will be a terrible sense of the adventurous when they are being carried so far beyond the range of their ordinary experiences. The heroes of the *Nibelungenlied* never crossed the Danube stream with heavier anxiety as to all that might possibly be awaiting them. Tourists are no longer upon the homely Rhine, flowing through its familiar vineyards, and bearing its friendly rafts past hotels swarming with cockneys towards peaceful Holland and their English home. The Danube rushes towards the vague unknown, through wide plains peopled by semi-nomadic Magyars; through forests traversed by the half-armed Servian swineherds; past towns in the Principalities where baiting Jews and wrecking their dwellings is still the favourite pastime of the people; past tumble-down citadels that fly the Crescent, and white villages with crumbling minarets which are possibly being devastated by the mysterious plague. It is to be expected, too, that all these semi-barbarous States and provinces will send their representatives in troops to the great Exhibition. As you tread the unpaved streets of the innermost city, or make your way through the Leopoldstadt towards the Prater, you will be swaggered up against by haggard, wild-eyed Orientals, who are walking arsenals of deadly weapons. The Imperial police will give but moderate assurance to strangers to whom German is as one of the dead languages; although it may be some satisfaction to believe that Scotland Yard has sent delegates from its detective force, and that a half-dozen or so of native-bred British officers are watching over the safety of their countrymen. When a sense of the strange is brooding oppressively upon you, there may be unspeakable comfort in the thought that trusty Fritz or Karl is always gliding at your elbow like a substantial shadow.

Jesting apart, if we are to judge from the reports of the Viennese journals, a corporation of couriers has made excellent arrangements for securing efficient service and protection to intending visitors. They seem to have established a central syndicate, which doubtless has its agencies in this country, and its recommendation should be a material guarantee for character and capacity. It is needless to point out how much of the enjoyment of the journey depends on your making a satisfactory choice. Except in its essentially temporary nature, the connexion with your courier more nearly resembles matrimony than any other that we can think of. There should be compatibility of temper and habits; that is to say, a good courier, like a good wife, should pretend to give in graciously on all occasions, should manage you so judiciously that you are never conscious of the pressure which directs your path. There should be absolute mutual confidence; that is to say, you should never have a suspicion that you are being deceived, and you should remain in blissful ignorance of any injuries that may be done you. If it should unfortunately prove otherwise, you are fretted past endurance by the very closeness of the ties that bind you and your travelling companion together: you see your enemy by your bed and your board, he thrusts his finger into all your arrangements, he makes his voice heard in all your money matters, and indeed he may be said to have mastered the strings of your purse. Separation is in your power, no doubt; but you cannot separate without sacrifices, recrimination, and a good deal of scandal. Then, bad as he was, and much as you have come to dislike him, you are sure to find that you miss him and his services if he leaves you, and if you try to form another connexion in haste, the chances are that you do worse than before. The moral of which is, that persons who propose to travel with couriers had better make their arrangements in time, and apply in the quarters that offer them substantial guarantees.

ASYLUM MANAGEMENT.

IT may be taken for granted that before very long there will be a change of some kind or other in the local administration of our counties. The English Justice of the Peace is confessedly an anomalous being. He is a Government official in so far as he has his commission from the Crown, but the fact of his being unpaid of itself makes him something wholly different from the paid servants of the Crown at home or abroad. On the other hand, the fact that he has his commission from the Crown makes him something wholly different from those officers, at home or abroad, whose authority springs from popular election. He cannot stand according to either the French principle or the Swiss principle. Even in England he stands by himself. Other officers of the Crown are paid; other unpaid officers are elective. All that is to be said for him is that he is, and that it is by no means clear that anybody else would do his work better or so well. And that this can be said for him is, in our land of precedent, a good deal. An anomalous institution is in England not likely to be upset simply because it is anomalous. Still, if an institution which is confessedly anomalous is attacked on other grounds by any powerful class, the fact that it is anomalous greatly strengthens the hands of those who attack it. The county magistracy, anomalous as it is in theory, might safely go on discharging its duties both judicial and administrative, if nobody found anything to say against it except that it is anomalous. But in several counties the ratepayers profess to have found out that the magistrates are not only anomalous but something much worse, namely extravagant. The charge in most cases arises from sheer misconception; but the practically important thing is that the charge has been brought. In the case of men who vote away the money of other men to whom they are in no way responsible, a suspicion, even an unjust suspicion, is almost as bad as a conviction. Men cannot in reason be asked to submit to taxation without representation any longer than they choose to submit to it. It is probable then that the present form of county administration will have, at some not very distant day, to give way to the elective board in some shape or other. It is hardly a question whether the change will be for the better or for the worse. When those who are affected by an anomalous institution say that it is not only an anomaly but a practical grievance, the anomaly cannot stand.

We have before now had to speak our mind about the local government of counties, and we shall no doubt have to do so again more than once before the matter is finally settled. Some settlement must be made some time, but the chances of a really good settlement will be seriously endangered if the subject of local government be taken up as an electioneering question for political parties to outbid one another about. The vote of the farmers is already so powerful, the Ballot is likely to make it so much more powerful, that there is the greatest possible temptation for all parties to bid for their support. It is certainly not an agreeable aspect of human nature to hear magistrates, especially Conservative magistrates, disparaging their own order and flattering the prejudices of the farmers, with a view to an expected election. The advanced Liberal is sometimes less zealous for change

on this head than his Conservative neighbour. He has been known to argue that democracy is the right thing where it is to be had, but that, where democracy is not to be had, there is nothing gained by pulling down a better oligarchy to set up a worse. It is quite certain that, as regards the efficiency of public administration, above all as regards the welfare of the classes below both, it would be no improvement to exchange a government of squires for a government of farmers. Some malicious tongues have gone so far as to say that the farmer is produced by keeping the bad side of the squire and leaving out the good. However this may be, it is certain that the tendency of the farmer is to take a breeches-pocket view of everything, to grudge every penny that is spent, to delight in the false economy which makes some petty saving at the cost of really efficient and liberal administration. It is said that some Poor-law Guardians believe that their title means that their duty is, not to be Guardians of the poor, but to be Guardians of the parish purse against the poor. It is certain that it is the hardest thing in the world to make a body of farmers understand that an incompetent officer is far dearer at a low salary than a competent officer is at a high salary.

There is one branch of local administration above all which it will never do to hand over to bodies at all like the present Boards of Guardians. These are the Pauper Lunatic Asylums. Of the two it would be far better to centralize them, to place them, at the risk of any number of outcries, under purely Government management of some kind. We are far from wishing for any such change. All that we can say is that, of two possible changes, this would be the lesser evil. The management of the Asylums at present is somewhat peculiar. A Committee of Visiting Magistrates is appointed yearly by Quarter Sessions; but, when once appointed, they are, for most purposes, independent of the Court. They have on great occasions to come to the Court for money; but in ordinary life they have more to do with the Commissioners in Lunacy. That is, when they have to lay out money beyond the income of the Asylum itself, they have to come to Quarter Sessions for it, while they have not to come, like other Committees, for the confirmation of their ordinary acts. The local public at large therefore hears of them only as spenders of money and has very little notion of what the real work of the Asylum is. In more counties than one an outcry is raised against the extravagance of the Asylum Visitors, which for the most part simply proves the ignorance of those who raise it. We allow that the ignorance itself is often not their fault, but to raise a disturbance about matters of which they are even innocently ignorant is certainly a grave fault. That the general public should know little of the details of Asylum management is a necessary consequence of the form of management which the law has decreed for Asylums. Therefore Boards of Guardians and the like would be better employed in attending to their own duties than in censuring men who are doing their own duties also, though in a sphere which is necessarily less open to the public eye. But it is much worse when a future candidate or his zealous supporters join in the outcry with a view to the next election, or when a nobleman bent on a popular harangue thinks that his nobility exempts him from any need to get up the subject on which he is speaking. The cry of extravagance is of all cries the easiest to raise, unless possibly the cry of Popery. And people raise it as if magistrates, and especially Visitors of Asylums, had some interest in extravagance. From the way in which malcontent Guardians and the like are apt to talk, one would think that the rates went into the magistrates' pockets, instead of the magistrates having to pay them like other people. In matters of expense the interest of the magistrates is exactly the same as the interest of the ratepayers, for the simple reason that the magistrates are themselves ratepayers. Any one who knows anything of the working of Quarter Sessions must know that hardly a penny can be spent without some zealous economist rising to object to spending it. Extravagance is certainly not the fault of a body of men who, if they vote away other people's money, vote away their own also. But it is possible that expenses which seem necessary to those who understand the matter in hand may sometimes seem extravagant to those who know nothing about it.

One point at which the class represented by the elected Guardians are apt to grumble is the salary paid to the Medical Superintendents of the Asylums. A retiring Superintendent gets a pension, or the actual Superintendent gets an increase of salary, and the voices of the discontented are loud against the waste of the public money. It is in vain to tell them what a post that of the Superintendent of an Asylum really is, to tell them of the rare union of intellectual and moral qualities which it calls for, the scientific skill, the tact, the temper, the thorough zeal for his work without which the work cannot be done—qualities which are cheaply purchased indeed at 500*l.* or 600*l.* a year. It is in vain to tell them of the wearing and distressing nature of his duties, of the special need that his work should have occasional breaks, and that it should not—for fear of his own mind giving way—be kept on for any very great number of years together. It is in vain to point out that for this very purpose an Act of Parliament was passed allowing pensions to be granted to officers of Asylums after a shorter term of service than formerly; to show perhaps that the pension complained of might, by the terms of the Act, have been much higher in amount and might have been granted several years sooner. It is in vain to tell them how cheaply the services of a really good Superintendent are bought at the highest salary which any Superintendent receives—to explain the constant, discriminating, and delicate treatment which is needed by patients under the various forms of disease; how many little refinements which to the vulgar eye might seem luxuries are really parts of the medical treatment; how the pictures, the band, the theatre, the chapel with its fabric and services at least up to the standard of a well-ordered village church, all have their direct share in doing the work which the Asylum has to do; how great a power of organization as well as of scientific skill is needed in the man who has to look to all these things and to manage a large staff of inferior officers. All this goes for nothing with men whose one cry is that the thing might be done cheaper. So it doubtless might, if all that is needed were, after the good old fashion, to chain and beat our lunatics, to shut them up in cold and darkness and nakedness. The Guardians could doubtless get that done for a much smaller sum. Or they might doubtless get the parish doctor, for a much smaller increase of his pay, to look in at the Asylum every day as he looks in at the workhouse. Or something might be saved by cutting down Asylum diet to the standard of workhouse diet, the difference between which two standards is shown by the simplest of tests; patients removed from the Asylum to the workhouse always lose in weight, while patients removed from the workhouse to the Asylum always gain. And there is one way perhaps better than any of these for lessening Asylum charges, and for taking away the need for enlarged Asylum buildings—a way which many a grumbling Guardian has in his own hands. No one cause sends so many patients to the Asylum as drunkenness; every Guardian who pays any part of his labourers' wages in drink instead of in money is directly helping to increase the number of Asylum patients, and thereby to increase the amount of Asylum charges and the size of Asylum buildings.

The upshot of all this is that, whatever changes may be coming in the form of the local government of our counties, the Lunatic Asylums at all events must not be handed over to bodies whose spirit and temper are at all like that of our present Boards of Guardians. They cannot be managed under the influence of that hard grudging spirit which forces every penny, either for the proper welfare of the inmates of the workhouse or for the fair pay of its officers, to be absolutely wrung out of it. The way in which the Guardians manage the workhouses, the way in which their complaints show that they wish to manage the Asylums, is proof enough that they must never be allowed to have them in their hands. Under their care the proper medical treatment could never be carried out. No medical man of the class which alone is fit for the delicate work of Superintendent of an Asylum would either take such pay as they would offer him, or would submit to such interference as theirs. Whatever happens, our Lunatic Asylums must not be placed in the hands of men less liberal of money, less able to understand the position and feelings of an able scientific man, than they are now. Local management is no doubt best when fit local management can be had, but if the only form of local management that is to be had is such local management as is likely to be given us by Boards of Guardians or bodies at all like them, the care of our Asylums had better become a direct branch of the business of the central Government.

THE GROCERS AGAIN.

WE gather from some communications which have been published in the *Grocer* that the retail members of that trade are just at present by no means in a happy frame of mind. Even the reduction of the sugar duty does not cheer their drooping spirits. It would seem that they have come to the conclusion that all the world is in a conspiracy against them. The public is very hard upon them on one side, and the wholesale houses are very hard upon them on the other, and then there is the new Adulteration Act to fill up their cup. The Adulteration Act is the newest grievance, and for the moment it produces the loudest outcry. The grocers think it very cruel that they should be required, under criminal penalties, to vouch for the purity of the articles which they offer for sale. They assert, of course, that no adulteration ever takes place after the goods arrive at their shops, but then it is impossible for them to be sure that adulteration has not been previously practised. They do not manufacture or import the goods themselves; they purchase them from the wholesale houses, and they have to trust to those houses to give them an honest return for their money. To the mind of the retail grocer nothing can be simpler or more obvious than that the wholesale dealers should alone be held responsible for the purity of the wares sold in shops. It is conceivable, however, that the wholesale dealers might have something to say in opposition to this proposal. They would naturally object to be made responsible for the character of goods which had passed beyond their control. In many cases they are only importers, not manufacturers; and they, too, are liable to have bad goods passed off upon them when they go into the market. If the retail people had their way, the wholesale houses might find themselves called upon to answer, not only for the quality of the goods as they sold them, but for the quality of the goods after they had gone into the hands of other persons. An impartial public will be disposed to believe that adulteration is practised sometimes by the wholesale dealers, sometimes by the shopkeepers, and sometimes by both in succession. The only way in which adulteration can be effectually checked is to come down on the person in whose possession the adulterated goods happen to be found. It is

true that he may be the innocent victim of an imposition, but he will have an opportunity of proving this, if he can, before he is convicted.

If the shopkeepers will only exert themselves to expose the frauds of wholesale dealers, and to bring the offenders to justice, the public will be very grateful to them; but we are afraid the public can hardly afford to relieve the shopkeepers from all responsibility in the matter. It is not too much to expect that a man who sets up as a grocer should have some knowledge of the articles he undertakes to supply, and should be able to discriminate between genuine and spurious commodities. If he cannot trust his own judgment in every case, a small fee to an analytical chemist will enable him to submit the doubtful goods to an authoritative test. It is much easier for a shopkeeper to test his goods in bulk than for every customer to test them in small quantities; and the practical advantage of the law as it stands is that it puts a certain amount of pressure on the shopkeeper to take precautions on this point which he would be very apt to neglect if he were allowed to transfer all his responsibility as a matter of course to the wholesale houses. Whether goods in the Custom House and in bonded warehouses should not be subjected to a regular system of inspection is a question which certainly deserves consideration. The retailers are of course entitled to the benefit of every protection against the trickery of wholesale dealers which can be reasonably extended to them, both for their own sake and for the sake of the public; and adulteration, notwithstanding Mr. Bright's famous dictum, is really such an abominable kind of robbery that no effort should be spared to track it down and punish it. The Reports which were laid on Tuesday before the City Commission of Sewers contain some rather startling disclosures on this subject. Dr. Letheby, the Medical Officer of Health for the City, lately heard that a thousand boxes of adulterated green tea were being offered for public sale, but the tea was all sold before he could interfere. Samples, however, had been taken and the names of the purchasers obtained. He found that the samples contained from forty to forty-three per cent. of iron filings and nineteen per cent. of silica in the form of fine sand, which had been mixed with the leaves before curling evidently with a view to increase their weight and bulk. After the leaves were curled they were covered with green pigment, and when infused in boiling water they produced "a very turbid solution, offensive to the smell and nauseous to the taste." In another instance Dr. Letheby was privately warned that a large quantity of unsound tea was being hawked about in the City, and on inquiry he found that it was salvage from a wreck. The tea, after having been well soaked in salt water, was dried and otherwise manipulated in order to give it a decent appearance, and was then packed in old tea-chests and stored in a bonded warehouse. All the samples were composed of "exhausted and putrid leaves, and were utterly unfit for human consumption." In a joint Report the Medical Officer and the Solicitor of the Commission have pointed out the difficulties of dealing with articles unfit for food in bonded warehouses, owing to the want of definite, speedy, and certain information of the existence of such articles, and of power to enter the warehouses for the purposes of examination and analysis. They suggest that the Medical Officer of Health or Nuisance Inspector should be enabled to inspect goods in bonded warehouses, and, in the event of their being found to be unsound or impure, to obtain an order from the justices for their seizure and condemnation, or at least for their being held in custody until fully examined.

A meeting was held in London last week at which a number of grocers exchanged views as to the present state of the trade. We cannot say that the speeches which were delivered convey the impression that the grocers have as yet arrived at a very correct appreciation of the conditions under which they have to do business, or of the proper course for them to pursue. But on one point at least they have come to a sound conclusion, and that is as to the advantage of co-operation among themselves. The shopkeepers seem to be becoming resigned to the existence of Co-operative Stores as an inevitable evil, and the only question now is how to compete with them to the best advantage. "A hair of the dog that bit you" is an old prescription to which the grocers appear to have turned in their despair. They have resolved to meet co-operation by co-operation, but it is still uncertain what form their co-operation is to assume. In the first instance, the retailers endeavoured to frighten the wholesale houses into refusing to do business with the Co-operative Stores, and in some instances they succeeded. The only result, however, was that, when one firm threw up a contract under pressure of this kind, there were others eager to obtain it, and the Stores have never found the slightest difficulty in procuring whatever goods they required at wholesale prices. The Stores give large orders and pay cash down, and these are temptations which few traders are able to resist. The retail people are at last convinced of the hopelessness of attempting to prevent the Stores from obtaining wholesale supplies, and have determined to apply whatever pressure they can bring to bear on the wholesale dealers in order to obtain better bargains for themselves. An Association has been projected for the purpose of supplying grocers, oilmen, shipowners, &c., with goods at a small percentage on cost, "to enable them to meet the competition of Co-operative Societies." There is no reason to doubt that an establishment of this kind, if judiciously managed, might prove highly beneficial to the grocers. By uniting in this way, they would enjoy the advantage of making wholesale purchases on a large scale, and of putting into their own pockets a share at least of the profits which at present go to enrich the wholesale dealers. Indeed, even without forming a large association, grocers might, by combining together in small groups, often effect advantageous purchases. They would do well to remember, however, that the success of the Co-operative Stores is entirely due to their strict adherence to cash transactions both in buying and selling; and it is hopeless for the grocers to attempt to compete with them on equal terms unless they are prepared to act on similar principles. We observe in the prospectus of the proposed Grocers' Supply Association that it is intended to allow members to obtain goods on credit to the amount of 100*l.* worth a year for each share held; and here we have at the outset a departure from the ready money system. It must never be forgotten that in one way or another credit must be paid for, and shopkeepers who trade on borrowed capital are necessarily weighted in the race as compared with those who pay for everything in cash. One of the speakers at the meeting at which this project of co-operation was discussed urged that wholesale houses should be "utterly done away with," forgetting apparently that the new association would be only a wholesale house managed by a company. Another grocer, in the course of what is described as "a vigorous speech," thought that his fellow-traders suffered from being "too nervous." His advice was to "put ½*d.* a pound on moist and 1*d.* on lump sugar, and don't be nervous." Some indignation was expressed at the candid admission of the chairman and other speakers that the retail dealers were suffering from the competition of the Stores. One gentleman said he thought it was "showing a flag of weakness before the public to come before them with such associations as this." It was only because the public was so ignorant that it was taken in by the Stores. This gentleman, however, was reminded that mere talking about the Stores would not talk them down. The success of a Grocers' Supply Association would of course depend on the amount of practical experience and sagacity with which it was conducted; but there seems to be no reason why a committee of grocers could not manage such a business as well as a committee of Civil Service clerks. Even if the grocers combined for nothing else, they would do well to combine with a view to protect themselves from having unsound or adulterated goods passed off upon them by wholesale dealers. An organized system of inspection and analysis, with a fund for prosecuting fraudulent merchants, would be as much to their own advantage as to that of the public.

We find in the same number of the paper which reports the meeting of the grocers a report of the annual meeting of the Civil Service Supply Association (Limited). The balance-sheet shows that goods were sold last year to the amount of 371,792*l.*, at a gross profit of 32,000*l.*, which was reduced, however, by working expenses to a net sum of 5,300*l.* The principle is to sell at cost price articles which do not deteriorate by keeping, and which are packed for sale, such as pickles, preserved meats, &c. In other cases a small percentage is added to cover risks and expenses. It is interesting to know that the Association expects to be able to sell sugar at a reduction of a farthing a pound if Mr. Lowe's Budget is carried; so that the gentleman at the grocers' meeting who urged the retailers not to be "nervous" about raising the price of sugar may perhaps find that the competition of the Stores cannot be ignored. If the shopkeepers experience a pang of envy and jealousy when they read the large figures of the Association's balance-sheet, they may perhaps derive some consolation from hearing that the managers of the society are not successful in pleasing everybody. Earnest appeals have been addressed to the Association on the subject of port wine, and they laid down a considerable stock of port in anticipation of the demand from members. The consequence is that they have still a large stock on hand. "If gentlemen," said the Chairman, "will not drink old port wine we cannot keep up the supply," and there certainly does not appear to be any means of compelling gentlemen to drink old port wine if they don't like it. It appears that Mr. O'Dowd also "alluded to the subject of Irish whisky," but his remarks, in consequence of the noise prevailing in the room, were unfortunately lost to the reporters. It would appear that there is a great Irish whisky question as well as an old port question, and another gentleman was very bitter about the "great coal question." A member thought the Stores were extravagant with paper and string, and another demanded a series of detailed accounts showing the precise profit and loss on every article sold in the establishment. The Chairman pointed out that it was by simplifying their accounts as much as possible that the Stores were enabled to do business cheaply, and that the information asked for would add considerably to the annual expenses. On the whole, the Committee seem to have quite enough of questions of one kind and another on their hands, and their moderate allowance of 1,500 guineas to be divided amongst them can hardly be said to have been too easily earned. If a resolution which was carried at this meeting is confirmed by a ballot, the Association will pass into a new phase of existence. Hitherto it has been open to any member of the Civil Service to become a shareholder, but it is proposed that the issue of shares should be stopped, and, if this is agreed upon, the Association will become, in a great measure, an ordinary proprietary business. The profits will belong to the existing body of shareholders, and there are already indications that a conflict of interests may some day arise between shareholders who are anxious for large dividends and members of the Association who are interested in obtaining cheap goods.

RELIGIOUS AFFAIRS IN GERMANY.

THE ecclesiastical contest in Germany has by no means lain dormant, though it seems of late to have attracted less public attention. Both in the political and in the strictly religious sphere events are rapidly advancing, and it remains to be seen whether the two parallel streams which have hitherto run each its own separate course will converge to a common issue. One question on which great stress was laid at the Cologne Congress of last September has, we observe, already come before the German Reichstag, and has been referred to a Select Committee for consideration; that is, the introduction of compulsory civil marriage throughout the Empire. Meanwhile the ecclesiastical Bills of the Government have been passed without any substantial change by an overwhelming majority of the Upper House of the Prussian Landtag. A formal protest has been made by the Archbishop of Cologne, and we presume some similar measure is in contemplation by the episcopate generally, as they have again met at Fulda to seek inspiration at the tomb of St. Boniface. But they sat with closed doors, and as yet no intimation has been given of the result of their deliberations. It does not, however, at all follow that their condemnation of Prince Bismarck's Church policy would represent or evoke the universal feeling of the Catholics, or even of the Catholic clergy of Prussia. And it is certainly a curious fact, if it is correctly reported, that, of some fifty petitions against Dr. Falk's Bills presented to the Herrenhaus, forty-one should have emanated from Protestant congregations. The laity may not unreasonably be disposed to think that a university education is an innocuous, if not positively beneficial, preliminary to the more professional curriculum of candidates for the priesthood. And the clergy themselves, whatever opinion they may hold about methods of clerical training, can hardly be expected to cling with peculiar affection to the arbitrary exercise of episcopal authority, which it is the object of one of these new measures to restrain. It is not improbable, from what is known of their characters and antecedents, that there may even be those among the bishops whose personal convictions are favourable to some part at least of the new legislation, as we know there are those among them who expressed their personal satisfaction at the expulsion of the Jesuits, though they had joined in a corporate protest against it beforehand. The question of the abstract merits or demerits of the new laws is of course quite distinct from the wider inquiry as to the policy or justice of imposing regulations materially affecting the internal organization of the Church, by the exclusive action of the civil power. Into that discussion we need not enter here, further than to observe—what is obvious—that a certain margin must necessarily be allowed for differences of national sentiment and usage, and that it has always been customary for foreign, especially Prussian, Governments to interfere, and to interfere with a high hand, in many matters where any such interposition would be thought intolerable in England. At present, however, we are chiefly concerned with the facts. What is certain is that the four Bills have passed the Herrenhaus, and although a final reference to the Lower House is requisite as a matter of form, it is expected that they will have received the Royal assent and have become part of the law of Prussia by the end of next week. The further step of extending their obligation to the whole German Empire can hardly be long delayed, and already Bavaria and some of the other smaller States are preparing to adopt it on their own account without waiting for the action of the Imperial Diet.

The expulsion of the Jesuits, though it raised less violent opposition in Ultramontane circles than the directly ecclesiastical measures since introduced, is, as we have before pointed out, still more difficult to defend on grounds either of justice or expediency. And the Report just presented by the Committee appointed by the Diet to ascertain the exact sense of the clause which includes all societies "related to the Jesuits," without naming them, in the sentence of banishment, extends the scope of the measure far beyond what had appeared to be its original limits. Not only are certain small congregations regularly affiliated to the Jesuits put under ban, but all communities which share what the Committee have defined to constitute the leading characteristics of the Jesuit Order are also to share their fate. These characteristics are stated to be three—namely, the aiming at a universal spiritual despotism, the internal centralization of discipline organized with this object, and universal extension to all parts of the world. The two former peculiarities may fairly be allowed to distinguish the Jesuits, both in fact and in the intention of the master mind which planned the system, from the older religious corporations in the Church. But if they have been more successful in extending their operations over the world than their older rivals in the field, this is mainly due to their superior organization and unity of aim. The Dominicans and Franciscans are not less cosmopolite in idea than the Jesuits, and for three centuries before the Reformation the Franciscans were the great missionary power of the Latin Church, just as the Jesuits have been for the three centuries since. However, the Committee have reported that by the application of these tests the Redemptorist and Lazarist Fathers must be held to be included in the scope of the law, and they will accordingly, we presume, be banished from German soil. This rough and ready method of expelling Ultramontane influences "by a fork" can hardly fail to suggest to a looker-on the probability that, like similar methods of expelling nature, it may lead to a reaction. Downright persecution of this sort (we are speaking now simply of the Jesuit law), unless it is very thorough indeed—more thorough than is well possible in this nineteenth century—usually defeats itself.

It would be an interesting inquiry, if there were any sufficient data to rely upon, what effect recent changes will have, at the present very critical epoch in the history of the Roman Catholic Church, on the future of German Catholicism, and how they will be received by the two great sections into which it is at present divided. There is little in Prince Bismarck's policy which the Old Catholics would not hail with satisfaction; most of it, including the proposed establishment of civil marriage, is virtually the carrying out of their own professed programme. But will the Ultramontane majority passively, however sullenly, acquiesce, or are we to look for a kind of religious civil war, if such a phrase may be allowed? We have seen already that a large number of Protestant petitions against the new laws was presented, and it has been asserted that the majority of the "Old Lutherans," or what may be called in English phraseology the High Church section of the Evangelical Church, will side with Catholics in their resistance. It may be so, though we do not feel by any means sure of it. Neither indeed can it safely be assumed that the Catholic opposition will take any very determined shape, notwithstanding the fiery language addressed by the Ultramontane *Germania*, in a kind of editorial allocution, to the assembled bishops at Fulda. The modern State is first identified with Satan saying to the unchangeable Church, "All this I will give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me," and is soon afterwards, in a peroration more sonorous than strictly intelligible, somehow metamorphosed into a combined embodiment of Judaism and heathenism, whose oppressive gloom is at last to be triumphantly dispelled by "the eternal sunlight of Christianity." But the Ultramontane journals, both in Germany and elsewhere, are much addicted to what the Americans call "tall talk," and there is another passage in this same article which may suggest a different conclusion from that intended by the writer. He observes, with perfect justice, that "immense sacrifices will be demanded" of those who are resolved to resist the action of the State, and then adds—what is by no means equally clear—"as is always the case, these sacrifices will be made." But that depends entirely on the earnestness and strength of conviction of the Ultramontane party, and some of those who are best acquainted with the internal condition of religious parties in Germany do not at all believe that Ultramontane earnestness will stand the crucial test of sacrifice. There, as elsewhere, the infallibilist ranks are demoralized by a secret indifferentism, if not scepticism, which is entirely consistent with very loud talking while talking only is required, and is even likely to promote it, but is not at all likely to inspire vigorous action or patient endurance of serious trial and discomfort. Meanwhile, however, the State does not appear to be particularly firm in its support of the Old Catholics. The other day the parishioners of Hirschberg, in Silesia, elected an excommunicated Old Catholic priest, Dr. Hassler, as their pastor, to whom the Bishop of Breslau of course refused institution; and on an appeal to the Government the Bishop was supported in his refusal, and a second election was ordered to be made. In Switzerland, however, the movement seems to be carrying all before it, and even the eccentricities of Father Hyacinthe, who was invited by an indiscreet minority to Geneva, have not seriously retarded the growth of a large and increasing party of *bonâ fide* Catholics who openly repudiate infallibilism.

In Germany there has been an important Old Catholic meeting held at Bonn, under the presidency of Dr. Schulte, who has migrated from Prague to the banks of the Rhine, and now holds a professorship in the northern University. It was decided that the annual Congress should be held next September at Constance, where two Old Catholic congregations have been established, but the main object of the meeting was to elect a bishop. And about this some hitch seems to have occurred. Dr. Döllinger was understood to be opposed to the step, as unnecessary, or at least premature, and two of the most distinguished leaders of the movement, Reinkens and Reusch, whose names have been in everybody's mouth during the last twelvemonth as the future nominees, have declined the office. In Reinkens's case a sincere diffidence as to his own qualifications was unquestionably the controlling motive, but Reusch is said to have also expressed doubts of the wisdom of making any appointment at present. The scheme, however, has not been abandoned, and the 4th of June is now fixed for the election of a bishop, whose salary was announced to have already been secured. And when the bishop is elected and consecrated (by the Archbishop of Utrecht) a synod is to be held, and a plan of synodical action, drawn up by a Committee of the Cologne Congress, will be submitted to it. There are obvious reasons to account for even the warmest supporters of the cause shrinking from what must inevitably be a difficult and trying, and may not improbably prove a somewhat thankless office. But, on the other hand, it is not easy to see how the movement is to hold its ground at all, for any time, even allowing it to be a strictly provisional arrangement, as Dr. Döllinger insists, without any bishops; and it is plain that if bishops there are to be, whether one or more, its future success will very materially depend on the wisdom displayed in their selection. Both Reinkens and Reusch are men of great learning and sober judgment, besides being earnest and eloquent speakers; but an episcopal firebrand might easily do more mischief to the cause of which he had become the official representative than all its episcopal opponents put together, and even a respectable nonentity might very seriously discredit it. The Old Catholics may

perhaps be disposed to regret that Schulte himself, whose tact and power have been shown to be fully equal to his evident intensity of conviction, happens to be a layman and a married man. It is not, however, our business to speculate on the chances of the approaching election, but we shall look with considerable interest to the report of the meeting to be held at Cologne on the 4th of June. The little Church of Utrecht has hitherto presented the sole example of a Latin episcopate repudiating the modern encroachments of the Papacy, and the desperate attempts which have been made from time to time to suppress it by artifice or by force are a measure of the gravity of such a phenomenon in Roman eyes. But the Archbishops of Utrecht have studiously maintained an attitude of purely passive resistance, and the community they rule over is neither a large nor an increasing one. An Old Catholic bishop in Germany could not fail to be brought into direct and active antagonism with the upholders of the Vatican decrees.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

II.

THE French critic, M. Beulé, begins one of his thoughtful essays with these words:—"The return of the Exhibitions is looked to as a fête—a fête of intelligence and of taste, and yet, notwithstanding, art is lost." He then proceeds to examine the causes why exhibitions do not arrest, but, according to the opinion of some, actually accelerate, the decadence of art. In England we certainly have an interest in ascertaining how it came to pass that a period of decadence at once set in when the Royal Academy gained power and position by the possession of Burlington House. That the present Exhibition should show steady and continuous decline is all the more anomalous inasmuch as there are reasons why a revival might have been anticipated. One cause of the falling away within the last few years is but too common in the experience of all intellectual movements, whether in art, science, or literature. The transition is always critical and sometimes fatal between one generation and another; the chasm which lies between men who, amid crowning works, have been gathered to the last garner, and their unaccredited successors, it is often impossible to fill up. The Academy has suffered losses which it is difficult to make good; the death of such painters as Maclise, Phillip, Creswick, and Mason leaves blanks which must long be felt. And then, in addition to these losses, there comes in the course of nature a continuous falling away; men who once worked hard and well reach the time of life when they take things easily. And unfortunately it has so happened that at this juncture the younger and rising generation is scarcely strong enough to bear the heat and burden of the day. Hence for the moment the Exhibition is without leading spirits and governing powers; but that this period of interregnum will be of long duration there seems to be no serious ground for fear. Talent is cropping up even in obscure places, and good honest work is pressing forward; moreover there appears to be a sincere desire on the part of the Academy to afford to men of promise a chance of making themselves known. But, reverting to the dangers which M. Beulé sees in the present system of exhibitions, we may mention an evil which at this moment specially besets the Royal Academy. Instead of being sustained by the State, it is an institution actuated by individual motives, and private interests, it may be feared, prevail over the public good. Accordingly these exhibitions, in default of authoritative and intelligent control, are a compromise of parties, a kind of give and take, a foregone conclusion in favour of friends who are kindly allowed to get a good turn. All this is so much the way of the world in every profession that no one in particular can be blamed, and yet the result is a confusion little short of calamitous. The exhibition becomes a medley, mediocrity in the majority puts talent into an eccentric minority, the tares grow up and choke the wheat. Galleries thus arranged are often the reverse of educational; indeed they sometimes sanction with authority works which the public should be taught to despise. It seems one province of contemporary criticism to strike the just balance, to supply as it were a *catalogue raisonné*, and to point to the causes which may be tending to the advance or to the decline of our English art.

The largest picture of the year is dedicated by Mr. Poynter, A.R.A., to the "Dragon of Wantley" (541); the legend has been set forth at length in the *Percy Reliques*. The incidents in this particular legend do not materially differ from the usual routine of these stories; the dragon, as a matter of course, has committed outrages, and the people in consequence are supposed to have fled for succour to a gallant knight, who, having chosen with care his armour, has been dressed for the fight by a young damsel. The typical form of these romances is of the more importance inasmuch as Mr. Poynter is understood to be engaged on four bulky dragon pictures, of which this is only the second; the story of "Perseus and Andromeda" having last year furnished him with an introduction to the series. In the present instance the spectator may imagine himself near a Yorkshire village called Wantley, within a mile of the seat of the late Mr. Wortley Montagu. The spot chosen is a wooded and rocky headland which overlooks a wide sweep of hill and dale, a line of country common to Yorkshire. As we stand before the picture it would appear that the painter has been careful to reproduce the actual scene associated with the song, and assuredly no locality could be better suited to his purpose. Grandly conceived are the tree trunks which assume tragic contortions as if in response to the dragon's writhings; and the dragon himself, described in the poem as of "furious wings," "long claws," and "jaws of four-and-forty teeth of iron," rises to the nobility which distinguishes the higher order of dragons from the meaner and more extravagant of the species. Mr. Poynter has greatly improved on his dragon of last year, which was a raving vulgar monster; now he comes more near to the Turneresque idea, which is the noblest conception of a dragon known to modern times. "More of More Hall," the "peerless knight of these woods," is seen with arm and sword raised ready to give the final thrust. The drama sustains its action well, the drawing is firm and true. Perhaps to the general public the style may still seem rather dry and hard; yet the grand treatment of the lines, and the solemnity of the colours, show that Mr. Poynter in his eclecticism has not excluded Titian from his studies.

Mr. E. M. Ward, R.A., has a powerful composition, "The Eve of St. Bartholomew" (207). Admiral Coligny, after the attempt to assassinate him before the massacre, is visited in bed by the King, Catherine de Medici, and the Duke of Anjou. The situation is striking, and the figures have a dignity befitting historic art; yet they would appear to more advantage if less heavy and dark; the colours, too, might be improved by the presence of quiet and retiring greys in the place of hot pigments. But the artist has evidently been ready to sacrifice much to manly strength. Mrs. E. M. Ward finds a congenial theme for her dexterous pencil in the "marvellous boy" Chatterton (361). Known dates indicate an age of only thirteen; in other words, this picture is four or five years prior to the closing scene in Mr. Wallis's well-known picture, "The Death of Chatterton." The Bristol Bluecoat schoolboy had, in fact, not as yet published a line, yet here in a little garret, with the tower of Redcliffe within sight of the window, we see, by the presence of parchments, papers, and pounce-bags, the resolve to forge a way to renown. The foster-mother of the poet schoolboy disturbs him at his work; he complains, "You are too curious and clear-sighted; I wish you would bide out of the room. It is my room." Evidently here was a capital subject for a picture; yet we incline to think more might have been made of it if a crouching or bent-up attitude had not been given to the hero, who thus appears diminutive and almost insignificant. The axiom of Du Fresnoy might, we think, have been remembered with advantage, that the hero of a composition should meet the eye fair in the front, in all the blaze of light. Yet the story is pleasantly told, and the picture capitally painted, especially in its realistic details. Indeed the artist has been so careful of local circumstances that the work may be accepted almost as an historic record.

Some few religious pictures may be mentioned in addition to those which we ventured to condemn in our introductory notice. "Christ's Reproof of the Pharisees" (187) is not the best work we can recall by Mr. Armitage, R.A.; the manner, though simple enough, is dry and hard; the figures of Christ and the Apostles, though not without dignity, have no approach to the divine. Mr. Herbert, R.A., seems to fall into an opposite extreme when he throws spasmodic emotion into the figure of "St. Mary Magdalene at the Foot of the Cross" (302). Mr. Herbert has studiously qualified himself for these sacred themes, and if to eschew what may be termed "the fleshly school" of painting, and to give, in lieu of warm flesh, cold stone and hard wood, be the vitality of spiritual art, then must he rank as one of the foremost of religious painters. Mr. Herbert has certainly a right to boast that his impersonation of the Magdalen is the reverse of that of Titian; indeed he probably would prefer to find himself side by side with Ary Scheffer, who, when affecting spirituality, thought it but fitting to be colourless. Mr. Watts, R.A., we may be sure, paints on the converse theory, as may be easily seen in his figure of "The Prodigal" (281). Here, instead of pallor and poverty of pallet, is power of colour and impasto. But diversity in the treatment of Biblical subjects is not only allowable, but even imperative; the assumption has been too often tacitly made that a painter is bound to impart some undefined religious aspect to every character taken from the Old or the New Testament, whereas there are many personages—such, for example, as the Prodigal Son—who can have no claim to the privilege of religious treatment. In like manner, "After the Expulsion" (282) is not necessarily a theme for religious sentiment; accordingly Mr. Elmore has been content to depict Eve merely as a noble and beauteous form of humanity; the light of the countenance is shadowed by dark destiny as the mother of our race, fairer than all her daughters, wanders with an infant on her shoulder into the wide world shelterless. The accessory figures compose grandly and complete the story. The painter has been studious of his types, and if there be still the possibility of a high art among us, noble generic types wherefrom accident and blemish are eliminated must once more claim a first care. Mr. Dobson, R.A., has long laboured in the direction of ideal art, but in such works as "St. Paul at Philippi" (291) the misfortune is that, in seeking his type, he eliminates and refines away so much that in the end there is little or nothing of nature left. Here "a certain damsel" could scarcely have lost her wits, because it is but too obvious that she never had any. Painters, like other people, fall into the error of supposing that the road to religion lies across a prostrated intellect, whereas some of the finest brains ever seen in life or within the sphere of art are found in the sacred works of the Old Masters.

Mr. Alma Tadema apparently holds the opposite conviction that Biblical painting may be all the better for weight of intellect.

"The Death of the Firstborn" (1033) is terrific in intensity. The scene has been laid in one of those Egyptian temples familiar to all travellers when in ruin, but here restored with archæologic care, both architecturally and ritually. The death of the firstborn has filled the shadowy fane with wailing, hooded figures like spectres from tombs raise hand and voice, and musicians with strange instruments faintly seen by fitful lights swell the lament. In front of the spectator one of these firstborn in the prime of youth is stretched on the knees of a stately creature, who may be taken for the King. "And it came to pass that at midnight, the Lord smote all the firstborn in the land of Egypt, from the firstborn of Pharaoh that sat on his throne, unto the firstborn of the captive that was in the dungeon." The mother throws herself on the dead body of her son. This picture has its faults. Alma Tadema, of Northern descent, has no Venetian blood in his veins; his handling and his colour when compared with Italian methods are heavy and opaque; and, following this line of thought, a logical necessity might compel us to deny to him the faculty of imagination, which in the history of pictorial art has proved itself supreme only in Italy. And yet this Dutch painter—a pupil of Baron Leys, and now a naturalized British subject—produces from time to time works which give to imagination a more extended sphere. Indeed a new problem is here presented to us; we seem to have arrived at a point where imagination can recommend and reconcile itself to a realistic age only on condition of becoming real and actual. The general conclusion to be drawn from the most successful pictures of the year seems to be that the time is past when artists could safely build on the ideal according to the traditional meaning of the term; pictures reared on this unsubstantial basis are as houses built on the sand. And yet the only great future for art is, as it always has been, in the direction of the ideal. Nevertheless, experience within the Academy seems to prove that, unless an English painter can produce his ideal out of an English peasant or out of an English pastoral scene, he may possibly deserve promotion to some other planet, but will have very little chance of getting upon the line of the Academy.

HAMLET AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE weakness of the modern stage is proved by the contrivances which are adopted to conceal it. Admit all that can be said in favour of Mr. Tom Taylor's supposed improvements upon the stage traditions of *Hamlet*, and we still feel that a little good acting would be worth them all. We learn from the columns of a newspaper that the costumes have been correctly designed after examples of the thirteenth century; and we are tempted to ask, What of that? The characters of this play belong to Shakspeare's own time so far as they belong to any time. The manners and the talk of Hamlet and Horatio are those of gentlemen to whom the rapier and dagger were familiar, and it is a mistake to carry accuracy of detail so far as to dress Hamlet and Horatio in gowns which would have been sadly in their way if they had attempted to use these weapons. In seeking a representative of Hamlet it might be useful to remember that "the courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword," are all among his attributes, and his skill in the use of arms is not only talked about, but actually exhibited. Nature alone gives genius, and time is necessary for study; but a young actor who undertakes Hamlet ought at least to make himself as perfect as possible in those parts of his business which must be learned in youth, if they are to be learned completely. Aspirants to the tragic stage may usefully remember how much labour was gone through by those who in former times attained its highest honours. Charles Kean, who played Hamlet within the memory of many of us, was remarkable for attention to the mechanical parts of his profession, and in this respect he may be recommended as an example to Mr. Tom Taylor's novice. It is rather surprising that a pupil of eminent French teachers should be deficient in any of the accessories of good acting. The use of the sword is still taught in Paris, and it is a necessary accomplishment in an actor who is to play Hamlet. It is quite true that there are few persons in any theatre who can distinguish good fencing from bad, but everybody can appreciate that grace and dignity of bearing which the careful practice of fencing was formerly thought likely to confer.

It is almost ungrateful to criticize with any severity an attempt which is honestly directed towards the improvement of our stage. Mr. Tom Taylor is entitled to the approval and sympathy of all who care for the future of dramatic literature or art. We could wish, indeed, that there were less call for sympathy and more for congratulation. It is enough to break the heart of any manager to see his audience gradually melting away as the play which he has so elaborately produced draws to its close. But we doubt whether John Kemble himself, in the churchyard scene, could have kept some of last Saturday's audience at the Crystal Palace from their dinner. It was probably not foreseen that the play would last nearly four hours; and there are only certain trains by which visitors from London can return, and if everybody waited until the end of the programme, the train would be inconveniently crowded. Still it is strange that there should be a play good enough to see and yet not good enough to see the whole of. Perhaps it might not be amiss to consult the convenience of people who dine at seven o'clock by beginning on alternate days with the fifth act and playing backwards, so that the whole play may be seen at two sittings. There have been cities in which the theatre occupied the most important place in the social arrangements of the day, but certainly London is not such a city. If Shakspeare is played in the evening people will not come, and if he is played in the afternoon they will come, but will not stay. If anybody said that three hours is enough of such entertainment as Mr. Tom Taylor provided last week, the remark would be undeniably true. The gentleman who acted Hamlet lost in physical power as his task proceeded, and certainly he gained in no other respect. The churchyard scene is ineffective, and the numerous deaths upon the stage make the last scene, even with the best acting, slightly ludicrous. In one respect the directors of the Crystal Palace may be congratulated. They undertook that "the smaller features of this great drama" should be completely represented, and in this they have succeeded.

It is, indeed, difficult to feel sanguine as to the results of Mr. Tom Taylor's undertaking. But, as he has leisure and ability, it is to be hoped that he may receive encouragement to persevere in it. The ample space of the Crystal Palace may perhaps afford a corner for the poetic drama; and if a good school of acting could be established there, the stage in London would be improved by it. But probably Mr. Tom Taylor, like other eminent artists, can only be had on his own terms. If he directs, others must obey; and we may suspect that the company he has collected is not absolutely the best that could be got, but the best that was willing to accept his instruction. The public, however, is not likely to be satisfied unless the best is done that circumstances admit. If there be a good actor able and willing to play any part, let him be engaged; and, on the other hand, let Mr. Tom Taylor be as far as possible at liberty to arrange minor details as he pleases. He points out in a note to his edition of *Hamlet* that the style of Osric's talk is a caricature of the euphuism of Shakspeare's day. This caricature would surely be made more complete by dressing Osric in the fashion of the same age. The gravediggers are unmistakably English of the same time, but the dresses of humble people do not vary much in successive ages, and Mr. Tom Taylor may say if he pleases that his gravediggers are of the thirteenth century. It might be interesting to consider how far this modern strictness as to costume is to be carried. Let us make the improbable supposition that *Troilus and Cressida* were revived. It would be a manager's obvious thought to claim credit for being strictly classical, yet the heroes of Shakspeare, although they bear Greek and Trojan names, would be much more at home on a mediæval battlefield than on the plain of Troy. But when Shakspeare thought it worth while, he could fix the time of a play, and make his characters keep to it in their talk. This is notably the case with *Julius Cæsar*, which contains very few expressions unsuitable to the manners of ancient Rome. Where Shakspeare has not attempted this accuracy, he probably did not think it worth while, and he was a tolerably good judge. He certainly has not attempted to fix the characters of *Hamlet* to any particular age, and the reason probably was that he had not made up his mind to what age the story of the play belonged. Indeed, if Mr. Tom Taylor is right in saying that the play was taken from a novel "founded on incidents in the mythic annals of Denmark," it is useless for us to attempt to arrive at greater certainty than Shakspeare possessed. We should say, let the dresses be handsome and harmonious with the acting, but do not place a manager in fetters from which the author kept himself free. As regards the dress of Hamlet himself, we should be satisfied without any improvement upon the well-known picture of John Kemble. The cloaks which Hamlet and Horatio wear deserve the denunciation of a German emperor of the selected period as serving neither for ornament nor use. They are too scanty for warmth, and yet long enough to impede motion. But if accuracy of detail were so very important as Mr. Tom Taylor thinks, it might be worth while to remark that Hamlet and Horatio appearing on the platform at Elsinore on a frosty night ought properly to be wrapped in cloaks capable of producing warmth.

We have dwelt thus at length upon this matter of dress because Mr. Tom Taylor has challenged attention to it, and we think that in the too eager pursuit of accuracy he has fallen into a serious mistake. "The phrase," says Hamlet, "would be more german to the matter if we could carry a cannon by our sides." This single sentence seems sufficient to prove our case against Mr. Tom Taylor. The character of Hamlet belongs to all time, and the circumstances of Hamlet belong to Shakspeare's own age. In the thirteenth century a duel between gentlemen, if fought on foot, would have been fought with sword, or axe, and shield. This is well shown by Laertes, who desires to refer his quarrel with Hamlet to "some elder masters of known honour," in accordance with the usage of polite nations at the time of writing. In Shakspeare's age the dagger was used in the left hand to parry thrusts made by the rapier held in the opponent's right hand. Captain Bobadil shall teach us how to use them.—"Exalt not your point above this state, at any hand, and let your poniard maintain your defence thus!" At or after Shakspeare's time duels began to be fought with the rapier alone, and it was doubtless common in his time to fence with rapiers having buttons on the end, or "foils." The substitution of rapier and dagger for broadsword and target was lamented by writers who saw in it a proof of the degeneracy of the age. In a comedy of 1599 the complaint occurs—"Sword and buckler fight begins to grow out of use. I am sorry for it. I shall never see good manhood again. If it be once gone, this poking fight of rapier and dagger will come up; then a tall man and a good sword-and-buckler man

will be spitted like a cat or rabbit." We take this quotation from a note by Scott on that passage of the *Lady of the Lake* which describes the combat between Fitzjames and Roderick Dhu. Scott knew all about these things, and he had not omitted to consult in reference to them a book called *Illustrations of Shakspeare*, which is probably too old-fashioned to deserve Mr. Tom Taylor's notice. Yet the gradual disuse of armour is one of the most important features of Shakspeare's age, and this feature inevitably appears in any play which reflects the manners of that age. But ever since Mr. Fechter thought proper to play Hamlet in a yellow wig because he was a Dane, we have been overdone with details which, even if correct, have been unnecessary.

Let us not, however, omit to acknowledge the good which Mr. Tom Taylor has done by putting *Hamlet* into the hands of many hundreds of visitors to the Crystal Palace, and causing them to read it. Some of his remarks are valuable, and we particularly approve the note in which he dwells upon the "wonderful impressiveness and significance" of the opening scene of the play. It is difficult to complain of any excision of the text when Mr. Tom Taylor's abridgment occupies nearly four hours in performance; but we think that the sort of audience likely to be found at the Crystal Palace would appreciate the speech of Marcellus which refers to Christmas. The preface mentions that Mr. Tom Taylor did the work of excision himself, and found on comparison, as we can well believe, that the result agreed nearly with that stage edition which has been produced by three centuries of experience. Yet the wealth of Shakspeare's mind is shown by these cuttings of the diamond. Among them are the lines which teach that excessive grief for a father's death is opposed to reason, which still hath cried "This must be so." There are no lines in the play by which an audience would be more nearly touched. We think that Mr. Tom Taylor's exegesis of the word "cousin" in the last line of this speech verges on absurdity. The discovery that this word is addressed to Hamlet, and not spoken of him, reminds us of the discovery of another ingenious commentator, that Desdemona applies the words "My lord" to the Duke, and not to her husband. Some critics are too fond of a process which may be described as measuring a giant to a hair's breadth. However, on the whole we are content with Mr. Tom Taylor's work, and as the audience, or what remained of it, called for "author," we presume that they also were content with it. To prevent disappointment of future audiences, we may mention that the ghost of Shakspeare did not appear in answer to this call. The best that can be said of the performance is that it gained some genuine applause, which was particularly bestowed on the scene in the Queen's closet. The ghost was mechanically excellent, but we have heard much better elocution. It is quite possible that the actor of Hamlet may improve as practice gives him power and confidence, and by all means let him have a full and indulgent trial. The Directors of the Crystal Palace may usefully revert to that mission which they originally undertook of educating the people, and thus they may more effectually compete with the rival establishment at South Kensington. If they can collect an audience for young actors who will do their best in Shakspeare, both actors and audience are likely to be improved in the process. We cannot help remembering that one of the most recent aspirants to the part of Hamlet in London was a lady, Miss Bouverie, whose performance would compare favourably with that of last Saturday. We make this remark without the least desire to see this lady or any other in the part of Hamlet. But if these performances of Shakspeare should continue, as we earnestly hope they will, we think that all rising talent should have a chance. The public, we are sure, will allow handsomely for early difficulties, and will be especially generous to that diffidence which is so often combined with noble aspirations and latent talents of the highest order. We have briefly recorded our impressions of last week's performance, not forgetting, however, that it was the first attempt of a difficult task. It is only necessary to add that every person who feels any interest in the poetic drama should see the play of *Hamlet* at the Crystal Palace, remembering during the performance Hamlet's own precept as to the treatment of the players.

REVIEWS.

DR. MANSEL.*

HENRY LONGUEVILLE MANSEL, we imagine, will not be very long remembered as Dean Mansel. His best and most valuable work was done before he became Dean of St. Paul's; and his claims to that high office were of a general rather than a special nature. He was a metaphysician essentially, a theologian only accidentally; and his theology was not of what is sometimes supposed to be the genuine decanal type. A theory survives in some quarters, though it is grounded on instances of not the most recent date, that a deanery is just the position for a dangerously original divine. Originality in an incumbent, or even in a canon, is generally out of place. It is not understood by the occupant of the next living or the next stall; it is suspected by the archdeacon, and possibly snubbed by the bishop. Moreover, it cannot be quiet under such circumstances; it is a pent force, like that which causes the earthquake, and must work its way out somehow. Originality in a bishop is not like an earthquake, but like thunder and lightning. Whatever its value, it cannot be equally distributed through the length and breadth of a diocese; it runs rapidly along congenial substances, but does mischief among non-conductors; instead of warming and cheering, it flashes and fulminates. But an original dean is a comparatively safe person. He can develop himself without coming into unpleasant contact with either his equals, his inferiors, or his superiors. No one is obliged to read his books, very few persons are under the necessity of hearing him preach; he is entrenched against the bishop; he deals with the canons, for the most part, one at a time; and his cathedral, in the course of its existence, has heard much stranger sentiments than he is at all likely to utter. But Mansel's claim to a deanery was certainly not the abnormal nature of his opinions. He was orthodox in the highest degree—more orthodox, indeed, than men who, like him, are at once able, inquiring, and honest, can generally contrive to be. The cast of his mind led him to dwell, not on theology in itself, but on theology in its relation to philosophy. His power of mind was such that he was likely to do well whatever he attempted; yet we may be well acquainted with his writings without being able to conjecture what distinctive features he would have contributed to the Speaker's Commentary as a commentator on the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Mark. His Bampton Lectures are his most important effort in the direction of theology; and their negative character is sufficiently indicated by their title—"The Limits of Religious Thought examined." Philosophy was employed in the lectures not to investigate thoroughly a certain field, but to disable other forms of philosophy from entering upon it; and the limits of religious thought were examined as contrasted with its contents. What is perhaps more remarkable, there is an absence of originality in Mansel's philosophy as well as in his theology. He has ventured on the prophecy that, if ever the time shall come when the philosophy of the Conditioned shall occupy its fitting place as the handmaid and auxiliary of Christian truth, the name of Sir William Hamilton will stand, most consulted and most revered, among the fathers and teachers of that philosophy. The prediction is made in a hypothetical and guarded form, which will in all probability prevent it from ever being brought into contact with the severe test of fact; but, of the thinkers who have any confidence in its ultimate fulfilment, few indeed would be inclined to modify it by substituting the name of Mansel for that of Hamilton. Mansel applied with great ingenuity and perseverance a metaphysical system which he modified very little. He showed himself a model disciple, and did not aspire to be a master.

The volume of Mansel's minor writings, which has been carefully edited by Mr. Chandler, consists for the most part of articles, lectures, and letters, relating either to philosophy as a separate subject, or to philosophy in its bearings on theology. Two articles on Sensation Novels and Modern Spiritualism, which were contributed to the *Quarterly Review*, are in a lighter strain, and an article on Freethinking, which appeared in the same Review, is exceptional, as being of an historical cast. We have also the witty dramatic fragment, *Phronêsterion*, which was called forth by proposed changes in the constitution of the University of Oxford, some of which have now become historical facts, and have so passed out of the jocular region. With the exception of an unfinished article on the Idealism of Berkeley, all the papers are earlier in date than Mansel's appointment to the chair of Ecclesiastical History. It would seem that the intellectual energy which made comparatively light of metaphysics was for the time absorbed, first by the novel duties of a not very congenial professorship, and afterwards by the practical work of a deanery—work which is easy enough on paper, but is sometimes found to absorb, in the case of a beginner, a great deal of time and attention. We may suppose that Mansel's literary activity was just resuming its accustomed play when he was removed by an untimely death.

The papers now before us, though for the most part familiar to readers who have cared in former years to follow the course of Mansel's mind, supply in their present form a collection of material which brings vividly before us his characteristics as a thinker. Few men indeed have known metaphysical science so well, used it so freely, and trusted it so little. In spite of their form, Mansel's intellectual attempts were the reverse of ambitious; he was like the defender of a besieged city who tries to drive back assailants with weapons snatched from their hands, and whose ingenuity is chiefly shown in meeting contrivance with contrivance. He never yielded to the fascinations of those great schemes of intellectual conquest in which the majority of young metaphysicians indulge as a matter of course. He had a special faculty for abstract reasoning, but nothing could be more moderate than his estimate of what it could accomplish. The duty of philosophy, he said, is not to transcend consciousness, but to make consciousness at unity with itself; the office of philosophy is but the articulate expression of consciousness. The thesis which he maintained in his inaugural lecture as Professor of Metaphysics was that psychology is the test of moral and metaphysical philosophy; and before the lecture was concluded, he told his hearers that, by means of a cautious psychological procedure, they might hope either to lay a foundation in facts for the construction of a metaphysical system,

* *Letters, Lectures, and Reviews, including the Phrontisterion, or, Oxford in the Nineteenth Century.* By the Very Rev. Henry Longueville Mansel, D.D., sometime Fellow and Tutor of St. John's College; Wayneflete Professor of Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy, Magdalen College; Professor of Ecclesiastical History; Canon of Christ Church, Oxford; and Dean of St. Paul's. Edited by Henry W. Chandler, M.A., Fellow of Pembroke College, Oxford, and Wayneflete Professor of Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy. London: John Murray. 1873.

or at any rate to show why such a system could not be constructed, and what is the origin and real meaning of the delusion which has led men to dream of its possibility. That no manipulation of mental facts can enable us to transcend consciousness is the conclusion to which many sensible men have been led by the study of mental science. When they have reached it, they leave off thinking about thought, and choose some other employment for their minds; and it is certainly strange to find a young metaphysician, with a whole world of speculation before him, accepting as an important truth what they have found so discouraging. The terminology of which Mansel was a master, and to which for some purposes he trusted, was originally meant as the scaffolding of a bridge that was to connect the world of being with the world of knowing. We may be quite sure that it was the hope of real discovery which led the fathers of speculation to leave common sense behind, and trust themselves to a restless sea of abstractions. Even now it seems to many of us that it is the peculiar privilege of earnest thought to be in some way superior to its premisses; to guess, to muse, to meditate, to dream, yet possibly to verify the dream after all. Intellectual enthusiasm, like strong affection, seems to carry us out of ourselves to an object. The ardent metaphysician has a faith which is to him like that of religion, the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. To such ardour Mansel could give but scanty encouragement. The very words with which he recommended the study of metaphysics sound almost like an apology for failure. He told the learners who came to listen to the first burst of his professorial energy that metaphysical inquiry, whether it succeed or fail in its ultimate object, cannot be otherwise than a wholesome and instructive discipline of the mind; like the labourers in the fable, its votaries may not succeed in finding the buried treasure for which they turn up the soil, yet their labours will have prepared the intellectual field for its proper harvest, and they may hope to attain a knowledge more valuable perhaps than that for which they sought—a knowledge of themselves and of their powers, of what they may and what they may not aspire to know, of the laws and limits of reason, and, by consequence, of the just claims of faith. Good sense, no doubt; yet it is a poor recommendation of a study to begin by depreciating its powers; to hint that its bow will not carry far, nor its arrow hit the mark. It is a very peculiar intellect which can work on indefinitely in the dim hope of finding something which it does not seek, and of attaining at last to the measure of its own incapacity.

It would seem at first sight that Mansel did not take the same depreciating view of logic as of metaphysics. For formal logic, at least, which rejects all empirical elements, he has high terms of praise. All formal thinking, he tells us, is governed by laws which may be expressed in analytical judgments, while all material thinking is governed by laws which may be expressed in synthetical judgments. The former are uniform in their operation, and can therefore completely guarantee the validity of thought; the latter are modified in their operation by their combination with experience, and can therefore only partially guarantee the validity of one element of thought. Hence the former may be described as *pure, adequate*, or *positive* laws of formal thinking; while the latter may be described as *mixed, inadequate*, or *negative* laws of material thinking. When logic has been further defined as the science of the laws of formal thinking, it would naturally strike a person who had neither special knowledge of the subject nor an exact appreciation of all the terms employed, that logic ought to be an exceedingly useful thing. The laws on which it is grounded are, as it appears, pure, adequate, and positive; they are sufficient in themselves for an act of thought, they are uniform in their operation, and a perfect guarantee of the validity of the mental process. But, alas! according to Mansel, the instrument becomes useless for the discovery of positive truth the moment an endeavour is made to apply it. It can detect some forms of inaccuracy, but cannot exclude error; it is no guarantee for the result of any process in which thought operates in conjunction with perception and memory. This decision may remind us of the famous case between the nose and the eyes about the spectacles. It seems to the popular mind much the same thing to say that the eyes must be shut whenever the nose wears the spectacles, as to say that the science of formal thinking ceases to be trustworthy when memory and perception are not dissociated from thought. But Kant has demonstrated that a criterion of material truth is not only impossible, but self-contradictory; and Mansel has asserted that an innovator who attempts to enlarge the field of logic only makes it impossible to assign to it any definite field whatever. A view on which Kant and Mansel agree is of course not to be ridiculed or lightly set aside. Their estimate of logic may be allowed the formal validity which is all they claim for it; and it is only mentioned here in order to show the thoroughly consistent character of Mansel's thought. A formal logic, entirely emptied of contents, and a metaphysic devoted to ascertain the limits of something external to itself, correspond to each other like the concave and convex sides of a curve. But the material element, which he excluded from prominence on scientific grounds, might have entered as it were by a back door. Logicians have not only to maintain theories and formulate opinions; they have also to give illustrations. Metaphysicians may communicate a lively impression of their general sentiments and tone of mind when they are attacking or defending an hypothesis of essentially speculative interest. We may know what manner of man Berkeley was from reading his works without consulting a biography. Archbishop Whately and Mr. J. S. Mill have contrived to materialise their works on Logic to quite a sufficient extent; so that the reader may imbibe from them, if he please, not formal thought merely, but views on social science, theology, physics, and political economy. Some very clever proselytising may be accomplished, or at least attempted, by a logician who illustrates the truth from his own opinions, and seeks his examples of the different kinds of fallacy from schools of thought with which he does not sympathize. Illustrations which indicate the private tastes and habits of the writer may be excluded of set purpose from elaborate works on grave subjects; but the detail which would be out of place in a Bampton Lecture may come in both appositely and gracefully in a flying pamphlet or a lively contribution to a magazine. If, however, we look over Mansel's minor writings in order to see on which food his mind fed in private, we shall meet with a somewhat remarkable phenomenon. When he was not metaphysical or logical, he was poetical or facetious. He was well read in mental philosophy, whether Greek, German, French, or English; he was also at home in Horace, and Rabelais, and Hudibras, and modern novels; but his references to subjects not theological, which interest grave men in their more serious moments, are few and far between. Political economy, that favourite exercise-ground of logicians, seems quite removed from his consciousness. A stray reference to Dr. Carpenter's *Human Physiology* strikes us like a portent; and, when examined, it is seen not to relate to any subtle question as to the normal bearing of nervous organization on mind, but to some of the most vulgar manifestations of modern spiritualism. Mr. Darwin, in like manner, is introduced on account of a supposed resemblance between his theory of development and some nonsense indited by a medium personating Tom Paine; and elsewhere we are told that all the varieties of sensational literature may be referred to a source in the same original germ by a law of generation at least as worthy of the attention of the scientific student as that by which Mr. Darwin's bear may be supposed to have developed into a whale. In such references as these there is nothing whatever to indicate that Mansel had given serious thought to the theory to which he refers; but poetry was evidently frequently present to his mind, supplying him, as the case might be, with grave reflections or light fancies; and the clever Aristophanic fragment of *Thrasticterion* establishes a presumption that the poetical vein which undoubtedly lay in his nature would have repaid more earnest and continued working.

It is better, perhaps, to leave off here, and not either to introduce matter which has little affinity with the volume edited by Mr. Chandler, or to run the risk of seeming to build a theory on a literary record which is confessedly fragmentary and imperfect. If Mansel had been intellectually audacious, he could have theorized like Hegel; if he had been careless and indifferent, he could have matched the scepticism of Hume; if he had been irreverent, he could have scoffed like Heine; if he had been frivolous, he could perhaps have rivalled the *Ingoldsby Legends*. But he was neither audacious, nor careless, nor irreverent, nor frivolous; he would be far better described by the reverse of all these epithets. He did some valuable work in a truly remarkable manner, and we may wonder at him the more, without admiring him the less, if we have reason to think that his mind, which could grasp metaphysical abstractions so firmly as almost to compress them into solidity, and could find relief both in diving and soaring on the wings of imagination, was comparatively indifferent to whole families of subjects which seem to the majority of earnest men at the present day to have a reality which is wanting in metaphysics, and a more abiding interest than can be found in fiction.

THE PAINS OF MEMORY.*

A MODERN poet has won much popularity by singing the praise of the "Pleasures of Memory," but surely a companion volume of groans about its pains ought to find still greater acceptance with the general run of mankind, whose memories, if they have any, seem to be nothing but a source of torment to them. We can imagine no one better fitted to carry out the idea of thus immortalizing the mental agonies of his fellow-sufferers than the student, if any such can be found, who has learnt by rote the 591 lines which compose the *English History in Rhyme* published by Mr. Goodwin as a help to students of English History. Within that short compass Mr. Goodwin has strung together in doggerel verses, in almost every known, and some hitherto unknown, measures, a number of hard names of people and places connected more or less closely with the history of our island, from the first landing of Cæsar to the last Thanksgiving in St. Paul's, with which important event he closes his work. This hard task he has undertaken from motives of pure benevolence, if we may believe his preface. He there tells us that

> These Rhymes are published in the belief that they will very materially assist THOSE WHO ARE PREPARING FOR UNIVERSITY, MILITARY, NAVAL, CIVIL SERVICE, AND OTHER EXAMINATIONS, in which an acquaintance with the facts of English History is required; their utility having already been proved in the experience of the author with his own pupils.

Mr. Goodwin has cast a pitying eye on those luckless wights who are year by year forced by a hard fate to rush into the very jaws of

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* *English History in Rhyme.* By Edward B. Goodwin. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.
The Scholars' Home Lesson-Book. Geography. London: T. Murby.
The Humanity Series of School Books. Edited by the Rev. F. O. Morris, B.A. London: T. Murby.

certain monsters called examiners. He has made ready for these poor defenceless lambs a complete coat of mail that shall be proof against the sharpest fangs of the wily old wolves whose set purpose is to worry them. Once let a candidate have learnt through the 591 lines of Mr. Goodwin's History, and, if he can but remember them, he will be armed at all points. There will be no possibility of smiting him between the joints of his harness, so absolutely disjointed will the harness be.

Swiftly and silently Mr. Goodwin gets over his ground. In sixteen lines he gets through all the dealings of the Romans with Britain. Yet, narrow as his limits are, he finds room to tell us that Cáradoc, or Carádoc as he calls him, wondered "Why Claudius should envy my home." This expression of sentiment on the part of the simple savage is clearly only given us because our rhymer found himself at a loss for a suitable rhyme to Rome. It is somewhat inconsistent with this amount of detail about the British patriot to find the English one, Earl Waltheof, cut short with half a line. Yet all we find about him is—

For concurrence with Roger Earl Waltheof died.

What "*concurrence*" may mean we are by no means sure. It must be used here in some very subtle sense; for, while Roger did concur, Ralph it seems did not, as his name is not brought forward in the matter. We would counsel our rhymer, before he perpetrates the Grecian and Roman Histories in rhyme with which we see we are threatened, to study the simplicity of some of his brother bards of former days. Take, for instance, the couplet in which the cobbler bard, the shoemaker who did well in not sticking to his last, is thus drawn with a few graphic touches:—

Hans Sachs was a shoe-
Maker and a poet too.

What can be more simple, true, and impartial? Where could Mr. Goodwin find a better model? It is too much to expect students who are so pressed for time that they must have the Norman Conquest and all the changes it wrought told off to them in eighteen lines to stop and ponder over a word of such doubtful meaning as "concurrence." We suppose the foot-notes in Mr. Goodwin's little book are intended to "concur" with the rhymes, as we are told that these "foot-notes have been added for ready reference, and it is hoped they may be found useful in furnishing concise answers to some questions of likely occurrence." What the questions are likely to be we cannot take upon us to determine, but we rather think the notes will furnish some very unlikely answers, owing to the perfect impartiality with which they mix up truth and fiction.

In Note 16 to the Saxon Period, for example, we are told the story of Ælfryth treacherously murdering her stepson; while Note 17 records the Massacre of St. Brice; but which is true and which is false, or whether both are true or both are false, the student is left to his own inspirations to determine. Sometimes the notes take for granted an amazing amount of information on the part of the students, as in Note 10 to Henry the Third, where we read:—"By the Treaty called the 'Mise of Lewes,' Prince Edward and Henry, son of the King of the Romans, were taken in exchange for the King." This looks very much as if Mr. Goodwin was a little too anxious to air his own information, and to let every one know that he at least knows all about the King of the Romans. But, after all, since it was as the English King's nephew, and not as Henry of Allemayne, that Henry was given as a hostage, it might have been as well to say somewhere that Richard of Cornwall and the King of the Romans were one and the same person.

It seems to be a commonly received superstition that the memory is a sort of ballot-box into which must be crammed all manner of facts. There, by some queer sort of necromancy, they are expected to assort themselves, so that the right fact shall come out just at the right time. This at least is the principle upon which all the so-called Aids to Memory are put together. Memory, however, takes her revenge by mixing up the treasures thus confided to her topsy-turvy and turning them out all wrong. Hence the wonderful jumbles of blunders to be found in the answers to examination papers. Nowadays, when memory, like the rest of our faculties, seems to be getting weaker as the world grows older, a good memory would certainly be the most useful gift that a kind fairy godmother could bestow. The child thus gifted, by remembering exactly everything he had ever read, or heard, or seen, would have a wonderful advantage over his fellows. As it is, even a moderately good memory often passes for talent, and wins for its owner a share of that respect, strongly tinctured with dislike, which society feels for so-called "clever people." But good memories are rare. Very few among us can lay claim to them. Most people complain grievously of the sad tricks memory plays them, and resort to all sorts of desperate devices, such as tying knots in their handkerchiefs whenever they want to remember anything, though they are themselves perfectly aware that in half an hour they will have forgotten utterly what the knots were tied for. There is, in truth, no end to the odd contrivances by which people try to make crutches for their shattered memories, while, if they would only throw away the crutches and have confidence in their own power of remembering, they would find themselves perfectly able to do so. Surely it is much easier to remember the date of any given event by calling to mind the state of affairs or the current of events at the same time in other places than by going through an elaborate and perfectly unintelligible calculation by way of getting at it; yet we have known persons who professed inability to remember the date of the Norman Conquest save by reckoning that it took place exactly thirty-four years before the year 1100. If we must have technical memories, we prefer the old-fashioned sentences which used to find great acceptance in ladies' schools, by means of which, on repeating certain commonplace propositions, such as "The Spartans ate black broth," the initiated could tell you every possible date from the building of Nineveh downwards. Dates so remembered are practically useless. They can have no ideas attached to them, and they therefore lose their only real importance as connecting links in the unbroken chain of history. As for all metrical helps to memory, they are very shaky props indeed. The jingle of rhyme at the end of the line is all that memory holds, and one name is just as good as another to fill up the void in the middle. Can the following incoherent jumble of hard names be a help to any sane person in remembering the always puzzling battles of the Peninsular War?—

Vimiera Arthur Wellesley gained. Dalrymple made "Convention."
Corunna, Talavéra, and Walcheren, claim attention.
Busáco, Fuentes, Albuéra, Ciúdad, Badajóz, too,
Battles at Salamanca and Vittoria speak of loss to
France, whose force at Pampeluna and Toulouse was scattered,
And Buonaparte, at Lelpsic beaten, found his prospects shattered.

In old times it was thought that memory was only skin-deep, and could be best got at by inflicting bodily pain; hence the custom of beating boys to fix in their memories the bounds of the parishes. On this belief the German schoolmaster acted when he pulled his pupils' ears each time they passed through the gate of the city to impress on them how the French had robbed it of one of its fairest ornaments. For our own part, we should much prefer either being beaten or having our ears pulled to learning by rote the 591 lines which Mr. Goodwin has put together for the benefit of his unhappy pupils. But if any one has a fancy for exercising his memory on such tough work, we think he might just as well try it with a few pages of *Bradshaw* or a column or two of a *London Directory*. We are sure that he would find these exercises quite as interesting, and very nearly as instructive, so far as concerns real history.

History naturally suggests geography, as the one cannot be taught to any good purpose without the other; yet it is strange how far people are from understanding this. If there is one branch of useful knowledge about which the general run of mankind are shamefully ignorant, it is geography. In this, to be sure, we are not a whit behind other nations. The average Frenchman believes that somehow or other every part of England is within easy walking range of London. And we have met with Germans who stubbornly maintained that Blucher only just saved the English from being driven into the sea at Waterloo. Still, two blacks will never make a white, and the ignorance of other nations can be no reason why the British public, boasting as it does of being the most commercial nation in the world, should not know something about the countries with which its trade is chiefly carried on, and, above all, about its own colonies. It is high time that young ladies should know better than to ask acquaintances on the eve of a voyage to Australia to be sure to call on their cousins in New Zealand, or to express a hope that travellers just arrived from Buenos Ayres had had a quiet time coming round the Horn. And yet geography is very much taught, and the little manuals that present themselves for teaching it are legion. The *Scholars' Home Lesson-Book*, one of the last recruits on the list, seems to us to be no whit in advance of its fellows, nor can we find in turning over its pages any new ideas in the way of teaching that might be said to justify its publication. It is like the greater part of such little books, a dry collection of the names of places; and where any lights, either philological or political, are thrown out, they are so very dark that we can only wish that they had been left out altogether. When we find all the Romance tongues spoken of as "Greek-Latin," and the Cinque Ports ranged among the things that were, but are no longer, we cannot but mourn over this sowing of tares to be uprooted in after years. There is no lesson which children like better than geography when it is rationally taught, none that can be made more attractive to them; and yet there is none that is more invariably made distasteful and unintelligible. What is the use of starting off by telling a child in his first geography lesson the number of continents in the world, or by calling on him to remember into how many zones the earth's surface is divided? Would it not be better to work upon his experience of the little bit of that surface on which he lives; to show him what a map means, and on what scale places can be represented on it, by letting him draw one for himself, with all the streams, fields, roads, and streamlets in the parish marked upon it. In this way only can children learn that the black lines wriggling across the sheets mean something more than the cracks in a teacup, and that the conventional mountains of the modern map-drawer are not meant for woolly caterpillars after all, but for hills, higher no doubt than, but still the same in character as, those behind which he himself may any evening watch the sun go down. As things are at present, children learn the names and find the places on the map with very little understanding of the meaning of the different signs marked upon it. We once heard a really clever child, fresh from a geography lesson, while trying to trace a likeness between a pool by the wayside and the Mediterranean Sea, add by way of explanation that of course the pool was much the larger of the two. A child's knowledge of the world is confined to its own hamlet, or at most to its own parish. Surely a wise teacher should act upon this, and, taking this certainty for

the starting-point, extend the lessons from the parish to the county, from the county to the kingdom, and so on till the ever-increasing circles have taken in, not only our own world, but also all that science can teach us of the other worlds that form the universe.

We turn with a feeling of relief to the reading-books of Mr. Morris. They make no pretensions to being the medleys of general knowledge to which the common run of primers lay claim. Still we have a crow to pick with him about his title, which is surely a misnomer. When we first turned over his pages, we were grievously disappointed to find that the word "Humanity" has fallen from its ancient dignity, that it no longer means Latin as the only study worthy of the human intellect, and that the *Humanity Series* is neither more nor less than a collection of pleasant little tales intended to interest children in the welfare of their fellow-animals. We wish Mr. Morris all success in this praiseworthy effort, and we hope that his books will find a welcome in all elementary schools. To teach children to love animals will not only do away with a great deal of useless suffering to the animals, but will also open a new source of happiness to the children themselves. The child will surely be a happier child who through long lonely days of out-door work can find "friends in fur and feathers" all around him, and who, like St. Francis, sees a little brother or sister in every living thing that chance may bring across his path. It is a pity that more of the tales are not told in the first person. Children like tales about animals, but then to interest them the stories must be told by the animals themselves; the children like to feel as if they were taken behind the scenes into the real animal world, instead of merely looking on as outsiders. We cannot but wish that Mr. Morris had stuck to his text, and had kept solely to the tales about animals which he promises us in his preface. We would gladly have seen the moral pieces which are mixed with them left out. Surely it must provoke a smile, even from the most solemn teacher, to find Napoleon Bonaparte quoted as an example to prove the profit of daily reading of the Scriptures; unless indeed he confined his reading strictly to those parts of the Old Testament which Ulfilas left untranslated as being more likely to inflame than to soften the warlike spirit of his Goths.

THE FORTESCUE PAPERS.*

EITHER time flits away yet faster than we thought it did, or else this book has not been in our hands so long as might be thought from its date. We hardly see why it should have been called the *Fortescue Papers*, a title which certainly made us expect to find Sir John or Sir Faithful, or some other bearer of the name of Fortescue, as the writer or receiver of the letters. But they are called *Fortescue Papers*, simply because the originals are in the possession of the Hon. G. M. Fortescue, to whom we doubtless owe our thanks for allowing Mr. Gardiner to make use of them, but who has hardly a claim to give his name to the collection. They belong to the time which Mr. Gardiner has made specially his own, the reign of James the First, ranging from 1607 to 1625, with the exception of a single letter of Charles the First to Prince Rupert in 1644. Of five hundred and eight papers Mr. Gardiner has picked out a hundred and sixty-one, and even of these he says that there are some which he should not have printed if the originals had been easily accessible in a public library. Mr. Gardiner need not be afraid on this head. Of things which are, even in a humble kind of way, real materials for history it is better to print too much than too little. Camden Society books are meant for a special world of their own, and not to lie about on the drawing-room tables of the general public. Few people, even of the special world of the Camden Society, are likely to read such a collection as this all through, or to find matter of interest in every letter; but a great many will find something to their own purpose here and here, and perhaps there is no letter which will not prove of some value to somebody. Take for instance the letters of an earlier date, which Mr. Gardiner does not put in the body of the work, but points and comments on in the preface. There is nothing in itself particularly interesting in the two courtships of Sir Thomas Hobby to Margaret, widow first of a Devereux and then of a Sidney—the unsuccessful courtship in the first widowhood and the successful one in the second. But we learn something from it about the manners and feelings of the times, when we see that the success of the suitor is not at all left to depend wholly on the choice of the widow herself, but that various great personages are called in to back up his cause, and that he fails the first time because other great personages are backing up the cause of a rival. Moreover the old prejudice which in earlier times had deprived the widow of her estate if she married *infra annum luctûs* had no being now. Walter Devereux has not been dead a fortnight before Lord Burghley himself is writing letters to divers persons to get hold of the widow, and with her the lands of Hackness in Yorkshire, for his wife's nephew Hobby. Mr. Gardiner suggests that the Lord Treasurer had something more in view than merely to make the fortune of a young man who was bound to him by ties of affinity. Hackness lay in a district which was full of recusants, and it might be for the welfare of Church and State to get the estate of Hackness, and the influence which would go with it, into the hands of a sound Protestant. However this may be, Burghley's schemes, public or private, came to nought. The widow was under the special protection of the Countess of Huntingdon and her lord, and Huntingdon, then Lord President of the North, may, in Yorkshire have been looked on as a greater person than the Lord Treasurer. Lady Huntingdon also had a nephew to provide for, and the widowed Margaret, before her year was up, became the wife of Thomas Sidney, brother of the famous Sir Philip. The next time Hobby, now Sir Thomas, succeeded, but perhaps more because the widow was afraid of otherwise losing her estate by a Chancery suit than for any other cause. Lord Burghley appears again, and Lord Huntingdon also. In the body of the book we in the like sort find the Duke of Buckingham and other men in power meddling in the same way about people's marriages. The Hobby story also tells us something in the history of nomenclature. Our persevering knight bore the name of Thomas Posthumus, a yet earlier case of a double name than Anthony Ashley Cooper. But, as in the Ashley case, there was a special reason for so unusual a caprice, as Thomas Hobby was born after the death of his father.

Turning to the body of the book, the letters seem to be just such a collection as Buckingham's secretary might be expected to make. A large part of them are letters addressed to Buckingham in his various stages as Sir George Villiers, Viscount Villiers, Earl, Marquess and Duke of Buckingham, while a good many are to Packer himself. The correspondence of both master and secretary gets as high as sovereign princes; Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, writes to the all-powerful favourite to use his influence with her father on behalf of her husband; and old Frederick himself writes, "De mon chasteau Royal de Prague," to M. Packer, signing himself "Vostre affectionné amy Frideric." Otherwise Packer's letters come very largely from bishops, and chief among them the Lord Keeper, Bishop Williams, who writes to Packer as "Your assured loving friend," while he writes to Packer's master as "Your lordship's most faithful servant and creature." A good number of the letters from ecclesiastical persons naturally consist of requests for preferment. Thus we find Dr. John Bowle writing to Buckingham as one whom "it pleaseth your honour to rank in the number of your orators whom you please to respect," making his petition on this wise:—

> Sence nowe itt hath pleased God to take the Bishop of Norwich to his mercy, these lines do humbly intreat your Honor to lodge mee in that number whome your Honor will advaunce by this alteration. The Deanery of Westminster, wher I went to schoole, or some such place, is the uttmost of my desire, wher I myght serve my God, and dayly praye for his Majesty and your Honor.

The letter is dated May 18, and Mr. Gardiner gives the year as 1620; but the Bishop of Norwich spoken of must be Overall, who died May 12, 1619, so one would think that it rather belonged to that year. Anyhow, we may note the two different kinds of euphemism by which the death of the Bishop is described, first of all as a "taking to God's mercy," and secondly as "this alteration." Bowle did not get the "utmost of his desire" in the form of the Deanery of Westminster, which was given to Williams, and which Williams moreover contrived to keep after his promotion to the bishopric of Lincoln. But he did get "some such place" in the form of the Deanery of Salisbury; and in the next reign, in 1630, he was consecrated to the see of Rochester, which he kept for the remaining seven years of his life. Bowle however seems to have hoped to get moved from Salisbury to Westminster on the promotion of Williams to his bishopric; but he "most unwillingly gave way to Williams retaining thereof." And this brings in a much more famous man than Bowle, namely, Dr. John Donne, who writes to Buckingham in what we are not twisting his own metaphors if we call a creeping and crawling fashion:—

> May it please your Lordship. Ever since I had your Lordship's letter, I have esteemed myselfe in possession of Salisbury; and, more then Salisbury, of a place in your service; for I tooke Salisbury as a seate of ytt. I hear that my Lord Keeper finds reason to continue in Westminster; and I know that neyther your Lordship nor he knowes how narrow and penurious a fortune I wrestle with in thys world. But I ame so far from dependinge upon the assistance of any but your Lordship, as that I do not assist myselfe so far as with a wishe that my Lord Keeper would have left a hole for so poore a worme as I ame to have crept in at. All that I meane in usinge thys boldnes, of puttinge myselfe into your Lordship's presence by thys ragge of paper, ys to tell your Lordship that I ly in a corner, as a clodd of clay, attendinge what kinde of vessell yt shall please you to make of
>
> Your Lordships
>
> Humblest and thankfullest and devotedst servant,
>
> J. DONNE.

Theophilus Field, Bishop of Llandaff, writes also in a very humble strain to his "ever acknowledged and (next to God and the King) most adored, best patron." Setting forth, not without reason, the sad estate of his "poore lamentabley ruined church of Landaffe, whose revennewes (being the very sinuewes of any sea) are shranke from a thousand pounds yeare to seaven skore pounds." Robert Snowdon, Bishop of Carlisle, writes also to Buckingham:—"I first admired you for the excellences of your person, nature and comportment, but now I tenne times more honor you your vertues and religion testified and recommended to the world by the most judicious and most renowned monarch that ever swayed the scepter of Great Brytaine." This piece of flattery, as far as the King is concerned, is at least prudent, seeing that before the British Solomon no monarch, judicious or otherwise, had ever swayed the sceptre of Great Britain by that name.

But there are things of wider interest in this collection, though the cringing of churchmen, even of such a man as Donne, to one so worthless as Buckingham, is a sign of the times which is not to be passed by. Mr. Gardiner in his preface calls attention to the

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* *The Fortescue Papers; consisting chiefly of Letters relating to State Affairs, collected by John Packer, Secretary to George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.* Edited by Samuel Rawson Gardiner. Printed for the Camden Society. 1871.

letter which stands thirty-four in his series, one addressed by King James to the Commissioners for the examination of Sir Walter Raleigh, and bearing date October 20, 1618. The letter is in answer to one from the Commissioners to the King which is printed in Bacon's works, and it explains the nature of the proceedings against Raleigh before the Commissioners. One chief point in the letter is that, as Mr. Gardiner says, it "shows that, at least in James's eyes, it was proved that Raleigh had recommended an attack on the Mexico fleet very early in the voyage." Two courses, it seems, had been proposed, one to summon Raleigh before the Privy Council, the other to put him at once to death on his old sentence, putting forth in print "a narrative of his crimes." James's wisdom determined to follow a middle course. Raleigh was to be brought before the Commissioners, to be accused by the Attorney-General, the warrant to be sent for his execution, and a declaration to be put forth in print. In this declaration the King says:—

> Wherein we hold the French Physitian's confession very materiall to be inserted, as also his own and his consortes confession that, before they were at the Islandes, he told them his ayme was at the fleet, with his son's oration when they came to the town, and some touch of his hatefull speeches of our person.

The reasons which he gives for not calling him before the Council are also remarkable:—

> And for the other course of a publik calling him before our Counsell, we think it not fitt, because it would make him too popular, as was found by experience at his arraignement at Winchester, where by his wit he turned the hatred of men into compassion of him. Secondly, it were too great honor to him to have that course taken against one of his sort, which we have observed never to have been used but toward persons of great qualitie, as namely the Countesse of Shrewsbury, and some such.

There are other letters of King James; the book begins with two written by him to Henry the Fourth of France, the first being about John Forbes, who had had a hand in an alleged illegal ecclesiastical synod held at Aberdeen in 1605, and who was now in France under the protection of Henry. One of his crimes, according to James, was "qu'il vous a celé (pour le moins a ce que nous divinons de vos lettres) qu'il estoit ministre, ains se disant gentilhomme." In the second, in 1609, touching the unjust dealings of the Pope, Paul V., and the "libelles diffamatoires" which had "sorty de la boutique Romaine," he holds forth on Henry's position as Most Christian King, defender of the liberties of the Gallican Church, and especially of the Pragmatic Sanction, which he says "fust premiormont institué et estably par un d'iceulx [vos predecesseurs] si Catholique qu'il en cust le tiltre de Lodovicus Pius." We can bear witness that the same confusion between St. Louis and the Emperor Lewis the Pious has been made in later times, but we should hardly have looked for such a blunder from the judicious and renowned monarch so worshipped by Bishop Snowden.

We will end with a domestic touch. In Letter XVIII. the Electress Elizabeth, not yet Queen of Bohemia, writes to her father, we know not why, in French; but she has at one point to fall back on her native tongue. She writes to ask that her mother and brother will be good enough "de lever au bastesme le petit *black babie* que j'ay eu dernierement." Mr. Gardiner quotes Mr. Green for Elizabeth's use of the same phrase *black babie* for her first child also, and he adds "? = 'black doll.'" Mr. Gardiner is certainly right in his suggestion, for the word "baby" meant "doll," at least as late as Addison's time.

OLD KENSINGTON.*

THIS is the longest story Miss Thackeray has as yet published; it is in many respects the most interesting; it is certainly that which gives us the highest impression of the richness and power of her genius. Those who know her other novels will hardly need to be told that the interest of this one does not lie mainly in the plot or the narrative. Of plot, as one used the word in those old days when secrets were hinted at and the reader's expectations were wrought up till a point arrived at which everything was disclosed and explained, and everybody's future lot was definitely settled—of plot in this sense there is comparatively little. Few events of consequence happen; and even those minor incidents without which no tale can move seem to us introduced not so much because they determine the fate of the personages as for the sake of revealing their characters and modes of feeling. Every occurrence in one's life has of course both aspects; the difference between the novel of plot and the novel of character lies in the prominence given to one or the other. Now in Miss Thackeray's hands the events and their results on the outer life of the personages are almost swept out of sight and forgotten in the feeling with which the whole is suffused, and which gives us an interest in them altogether above the novel-reader's commonplace curiosity "to know how it all ended." In the dreamy, half-hopeful, half-regretful effect it produces, her book seems like a piece of plaintive music, which for its chords has the ever-varying lights and shadows of human feeling, and those colours of the sky and clouds which she brings before us as the background to every scene. The story is indeed exquisitely tender and harmonious; but along with its dreaminess there is a curiously keen power of observation, and of throwing out striking reflections upon character and society. All novelists, one might almost say all writers of a really high order, must of course combine imagination and reflection; but many, and those sometimes the greatest, are not successful in blending these two elements, but either disconnect their musings and speculations from the thread of the story, or allow it to appear that they have constructed the story to illustrate some view or moral lesson or psychological theory, and have seen their characters in its light. Miss Thackeray's art is more perfect in nothing than in this, that her reflections and comments seem always to arise naturally from the words and deeds of her personages, rather than to have themselves suggested to her the latter. In fact, there is no better way of testing for one's self the presence or absence of the true dramatic faculty than by inquiring what is the process which is followed in constructing an imaginary character. If one possesses that faculty, one begins by getting an idea—how it is hard to describe—of the person as a whole, conceives of him as living, and feels somehow what he might be expected to say and do under particular circumstances, just as we feel about the people we meet in the world and have a chance of studying. One may then, if one pleases, go on to moralize upon motives, and spin theories about human action generally, without necessarily destroying the illusion. But if the theory comes first, and the thoughts and acts of the character are afterwards invented to suit it, the conception will want life; and the reflections themselves will lose half their point, because we perceive that they are the framework upon which the whole has been constructed. The dicta and musings which we find in *Old Kensington* are so apposite where they are placed, that they suffer seriously by being extracted. Nevertheless we must venture to select a few:—

> A great many people seem to miss their vocations because their bodies do not happen to fit their souls. This is one of the advantages of middle age; people have got used to their bodies and to their faults; they know how to use them, to spare them, and they do not expect too much.

> "How funny to see so many books!" said Zoe, who was a very stupid girl (clever people generally make the same remarks as stupid ones, only they are in different words).

> Let us do justice to the reluctant prayers that people offer up. They are not the less true because they are half-hearted, and because those who pray would sometimes gladly be spared an answer to their petitions.

> "God bless you," he said, deserting his post with a prayer, as people do sometimes.

> She had but little experience, and coldness of heart comes more often from ignorance than from want of kindness or will to sympathize. Sometimes the fire of adversity warms a cold heart, and then the story is not all sorrowful. The saddest story is that of some ice-bound souls whom the very fires of adversity cannot reach.

> Thoughts seem occasionally to have a life of their own—a life independent—sometimes they are even stronger than the thinkers, and draw them relentlessly along. They seize hold of outward circumstances with their strong grip. How strangely a dominant thought sometimes runs through a whole epoch of life!

> It was a dinner party just like any other. They are pretty festivals on the whole, though we affect to decry them . . . . It is fortunate, perhaps, that other people are not silent always because we are sad. With all its objections—I have read this in some other book—there is a bracing atmosphere in society, a Spartan-like determination to leave cares at home, and to try to forget all the ills and woes and rubs to which we are subject, and to think only of the present and the neighbours fate has assigned for the time. Little by little, Dolly felt happier and more reassured. Where everything was so commonplace and unquestioning, it seemed as if tragedy could not exist. Comedy seems much more real at times than tragedy. Three or four tragedies befall us in the course of our existence, and a hundred daily comedies pass before our eyes.

> Helpless as Philippa was, her helplessness always leant in the direction in which she wished to go; and in some mysterious fashion she seemed to get on as well as other stronger people. Some young officer in a complimentary copy of verses had once likened her to a lily. If so, it was a water-lily that she resembled most, with its beautiful pale head drifting on the water, while underneath was a long limp straggling stalk firmly rooted. Only those who had tried to influence her knew of its existence.

The story has, we think, suffered, as several of Miss Thackeray's stories have suffered, by being published in a magazine, and therefore, we may probably assume, written by fits and starts, and under some pressure. It is unequal; there are places where the writing becomes comparatively careless; and we can hardly doubt that by the expenditure of a little more pains the narrative might have been better bound together, and the figures set upon the canvas more clearly, instead of being allowed to drop in or turn up in a way which is apt to be confusing. But when we come to the individual characters, we have nothing but admiration for the skill, the grace, the delicacy, the subtle insight with which they are painted. The heroine, whose right it is to be first mentioned, is a very charming and lifelike conception—lifelike just because one perceives that there were points and sides in which she was not attractive, but perhaps a little repellent. She is not in the least like Maggie Tulliver in the *Mill on the Floss*; but the study of the development of her character from childhood into youth and womanhood, the preservation of its distinctive features under the changes which love and sorrow and the knowledge of good and evil bring with them, is one which deserves to be placed beside the similar study of Maggie's growth in that wonderful work of a wonderful genius. Next to its intense truthfulness, the keynote of Dolly's character is its imaginativeness, shown in a keen susceptibility to the influences of external nature. Few English writers, and perhaps no English novelists, have shown a more admirable power of describing what we may call the sentiment of nature—that fancied sympathy for human passion of sunshine and shadows, clouds, trees, and streams, which is the way in which poetical temperaments express the impression that all these things make on them in moments of high-strung feeling. It is indeed only such temperaments that experience such impressions, as it is only sensitive people that are strongly affected by the

* *Old Kensington.* By Miss Thackeray. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1873.

presence or the moods of other human beings whom they feel to be in some way either congenial or chilling; and one knows abundance of men, and women too, who, like Robert Henley in this story, set down a susceptibility to either class of influences as mere weakness or childishness or affectation. The latter form of susceptibility is no doubt far commoner than the former; but the former is so real and interesting where one meets it, that it deserves all the care and refined art which Miss Thackeray has (some may think too frequently) bestowed upon it here, and which has given occasion to some of her most charming sketches of scenery. The college garden at Cambridge, the evening scene on the Thames at Kingston, the description of St. Paul's Churchyard on the day when Henley and Dolly go to service in the Cathedral, are not only wonderfully vivid as pictures, but are skilfully used to bring out the contrast between the girl whose emotions were stirred in a way she did not understand by the beauty around her, and the obtuse energetic man to whom she had engaged herself in a sort of dream, and whom she then clothed with all the bright colours of her own fancy. Henley is perhaps the most finished and successful study of a prig in modern fiction; and he shows very forcibly what a terrible thing priggishness may be when it lies deep down in the soul, and is not, as sometimes happens, a mere affair of manner, the result of education or circumstances. The essence of his priggishness consists in a want of subtlety and insight, a fault which may be called as much intellectual as moral (to use the common division), but which poisons his whole nature. In many points of view he is a worthy person; he has good principles, a sense of duty, a firm will, a superiority to the more vulgar pleasures, a disposition to admire and be attracted by what is really beautiful, even a sort of unselfish capacity for affection. But he has no power of understanding a sensitive and impressionable nature like Dolly's; and just as little of knowing and judging himself. We do not mean to say that a man may not be both conceited and self-conscious, for conceit can take an infinity of shapes; but in Henley it is in great measure the want of self-consciousness that leaves him at the mercy of his conceit, and makes him the dupe and slave of a number of wooden formulas which he calls his principles. Most people are liable to mean thoughts and impulses; but self-conscious people, unfortunate as their condition is in other respects, have at least the advantage of knowing when these impulses are mean, and preventing them from taking effect in acts. This is what Henley wants; the absence of fine discernment makes him mistake bare selfishness for adherence to principle, and renders the sense of duty which he all the while possesses and fancies himself to be obeying, almost worse than useless.

The secondary characters are not less admirable, and even those who merely pass across the stage, like Squire Auley and Colonel Witherington, or whose voices are heard from behind the scenes, like Admiral Palmer, have a sharp individuality that witnesses to the wealth of dramatic faculty in the mind that produced them. Lady Sarah Francis is quite new to us; nor can anything be more delicate than the way in which her somewhat grim exterior, her suspiciousness, her habits of parsimony, are so touched as to increase, instead of weakening, the sympathy we feel for her. Philippa, the heroine's mother, might have been drawn by Mr. Thackeray himself; and it may be said (as somebody said of Mr. Wilberforce's one sarcastic speech) that it is the strongest proof of the authoress's kindliness of nature that, possessing such a power of satire as she displays in this instance, she should so seldom exert it. The Morgan household are all very real, down to stupid, good-natured Zoe, with a happily suggested family likeness behind their contrasts; and the influence which bringing up in such a household would have upon the development of a character like Rhoda's is one of the most thoughtfully handled things in the book, though, as it is merely hinted at, the point might easily be missed. Rhoda herself we are not sure that we understand; but, seeing that there are some female characters which men never do understand, we dare say this is as it should be.

When we began writing, we meant to reproach Miss Thackeray with publishing her stories by instalments—a plan which, whatever it may be to the reader, is usually a disadvantage to the writer. But reading *Old Kensington* through a second time has given us so much pleasure that we don't wish to delay the beginning of another similar enjoyment a moment longer than is necessary. No work more clear and true and pure, more full of tenderness and grace, and of that insight which nothing but a keen sympathy with every phase of joy and sorrow can give, is produced among us than that by which she sustains the honours of her father's name.

SLAVE-CATCHING IN THE INDIAN OCEAN.*

CAPTAIN COLOMB has written a book which contains much useful evidence as to the Eastern slave-trade, and which at the same time is really entertaining. Captain Colomb writes well, though he is perhaps a little too anxious to be facetious in the opening pages; he is a shrewd observer of men and things; and the views which he expresses, though not calculated for the palate of the general public, deserve a more serious answer than they are likely to receive. We will first describe his opportunities for observation, and then briefly consider his conclusions.

Captain Colomb was appointed to the command of the *Dryad* in 1868, with orders to take part in the suppression of the Eastern slave-trade. He was, as he tells us, in a state of mind not very unusual with naval officers. He knew next to nothing as to the nature of the trade upon which he was to operate; and had to trust to picking up information on the scene of action. On the other hand, he had a code of elaborate regulations as to the mode of dealing with slave-dealers when caught, which, as we are rather led to infer, had been drawn up by officials not much better acquainted with the peculiarities of the trade than Captain Colomb himself. Besides this, he had for his further guidance, or his further perplexity, the text of a number of treaties between England and the various Powers which are more or less interested in the slave-trade. Captain Colomb was thus in the position familiar to British officers; he was to be at once energetic and strictly legal; if he was afraid of responsibility, he could not do his duty effectually; and if he did his duty effectually, he would very probably get into a scrape. He seems to have accepted his position in the best spirit, and, notwithstanding treaties and rules of international law, to have succeeded in inflicting a good deal of injury upon the slave-traders. The general nature of his operations on the principal scene of action is easily described. Lying in wait with his ship behind a headland of the Arabian coast, upon the summit of which a signal station had been erected, he was near the main stream of the slave-trading commerce. Whenever a "dhow" appeared, boats were in readiness to rush out upon the unsuspecting native, and, in case of need, the *Dryad* could get up steam and join in the chase. The dhow being captured, Captain Colomb proceeded to hold a court. Was the dhow engaged in the slave-trade or not? The instructions said that that question was to be answered by the presence or absence of certain symptoms, which had apparently been catalogued from the experience of the American slave-trade. As a matter of fact, the fatal signs—such, for example, as a number of shackles and handcuffs—were generally absent from the Arab slaver, whilst others were equally characteristic of the vessel engaged in legal trade. If, again, the dhow was condemned, the proper course was to forward her to a port of adjudicature. The nearest port of adjudicature was several hundred miles off, and the dhows are a kind of ship in which no English officer would trust a prize-crew. Thus, to obey the regulations literally would involve a very long absence from the station for the sake of condemning a single prize. Practically the course adopted was much simpler. One dhow, for example, contained a fat little nigger boy. If that boy were merely a domestic slave of the captain, his presence was unobjectionable. If he were an article of export, the dhow was a slaver. By the help of an Arab interpreter, a long cross-examination of the captain, the crew, and the nigger, led, after two days' discussion, to the conclusion that the boy had in fact been kidnapped at Zanzibar. The dhow was therefore sent to the bottom, and the crew allowed to find their own way home. As, in fact, all Arab traders have slaves with them, and the slaves are generally contented, or, at least, stolidly indifferent, it requires no little legal acuteness to discover whether the slaves are articles of merchandise or part of the legitimate crew. However, some rough and ready means of approximation to the truth was generally discovered; though it may be doubted whether the justice of the proceedings commended itself to the Arab mind. At length, however, Captain Colomb had the luck to come upon two or three genuine slavers, full of black articles of commerce to the brim. When the English flag appeared, they generally made straight for the shore; the dhow was destroyed in the surf, and as much as possible of the cargo was saved and marched off into the interior. Once away from the shore, English officers have of course no right to interfere with them. Captain Colomb's operations resulted in the release of 175 slaves in the course of a month's cruising. His description of their manners and customs when on board is graphic, if not complimentary. According to him, they were little better than dumb animals; accepting their change of fate with stolid indifference, and not showing the smallest sign of surprise at the novel sight of a man-of-war, or of the ponderous engines working close beside them. It does not appear that the slaves captured by Captain Colomb were suffering from ill-treatment. In the case of the largest capture which he made he describes the rescued cargo as consisting of "plump, well fed, healthy-looking negroes." Occasionally indeed there is great suffering; and crews of famished skeletons may be found crammed into an insufficient space. Captain Colomb, however, seems to be of opinion that, as a rule, the slaves and their masters fare pretty much alike, and that the sufferings are due rather to the want of foresight characteristic of the Arabs in general than to any cruelty in the traders.

And this brings us to Captain Colomb's conclusions upon the slave-trade in general. He does not, as will have been already inferred, take by any means an Exeter Hall view of the question. He entirely disbelieves in the pathetic black, forced from home and all its joys, and claiming to be a man and a brother. The black is, in his opinion, an apathetic and utterly stupid creature, who makes, on the whole, a decided advance in civilization by transportation to Arabia or Persia. Our notions of slavery are chiefly derived from the case of slaves said to have been worked to death on a West Indian plantation, in days when it was cheaper to import new hands than to grow them in the country. In the East domestic slavery is by no means degrading for the negro. Captain Colomb indeed admits that the Zanzibar slave-market is a disgusting sight; for it is disgusting to see men reduced to the level of cattle; but he witnessed none of the barbarities or indecencies said to be practised there. The word slavery, in fact, includes many different conditions. In Zanzibar there is no distinction in words between slavery and free service, and no difference in the modes of working and living between the

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* *Slave-catching in the Indian Ocean.* By Captain Colomb, R.N. London: Longmans & Co. 1873.

two classes. The slave may compel a cruel master to sell him. He need only give five days' labour in a week. He can own property, and very frequently invests his little savings in purchasing other slaves. He cannot be sold, except in extreme cases of ill-conduct, or separated from his family. And all these regulations exist, not merely in theory, but in practice. Thus, according to Captain Colomb, slavery in this mitigated form is on the whole beneficial in the stage of social development actually in existence; and our abolitionists allow themselves to be excited by the name, without taking the trouble to examine into the circumstances which it implies. In short, Eastern slavery is not slavery in the Western sense. But, then, it will be asked, what do you say to the slave-trade? The unanimous opinion of all travellers is that the slave-trade is one of the main causes of demoralization amongst the negroes of the interior. Captain Colomb's reply deserves notice; but it must be added that this is the part of the case on which he speaks with the least authority. His own experience was necessarily limited to the coast, and he only argues about the interior slave-trade from sources open to everybody. He argues, however, with some vigour that the slave-trade has been made responsible for many evils which it does not really produce. The statements generally made as to the loss of life incurred in bringing caravans from the interior rest on most unsatisfactory evidence. The depopulation of the country attributed by Livingstone and others to the slave-trade is really due, as he seeks to prove from their own pages, to famines in bad seasons. The slave-trader is generally said to be hostile to more legitimate commerce. The real fact is that he combines both branches of trade. The same man deals in ivory or in slaves according to circumstances; and ivory is the most profitable of the two. The trader, therefore, would not encourage a war which would be fatal to the most productive part of his trading in order to stimulate the production of slaves. War, indeed, is produced as much by the legitimate variety of commerce as by its rival; for a native tribe will attack another to plunder it of its ivory as well as to steal its men.

The argument strikes us as very questionable when compared with the more direct accounts of the proceedings of slave-traders in the interior; and it would apparently lead to some rather startling conclusions. If slavery is really a mode of improving the African, if the slave-trade is desirable as a means of carrying commerce into the interior, then it would appear that we should rather encourage than exterminate the practice. Captain Colomb appears to think, indeed, that if we could hermetically seal the whole coast to the slave-traders, we should have conferred no benefit upon the tribes of the interior. They would continue to fight and to make slaves just as freely as before, and the only difference would be that the negroes would be spared a journey across the sea. He would be, if anything, more barbarously treated in making articles for export than if he were exported himself; and the net result of our operations would be as futile as most spasmodic benevolence. It would, however, be entirely unfair to represent this as Captain Colomb's last word on the subject. Undoubtedly he diverges from the ordinary view of the British abolitionist, but it is to take what, in his opinion, is a wider and not a less humane view of the subject. Slavery and the slave-trade, he says, are not the cause of all the evils of African society, but rather a symptom. Civilization there is at a low ebb, and slavery is a natural incident to civilization in that stage. Our treatment is defective because, whilst applying a vigorous corrective to the symptoms, we do not endeavour to eradicate the disease. Our burnings of dhows and emancipating of slaves—who are generally all the worse for our interference—rather hamper the trade, but they do not help to introduce a better state of things; both our victims the Arabs, and their victims the negroes, are utterly unable to appreciate our motives, and the only result is a slight alteration in the path of commerce. What, then, is to be done? If the British public would permit it, the right thing would be to form some English settlements on the East Coast, to treat the negroes there with the good vigorous discipline which has made the Kroomen really effective sailors on board of our men-of-war, and to raise up a generation capable of acting as missionaries of religion and of commerce amongst their own countrymen. The process would take some generations to carry out effectually; but in that way a real beginning might be made towards a genuine process of civilization. What is the chance that the British public will adopt Captain Colomb's view?

THE MILITARY STRENGTH OF RUSSIA.*

TIMES are indeed strangely altered since it was the fashion to repeat Napoleon's saying that Europe must become "Republican or Cossack," with a strong emphasis on the latter as the more probable alternative. The Crimean War, though its results are naturally depreciated by the party which would prefer peace at any price to the results of any war whatever, at least did the European world a marvellous service in helping nations to understand what was the true nature of the gigantic machine of despotism of which so many nations had stood in unreasonable awe. For then was it first made generally known that there is a vast difference between commanding the implicit obedience of seventy millions of subjects distributed over a huge territory, and bringing their scattered forces into action at a definite point. It is true indeed that the Russian arms had come with a certain lustre out of the old war against Napoleon. Cathcart, the only English military writer on the great campaigns of 1813 who knew his subject scientifically, declared plainly that the soldiers of none of the many nations engaged bore the fatigues of marching with the same endurance and discipline as the Russians, and that their cavalry especially was a marvellous display of military power. On the other hand it should be remembered, when studying this subject critically, that the Russians of 1813 and 1814 enjoyed the special prestige justly due to their country for its successful defence against the conqueror of the rest of the Continent, and that diplomacy was deeply interested in magnifying both the strength and the exertions of the contingent which served under Alexander against Napoleon up to his first overthrow and abdication. The gratitude of nations too, though not very enduring, is by no means always an illusory notion; and we, whose military prowess stood justly high in the world's opinion at the time of that great event, need not be surprised at the admiration bestowed on the constant advance of the Russian standards from the ruins of Moscow to the walls of Paris.

Gratitude, however, may fade, while fear remains. More than forty years had passed by without the appearance of Russian soldiers in contest with any foe more civilized than the Turk. The world knew of their performances only from the constant records of successful struggles against the Mahometan nations that bordered their vast Empire on every side but the West; and so far as the history of these wars was heard, it was well calculated to maintain the reputation won by Russia in the second decade of the century, and to inspire the belief that her power was hardly less great for attack than for defence. Then came the sudden intervention of Prince Paskievitch with the garrison of Poland on the flank of the Hungarian contest. Görgey, and his comrades of the revolutionary armies, already outmatched in their contest with Austrian power, were willing to inflict a last humiliation on the sovereignty against which they had rebelled by at once laying down their arms to this new opponent, who had crossed the Hungarian frontier with his well-drilled and apparently resistless battalions. Bloodless and easy as the Russian triumph was, it had a singular effect in confirming the traditional belief in the military strength of the great Empire, which was thus able, as it were, to terminate her neighbour's difficulties by a mere demonstration. And thus it came about naturally that when England unexpectedly found herself forced, five years later, into a contest with the power so long spoken of as colossal, she entered on it, despite the vapouring of Mr. Cobden about the superior strength our commerce must give us, with a certain feeling of awe, as though engaged with an adversary furnished with military resources which no one could exactly pretend to measure.

The events of 1854-55 undeceived the world very thoroughly. The failures of Russia before the Danube fortresses—defended rather by the moral power of fanaticism well directed than by genuine material means—first shook her reputation. Then came the defeat of the Alma, a defeat suffered on her own chosen battle-field, boastfully occupied in full assurance of certain victory over the inexperienced invaders. When to this succeeded the long defence of Sebastopol, with its varying incidents of endurance on either side, the great fact shone out, that with all the courage to attempt, the Russian generals failed in the skill or power to make, a successful diversion. The check of Balaclava was followed by the bloody defeat of Inkermann, and the disastrous repulse at the Tchernaya; and the great leaguer slowly but steadily went on to its appointed end. Despite the genius and courage of the technical part of the defence, the huge fortress fell; and the very length of the resistance, with its despairing close by voluntary abandonment, proved conclusively to the world—to Russia no less than to other nations—that with the army open to succour, an entrenched line skilfully prepared and provided with the vastest material that fortress ever held, the defence had failed simply because the boasted strength of the Empire was so little capable of concentration, or of application to a particular point of its own frontier, that it was unable to maintain an equal front with forces brought from the most distant parts of Europe, better supported as they were from their far-off bases at Woolwich and Marseilles. The prestige of the Muscovite was effectually crushed. How much deeper would it have sunk had the world known what has but very recently been made public in the *Military Magazine* of St. Petersburg, that the wisest and oldest of the servants of the new Czar, the very same Paskievitch whose appearance in the Hungarian field six years before had so startled Europe, spent almost his last breath in adjuring his country to make peace whilst she had still one friend left in Prussia; for "I dread," he said in the plainest terms, "a new invasion of Russia by Europe conducted more prudently than that of Napoleon."

But if Russia was humbled by the events of 1855, the lesson of adversity was not lost on her rulers. From that time she has set herself steadily in the path of moral and material progress by which alone the whole means of great empires can be made subservient to the needs of war. Her people have been set free from serfdom. Her provinces are now bound together by the network of railways the want of which made her unable effectively to succour Prince Gortchakoff when overborne by the Allies. Her power has risen again steadily year by year, until we behold her once more reaching threateningly forward into Central Europe, at the very same time that she prepares to push

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* *The Armed Strength of Russia.* Translated from the German at the Topographical Department of the War Office. 1873.
Die Heeresmacht Russlands. Berlin: Duncker.

her conquests into the heart of Asia. It is the strongest testimony to the revival of her power that the new Empire of Germany is making use of the millions wrested from France to throw a girdle of first-class fortresses along her eastern frontier; whilst the whole internal policy of Austria towards the motley population of trans-Leithania is guided by the desire of watching against the expected aggression from the side of Muscovy. Emperors may meet in brotherhood, and guards of honour may receive fraternal greetings; but the truth remains, as all know who see beneath the surface, that the soldier-caste of Germany are looking forward with scarcely disguised eagerness, and the politicians of Austria with ill-concealed dread, to the hour which shall see the national forces of one or both face to face with the legions of Russia. Not that the conditions of the struggle of 1807 and 1812 between West and East can be again repeated. For, whilst Russia has advanced, her neighbours have not stood still. And it ought never to be forgotten in any attempt to forecast the wars of the future, that those very appliances of civilization on which the advocates of peace once founded their faith, the boasted improvements in the art of communication which were to have bound mankind together in a brotherhood of nations, have proved not a whit less available for war than for commerce. Nay, comparing the results of recent history, it is by no means safe to assert that facilities for the aggrandizement of commerce have increased more rapidly since railroads and telegraphs covered the face of Europe than facilities for making war on a terrible and effective scale. One single main railroad through Poland and Lithuania would have strengthened Napoleon in 1812 more than a second half-million of soldiers. Doubtless some feeling that this was so weighed on the mind of Prince Paskievitch when, towards the close of the contest round Sebastopol, he gave the advice already mentioned. And it is very certain that no strategist worthy of the name would regard an attack on Russia as barred by the same difficulties which ruined alike Charles XII. and the mightier warrior who followed his footsteps towards Moscow with a greater force than monarch ever put into the field until armed Germany moved as one man to avenge his oppression on the inheritor of his name and Empire.

The problem of Russian strength has occupied many minds among the military students who abound in the councils of the great Continental military Powers. The Austrian War Office has devoted a special volume to it, recently translated by our own Topographical Department. And Prussia has a work of her own, published indeed anonymously, but attributed by general consent to the same able essayist who wrote for Count Moltke his History of the War of 1866. The former is a remarkably complete, though dry, account of the existing military organization of Russia, but it fails altogether to give any insight into the moral power which is to wield this, or to point out in any lively manner the peculiarities of breeding or discipline which have made the Russian serf in his half-emancipated state of soldier at times so formidable and enduring a combatant, at others so helpless a machine. Neither, indeed, does the Prussian writer of *Die Heeresmacht Russlands* enter philosophically into this matter. But he does put plainly before his readers the essential effects of the post-Crimean reforms on Russian organization, and the differences between the present military system and that of his own monarchy, as well as its improvements on that which existed under the Emperor Nicholas. The changes made since that great drill-master of the Muscovite serfs and terror of European diplomatists passed away, the victim of his own broken-down projects of aggrandizement, may be summarized shortly as follows.

Until a few years since the Russian forces consisted of two great sections, the Active army and the Reserve. The latter comprised the same description of passed soldiers as form the German Landwehr, and were not called out except for war. If war occurred, the reserve battalion of each regiment, which was maintained for the purpose, was designed suddenly to be enlarged to three, corresponding nearly to the three active battalions kept up normally in the regiment. These additional battalions were to be filled up with reserve men, and officered by transfers from the others, with a large supplement of new commissions. It is speaking mildly of such a system to say, with the Prussian writer, that mobilization under these conditions would amount to "a general upsetting of all proper conditions of command." The theory was no doubt effectually settled by the events of 1855. Since that time the so-called Reserve Army has disappeared from the Russian organization; the number of active divisions has been largely increased; and although (as we may add on our own authority) a number of trained soldiers are constantly kept for economy's sake on furlough, the cadres of the real forces are immensely augmented. The paper total is indeed less than that of ante-Crimean days, when the so-called Reserve of 290,000 men, if ever embodied, being added to the Active force of 360,000, would have given an effective of 650,000, as against the 584,000 now on the rolls. But the latter the Prussian writer believes to be vastly more efficient for any warlike purpose, and we have no doubt that this view is correct. Both these statements exclude immense rolls of non-combatants, as well as the numerous local corps maintained exclusively for garrison or training objects, and not available for the field. These, if added, would swell the Russian army to nearly the million at which it has been popularly estimated.

Of the organization by which the military mass is controlled, and the peculiar characteristics of this, as compared with that of Germany, no space remains to us to speak to-day. For the same reason we must reserve all mention of the reforms recently proposed by the Commission, and understood to be adopted in the Imperial Council, though so strongly opposed by the Minister, General Miliutin, as to threaten, according to latest reports, his actual resignation of his charge.

LA FEMME DE CLAUDE.[*]

IN London, less theatrical than Paris, when a play has failed, it soon glides out of the memory, and no more is heard about it. Such is not the case in the French capital. There, if the dramatist whose work has proved unfortunate has attained a certain degree of eminence, and more especially if he is held to represent some shade of public opinion, he has a chance of getting more fame by failure than by success, and may fairly say, like Mawworm, without a tinge of hypocrisy, that he likes to be persecuted. His play, withdrawn from the boards, is nevertheless published, and its publication provides him with an opportunity for adorning it with an elaborate preface, in which he can attack his foes and propound his theories, with a full assurance that the book will be extensively read. In some cases, of the two parts of which the book is composed, the preface and the play, the former is the more attractive; and we are inclined to suspect that among the students of French manners who have invested four francs in the purchase of the very goodly volume which contains the last dramatic emanation from the brain of M. Alexandre Dumas fils, the majority of those who go steadily through *La Femme de Claude* are stimulated so to do less by the pleasure derived from the play itself than by a desire to obtain the proper standpoint for the enjoyment of the preface.

La Femme de Claude, announced long before, was ultimately brought out at the Gymnase in the middle of January last. The event was anticipated with an eagerness to which, where the drama is concerned, nothing in England can be compared; the excitement that is invariably caused in Paris by a *première représentation* having been heightened in this particular case by the knowledge that the play would illustrate the doctrine already preached by its author in the pamphlet *L'Homme-Femme*, which had been published in the previous summer, and had made a noise such as no writer of essays on social science can hope to produce who does not wield his pen with the verve and utter freedom from restraint which pertain to the younger Dumas. Even those courageous ladies for whom it is a pleasant recreation to study the details of Contagious Disease might light upon pages in *L'Homme-Femme* which they would consider rather strong.

The purport of the book, as many of our readers will remember, is however sternly moral, to a degree that would have won the applause of an old Puritan governor of New England. With such horror does M. Dumas regard female frailty that, in his opinion, a worthy man wedded to a woman who has deceived him, and who cannot possibly be recalled to the path of virtue, has only one course to pursue. This course is indicated in the counsel he would give to his son, if he were fortunate enough to have one. Speaking of the incorrigible lady, he says:—

> Ce n'est pas la femme, ce n'est pas même une femme; elle n'est pas dans la conception divine, elle est purement animale; c'est la guenon du pays de Nod, c'est la femelle de Caïn; tue-la.

Since last June the concluding words of the above passage have almost become a party cry, and if we regarded the remarks made in some of the Parisian journals as a fair index of French opinion, we should be forced to believe that the question, how a faithless wife ought to be treated, lately divided society into two hostile camps—one headed by M. Dumas, with the terrible "Tue-la" on his banner, the other by M. Émile de Girardin and M. H. d'Ideville, who preached the duty of pardon. It is no mere supposition that the coming *Femme de Claude* was intended to illustrate the doctrine of *L'Homme-Femme*, the author having made in the second page of his pamphlet a declaration to that effect. The French public fully knew what they had a right to anticipate:—

> Il va sans dire [says M. Dumas in the pamphlet] qu'il s'agit d'un Claude moderne, conscient, chrétien, et non du Claude historique et imbécile qui fait ou plutôt qui laisse tuer sa femme par Narcisse. Quant à la femme, c'est l'éternelle Messaline, après comme avant le Christ.

By some of the French journals great pains were taken to describe the aspect of the *salle* of the Gymnase on the 16th of last January. The two opposite opinions on the grand theme were fully represented, and the angels of justice and of mercy were both present in the shape of M. Alexandre Dumas and M. Émile de Girardin.

With all possible brevity we perform the necessary task of giving some notion of the plot of *La Femme de Claude*. The action of the piece is supposed to take place in one of the French provinces since the termination of the late war. Claude Ruper, disappointed in his hopes of domestic happiness, in consequence of the utter wickedness of his wife Césarine, who indulges in the two opposite bad habits of eloping with some newly found lover and coming back when least wanted, has devoted all his energies to the invention of an extraordinary cannon, which will enable its owner to destroy any foes, however great their numerical superiority, and may consequently lead to the resuscitation of his country. His companions are Antonin, a young friend, who is a partner in his studies, and shows his proficiency by the minor invention of a double-barrelled musket, which can however do extraordinary things; an old Jew, named Daniel, whose

[*] *La Femme de Claude, pièce en trois actes, précédée d'une préface.* Par Alexandre Dumas fils. Paris: Lévy Frères. 1873.

sole object it is to discover the eleven lost tribes of *Ephraïm (sic)*; and Daniel's daughter Rachel, a somewhat dreamy young lady, who worships him with that sort of love which people are accustomed to call platonic. At the commencement of the play Césarine unexpectedly makes her appearance at Claude's abode, having lived several weeks with a lover, under the pretext of a visit to her grandmother, with the full determination of obtaining a pardon from her husband, who, taught by a long and bitter experience that her life is one uninterrupted course of evil, has ceased to regard her even with indignation; and who, discovering that his friend and pupil Antonin is smitten by her indubitable charms, contents himself with warning the youth in the kindest manner not to waste his affections on a creature so miserably worthless. Another visitor is M. Cantagnac, ostensibly a retired notary, who talks with the accent proper to Marseilles, and has been attracted to the house by an advertisement, in which Claude, hard pressed for money in consequence of his devotion to work hitherto unprofitable, has offered his landed estate for sale. He has heard of the cannon, and would rather advance a large sum, on the understanding that he is to receive one-fourth of the profits that may result from the invention, than purchase Claude's estate. The offer is refused, as Claude will have no partner in his glory, and, the offer of sale being renewed, M. Cantagnac is left to talk business with Madame Rupel, whose consent to the operation is legally necessary. No sooner is the supposed notary left alone with Césarine than he drops his southern accent, and, without any attempt at circumlocution, bluntly asks her what price she will take to betray the secret of her husband's invention. He is the agent of an anonymous society, with an unlimited capital, which by purchasing the ideas of others resolves to become master of the world, and Claude's cannon is just one of the articles which the society would like to possess. As Césarine does not jump at the offer of money, Cantagnac explains that refusal on her part will be dangerous; and he calmly recounts to her all the infamy of her past life, including the birth of a child before her marriage with Claude. The implied threat of exposure she meets with a smile, informing her kind biographer that her husband already knows and has condoned all the facts he has enumerated; but presently he comes to a fact which Claude does not know—namely, to a dark deed perpetrated on a certain 1st of September, which seems to have been the destruction before birth of a lawful child, and, as Macheath would say, her courage is out. She is in the power of Cantagnac, and she will do all she can to betray her husband, it being understood, however, that in the event of her success she will receive some little remuneration, not as yet defined.

The second act makes us acquainted with those mysterious persons the Jew Daniel and his daughter, who, as the former assures us, are about to set out on a voyage which may possibly comprise China, the Salt Lake, and the Desert of Sahara; the zeal of the old gentleman in looking out for the lost tribes not being accompanied by the slightest notion of their whereabouts. Rebecca's motive for accompanying her father is clearly her anxiety to leave the house of the man she dreamily loves now that his wife has returned. The Parisian public do not seem to have exactly understood the utility of this Hebrew maiden, but to have regarded her somewhat as a bore. They will know better now that the preface is published. She serves to impress upon the mind one great defect in the matrimonial law of France. If good Claude could have obtained a divorce, he might have taken amiable Rebecca for a wife in the place of abominable Césarine; but now the union must be deferred until the two pure souls shall meet after death in the region of bliss. In the meanwhile Césarine, feeling no kind of repentance, vainly seeks to obtain a reconciliation with her imperturbable husband, who is not moved till she darkly hints that his obstinacy may cause the sacrifice of those whom he loves. He now tells her that, where she only is concerned, she may do whatever she likes, but that if she interferes with his invention, which is to benefit humanity in general and France in particular, or with any of his private friends, he will certainly kill her. It is especially Antonin that he has in view; for he knows, as we have said, that this young man is smitten. The value of the youth, in the eyes of Césarine, is simply this—that he keeps the key of the coffer in which Claude's plans are contained.

The whole action of the piece is comprised within the limit of a single day. Claude has promised to accompany his Hebrew friends to the nearest station, and during his absence his coffer is to be ransacked by Césarine in the interest of Cantagnac. Césarine has secretly entrusted Antonin with a round sum of money, the gift of another admirer, and it is deposited by him in the coffer for safe custody. When he is left alone with the designing lady, he reluctantly consents to elope with her, and, as ready cash is required for that, opens the lid of the box. She takes immediate advantage of her opportunity to seize on Claude's papers, and would throw them from the window to Cantagnac, who is waiting outside. In this deed of villany, however, Antonin will not be a partner, but, struggling desperately with Césarine, he endeavours to obtain the restitution of the papers, when the contest and the piece are suddenly brought to an end by Claude, who, warned by a female servant, unexpectedly appears, and, crying "Voleuse!" shoots his wife dead with Antonin's musket. Antonin is fully prepared to receive the contents of the other barrel; but Claude simply throws down the weapon, and kindly says, "Et toi, viens travailler"; whereupon the youth kneels to his benefactor as the curtain falls.

The play did not greatly please, and its run at the Gymnase was not of long duration, bringing more repute to Madlle. Desclée, who represented Césarine, than to M. Alexandre Dumas. But, if its own life was not merry as well as short, it was a fruitful cause of merriment in others; and seldom has a more diverting *jeu d'esprit* appeared in *Le Figaro* than the report of Claude's trial for the death of his wife, at which all the *dramatis personæ* appeared as witnesses, and which resulted in the condemnation of Claude, though his punishment was made exceedingly light on the ground of unquestionably extenuating circumstances.

The various attacks upon *Claude*, viewed in relation to *L'Homme-Femme*, were based on two distinct kinds. On the one hand it was contended that a gentleman who shot his wife, not as an adulteress, but as a "voleuse," did not in any way illustrate the practical force of the precept "Tue-la" as laid down in the pamphlet. On the other hand it was asserted that "Tue-la" itself was a mischievous mandate, and that zeal for the seventh commandment need not lead to the recommendation of an infraction of the sixth. There are laws against murder, and those laws ought to be respected. Foremost among the assailants of Claude was M. Cuvillier-Fleury, of the *Journal des Débats*, who is likewise a member of the Academy, and the letter written to him by M. Dumas constitutes the preface to the printed drama. One of the passages in the article to which the letter refers is certainly somewhat strong. Not content with forbidding (the expression is "Je vous défends de la tuer) M. Dumas to kill an erring wife, he thus questions his right to step forth as a moral teacher:—

A-t-il une longue expérience de la morale qu'il professe? A-t-il fait l'épreuve sérieuse des leçons qu'il donne? A-t-il droit ou crédit dans l'ordre philosophique, le crédit du prédicateur public, du législateur à mandat, du magistrat sur son siége, de tous ceux en un mot qui ont reçu de la société mission de l'édifier, de régler sa vie et d'apprécier ses actes? A-t il on a-t-il non un tel crédit?

These questions, which, to say the least of them, are not very discreet, inasmuch as they imply a denial of the right of everybody who does not belong to certain privileged sections of the community to express an opinion on any social subject whatever, M. Dumas very properly answers in the negative, adding that if he is without a right he means to take one, and giving his reason why:—

Pourquoi? Je vais vous le dire. Parce que, comme dit tout bonnement le proverbe, l'habit ne fait pas le moine. Il ne s'agit donc pas d'avoir reçu de la société mission de faire tels ou tels actes; ce n'est qu'une fonction cela; il s'agit d'avoir reçu de sa conscience ordre de faire telle ou telle action. . .

Referring to the case of Voltaire and Calas, he adds:—

Ce jour-là, ce sont les juges et les prêtres qui ont été des imbéciles, ou des misérables; c'est l'homme de lettres, sans mandat et sans siége, qui a fait fonction effective de prêtre et de juge.

At the onset M. Dumas certainly has the best of it; he is no doubt right when he asserts that his adversary, as the champion of law as it stands, is merely advocating a human institution, the value of which every one has a right to discuss; and when, unhappily, M. Cuvillier-Fleury assigns to La Fontaine a quotation which belongs to Voltaire, the little slip, though it has nothing to do with the main argument, affords M. Dumas an opportunity of correcting the mistake, and thus putting the foe, in his Academical capacity, in a somewhat funny position.

These are but trifles. The challenge of M. Cuvillier-Fleury elicits from M. Dumas a discourse of the most varied character, including an autobiography of his early youth, when he was the boon companion of his father, saw a great deal of "fast" life, and mingled in very questionable female society. He studied love as the chief agent in society, and as love generally is the leading motive in a modern drama, he thought the theatre was the place most fitted to his teachings. An exceedingly droll description of the plot of Corneille's *Cid*, too long to cite here, illustrates the predominance of love upon the stage, holding up the adored Chimène to universal execration. M. Dumas complains, not without reason, that, however he treats his pet subject, nobody is satisfied. When, in his *Dame aux Camélias*, he preached pardon to a Magdalen, he was accused of rehabilitating courtesans; now that he refuses pardon to Césarine, he is looked upon as the advocate of murder. No wonder that he considers himself hardly used.

In the case before us he cannot be accused of erring on the side of mercy, and he seems to have been urged to take up his present strong position by an Apocalyptic vision. He saw a Beast, with seven heads, clad in purple and scarlet, thus combining in one the two figures described by St. John in the Revelation (c. xvii.), and devouring all sorts of miserable victims:—

Au-dessus de chacun des sept diadèmes, au milieu de toutes sortes de mots de blasphème, flamboyait ce mot, plus gros que tous les autres: Prostitution. Or cette Bête n'était autre qu'une incarnation nouvelle de la femme, décidée de faire sa révolution à son tour. Après des millions d'années d'esclavage et d'impuissance, malgré les légendes du théâtre, cette victime de l'honneur avait voulu avoir raison de lui, et croyant briser les liens de l'esclavage en brisant ceux de la pudeur, elle s'était dressée tout à coup, armée de toutes ses beautés, de toutes ses ruses, de toutes ses faiblesses apparentes.

This Beast, the incarnation of "social evil," became particularly mischievous in France after the termination of the last war. Finding the country in a very disorderly condition, perceiving the people more ignorant, more divided, more enfeebled than ever, and regaled by the smell of powder, the roar of cannon, the miasma of death, she gathered new courage; and just when the Frenchman ought to have been most serious, she told him that, having behaved well and suffered much, he now ought to abandon himself to pleasure, of which she is the representative. The poor Frenchman hesitated,

and pointed to a wall on which the German had chalked the words, "Cinq milliards de dettes." This difficulty was solved at once. The Beast showed him a Hebrew capitalist, who on another wall chalked up, "Quarante-deux milliards de crédit." France was richer and better off than at any period of her life; and the fools, whose number, according to the statistics of M. Dumas, may be valued as equal to nine-tenths of the population, resolved to make up for lost time. So they worshipped the Beast with renewed vigour, and some of them married her.

The Beast, if we may trust M. Dumas, had a powerful ally, a man of iron will, who dwelt on the other side of the Rhine, and who, watching her triumph with pleasure, rubbed his hands, and said to his nominal master, "Your Majesty may now look towards the East; there is nothing more to fear from the West; *on y meurt*." Things having gone thus far, M. Dumas thought the time had arrived when the Beast ought to be killed; and Claude, who, in spite of his unlucky marriage, belonged to the best tenth of the population, was appointed to show the best way in which the difficult operation might be performed. In brief, Claude is France, Césarine is the Beast, and Cantagnac is—who M. Dumas will not precisely say. His insinuated explanation is given in his own words:—

Pourquoi ne t'ai-je pas dit tout de suite à quelle nation appartient cet homme (Cantagnac), c'était bien plus simple, au théâtre surtout, où l'on n'a pas de temps à perdre? Parce que je ne pouvais pas te le dire. Tu ne sais donc pas que nous sommes abaissés et déchus à ce point que nos actes eux-mêmes sont sous la censure de cet anonyme que tu n'as pas reconnu et dont tu devrais toujours sentir l'odeur dans l'air que tu respires. Tu ne te rappelles donc pas que l'an dernier, il nous a fallu retirer de notre exposition de peintures, avant même qu'elle fût ouverte, deux tableaux qui auraient pu lui déplaire, et, s'il y eût eu dans ma pièce le moindre mot qui le désignât positivement, il aurait exigé de nos gouvernants apparents qu'ils défendissent la représentation de cette pièce.

It seems then that the enemies of the dramatist did not know what they were attacking. While they thought Claude was a very cruel man to kill his wife, they little suspected that the object of M. Dumas was to inspire the Gaul with a patriotic hatred of the Teuton.

NEWMARKET AND ARABIA.*

WE are somewhat provoked with this book. It contains, no doubt, a good deal of truth; it comes just at the time when some such book is needed, and it abounds with valuable suggestions; but it is so onesided in its views, and so overloaded with exaggerations on behalf of a favourite theory, that it will probably do more harm than good.

There is a story told of some apathetic guest at Eaton who drove Lord Westminster's stud-groom into a frenzy of astonishment and disgust. When the immortal Touchstone was paraded for inspection, he listlessly asked, "Is he thoroughbred?" This question, had it come from Captain Upton, so far from being a slight, must have been looked upon as the highest compliment he could pay, seeing that, according to him, no thoroughbred horse exists now, or ever has existed, among our English racers; hence the bare possibilities implied in such an inquiry would at once have set Touchstone in a class by himself. But even that ambiguous compliment would not have been offered. For Captain Upton there is but one thoroughbred horse in the world, his unchanged and unchangeable Arab; any small portion of good blood to be found here is owing, almost entirely, to a single imported stallion, the well-known Darley Arabian. Now we ourselves are rather fanatics in the same direction; but our fanaticism, measured against his, is as a Sabbath day's journey compared with a voyage round the world. We are ready to believe a good deal in favour of the old English studs, and their Desert forefathers; but Captain Upton's creed is quite beyond us. For instance, we do not believe that, when the Ark grounded on Ararat, seven perfect Arabs stepped gracefully down over the dripping rocks, and made their way at once to Yemen. We do not realize the fact that Peleg and Joktan rode about the Wilderness on progenitors of the Darley Arabian. Nor do we think it discreet to twist Scripture into a catena of whimsical proofs all tending to show that the said Darley Arabian is in every respect superior to the Byerley Turk or the Godolphin Barb. Our opinion is a very different one. We look upon the word "thoroughbred" as merely a conventional term, and are satisfied that, if our running horses are not thoroughbred, neither, according to Captain Upton's ideal interpretation of the phrase, are the high-blooded coursers of the great Anezzah itself. From the naturalist's point of view we do not mean to dogmatize. Still, if our author were to ask Professor Owen or Professor Huxley whether a breed of horses consisting of bays, browns, chestnuts, blacks, greys, and whites, is more likely to be a primæval and homogeneous, or a composite and manufactured, race, we think we know what answer he would get. In the second place, looking at history, the first high-bred horses we meet with were not Arabs, but White Cilicians.

Whether the white variety, common enough in Arabia, may not inherit some of their blood, is, we think, a fair question, though we cannot answer it. So superior were they to all the other breeds then known, that they were accepted from that province by the Persian monarchs in lieu of all other tribute. It was out of their number that the sacred horses were selected to draw the chariot of the Sun. It was of them that Herodotus speaks when he describes the earliest recorded international race, and says, *αἱ δὲ κράτισται τῶν Θεττάλων ἱλίκουτο πολὺ ἀπὸ τῶν Μήδων*—a statement which our modern Turf reporters would probably paraphrase somewhat after this fashion:—"The representatives of the Persian stable made strong running from end to end, and polished off the cracks of Thessaly before they had accomplished half the distance." Now at this time all the available resources of that vast empire were swept together, as by some huge drag-net, into one place. No production, even of the remotest and most barbarous region, likely to be of use in the campaign, was left uncalled for or unexacted by the Great King. Still, Peleg and Joktan notwithstanding, the Arab contingent of Xerxes's army brought no horses into the field, but came mounted upon camels. What was the end of these White Cilicians? Could any remnants of the old stock be hunted up now? Were they ever known to and valued by the Romans? We rather fancy not. Cicero, proconsul there once, and a very sulky proconsul too, was not lucky enough to be born in Yorkshire. Had he been, he would have made it his business, and his pleasure also, to find out all about them. Unfortunately for us, however, instead of attending to really important matters, he would think and talk about nothing but himself and the ephemeral politics of Rome. Besides this, he knew nothing about action, except indeed that inferior branch of it which is connected with the Forum only, and not with the Turf. Mr. Disraeli, indeed, in one of his novels (the wondrous tale of *Alroy*, if we are not mistaken) affirms that the finest horse in the world is not the Arab, but the White Anatolian; where he fell in with these splendid animals he does not say—we suppose in the peerless stables of his friend Sidonia. If so, what a point he missed in *Coningsby!* How grandly it would have sounded if, after Sidonia's victory, he had chosen to reply, when asked about the pedigree of his mare, "Daughter of the Star":—"No, she is not an Arab, she is a White Cilician, one of the last descendants of that once Imperial race. The founders of that subdivision of our hereditary stud were presented to my ancestor by Artaxerxes Mnemon for lending him a million of staters (he happened luckily to have them about him) under circumstances of some delicacy, and that too when all the other Persian capitalists pleaded poverty, having a notion that the Royal recollection, so wonderful in other respects, just fell short of infallibility where such trifling personal debts were concerned." However this may be, we hope that the Committee now sitting will have Mr. Disraeli before them, to tell us all he knows about these White Anatolians; for, setting Cilicians aside, we have a long-standing prejudice in favour of our White Turks—Place's White Turk, the D'Arcy White Turk, and so on. We are sorry to lose entirely the white and grey horses that once, in very early times, constituted the majority of our runners; they are now altogether obliterated from the stud-book. And yet, unless we deceive ourselves, they often showed a stoutness and endurance peculiar to themselves and well worth preserving.

We fear that Captain Upton will hardly believe his eyes when he finds our opinion to be that not only the above-named White Cilicians, but also the North African horses, or Barbs, came of a more ancient stock than their Arabian cousins. The frequent victories obtained at the Olympic games by the rulers of Cyrene were owing, we fancy, to the superior stamina of their Barbs, matched as they were against half-bred animals from Laconia and Thessaly. When Sophocles invents a race, and an accident in it (something of the kind had probably happened shortly before), to account for the imaginary death of Orestes, the Libyan coursers of Cyrene are in front till the disaster happens. At any rate, for some of the finest odes of Pindar, notably for the Fourth Pythian, we are indebted to the Barbary horse. This Barbary horse, long after Pindar, long after Hannibal and Massinissa—with their impetuous onsets of Numidian cavalry—seems to have maintained his reputation. In a note on Lucian's Dialogue "Nigrinus" there is introduced a curious document, referring perhaps to the Hippodrome of Constantinople; we will, at any rate, assume it to do so. It seems imperfect; and Gronovius, who cites it from Jacobus Sponius, a learned antiquary of the seventeenth century, does not (it was unnecessary for his purpose that he should) enter into any explanations, nor does he give any date. In it, however, as far as we can make out, a certain Calidus, who was, like Hannibal, "a very pretty fellow in his day" and, we will not doubt, an honest and a distinguished member of the Golden Horn Jockey Club, preserves for the benefit of posterity a correct card of all his winning horses. Now a large majority of these are marked off as Africans; occasionally a Spanish, a Thessalian, a Gallic runner, interrupts the long catalogue of Barbs. It is, however, but occasionally. Africans, Africans, Africans—Cyrenæans, and so forth—almost monopolize the list; and, what is remarkable, not a single Arab is to be found in a bead-roll of seventy-one names. We admit that by itself this negative evidence is scarcely conclusive: yet surely, as far as it goes, it tends to fortify the arguments and support the opinions of those who, like Youatt, maintain on other grounds that the horse is not indigenous in Arabia, but of comparatively recent introduction. The modern Turfite may perhaps like to know what designations obtained in the stud of his Roman predecessors, and thus to reproduce before his imagination the bellowing of the Constantinople Palmers when they offered (as no doubt they would offer, even if the last Palæologus were arming himself in despair for his last battle, and the barbarians thundering at their gates) to lay 100 to 40 "agen anything" bar

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* *Newmarket and Arabia: an Examination of the Descent of Racers and Coursers.* By Roger D. Upton, Captain late 9th Royal Lancers. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1873.

one. The old Patrician—whether he be of the green faction or the blue—names his horses well. Advola (the Flyer-in), an African; Sagittarius (the Archer), an African; Æther, an African; Pugio (Poniard), an African; Sica (Dagger), an African, are among the most conspicuous performers. The first three of these names seem more appropriate to speed, the last two, Dagger and Poniard, suggest a pun—but our better angel intervenes, and we blot it out. Under the blot, however, the word "Stickers" is still just visible, and there we leave it. Speaking seriously, however, we suppose it would be admitted generally that the true Arab, whatever his origin, is now, upon the whole, superior to the Barbs. And it is with horses of the nineteenth century that we have to deal, not with horses of the Book of Genesis. It is, therefore, to be wished that men like Captain Upton, who know a great deal about this matter, and whose opinions deserve respect, should confine their enthusiasm within reasonable limits. It is, *pace* Captain Upton, beyond all question that our English breed of running horses is the fastest in the world. No Arab ever seen in England can compete (for a single race or so we mean) with a good specimen of the English racehorse, notwithstanding that an immense amount of weight is, or was, conceded to him; but whether he is not superior to his European kinsman in endurance, in constitutional power, in soundness, in the ability to work on without giving way through hunger and thirst, and in a vigour kept up to extreme old age, is quite another matter. We think that a rule *nisi* should be granted against Favonius, Cremorne, and the other horses in possession, upon these points. Nor, as far as practical measures are concerned, is there much difference of opinion between Captain Upton and ourselves. Having but little confidence either in the Government or the Jockey Club, we would fain hope that some of our great landed proprietors may take the matter into their own hands, and give the experiment of breeding from pure Arabs a full and fair trial. They must, however, turn their backs resolutely on the existing Turf, forego all hopes of immediate gain, and race, if race they must, among themselves, for nominal prizes and marks of honour—for a wreath of wild olive, so to speak, such as Hiero and Arcesilaus sent their horses across the sea to contend for without counting the cost. They must also give their minds and their money towards procuring the finest and most genuine specimens of the breed; and this, we believe, is not impossible. The superstition of the Arabs against unlucky marks which have nothing to do with the real merits of the horse may stand their friend, even if the Bedouins decline to sell their own favourites in open markets.

We would, however, go further than Captain Upton. There are many other breeds of horses besides his darling Arab breed whose qualities we should like to see settled by careful experiment. Notably there are the breeds of Turkestan, so famous for the iron hardness of their hoofs and feet; the horses of Dongola, if they still exist, as described by Bruce; an almost unknown breed, differing from the Arab, and yet apparently of high blood, that is found in Soudan; a chestnut variety of the Persian horse, greatly esteemed by the Russians; and so on. Such experiments, in a few years, would settle once for all whether it will be better to confine ourselves to a single breed because, upon the whole, it is the best, or whether we should not also encourage a mixed race, in the hope of securing special advantages and avoiding special defects. For we need hardly tell Captain Upton that his extreme enthusiasm about the shape and make of the Arab is by no means universal. Many good judges of a horse declare that he is low before, not sure-footed, and with a shoulder almost always heavy, upright, and bad. Captain Upton would probably reply that they have never seen a true Arab, and know nothing about the matter. *Non nostrum est tantas componere lites.* We have dealt thus far with only one half of Captain Upton's subject, but we hope to return to his work on a future occasion.

CYLLENE.*

MR. SNEYD deserves credit for the not inconsiderable labour which he must have devoted to the production of this book. It would be an exaggeration to say that the labour has been entirely successful; but it is no exaggeration to say that there is nothing in these pages which the author need be ashamed of, though it may be that some years hence he will find that, when he proposed to himself to construct an English novel founded on "the victorious march of the Emperor Constantine, the battle of the Milvian Bridge, the fall of Paganism, and the establishment of Christianity as the State religion of Rome," he attempted a task beyond not only his, but almost any living writer's, powers. The late Lord Lytton, in the fulness of his strength, made an effort in the *Last Days of Pompeii* to reproduce the life of eighteen hundred years ago; and in the recently published drama of *Hannibal* a scholar of eminence has, with considerable vigour, attempted to breathe life into the dry bones of one of the most dramatic episodes in Roman history. But it may be questioned if either of these authors has really succeeded. Innumerable readers, no doubt, have yielded to the fascination of Lord Lytton's writing, and have followed in imagination the varying fortunes of Glaucus and Ione, the development of the story of the blind girl Nydia, the hideous life and death of Arbaces the priest of Isis; and they have been carried away by the dramatic skill with which the author has described one of the most terrible physical catastrophes known to history. But most scholars have condemned the book; and, not perhaps unjustly, have sneered at the superficial treatment of subjects dear to them, and with which they are as familiar as with events going on around them at the present day. On the other hand, a few scholars have read with interest and have commended Mr. Nichol's poem, admitting its rigid adherence to the classical type, its scholarlike excellence, and the careful rendering of the character of the great Carthaginian. But the poem has taken no hold of the popular imagination. Mr. Trollope's most commonplace novel has probably been read by more than double the number of people who have even heard of Mr. Nichol's *Hannibal*. And this is the difficulty which any author has to meet who tries to reproduce in fiction the life of classical times. If he is popular, scholars will condemn him; and if he is admired by the scholar world, he will fail to be popular. Antagonism between the learned and the popular ear is almost inevitable. If you speak to the initiated, the uninitiated do not understand you, and will not take the trouble to make you out; and if you speak to the latter, the former will call you Philistine, and will pass you by with careless contempt.

Mr. Sneyd cannot, we fear, be congratulated on having steered his course successfully between these two opposing forces. It may be that he has fallen a victim to both. Looked at critically, the book will please neither one side nor the other. It is too much of an historical prize essay to satisfy the public, and too much of a sentimental nineteenth-century love story to satisfy the scholars. Young ladies will shrink from the historical details of the symposium at Baiæ, and the horrors of the Flavian Amphitheatre. Young gentlemen will think the style Johnsonian, and the tone monotonous. They will prefer to read history, if they read it at all, in Gibbon. His epigrams are more amusing than Mr. Sneyd's very best writing. The obscure Latin of his notes is more enticing and not less accurate than the dogmatic English of Mr. Sneyd's. And there is a fine sense of doing something to improve yourself attaching to a real book of history which can never attach to the pages of a novel. Scholars, on the other hand, will pick holes in the classical allusions and explanations and in the historical grouping (and they will find no great difficulty in doing either), and they will characterize the book as both inaccurate and undignified. And both sides will come away with the idea that they have been reading "cram," and probably they will not be far wrong in such a supposition. The author must have spent many days in compiling all the information which he has brought together in these pages. "I have," he says, "in every instance drawn my inspirations from the fountain-head, especially from the colloquial Latin writers, the post-Augustan classics, the panegyrists, and ecclesiastical historians." Perhaps he might have spent his time more profitably. He could not well have spent it more conscientiously. Such assiduity in the compilation of a two-volume novel ought to have its reward. And perhaps the pleasure of living in imagination with Cyllene, and Cethegus, and Claudian, and the faithful Alcon, and of attempting to people again the wooded shores of Surrentum, or the villa at Aricia, or the town house at Rome with the darlings of his imagination, may have been a reward sufficient for the author, and he will be comparatively careless of the effect which his work will have. He is probably young, as this is his first work, and he will not consider the time as wasted. Ninety-nine men out of a hundred who rush abroad after taking their degrees and spend months in Italy, and months in Egypt, or it may be, further away from home, come back again with nothing but vague impressions of having been a long way from England, of having seen and done a great many things the recollections of which are flitting about confusedly in their minds, and of having generally enjoyed themselves. Mr. Sneyd has probably got all that, and a great deal more. If he has not done much good by writing this book, he certainly has done no harm. And if, as we suppose, he has really enjoyed the writing of it, he may have the full benefit of the reflection that, if he might have done more with his time than he has done, ninety-nine men out of a hundred under similar conditions would have done much less.

The outline of the story is simple, but the filling in is, not to use a stronger expression, intricate. Cyllene, the beautiful daughter of Cethegus—a well drawn type of the Roman stoic of the post-Augustan age, consistent in his life and his self-inflicted death, and dignified in his funeral obsequies—is beloved by Claudian, a centurion in the confidence, and afterwards in the service, of the Emperor Constantine. He has the misfortune (during the earlier part of the book) to be a Christian; but, irrespectively of that, Cyllene returns his affection, and they spend some happy days together among the olive groves of Surrentum with the approbation of Cethegus. But Numerian, prefect of the Prætorians, a man of influence with Maxentius, also loves Cyllene, and he has never yet been thwarted in any of his fancies. With such a keynote it is not difficult to fill in the music. The different stages of the story run on like the scenes of an opera, and most of the "situations" are more suggestive of the libretto of an opera than of a staid and respectable classical novel. Claudian is an early Christian, and deports himself accordingly. Numerian is cruel, treacherous, and unscrupulous, a Pagan of the worst days of paganism. Claudian is arrested among the olive groves of Surrentum, at Numerian's instigation, and condemned as a Christian. With many others of his sect his sentence is to fight himself to death with trained gladiators in the amphitheatre. To all appearance he succeeds in carrying out this sentence under Cyllene's loving eyes, and he disappears until the end of the last volume. Cyllene is still safe from Numerian under the protection of her

* *Cyllene; or, the Fall of Paganism.* By Henry Sneyd, M.A. London: Longmans. 1873.

father, and he accordingly is the next victim. A citation on a charge of conspiracy is served upon him at Aricia. He knows that his fate is sealed, and therefore, like a noble Roman as he was, he prefers euthanasia. A favourite mastiff and a faithful slave are still in the way, but after they are both despatched Numerian sees no obstacle to his success. He had overlooked the Catacombs, to which Cyllene had fled, and Christianity, which had received her into its bosom. By the blackest treachery he is on the point of overcoming even these difficulties, when the battle of the Milvian Bridge comes off somewhat unexpectedly, and, like the statue in the opera, puts an effectual check on Numerian's designs. He falls fighting along with his Prætorians on the banks of the Tiber, and Claudian appears victorious at the head of a "maniple," or some other division, of the army of Constantine. Poetical justice is thus satisfied. In this life even the Christians succeed to happiness, and the pagans are confounded. After all their troubles by earth, air, fire, and water, Claudian and Cyllene are united, and settle down to domestic life by "the blue waters of the Bosphorus," very much as a true-hearted hero and a persecuted heroine of the middle classes would have settled down about the time of Pamela in a semi-detached villa at Twickenham or Putney.

From this sketch of the story it is manifest that no objection can be taken to the character of the book. It is propriety itself. And, as young men and young maidens write nowadays, that is no small recommendation. But there is a good deal more to say in favour of it. The characters of both Cyllene and her father are carefully and successfully drawn. The scenes at Surrentum and at the country house at Aricia are graceful and full of feeling. The writing, though pompous in some places, is always clear, and, so far as we have noticed, accurate. But what is perhaps the highest merit of the book is the honest and simple religious tone that runs through it without disfiguring it by either cant or folly. "In the undercurrent," the author says, "which flows through the book, expression is given to the hope—vain perchance—which found a place in the breasts of such pagans as Cicero and Seneca, that the day may yet come when creeds shall cease to divide men with the strict line of demarcation which now exists." It is as pleasing as it is rare at the present time to meet with this spirit, or indeed with any spirit of reverence, in a young University man's first efforts, either in prose or verse. For, in those latter days, when childish philosophies, impracticable theories, and spurious religions take possession of youthful minds—when æstheticism is exalted into a holy revelation, and sensuality into a form of divine worship—the utmost that modest believers in Christianity can look for in the works of favourite authors is a decent covering thrown over the bones of what it is the fashion to regard as a kindly superstition.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d.

CONTENTS OF No. 915, MAY 10, 1873:

The Imperial Meeting at St. Petersburg.
Mr. Stansfeld's Proposals. Bath and Gloucester Elections.
French Prospects. Sir Charles Dilke's Motion. Judicial Peerages.
The Debate on the Permissive Bill. Debtors and Charity.
Andrews v. Salt.

Alphonso's Wish.
Fellowships and Liberal Education. The *Times* and the Artists.
City Churches. Couriers for Vienna. Asylum Management. The Grocers Again.
Religious Affairs in Germany. The Royal Academy.
Hamlet at the Crystal Palace.

Dr. Mansel. The Palms of Memory.
The Fortescue Papers. Old Kensington.
Slave-Catching in the Indian Ocean. The Military Strength of Russia.
La Femme de Claude. Newmarket and Arabia.
Cyllene.

CONTENTS OF No. 914, MAY 3, 1873:

Mr. Smith's Motion—M. Barodet's Victory—Women Voters—Progress of Revolution in Spain—The Judicature Bill—The Emperor's Will—Irish Railways—The Vienna Exhibition—The Liberation Society.

Ages of Man—Nature-Worship—Letters to Young People—The Sanitary Digest—The Coral-Fishers of Capri—Mr. Macready—Mr. O'Keeffe on Ultramontanism—The Royal Academy—The Two Thousand Guineas.

Alexander von Humboldt—Dixon's Two Queens—Etruscan Inscriptions—Squire Bichester's Whim—Symonds's Records of the Rocks—Hughes's Memoir of a Brother—May—French Literature.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

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THIS DAY and NEXT WEEK.
Saturday (May 10).—First Grand Summer Concert, at 3.
Monday.—Shakspeare's "Hamlet," at 2.30.
Tuesday.—Opera, "Don Giovanni," at 3.
Wednesday.—"Hamlet," at 2.30.
Thursday.—Opera.
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Results communicated to the Report.

Amount proposed for Assurance during the Year 1872 (2,353 proposals)	£1,126,666 3 4
Amount of Assurances accepted during the Year 1872 (1,985 policies)	1,140,153 19 0
Annual Premiums on New Policies during the Year 1872	40,460 13 2
Claims by Death during the Year 1872, exclusive of bonus additions	238,249 16 9
Amount of Assurances accepted during the last Five Years	5,627,563 1 1
Sum sting Assurances at 15th November, 1872 (of which £283,419 11s. is re-assured with other Offices)	17,944,634 8 2
Revenue, upwards of Seven Hundred Thousand Pounds per annum.	
Assets, upwards of Four Millions sterling.	

The STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY was established at Edinburgh in 1825. The Acts of Parliament, 2nd and 3rd Geo. IV. (cap. 67, and 9th and 10th Vict., cap. 73, also 32nd and 33rd Vict., cap. 27, have been granted for the purpose of its constitution and for the regulation of its affairs. It has been conducted with much success, and that result may be attributed not only to the extensive and influential connexions of the Company, but more particularly to the liberality of its dealings, and to the constant attention paid by the Directors to the adoption of improvements and facilities in connexion with the contract of life assurance.

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ITALY.

ITALY, like England, has lately had a Ministerial crisis, and the Italian, like the English crisis, has ended in the same Ministry returning to office because no other Ministry was prepared to take its place. The origin of the Italian difficulty was not what would have seemed at first sight an adequate one. There was no grand debate, no array of Ministerial and Opposition forces, no canvassing in the country of a point of public interest. Those who made the Ministry fall had no conception of what they were doing; and the Ministry certainly appears to have been to blame for not calling attention beforehand to what it thought to be the importance of the issue. Still the issue was of very considerable importance, and the firmness shown by the Government, and especially by the MINISTER of FINANCE, whose department the vote concerned, is likely to have a very wholesome effect. The MINISTER of MARINE had recommended that a sum of six millions of francs should be expended on the arsenal of Taranto. As usual, the proposal was referred to a Committee, and the Committee did not think that the expenditure was nearly large enough for the object in view, and advised that twenty-three, instead of six millions, should be devoted to the arsenal. The Bill, as modified by the Committee, came before the Chamber, and the clauses granting the sum, as increased by the Committee, were voted without any formal division being taken. Only one of the Ministry was in the House, no serious remonstrance was made, and although those who voted the money knew they were voting more than the Government thought it wise to ask for, they had no reason to apprehend that any serious question of Ministerial policy was involved. After the vote of the sum had been taken, and before the remaining clauses came under discussion, Signor SELLA, the Finance Minister, rushed into the House and stated that the Ministry regarded the course taken by the Chamber as so fatal a blow to the Government that it must ask for an adjournment in order to consider its position, and the next day the Ministers placed their resignation in the hands of the KING. It was in vain that some of those who had joined in defeating the Ministry protested that they had no wish to defeat it, and only had voted as they had done because they considered that the question before them was one which every Ministry would naturally regard as an open one. But the MINISTER of FINANCE insisted on resigning, and he is so incontestably the ablest and most influential man in the Ministry that his colleagues had no choice but to leave office if he left it. What he urged was that Italy above all things must assure its financial position, and that he had been working out a policy for years by which the finances of the country were gradually being placed on a sound footing. It was fatal to such a policy, if the Chamber took on itself to spend seventeen millions more than he could find money for, while it invariably threw every possible obstacle in his way if he proposed new taxes. There can be no doubt that he was right. The sum in question was not very large. The expenditure of the twenty-three millions was to be spread over ten years, so that the Committee had only pledged him to find about 80,000*l.* sterling a year. But every halfpenny has to be watched with the most jealous vigilance if a country like Italy, with so many burdens to bear and so many obstacles to overcome, is ever to see the day when the accustomed deficit will disappear. The Chamber must support the Government in adhering to the paths of rigid economy, or Italy will never be solvent; and SELLA was, no doubt, quite right in saying that he could not regard even 80,000*l.* a year as a trifle, and that to cast the necessity of finding it on him would derange all his plans. It was quite worth a Ministerial crisis in order to have it solemnly recorded that the Chamber must not interfere in the direction of extravagance if it wished to uphold the national credit. Where, according to English notions, we should have thought the Minister erred, was not in attaching so great an importance to the vote, but in letting the vote be taken in his absence, and without any attempt beforehand to explain to the deputies the real gravity of the step they were taking.

The cause of the resignation of the Ministry appeared to many observers so inadequate that they conceived it to have had a deeper design than was suffered to show itself. The great Bill of the Session—the Religious Corporations Bill—was on the eve of coming on for discussion; and it was known that a large portion, and probably the majority, of the deputies was opposed to it on the ground that it did not deal with those corporations in a sufficiently sweeping and wholesale manner. It was suspected that the Ministry went out of office on an insignificant question of finance in order that either they might escape from the disagreeable task of having to press on a measure the success of which was doubtful, or that, if they resumed office, they might be able to bargain that they should be supported in their Religious Corporations Bill. As a matter of fact, all the statesmen to whom the KING applied to form a Ministry replied that no change of Ministry was really possible, as the suspense in which the public was being kept as to the fate of the Bill was creating a dangerous agitation, and no other Bill than that of the Ministry which had just resigned could be prepared without great loss of time. Signor LANZA, too, the President of the Ministry, whose part in the Government of which he is the nominal chief is to watch the combinations of friends and enemies, and to fill in a dignified manner the post of a Parliamentary Whip, had interviews, before he would resume office, with many persons as to whose course in regard to the Religious Corporations Bill he was in doubt. Although, therefore, the earnestness with which SELLA protested against interference with his financial policy is too much in harmony with his character and antecedents to make the suspicion admissible that he was feigning or exaggerating in order to serve a remote purpose, it is apparently true that the crisis has been very useful to the Ministry in smoothing the way for the progress of their great measure. The Government has all along set itself to frame a Bill with regard to the Religious Corporations which, without departing from the recognised doctrines of Italian statesmanship, should yet make it possible to avoid an open breach with the POPE and the Papal party. Their original proposals were referred to a Committee which judged them too vacillating and timid, and amended them so as to make them more vigorous and decisive, and so as to embody in them incontestably the three fundamental tenets of Italian Liberals as regards such bodies—that the State shall judge which of them, as subserving no object of public utility, shall be dissolved; that their buildings shall be subject to expropriation for public purposes; and that they shall cease to hold lands, an equivalent in the funds being given them. The Government has subsequently adopted the recommendations of the Committee, and virtually it is the Bill of the Committee that the Chamber has now under discussion. But the Bill is avowedly moulded on the assumption that the position of the POPE in Rome is to be accepted to some degree as an exceptional one, so that privileges shall be allowed to religious corporations in Rome which would not be permitted to exist in any other Italian town. The Minister for Foreign Affairs, Visconti VENOSTA, in introducing the Bill, stated with perfect frankness the views of the Government on this head. Italy, he urged, must recognize the cosmopolitan character of the POPE's government, and must leave him the necessary machinery of his rule. The Government thought it quite right to take the buildings of the Orders when necessary, and to resume Italian land from their administration; but it could not refuse to acknowledge

that the Generals of these Orders were the instruments through which a vast spiritual dominion was worked, and they thought that the POPE, if he was not to be driven into exile, must find in Rome the means of carrying on his government. The Minister was also able to add an argument which he hoped might catch the fancy of his hearers. The heads of the clerical party, he observed, while they carried on their spiritual government from Rome, became naturally absorbed in the management of a vast variety of business outside Italy, and had not much leisure for hampering and thwarting the Italian Government. But if it became impossible for them to find the machinery of government in Rome, they would devote their energies to carrying on a much more active warfare against the new order of things in Italy, and it would give them a great advantage to start with if they could show that they had a distinct grievance, and had been violently prevented from doing in the sphere of spiritual affairs what the interests of the Church required.

The tactics or the arguments of the Ministry have produced a considerable impression, and the prospects of their Bill are now said to be much brighter than they were. They have also received some kind of help from two very different quarters. The POPE appears to be anxious not to push his quarrel too far, and is more conciliatory than usual at a time when, if he were as profuse in execrations as has been his habit, he might easily make the passing of a Bill impossible which, bad as he must think it, is a great deal better than the measure which, if the present Italian Government were defeated, would be sure to be substituted for it. On the other hand, the Chamber has been alarmed and disgusted by the violence of a foolish mob which gathered together in order to protest against the Bill as far too favourable to the priests, and which, after driving a statesman so well known as MINGHETTI to seek refuge in a barrack, had to be dispersed by the troops, not without loss of life. Deputies who have been inclined to sympathize with the popular feeling in favour of a stronger measure will be inclined to learn from this practical lesson that mobs are not the best judges of what ought to be done to solve the critical and complicated questions which the new relations of Italy and the Papacy force on the attention of statesmen. It is satisfactory to find that the Government showed itself both calm and firm, and that it inspired full confidence that order would be maintained. A similar demonstration was, indeed, prohibited at Naples without any opposition, and in several instances the Government has recently shown that it can uphold the law as between the priests and their enemies, and can make both parties respect it. The Bishop of MANTUA, for example, has lately been sentenced to be imprisoned and fined for preaching a sermon calculated, in the language of Italian law, to bring the institutions of the country into contempt, and to stir up the hatred of one class against another. On the other hand, a few days ago there was a pilgrimage to Caravaggio, attended by sixty thousand persons and headed by seven bishops, which was conducted without the slightest disturbance of the peace—a state of things which fervent Catholics in many French towns may regard with honest envy. A Government which can both punish priests and protect them is exactly what the Italians want, and the respect it awakens must make it easier for their Bill to pass. Nor has the good fortune which seems always to befriend Italian Ministries been wanting at this crisis to the present Government. At a moment when there must be many Italians who are not quite sure whether they ought to go so far as is proposed in restricting the power of the Church, a band of French pilgrims under the leadership of a Viscount DAMAS has thought fit to wait on the POPE and assure him that, if things go on well, France will soon be down on Italy, rescue Rome from the grasp of sacrilegious men, and give the POPE his own again. The POPE was very guarded in his reply, and took care to say nothing that could make the Italians think he was looking for the advent of these new Cru-aders. But the mischief was done, and although the organs of Italian opinion said very truly that there was no great reason to fear lest France should go to war in such a cause, yet they appealed naturally enough to the sentiments of national independence, and patriotism will make waverers resolve that they will not hesitate under the threats of foreigners to help in fulfilling the wishes of Italy.

MR. STANSFELD ON BOUNDARIES.

MR. STANSFELD'S Committee will not find the readjustment of local boundaries an easy task. As Mr. CROSS reminded the House, modern divisions have been made with an express regard to practical convenience. The shape of the country, the direction and character of roads and railways, and many other circumstances, must be taken into consideration in the formation of a Union, and the accidental connexion for purposes of relief of parishes situated in different counties has been found, as might have been expected, entirely unobjectionable. Mr. STANSFELD prudently shrinks from altering the boundaries of counties for political purposes, which seem to consist exclusively in the return of members to Parliament. As all large counties have long since been subdivided into electoral districts, the unity which Mr. STANSFELD proposes to retain will be entirely imaginary or nominal. The administrative county will be merely an aggregation of parishes or Unions, without a recognized name, and without traditional associations. The substitution of departments for the old French provinces was a part of the revolutionary policy of breaking off all connexion with the past. As the year was to date from the establishment of the Republic, and as weights and measures were remodelled under new and barbarous names, it was perfectly consistent to transform Normandy and Gascony into a certain number of administrative districts. No change could be more disagreeable to English feeling than the abolition of the existing division of the kingdom into counties; but the experiment must be tried if the scheme of Local Government which Mr. STANSFELD apparently intends to frame is adopted by Parliament. Mr. GOSCHEN'S Bill of 1871 provided local governing bodies to be constituted on an ascending scale by a double or threefold system of election from parishes to counties. If the project is revived, it will evidently be indispensable to include the constituent parts within the boundaries of the county or department. Mr. STANSFELD proposes to make a single rate, to be afterwards distributed according to certain rules between the larger and smaller administrative districts. There may be much advantage in a uniform valuation for all purposes of local and general taxation; and if England were a new country ready to be cut into squares like the more modern States of the American Union, it would be unwise to invent anomalies, or to allow one boundary to overlap another; but as long as the counties have any practical existence, an artificial symmetry can only be obtained by arbitrary disregard of practical expediency.

The withdrawal from the Justices assembled in Quarter Sessions of their financial functions has long been foreseen. They are more liberal, better informed, and altogether more competent to their duties than their probable successors, but they have the merit or the misfortune of not having been elected. As the principal inhabitants of counties, the magistrates on the whole virtually represent property and intelligence; and experience shows that in questions of expenditure they incline rather to parsimony than to extravagance; but county financial Boards may probably be more popular, and all parties have at different times countenanced a change which perhaps none of them heartily approve. The County Board of the future must represent all the parishes and Unions within the limits of its jurisdiction; and consequently new counties must be created for the purpose. The opposite process of cutting up Unions which extend into more than one county would in many cases cause grave inconvenience. It is for the most part indispensable that the elected Guardians should frequent the same market town, so that they may combine the discharge of their official duties with the transaction of their private business. In a few instances the boundaries of Unions may require re-arrangement; but wherever an alteration is necessary, it is not likely to promote the coincidence of boundaries which Mr. STANSFELD thinks desirable. It may on the whole be assumed that the Committee will approve the proposal to form new administrative counties; but it may be doubted whether the House of Commons will sanction the innovation. Every county is proud of itself and of its history; and its inhabitants will feel that it has no longer a reason for existence when it has nothing to do but to return one or more sets of members to Parliament. The Guardians of Unions will in all probability form the constituency which is to elect the County Board; nor is it easy to devise a better provincial constitution if the local government is to have a representative character. The change is not absolutely necessary as a condition of uniformity of taxation. The county rate is at present levied with the poor rate, and where a Union extends into more than one county, no difficulty is found in appropriating to their proper destination the contributions of the various parishes. In general it may be said that the readjustment of boundaries is required, not for the correction of practical abuses, but as a step to the

establishment of a new system of local government. If Parliament should eventually determine on maintaining the actual limits of counties, Mr. STANSFELD or his successor will be compelled to devise some different scheme of local administration.

If all other difficulties are overcome, the Committee, whatever ability and industry it may exhibit, must necessarily delegate to others the most important part of its work. It is only by local inquiry that the most convenient boundaries can be even approximately determined. Administrative districts marked out on an ordnance map would be probably more anomalous than the historical counties which they are to supersede. Ambitious nations have sometimes selected mountains, and sometimes rivers, as natural boundaries, according to their own interests, and they have the excuse that both one barrier and the other may, according to circumstances, really form a practical line of separation. In a low country a large river crossed by bridges only at infrequent intervals sometimes divides the inhabitants of either bank from one another for all ordinary purposes of society and business, although they may by accident be politically united in the same country. In hill countries, on the other hand, although streams may be difficult of passage, each river basin holds a single community, while valleys at moderate distances from one another have no connexion by practicable roads. Some counties are for many miles divided by rivers, while for all kinds of traffic the dwellers on both sides use the same common road. In modern times railways have in numerous cases surmounted natural obstacles of mountain and river, bringing together communities which had been distant from time immemorial. It is probably rather with a view to the avoidance of opposition than from sanguine belief in the competence of a Parliamentary Committee, that the Government has delegated to others a task which it could have itself performed more efficiently. The reports of Commissioners instructed to collect information on the spot must necessarily be the foundation of any scheme for the readjustment of boundaries. When Parliament had determined on adopting the principle of the Municipal Corporations Bill, Commissioners were sent to fix the boundaries of every borough to the best of their judgment. The same course will inevitably be adopted in the demarcation of new counties, when Parliament has authorized the change. Mr. STANSFELD scarcely seems to appreciate the difficulty of creating new counties overlapping the boundaries of the old. He had, it is true, only a choice of embarrassments, for the House of Commons would almost certainly have rejected a proposal for the abolition of the ancient division into counties; but the same end will be gradually attained if new administrative districts of similar magnitude are created. If local government is to be uniform, the commission of the peace must be issued with respect to the new districts rather than to the existing counties; yet it will be awkward to create lord-lieutenants of nameless aggregations of parishes.

MR. O'KEEFFE AND THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY a very small majority the House of Commons has decided to allow the discussion on the treatment of Mr. O'KEEFFE by the National Board to be postponed until the members of the Board whose conduct has been impugned have had an opportunity of defending themselves before a Select Committee. Mr. BOUVERIE, towards the end of last Session, when the vote for National Education in Ireland was proposed, took the opportunity of moving what amounted to a direct vote of censure on the Commissioners, and he only withdrew it because Mr. GLADSTONE, who gave him plainly to understand that he also thought the Commissioners to blame, appealed to him not to prejudge the matter before the Commissioners had had time to reconsider their course of action. The Commissioners took time to reconsider it, and resolved to persevere. They had dismissed Mr. O'KEEFFE from the managership of the Callan schools, and, as they held that they had rightly dismissed him, they declined to rescind their vote. Mr. BOUVERIE accordingly gave notice early this Session that he would again bring forward his vote of censure on the Commissioners; but he was induced to adjourn it until the documents bearing on the question had been printed and placed in possession of members. These documents have now been printed, and Mr. BOUVERIE's motion was coming on for discussion next Tuesday, when suddenly the Government interposed, and on Thursday night asked that, in accordance with a request of those Commissioners whose votes had determined the action of the Board, a Select Committee might be appointed to hear what these Commissioners had got to say. The Government supported the appeal of the Commissioners on the ground that men ought not to be condemned unheard. It was precisely, as Mr. CARDWELL pointed out, for not hearing Mr. O'KEEFFE before they condemned him that it was proposed to censure the Commissioners, and it would be highly inconsistent if the House subjected them to the very treatment which the House is asked to censure them for having applied to Mr. O'KEEFFE. When a Government proposes that men shall be heard before being condemned, very strong influences make the House ready to concur. To refuse is at once to defeat the Government and to incur the reproach of acting unjustly. The House accordingly assented to the proposal of Lord HARTINGTON on Thursday night, but it did so very reluctantly. Nor is this reluctance at all inexplicable. It is very easy to see how the course pursued by the Commissioners threatens to rob the House of its power of pronouncing its opinion on any point of public interest where the conduct and character of individuals are concerned. If the facts are obscure or contested, it may be necessary that a Select Committee should investigate them; but here there is no doubt at all about the facts. The Board has been for a whole year engaged on the case, and everything bearing on it has been elicited and put into print, and any member who chooses may read all that there is to be said about it. What the Commissioners say they fear is lest their motives should be misunderstood. Nothing can be clearer than the general reasoning on which they proceeded, and the only question is whether it was right or wrong. What they now ask is that the hands of the House shall be tied until thirteen Irish gentlemen have had an opportunity of explaining their motives to a Select Committee. The concession of their request may easily, unless care be taken, establish a very dangerous precedent. Persons whose conduct is to be impugned in the House of Commons can wait until a day or two before what they have reason to fear will be an adverse vote is taken, and then claim to have the case stand over until they have explained to five members in a committee-room, not what they have done, but why they think what they have done is right. As it happens, the Commissioners have explained all their motives over and over again, in every possible sort of way. More especially Chief Baron PIGOTT has recently issued a pamphlet explaining and enforcing the views of the Commissioners attacked in a perfectly exhaustive manner. If the Commissioners wish to explain their motives to the Select Committee, they cannot do better than each read the CHIEF BARON'S pamphlet to their afflicted hearers. It certainly seems a manœuvre of which the House may be reasonably apprehensive, that men on whom a vote of censure stands for immediate discussion should manage to avert the blow until the substance of a pamphlet, which any one might get through in half an hour, has been gone through thirteen times in a room upstairs.

The Commissioners seem to be afraid of having the judgment of the House pronounced on their conduct, and it is natural therefore to suspect that their case is weaker than they would willingly allow. The Government, too, is certainly not very strongly prepossessed in their favour. Mr. GLADSTONE last Session had not a word to say in their defence, and on Thursday he gave no reason to suppose that his opinion was changed; while Lord HARTINGTON and Mr. CARDWELL, the only Ministers who took part in the debate, carefully abstained from any expression which could be taken as signifying that in their opinion the Commissioners had acted rightly. But the Commissioners seem really to have a very fair case. In the first place, there is no pretence whatever for saying that the question was one between subserviency to Ultramontanism and Protestant or Catholic independence. The final action of the Board was determined by a majority of eleven against seven. Of the eleven who constituted the majority, five were Protestants, and among the Catholics was the CHIEF BARON, who has always been one of the staunchest supporters of the Queen's Colleges in opposition to the hierarchy of his Church. The only real point in issue is whether, when the Board received a certificate from the Roman Catholic Bishop of OSSORY to the effect that Mr. O'KEEFFE was suspended, they were right in treating this certificate as conclusive, and in refusing to recognize Mr. O'KEEFFE as parish priest of Callan until the suspension was removed. It is said that they ought to have deferred action until they had heard what Mr. O'KEEFFE had to say on the matter, and that they should have imitated the course taken by the Poor Law Board, which removed Mr. O'KEEFFE from the chaplaincy of the workhouse in consequence of his suspension, but did not do so until they had communicated with him. The Poor Law Board, however, did not do anything more than allow

Mr. O'Keeffe an opportunity of showing, if he could, that the certificate of his Bishop was not a genuine document. They entirely declined to allow him to go into any further question, and removed him from his chaplaincy long before the National Board removed him from his managership. But the National Board did really as much for Mr. O'Keeffe as the Poor Law Board did; for they informed him that he was removed from the managership because a certificate of his suspension had been received from his Bishop, and if this certificate had not been really given by the Bishop, Mr. O'Keeffe would at once have said so. What those who complain of the action of the Board mean by saying that Mr. O'Keeffe ought to have been heard before he was condemned is, that he ought to have been allowed an opportunity of showing that he had not been properly suspended. To this the Board reply that it has been their invariable practice, established repeatedly by precedents, to accept the certificate of the ecclesiastical superior of the manager as final, and they have acted on this principle in dealing with Presbyterians as well as with Catholics. If they did not do so, they would have, it is said, to try the propriety of the course taken on each occasion by the heads of each religious body. They would have to pronounce judgment on cardinals and bishops, and elders, and assemblies, and, to say nothing of their having no adequate machinery for such a task, they could not carry on the system of mixed education at all if they thus made themselves the arbiters of strife between different members of a community. It is true that a priest or a Presbyterian minister may have been unjustly suspended according to the rules of his own religious body, or that those rules may be, in the eyes of outsiders, unfair and oppressive. But the Board have, as they urge, no mission to inquire into this injustice, and have only to think how they can carry on their practical work; and for this practical work an adherence to the rule that the certificate of the proper ecclesiastical superior that a priest or clergyman or minister has been suspended must be taken as conclusive proof, and the Board can no longer deal with the suspended person on the footing which he occupied before the fact of his suspension was notified to them.

If the Board had on this occasion departed from their rule, and examined into the facts, they would, it is said, have discovered two things which ought to have prevented them from seeing in Mr. O'Keeffe's suspension a reason for summarily removing him from the managership. In the first place, they would have found out that he was suspended because he had brought an action in a court of law against a brother priest, which is contrary to the regulations of the Papacy, and that he was going to litigate in every possible form permitted by the law in order to get an opinion from lay judges that this was not a proper ground for suspending him. In the next place, they would have discovered that he had not been suspended by the proper authority—his own Bishop—but by Cardinal Cullen, who, as an archbishop, has only appellate, not primary jurisdiction, and who obtained special authority from Rome to deal with the case by virtue of a rescript the authority of which is, it is said, void in Ireland under a statute of Elizabeth. If they had discovered these points, what, unless they still persisted in removing Mr. O'Keeffe, could they have done? They could have taken one of two courses. They could have themselves pronounced judgment on one or both of the very difficult legal questions suggested by the facts elicited—the question whether an agreement not to sue in a court of law is legally binding on a priest, and the question whether the statute of Elizabeth is still in force, and, if so, whether its operation affected the validity of the suspension. It is this course that Dr. Ball, when speaking on Thursday, blamed the Board for not taking. He said that the Board should have allowed Mr. O'Keeffe to show that, though his Bishop certified that he had been suspended, yet he had not been suspended by his Bishop, but by a person who had no authority to suspend him except by virtue of a Papal rescript; and that the Board on hearing this should have perceived that the use of such a rescript touched the Royal supremacy, and have allowed it no force, and reinstated Mr. O'Keeffe in his managership. The duty of the Board was, accordingly, to decide a difficult legal question without argument, and to decide it in the sense which Dr. Ball thinks the right one. Or, secondly, the Board might have refused to make any legal decision itself, but might have taken cognisance of the intention of Mr. O'Keeffe to raise these points before the proper legal tribunals, and might have continued him in his managership until the courts of law had pronounced against him. If so, the rule of the Board ought to be that, if they receive a certificate of suspension, and the person suspended informs them that he intends to test in a court of law whether he has been properly suspended, they ought to treat him as not suspended, and to continue him as a duly qualified manager of schools until the House of Lords has pronounced him in the wrong, or until he has been brought to confess that he cannot afford to take his case to the House of Lords. This is to state the theory in an extreme shape, but it is useful sometimes to see what theories come to if they are pushed as far as they will go. Let us, however, admit that there is much to be said both for the Board adopting such a rule and against it. On the one hand, there is something, to say the least, uncomfortable in allowing a Board administering Parliamentary funds to prejudge the issue against a man who is combating what may be ecclesiastical tyranny, and to cut off his money until the law has pronounced for him. On the other hand, there is the great practical difficulty of carrying on mixed education if a Board treats as not suspended a person whom the heads of his religious community treat as suspended, and if they let this state of things go on as long as this person can find funds for litigation. Justice may be on the one side and expediency on the other; but even if the House of Commons, which, as it has to grant the money, may decide how it shall be spent, should decide that the Board ought to be governed by a new rule, there seems no occasion for censuring the Board for having in this case adhered to a different rule. The rule to which they adhered was one of long standing, it had hitherto been applied to Catholics and Protestants alike without complaint, and the Board honestly believed that it was a wise rule in itself and perfectly defensible, if due regard was had to the circumstances under which national education is carried on in Ireland.

RUSSIAN POLICY IN ASIA.

THE authorized commentary on a recent debate in the House of Commons which has been published in the Moscow and St. Petersburg papers amounts to an official repudiation of the understanding which was established three months ago between the English and Russian Governments. There was from the first reason to fear that the parties to the negotiation might hereafter attach different meanings to the terms of the agreement. Lord Clarendon's original project of a neutral zone had been abandoned in the course of the discussion; and it was finally settled that Russia should not interfere by influence or by force in the affairs of Afghanistan. A difficulty which had arisen in determining the frontiers of Afghanistan was removed by Prince Gortchakoff's courteous admission that the English Government had greater facilities than his own for acquiring accurate information on the geography and politics of the remote frontier districts; and he added that the Governor-General of Turkestan had abstained from sending officers of his own to ascertain the facts, because he wished neither to excite unfounded expectations among the natives nor to cause uneasiness to the Indian authorities. At the close of his despatch the Russian Chancellor expressed a confidence that the paramount influence of England over Afghanistan would be used to prevent the Ameer from committing any encroachments on his neighbours. Lord Granville may possibly have had good reasons for allowing the correspondence to close without any reply to Prince Gortchakoff's suggestion; but he cannot have failed to understand that the pith of the communication lay in the postscript, which involved two pregnant assumptions. Future Russian Ministers would be entitled to refer to the unanswered despatch as a proof both that England was responsible for the proceedings of the Afghan Government, and that the right of Russia to annex any territory beyond the stipulated limits was tacitly recognized. If the present Ameer or his successor had made an expedition beyond the frontier of Badakshan, the Russian Government would have preferred remonstrances in London; and, in default of satisfaction, it would have claimed the right to disregard the agreement of 1873, and to follow the Afghans, if it were deemed expedient, into their own territory. On the other hand, any English protest against annexations in Central Asia would have been answered by a reference to the terms of Prince Gortchakoff's despatch. Although it is scarcely probable that the further progress of Russian arms will depend on written undertakings, it is impossible to deny that the recent correspondence justifies the reputation of Russian statesmen for diplomatic adroitness. The neutrality of Lord Clarendon's zone was gradually changed into an English protectorate which implied a corresponding liability for the acts of a really independent potentate.

In answer to criticisms on the correspondence, Mr. GLADSTONE explained to the House of Commons that the supposed guarantee of the good conduct of the AMEER was entirely imaginary. Lord GRANVILLE's language was perfectly consistent with the authorized version of his meaning; but it was difficult to understand what consideration had, according to Mr. GLADSTONE's explanation, been given to Russia for any concession which might be thought to have been obtained. Foreign statesmen professed, and probably felt, a not wholly complimentary surprise when the present Lord DERBY explained away the Luxemburg guarantee into an obligation which could in no conceivable event become binding. A similar effect seems to have been produced by Mr. GLADSTONE's impetuous burst of caution; or, more probably, the Russian Government gladly found an excuse for breaking a compact which had already caused dissatisfaction to a powerful party in the country. From the time of the mission of Count SCHOUVALOFF, journals which are supposed to express the opinions of some of the Ministers had repeatedly announced that the EMPEROR had merely communicated to the English Government his present intentions, without binding himself by any engagement to a foreign Power. The distinct promise that Khiva should be evacuated as soon as the object of the expedition was accomplished was especially unpalatable to the advocates of the extension of the Empire; nor could it be denied that circumstances might perhaps render the fulfilment of the promise either impossible or highly inexpedient. It mattered little for the present whether the results of the negotiations had hampered the policy of Russia on the frontier of Afghanistan, but the more warlike party has obtained a victory in the rupture or disavowal of an engagement which must stand or fall as a whole. On the pretext that Mr. GLADSTONE has disclaimed on behalf of his Government all responsibility for the acts of the Ameer of CABUL, the organ of the Russian Foreign Office announces that the whole arrangement has become void; and consequently the Russian Government will henceforth claim for itself entire freedom of action in dealing with Khiva when the impending conquest is completed. The official writer affects entire satisfaction with the interpretation which has, according to his contention, been placed by the English Minister on the agreement or understanding. If the settlement effected by Lord GRANVILLE and Count SCHOUVALOFF had any value, it was perhaps indiscreet to sacrifice by an unnecessarily hasty repudiation of responsibility any advantage which had been obtained; but Mr. GLADSTONE has yet to learn that excessive timidity is sometimes equivalent to rashness. When questions are asked about the purport of a despatch or correspondence, judicious Ministers follow the example of lawyers by referring curious inquirers to the document itself. No bad consequences could have resulted from an evasion of the demand for explanation of an agreement which might easily have been described as perfectly free from ambiguity.

The best course which can be adopted is to accept in earnest the polite irony of the Russian official writer. There is little advantage in attempting to determine by previous agreements a policy which will inevitably be regulated by motives of interest or ambition. If Russia at any time desires to enter Afghanistan at the risk of provoking a collision with England, the experiment will be tried whether the SCHOUVALOFF engagement is regarded as valid or as void. A menacing movement in the direction of Herat or of Cabul would be a sufficient cause of war, although no obligation to abstain from aggression had been previously incurred. The correspondence, even if it were held to constitute a binding contract, provided no sufficient security against the dangers which are held on competent authority to be most formidable. While Lord GRANVILLE only asked for an understanding that Khiva should not be permanently annexed, and that the frontier of Afghanistan should not be crossed, Indian civilians and military officers agree that the course of a possible invasion would be through Persia, and not by way of the Afghan passes. Mr. EASTWICK censured the conduct of diplomatic intercourse with the Court of Teheran more severely than the alleged laxity of the Government in not interfering with the Russian conquests in Central Asia. Russian journalists have some excuse for their complaint that the tone of the debate in the House of Commons was suspicious and unfriendly. It is not to be expected that the sanguine theories of Mr. GRANT DUFF and Sir C. WINGFIELD should be accepted as a set-off against the warnings of Mr. EASTWICK. There is, in truth, a certain inconvenience in the public discussion of international relations. The popular clamour against secret diplomacy might be not less profitably directed against Parliamentary debates on delicate questions of policy. In the happy phrase first used by Mr. GLADSTONE, though it has been erroneously attributed to other statesmen, English politicians live in a glass house where all their operations are visible to the world. The unpleasant impression which is frequently produced by American candour renders intelligible the annoyance which is created in foreign countries by the plain speaking of English members of Parliament. In the present instance the effect of the late debate may be useful, although Mr. EASTWICK and Mr. GLADSTONE have between them succeeded in rendering Lord GRANVILLE's well-intended labours altogether abortive.

It is desirable that an ambitious Power should receive ample notice of the contingent resistance which may be provoked by aggression. It has been with perfect truth a hundred times repeated that the Crimean War was rendered possible by the deferential reticence of Lord ABERDEEN's Government. The Russians are not likely to be deterred by direct menace from the prosecution of their designs; but it is no discredit to the proudest Government to abstain from tempting a definite and unnecessary risk. If a rupture can be postponed for a few years, it is not improbable that it may be altogether averted. The absurd commercial theories which largely affect the policy of Russia are not destined to enjoy a long existence; and when it is found as easy to trade with neighbours as with subjects, it may be hoped that Emperors and Ministers will not make war for the childish pleasure of altering the colour of provinces and boundary lines on the map. The expansion of the Indian Empire has for several years been suspended; and probably it is finally closed. Russia, in turn, may hereafter learn to be satisfied with the undisputed possession of a large fraction of the whole surface of the earth.

M. THIERS AND THE RIGHT.

THE French Assembly will meet on Monday under the influence of a seemingly general impression that the majority are about to make a decisive effort to get the control of public affairs into their own hands. Impressions of this kind are not always justified by the result. The framers of Reports and the framers of Resolutions are not necessarily the same persons, and the intentions attributed to the Right may only be what a few ingenious and uninformed members of the party think ought to be their intentions. Still there is a greater stir among the extreme Conservatives than has yet been seen, and the [illegible] from their point of view is certainly serious [illegible] to cause them real alarm. An interval of four months is all that separates them from the departure of the German army, and upon the departure of the German army the Assembly will be compelled either to confess that its trust has been fully performed, or to charge itself with new trusts, the assumption of which may postpone dissolution for another year. The Right have probably made up their minds that anything would be better than the first of these alternatives. The elections of the 27th of April and the 11th of May leave no room for doubt as to the composition of a new Assembly, supposing one to be elected this autumn. The present majority would reappear as a very small minority; the present minority would reappear as a majority disposed, no doubt, to support M. THIERS, but only on the condition of his giving his policy a much more decided bias in the direction of the Left. It would be something gained, therefore, if a general election could be averted, even for a year; but unfortunately for the Right this remedy is only capable of an imperfect application. Sound Conservative principles do not make men immortal; and, essential as it is for a deputy of the Right to live when the seat he vacates is certain to be filled by a man of opposite opinions, deaths go on just the same. Before very long the character of the Assembly will be entirely changed—more changed, in fact, than it would have been if there had been a dissolution in the autumn of last year. At that time the reactionary tendencies of the Right had not been fully gauged, and many candidates who would now have no chance of re-election might then have satisfied their constituents. Now it is no longer doubtful what the Right would like to do if they had the power, and will perhaps try to do even without having the power. In the partial elections which must be held from time to time, they will take care to return candidates of whose devotion to the Republic there can be no question. Consequently the Right find themselves in a strait between a dissolution, which means speedy extinction, and the continuance of the present Assembly, which means gradual

extinction. Out of this dilemma there is only one way of escape. It is to hurry on the necessary constitutional legislation while the existing Assembly can be trusted to deal with such subjects. The obstacle to this policy is M. THIERS, and all the various designs attributed to the Right agree in this, that they are directed to M. THIERS's removal. The newest of these is a scheme for driving M. THIERS into resignation by an open assumption of executive power on the part of the Assembly. According to this rumour, Marshal MACMAHON is to be invested with the supreme command of all the forces of the State—an invasion of the PRESIDENT's rights which, it is calculated, would inevitably lead to his retirement. Marshal MACMAHON would then associate with himself M. BUFFET and some other member of the Right. Under the direction of this triumvirate the Assembly would pass a law to restrict the suffrage, thereby depriving the next election of its worst terrors, while the way towards a Restoration would be smoothed by the appointment of the Duke of AUMALE as President of the Republic. It must be admitted that, if Marshal MACMAHON can be trusted to fall in with this plan, it has some elements of ingenuity. It is founded no doubt on the belief that the army is thoroughly Conservative and will be ready, if Marshal MACMAHON gives the order, to suppress the resistance which the Republican party would certainly offer. This resistance the Right probably reckon would be headed by Paris and Lyons, and would therefore be likely to take the shape of a revival of the Commune. At all events, it would be easy to represent it as doing so, and thus to secure for it the detestation of the rural Conservatives. Any attempt to excite the electors against the action of the Assembly which might be made by the moderate Republicans would be discredited beforehand by the identification of its authors with the extreme Radicals.

It is difficult not to believe that the politicians who built up this pleasing castle in the air are reckoning without either their Marshal or their army. There have often been rumours of some intervention of Marshal MACMAHON in political affairs, but they have usually been promptly silenced by his appearance in attendance on the PRESIDENT. It is possible of course that he may now have satisfied himself that M. THIERS's rule is hostile to the interests of France, and that he is prepared to atone for having so long supported him by taking an active part in his deposition. Even in this case the assumption that the army will obey him seems very hasty. Marshal MACMAHON is a popular commander no doubt, but he is not the only popular commander, and the names with which the few creditable incidents of the late war are associated are rather those of General CHANZY and General FAIDHERBE. Both of these officers would certainly oppose to the utmost any attempt to emp[illegible]my in support of a Government which, whatever m[illegible]he technical legality attaching to it, would have no bet[illegible]title to power than a successful *coup d'état*. Some little colour is given to the notion that the army would be at the disposal of the Assembly in the event of its undertaking a crusade against the PRESIDENT, by the hesitation which occasionally marks the PRESIDENT's own policy. If he is not afraid of the Right—and, apart from the army, he has certainly no cause to be afraid of it—why does he do so much to conciliate it, or rather why does he omit to do that which would secure him the unreserved good will of the Left? M. THIERS is not a slave of forms, and his deference to the authority of the Assembly would not of itself account for his acquiescence in its usurpation of a sovereignty which, after the departure of the Germans, will no longer belong to it except in name. A representative Chamber which arrogates to itself the supreme control of public affairs, while it refuses to give its constituents an opportunity of pronouncing whether it still represents them, is a contradiction in terms. The Assembly claims to govern France because it represents France, and its refusal to put its claim to the test of a general election is tantamount to an acknowledgment that it has ceased to represent France. There is no need for M. THIERS to dissolve it by force. All that he would have to do, in order to retain the undivided support of the Republican party, would be to proclaim that the country has always looked forward to the liberation of the territory as the term of the Assembly's existence, and that, as the present will no doubt be the last year of its labours, it is not expedient to bring in any constitutional measures except such as relate to the constitution of the executive power during the interval between one Assembly and another. It is true that a declaration of this kind might drive the Right to despair, but then what could even their despair effect against a President supported by the country and by the army? If M. THIERS is not sure about either of these, his conduct is intelligible enough. A monarchical reaction imposed upon the country by military force would as inevitably usher in civil war as a second Communist insurrection. Yet to defy this reaction would not serve M. THIERS's purpose, unless he were sustained in his resolution by that great body of neutral opinion which he has hitherto carried along with him. There is no reason to fear that this middle party will go over to the Right, but there is reason to fear that the recent elections at Paris and Lyons may have thrown it back into that inert and indifferent attitude which does perhaps more real harm to the country than active help given to the wrong side. If the monarchical party could command the support of the rural Conservatives, they would at least be in a position to ensure France a strong Government; if neither the Right nor the Government can command it, there is no present hope of escape from that violent oscillation between extremes which has been her political condition for so many years. The Message which M. THIERS will probably address to the Assembly within a day or two, or the speech by which his Message will be followed, may supply more certain indications as to the extent to which the PRESIDENT is influenced by either of the apprehensions which can alone account for any further hesitation in his policy.

MR. MILL.

THE interesting biographical notices of Mr. MILL which have appeared since his death confirm the general impression of his extraordinary abilities and attainments. Believers either in the hereditary transmission of intellectual faculties, or in the paramount efficacy of education, may alike find in Mr. MILL a proof or illustration of the soundness of their respective doctrines. The son of a laborious student, who was also an independent, if not an original, thinker, he was trained with elaborate consistency for the career in which he followed and excelled his father. The education of PITT by Lord CHATHAM for Parliamentary and official life affords a similar instance of the successful adaptation of natural gifts to a purpose deliberately chosen. In both cases the end would perhaps have been more satisfactorily attained if a wider scope had been left to circumstances and inclination. As PITT was born an orator, MILL would in any case have been an accomplished scholar, with a strong bias to moral and political speculation. The artificial training which would have converted an ordinary pupil into a narrow pedant accounts for the defects which seem to all but the most devoted admirers to have impaired the completeness of MILL's powerful and versatile intellect. It may be collected from the records of his early life that he never was a boy; and it may be confidently asserted that no cultivation which can be derived from parents or teachers supplies the want of early intercourse with equals. The republican atmosphere of school is more peculiarly indispensable to studious and thoughtful minds. If MILL had been turned early into a playground instead of preparing lessons for his father and corresponding with BENTHAM, he would have acquired unconsciously a kind of knowledge which he never afterwards learned from books or from solitary meditation. The opinions of a recluse on practical matters are rarely to be trusted; and through life Mr. MILL held himself apart from society. No man less deserved to be classed among BURKE's cold-blooded metaphysicians, for he had even an excessive tendency to be guided by sentiment and impulse; but BURKE's epithet was inaccurate as it was applied to the literary precursors of the French Revolution, and he would probably in the heat of controversy have included MILL in the same category with CONDORCET. Political metaphysicians or innovators, though they are not necessarily cold-blooded, are often deficient in the instinctive sympathy with human nature which is only to be learnt by early and unbroken familiarity with the living world. Enthusiasts for equality and fraternity who carefully shut their doors upon their supposed equals and their nominal brethren find it comparatively easy to preserve the gloss on their creed.

Mr. MILL's indirect influence on political and economic thought and practice has been greater than that of any of his contemporaries. Some of his most vigorous critics have been trained in his school, and nearly all the active and ambitious minds of the younger generation may be found among his professed disciples. The literary and philosophic merits or defects of his writings will long remain matter of controversy. His opponents contend that his logic is not purely scientific, that his political economy is tainted with socialism, and that he had not that subtle perception of metaphysical refinements which is almost as distinctive a faculty as an accurate musical ear. Whatever may be the final result of the discussion, it would be absurd to dispute his claim to the rank of a great intellectual leader. The adversaries and the victims of

VOLTAIRE proved to their own satisfaction that he was a second-rate poet, a superficial historian, and a mere smatterer in science; but it was nevertheless true that he enjoyed undisputed literary supremacy, and that he moulded the character of a nation. Mr. MILL, who was of a far more earnest and serious nature, if not the equal of VOLTAIRE in genius, has in a narrower sphere produced similar results. The greatness of a prophet or heresiarch is tested not so much by the language or substance of his doctrines as by the number and quality of the sect which he has founded. In his disregard for prejudice and tradition Mr. MILL generally inclined to revolutionary or extreme opinions; but fortunately he had the opportunity of acquiring large experience in one kind of practical business. As Mr. DISRAELI has acutely remarked, almost all men are conservative in their own special departments; and Mr. MILL, who had during a great part of his life been conversant with the details of Indian administration, steadily and powerfully opposed the transfer of the Government from the Company to the Crown. The evils which he anticipated from the change have happily not occurred, but the cautious prudence which attends special and minute knowledge contrasts strongly with Mr. MILL's ordinary impatience of theoretic anomalies. It is probable that his employment in the India Office saved him from being a bookworm, and checked his propensity to become an impracticable dreamer. On the other hand, it is not surprising that his acquaintance with Eastern systems of tenure induced him to favour a dangerous disturbance of English property in land.

Mr. MILL's numerous adherents and admirers naturally welcomed his late entrance into Parliamentary life; but his failure at his second election caused but little regret. His accuracy of reasoning and of expression, and his great literary reputation, commanded respectful attention in the House of Commons; and he was lucky in an early opportunity of exposing some economic fallacies into which landowners and farmers had excusably lapsed during the panic caused by the cattle plague. It soon appeared that Mr. MILL was not only a logical reasoner, but on certain subjects an obstinate fanatic. The serene philosopher, like his prototypes in the French Revolution, was sometimes ready to apologize for the excesses of the mob, though he was incapable of waiving his own convictions in deference to popular clamour. To the last Mr. MILL was an opponent of the Ballot; and he was one of the most zealous advocates of the representation of minorities. His disinterested sincerity was universally acknowledged, but the soundness of his judgment commanded less and less confidence as he took a more active part in political contests. The writer who had most extravagantly asserted the liberty of opinion was himself, on some occasions, the most intolerant of men. He broke off relations with early friends because they refused to concur in his passionate detestation of negro slavery; and he could never be persuaded that any other issue was involved in the American Civil War. He denounced the English supporters of the Confederate cause as promoters of slavery, although not one of their number would have admitted that his choice of a side was determined by any feeling of good will to the obnoxious institution. Mr. MILL's profound belief in the intellectual and political equality of the sexes was a delusion which would alone have diminished the confidence which might have been reposed in his authority. There was in truth something feminine in his own mental constitution which disturbed the calm balance of his judgment. As might have been expected from his nature and education, he was remarkably incapable of estimating the capacity and character of men. During his short occupation of a seat in the House of Commons he wantonly offended his party by recommending to a constituency a favourite nominee of his own, in terms of exaggerated eulogy, as a substitute for a veteran Liberal member. His selection happened to be not only injudicious but ridiculous; and his interference was universally regarded as officious and offensive.

The most serious blot on Mr. MILL's political reputation is the support which he gave to the subversive schemes of socialist agitators. While nearly all his other opinions were the result of his own study and reflection, he inherited from his father his mischievous crotchet of the inalienable title of the community to the land. For the existing rights of ownership he would have awarded full compensation; but he had persuaded himself that the gradual rise of value, or, as he called it, the unearned increment, ought to be appropriated by the State. If he had confined himself to oral or literary controversy on the subject he would have incurred no moral blame; but, in his eagerness to realize his aspiration, he allied himself with the revolutionary Clubs which, as he ought to have known, were bent on simple rapine and spoliation. Dissatisfied artisans and political malcontents at once recognized the difference between their new patron and the vulgar demagogues who had blindly appealed to selfish instincts. It was in the highest degree encouraging to find that the austere philosopher who scorned to humour the demand for secret voting could, by some mysterious process of reasoning, arrive at the same conclusion which had by a simpler process commended itself to the unsophisticated appetites of human nature. Mr. MILL was in want of a motive power which he hoped to find in the force of the multitude; and the Land and Labour League appreciated the advantage of having its own crude violence and cupidity translated into plausible propositions of a scientific form. The less enlightened members of the unnatural partnership are comparatively exempt from blame. The BRADLAUGHS and the ODGERS justly felt that Mr. MILL was promoting their objects, while they were only colourably or provisionally concurring with Mr. MILL. If their united efforts had succeeded, the triumphant reformers would have made no distinction between the property which represented remote or recent earnings and Mr. MILL's unearned increment. Some of his more judicious friends probably regret that his last public act was his appearance at a meeting at Exeter Hall, when he described the difference between himself and the promoters of universal plunder as merely a matter of detail. His example will tend to confirm the common belief that there is an intrinsic antagonism between theoretical and practical ability. A most successful, though not the soundest, teacher of the age, he failed in public life; but nevertheless the functions of thinking and acting will be found compatible whenever they are controlled by that inestimable faculty of wisdom which was wanting in Mr. MILL's mental and moral constitution.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR'S LAND BILL.

BY the general concurrence of competent opinion, the present system of land transfer has long been pronounced to be faulty and mischievous. It is costly, cumbrous, and troublesome, and, so far from tending to make property secure, it establishes a sort of chronic condition of doubt and insecurity. It has been condemned in the strongest way by successive Royal Commissions, and for many years past almost every Lord Chancellor has attempted, with more or less success, to legislate upon the subject. When we find men like Lord ST. LEONARDS, Lord WESTBURY, Lord CAIRNS, Lord HATHERLEY, and Lord SELBORNE all agreeing that the present state of the law is scandalous and indefensible, it may be regarded as a pretty safe conclusion that it really is so. As the law stands, an owner can hardly ever be sure that he has a perfectly good title to his land. If he can show a good title going back for sixty years he may go to bed with a quiet mind. The Court of Chancery will compel a purchaser to accept a title of this character, whether he likes it or not; but then, as Lord SELBORNE observed, a sixty years' title is a thing which almost everybody who sells land guards against being obliged to prove, and almost everybody who buys land is content to take a good deal less. Yet with less than sixty years' title nobody is quite safe, unless indeed there has been twenty years' clear possession. Every time the land comes into the market there must be a fresh investigation; the lawyers must go through everything again from the beginning, and, no matter how competent all the former sets of lawyers through whose hands the papers passed may have been, their confirmation of the title is regarded as worthless until it has gone through the hands of yet another set of lawyers, and has been the subject of another searching inquiry, and another long bill of costs. That Englishmen should down to this hour have submitted to such a system as this is rather an illustration of their patience than of their common sense. Landowners individually have suffered from it because the chronic uncertainty of title and recurring expense of investigations undoubtedly diminish the value of their property; and, on the other hand, the country has suffered because it has checked the natural freedom of commerce in regard to an important element of national wealth.

From time to time attempts have been made to simplify and facilitate the transfer of land. There have been Acts for shorter conveyances, and for the registration of titles, but for one reason or another these Acts have had very little practical effect. Conveyances are still about as long as they always have been, and very few owners have come forward to register

their titles. The common explanation of this is, that "it is "all the lawyers." It is assumed that they fatten on a cumbrous, costly, and uncertain system which places owners helplessly in their hands, and that they resist with all the influence of a powerful class every attempt to subvert their tyranny and to bring land within the ordinary conditions of merchandize. This explanation is perhaps partly true, but it is certainly not the whole truth. The Commissioners of 1868 were satisfied from the evidence they took that, as a rule, lawyers were shy of registration, not so much because they were afraid for their profits, as because they doubted whether it would really be safe and advantageous for their clients. Setting aside the professional interest in long papers and big fees, there is a sufficiently obvious explanation of the failure of Lord WESTBURY'S registration office. In order to get a title upon the register, an owner has to show that it is good enough to please the Court of Chancery—that is to say, good for sixty years back; and there are also other stringent and irksome conditions which have to be fulfilled. A very little reflection will show that the real difficulties of land transfer are due in a great measure to the nature of the property itself. In an old country like England, where land has passed from one family to another, and all sorts of obligations and interests are constantly growing up in connexion with it, it is necessarily difficult to say exactly what an owner's rights amount to when he has not the fee-simple absolutely to himself. In point of fact, a great deal of the land in the country may be said to be held by little knots of persons in conjunction, and the nominal owner is only one shareholder among many. The analogy between shares in a public company and the varied interests which exist in connexion with land is obviously imperfect; a share in a company is a specific and distinctly defined part of the whole property, whereas an interest in land is often of a contingent character, and cannot be sharply measured off in this way. Lord SELBORNE pointed out very truly that the reason why the transfer of land can be managed so easily in Australia is simply that there all titles date only, as it were, from the day before yesterday and not from generations back. It is impossible not to envy the ease and facility with which the Australians manage these transactions, but it would obviously be idle and unreasonable to legislate for England as if it were a fresh young colony just beginning life, and with no old records to bother it. It is certainly very awkward that in England the possession of land should be split up into such a great variety of interests; but, as the interests exist, they must be taken into account in analysing the ownership of property. The intricacy and confusion which now prevail are mainly due to the habits of the people, and though an alteration of the law might do a great deal to bring things into a new groove, and to simplify the system, any attempt to introduce violent and sweeping changes would be equally mischievous and impracticable. All that can be done is to help owners to shake themselves clear of old complications, and to place new transactions on such a footing as to prevent any further accumulation of perplexities and embarrassments.

It seems to us the great merit of Lord SELBORNE'S measure—for though there are two Bills they may be considered as parts of one measure—that he has seen the advantage of bringing over people to the new system rather by coaxing than by compulsion. The registration introduced by Lord WESTBURY is purely voluntary. Nobody need register unless he likes, and unfortunately it was omitted to offer any inducement to take this step. Only a sixty years' title, such as the Court of Chancery would compel a purchaser to accept, will be placed on the register; but there are not very many titles which can be carried so far back satisfactorily, and owners who possess such very excellent titles are apt to think that, with the Court of Chancery behind them, there is no need to trouble themselves about any further securities. All other classes of owners are excluded from registration; and the Commissioners of 1857 proved by anticipation that, on this ground alone, Lord WESTBURY'S Act would almost certainly break down. A judicial or quasi-judicial examination of title narrows the benefits of registration. The expense of the investigation shuts out small properties; and the trouble, expense, and fear of an adverse decision repel others. To submit a title to a scrutiny of this kind is to run the risk of waking all sorts of sleeping dogs, as well as putting on the scent more wakeful hounds. The number of covetous and ignorant men who fancy they have claims to other people's property, founded on vague tradition, or perhaps on nothing better than similarity of name, or, it may be, originating only in a highly imaginative cupidity, is almost incredible, and the manufacture of evidence in support of such claims is a common form of fraudulent ingenuity. Under these circumstances it is hardly surprising that English landowners should be especially alive to the unprofitableness of stirring up quiet things.

Lord SELBORNE has expanded Lord WESTBURY'S system, and softened down its hard conditions. There is to be registration for all owners who choose to ask for it. If an owner can show what is technically known as a "good holding title," according to which possession has been held for not less than twenty years under a conveyance for value made not less than twenty years back by some person claiming to be entitled to dispose of the fee-simple of the land, his title will be certified as absolute. If a title is not good enough to fall within this category, it may be certified as limited—that is to say, as good from the date of some conveyance for valuable consideration specified in the register; or a title may be registered, without being certified at all, just for what it is worth. The advantages of this plan to landowners are considerable. An owner who applies for an indefeasible title will find that he can obtain it on much less onerous terms than under the present law. It is not usually very difficult to prove a safe holding title, and when this has been proved and registered, the ease and economy of transfer will add to the value of the property. Registration with a limited certificate will also to some extent diminish the trouble and expense of transfer; while those who register without a certified title will at least gain the advantage of having time run in their favour from that date. And this advantage will be increased by Lord SELBORNE'S second Bill, substituting ten instead of twenty years as the period within which suits may be brought for the recovery of land or rent. A title which was registered without investigation or certificate would, if not attacked within ten years, be entitled to be made absolute. Before registration is granted, notice must be sent to all persons having claims upon the land, and the registrar may require the description of the land to be verified on oath by the applicant or by persons having full means of information. The applicant and his attorney must also take oath that they have made known to the registrar all deeds relating to the title of the lands, and all facts material to the title, and all charges, liens, incumbrances, &c., affecting the property, to the full extent of their respective knowledge and belief. Why the registrar should be authorised to dispense with such affidavit, if he chooses, we must say we fail to see, but that is the finish of the clause. As a further protection to persons interested in the land, they will be allowed to lodge a caveat with the registrar, claiming to be entitled to notice of any application that may be made for registration, and after such caveat has been lodged no registration of the land in question shall be made without due notice to the cautioner. In the case of applications for a certified title, the registrar may cause notice of the application to be given by advertisement, and after he has approved the title, his intention to register it must be notified by public advertisements and also by placards posted on the land, and by notices served on persons interested in the matter; and three months must then elapse, during which cause may be shown against the title, before it is finally registered.

When any land is registered, the record of the title is to be entered in a book called "The Land Register," with all the particulars concerning it, and the owner will then be entitled to receive a "land certificate," or transcript of the record, which shall be *primâ facie* evidence of the matters contained therein. If a charge is made on any land the charge will be entered on the Register, and the person in whose favour the charge is made can have a certificate of it; when the charge is satisfied, it will be written off. When land is transferred, the transferor must deliver up his "land certificate" to the registrar, who will cancel it, and issue a new certificate to the transferee. If only a part of an estate is sold, the transferor will receive a fresh certificate for the land he retains. The Register is to be open to inspection by any one who can show that he has an interest in an estate. For two years the registration of all titles will be purely voluntary, and it will continue to be voluntary except when land is sold. At the end of two years, if the fee-simple of any land is sold, the land must then come on the Register; and there will no doubt be some opposition to this proposal. It may appear at first sight that neither the seller who has found a purchaser, nor the purchaser who is satisfied with the title, has any reason to object to registration; but a man who might be willing to buy a faulty or doubtful title which he could keep out of sight would not be so ready to buy a title which he would have to publish to all the world. One of the most important parts of the Bill is that

relating to the judicial sale of land after the fashion of the Encumbered Estates Court; but this is rather an excrescence than a natural element of the scheme, and it would seem to be only prudent to postpone the experiment until it has been seen what sort of tribunal is to be entrusted with such large and serious powers.

REPUBLICANISM AT BIRMINGHAM.

IF Mr. BRADLAUGH'S advice to the Republican delegates who met at Birmingham last Sunday is honestly taken, future revolutions will be deprived of all their terrors. The object of the convention was to overthrow the English Monarchy and to set up a Republic in its stead, but Mr. BRADLAUGH was careful to explain that this object must be attained by strictly legal means. Queen VICTORIA is not to be hurled from her throne; she will not be expected even to abdicate until the Bill which puts the Crown into commission has received the Royal Assent. Mr. BRADLAUGH evidently lives in the distant future, for in his imagination a Republic means a Government which has its origin in the political education of the masses. As soon as the majority understand that they have political duties to perform as well as civil rights to enjoy, the constitutional transition will be effected as a matter of course. Every man will be so bent upon serving the State, that some expedient will have to be devised by which an opportunity of serving it will be found for every man. It will be admitted on all hands that Englishmen are still very far from being educated up to this point. Perhaps the nearest approach to Mr. BRADLAUGH'S model citizen is the young man who is cramming for a Civil Service Examination. He certainly wishes to serve the State, though his desire has not yet been found to involve any decided opinion on the comparative merits of Monarchy and Republicanism. The universal discharge of political duties is already exemplified in the jury system, but the victims of the sheriff's summons are generally in a frame of mind which would lead them to welcome a despotism, if it would exempt them from the obligation of aiding in the administration of justice. In some Continental countries the masses have been ready to undertake political duties, but their reading of their mission has usually involved the taking off of their neighbours' heads or the seizure of their neighbours' property. Neither of these processes is to find a place in Mr. BRADLAUGH'S visionary Republic until such time as it is authorised by statute. Arbitrary executions and arbitrary confiscations do not change their character by obtaining Parliamentary recognition, but it is something to know that Mr. BRADLAUGH intends to make sure of his majority before determining how to use it.

The older revolutionists have commonly defended an early recourse to violent measures on the plea that without them there is no getting the momentum necessary for the overthrow of established governments. Mr. BRADLAUGH claims to have discovered unsuspected virtues in rose-water as a revolutionary agent. It may be doubted, however, whether he has not underrated the difficulty of keeping his followers in training on so unsubstantial a diet. He summons them to an attack upon the English Monarchy, but he forbids them to use any means for their purpose except such as are allowed by law. The law forbids them to combine secretly, therefore there must be no secret combination. The law forbids them to use physical force, therefore the man who advocates physical force is either a traitor or a madman. The law will punish them for not protesting against seditious language uttered in their presence, therefore if any man says anything illegal at a Republican meeting, his hearers are at once to interrupt him with a formal statement that they do not share his sentiments. No sucking dove could put forth a milder programme than this; but it is open to the objection that the life of the Republican who carries it out will be harassed by innumerable scruples. What constitutes secret combination? Mr. BRADLAUGH says that where twelve men combine secretly, one will always be found to betray the rest. But what is a timid Republican to do who finds himself in a room with eleven others of the same way of thinking? Is he to call in the landlord or the policeman, and take him to witness that they are not combining secretly, or is he to insist, regardless of climate, that the meeting shall at once adjourn to Hyde Park or Trafalgar Square? If Mr. BRADLAUGH'S advice as to interrupting Republican speakers is strictly followed, there are likely to be more interruptions than speeches. Persons who cultivate the art of detecting illegal language are sure in time to become proficients in it, and many sentiments which would now be suffered to pass unchallenged may hereafter supply matter for repudiation. Mr. BRADLAUGH may be right when he says that, though there is only one step between the aim of the National Republican League and treason, that step is so clear that there is no danger of its being taken. But is he sure that under these circumstances any step at all will be taken? We are disposed to think that Republicans whose cardinal principles of action are the avoidance of secret combination and the repudiation of illegal language are likely to arrive at a profound conviction that their real strength is to sit still.

The truth is, that neither of the two main sources of Republican enthusiasm is very abundant in England. In France Republicanism is a passion which in its disregard of consequences passes the love of women. There are many Frenchmen who would rather be miserable under the worst of Republics than happy under the best of Monarchies. This is not a sentiment with which Englishmen have as a rule any sympathy. They are willing to get rid of institutions which have been proved to be mischievous, just as they might be ready to wear a wig if they were bald, though they are not willing to shave their heads because they think that they would look better if their hair were darker or lighter. It is to Englishmen of this type that Mr. BRIGHT has addressed the letter which was read at the Birmingham Convention. Forty years of continuous improvement in laws and administration have convinced him that it is in the power of Englishmen to make their Government thoroughly good without bringing upon their country the "troubles which are inseparable from "the uprooting of an ancient Monarchy." Of course this kind of teaching will not satisfy those to whom the form of government is as important as the substance. But it is likely to make more impression on those who only value the form for the sake of the substance than Mr. BRADLAUGH'S exhortations to overthrow the Monarchy by Parliamentary action. The National Republican League comes into existence with a pretentious list of reforms which it wishes to see effected, and it recommends its members to aim at founding a Republic as the surest means of accomplishing them. If Mr. BRADLAUGH proposed to obtain his Republic by action outside Parliament, this procedure would not from his own point of view be open to question. It is highly probable that a Parliament elected after a revolution would be more likely to establish universal suffrage, to give England, Scotland, Ireland, and India local Parliaments, to disregard supposed rights of private ownership in land, to abolish the House of Lords, and to do away with standing armies, than any Parliament which will be elected without a revolution. But Mr. BRADLAUGH proposes to obtain his Republic by the same means as those to which he looks to obtain all the other blessings already enumerated; and those of his supporters who value the Republic chiefly as a necessary preliminary to the attainment of this social millennium may be tempted to ask whether it would not be as easy to get the fruits of the Republic from a Monarchical Parliament as to get the Republic itself from a Monarchical Parliament. No doubt if Mr. BRIGHT'S description of the last forty years were inaccurate, if there had not been a steady course of improvement in laws and administration during that time, if the existence of the Monarchy were associated in the reason, or even in the fancy, of the people with a single unredressed grievance, if the troubles inseparable from the uprooting of an ancient Monarchy could be represented as the price which must be paid for the destruction of the abuses inseparable from the maintenance of an ancient Monarchy, the working classes would not reason in this way. They would be under the influence of the second cause of Republican enthusiasm—a sense of wrongs endured for which other forms of government provide no redress. But such a sense of wrong is impossible when, as Mr. BRADLAUGH admits, all that is necessary to the establishment of a Republic is that an Act of Parliament should be passed to establish it. The National Republican League is based on the declaration that in England all that a minority needs in order to get whatever it desires is the ability to convince their fellow-citizens that what it desires is expedient. A country of which this can be truly said has already secured all that is really valuable in Republican government.

EXTRAVAGANCE.

LORD DERBY the other day made some characteristically sensible remarks upon the importance of thrifty habits for all, but especially for the working classes. Speaking on so well-worn a topic, he could of course say nothing very new; but he suggested one or two curious problems. Englishmen, as he remarked, are distinguished amongst all the races of the earth by their extravagance, or are surpassed by their American cousins alone. He quoted some very pithy remarks of Defoe, who said

nearly the same thing more than a century and a half ago. Then as now, an Englishman could scarcely scramble through life upon an income which would enable a Dutchman to grow rich; and then as now it was the pleasant habit of a large number of our fellow-countrymen to fill their pockets with money and then to drink till the golden tide had ebbed. Lord Derby explained this phenomenon, or declined to explain it, by appealing to the permanence of national character. It is always a puzzling question how far national characteristics are inherited and how far they are merely the result of the permanence of certain conditions. Of course it saves a great deal of trouble to say that Englishmen waste their means because, as Dr. Watts put it, "it is their nature to"; and by that simple device to avoid all investigation of the political and social conditions by which the habit may have been fostered. There is indeed no reason to doubt that Frenchmen may inherit a tendency to hoard money as a dog inherits a tendency to bury bones; but, on the other hand, that inheritance is itself the result of the conditions under which previous generations of Frenchmen have lived; and by altering their circumstances we need not despair of producing an English breed with the same peculiarities. The labours of successive generations have developed special instincts in various breeds of domestic animals; and the saving instinct may be strengthened in the races which are at present most wasteful. Indeed it is probable that Englishmen are not so far from possessing this cardinal virtue of the political economists as we sometimes persuade ourselves. The Lowland Scot belongs to the same race with ourselves; and yet he is not generally considered to err on the side of extravagance. Some of the facts mentioned by Lord Derby prove upon what slight differences of position a great difference in the habitual conduct of life may depend. He was speaking on behalf of a very praiseworthy Society whose object it is to make known to the working classes the advantages offered by the Post Office Saving Banks. The fact that such institutions are at everybody's door must be pretty generally known; but the machinery has never been set in motion to an adequate degree. There is a helpless sluggishness in the human mind which prevents us from stooping to pick up a penny, though we are willing enough to hold out our hand. It has been found in certain Friendly Societies that the depositors prefer paying a shilling to a collector who calls at their houses rather than walk across a street to pay ninepence at the office. The principle is one with which we are familiar enough in everyday life. A man who has given an order to his bankers will cheerfully subscribe to a club for years; when, if he had to draw a cheque or to pay the money in hard cash, his zeal would have broken down after the first payment. The introduction of a single link completes the electric circle; and the removal of a trifling obstacle sets in action a whole set of forces which would otherwise remain in a state of complete inertness. The mere difference between declaring a regulation to be valid unless it is vetoed and declaring it to be valid as soon as it is approved seems often to be imperceptible; and yet in practice it often determines whether a law shall be dead or alive. This simple principle lies at the bottom of the theory of frugality, and suggests how small a change may sometimes be necessary to convert a wasteful into a saving people. On which side is the burden of proof? The claims of the public-house and the savings banks may be pretty equally balanced, and a slight difference in accessibility will make the whole difference in their popularity. The theory of advertising rests on the same principle. If the name of Smith occurs to the minds of a hundred people with ever so little greater facility than the name of Brown, that infinitesimal saving of trouble will determine them to go to Smith's shop. To make people do anything, you must save them the trouble of thinking. Mental exertion is the one thing to which nearly everybody has an ineradicable antipathy; and therefore, if you can make an ally of intellectual indolence, there is nothing which you may not hope to accomplish.

From another point of view, unluckily, this is the great obstacle in the way of preaching thrift. We are extravagant because we find it is so easy to act like our neighbours. The tendency is generally denounced as a proof of the moral slavishness of mankind. People complain, and with some apparent justice, of the tyranny of custom. An English curate has often a smaller income than an artisan or a coalminer; and yet custom orders him to wear a black hat and a frock-coat, to have a steady supply of white neckcloths, and to live up to a certain standard of external decency. Custom orders the struggling middle classes to give elaborately bad dinners, to live in separate houses instead of taking modest apartments, to send their children to schools whose only recommendation is in the high scale of charges, and generally to spend their income according to an arbitrary code of rules prescribed by the vague entity called society, instead of suiting their mode of life to their real wants. Moralists and novelists delight in expatiating upon the manifold evils which result, and they have of course no difficulty in showing that nine-tenths of the customary rules have very little to say for themselves in the court of pure reason. They infer that all the foolish extravagance of English life is due to the inherent snobbishness of our nature. The merchant apes the noble, and the shopkeeper apes the merchant; and the first notion of the poor man who has made a few shillings is to dress himself in the costume of the class just above him. We fully agree that the standard rate of living has been pitched too high in most ranks of society; and it is probable enough that that desire to imitate our betters of which snobbishness is the uglier side has been at the bottom of it. An English household, as compared with a household of the corresponding class in most Continental countries, is a model school in the art of throwing away money for an inadequate return. But when reformers propose a change, they have to deal not only with the spirit of snobbishness, but with the more powerful, if less offensive, spirit of general indolence. They invite us to break our chains; to plan a rational mode of living, and to carry it out in defiance of other people's opinions. Give up, they say, all the useless apparatus with which an English family surrounds itself, and be simple and independent. The doctrine is so excellent that we only wish it were easier to act on it; but these eager persons underrate the difficulty of putting it in practice. A certain social machinery is provided, costly and extravagant it may be, but yet with the surpassing merit that it is there. To provide the more reasonable machinery would require an amount of thought and trouble which nearly everybody dreads far more than the expense. You would prefer your children to go to schools where they would be taught something besides cricket, and would pay fees on a German scale of economy; then you must become an educational reformer yourself, and convert parents enough to start your new system. You wish for a house built on more rational principles; you must be your own architect, or, in other words, run a risk of going to a lunatic asylum. You wish to entertain your friends on more economical principles. The chances are that you save a very few pounds, and make your home unbearable. Simple meals are perhaps better than bad imitations of elaborate cookery; but unluckily simplicity both in food and dress is very apt to mean expense. You wish to improve your relations to your servants, and you discover that they prefer the conventional system, and that you have only made them more idle and discontented than before. Reformers in all these matters deserve every praise, and we earnestly desire their success; but reform in domestic economy, as in everything else, requires an amount of time, thought, and energy to which very few people are equal.

The real objection to living simply and cheaply is that one cannot afford it. A few geniuses can strike out new plans of life, but most men will find that more trouble is saved by falling in with the stream than by struggling against it. The more favourite method of economy, especially with the female mind, is that which is generally known as cheeseparing. Without descending to a lower platform, it is possible to effect something by minute attention to details. Money may of course be saved by substituting an omnibus for a cab, by retiring to the cheaper places in a theatre, and by all that painful system of minute attention which is irritating until it becomes a habit. Here, too, one must ask whether the game is worth the candle. To keep out of debt is not only the first of duties, but the most essential condition of happiness, and therefore no sacrifice which makes both ends meet should be grudged. But, though a person who pushes his economy to any further point may boast of setting a good example, he will scarcely find that he has consulted his own happiness. The strength of character which enables a man to retire to a hermitage and devote himself to intellectual studies on bread and water will bring its own reward; but the man who tries to divide his allegiance, to remain in the world without paying the world's price for it, will generally have little reward beyond the trifling satisfaction of a good conscience. In one sense it may almost be said that saving comes easier to the poor man than to his richer neighbour. If an appreciable fraction of your income goes in drink, you can save what is to you a considerable sum by improving in sobriety. The advantage, at least, is tangible, if the temptation to be surmounted is great. But the rich man who has succeeded by the exertion of much thought in putting his establishment on a more reasonable scale often finds that the advantage is rather shadowy and affects posterity more than himself. The chains with which we are bound are riveted upon us with terrible strength. Our bondage cannot be broken by a single good resolution, or a mere change of personal habits. Our families, our relatives, and our acquaintances combine to force us into the regular grooves. And undoubtedly many men who could do better things are forced to miserable hackwork for daily subsistence, and tempted to grow daily more commonplace, and plod more contentedly along the mill-horse round of existence. We would gladly welcome a deliverer, though we can see few signs of his appearance. Society grows more luxurious; and even our good qualities rather tend to increased energy in growing rich than to increased judgment in using wealth.

THE EARLY DAYS OF THE VIENNA EXHIBITION.

If the Vienna Exhibition continues to make fair progress, there seems a reasonable prospect of the arrangements being perfect by the closing day. Speaking seriously, it is most unfortunate from every point of view that everything should be so terribly behindhand. The execution is toiling slowly after the splendid conception, and can at the best only overtake it after those first impressions have been made which go for so much. If you set yourself laboriously to examine into things, you begin directly to appreciate all that they are meant to be. Only give the designers time, and their designs will doubtless realise themselves, although it is too probable that financially the lost ground will never be regained. But in the meantime the casual visitor finds himself utterly abroad in the general confusion. Even if he keeps himself to the great central buildings, as he naturally does, he only distinguishes vaguely the broad outlines which time is to fill in. And it is not merely that he passes blank spaces, or strays into empty cases, but

at every turn he is stopped by the stereotyped "verbotener Eingang," and requested by the civil Austrian police to keep moving along by the main thoroughfares. Three-fourths of the exhibitors, of all nations, are either sitting despondently with folded arms, waiting for precious boxes which it is impossible to trace, or else they are anxiously superintending the unpacking of cases that have just arrived, in the middle of the jostling crowd. Out of doors things are far worse. What ought to be thoroughfares for crowds of visitors are blocked by long trains of goods waiting their turn for delivery. Ponderous articles that are beyond injury from exposure to the execrable weather are left where they lie, till there shall be leisure to remove them to their places. There are monster cannon in steel and iron, and peals of bells in bronze, and trucks laden with blocks of coal and anthracite, and covered vans filled with statuary. The varied specimens of national architecture, from Turkish mosques to Swedish cottages, are only in course of erection or decoration. Gangs of workpeople have made themselves masters of the place, and, if they are working steadily, they are certainly working slowly. It might have been supposed that the grand Rotunda, the scene of the opening ceremony, would at least have been tolerably advanced. But the central Rotunda is by far the most backward part of the building. The temporary preparations for the opening day have been cleared away, and everything is beginning afresh. Crossing the Rotunda by what will be the grand thoroughfare of the Exhibition, it is barely possible to thread your way through the jumble of cases and the stands in course of erection. The central fountain has been stripped of the shrubs and flowers with which it was decked out on the first day, and is in slow process of preparation for its real purpose. There is no hurry about turning on the water within as long as so much is falling without. The very keepers of the various restaurants, who might have been supposed to have been spurred on by the keenest self-interest, considering the enormous prices they charge, are only beginning gradually to open their blazing establishments. As if to confound confusion, the weather has been frightful; rivulets flow down the centre of the walks, and lakes spread themselves everywhere over the ground; where no gravel has been laid down, the clay has been converted into stiff red slime; for the site of the Exhibition is naturally a swamp, and the building is erected Dutch-fashion upon piles. The only means of approaching it on the English side was to wade ankle deep, until the Commissioners had the consideration to throw pontoon bridges of plank across the dismal swamp.

The Imperial Commissioners who have taken charge of the arrangements are not to be held responsible for the horrible weather, although they might have made some better preparation against a contingency that was by no means improbable in an Austrian May. But so far as other things are concerned, and all allowances have been largely made, it must be confessed that they have trespassed considerably on the long-suffering of the world which they invited to Vienna for the first of the month. The fact is, that there has been extraordinary miscalculation from the first, and all throughout. Even had the show been one of ordinary dimensions, and had Austria been on a level with the most advanced countries in her means of communication and the excellence of her traffic arrangements, there was little enough time to do all that she had to do since she first went to the work in earnest in last June. But it is only recently that Austria has been betaking herself to commerce on a large scale; she has few seaports, and they are far removed from the capital, while Vienna lies on an insignificant stream, not on a great navigable river, or in the close vicinity of the ocean. Her communications are altogether out of keeping with her new aspirations and with the present excessive strain; the great railway to the west consists only of a single line. Then the citizens of Vienna are semi-Orientals in their easy manner of going about the everyday business of life. Even the stimulant of extraordinary wages will scarcely induce them to put on a spurt. Above all, the original scheme developed its proportions so rapidly that all the original calculations as to time must have been falsified. The first idea seems to have been to have made a commonplace Exhibition of it; probably a reproduction of its Western predecessors upon a considerably smaller scale. It was matter of great speculation whether the Exhibition mania had not pretty nearly exhausted itself, or whether countries that had won honours in London and Paris would submit to the trouble and expense of exhibiting so soon again in a remote inland capital. Whatever may have been the hopes of Baron Schwarz, the Chief of the Imperial Commission, the original estimates which he presented to the Reichsrath showed what his proposals were. The event showed that the world appreciated the exceptional advantages of the position of Vienna as an exhibiting centre. The West and the East were simultaneously incited to meet and compete in their respective productions. Trusting in the financial success of his comprehensive scheme, and relying on a prospective vote of indemnity, Baron Schwarz went altogether beyond his allotted tether; and the Reichsrath, in spite of itself, has been dragged along behind him, scattering florins broadcast, and compelled to endorse an expenditure at which economists shudder. Probably the Baron is right and the economists wrong. But it is obvious that in the meantime he has been expanding his ideas without due regard to the capacity of his country for carrying them out in detail, and that, in holding punctually to the day fixed for the opening, he has been deluding his victims with a mere shadow of the substance which they may hope to see if they only have patience.

There can be little doubt that the show will be worth the waiting for; that, in striking interest as well as in picturesqueness, the Exhibition of Vienna will eclipse all that have gone before. It is true that a good many exhibitors from the West, men who have made their reputations and won their medals and certificates elsewhere, are conspicuous by their absence. Yet there is scarcely a class that does not appear by leading representatives, and, as a rule, all that is sent is more or less excellent of its kind. England shows, or rather promises to show, very strongly. If a great many of the goods are not as yet forthcoming, they are all catalogued, and we may judge what they will be. In machinery, especially in agricultural machinery, for which there is a great and increasing market in the East, it would seem as if our manufacturers would more than sustain the credit of their country. Nothing is more significant than the number of leading partners of eminent firms who are gone to Vienna with the intention of making a long stay there, of explaining their patents and conducting their sales in person. So in the other industrial departments, and especially in that of the finer specimens of the ceramic art, where there are also many foreign competitors in the field, most of them more or less formidable. France, of course, has always excelled in this branch of manufacture; Austria has been making great strides in it of late, and exhibits very largely; while Germany, Portugal, Hungary, and the Eastern Kingdoms are all represented by their potters. To Englishmen at least few things in the Exhibition will be more curious than the display from India, which would appear to have been designed with a completeness that will leave little to desire. It is premature to pronounce upon the contents of the Colonies department, for as yet, with the exception of the Cape, little or nothing is forthcoming, but report speaks highly of what they are likely to be.

Some time ago, when writing on the prospects of the Exhibition, we dwelt on the characteristically picturesque element which we expected to find in it. Our anticipations have evidently been more than realized. It would seem as if the partially civilized nations which have been recently emerging from their jealous seclusion had determined upon a grand simultaneous effort to show what they are really capable of. Very fortunately they have taken time by the forelock, as if they were resolved to falsify all our ideas of Oriental apathy and sluggishness; and those which geographically lie the most remote are among the most forward of all in the Vienna showplace. So far as their preparations go, they have shown a financial profusion which contrasts strongly with our modest English Government grant of 6,000*l*. But, in fact, such sovereigns as the Sultan figure very much as private exhibitors. Still more does his great vassal the Khedive, who holds the better part of his land of Egypt in personal property. Egypt, although perhaps it is more nearly complete than any of the other countries in the West or East, still tantalizes the visitor provokingly behind the high screen of boards which it is forbidden to pass. But if you can contrive to pass over them, you get a glimpse of what looks like a complete epitome of Egyptian life and history from the days of the Pharaohs to our own. Japan, as becomes a country which has recently revolutionized all its institutions, shows herself far less exclusive. One is permitted free access to where the quaint and beautiful collection is growing daily, and the goods have been brought over under the charge of natives who understand the art of display as well as that of production; while the whole is under the direction of Japanese Commissioners who are familiar with more than one of the Western tongues. The Japanese, with their wonderful capacity for adaptation and imitation, wear the Western dress as if they had been born and bred in the manner of it, although there is no mistaking their features when you meet them. But there are other Orientals who are less pliant in their habits, and already the Viennese find some outlandish figures and quaint costumes to stare at. They will learn more about these strangers and their ways when they have opportunities of inspecting the interior of all these Oriental buildings, which as yet are hidden in scaffolding and accessible to nobody but the workpeople. But if the men of the East enjoy great advantages in the way of decoration, in the gorgeous stuffs of brilliant colours which they bring with them, those of the West show perhaps even greater taste in disposing of materials that lend themselves far less easily to artistic purposes. Art and taste have presided everywhere; for example, in those great agricultural halls where the produce of the Austrian provinces, and especially of Hungary, is displayed—corns and wines, and oils. The very implements of mining and husbandry are artistically disposed, and there is real art shown in the shapely simplicity of such displays as the great coal trophies. As to the courts of the fine arts proper, visitors as yet can only obtain admission to them by favour; and once within the barrier, you find that the pictures are for the most part but half hung. England has had a comparatively small space assigned to her, and exhibits but a comparatively small collection; fortunately, however, the quality of her specimens seems highly creditable, considering the difficulties under which she laboured in getting them together. France, on the other hand, with four times the space, and showing some of those celebrated works which are public property, will certainly have to cover the walls with a great deal that is decidedly inferior. But, in spite of some shortcomings of this kind, and of those wearisome delays which are almost inexcusable, it is scarcely possible to question the triumphant success of the Exhibition.

EMANUEL HOSPITAL.

BEYOND the City clique on one side, and the small knot on the other who have identified themselves with the Endowed Schools Commission, we fancy that there were not many members in the House of Commons on Tuesday night who felt very deeply moved about the immediate result of Mr. Crawford's motion on Emanuel Hospital. The party which he led was actuated by various motives besides a dispassionate preference for the scheme propounded by the City to that under which Lord Lyttelton's Commission proposes to recast Emanuel Hospital. The palpable disparity between Mr. Forster's comforting assurance—made four years since on the second reading of the Endowed Schools Bill, that, "It is not for the good schools that this Bill is framed; we cannot of course exempt such schools by name, for in that case there would be no end to endeavours to obtain it, but schools which are well managed need fear nothing from the operation of a Bill which is to introduce good management"—and the sayings and doings ever since of the Commissioners named by himself and under his own Bill, was persistently insisted on. Neither Mr. Hobhouse's assertion that "donors to public uses are less under the guidance of reason and conscience and more under the sway of baser passions than other men," explained by his boast that "the grasp of the dead hand should be shaken off absolutely and finally," nor Lord Lyttelton's cheerful remark that "the pious founder must go to the wall," was forgotten. The statement of the Commissioners, in their Report of 1872, repudiating the conclusion that they were "to leave a given governing body materially unaltered in its composition unless" they could "establish against it a case of abuse or breach of trust," was quoted as being in flagrant contradiction to the principle volunteered by the author both of the Bill and of their powers as defined in it, in consequence of which an opposition which might have been very troublesome was undoubtedly laid. Appeals were made to the encouragement of voluntary munificence which characterizes our whole English system, social and administrative, in contrast to the jealous restrictiveness which underlies the centralizing organization of other countries; and the practical loss which would attend the paralysis of the giving faculty under the operation of principles like those of Mr. Hobhouse was plainly urged. Under these feelings lay the intelligible rebellion of the more generous impulses of human nature against the hard and doctrinaire repudiation of purely eleemosynary education, under all circumstances, upon which the Commissioners seemed to rely with a faith which would not have been misplaced if their dogma had been a freshly revealed chapter of Holy Writ. Irrespectively of these demurrers, the conduct, not so much of the Commissioners as of the Government under which they were acting, was severely criticized for the indecorous precipitancy with which they sought to carry a scheme on which, in its character of a leading precedent, they themselves had set a value which it would not have naturally possessed, at a time when the conduct and policy of the Commission—not to say the question of its longer continuance—were under examination with the Government's own consent before a Committee of the House of Commons.

These various reasons were feebly combated by Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Forster. The former indeed began by acknowledging that "we ought to encourage the liberality of private foundation by showing a great and studious respect, of course within the limits of reason, for the wills and wishes of founders"; while the Vice-President did exemplary penance for that incontinence of tongue which he could neither deny nor explain away. But upon their side they urged with great force the wide scope and superior advantages which they attributed to the constitution for Emanuel Hospital proposed by the Commissioners, and they appealed to the considerable share in its governing body which the Commission had in its second and amended scheme reserved for the Corporation of London, while neither of them showed the slightest disinclination to search out the weak places in their adversaries' harness. The result was that, with the exceptions which we have already indicated, members voted in general accordance with the side of the House to which they belonged; and the trial of the Endowed Schools Commission, whether it is to result in their acquittal or their condemnation, stands adjourned. In fact, the decision as to Emanuel Hospital was, so to speak, *in personam* and not *in rem*. How the Commission may fare when the far more important case of the Birmingham School comes on for discussion remains to be seen, but the real debate will come when the Committee which is now sitting upon it has made its report, and when the Government proposes such a Bill as it may think wise to found upon the results of the inquiry.

The one remarkable event of the evening was the unexpected opportunity which the discussion afforded to Mr. Gladstone of again displaying his characteristic quality of reckless impetuosity. His position from his own point of view was that of defending a body of men whom he knew to be unpopular with many important and active sections, and who at this moment were on their trial for their general policy, before a Committee moved by his own authority, while he believed himself able to make a strong case in their behalf. The attacking party was that special *imperium in imperio* with which, alike from the venerable tradition of centuries and from a well-calculated consideration of its powers of helping or hampering the powers that be, every successive Prime Minister has been in the habit of maintaining relations of high politeness. At the present moment, too, one of Mr. Gladstone's most indispensable and respectable colleagues represents the constituency in which the Corporation of London is pre-eminently powerful; and his own seat is due to the forethought of an active alderman; while the case which the Corporation were supporting, whether or not a strong case, was one which it was neither dishonourable nor unreasonable on their part to press with peculiar assiduity. So every motive, both of personal interest and of official dignity, combined to make it the part of the Prime Minister, while demolishing the City scheme for reforming Emanuel Hospital, and while upholding the action of the Endowed School Commissioners to the utmost of his great powers, to do so with a studied respect for the position and the motives of the ancient corporation which had challenged the issue. But Mr. Gladstone was on Tuesday evening equal to his old self in those proud days when he burnt his ships, broke down his bridges, and crossed the Rubicon, when he took all human flesh and blood to his expansive bosom, or when he danced, tomahawk in hand, round the three-branched upas-tree. With a freakishness like that which he displayed on the spent Wednesday afternoon when he jumped up to prophesy the further debasement at no distant date of the recently lowered franchise, Mr. Gladstone selected this comparatively minor matter of Emanuel Hospital to declare war, in phrases of elaborate bitterness, against the Corporation of London, "gorged and almost bloated with charities," "the body which has enjoyed for thirty odd years the proud distinction of being the only unreformed corporation in the country." With all his genius, after his now forty years' experience of public life, and the sobering discipline of the highest office, Mr. Gladstone does not yet seem to have fully appreciated that the words of a Prime Minister can never be like those of any other man. This rolling vituperation may have been in his mouth only a piece of rhetorical gag, and all that he meant may have been to snub the City for an act of impertinent insubordination. But, as Mr. Forster took opportunity to say later in the debate, not without reference to his own unlucky promise about the good schools, "a clever speech generally hangs round a man's neck for the rest of his life like a mill-stone," so that when it is "thrown back upon him" he is "generally sorry that he made it." Whatever Mr. Gladstone may himself have meant, this notice to the Lord Mayor to quit will be as little forgotten in the caucus of advanced reformers as it will be in Guildhall and the Mansion House. We can only wonder at the recklessness of the Minister just returned to office on sufferance, who has voluntarily complicated the almost hopeless difficulties of the divided Liberal party by a gratuitous and unexpected attack on that one body which has always retained the secret of power by subordinating the discordant claims of any wider partisanship to the interests and the dignity of the Corporation of London.

MERCHANT SHIPS AND SEAMEN.

MR. PLIMSOLL, in moving the second reading of his Shipping Survey Bill, anathematized "the long, low, narrow, overloaded beasts of ships" against which his measure was directed, and the "scoundrels" of shipowners who sent them to sea; told a story of "a well-known shipowner" of Shields who had made his money in such a way that, when he died, the police had to guard his remains to the grave, on account of the multitude of women and children who followed to pelt the hearse with mud; and called upon the House of Commons to pass the Bill with acclamation. It is evident that Mr. Plimsoll's peculiar style of advocacy is better suited for the platform than for a legislative assembly, and, after a round of indignation meetings, he is naturally disappointed that the House of Commons did not instantly pass his Bill with three cheers for the author. On Wednesday night Mr. Plimsoll attended a meeting at Birmingham, and complained that his Bill had been "talked out," which is no doubt true, in the sense that the debate on it was not concluded at the hour when the House of Commons is, by an old rule, compelled to rise on Wednesday. But Mr. Plimsoll forgot to mention that he did most of the talking himself. It was late in the afternoon when he rose, and it is absurd to suppose that the statements he made could be allowed to pass without reply. Mr. Plimsoll has had months and months of agitation, has published a book, delivered innumerable speeches, and attacked the shipowners in every possible way, and now he considers it monstrously unfair that a single shipowner should venture to defend his class, and to warn the House against passing what he believes to be a mischievous and dangerous measure. Mr. Plimsoll is perhaps a vigorous agitator, but he is a very poor statesman. Even if his Bill were a sound practical measure, the fact that a Commission is now inquiring into the subject, and will soon report, would be a very good reason for not passing it just at present; but it is not a sound practical measure. It is crude and imperfect, and it is doubtful whether it could ever be worked. Mr. Plimsoll himself has admitted that the Bill would have to be recast in Committee—in other words, that the House would have to construct a Bill for itself. The President of the Board of Trade has introduced a short measure for the purpose of giving greater stringency to inspections by officers of that department; and the shipowners, now that they know that the eyes of the country are upon them, and that further legislation is impending, may be expected, for their own sakes, to be very careful what sort of vessels they send to sea during the next few months. Next year the House of Commons will have the ad-

vantage of a great body of valuable and authoritative evidence to guide its deliberations.

It would appear that the effect of Mr. Plimsoll's agitation has been somewhat weakened by the discovery that there are two sides to the story, and there is perhaps some danger of a reaction the other way. On the whole, it is rather an advantage to the Devil to be painted blacker than he is, since people comparing the original with the portrait are apt to fancy that after all he is scarcely black—only a sort of slate-grey. Mr. Plimsoll has apparently not the faintest conception of what is evidence and what is not; all is grist that comes to his mill; and he has undoubtedly injured his case by mixing up all sorts of wild and improbable stories with real facts. There is, however, abundant evidence to show that the mercantile marine is in a very unsatisfactory state. A return, for example, has just been issued of cases in which ships have been surveyed on the requisition of seamen which contains some highly suggestive information. There is a report by the Harbour-master of Holyhead on the case of the steamship *Orontes*. Eight seamen of the vessel refused duty on the ground that she was unseaworthy. The Court held that the *Orontes* was not unseaworthy, but that "the forecastle, where the sailors forming that portion of the crew were put to live, was leaking and quite unfit for its duties when the ship left Liverpool," and that "on the passage the clothing and bedding of the men became wet, and their life [was] rendered miserable." The Court also expressed the opinion that great carelessness had been shown in the entry of the crew, some having come on board as the ship was undocking without even a shift of clothing. "These men were found to be incompetent for their duties"; but the Court thought that the "remedy taken to make them competent was quite an unjustifiable one." It is not difficult to agree with this opinion when we learn that the remedy took the form of "harsh treatment, beating, and knocking down, added to abusive language." The Court went so far as to suggest that "such a course was to be deprecated"; and then the judgment winds up abruptly thus—"The Court, taking all these circumstances into consideration, sentences each prisoner to one day's imprisonment." It must be observed that the men had presumably already been in prison while the survey was being made, that "two of them had marks on their faces of severe ill-usage," and that, although the ship was pronounced to be not unseaworthy, the forecastle was shown to be quite unfit for the reception of the men. When we turn to the surveyor's report, we find that it relates apparently, not to the condition of the vessel as she came in, but to her condition after she had been patched up with vulcanized india-rubber plugs and other things. We have only to put ourselves in the place of the seamen, and to imagine how we should feel if we were sent to prison for refusing to go in a ship which was declared to be "quite unfit" to receive us, and in which our lives would be made miserable by continual drenching. There is a clause of the Merchant Shipping Act of 1867 by which it is an offence to have insufficient and improper accommodation in the forecastle of a ship. Here is another case, the particulars of which are given in a letter from the Board of Trade to the Home Office. The *Elizabeth Knowles*, on a voyage from Liverpool to Monte Video, was found to be leaking considerably, and put into Milford. Four seamen refused to go on board again, and, on the report of a retired harbour-master that the ship was seaworthy, they were committed to prison. The vessel left one crew in prison and went to sea with a fresh crew, but had, on the very night of the day she started, to put back with three feet of water in her hold. Upon this the men in prison appealed to the Board of Trade, and the Board ordered a survey by one of their own officers. From the surveyor's report it "was clear that the vessel was quite unfit for sea," and the first crew was released from prison. Yet, in spite of these successive warnings, the ship put to sea a third time and had for the third time to turn back. This case led to a circular from the Home Office warning magistrates not to trust to the opinions of retired harbour-masters and people of that sort, but to call in one of the Board of Trade surveyors. In March last two men of the *Sir Robert Mc Donnell* were sentenced to ten weeks' imprisonment for refusing to proceed to sea in her. When examined by a surveyor, the ship was found to be leaky and unseaworthy, "water being distinctly heard running into her." The Home Office thereupon ordered the release of the men. It would appear that a good deal of the work of the Home Office consists in releasing seamen who have been imprisoned by the local magistrates for objecting to be drowned, and that seamen are also liable to be locked up for refusing to go to sea in a ship "quite unfit" for their reception, and in which their lives would be made "miserable." It is not perhaps surprising that there should be a strong impression on the part of the men that the chances are rather against them if they appeal to the law, no matter how strong their case may be.

We will take one or two other cases from this return. In September seven seamen of the *Petrel* lodged a complaint as to the unseaworthiness of that vessel. The Collector of Customs at Poole reported that the vessel came in much too deep "even for a coaster," which is no doubt saying a good deal. She had a house on deck of unusual size, which in a heavy sea would most likely be carried away, or the vessel would be lost. The surveyor generally confirmed this report, adding that eight men were berthed in the forecastle where there was room for only five. One of the crew gave the following account of his experiences on board this ship:—"Water flowed into the forecastle, and washed all over ourselves and bedding. The first day we got out of the Downs we had to put all our bedding round the funnel of the steamer to dry them. We could not sit at our meals, as the water came pouring down on the top of us. The water used to drive over the deck and flow into the engine-room, so that the hands could not stand above or below deck. We had no close bulwarks, only stanchions and rods, so that a man could easily pass through between one rod and the other." The result of the case was that the crew were paid off, the magistrates declining to make any order. Clause 10 of the Merchant Shipping Act (1871) directs that an unseaworthy ship shall be detained. In November the *Eleanor* was declared unseaworthy, and the charge against the crew dismissed. The surveyor thus described the vessel:—Making three-eighths of an inch of water in one hour and a quarter in smooth water; in the hold "timbers rotten and also ceiling," two iron knees broken; locking knees to whole beams generally bad, some of the beams bad too; leakage fore and aft under waterways; some timbers rotten, and so on. He adds, "This vessel is, I believe, thirty-four years old, not classed; has been sold as a wrecked vessel on one occasion at least." On the 30th of January seven of the crew of the *Huntress*, of Glasgow, refused to go to sea in her. She was surveyed and declared unseaworthy, but immediately sailed out under Bremen colours. She was examined by two surveyors, who reported that she was leaky and worn in parts, with "the topgallant forecastle departed from the ship's side"; and on a subsequent inspection they found "signs of extensive decay." Some of the reports in this Return also illustrate the differences of opinion which are apt to arise between surveyors as to the state of a ship.

An official report on the supply of British seamen by Mr. Gray and Mr. Hamilton of the Board of Trade also deserves attention. After careful inquiry, those gentlemen came to the conclusion that the British seaman, "though he might be better, has not grown worse," and that there is no lack of men for the requirements of the trade. It is true that inferior men often go to sea as "half-marrows," and that there is a considerable proportion of foreigners in our mercantile marine; but, "if it were an evil from a shipowner's point of view that 'half-marrows' and other such persons go to sea at low wages, and that foreigners serve on board British ships, and if those evils required remedy, they would be remedied by attracting better men and British subjects, by offering better wages." Seamen in the British merchant service, on the whole, receive higher wages than seamen in any other merchant service, with perhaps the exception of that of the United States; but the wages of skilled workmen and labourers on shore are higher still. There is only one way of meeting this competition, and that is by offering greater inducements to men to go to sea than to remain on land. The influence of wages is shown clearly enough in the tendency which has been observed of good seamen and bad seamen to get together in separate groups. The good seamen, we are told, get into ships affording constant employment and making regular voyages, where they get healthy accommodation, good food, and good wages; the worse seamen, on the other hand, get together in ships of an inferior class. The medical inspection of seamen is a question which certainly deserves consideration. Under the present law this examination can be made, provided that the men agree to submit to it, and that the owner is willing to pay for it; but practically the provision is a dead letter. The consequence is that men are often shipped in an utterly unsound condition, and are put out at foreign ports sick and destitute. Dr. Patterson, the Superintending Surgeon of the British Seamen's Hospital at Constantinople, remarks that, "since the introduction of screw-steamers into the Levant, Danube, and Black Sea trades, men are landed at hospital suffering from severe forms of chronic disease and broken-down constitution." "The majority are shipped in a diseased state, and many of them barely reach Constantinople alive; old and broken-down drunkards, men far advanced in consumption, and old men far beyond the period of active service seem to be indiscriminately shipped." As the country has to pay large sums for the medical and hospital expenses of distressed British seamen abroad, and for their maintenance and conveyance home, shipowners might not unreasonably be required to ascertain before shipping their crews that they are fairly sound. Mr. Gray and Mr. Hamilton suggest that shipowners should be compelled to pay for diseased sailors left abroad, unless they could show that they were medically examined and pronounced to be in sound condition before leaving the United Kingdom.

THE VISITATION OF THE CHAPTER OF LINCOLN.

THE visitation of an English cathedral church by its Bishop is an event which has been in late times, though not altogether unknown, yet strangely and lamentably rare. It is indeed strange that it should be so, that the Bishop should be less at home in his own church than in any other in his diocese, that the church which draws its whole rank and importance from containing the Bishop's official place, whose name and distinctive character come wholly from its being the seat of his *cathedra*, should be the church of all others where his authority is most unwillingly admitted, and where his presence and ministrations are, to say the least, not welcomed as they commonly are in the other churches of his diocese. But, whatever may be the cause, it is certain that, for a long time past, on the one hand the Chapters have thrown aside their proper diocesan position

and diocesan duties, and on the other hand the Bishops have seldom interfered with any authority as to anything that has gone on within the walls of the cathedral church. No policy could be more shortsighted on the part of the capitular bodies. We who wish to preserve, and therefore to reform, them know that their only chance of preservation is by showing themselves to be really useful institutions with a definite work before them. If they persist in cleaving to the character of sinecurists, dignified perhaps and ornamental, but with no intelligible duties to discharge, they are certainly doomed. Their fate lies in their own hands. Those Chapters which obstinately persist in treating the mother church of the diocese as if it were the private chapel of four or five clergymen, in shutting out as far as they can the Bishop on the one hand and his flock on the other, in thwarting every effort of zeal from whichever side it comes, in seizing on every paltry excuse to stop the round of services which it is to be supposed that they look on as a burden, are simply pulling down their house about their own heads. Only perhaps it is all one to them if it is pulled down. The house may fall and others may weep at its fall; it will be enough for its present inhabitants if the sacredness of vested interests allows them to slumber on somewhere or other for the rest of their days. Such however, we are happy to say, is not the spirit of all capitular bodies; and we may look on the searching visitation which the present Bishop of Lincoln has just begun at his cathedral church as something which bids fair to be the beginning of a better state of things. The Bishop's right to visit, not only when called in to settle any dispute, but by his inherent authority as Ordinary, cannot be reasonably doubted. That matter was set at rest six hundred years back by the great Robert Grosseteste, and for five hundred years after his time the Bishops of Lincoln went on visiting, oftener or more rarely, according to circumstances or according to the amount of their zeal. If we rightly understand Bishop Wordsworth, no visitation has been held since 1751; but he at any rate seems determined to clear off the arrears of sixscore years in good earnest. He began by reprinting and circulating the Statutes of the Church, a document important both in a practical and in an antiquarian point of view, and which we may perhaps some day find occasion to notice in another part of our columns. On the 29th April the Visitation itself began: the Bishop was received in due form by a great majority of the dignitaries and other members of the Chapter—a body which, in the ancient church of Lincoln, numbers no less than fifty-six members. Few, if any, had ever before seen such gathering of canons residentiary and non-residentiary filling their proper stalls in choir and chapter-house. The Bishop delivered a charge to the members of the Chapter and all other members, clerical and lay, of the church of Lincoln, and put forth a set of Visitation Articles, the answers to which are of course not yet forthcoming.

The documents which have been put forth by the Bishop of Lincoln are chiefly remarkable inasmuch as they show how much may be done in an old-foundation church by simply carrying out the statutes by which its members are bound, without asking for anything to be done by Act of Parliament. To make an old-foundation church what it ought to be, there is really very little to be done except for every member of it to do his plain duty instead of shirking it. Of course this only applies to old-foundation churches; the constitution of the new foundations is so lame and imperfect that they do need some external power to reform them after the pattern of the old. Thomas of York, Remigius of Lincoln, and Robert of Wells have shown themselves more practical legislators, even for the nineteenth century, than King Henry the Eighth. It is plain to any one who looks at the Statutes and at the charge and Visitation Articles put forth by the Bishop that there is really very little needed to bring back the good state in the church of Lincoln, except for each of its members to set diligently to work in his own vocation and ministry to carry out the purposes for which he was put there. It is just the difference between an old foundation and a new, that in the old foundation there is practical work ready cut out for the chief members of the body, for those whom it is desirable to keep in constant residence on the spot. In fact, our only difficulty in speaking of Bishop Wordsworth's charge is that the points which he insists on are the same points which we ourselves have insisted on over and over again, whenever we have spoken about these matters. But then they are points which cannot fail to be perfectly obvious to every one who gives any measure of serious thought to questions of this kind. The Bishop of Lincoln has clearly gone to the root of the matter; he puts forth his scheme of reform in the form of a few simple and practical suggestions, all of which can be carried out without any change in the law as it stands. Indeed, as the province of Canterbury has already a Provincial Dean and a Provincial Precentor, it might not be amiss to add a Provincial Chancellor in the person of Bishop Wordsworth, in order that he may have the opportunity of instructing his Metropolitan in the nature and objects of a cathedral church, and of explaining to him the difference between an old and a new foundation.

The chief points on which the Bishop insisted will thus almost be taken for granted beforehand. They amount simply to the getting rid of those abuses which have made our cathedral system a byword; abuses which few attempt to defend except those who profit by them, and which they seldom try to defend, except by the easy, though often practically effective, argument of silence. Men who hold offices are to do the duties of their offices, and therefore, as a matter of course, they are to live at the place which is the main centre of their duties. Bishop Wordsworth sums up the great evils of the present state of things in the two emphatic words "pluralities and non-residence." He has no sympathies, such as his Metropolitan has, for the shameless abuse by which "residence" is construed to mean nine months' absence, and that even in the case of dignitaries who have special and constant duties. Bishop Wordsworth does not, like the Archbishop, think it an advantage to have the chief places of his church employed to increase the incomes of Professors and others whose duties lie somewhere else. He wishes the dignitaries of the church of Lincoln to be working members of the church of Lincoln. He will not abide—at Lincoln happily he is not called upon to abide—a Precentor or a Chancellor, having constant duties on the spot, but who thinks that those duties are discharged by staying away three-fourths of his time. The contemptible argument which we have heard in pluralist mouths, that they must heap to themselves preferment elsewhere, because their incomes—incomes far above the average of clerical incomes—are so small, the Bishop does not stoop to answer. But he shows that the shameless practice of nine months' absence is in many cases a mere evasion of the Act of Parliament on which those who practise it profess to rely. The clause which requires a residence of "three months at least" is meant to enforce that amount of residence in certain new foundation churches where the term of residence had been cut down to something shorter still. It is not meant to release those who, either by local statute or by the manifest requirements of their office, are bound to a longer term from the discharge of their plain duty. For the modern idea of "the canon in residence"—the meagre representative of forty or fifty brethren whose sudden sickness, promotion, or death often leaves the church without any capitular member, and whose idle caprice sometimes leaves it without any divine service at all—the successor of Robert Grosseteste has as little respect as Robert Grosseteste himself.

On the other hand, while Bishop Wordsworth insists thus strongly on the necessity of dignitaries and other residentiaries really residing and doing their duties, he insists no less strongly on the necessity of restoring the non-residentiary canons, those who are not bound to residence on the spot, and whose duties are not constant but only occasional, to their proper place as members of the Chapter. He shows, what no one but a member of a residentiary oligarchy could ever have doubted, that the non-residentiary canons are just as much canons, just as much members of the Chapter, just as much entitled to have a voice in its affairs, as the narrow body who commonly shut them out of their rights. He exposes the modern vulgarism by which the name "canon" is confined to residentiary members—he might have given a passing kick to the further vulgarism of calling them Canon Snooks and Canon Tomkins—and that of "prebendary" to the non-residentiary members. He shows that every prebendary is a canon, and that every canon is, or ought to be, a prebendary. He pithily insists that the ancient formula by which every canon alike, residentiary or non-residentiary, is admitted to "a stall in the choir and a voice in the chapter-house," shall again be a reality. On this subject we have often wondered at the change of mind which at a certain stage of their lives must come over many of those who have practical experience of the matter. The residentiary canon has in many places—in some churches in all cases—once been a non-residentiary. It is to be supposed that, when he was a non-residentiary, he did not approve of being shut out of his rights; yet, when he becomes a residentiary, he seldom shows any zeal to restore those rights to those who are still left out in the cold. When and how does the change come upon him? When and how does he become convinced of the beauties of oligarchy? Most Oxford men will remember the old state of things at Brasenose, when a few of the senior Fellows exercised all the authority and received incomes many times as great as those of the rest of their brethren. It was wonderful to trace the change of opinion in the mind of a Fellow of Brasenose as he advanced step by step in seniority. At his first election he was bitter against the wickedness of oligarchy, and held without doubt that the incomes and authority of all the Fellows of the college ought to be equal. But gradually a new light used to dawn upon him. When he had got up a few steps, he began to think that the case was not quite so clear as he had once thought it, that there really might be something to be said on the other side. When he found himself, as the technical phrase was, "on Pisgah," when he saw the promised land as something near into which one more step would bring him, he thought that the arguments in favour of the seniority system were far stronger than those against it. Once a senior, he had no longer any doubt upon the matter, and looked on all who would disturb him in the enjoyment of his oligarchic paradise as pestilent innovators. The change here was remarkable, still it was less remarkable because it was gradual. The convert had plenty of time; he did nothing in a hurry, he did not throw off the convictions of a life in a moment. But there are no such breaks and stages in the case of a non-residentiary canon who suddenly finds himself changed into a residentiary, one thereby bound to defend all the abuses which he has hitherto spoken against. How is this sudden change brought about? It cannot be by virtue of any ceremony conveying special enlightenment, as the alleged change in St. Thomas of Canterbury was said to have been brought by the grace of his consecration, or as some have held that the past sins of kings are wiped out by the holy oil of Rheims or elsewhere. For the canon, residentiary or non-residentiary, is, as being admitted to a new office, installed with religious ceremonies at his first appointment; but when the non-residentiary is simply called into residence, he is not admitted to any new office, and therefore

no religious ceremony takes place. We might conceive that the installation of a precentor might endow him with special powers of singing, or that the installation of a chancellor might endow him with special powers of instruction. But there is no installation of a residentiary as such which can clothe him with the gift of believing that he ought to keep his former brethren out of the chapter-house, or which can give him such new views of the use of language as to believe that residence means an absence of nine months. How then does this remarkable change come about? What is the exact process of conviction, intellectual or moral? All that we can do is to ask some of our residentiary friends to favour the world with their confessions.

On one point only, and that not a point of principle, could we have wished the Bishop of Lincoln's address to be other than what it is. We cannot conceive why he should have gone out of his way to object to calling Lincoln Minster Lincoln Minster. Now few things are more offensive to our ears than the modern affectation of dragging in the awkward modern substantive "cathedral" in all times and places. The church whose full style is, of course, the Cathedral Church of St. Mary in Lincoln, has for ages been known in common speech as Lincoln Minster. We can see no reason why it should not go on being so called. The Bishop says that it is not a minster because it never was a monastery, and that so to call it confounds the distinction between regular and secular churches. Undoubtedly, as far as etymology goes, a minster means a monastery, and most certainly the church of Lincoln never was a monastery. But then, according to etymology, a monastery ought to mean a place where a man lives all by himself, whereas for thirteen hundred years or more it has meant a place where a particular class of men live in common. For a thousand years or more the words *monasterium*, *münster*, *minster*, *moutier* have, besides their original sense of monastery, come to have the secondary meaning of any great church—in some places any church at all—whether monastic or not. In the case of the English, French, and German words this secondary sense has quite driven out the primary. No one would call a monastery as such a *minster*, *münster*, or *moutier*. In fact, both in England and in Germany, the name is most commonly applied to churches which, like York, Lincoln, and Southwell, like Strasburg, Basel, and Zürich, never were monastic. The word is fully established by the usage of ages, and it is convenient as a name to distinguish great churches with a foundation, whether cathedral, collegiate, or conventual, from those which are simply parochial. As a technicality of antiquarian description it cannot be dispensed with. To talk of "Lincoln Cathedral," though the fashion is coming in, is really much the same as to talk of "Southwell collegiate"—in French, if they say "la cathédrale," they say also "la collégiale" and "l'abbatiale." The word "minster" takes in all; but of course it always means the fabric of the church itself, not the foundation or the subordinate buildings.

THE WEST COAST OF AFRICA.

TO the majority of Englishmen our West African possessions are only associated in a dim sort of manner with ivory, gold dust, palm oil, slaves, the King of Dahomey and his "customs." Some who have indulged in discursive reading may bethink them of Governor Wall, who flogged a soldier to death and was hanged in consequence, and of "L. E. L.," whose melancholy fate is still within the memory of contemporary history. Other conscientious devourers of the daily papers may remember that every now and then an African mail has brought intelligence concerning the quarrels of two rural potentates called Ja Ja and Oko Jumbo. We doubt much whether there are many, even among educated people, who could tell the names, or even the approximate positions, of our settlements on the West Coast of Africa. One reason may be that nobody goes there who can help doing so, and that very few who do go return. Yet our West African settlements are important in more ways than one. It is undoubted that they exercise a civilising influence on the savage races which surround them; and if we abandoned them to-morrow, it would not be easy to prevent the revival of the slave-trade. As regards commerce also they ought to excite our interest, the value of the imports and exports being about a million and twelve hundred thousand pounds sterling respectively. Attention is now specially directed to Cape Coast Castle, on account of the invasion of that settlement by the Ashantees, who, having won a victory over some tribes nominally under our protection, were at the date of the despatch of the last mail within six hours' march of the seat of government.

The most northerly, and at the same time the oldest, of all our settlements on the coast is the Gambia, which is called after the river of that name. This river falls into the Atlantic a little to the south of Cape Verde, and, by means of it, intercourse with the interior of Africa, to a distance of several hundred miles, is carried on. The capital is Bathurst, situated on an island near the mouth of the river. This is a mere trading settlement, with scarcely any territory attached to it. Originally formed in 1588 by a Company which received a charter from Queen Elizabeth, the staple of its commerce long consisted in slaves. Proceeding to the South, we come to Sierra Leone, the seat of the Governor of all the West African settlements, and situated 8° 30′ north of the Equator. This colony was ceded to the British in 1787, and comprises a considerable amount of territory.

Between Sierra Leone and the Equator is a tract of Upper Guinea, known as the Gold Coast. Its capital is Cape Coast Castle, and it is the scene of the present disturbances. The colony comprises several minor settlements, of which Anna and Elmina—recently ceded by the Dutch—are the chief. It was founded by the African Company in 1750, under authority of an Act of Parliament. To the eastward of the Gold Coast is Lagos, the most recent, but, as far as regards imports and exports, the most important, of all our settlements in Western Africa. It was only acquired in 1862, when Docemo, the native king—who is still alive—ceded it to us in return for a pension of 1,000*l.* a year. Formerly it was the greatest slave depôt on the coast, and its possession by us has greatly contributed to the suppression of that traffic. It must not, however, be supposed that the neighbouring tribes would quietly submit to see their principal source of riches cut off; and, though awed by the vigour of successive Administrators—notably the last, Captain Glover—they have never ceased to give trouble. Their chief grievance is that runaway slaves have found at Lagos a secure asylum under shelter of the British flag, which, however, during Captain Glover's absence on leave, did not last year always prove a very efficient protection. Indeed on more than one occasion escaped slaves were by the aid of the ex-King Docemo carried off within sight of Government House. Two of these hapless captives committed suicide rather than again go into bondage. The troublesome tribes in question are the Egbas and Ijebus, sometimes called Jebus; and, in addition to the slave grievance, they have lately conceived that they were suffering under another wrong. They have for years past been engaged in intermittent war with a tribe to the eastward of their own territories, called Yorubas. These hostilities, of course, have been a great hindrance to commercial intercourse with the interior—an intercourse which the Yorubas, who are friendly to the British, and fully alive to the value of trade, have been ever anxious to maintain. The Egbas and Ijebus are the great obstacle to this, and levy heavy transit dues on all goods passing through their territory. Thinking that it depended on them to arrest all trade—and frequently they have thoroughly paralysed it—these savages have acted as if they were the masters of the situation, and in a position to bring pressure on the British authorities. In order to checkmate them, Captain Glover nearly two years ago determined to despatch a pioneer expedition in order to open up the country and to secure an alternative route to that which passed through the Egba and Jebu territory. The envoy, Mr. Roger Goldsworthy, an ex-officer of Lancers, and now Commandant of the Houssa armed police at Lagos, underwent serious risks and great hardships, but was completely successful. He found the Yorubas quite prepared to keep open the new route, and he established the most friendly relations with them. The Egbas and Ijebus, furious at seeing their power for mischief passing away from them, and conscious that if the new route were adopted the administration of Lagos would be independent of them, sought to baffle Captain Glover's scheme by means of intrigue. They found zealous coadjutors in the ex-King Docemo, and in both white and black partisans at the settlement. A new policy was instituted. The new road was not taken advantage of, and the result has been an almost complete paralysis of commerce, a great rise in prices at Lagos, the abduction of refugee slaves, and a spirit of determined hostility to British rule. Indeed, both Docemo and the two tribes above mentioned have openly avowed their intention of getting rid of the white strangers altogether.

It is, however, on the Gold Coast that the attention of the few who take an interest in West African affairs is at the present moment concentrated. Besides the settlements on the coast occupied by us, a considerable tract of country inhabited by the neighbouring tribes was years ago formally received under our protection. These tribes are collectively styled Fantees, or the Fantee Confederation. The Confederation, however, owing to discouragement received from us, is little more than nominal, and is only an agglomeration of independent clans, friendly to each other and loosely united from fear of their hereditary foe the King of Ashantee. The Colonial Office has formally approved of the principle of a Confederation, but has done nothing to promote it, and, rightly or wrongly, the Fantees are under the impression that their project is viewed with contempt by the local authorities. The Fantees, however, with wits sharpened by the instincts of self-preservation, foresaw the imminence of the danger which their so-called protectors failed to recognize, and the event has justified the note of alarm which they sounded. The Ashantees, indeed, are a formidable enemy, and have on two previous occasions given us much trouble. Formerly they held sway over the Fantee country and over the maritime district which we now occupy, and it was our wresting from them the seaboard and denying the sovereignty over the Fantees which brought about the war of 1824. Some rather sharp fighting took place, and ultimate success was only purchased by the expenditure of much money, and the loss of Sir Charles Macarthy, the Governor. For nearly forty years a sort of armed truce was observed, but in 1863 the King of Ashantee again declared war—a war which cost us 100,000*l.*, and one in which for months our troops endeavoured with much loss from sickness to bring the enemy to action, but in vain. Since then we have pursued a policy of conciliation, not to say subjectivism, sending presents with the messengers who proposed—or, as rendered by the natives, "swallow"—peace. All our efforts have, however, failed, and now for the third time within half a century we are at war with this fierce and untameable race.

What the cause of the rupture was no one seems quite able to say. The general belief is that the cession of Elmina to us by the Dutch has something to do with it. Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen is of this opinion. It appears that the Dutch used not only to give a yearly sum of money to the King of Ashantee, but also to pay him so much per head for the captives he made in war. These captives were sent to serve as soldiers in other Dutch settlements, and certainly gained by the change of masters. When we took over Elmina, we made inquiries concerning this subsidy, and, learning that it was given not as tribute but merely for the encouragement of trade, determined not to continue it. Of course head money for slaves, under any circumstances, was out of the question. Irritated at such a sensible diminution of his revenue, the King of Ashantee, misinterpreting our conciliatory behaviour, presumed on our supposed weakness, and snatched at what he considered a favourable opportunity for driving us into the sea. Early in January last the Ashantees, in four divisions, and with numbers variously estimated by those on the spot at sixty thousand and eighty thousand men, crossed the Fantee frontier. Recent advices, however, tend to show that their strength has been exaggerated, and that the main body at all events is not more than thirty thousand strong. The border is only three days' journey from Cape Coast Castle, yet it does not appear that the Administrator took any steps to obtain trustworthy information. He never even noticed the invasion till the 3rd of February, and then he contented himself with a mere proclamation announcing the invasion, and prohibiting the supply to the invaders of munitions of war. The Ashantees in the meantime had themselves announced their arrival in the most energetic manner, having marched through the country plundering and burning in every direction. Taken by surprise at first, only 4,000 or 5,000 Fantees could be collected to oppose the enemy, before whom they were of course obliged to retreat. At length, however, the different chiefs managed to assemble an army of some 30,000 men, and a battle whose dimensions would have been considered respectable even in Europe took place. The numbers were about equal on each side, but the Ashantees possessed the advantage of being under a single commander, while the Fantees were a mere collection of clans each obeying only the order of its immediate chief. The fight was well contested, having lasted some eight or nine hours. At length the Fantees, having lost 1,000 men, and being short of ammunition, were obliged to retire, falling back, however, so steadily that the victors contented themselves with occupying the abandoned position. At this place, only seventeen miles from Cape Coast Castle, the Ashantees, who, though the conquerors, lost, it is said, 2,000 men in the battle, remained for some time waiting for reinforcements. We learn that the King of the Ashantees—his euphonious name is Carie-Carie—has sworn to drive the English into the sea, and that he is expected to head the reinforcements asked for by his commander-in-chief. Whether these reinforcements have arrived or not we do not know; but the invaders on the 7th April resumed the offensive. The Fantees had in the meantime been reinforced, and were encouraged by the presence of 120 of the Houssa police, under Lieutenant Hopkins, who had been tardily empowered to afford them substantial aid. A battle which lasted six hours took place, the Houssas fighting gallantly and losing two men killed and fourteen wounded. The Ashantees, however, gained the day, and Lieutenant Hopkins fell back with his detachment to the coast. The Ashantees must have bought their triumph dearly, for not till the 14th did they again engage the beaten, but still stubborn, Fantees. On this occasion the fight lasted fourteen hours, at the end of which time the Fantees were completely routed.

The first battle was fought at a spot about seventeen miles from Cape Coast Castle; the second action took place apparently at the same place, but the scene of the last engagement was no doubt nearer to Cape Coast Castle. At all events, it is said that the whole country is now in the hands of the invaders, and that we cannot be said to hold an acre of ground save what is commanded by the fire from the forts on the coast. The fortifications of Cape Coast Castle consist of an earthen work adjoining the road which leads to the town, a strong masonry fort on the shore, and a martello tower in which is kept the ammunition of the garrison. Unfortunately this tower is isolated, and the fort itself is overlooked at a distance of 300 or 400 yards by some high hills. Cape Coast Castle is, however, sufficiently strong both as regards fortifications and garrison to defy the dusky warrior, who is as unlikely to fulfil his oath as was his predecessor Quacoi Duah, who vowed in 1863 to cut off the Governor's head, and didn't. The outlying settlements are in a somewhat critical condition, their works being out of repair, ammunition being short, and the garrisons weak. Accra, for instance, was a short time ago only occupied by thirty negroes of a West Indian regiment, without an officer. It is to be hoped that the reinforcements which have been despatched from Sierra Leone and Lagos will be employed to strengthen these forts, for there seems to be no intention of carrying on any operations in the open field. The force at the disposal of the Governor consists of three men-of-war or gunboats, and 840 armed police, black soldiers and volunteers. Had it been desired, ten times that number might have been raised from among the Fantees, who, if well armed and led by Englishmen, would probably fight well. Fighting would however interfere with the moral force policy which seems to be in favour. Besides, Lord Kimberley denies that we are under any obligation to protect the protected tribes. It is not, he lately said, British, but only British-protected, territory which has been violated, and we have never pretended to defend it against aggression in the same way as British territory. To unsophisticated minds it would seem that here is a distinction without a difference, and that the meaning of protection is to defend the protected against aggression. To calm any apprehension that might be felt, he asserted that the Ashantees, who numbered only 4,000, were at the *back* of the protected territory. Information obtained from non-official sources gave the number at 30,000 in one body, and, indeed it is now officially admitted that the Colonial Office has been misinformed, and that the enemy numbers from 30,000 to 40,000 men. Convinced at last that we have to deal with no mere raid, but with a very substantial and formidable invasion, Lord Kimberley has sent out in hot haste a rocket battery and some marines. It is probable, however, that these reinforcements will arrive somewhat late, for by this time the rainy season has commenced and operations in the field must have perforce come to an end.

STARRING IN THE PULPIT.

ROWLAND HILL used to protest against the Devil having all the best tunes, and it seems to have occurred to Mr. Cowper-Temple that some of the expedients of a profane stage might profitably be transferred to ecclesiastical pulpits. Starring has been found to pay in the theatrical world, and it is suggested that it would also pay in the Church. However good the average clergyman may be in an ordinary way, yet, as he preaches Sunday after Sunday, his congregation at length get to be very familiar with his course of thought and pet phrases, and a change of style would perhaps be enlivening. There is no reason, however, that we know of why a clergyman of the Church of England should always occupy his own pulpit; and we are quite ready to admit that a more frequent interchange in this respect might not be without its advantages. Without reckoning up the statistics of the clergy, it may be assumed that there is a considerable range of selection within the Church open to any clergyman who is anxious to treat his congregation to a little fresh sermonizing. But this is not enough for the innovators. It seems that it is not so much variety of preacher as variety of doctrine that they are in want of. It can hardly be denied that there is a certain monotony about the Christian religion. It is always the same thing over again, and even a new preacher cannot give much freshness to old doctrines. After hearing all this old story of Christianity preached week after week, people, it is thought, would be glad of a change—almost, indeed, of anything for a change, even geography. Mr. Thomas Hughes is of opinion that it would really be worth while to go to church if you were sure of a good rousing sermon by Dr. Livingstone, describing his adventures in Central Africa, and clearing up the mystery of the Nile. Even latitudes and longitudes would be better than the Ten Commandments, and the Creeds, and all those things that we have heard of so often before. In the absence of Dr. Livingstone, perhaps Mr. Hughes would not object to an "occasional sermon" from Mr. Stanley, which would probably be more racy and amusing, though the latitudes and longitudes might be rather vague. But then Mr. Hughes should look forward a little. This Central Africa is rather a burning subject. If Dr. Livingstone and Mr. Stanley were once started in pulpits to argue their side of the question, we should have all the Geographical Society aspiring to a similar platform. We suppose the bishops, in the absence of any Privy Council decision, are entitled to regard the fountains of the Nile as an open question; and if Dr. Livingstone were to be allowed to preach his views one Sunday, it would be very hard on Mr. Galton, Mr. Cooley, and the rest of the "insane geographers," if they were to be refused permission to have a go in on the other side on succeeding Sundays. This would perhaps be a relief from the monotony of Christian doctrine, but we are not quite sure that the congregations would altogether relish it. It would be a novelty to have the Commandments covered over with maps of Africa, and to see the preacher illustrating his sermon with the aid of a long pole; but, after all, the geographers would probably be more at home in Savile Row.

It was proposed by the Occasional Sermons Bill that the right of preaching in the pulpits of the Church of England should be thrown open, not only to ministers of all denominations without exception, but to laymen. Mr. Cowper-Temple, as an inducement to pass his Bill, held out the prospect of "laymen of distinction, accustomed to impart teaching through the press and in other ways, on social, moral, and religious topics," giving their services as an occasional lift to the Church of England. He thought that this would be a great advantage both for the congregations and the clergymen, as "clergymen would benefit by hearing the views of gentlemen outside the clerical profession." It has been suggested that it gives an aspect of freshness even to a familiar landscape to put your head through your legs and look at it that way, and we can conceive that the benefit of this sort of freshness would be provided for clergymen of the Church of England who had the opportunity of hearing an "occasional sermon" from Mr. Bradlaugh about "the old monkey with the three tails." The dead level of orthodox doctrine would thus be agreeably varied. When Mr. Cowper-Temple suggested that laymen of distinction accustomed

to impart teaching through the press should be called in to preach to the clergy from their own pulpits, he was possibly thinking of those beautiful Good Friday articles in the *Daily Telegraph:* but we suspect that these productions are really adapted only for the closet. They are too moving for a public audience. It has been sometimes said that the press is supplanting the pulpit, but the pulpit must be even in a worse way than has been thought if it is to be saved only by getting the gentlemen of the press to recite their leading articles in the preacher's place. For our part, we think leading articles are very well in their way, but perhaps we have almost enough of them during the week. Mr. Matthew Arnold is a layman of distinction, and probably would draw well if announced to deliver a sermon on the three Shaftesburys. We see no reason to doubt that a great deal might be done in this way to enliven and render more popular and attractive the services of the Church; only, if the churches are to be turned into places of amusement, it seems hardly worth while to stop short at this point. A little freshness might be given to other parts of the service as well as to the preaching. An occasional operatic selection would be a pleasant relief from the monotony of sacred music, and a revival of the old miracle plays would introduce more direct competition with the theatres. If Dr. Livingstone is to be invited to preach on Africa, it would be only natural to have a course of sermons from Professor Tyndall on chemistry, with all sorts of pretty experiments on the altar; or from Dr. Darwin on the development of species, with illustrations from the Zoological Gardens in cages round the pulpit. There can be very little doubt that, regarded as a form of popular entertainment, the Church of England is not worked so successfully as it might be, and one can fancy what could be made of it if it were taken up in earnest by a regular showman like Cole C.B. or Mr. E. T. Smith.

The only difficulty in approving this proposal for making the Church lively and popular relates to the theory on which it rests of the object of the Church. If we could only admit that the Church had no other object than to make itself lively and popular, and to attract as large audiences as possible, we might be disposed to go in heartily with Mr. Cowper-Temple, and even somewhat beyond him. But we have always been under the impression that the Church was intended for something more than to provide the public with Sunday amusements. We had a notion that the object of the Church was to teach a particular set of doctrines, and though it is true that considerable latitude is allowed in the interpretation of those doctrines, still there are certain broad limits within which preachers must confine themselves. The preachers whom Mr. Cowper-Temple is anxious to admit to the pulpit would be under no sort of discipline or responsibility whatever. Once in the pulpit, they could say what they liked, and a clergyman loose in his belief, who was afraid to speak out his own sentiments, might find it convenient to have a stalking-horse of this kind. The Bill provided that before an occasional preacher was admitted to a pulpit he must be approved by the ordinary, the incumbent, and the churchwardens of the church in which he was to preach. Mr. Cowper-Temple apparently assumed that the ordinary was always the bishop, but that is not so. The bishop may or may not be the ordinary; and as Mr. Gladstone pointed out, ordinaries are in a great many instances men of whom public opinion knows very little, and over whom it consequently exercises very little check. A bishop is a person of high station and great responsibility, and might be trusted to be more careful what sort of people he licensed in this way. But even bishops are only men, and a resolute and teasing clergyman, who was very eager to adopt the starring system, would have many ways of bringing pressure to bear on the bishop of his diocese. It is a mistake to suppose that bishops are usually very strong in the back; on the contrary, that is just their weak point; they are anxious to please everybody as far as possible, and they would be apt to feel that an application from an incumbent and his churchwardens to authorize a clergyman of another denomination or a layman to preach would be difficult to resist. There is a sort of moral picketing to which ecclesiastical dignitaries are very much exposed, and under which they are really very helpless. Just because of their high position and great responsibility, bishops are very reluctant to do anything to disoblige their clergy; and if once the system of occasional sermons was fairly started, it would become rather an invidious task to withhold permission from any one to preach in the pulpit of an incumbent who was willing to cede it to him. In such a case the congregation may be considered to have some right to be heard, and the churchwardens were probably put forward as the protectors of the congregation. It was proposed that the churchwardens, as representatives of the congregation, should join the incumbent in applying to the bishop, and might, if they chose, refuse to do so. We suppose that the churchwardens before they assented to the application would feel bound to have a specimen of the candidate's style of preaching. There is a well-known story of a churchwarden who, when asked by the clergyman (Bishop Blomfield in his curate days) what he thought of his sermon against atheism replied apologetically, "Well you see, sir, I believes as how there be a God." But all churchwardens might not be equally discriminating or candid. Besides, they might be deceived by the candidate treating them at the private rehearsal to a page or two out of an orthodox book of sermons, and reserving his own spicy infidelity for the congregation. If a preacher took advantage of the incumbent and churchwardens in this way, the latter would probably be rather anxious to hush up the matter, and not have any public scandal about it. And thus the most extraordinary doctrines might be allowed to be put forth from the pulpit, apparently under the guarantee of the bishop, incumbent, and churchwardens, taking the churchwardens for what they are worth. Mr. Hughes says he is anxious to see the Church adapted to the requirements of the present state of society; and there are certainly at the present moment no lack of adapters. There are now before Parliament about a score of Bills dealing with the ecclesiastical reorganization of the Church; and if the adapters had their way, there would be some danger of its being adapted out of existence. Under Mr. Cowper-Temple's plan the Church would cease to have any distinctive doctrines, or any clergy in particular. All clergymen and all laymen of all denominations would be entitled to mount the pulpits of the Church, and to proclaim any doctrines they pleased. The Church, in fact, would become simply a series of open meeting-houses, like Exeter Hall, in which Monsignor Capel, Mr. Voysey, Mr. Bradlaugh, Mr. Spurgeon, and Mr. Matthew Arnold might be heard in lively succession. Mr. Cowper-Temple's anxiety to cut down Christianity to "the points on which all Christians are agreed" reminds one of a well-known writer who boasted that he was a Christian of the time of Christ. It was suggested that this must have been a Christian who had listened with approval to the Sermon on the Mount, but had never happened to hear of the miracles and died before the Resurrection. Mr. Cowper-Temple is not so fastidious as to stickle for even those points about which all Christians are agreed. He suggests no sort of restrictions as to the doctrines which his preachers of occasional sermons may enunciate. It is obvious that under a process of this sort the Church would at once lose its reason for existence and would be rapidly broken down. A Church which represented nothing but a common platform open to every preacher and spouter would certainly be something very different from what is now known as the Church of England. Happily the temper of the times is running strongly against these fussy, meddlesome, crotchety projects of legislation, and Mr. Cowper-Temple's preposterous Bill has been rejected in so decisive a manner that we may almost hope never to hear of it again.

THE LAW OF GAMES.

A BOOK has been lately published giving a brief history of lotteries in England, and it may be worth while to remark that, when one great opportunity for gambling was removed by the abolition of State lotteries, it was natural that other opportunities should be invented or improved. This observation may perhaps account for the great extension of betting upon horse-races during the last forty years. The Derby is at any rate preferable to an annual State lottery organized on a scale proportioned to the wealth and speculative spirit of the nation. We may estimate what would be done now by looking back to what was done in 1826 in preparation for the drawing of the last State lottery in October of that year. The name of the enterprising contractor, Bish, still lingers in the memory of many persons through his poetical advertisements:—

'Tis Bish's house, I know it well,
'Tis there you get a golden pill.

The earnest invitations to men, women, and children to make their fortunes by the help of Bish may remind us that there are several persons prepared at any moment to reveal for a small consideration the name of an outsider who is certain to win a great race. The art and mystery of puffing has not perished, as Charles Lamb feared it would, along with lotteries. But perhaps there has been little improvement upon the ingenuity of Bish and other lottery contractors. "They cajoled and decoyed the most suspicious and wary reader into a perusal of their advertisements by devices of endless variety and cunning. They baited their lurking schemes with midnight murders, ghost stories, crim. cons., bons-mots, balloons, dreadful catastrophes, and every diversity of joy and sorrow to catch newspaper gudgeons." Besides encouraging talent which Charles Lamb thought admirable, the State lottery added upwards of a quarter of a million to the revenue of the year. It gave employment to others besides puffers. There is a tradition that a well-known jockey used to disappear from Newmarket at intervals during the winter months, and he was supposed to be employed in riding with relays of horses from Liverpool to London to announce the numbers of the tickets which had been drawn as prizes in the Irish lotteries. Many precautions were adopted to ensure fairness in the drawing. King Charles II. informed his subjects that he would himself see all the prizes put in amongst the blanks, and at the same time Mr. Francis Child of Temple Bar undertook to be responsible to the adventurers for the delivery of the prizes. This division of labour between the sovereign and the banker is amusing. The King would undertake for his own honesty, but not for the solvency of himself or anybody else. This lottery was held for the disposal of the jewels of Prince Rupert, then lately deceased, which were valued at 20,000*l.* When the State went regularly into the business of lotteries, it endeavoured to suppress the private lotteries or "little goes" of individual speculators, who however operated to a great extent, and with every species of fraudulent contrivance. It became the custom to employ boys of the Bluecoat School to draw the tickets of the State lotteries, and an order was issued by the Treasury that the managers should see that "the broom and

sleeves of his coat be closely buttoned, and his pockets sewed up," and other precautions be taken to render cheating impossible. Poor medical practitioners used to attend the drawings of public lotteries to be ready to assist persons who might be overpowered by emotion on hearing the fate of the tickets which they held. Charles Lamb has described the happiness of a gentleman who, by a mistake of a lottery office, enjoyed for ten minutes the pleasure of possessing 20,000*l.* The literature of the age derived a special flavour from this source. It was thought a good joke to announce that "six fair pretty young ladies imported from Europe" would be raffled for at Calcutta, and we almost wonder that this advertisement did not produce a cynical essay upon the advantages of a blank in the lottery of matrimony. There must have been a few persons who made fortunes in lotteries and kept them, and there must have been persons innumerable who habitually took tickets in lotteries just as there are persons who always make a small "investment," as they call it, upon the Derby. It is, however, something gained that the law does not allow betting agents to advertise themselves as openly as did the great Bish. Something like the national infatuation which prevailed in the age of lotteries has been produced locally in recent times in reference to horse-racing. We are reminded by the death of the venerable Earl of Zetland that Yorkshire went mad when "the spots" won the Derby; and although the late Earl's influence in Richmond procured the return of the present Lord Chancellor for that borough, yet this trivial circumstance will be forgotten, while it will be remembered that Lord Zetland was an excellent judge of horseflesh, and the master of a small but well selected stud, which included Voltigeur and Vedette. The Earl of Zetland belonged to a class of sportsmen of whom there are too few left on the Turf, and indeed it has now reached a condition like that of lotteries under King Charles II., when the public needed some special assurance that things would be done upon the square. The belief of Yorkshiremen in their favourite "spots" was founded on the honour as well as shrewdness which governed the Aske stable. As we cannot expect the English nation to abstain from gambling, it is something to have substituted horse-races, even as they are now conducted, for lotteries.

These remarks have been suggested by a little book on Games, by Mr. F. Brandt, which brings out more clearly than any other book which we remember that the prohibitions of various early statutes were directed against games, not as in themselves wrong, but as tending to divert attention from archery and other warlike exercises. Thus the stat. 33, Hen. VIII. c. 9, which was passed upon the petition of bowmen and others concerned in making implements of archery, enacts that no manner of artificer, craftsman, labourer, or servant, should play at tables, tennis, dice, cards, bowls, or any other unlawful game out of Christmas under pain of 20*s.* According to the idea of that time, the King and nobility might do that which was forbidden to the common people, and the Royal palaces and the houses of great men had special privileges for gambling. For many generations certain apartments of the Royal palace offered facilities to lords and ladies to lose their money, and in the comedies of the eighteenth century play at the Groom Porter's is mentioned as betting at Tattersall's might be in comedies were written nowadays. This "good and profitable statute" of King Henry VIII. would certainly have prohibited cricket if that game had been invented in his time. It was not merely playing for money, but playing simply, that was forbidden, and doubtless boat-racing would have been censured along with other "vanos ludos" as distracting the mind of youth from archery. The ladies of the period were doubtless expected to look on at archery with as much interest as at bowls or tennis; and indeed archery must have been almost as amusing to the uninitiated spectator as particularly scientific cricket, involving a frequent occurrence of "maiden overs." It might be an interesting question how far the statute of Henry VIII. was observed. That it had considerable effect may be inferred from the declaration of King James I. that certain games should be lawful upon Sundays or holidays after divine service was ended. Thus the exemption which had been allowed to Christmas was extended to other festivals. The Sabbatarian view of these matters only established itself at a later time. The general view of our law was that the better the day the better the deed; and King Charles I. added a further exemption of the wakes, or feasts of the dedication of churches, which are said to have been always kept in the North of England, and which lately, under another influence, have been revived. It was in preparation for one of these wakes that the churchwardens of a certain parish were said to have sold their church Bible to buy a bear. It may perhaps mitigate our compassion for the subjects of King Henry VIII. to observe that they could always relieve the dulness of a life bereft of games by fighting among themselves, either with weapons or without. Hamlet contemplates that the bones of a dead man might be used to play at loggats, which were a kind of skittles; and there were other and more exciting games in which the bones of a living man might be used without contravening the letter of the law, and certainly in harmony with its spirit. It seems wonderful that the Act of King Henry VIII. should have remained unrepealed until 1845. But up to that time it was illegal for any person to play at bowls, quoits, or tennis in a public ground, and it was also illegal for working-men to play at these games anywhere at any time except Christmas. It is pleasant to think that under the law as it stood less than thirty years ago a party of working colliers could only amuse themselves with skittles by permission of their master. This was the more hard because the advancing civilization of the age was beginning to oppose itself to fighting even with fists, while cudgels and quarter-staff were growing obsolete, and bull and bear baiting and sword-play had gone wholly out of fashion. It might of course be suggested that the colliers could go to a Mechanics' Institute and hear a lecture, but an artist of *Punch* knew their habits better when he represented the mother of a family exhorting her eldest son to "get'ee foughten and come whoam," adding that "faythur's gotten foughten an hour a-gone." There can be no doubt that bowls, skittles, or loggats, have always been popular games in England, as is proved by the saying, which has become almost a proverb, that life is not all beer and skittles. We must suppose, therefore, that the statute against these games was systematically disregarded. The working-man got his skittles and would be likely to get his beer in spite of prohibitory laws. In like manner the statute of King Charles II. against betting on credit beyond 100*l.* did not usually interfere with the transactions of the Turf; but the penalties imposed by that statute were sometimes sued for by informers, and indeed it was an action of this kind that induced the Legislature to consider the whole subject, and frame the statute by which such matters are now regulated. Both the law and the administration of it have lately become sufficiently severe. It is true that betting upon horse-races has not been, and is not likely to be, abolished, and we may be sure that, if it were, some other form of gambling would take its place. It appears from Mr. Brandt's book that no longer ago than 1825 the owner of a travelling menagerie advertised a match for a fabulous amount between a lion and dogs. The Special Correspondent had not at that day obtained the importance which he now enjoys, but the reporters of the daily newspapers did their best to describe the details of the combat, at the same time expressing their disgust at it. The *Morning Herald*, with a discernment that entitled it to the name it afterwards acquired, had declared its conviction that there was no such person as the maker of this match, and that the match would never come off, but was a mere contrivance to induce the public to pay money to see the lion and the dogs. These extracts have become by lapse of time almost as curious as the *Spectator's* description of sword-play at Hockley-in-the-Hole, which is also quoted by Mr. Brandt. This sword-play was a genuine affair, but it appears from another extract that what is called a "cross" was practised by fighting men in Queen Anne's time. Looking at the whole course of legislation, it is not wonderful that a bench of magistrates should have adjourned their proceedings to attend the great fight between Cribb and Molyneux. The law disapproved loggatting in the fields, and would have equally disapproved the pitch and toss of modern times; but a fair stand-up fight with fists or cudgels, or even swords and bucklers, was within the spirit of the statute for "the maintenance of artillery." Indeed King Henry VIII. made the professors of the "Noble Science of Defence" into a corporation which held exercises and granted degrees. Perhaps we might epitomize the legislation of that King's time by saying that unlawful games were those which tended to the loss of money rather than of blood.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

III.

"THE ideal in art" is almost unknown within our modern picture galleries, and yet from time to time there appears an exceptional work, such as Mr. Leighton's design, "The Industrial Arts of Peace" (1270), which affords pleasant proof that the prevailing realism of the period is giving way to styles more abstract and generic. The idea or idealism in this composition is in part seen in the unity and simplicity educed from component elements which are varied and complex. The centre of the canvas is held by a bevy of fair women who have nothing more "industrial" on hand than the milliner's art; one and all are studiously occupied in developing their natural charms by the aid of artificial draperies. This by no means profound motive gives opportunity for the manifestation of supreme grace; such movement as is here needed is but one remove from rest; indeed the beauty which resides in repose is not in this middle portion of the composition broken at a single point. The remaining two-third parts—one on either hand—are surrendered to the business and the bustle of the world. On the left appear upon the scene men sinewy as if drawn by Signorelli, bearing products of the vintage across the quay; on the opposite side are figures to match concerned with the classic drama, and at work on Greek vases. It will thus be observed that the "industrial" element, which appears in the printed title, has been all but left out, probably to the advantage of the picture. Everything, in fact, has been omitted which could by possibility mar the symmetry and concord of this symphony of sweet forms. The composition is all the more compactly knit together by a semicircular colonnade, which forms a background to the figures after the manner of the Italian masters, who reduced mural painting to a system; and thus the design which is intended as "part of a projected decoration in the South Kensington Museum" observes the laws and conforms to the proportions of "monumental art." A work of this imaginative character is scarcely restricted within the categories of time and space; accordingly, the locality has been left to conjecture, yet the presence of the palm pleasantly suggests a Southern land where life is surrendered to luxury and sweetened by *dolce far niente*. In like manner as to date, fancy is permitted in agreeable freedom to wander pretty

much where it listeth; but at all events the presence of one of the latest forms of Greek vases prohibits the possibility of so early a period as the age of Pericles. Of much more vital moment are questions which involve style and treatment; and herein we at first inclined to think that the artist had surrendered too much to unity, that he had interwoven his lines and cast his harmonies into such intricate involutions as to lose breadth and decision. It is not the first time that the painter has barely escaped these penalties of an over-subtle and sensitive style. In the present instance, however, a struggle has evidently been made to preserve breadth in detail and simplicity in the midst of complexity. The work, judged by historic standards, is eclectic, and yet not quite in the Bolognese sense, because modern eclecticism comes down later and comprises more. Thus in this elegant combination we seem to pass from the ancient Greeks to the middle-age Italians, down even to the time of our English Flaxman or Stothard. Did space permit, it might be interesting to criticize the composition in its relation to the sister arts of written poetry and of musical sound. Though strictly pictorial, and in parts almost plastic, it is yet rhythmical as verse and melodious as music.

The term "ideal," with which we began this notice, finds further illustration within the Academy of the year. Thus for the sake of ideal beauty, as opposed to realistic strength, some people may incline to pardon "The Lady of Shalott" (949), a characteristic fantasy of Mr. Arthur Hughes. A composition comprising a lady lying in a boat attended by a swan, and gazed at curiously by villagers peering from out a woodland, is so much a matter of routine that the conception can only be redeemed by treatment. In the present case colour has to excuse the absence of form, and a certain refinement of sentiment must serve as a substitute for robuster qualities. Mr. Fildes, in a picture of "Simpletons" (960), hung as a companion to "The Lady of Shalott" has degenerated into frivolity; this is a sad falling off from the work we had the pleasure of commending a year ago; yet the motive is not dissimilar; in fact, the artist but pays the proverbial penalty of attempting a sequel to a success. Reverting to ideals, we naturally come to "The Fountain" (72); here a driblet of water enables Mr. Leslie, A.R.A., to bring together a company of graceful girls in semi-classic draperies, with headwreaths of live flowers culled from the neighbouring woods. The fatality which almost invariably attends ideal schools here begins to make itself felt; nature retreats still further from the scene, and forms which at first were pleasing shadows fade into the pale land of visions. The ideal of Mr. Leslie is romantic; that of Mr. Albert Moore, in "Follow my Leader" (149), assumes a more classic guise. Mr. Leslie as usual poses his female figures in rest; his attitudes are often reflected from Greek vases. Mr. Moore also may be indebted to fictile vases, only he prefers compositions wherein figures in a long line are giving each other chase, one leg foremost, the other lagging behind. Mr. Leslie is pretty, Mr. Moore little else than peculiar. It is a misfortune when a gifted artist whose chosen mission is that of a revivalist selects for reproduction types which belong to periods of decadence. Mr. Moore, unlike Flaxman in England, and Carstens in Germany, resuscitates forms which are less graceful than uncouth, and his draperies especially become objectionable when, as here, they pertain to the corrupt Roman style more than to the prior and the purer Grecian period. We think, too, that Mr. Moore falls into errors of colour analogous to his faults in form; his pigments have a crudity and opacity which he has too blindly borrowed from the mural paintings of Pompeii—a school of art avowedly provincial, and, as compared with the highest classic manifestations, little above the rank of paper-hangings. The line taken by Mr. Moore is so full of promise, so capable of high and indefinite development, that we feel all the more intolerant when he falls short of his noble aim. A figure of much classic grace, "Watching the Game" (394), by Miss A. M. Thornycroft, does not fall under the censure to which these classic revivals are frequently subject; refinement, beauty, and harmony of composition distinguish this praiseworthy effort. Another young lady, Miss A. E. Donkin, has won her way to a place on the line by a thoughtful and well-painted head, "Musical Memories" (130).

It is curious to observe how ideal standards change from time to time within the Academy, how types once new have become, by common use, stale, conventional, and worn out. The figures served up year after year by Mr. Frith, R.A., may possibly, in the eyes of some, still pass for the pink of perfection; but they have appeared so often, not only at "The Winning Hazard" (221), and among "English Archers" (99), but also at gambling-tables and race-courses, that their further presence may well be spared. A painter is worthy of respect when he throws into his work some fresh thought, but when he no longer strives to surpass himself, he will find to his cost that he cannot remain where he is, but must go backwards. Mr. Frith's brush has scarcely a rival, save in Paris, for sparkle and dexterity, but the mischief is that the ideas embodied are poor in the scale of intellect. Mr. Horsley, R.A., has also been accustomed to repeat himself; "Stolen Glances" (202) is a story of love, with a window intervening between the cavaliers and the ladies; the only original character appears to be a cat sitting without blinking, as wise as an owl and as grave as a judge. The story, though trite, has the merit of being told, as may be expected, with sly and quiet humour. Mr. Calderon, though his manner has been for some time sufficiently settled to be told at a glance, is fortunate enough to find with each recurring season a fresh crop of new ideas, and if on the present occasion his conceptions are not of an importance to require a large canvas, they are commended by point, wit, and *esprit faire*. Of accustomed vivacity is "Victory" (215); from the high battlement of a walled city women and children, gathered into eager groups, look down on the plain below, where fathers, husbands, brothers, sons, are in fierce combat with the foe; hope and fear pass from face to face under the changing fortunes of the field. The subject involved palpable difficulties which could be surmounted only by skilful composition and by a clear and trenchant delineation of character. We pass by, as a useful sort of potboiler, an intensely sentimental situation on a garden beach, "Take, O take, those lips away" (126). Much to be preferred is a love comedy by the same artist, "The Moonlight Serenade" (181). A lady looks from a window; beneath is the enraged father or husband with sword in hand in hot pursuit; the lover in his retreat has strewn the pavement with flowers, a guitar, and a shoe; already far away round a sharp corner he presents to the spectator nothing but his affrighted back. It is always a good sign when a picture translates well into words; a narrative on canvas seldom fails to please when it reads perspicuously as a tale in a book; indeed the most popular works in the Academy are usually story pictures, as may be seen by the eager eyes that gather round them. There seems, indeed, a danger at the present time that incident may usurp the place of higher and more directly art qualities. Pictorial narratives are like picture story-books suited to the capacity of children.

Writers on the philosophy of art such as M. Taine sometimes give so extended an interpretation to the "ideal" as to include within the term every ruling "idea," whatever aspect it may assume. The exhibition of the Academy would thus seem to be divided into two parts—(1st) pictures with an idea, and (2nd) pictures without an idea. We are glad to say that the latter—the idealess pictures—are year by year diminishing in number. Many examples might be adduced of works which in different directions show that artists are more careful than hitherto to subject the accidents of nature to governing law. We are willing to think that Mr. Marcus Stone, in "Le Roi est mort; Vive le Roi!" (663), has taken a more serious view than heretofore of the exigencies of history. At all events the subject is conceived dramatically and expressed with sufficient breadth. On the one hand, the dead king lies on his bed convulsively just as he has died; forthwith the officers of State turn away and throw themselves at the feet of the infant king supported by his mother. Mr. Stone has long given a promise of which we here see the fulfilment; his compositions, clever even to excess, have often wanted governing purpose. We may next mention "Pompeii Destroyed" (550), by Mr. Topham, in proof of how widely a lurid fancy goes astray when unrestrained by truth. The composition is not without beauty and dramatic power, and yet, instead of a grave historic event, we have here an incoherent concourse of figures which have little more to do with Pompeii than if they were a gipsy encampment. Specially nomadic, festive, and ill-timed is the tent scene, wherein a young girl vain of her charms arranges her toilet before a mirror held up by a domestic slave. This clever artist again fails, as heretofore, because he does not settle with sufficient forethought his pictorial plan; in consequence his brilliant technique is thrown away. With greater solemnity and with more stately step Sir John Gilbert marches across the field of history; "The First Prince of Wales" (593) is a composition which gains power in proportion to its concentration. The infant prince fitly forms the focus around which encircling figures congregate; specially noble are the Druid-like representatives of the ancient Britons. The execution is strong as the conception is manly and heroic. "The ideal in art," as defined by M. Taine and others, would seem to include even such painters as Sir John Gilbert and Rembrandt; a teaching thus tolerant gives to the future of our English school all the more hope inasmuch as the most real of the real is not beyond the pale of the ideal.

NEWMARKET SECOND SPRING MEETING.

As we shall have to refer to the Two Thousand week in order to obtain some idea of the form of the two-year olds, so far as it has been exhibited up to the present time, we may take the opportunity to say a word on the One Thousand Guineas and Newmarket Stakes, on which we had no opportunity of commenting before. The former race was run this year for the first time on the Rowley instead of the Ditch mile, but the alteration of the course had no effect in preventing its result from being, as usual, a surprise, owing to the uncertain disposition of fillies at this season of the year. The field was larger than for the Two Thousand, and the fourteen starters included nearly all prominent performers of last year, except Cantinière and Lady Lyon. Mr. Merry was represented by Marie Stuart, Lord Falmouth ran two, Silver Ring and Cecilia, Count Renard and M. Lefèvre started a pair each, and the best known of the remainder were Angela, Gratinska, Windermere, Wild Myrtle, and Blue Light. An excellent start was the prelude to an excellent race, in which all public form was upset, and Cecilia, who ran five times last year without success, not only made the whole running, but won cleverly from Angela, Windermere, and Marie Stuart, these three finishing close together. Angela's previous performances were good enough to entitle her on her merits to a place; but Marie Stuart and Gratinska sadly fell off from their best form, and Silver Ring also must have deteriorated or be at present in no condition to run since she finished so far behind her stable

companion. Cecilia is a daughter of Siberia, who herself won the One Thousand, which race has now fallen twice to Lord Falmouth. Later in the same afternoon Lord Falmouth followed up his success by carrying off the Newmarket Stakes with Andred, who beat Negro much more easily than he was beaten himself in the Craven week by M. Lefèvre's horse. The Ditch mile is possibly not suited so well to Negro as the Rowley mile; but when horses cannot get away from one another, and alternately beat and are beaten, it is plain proof that they are none of them of the highest class; and that, we suspect, will turn out to be the real truth about the three-year-olds in 1873.

The first day of the two-year-old racing showed that French owners have not lost the secret, even with English-bred and English-trained horses, of bringing their youngsters to the post in a state of precocious forwardness which is the wonder of ordinary trainers. M. Lefèvre and Fordham were irresistible, and La Jeunesse, Miss Toto, and La Gelée swept off the three first two-year-old prizes of the year. The first is by Thormanby out of Sunset, and the second by Lord Clifden out of Baroness, and already public running has shown Miss Toto to be about the best at present exhibited. But each of the three who succeeded in carrying off their earliest engagements beat horses that in the fortnight that has since elapsed have been returned as winners. The oddly named Mr. Winkle, for instance, by St. Albans out of Peri, who was beaten a long way off by Miss Toto at Newmarket, won two races at Chester, where Juliet in like manner vanquished by La Jeunesse at the First Spring Meeting, also gained a victory. Mr. Winkle also won his first engagement at Newmarket this week, though, being brought out again one hour afterwards, and having to carry a 5 lb. penalty in the principal race of the week, he was exposed to an almost certain defeat. For this, the Newmarket Two-Year-Old Plate, nineteen ran, and two stable companions, Tomahawk and Couronne de Fer, finished first and second, while Napoleon III. was an indifferent third. Now Tomahawk and Napoleon III. were both beaten by Miss Toto at the First Spring Meeting, and Couronne de Fer was considered by his trainer superior to Tomahawk. Therefore we are justified in holding that the form of Miss Toto has not been at present surpassed. But Couronne de Fer, by Macaroni out of Miss Agnes, ran so gamely on Tuesday, and made up so much lost ground at the finish, that we can readily believe he will turn out the best stayer of the nineteen, and, possibly, one of the champions of his year. Mr. Winkle, we may add, has not many engagements, and as he was much distressed after his second race on Tuesday, little can be expected from him. We shall possibly see Tomahawk again at Epsom in the Woodcote Stakes, but Couronne de Fer has no engagement till Ascot.

Prince Charlie and Vulcan met for the second time this season on Tuesday, over the last five furlongs of the Rowley mile, and Chopette joined in with them; but Prince Charlie made a fearful example of his opponents, and won far more easily than in the Craven week. Any animal that succeeds in getting anywhere near the magnificent son of Blair Athol at weight for age, over a six-furlong course, will be little short of a wonder. The Newmarket Spring Handicap on Wednesday was won by Blenheim, who, though not favoured in the weights, was of better class than his eight antagonists. The Gang Forward Stakes fell to Stonan, the property of Gang Forward's owner, who won cleverly from a good field, including Oxford Mixture, Drummond, and Croxteth; and having also carried off a good race at Epsom Spring Meeting, he considerably improved the position of his stable companion as a Derby favourite. But by far the most important race of the day was the Derby Trial Plate, over the last mile and a half of the Beacon course, for which eight started, among whom we need only mention Laburnum, Thorn, and Bertram. We need hardly say that the weights were weights for age, and that the race answered with some reality to its high-sounding name. Laburnum (who, as we expected, proved utterly ignorant of the merry-go-round business of the Chester Course) had evidently retained a lively recollection of his unprofitable journey from Newmarket to the banks of the Dee, and, being forced against his will to make the running, very soon gave up the struggle in disgust. The race then resolved itself into a match between Thorn and Bertram, and after a very fine finish the former succeeded in winning by a head. This performance served to point out especially the sterling merits of Kaiser, who beat Thorn easily in the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster. And that Thorn was in good form at the time was proved by his hollow victory on the following day over a fairly speedy field. Bertram also is an excellent trial horse, and the supporters of Kaiser for the Derby must be in every way satisfied with the result of the Derby Trial Plate. We are glad to be able to say that the fields at the Second Spring Meeting were, as a rule, large, and certainly much in excess of the usual average of starters at Newmarket. This improvement was not noticeable only in the two-year-old races, but in the weight for age races also and the smaller events. But then we must remember that there is no more racing after this week at Newmarket till July, and owners and trainers may have become fairly sick of keeping long strings of horses in idleness. There was nothing, after all, wonderful about the size of the fields, considering the immense number of horses that are trained at Newmarket; but when, at an ordinary meeting, two or three only are, on an average, gathered together to take part in a race, one is thankful that occasionally the number of starters is increased to six, or eight, or ten.

A short debate which has taken place in the House of Commons within the last fortnight, on the policy of applying public money to the maintenance of Queen's Plates in Scotland and Ireland is deserving of notice, because the minority which declines to sanction the grant is steadily growing in numbers and importance, because the discussion is sure to be renewed when a similar vote is taken for England, and because it is to be hoped that some stronger arguments than have hitherto been used in their favour will then be forthcoming. Nothing could possibly have been weaker than Lord Hartington's defence of Queen's Plates, which consisted, in fact, of two complacent and confident statements—first, that racing tended to improve the breed of horses, and secondly, that any sums given by the nation to encourage racing could not be better appropriated than they are now. There is no subject on which opinions are so much divided as the question whether the modern system of racing does or does not conduce to the improvement of the thoroughbred; and Lord Hartington's calm assertion is merely the expression of his individual sympathy with the views of that section of racing men which acknowledges Admiral Rous as its leader. It is convenient to ignore the fact that the opposite party, which, so far from believing in the progressive improvement of the British thoroughbred, suspects its deterioration, is strong in numbers and influence, though perhaps not so noisy in argument. But, granting for the moment the first position assumed by the Chief Secretary for Ireland, is there any warrant, even in the opinion of any one party of lovers of the Turf, for his second? Is it not a fact that Queen's Plates were established at a time when it was the fashion to race long distance races—very often in heats also—and when horses were bred and trained expressly for that purpose? Is it not a fact that that time has gone by, that the fashion is obsolete, and that modern racehorses are bred and trained for very different purposes? Can it be denied that the Queen's Plate is the proverbial farce of the meeting to which it is granted, that no owner of horses at the present day cares a button about the one hundred guineas—seeing that he could win five times as much by his horse coming in last instead of first—and that very few horses at the present day care about galloping four, or three, or even two miles and a half? No one who has been in the habit of attending race meetings during the last few years can rebut these inquiries. Often enough there is a literal and actual walk over for the Queen's Plate; but where there is a race, what a ghost and shadow of a race it is! Starting at a walk, that steady but not trying pace is maintained for perhaps a fourth of the distance, when it occurs to some ambitious jockey that trotting on a summer afternoon is an agreeable exercise. Warmed by the enjoyment of a trot, he changes at length to a canter, and his professional instincts arouse him to set his horse galloping in the last half-mile, when the stand is in sight, and the roar of the bookmakers is within hearing. And then the winner of such a race is heralded as a grand stayer, and a Cabinet Minister pronounces that the public money is well spent in the maintenance of these paltry burlesques. We do not say for a moment that it is unadvisable to support racing by grants of public money. The time may perhaps not be far distant when such support must be withheld; but at present the sport has not sunk to that depth of degradation which would compel the withdrawal of the national sanction. But we do say two things—first, that if Queen's Plates are retained under a belief that they will encourage a breed of horses qualified to run over long courses at fair racing pace, that belief is utterly fallacious; and, secondly, that if the public bounty is to be continued, the conditions of its bestowal require immediate and thorough attention. If our memory serves us, about three thousand pounds are given in England alone for Queen's Plates; and the amount so given is, by the method of its distribution, practically thrown away. If one thousand pounds were given to a two-year-old race in October, over the Bretby Stakes course, another thousand to a three-year-old race for colts and fillies, to be run between Ascot and Doncaster over a mile and a half course, and the third to a Cup race for horses of all ages over a two-mile course, more encouragement would be given than by the establishment of five hundred Queen's Plates. We fear, however, that the fact is that Queen's Plates are allowed to remain from that spirit of conservatism which is loth to uproot existing institutions, but that any attempt to remodel or extend the support extended by Parliament to racing would be met by an outspoken declaration that racing was not worthy of any national recognition whatsoever. We may patch up an old house as well as we can; but if we are asked to rebuild it, we not unfrequently obliterate some of its original features.

By the death of Lord Zetland, the Turf has lost one of its most honourable and most consistent supporters, and a very powerful bulwark against the storm of opposition that will before long assail it. In old age as in youth Lord Zetland was a lover of racehorses, and delighted to see them display their merits in fair contest. He had a natural ambition to carry off the highest prizes of racing, but he disdained to secure them by the ignoble method of buying up his most dangerous antagonists. When he had a good horse, of his own breeding, and home-trained, all that could be done with him was done; but he never troubled to attend, in person or by deputy, fashionable yearling sales, or to give absurd prices for strains of blood that might happen to be in vogue. With Voltigeur he carried off the Derby and St. Leger, and, proudest triumph of all, snatched the Doncaster Cup from the mighty Flying Dutchman. The sequel of that victory will be never forgotten; but the Voltigeur of 1851 was very different from him of 1850; and over-training and over-carefulness made him an easy victim to Lord Eglinton's horse in the great match at

York, in which all England was interested. Never afterwards did Lord Zetland own a Derby winner; though Vedette, who carried off the Two Thousand under every possible disadvantage, would have had few behind him at Epsom had he been entered in the great race of the year. But he won a fair share of prizes—quite sufficient to prevent him from throwing up his stud in disgust; and, in addition, he did not enter his yearlings at haphazard in all great events, in the hope that one out of many might represent him creditably in the end. In his own county no one so liberally patronized race meetings; but after his solitary Derby victory he was comparatively indifferent to South country gatherings. Still he was faithful to the old-established weight for age races at Newmarket and Ascot, and Fragrance and King Cole, Khedive and King Lud, have kept his name and his colours in the recollection of the latest race-goers. He could not give up the idea of a Derby winner, and one that had beaten the greatest horse of modern times, being sure to beget an equal to himself in time; but Voltigeur has never fulfilled this expectation. What he has imparted to his progeny has been his temper, which became, in his own case, affected after his two trying races in the autumn of 1850, and which time made worse ever afterwards. None of his stock has come near him in staying powers, but it may be a satisfaction to remark that his mighty rival has been still more unsuccessful at the stud. Horse-breeding—despite the plausible attempts to elevate it to the dignity of a science—is more a lottery than horse-racing; and, to all appearances, we shall live to see the great Gladiateur widely known as a sire of platers. It is uncertain as yet whether the Zetland stud will be dispersed or not; but, whatever its fate, the white and red spots jacket will long remain a cherished memory to the horse-loving inhabitants of Yorkshire.

REVIEWS.

THE YELLOWSTONE BASIN.*

In our notice of the United States Geological Survey of Nebraska and Montana we drew attention some months ago to the singular and strongly marked physical features which make the valley of the Yellowstone River in the last-named Territory one of the most remarkable in the world. Nowhere are the evidences of volcanic activity in bygone geological times exhibited on so stupendous a scale, or crowded into so definite a focus. During the Pleiocene period, as depicted by Dr. Hayden, the able geologist of the survey, the whole vast country now drained by the Yellowstone and the Columbia Rivers was the theatre of a mighty drama played by igneous forces imprisoned within the earth. It might be described as one vast crater made up out of a thousand smaller volcanic vents and fissures, out of which the fluid interior of the earth, fragments of rock and volcanic dust, were poured forth in unlimited volume. Hundreds of the nuclei or cones of these volcanic vents are still remaining, some of them rising to a height of 10,000 feet or more above the sea. All that is left of those gigantic forces which threw up these lofty mountains and raised the whole region to its present altitude now finds issue in occasional earthquake shocks, and in the innumerable hot springs and geysers which dwarf those of Iceland and New Zealand into insignificance. These wonders culminate in the Yellowstone Lake, which, with the district adjoining, has been, by the wise and liberal policy of the national Legislature, set apart like the Yosemite Valley in California as a national park to be kept in perpetuity, sacred from the promiscuous intrusion and vulgar desecration which have so sadly marred the beauties of Niagara. For a popular account of this unique and little known district, compiled for Mr. Bayard Taylor's "Illustrated Library of Travel, Exploration, and Adventure" from the best and latest official reports, coupled with the personal narrative of the ex-governor of Montana, N. P. Langford, the public will thank the writer of the little volume before us, albeit we fail to gather that he speaks from his own knowledge of the wonders which he has to tell.

Situated at a height of 7,427 feet above the sea, having no rival in elevation save Lake Titicaca in South America, the Yellowstone Lake, justly called the crown of the continent, receives no tributaries of any size or volume, its clear cold water being contributed only by the snows which lie thickly upon the mountain ranges which hem it in on every side. In colour a bright emerald green, shading to a delicate ultramarine, recalling the varied hues which form the more familiar beauty of the Lake of Thun, this lake has its shore paved with volcanic rocks, here in great masses, there broken into pebbles of trachyte, obsidian, chalcedony, cornelian, agate, and fragments of agatized wood; in some places ground to obsidian sand, and sprinkled with crystals of Californian diamonds. Vegetation is abundant in its waters, which swarm with salmon trout; no other fish, nor yet mollusca, inhabiting its waters. Waterfowl, however, are abundant and varied; while herds of deer, elk, and mountain sheep throng the forests and mountains around the lake. Nor are grizzly bears, buffaloes, and California lions uncommon; whilst the smaller lakes and creek valleys are fairly alive with otter, beaver, mink, and musk rats. New species of squirrels and weasels are met with, but happily no snakes; though rattlesnakes are plentiful enough down the Yellowstone river. This lovely sheet of water is somewhat over twenty miles long and fifteen broad, of irregular shape, compared to an outspread hand. A few islands, thickly clad with pines, dot its surface; and in the illustration, expressively if not over-delicately drawn, woods of pine fringe and diversify its shores. The river of the same name leaves the lake with an easy flow northwards, a quarter of a mile wide, just deep enough to swim a horse. Three or four miles from the lake Sulphur Hills stand as monuments of a once magnificent system of boiling springs, the deposit of which, a large white mass of silica, covering the mountain-side, looks from the lake like a huge bank of snow. Along the valley below hot springs are scattered for miles, their temperature reaching 160°, depositing oxide of iron, sulphur, and silica, in the most beautifully blended colours. The mass of hot-spring material built up at the bottom of the valley is set down as at not less than 400 feet in thickness, a large portion of it pudding-stone or conglomerate. Enclosed in the fine white siliceous cement are globes of pure white silica, eight inches in diameter. A valuable lesson in geology is here to be learnt from operations in nature going on in the face of day. The abundant vegetation which fills the valley—mosses and other plants growing in dense masses up to the verge of the channel—attest no less instructively the effects of the subterranean heat in fertilizing the soil. At the north-eastern corner of the lake a long low spit of land has been built out into its bed by ancient geyser action, the force of which is betokened still by a few roaring steam vents, giving their name to the point. The hot-spring area here is four or five miles long by two wide, the ground being in many places perforated like a cullender with simmering vents, which deposit sulphur, alum, and common salt, and stain the surface with oxide of iron. The eastern rim of Yellowstone Basin is formed by one of the grandest volcanic ranges in the world, the summits rising on an average 10,000 feet above the sea, and not a few considerably higher. From one of the highest peaks Mr. Langford and Lieutenant Doane gazed upon a scene which beggared description. The lake and valley surrounding it lay at their feet, seemingly within "jumping distance." Beyond them were seen in the distance the jets of the grand geysers and mud volcanoes of the Yellowstone. But beyond all these, stretching away into an horizon of cloud-defined mountains, lay the entire Wind River range, revealing in the sunlight the dark recesses, gloomy cañons, stupendous precipices, and glancing pinnacles which everywhere dot its jagged slopes. Between the lake and this range of mountains, the three highest of which bear the names of Langford, Doane, and Stephenson, lies Brimstone Basin, the ground around it impregnated with sulphur, and the air tainted with its noisome exhalations. Streams of warm sulphur water course the hill-sides and unite to form a considerable rivulet known as Alum Creek, whose channel is coated with a creamy white mixture of silica and sulphur. This basin, some three miles in extent, has apparently been the scene of thermal activity at no remote period, though its waters are now not above the ordinary temperature. Minor brimstone basins are common round the lake, and the more level districts around are covered with a thin crust of the same deposit, underlaid by scalding mud, most dangerous to horse and man, as exemplified by the accompanying graphic sketch of "breaking through."

The high volcanic range which shuts off the Yellowstone Basin from the Wind River drainage, the loftiest as well as the most remarkable lateral ridge of the Rocky barrier, forms the great water parting of the Northern Continent. The Indians regard it as the "crest of the world," and among the Blackfeet there is, we are told, a fable, that he who attains its summit catches a view of the land of souls, and beholds the happy hunting-grounds spread out before him, brightening with the abodes of free and generous spirits. This lofty mountain barrier holds a geographical position analogous in effect, though far less in extent, to that of the Pamir Plateau in Central Asia. On either side spring the mighty water systems which irrigate the entire continent. For miles Dr. Hayden's party of discovery travelled along a ridge of not more than two hundred yards in width, from one side of which the water flows into the Pacific and from the other into the Atlantic. The head waters of the Missouri, the Colorado, and the Columbia rivers have here, within a space of even less than that between the Rhine and Rhone, their source of parting. To the west the outlines of the Teton range, with its shark-teeth summits, are clearly visible, covered with snow. To the south, for fifty miles at least, none but igneous rocks are to be seen. Among the valleys to the westward beautiful lakes and grassy meadows come in abundance within the field of vision. The best of grass, wood, water, and game await the wants of man and beast. Many passes could be found, Dr. Hayden thinks, from the Snake River to the basin of the Yellowstone by which a road could easily be made. Debarred as it is by its consecration as a "thing of beauty" for ever from the ordinary purposes of agricultural or commercial development, this remarkable region is doubtless destined to form the centre of a world-wide traffic, by the sheer attraction of its loveliness and its interest to men of science. A foremost place amongst the physical wonders of the world will beyond doubt be assigned henceforth to the great geyser region of the Yellowstone Valley. For the space of a dozen miles long and two or three miles wide there is a display of boiling and spouting springs on a scale so stupendous that all the corresponding phenomena elsewhere in the world brought together into an equal area would make but a sorry show by the side of them. These grand ebullitions of

* *Wonders of the Yellowstone.* Edited by James Richardson. Illustrated with 17 Engravings. "Illustrated Library of Travel, Exploration, and Adventure." New York: Trübner & Co. 1873.

water, steam, and mud are various in volume, beauty, and power. Generally intermittent in character, they differ in the regularity or persistence of their periodical flow. "Old Faithful," like a sentinel at the head of Fire-hole Valley, sending up a grand column of water six feet in diameter, to a height of 100 or 150 feet, holds itself steadily erect for fifteen minutes, playing once an hour quite regularly. Just across the river and close to its margin stands a siliceous cone, very symmetrical, corrugated on its exterior surface, three feet in height and five in diameter at the base. This curious natural cauldron, which none of the exploring party took for a geyser, it being perfectly inert as they sat down to breakfast by its side, suddenly shot up and sustained for eighteen minutes a column of hot water, which from careful triangular measurement was found to be 209 feet in height. From its form, which is shown in the woodcut, they called it the Beehive.

A hundred yards further from the river near the centre of the large group of boiling and spouting geysers, of which the Beehive is one, is a large oval aperture with scalloped edges, the diameters of which measure 18 and 25 feet, the sides corrugated and covered with a greyish-white siliceous deposit distinctly visible for 100 feet down into the depth. No water was to be seen at first, though it could be heard gurgling and boiling at a great distance below. Suddenly up it rose, sending up volumes of steam, causing a general stampede among the explorers. After a terrible spasm it burst out with incredible rapidity and momentum, rising in a column the full breadth of its immense aperture for 60 feet. Through and out of this vast aqueous mass five or six lesser jets or columns of water, varying from 6 to 15 inches in diameter, were projected to the marvellous height of 250 feet. This grand eruption continued for twenty minutes, the gleams of the sun filling the sparkling column with myriads of rainbows, their arches for ever fluttering and changing in the light. Two of these wondrous ebullitions were displayed during the twenty-two hours of the party's stay by this wondrous geyser, which they named the Giantess. Other forms have given occasion to the fanciful names of the Castle, the Saw Mill, the Comet, and the Grotto. The Fan Geyser, forming one of the illustrations, recalls in its graceful and symmetric discharge the artificial beauties of Versailles and Sydenham. Its branching and intersecting jets rise to a height of 60 feet, lasting from 10 to 30 minutes, with sharp detonating reports at intervals. Some neighbouring hot springs are of a deep blue colour, and have fantastic caverns distinctly visible below the surface of the water. In others a red or brown leathery deposit clings to the sides and bottom of the cavern, waving to and fro like water plants. Towering above all, is seen the Grand Geyser of the Fire-hole Basin, the champion geyser of the world, springing from a vast well in the strata from 20 to 25 feet in diameter, down which, when quiet, the eye can pierce to a depth of 180 feet:—

> The edge of the basin is bounded by a heavy fringe of rock, and stalagmite in solid layers is deposited by the overflowing waters. When an eruption is about to occur the basin gradually fills with boiling water to within a few feet of the surface, then suddenly, with heavy concussions, immense clouds of steam rise to the height of 500 feet, and the whole great body of water, 20 by 25 feet, ascends in one gigantic column to the height of 90 feet; from the apex of this column five great jets shoot up, radiating slightly from each other, to the unparalleled altitude of 250 feet from the ground. The earth trembles under the descending deluge from this vast fountain; a thousand hissing sounds are heard in the air; rainbows encircle the summits of the jets with a halo of celestial glory. The falling water plows up and bears away the shelly strata, and a seething flood pours down the slope and into the river. It is the grandest, the most majestic, and most terrible fountain in the world. After playing thus for twenty minutes it gradually subsides, the water lowers into the crater out of sight, the steam ceases to escape, and all is quiet. This grand geyser played three times in the afternoon, but appears to be irregular in its periods, as we did not see it in eruption again while in the valley. Its waters are of a deep ultramarine color, clear and beautiful. The waving to and fro of the gigantic fountain, in a bright sunlight, when its jets are at their highest, affords a spectacle of wonder of which any description can give but a feeble idea. Our whole party were wild with enthusiasm; many declared it was 300 feet in height; but I have kept, in the figures as set down above, within the limits of absolute certainty.

Scarcely less wondrous is the Lower Geyser basin, in which groups of springs, a hundred or more in number, abound, interspersed with mud basins and jets. Sulphur, silica, and iron are deposited thickly and widely around. In some of the basins were found butterflies, grasshoppers, and other insects which had fallen in and been scalded to death, and which on being taken out were found to be partially petrified and coated with silica. Here and there fallen pines, with their thick top, leaves and cones, were found thoroughly silicified. Looking back over the valley on his departure, Dr. Hayden saw it literally filled with columns of steam ascending from more than a thousand vents. He could compare the view to nothing but that of some manufacturing city like Pittsburg as seen from a high point, except that, instead of black coal smoke, there were here the white delicate clouds of watery vapour. It is a satisfactory thought that this region of marvels is, so far as human foresight is to be trusted, destined to be spared the pollution which has befallen so many a shrine of nature's purity and loveliness.

LORD HOUGHTON'S MONOGRAPHS.*

PROBABLY none of our readers will require to be told that Lord Houghton is a continuation of Mr. Richard Monckton Milnes. He entered the House of Commons nearly forty years ago, and had gained reputation as a poet of merit and promise before ancestral connexion and fortune made him a legislator. In society he has been long known by an appellation indicating general kindly recognition of his accomplishments and amiable social qualities, and the familiar friendly name has not left him since he became Lord Houghton. Some four-and-twenty years ago he was described in *Tancred*, under the name of Mr. Vavasour, as "a social favourite," and Mr. Disraeli proceeded:—

> A poet, and a real poet, quite a troubadour, as well as a member of Parliament; travelled, sweet-tempered, and good-hearted; very amusing, and very clever. With Catholic sympathies and an eclectic turn of mind, Mr. Vavasour saw something good in everybody and everything . . . . Vavasour liked to know everybody who was known, and to see everything which ought to be seen. His life was a gyration of energetic curiosity, an insatiable whirl of social celebrity. There was not a congregation of sages and philosophers in any part of Europe which he did not attend as a brother. He was present at the camp of Kalisch in his Yeomanry uniform, and assisted at the festivals of Barcelona in an Andalusian jacket. He was everywhere and at everything; he had gone down in a diving-bell and up in a balloon. As for his acquaintances, he was welcomed in every land; his universal sympathies seemed omnipotent. Emperor and King, Jacobin and Carbonari, alike cherished him. He was the steward of Polish balls, and the vindicator of Russian humanity; he dined with Louis Philippe and gave dinners to Louis Blanc.

The present volume contains some very choice results of this large and various acquaintance and all-embracing sympathy. The bee, wandering over a large expanse and variety of flowers, has sipped honey from every one, and the public is now made free of some of the finely elaborated store. Lord Houghton introduces and makes known Soleiman Pasha, a Frenchman, a devoted soldier of the first French Emperor, who became afterwards an Egyptian celebrity, and whose noble character and great Egyptian achievements make him well worthy of description for the world. Cardinal Wiseman confided a great political secret to our author; he won the special love of Heine, who disliked England and the English; he has divined the secrets of Alexander von Humboldt when enjoying the friendship and companionship of Prussian kings who honoured him, regarding them as men and as friends, and scorning all the Court surroundings of pettiness, frivolity, and insolence. Lord Houghton was the intimate of the interesting Miss Berrys, the incomparably witty Sydney Smith, and the brilliant, truculent Landor. He has something new to tell of every one of his subjects. His book is a choice olio of fine fruits.

Harriet, Lady Ashburton, is a lady who did not seek or expect public fame. Sixteen years have passed since she died; her husband has followed her to the grave; and she left no children. Lord Houghton therefore may be held justified in publishing his account of a clever, remarkable woman, and he has sketched the lady with admiration, but with frankness. She was the soul and centre of a remarkable literary group, in which Mr. Carlyle was a foremost figure. She could make herself unpleasant, and perhaps without deliberate ill-nature rather rejoiced in doing so. She had her profound admirations; but she was quick to detect vanities, and not unwilling to show that she knew them. The Princess Lieven said of her conversation, "qu'il vaudrait bien s'abonner pour entendre causer cette femme." But there were many, Lord Houghton says, to whom her ways of talk were not pleasing:—

> There were many estimable people to whom the electric transition from grave to gay was thoroughly distasteful; and there were others who, distanced in the race of thought and expression, went away with a sense of humiliation or little inclination to return. Many who would not have cared for a quiet defeat, shrank from the merriment of her victory. I remember one of them saying: "I do not mind being knocked down, but I can't stand being danced upon afterwards." It was in truth a joyous sincerity that no conventionalities, high or low, could restrain—a festive nature flowering through the artificial soil of elevated life.
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> There could be no better guarantee of these qualities than the constant friendship that existed between Lady Ashburton and Mr. Carlyle—on her part one of filial respect and dutcous admiration. The frequent presence of the great moralist of itself gave to the life of Bath House and The Grange a reality that made the most ordinary worldly component parts of it more human and worthy than elsewhere. The very contact of a conversation which was always bright, and never frivolous, brought out the best elements of individual character, reconciled formal politicians with free men of letters, and men of pleasure with those that bear the burden of the day. "Ask me to meet your printers," was the often-quoted speech of a lady of fashion. Of course there are barriers in our social life which no individual will or power can throw down. You cannot bring into close sympathetic communion the operative poor and the inoperative rich any more in intellectual than in physical relations, but all that was possible was here done. Patronage was neither given nor taken: if the person suited the society, and showed by his contribution or his enjoyment that he did so, he might be quite sure of its continuance; otherwise he left it, without much notice taken on one side or the other. That this was not always so, an amusing passage between Mr. Thackeray and Lady Ashburton illustrates. Having been most kindly received, he took umbrage at some hard rallying, perhaps rather of others than of himself, and not only declined her invitations, but spoke of her with discourtesy and personal dislike. After some months, when the angry feeling on his part had had time to die out, he received from her a card of invitation to dinner. He returned it, with an admirable drawing on the back, representing himself kneeling at her feet with his hair all aflame from the hot coals she was energetically pouring on his head out of an ornamental brazier. This act of contrition was followed by a complete reconciliation, and much friendship on her part towards him and his family.

This clever, caustic lady was daughter of an Earl of Sandwich. Her youth at home had been unhappy. "She often alluded to the hard repression of her childhood, and its effects. 'I was constantly punished for my impertinence, and you see the result; I think I have made up for it since.'" She was married to Mr. William Bingham Baring, eldest son of Alexander Baring, the

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* *Monographs, Personal and Social.* By Lord Houghton. London: Murray. 1873.

great merchant, whom Sir Robert Peel made Lord Ashburton. For five-and-twenty years of her life she was Lady Harriet Baring, and Lady Ashburton. It is touching to read, in Lord Houghton's well-wrought notice of her death and burial, that "in his bitter sorrow Lord Ashburton did not forget, to use his own words, 'the singular felicity that had been accorded to him in more than thirty years of unclouded happiness in the companionship of this gifted woman.'"

The bright, witty, and cultivated Charles Buller was one of the friends of the house, and Lord Houghton passes to a short notice of this amiable and gifted politician, snatched from us at an early moment when he was just emerging in the House of Commons to high political office. The following is an amusing account of the effects of an extremely clever squib concocted by Charles Buller and Richard Milnes:—

As an episode in our intimacy, I am glad to remember a *jeu d'esprit* which we concocted on the occasion of the Queen's first Fancy Ball, where the chief characters of the court and times of King Edward the Third were represented. This was a supposed debate in the French Chamber of Deputies on the preceding day, reported "by express" in the "Morning Chronicle:" originating in an interpellation of M. Berryer, to the effect—"Whether the French Ambassador in England had been invited to the *bal masqué* which is to be given by the haughty descendant of the Plantagenets for the purpose of awakening the long-buried griefs of France in the disasters of Cressy and Poictiers and the loss of Calais." This speech, by Buller, is an excellent imitation of the great orator's manner, though I remember protesting against the grotesqueness of the demand "Whether M. de St. Aulaire was going with his *attaches*, with bare feet and halters round their necks, representing the unfortunate Burgesses?" It concluded with the declamation—"It is on the banks of the Rhine that the cannon of France ought to accompany the dancers of St. James's. It is by taking the Balearic Isles that we should efface the recollections of Agincourt." I followed in the name of M. de Lamartine, reproving the speaker with talking of the "vilification of France," and saying France could well afford to leave to each people its own historical traditions.—"Ah! let them have their splendid *guinguette*—that people at once so grave and frivolous. Let them dance as they please, as long as the great mind of France calmly and nobly traverses the world." Lamartine was answered by M. de Tocqueville (also mine), finding fault with the ball chiefly as a repudiation of the democratic idea, and a mournful reaction against the spirit of the times; saying, with a sad and grave impartiality—"We too have erred—we too have danced and costumed—the heirs of the throne of July have sanctioned this frivolity, but there was no quadrille of the Heroes of Fontenoy!" M. Guizot (Buller) closed the discussion by stating that Lord Aberdeen had given the most satisfactory explanations—that the Queen of England desired to educate her people by a series of archæological entertainments; but that, in deference to the susceptibilities of France, M. de St. Aulaire would represent the Virgin of Domremy—he would go as "Joan of Arc." It seems incredible that what we meant for a political squib should have turned out a success-ful hoax. It was discussed with gravity in the clubs; and, at the ball itself, Sir Robert Peel told me, with great satisfaction, that Sir James Graham had rushed into his private room in Whitehall Gardens with the paper in his hand, exclaiming, "There is the devil to pay in France about this foolish ball."

Charles Buller had been made President of the Poor Law Board about a year before he died. He had not been introduced into the Privy Council, and Lord Houghton was mistaken in styling him "The Right Honourable" in the epitaph which he composed for his monument in Westminster Abbey, and which he has reproduced in this volume. The records of the Privy Council do not contain Buller's name. It is of no great consequence. The prefix of Right Honourable would not improve the names of Francis Horner, Joseph Hume, or Richard Cobden, and it is so with Charles Buller. Lord Houghton doubts if Charles Buller's humorous temperament would have permitted him to attain or to maintain a very high political reputation. We think that this is an error. It is exceedingly likely that in his earlier career in the House of Commons Charles Buller had been regarded as a joker, and the solid and serious parts of his character had not been duly appreciated. But in twenty years of House of Commons' apprenticeship he had made his higher faculties known, and his rich cultivation, philosophic mind, and statesmanlike capacity were generally recognized. The time had come when his wit and humour enhanced his power and strengthened his position. If he had been kept back latterly in the political race, it was not by his joking, but by his deficiency in the all-important attributes of family and fortune. When Lord John Russell became Prime Minister in 1846, he made Mr. Charles Wood (now Lord Halifax) a Cabinet Minister and Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Mr. Charles Buller Judge-Advocate-General, which was not a Cabinet office; and again in the following year he made him President of the Poor Law Board, not yet admitting him to the Cabinet. Charles Buller used to say of Lord John, in his quiet trenchant way, that when he had an office to fill up he invariably first looked through the pages of his Debrett. Lord Lytton, in "St. Stephen's," rightly gauged the strength and depth of Buller's mind:—

> Farewell, fine humourist, finer reasoner still,
> Lively as Luttrell, logical as Mill!
> Lamented Buller; just as each new hour
> Knit thy strong forces into steadfast power,
> Death shut thy progress from admiring eyes,
> And gave thy soul's completion to the skies.

A very serious statement about Lord Russell is made by Lord Houghton on the authority of Cardinal Wiseman. We give it in Lord Houghton's cautious words. That Lord John Russell should have encouraged the Cardinal to those Papal proceedings in England which Lord John Russell, breaking through all official restraints, was the first, in an impulsive *provocatio ad populum*, to denounce, cannot of course be accepted without knowing what is to be said on the other side:—

He [Cardinal Wiseman] had also had an interview and conversation with Lord John Russell before he left England for Italy, of which he always spoke as affording a vindication of his future proceedings. Its confidential and private nature, he said, prevented him from appealing to it during his lifetime; but he had written a record of it, which must, some day, be generally known, and would seriously affect the estimate of the imprudence of his conduct. If this is so, it is the more singular that the first overt act declaratory of opinion in high places, and premonitory of public indignation, should have proceeded from Lord John Russell. What was called "the Durham letter" was no doubt his personal production, and in no way sanctioned by his Cabinet: but it had all the effect of a political encyclic.

Among several new good stories of Sydney Smith, we are infinitely pleased by Lord Houghton's mention of a young lady "who responded by a fit of laughter to his grace after dinner, exclaiming, 'You are always so amusing.'" Humour possessed him; he could not get rid of it. Let us thank Lord Houghton also for giving us the piece of fun, not Sydney Smith's, but as good as any of the witty Canon's jokes, of the French author who has seriously described the curly-headed poodle Byng as "nommé, à cause de sa fidélité, Poodle."

There is a "monograph," not one of Lord Houghton's, to which we travel for better knowledge of our author, and which adds much to that understanding of his individuality which is so important for the due appreciation of his writings. Mr. Buchanan's sketch of the young ill-starred Scotch poet, David Gray, is the monograph we refer to. The poor youth comes up almost penniless from Glasgow, and presents himself to Mr. Milnes, with whom he had corresponded, and who had wisely and kindly advised him not to fling himself on literature, but to stay at home and embrace a profession (the Church) in which his parents longed to see him. The youth was suddenly attacked in London by illness, which was soon seen to be dangerous, and in a little time proved fatal. Mr. Milnes sent him his doctor, who at once saw the serious nature of the malady. In illness the poetic fame which he yearned for was uppermost in his mind. He said one day, "If I die, I shall have one consolation; Milnes will write an introduction to my poems." Mr. Buchanan describes the wealthy poet and fashionable member's ministrations to his poor young friend from Glasgow:—"Mr. Milnes himself, full of the most delicate sympathy, trudged to and fro between his own house and the invalid's lodging; his pockets laden with jelly and beef-tea, and his tongue tipped with kindly comforts. Had circumstances permitted, he would have taken the invalid into his own house." The young poet died in his twenty-fourth year; and Lord Houghton wrote the inscription for his monument, which pleases us more by its simplicity than his elaborate epitaph on Buller. We cannot but connect this story of David Gray with Heine's speech to an English lady, who, in Lord Houghton's Heine monograph, charmingly tells the little history of her relations with Heine. The German poet confesses to her that, in a visit to England, he had conceived a distaste for the country and the people, and adds, "But England has finely avenged herself in sending me most excellent friends; you (dich) and Milnes—the good Milnes—and several others." The good kind heart is transparent throughout this volume, which contains many thoughtful and many eloquent passages, but which will probably be most interesting to the generality of readers as displaying Lord Houghton's faculty of seeing, as Mr. Disraeli said of him, "good in everybody and everything."

THE CRUISE OF THE *ROSARIO*.*

WE lately reviewed the record of a cruise against slave-trading in the Indian Ocean. The same detestable practice is carried on in the Pacific, and in a form far more detestable. In the East African slave-trade the victims and their oppressors are in that stage of civilization of which slavery is a natural concomitant, and where it implies no general moral degradation on either side. In the Pacific, on the contrary, the slave-traders, being for the most part Englishmen, appear to be unmitigated scoundrels. If they are not scandalously maligned, they have been guilty of practices for which hanging would be a moderate punishment. If some who have been convicted escaped the gallows, it appears to have been chiefly because the worst sinner of the party escaped by turning Queen's evidence. A favourite hunting-ground of these ruffians is a number of islands called the Solomon, Santa Cruz, and New Hebrides groups. Lieutenant Markham, who was sent to this region in command of H.M.S. *Rosario*, gives an interesting account of its history. The New Hebrides were first discovered so long ago as 1567, by a Spanish expedition from Peru. The adventurers were under the impression that they had discovered Solomon's land of Ophir. Two or three more expeditions followed, and an attempt was made to form a permanent settlement. The plan, however, came to nothing, and after the death of the chief explorer, in 1616, the islands were left in their primitive repose for another century and a half. They were then visited by the *Swallow*, on an exploring expedition under Captain Carteret; but they have even to this day been but partially explored; and Lieutenant Markham tells us that many of the discoveries of the early Spanish adventurers remain to this day "unverified and unchallenged." This retired corner of the world has naturally attracted the attention of the slave-dealers. A few missionaries have been settled there by the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Scotland, of whose labours Lieutenant Markham gives a very favourable account; and an occasional whaler touches at the islands, or even makes a more or less permanent settlement. But the natives are, gene-

* *The Cruise of the "Rosario."* By Albert Hastings Markham. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1873.

rally speaking, almost in the same condition as when the islands were first sighted by the Spanish adventurers in the sixteenth century; and if they had not become a marketable commodity, it is probable enough that they might have been left undisturbed for as many centuries to come.

They are not, indeed, a very attractive race, if we may judge from the general testimony of explorers. Besides being confirmed cannibals on some at least of the islands, they have a disagreeable habit of waving green boughs from the beach in token of a peaceable disposition, and discharging flights of poisoned arrows as soon as the unsuspecting travellers come within hail. This has not unnaturally prejudiced the outside world against them, though such testimony cannot be received without some suspicion. In return, the rare visitors have been in the habit of conciliating the simple islanders. We use the word in the sense for which one of Hood's poems (if we recollect rightly) is our authority. He describes the process of driving a flock of sheep into a butcher's shop. The innocent creatures, objecting to enter, were treated so roughly that a benevolent bystander suggested to the butcher that he should try the plan of conciliation; whereupon the butcher, seizing a luckless sheep by the first portions of his body which came to hand, hurled him neck and crop through the doorway, triumphantly exclaiming, "There, I've conciliated him!" In the earliest expedition we are told that the conduct of the Spaniards was "not otherwise than humane," and that they "always seem to have endeavoured to conciliate" the natives. However, it appears in the next paragraph that the Spanish pilot used to seize the canoes and then give them back "in exchange for pigs and poultry." In a subsequent expedition the same gentleman is said to have conciliated the natives by kindness. His method was to "seize a chief, chain him up, shave his head, put a wig and a hat on him, and a lace doublet, and let him go." The stupid native did not always, it would seem, detect the conciliatory motive which lay hid under these ceremonies. Of late years, however, conciliation has been tried on a larger scale and by more energetic measures. Lieutenant Markham sailed with the firmest intentions of being conciliatory in the fullest sense of the word; and, although he was forced to burn a certain number of villages and canoes—a proceeding which he holds to have produced a very satisfactory influence upon the native mind—we do not see that he could possibly have done otherwise under the circumstances. In fact, what with a free use of poisoned arrows on one side and of conciliation on the other, it is difficult to see how a good understanding could be reached in a moment. There is a hideous catalogue of wrongs inflicted on both sides; and though the white man has been by far the most guilty, it is of course impossible to allow him to be attacked with impunity.

Thus, for example, it was Lieutenant Markham's duty to inquire into the circumstances of poor Bishop Patteson's murder. The murder was in every way a most lamentable event; for no one seems to have been more active in improving the condition of the natives than the man whom they treacherously killed. When, however, we go into the preceding circumstances we cannot affect to be very much surprised at the crime. In 1865 Commodore Sir W. Wiseman had visited the islands in H.M.S. *Curaçoa*, anchoring off Erromango island. The Commodore, "in consequence of a report which he had received," fired twenty shells and four rockets into a village. One of the shells is said to have burst in a cave where the people had taken refuge and to have done frightful damage. The island thus conciliated, the Commodore returned to Sydney. Now we have no intention of asserting that the punishment thus inflicted was excessive. Not having received any reports as to the crimes which provoked it, we cannot form any opinion upon the merits of the case. We are told, however, that the natives had been committing many outrages; and outrages, however provoked, must of course be punished. Meanwhile, the outrages were by no means confined to the natives. Lieutenant Markham, for example, gives us the following anecdote on the authority, as he declares, of a trustworthy eye-witness. The natives, it should be said, have a taste for ornamenting their villages with the heads of their enemies. The white traders accordingly contract to supply them with heads in return for slaves. It is strange, by the way, to observe that the first effect of British commerce is thus to introduce a kind of adulteration in this article of trade, and to provide a simple cannibal with a sham enemy's head, just as a civilized European is provided with a sham coat of arms. A brig engaged in this traffic hove to off the island of Florida; a canoe came under her stern, the stern-boat was "accidentally" lowered on to the canoe, and its occupants were tumbled out into the water; other boats were then lowered to pick up the swimmers, and as each man was raised his head was cut off with a long knife on the gunwale of the boat. We would hope that there may be some mistake in this horrible story, for it seems to be a roundabout way of procuring both heads and slaves. One does not quite see why the natives should not have been kidnapped at once, instead of taking their heads for barter. But though we feel a shade of scepticism in regard to this story, there can be no doubt as to the truth of the ghastly story of the *Carl* of Melbourne. This ship was actually overhauled by the *Rosario* a few days after the hideous massacre of which the details were revealed in the trial at Sydney. Our readers may probably remember the main facts of the case; how a number of kidnapped natives endeavoured to escape from the hold; how the Englishmen—we are ashamed to call them by the name—fired for eight hours into the mass of struggling wretches; and how, when the "mutiny" was subdued, sixteen badly wounded natives were thrown overboard. The traces of the massacre were so carefully removed that the *Rosario* discovered nothing; but on arrival at Sydney the truth came out; two men were sentenced to death, though afterwards reprieved. When such practices were common, one cannot be surprised that the natives became rather angry. We may add that, amongst other tricks, the kidnappers were in the habit of dressing up one of their number in a black coat and hat with a pair of spectacles, in order to persuade the natives upon islands visited by the Bishop that he was a missionary. The disguised ruffian told the natives that their friend the Bishop was unwell on board the ship, and invited them to come and see him. They were invited to step down in his cabin, one or two at a time, and immediately seized and thrown into the hold. After this we can hardly be surprised at the murder of the Bishop, and indeed our chief regret must be, not that somebody was killed, but that the wrong man was killed. Indeed, according to native customs, even this error was venial. Their theory is that a tribe should suffer for the misdeeds of an individual; and they naturally suppose that all white men belong to the same tribe. We are told with a certain *naïveté* that, after the murder of another missionary, "a small party of Christian men" went to the offending tribe and killed three men and one woman belonging to it. "They felt so grieved and enraged that they could not restrain themselves." Indeed the missionary report which records their performance does not seem to blame them very decidedly.

Doubtless this is a melancholy state of things, and one which calls for a steady and intelligent system of superintendence. Here are a number of Oceanic islands; the inhabitants are cannibals and savages; they have scarcely come into contact with Europeans, except an occasional kidnapper or missionary; at rare intervals a few white men drop down upon them, as it were from the sky, and forcibly carry them off to the unknown world; in case of resistance, they are "conciliated"; by way of protest, they carry out their national custom of revenging themselves upon the white man's tribe; unluckily, instead of killing a kidnapper, they kill a noble and self-sacrificing missionary; though, whether it is a missionary or a kidnapper, they have to be conciliated over again. What inference can they possibly draw, if they are capable of reasoning at all, except that white men are a mysterious race of oppressors, who enslave them by force if they are submissive, and punish them with terrible emphasis if they resist? Whether they will learn in time to reduce themselves to a sheeplike frame of mind, or be exterminated before they have learnt submission, is a question which will probably be answered pretty soon; and we would hope that an energetic enforcement of the laws lately passed for their protection may lead to its being answered in the most favourable sense. Lieutenant Markham burnt some villages and canoes in the island where the Bishop was killed; he could hardly have done less, and indeed he seems to be a thoroughly humane man and fully sensible of the wrongs suffered by the natives. We hope that, whilst native outrages are repressed, the far worse outrages perpetrated by English ruffians may be put down with a strong hand; if half that is said in this book be true, they deserve, if not poisoned arrows, at least some more civilized mode of terminating their career.

POEMS OF SIR DAVID LYNDESAY.*

WHY, it may be asked, are we at this time of day reviewing books the youngest of which is as much as four years old? Our answer must be that, in presence of the Early English Text Society, we feel pretty much as Queen Candace's Treasurer felt over his Scriptural readings. We cannot always undertake to understand what we read except some man should guide us. Commonly the Society is good enough to find some man to guide us, be it Mr. Furnivall in person or any lesser light. Commonly our guide takes good care of us at both ends, welcoming us with a Preface, and bidding us farewell with a Glossary and Index. Now and then, however, divorces or dismemberments of volumes have taken place; and we have sometimes found the guiding matter in some corner where we should not have looked for it. We have therefore waited a long time in hope that we might sometime or other get hold of Mr. Hall's Preface to Sir David Lindesay. But, if such a writing is in being, it has certainly hid itself in some lurking-place which is quite past our power of finding out. We have therefore at last screwed up our courage to go down into the arena alone and grapple with the Lord Lyon how we may, with no one to teach us the proper laws of the game. If we get all wrong, if we get sorely scratched by the claws of the rampant King at Arms, it will not be our own fault. Mr. Hall at least, safe up among the spectators, will have no right to mock at us.

"Sir David Lindesay of the Mount, Lord Lyon King at Arms," is known by name to every one who has read anything either in prose or verse about Scotland under James the Fourth and Fifth. It is however to the reign of the later James and to that of his daughter that he properly belongs, as the poet who brings him across Lord Marmion in the character of Lord Lyon has made an

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* *The Monarche and other Poems.* By Sir David Lyndesay.

The Historie of ane nobil and wailzeand Squyer William Meldrum, &c. compylit by Sir David Lyndesay, &c.

Ane Satyre of the thrie Estaits, maid be Sir David Lindesay, &c. Edited by Fitzedward Hall, Esq., D.C.L. London: published for the Early English Text Society by Trübner & Co. 1865-1869.

dis-achronism of sixteen years. And, oddly enough, the poet has to cry ke the same moan about an earlier edition of Sir David's works which we have just made about that which is now before us. "It is perhaps to be regretted," we read in the fourth note to the fourth Canto of *Marmion*, "that the learned editor had not bestowed more pains in elucidating his author, even although he should have omitted, or at least reserved, his disquisitions on the origin of the language used by the poet." And he goes on to complain that, when the Lord Lyon says that the first syllables lisped by James the Fifth were "pa, da, lyn," Mr. George Chalmers failed to explain what "any old woman in Scotland will bear witness," the "pa, da, lyn are the first efforts of a child to say, *Whare's Davie Lindesay?*" We confess that, having neither a Scotch old woman nor an Early English Text editor to help us, we should never have found out for ourselves the full force of "pa, da, lyn," which we have known a person of a sceptical turn read, not as "Whare's Davie Lindesay?" but as "papa's darling." We daresay that, through lack of Mr. Hall's guidance, we may equally misunderstand many other places of the Lord Lyon's writings; but, if it be so, we can only say that it is Mr. Hall's fault and not ours.

Sir David Lindesay, we need hardly say, was an early favourer of the Reformation in Scotland, and most of his poems, though some of them are not exactly what we should call pious or moral reading nowadays, were written to help on the movement which their author had so much at heart. The first piece, the "Monarche," was written, as the "Epistil to the Redar" witnesses, when the young Queen Mary was still in France, and evidently before she was married. For he complains that Scotland has no King, that the Queen is away in France, and that it will be a long time

> Or that young tender flour
> Bryng home tyll us ane Kyng and Gouernour.

For we take for granted that no patriotic Scotsman, however closely he might cleave to the old alliance, would have wished to bring in a French King or a French Dauphin as King and Governor over Scotland. Accordingly we find at the end of the poem that it was finished in 1552. The poem itself forms a dialogue between the author, under the name of the "Courtiour," and a "venerable father," named Experience,

> Quhose beird was weil thre quarter lang.

It forms a kind of universal history, the Courtiour asking for knowledge and Father Experience giving it, from the creation of the world onward, the whole being of course written from the author's own moral and religious point of view. Thus, almost before the beginning, at any rate before Adam and Eve have come on the stage, he stops to put forth many stanzas of "ane Exclamatioun to the Redar, twychoyng the wryttyng of vulgare and maternall Language." All the ancient nations, Hebrews, Greeks, Romans, always used their own tongues; he would do the same with all books, the Scriptures and the laws of the land among them, which are designed for the benefit of the people at largo.

> Bot lat vs haif the bukis necessare
> To commoun weill and our Saluatioun
> Justlye translatit in our toung Vulgare.

But he recognizes Latin as the fitting tongue for learning and science of all kinds, for Doctors to write their sophistry, their logic, "thare heych Opinionis," their astronomy, medicine, and philosophy. And he adds, what we should hardly have looked for,

> Latt Poetis schaw thare glorious Ingyne,
> As euer thay pleis, in Greik or in Latyne.

He tells us that, whereas at first there was only one language, there are now threescore and twelve. To that in which he himself writes he takes care not to give any particular name, but a neighbouring tongue still keeps the name which is most distinctive:—

> Had Sanct Icrome bene borne in tyll Argyle,
> In to Yrische toung his bukis had done compyle.

He goes through the early part of the Old Testament at great length. He tells us, according to his text, that

> The Serpent wes the subtellest
> Aboue all beistis, and craftyest,

but adds, what certainly is not in his text—

> Than Sathan, with ane fals intent,
> Did enter in to that Serpent.

When he gets to the story of the sons of God and the daughters of men, the Lord Lyon by no means forestalls Dr. Maitland, though he does not go so far into details as some later commentators about the godly dwellers on the mountains and the wicked dwellers in the plains, but we read how "the sonnis of Sethes bludo" were led astray by

> Seand the plesand pulchritudo
> Off the Ladyis of Caynnis kyn.

And so he goes on with the Flood, Nimrod, Semiramis, and so on, through the conventional Four Monarchies, quoting at different stages Orosius, Josephus, and Diodorus. The Tower of Babel is throughout called a "dungeoun," which may remind some of what they are apt to forget, that "dungeon" and "donjon" are the same word. His account of what happened at the foot of the dungeon might not satisfy a comparative philologer, but it is at least comforting to find so early a date given to our own branch of the common speech:—

> Affore that tyme all spak Ebrew;
> Than sum began for to speik Grew,
> Sum Duche, sum language Serasyne,
> And sum began to speik Latyne.

Ninus, we are told, first invented idolatry, which gives occasion to the Courtiour to ask of Father Experience whether the worship of saints was not just as much idolatry as the worship of false gods. This gives occasion to Father Experience to deliver himself of two sermons; first, "Off Imageis usit amang Cristin men"; after which "Heir Followis one Exclamatioun aganis Idolatrie," in which the reformer breaks out against the abuses of the time, the evil doings of bishops, clerks, and monks, the abuse of pilgrimage, and, above all, "The gret Idolatrye and manifest abominatioun" which went on at Edinburgh, where "ane auld stock Image" was carried about with processions and with all kinds of music—

> Siclyke as Bell wes borne throuch Babilone.

So we go on, but by no means in the same detail, through both Scriptural and profane history, in which Alexander is very harshly dealt with, while great sympathy is shown for "Cesar Iulyus," "gentyll Iulyus," who

> Quhen he had vincust Pompeyus,
> Wes chosin Emperiour and kyng.

And we are told how

> By fals exhorbitant treasoun
> That prudent Prince wes trampit doun
> And murdrest in his counsall hous
> By creuell Brutus and Cascius.

The Father takes special care to tell us that the Four Monarchies, Rome amongst them, have all of them passed away, and the latter part of the third book goes off into a declamation against the Pope and his priests in all parts of the world. Of the later Empire and indeed of later history in general there is very little mention; only he takes care not to leave out the legend of Alexander the Third trampling upon Frederick Barbarossa, to which he oddly gives the date of 1156. The fourth book is taken up with one of the usual descriptions of the end of the world, in which great woes are threatened against Popes and other Churchmen. A good deal of this of course is the same sort which one may find over and over again in the writers of the time. The passage of most real value is one too long to quote at length, beginning at verse 4709, where he describes the greediness of the parish priests in exacting their mortuary dues. The poor man dies leaving two or three small bairns, and "thre ky, withouttin mo." The vicar takes the one cow "with the gray cloke that happis the bed" on the death of the father. If the wife dies on the morrow the vicar "cleikis awaye" the other cow and the wife's "pure coit of roploch graye." Then, if the eldest child dies, the vicar takes the third cow, and the other children who are left have to wait with the dead bodies at the kirk stile till the uttermost farthing of church dues is paid. Still the clergy are not the only hardhearted ones, for

> Than cumis the Landis Lord, perfors,
> And cleiks tyll hym ane herield hors.

And the Lord Lyon does not scruple to say that the law which allows such things is "brother tyll Oppressioun." Towards the end of the poem comes a picture descriptive of evening, which shows that Lindesay was not merely a reformer or declaimer, but a real poet:—

> The blysfull byrdis bownis to the treis,
> And ceisis of thare heuinlye armoneis;
> The Cornecraik in the croft, I heir hir cry;
> The tak, the Howlat, febyll of thare eis
> For thare pastyme, now in the ewinnyng fiels;
> The Nychtyngaill, with myrthfull melody,
> Hir naturall notis persith throw the sky,
> Tyll Synthea,—makand her obseruance,—
> Quhilk on the nycht dois tak hir dalyance.

Then we come to "The Tragedie of the Umquhyle maist reverend Father David, be the Mercy of God, Cardinall and Archibyschope of Sanctandrous, &c.," which is put into the mouth of the Cardinal (Beaton) himself. He is made to confess his misdeeds both in Church and State, and to exhort his brother prelates to do better; but he does not make any recantation in point of doctrine. It may perhaps have been thought that he had not much to do with theology proper on either side. Then comes "The Testament and Complaynt of our Soverane Lordis Papyngo, Kyng James the Fift." "James the Fift," it should be noted, is the genitive case, in apposition to "Soverane Lordis," and the Papyngo is no other than a popinjay or parrot, which is described as belonging to the King of Scots, and as having been taught by the King at Arms. Some of the parrot's accomplishments bring out some very vigorous words expressing the sounds of animals. The papyngo could—

> Syng lyke ye Merle, and crawe lyke to the coke,
> Pew lyke ye Gled, and chant lyke the Laverock,
> Bark lyke ane Dog, and kekell lyke ane ka,
> Blait lyke ane hog, and buller lyke ane bull,
> Gaill lyke ane gork, and greit quhen scho wes wa;
> Clym on ane corde, syne lauch and play the fule.

One would like to know how "ye" for "þe" is written in the manuscript, as the Early English Text Society is commonly careful in sticking to its thorns, and the ȝ is carefully preserved throughout. This clever papyngo, it seems, notwithstanding the Lord Lyon's remonstrances, would climb a tree and get too high, till she was beaten down by the wind and sore wounded, and so she lay, and, what one would hardly have looked for after such teaching, "scho cryit for a preist." The priest comes in the shape of a gled or kite, who is described as a friar, and comes with "corby [raven] monk" his brother. The gled shrives the papyngo, who makes her will, and bequeaths her various parts and gifts to different birds and others. Among these

> I laif the Goik, quhilk has no sang bot one,
> My musyke, with my voce Angelycall;

And, to the Gaue, Ie geue, quhen I am gone,
My Eloquence and young Rethoricall.

But this is not till she has delivered herself of a letter to the King, and another to her brethren of the Court, and, at the request of her holy executors, among whom we should have reckoned the magpie, she has put forth a third discourse, all bearing upon the evils of the time and containing a good deal in the way of summaries of Scottish History. We also get Alexander and Cæsar over again, the latter in a form which strongly savours of the influence of the ancient alliance :—

Quhare beis the heych tryumphant court of troye?
Or Alexander, with his twelf prudent peris?
Or Iulius, that rycht redoutit Hoyr.

Then follow other pieces, "The Dream," "The Complayn of Schir David Lindesay," &c.—all for the most part on the same argument, varied sometimes by a Dantesque visit to the other world. Then the not very edifying history of William Meldrum has a thin volume to itself, and lastly we come to the most famous work of all, the Satire on the Three Estates. But here we begin to see light, not indeed from Mr. Hall, but from one of his brethren. We have another volume of the series before us on a kindred subject, which has a preface which looks very much as if it would do for a preface to Sir David Lindesay, as well as to the book for which it is actually meant. This is Mr. J. A. H. Murray's edition of "The Complaynt of Scotlande, wyth ane Exortatione to the Thre Estaits to be vigilante in the Deffens of their Public veil." We will therefore leave off our feeble gropings by the help of our mother-wit only, and will thankfully accept Mr. Murray's guidance to the Satire as well as to the Complaint.

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD.*

"THE origin of this book," says Dr. Mathews, "which will account for some of its peculiarities of style, is as follows. In the early part of 1871 the author wrote for the *Chicago Tribune* a series of articles on subjects here treated, after the publication of which a considerable number of persons in different parts of the North-West expressed a wish that they should be gathered into a volume. This led to their revision, and the addition of nearly twice as much new matter, the whole forming the work which is now offered to the public." While Dr. Mathews accounts more or less satisfactorily for the peculiarities of the style of his book, he does not give us any explanation of the peculiarities of the style of his preface. *Ne sutor supra crepidam* is a sound maxim, so long as the shoemaker knows how to use his last. But if his shoes always pinch or let the water in, he will show his wisdom by turning his hand to some other trade. So too, generally speaking, it might be well if a "Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature," even in the University of Chicago, were to stick to literature and the science which "teaches how to speak with propriety, art, and elegance." Perhaps, however, our readers after the opening sentence which we have just quoted of Dr. Mathews's work will think that he has done wisely in leaving rhetoric to take care of itself and in turning his attention to teaching his young countrymen the art of getting on in the world. Indirectly no doubt he teaches English, in the same way in which the Helots taught sobriety. We do not know indeed that a good deal of sound teaching might not be given in our own Universities by this old-fashioned method of education. If Mr. Ruskin were made Professor of Political Economy, Mr. Ayrton Professor of Fine Art, Lord Westbury Professor of Pastoral Theology, and Lord Ripon Professor of International Law and Diplomacy, our students would have as good a chance as ever young Spartan had of making progress. Yankee rhetoric, however, is so unlike every other kind of rhetoric hitherto known that perhaps we are rather hasty in assuming that Dr. Mathews has not the whole science and art of it at his fingers' ends. But it would have been as well, if he is the Professor of a new science, that a new name should have been given it. Professor of Bunkum has quite as full a sound as Professor of Rhetoric, and moreover to the American ear would convey a much more exact meaning. We must not do Dr. Mathew an injustice, however, for though he can use very big words, and has learnt "to varnish nonsense with the charms of sound," yet he is by no means given to that excessive worship of his own countrymen which should be the first qualification for this new professorship. If as a Professor of Rhetoric he is over-proud, as a Yankee he is modest enough. Then too, though he has acquired the grand style of writing, he no more brings it out always than the Queen brings out her crown or the Speaker his mace. For many pages together he is as clear as the author of *The Recreations of a Country Parson*, or of *The Gentle Life*. He is in fact an A.K.H.B., or a Mr. Hains Friswell, made a Doctor of Laws, and turned into a Professor. So much sympathy has he with his great English rival, Mr. Friswell, that in the quotations with which he heads one of his chapters he gives a passage from *The Gentle Life*, placing it oddly enough between extracts from Le Sage and La Fontaine. It is not easy to estimate the exact place in which he should be put in a literary point of view. For while he admires Mr. Friswell, he sneers at "the platitudes of Martin F. Tupper." To some critics indeed the difference between these two authors seems so slight—except that one writes what he calls poetry, and the other writes what he calls prose—that they cannot pretend even to see it, much less to estimate it. But we must remember that the perception of a difference depends quite as much on him who sees as on those who are seen. The Emperor of Lilliput, says Gulliver, was "taller by almost the breadth of my nail than any of his court; which alone is enough to strike an awe into the beholders." If Mr. Friswell and Mr. Tupper could be made as it were to stand back to back, it is quite possible that the intellectual height of the one might be found to exceed that of the other in the same degree, and that this difference alone might be enough to strike admiration into an

American Professor of Rhetoric.

Had we come across these essays in the *Chicago Times*, we should not have thought that they merited any severity of criticism. Nay, even when we reflect on what American newspapers so frequently are, we might even have thought them rather praiseworthy. So, too, in our own country, how favourably should we judge of a series of essays by Mr. Friswell, or of poems by Mr. Tupper, if when Parliament was not sitting, but some great divorce case was going on, they filled the columns of the *Daily Telegraph* to the utter exclusion of the reports of the trial! But the articles in a provincial paper are one thing, and the essays of a Professor of English Literature are quite another thing. It is surely not too much to ask of such a Professor that he should be able to exercise sufficient self-restraint to keep him from writing nonsense, however long his work may be. In a book that extends over 380 closely printed pages, as in a life that extends over fourscore years, the temptations to folly are no doubt strong and numerous. Nevertheless there should be certain boundaries—and very narrow ones, too, for a Professor of Rhetoric—and these boundaries Dr. Mathews has, we fear, at times overstepped. He was indeed addressing the young, and felt himself, no doubt, a good deal like a parson preaching a sermon. He had, therefore, a certain excuse for floweriness of language, and might even have been occasionally incoherent when he felt it needful to be unusually impressive. But he was also a Professor of Rhetoric, and he was therefore bound to have as much care for his language as for his subject. The following passage will show to what heights of rhetoric—far beyond our limited understanding to follow—a Chicago Professor can rise :—

> With the exception of the few comet-like geniuses that, at rare intervals, flash through the firmament of humanity, it is the slow-headed, dull, unimaginative man, with colossal powers of labour, and the patience to abide results, and to profit by the mistakes of his more gifted fellow-mortals, that is most likely to come out ahead in the race of life. At cricket-playing it is hard hitting and quick running that win the game. Good fielding, elegant wicket-keeping, fast bowling, are all well in their way; but only notches score. So the game of life is won less by brilliant strokes than by energetic, yet cautious play, and never missing an easy hazard.

With a kind of irony he adds, "Do not misunderstand this." Cricket must be played in a very peculiar way in the North-West, if any one there can understand this passage. In England, we learn from our author, cricket is played "on the downs and heaths." Of cricket he knows perhaps as little as of gymnastics, which in page 372 we find "are utterly unfit for grown persons, especially for hard thinkers." Some unhappy grown person, if not hard thinker, may, before he reaches this late page in the book, have been led by the glorification he finds in page 59 of the gymnastics of the Greeks to do himself an injury which cannot be remedied. These gymnastics, he will there read, "went on under the solemn sanction of sages," while "the orators, philosophers, poets, warriors, and statesmen of Greece and Rome gained strength of mind, as well as of muscle, by the systematic drill of the palæstra." Nay Cicero, "the victim of that train of maladies expressed by the word 'dyspepsia'—maladies which pursue the indolent and the overworked man as the shark follows in the wake of the plague ship"—having "flung himself into the gymnasium," derived such benefit that "his periods were rounded out to a more majestic cadence, and his crushing arguments clinched with a tighter grasp." We do not wish ill to any man. Nevertheless, if dyspepsia keeps the periods from being rounded out, we cannot help hoping that, to a moderate extent, it may still have its victims.

Dr. Mathews has evidently been a great reader, if not a very exact one, for his book is crammed full of references and quotations. In one page he quotes Nelson, Coligny, De Quincy, Cicero, Byron, Bacon, and Sulla, while in the same page Alexander, Scipio, Cæsar, Pompey, the Roman Senate, the English, the Russians, and the Admiralty are referred to. "Andrea Ferrara of Scotland" lived, we learn, "in the fourth century," while Mr. Grote "snatched time from business to write two large volumes upon Plato." If, on the one hand, our author increases Mr. Grote's labours by making him a banker at the time he wrote his volume on Plato, on the other hand he lessens them by cutting down his three volumes to two. Perhaps, however, he may find some excuse for his inaccuracy, at the expense of his country's honesty, for it is quite possible that in the pirated American edition the work is printed in two volumes. But what are such mistakes as these compared with that by which in his index he calls the author of "Jonathan Wild" Joseph Fielding? Has not this Professor of English Literature read Sterne, and is he unacquainted with Mr. Shandy's great hypothesis on the influence of Christian names? Does he not know "how many are there who might have done exceedingly well in the world had not their characters and spirits been totally depressed and Nicodemus'd into nothing"? We shudder to think of the loss the world would have suffered had there been no Henry, but only a Joseph, Field-

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* *Getting on in the World; or, Hints on Success in Life.* By William Mathews, LL.D., Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of Chicago. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1873.

ing. After such an error as that, we can scarcely smile at even the wonderful version of a line of Horace, "which has been," he tells us, "the favourite motto in all our colleges"—"Nocturna mane versate, versate diurna." There would seem to be Yankee Latin as well as Yankee English. As Dr. Mathews is only a Professor of English Literature, we ought not perhaps to look for any great accuracy in his knowledge of the dead languages, though he does seem to want to show himself off as on terms of great familiarity with the "solemn sages" of antiquity. But we have a right to protest when we find him writing such passages as "a bubble burst, bankrupting all concerned," and "works are rushed through the press." But as he says, "above all in literature, it is imperatively essential to success that one should be phenomenal." *Getting on in the World*, for the work of a University Professor, is certainly phenomenal, and is therefore, we doubt not, successful.

OBER-AMMERGAU.*

IT is not wonderful that the Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau should have created, even in England, quite a literature of its own. Mr. MacColl set the example, and we have had Recollections, Illustrations, articles in magazines, even lectures delivered from Dissenting pulpits, every fresh critic looking at the matter from his own point of view, and, if he was himself a spectator, adding something to our appreciation of its many-sided dramatic and religious interest. When once the solemnity which has been decennially enacted in an obscure village of the Bavarian highlands during the last two centuries—for, curiously enough, this one relic of a mediæval usage has a post-mediæval origin—began to attract public notice, such a result was inevitable. Its singularity alone would ensure this concentration of popular and artistic interest; and notwithstanding the half profane, half blundering presentations or parodies of the same awful subject, still occasionally to be witnessed in some Spanish and Belgian theatres, singular the Ammergau *Passionsspiel* is, and must remain as long as it survives, which we hope may be the case for many a decade yet. It is unique alike in the simple majesty of its conception, and in its conscientious and almost faultless fidelity of execution. And, as we are reminded by the graceful volume published at Munich on the *Homes of Ober-Ammergau*, the village and its inhabitants are hardly less unique than the performance to which they owe their fame. Those who have been most deeply impressed by the solemn spectacle would be the last to endure the thought of its tranference to a new locality or to other hands. It has in fact acted, ever since its original institution in 1634, as a religious and civilizing influence on the little society, barely numbering 1,300 persons at present, who have ever jealously guarded it as their exclusive heirloom. They are educated by it and for it, from the earliest childhood; it occupies their minds, colours their social intercourse, and to a large extent moulds their habits of life. Their most general occupation is that of wood-carvers, chiefly of devotional objects, crucifixes and the like; and during the nine years' interval between each recurrence of the "Passion year" they are engaged in constantly rehearsing and, as a native writer expresses it, "living into" their several parts, and are specially directed to study the great religious painters. This may go far to account for that remarkable grace of look and manner which cannot fail to strike, and almost startle, visitors as characterizing the simple denizens of a remote mountain village, while the more prominent personages in the play, and especially Joseph Mayer (the *Christus*), exhibit, as has been justly observed, "a dignity and simplicity of mien to which the highest culture could add nothing." The performance and those who take part in it are thus alike unique, to say nothing of the picturesque scenery amid which they live and move, and which adds not a little to the spell of that *religio loci* whose fascination even a passing visitor cannot refuse to acknowledge.

We are not going to enter into a detailed criticism of "M. C. S. D.'s" twenty-four Plates, representing most of the principal scenes in the Passion Play, from the Entry into Jerusalem to the Ascension, the publication of which has suggested these remarks. They have on the whole pleased us much, though betraying throughout the hand of an amateur; and may at least serve vividly to recall, especially by the minute accuracy of the colouring, laid on by the artist's hand, the actual scenes portrayed. But their merit is very unequal, and, with certain notable exceptions, we are inclined to think that the less prominent subjects have been most successfully treated. It is right to add that the lithographer has by no means done full justice to the original drawings. Even a comparison with the local photographs would suffice to convince those who have not themselves been at Ammergau that, as a rule, and conspicuously in the case of the *Christus*, the faces are a decided failure, but this criticism would not apply to the originals. We cannot but feel some surprise that "M. C. S. D." has not given us any of those exquisite tableaux from the Old Testament one or more of which precedes every successive act of the Passion, and which offered such rare scope for artistic treatment. This is the more to be regretted because the photographs of the tableaux are, from whatever cause, almost invariably inferior to those representing the characters and scenes of the drama itself. Yet all who have witnessed the performance will recollect that, with hardly an exception, the marvellous grouping and perfectly motionless repose of the figures—sometimes as many as three hundred, and including children under three years old, sometimes only two or three—in the tableaux themselves, were not less admirable than the adaptation of the type to the fulfilment. Thus, for instance, the manna shower in the desert, and the spies bringing in the grapes of Eshcol, or, in a different way, the conspiracy of Joseph's brethren, and the parting of Tobias from his parents, are pictures which fix themselves on the memory, and of which it would be pleasant to have a permanent record. However, we may thank "M. C. S. D." for what she has done without quarrelling with her for what she has omitted. The combined sternness and dignity of the *Christus* in driving the money-changers from the Temple is one of the first points to arrest attention in the earlier part of the Passion Play, and this is very imperfectly reproduced in the second plate. The parting of Christ from his mother, and the feast in Simon's house, are more satisfactory; but two of the happiest are the fifth plate, representing the final yielding of Judas to the subtle solicitations of the expelled money-changers from the Temple—so wonderfully illustrated by the acting of Gregor Lechner—and the sixth, where Peter and John meet the boy in a green tunic, with his pitcher, in the streets of Jerusalem, who reappears in the next scene (not depicted here) to carry the basin and towel at the washing of the Apostles' feet. In depicting the Last Supper "M. C. S. D." has wisely seized the moment, inexpressibly solemn in its actual presentation, when Christ is standing before the table to consecrate the Eucharist. It is surely a mistake in the Betrayal scene, and one to which the drama gives as little sanction as the Gospel narrative, to represent the High Priest, distinguished by his mystical breastplate, as present in the garden of Gethsemane. It is, by the way, strange that not one of the highly characteristic and dramatic scenes in the Sanhedrim, which are so indelibly impressed on the memory of all who witnessed them, will be found included in the series. Considering the difficulty, which to modern artists seems almost insuperable, of representing such subjects in a manner that in any degree satisfies our sense of fitness without offending our reverence, it is no disparagement to these plates to say that the Buffeting of Christ, the Scourging, and the Crowning with Thorns are inadequate; still, that was not the effect produced by the play itself. The grouping of the figures in the "Ecce Homo," and the scene which follows, where Pilate is washing his hands on the balcony of his house, is very effective. And we hasten to add that the three plates dealing with the Crucifixion are happily among the best of the set. The first represents the summit of Calvary immediately after the elevation of the central cross, and while the soldiers seated on the ground before it are about to tear the red mantle in their hands before proceeding to cast lots for the seamless purple tunic. On either side hang the two thieves with their bodies roped to the crosses, and their arms drawn over the transverse beams. In the centre is the *Christus*, to all appearance fastened by the three nails, which are so slowly and, as it seems, painfully, wrenched out of the hands and feet in the Deposition—really of course by some invisible ligaments which defy the closest scrutiny, the secret of which is only confided to the few persons immediately concerned. However it may be effected, the fatigue of hanging as he does from seventeen to twenty minutes on the cross must be, and is, extreme, and cannot be much lessened by the small rest for the feet, placed over one another, of which, by the by, we cannot detect any trace in these plates. The second of them gives us the cross alone, with the dead figure on it, just after the spear of Longinus has pierced the left side, from which the blood is beginning to trickle; in the third the empty cross stands out dark against the sunset sky, with the long linen band—which is made more voluminous in the picture than in the reality—hung over both arms, and sweeping the ground on either side, while the dead body is laid in Mary's lap at the foot. We are especially grateful to "M. C. S. D." for thus recalling to our minds what was, both in an artistic and a devotional point of view, one of the most profoundly impressive scenes in the *Passionsspiel*—the Deposition from the Cross, and the solemn stillness which follows before Joseph and Nicodemus carry away the body to its burial.

Mrs. Greatorex has pursued a cognate but distinct aim in her *Homes of Ober-Ammergau*, published at Munich, though the letterpress is in English. We have twenty etchings in heliotype, from pen-and-ink drawings taken from different points of view in and about the village, which will, for different reasons, be interesting both to those who have and to those who have not visited the spot themselves. And the interest of these graceful sketches is much enhanced by the notes from a diary kept during a three months' residence there in the summer of 1871, the second year of the Passion Play, which had been interrupted in 1870 by the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war. We have referred already to the very pleasing recollections which a stranger carries away with him after the casual intercourse of a day or two with the natives of Ober-Ammergau. It is clear from what Mrs. Greatorex tells us, and she had abundant opportunity of judging, that the feeling is not dispelled, but deepened, on closer acquaintance. She was staying at the house of Tobias Flunger, familiar to readers of *Quits* as the *Christus* of 1850, and to all spectators of the last celebration of the Passion Play from the quiet dignity with which he sustained the part of Pilate, while his eldest daughter Franziska represented the Blessed Virgin, and the younger was one of the chorus; he first took part in the tableaux as a little child in 1820. Flunger, when she first saw him, was employed in "plaiting a

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* *Ober-Ammergau: Scenes from the Passion Play.* A Set of Twenty-four Plates. By M. C. S. D. Thomas Machlein. 1873.

The Homes of Ober-Ammergau. A Series of Twenty Etchings. Together with Notes from a Diary kept during three months' residence in Ober-Ammergau in 1871. By Eliza Greatorex. Munich. 1872.

crown of thorns for the *Christus*." Her professed object was to live with the people so as to see for herself "how their daily life accords with this marvellous religious service," and the result was entirely to her satisfaction. She especially notices that simplicity and unconsciousness which is so great a charm of the actors, because it is so obviously natural, and characterizes them alike in the theatre and out of it, "yesterday the admired of thousands, to-day forgetting fame in their work in the hayfield or on the mountains." One story, referring to young Johannes Zwink, the St. John of the Passion Play, is so characteristic of a too common peculiarity of the Englishman—or, as in this case, the Englishwoman—abroad, that we cannot forbear from quoting it. The youth was quietly sitting to Mrs. Greatorex, who wished to take his portrait, when the party were startled by a woman's voice outside crying out, "Where is St. John? where is St. John?"—

> The door opened, and a short portly old dame, whose tiny black eyes sparkled from behind her glasses, followed by two pretty young girls, rushed into the room. Frau Zwink said, very quietly, pointing to our subject, "This is my son, Johannes!" The little old lady stopped short before the object of her search, and she and her daughters had a good stare at him, for fully two minutes. They were so interested in him, that they never thought of addressing a word to the poor fellow, who had risen from his seat, and stood like a statue under their gaze. "He's very like his photograph," at last the old lady exclaimed, and turning round she left the room, followed by her daughters, as unceremoniously as she had entered it, shutting the door with a bang. Johannes stood for a minute like one dazed, and then, when he saw us laughing, joined in with good will. This is the way tourists frequently "do up" the principal players at Ammergau.

Let us hope that the delicate courtesy with which tourists are always treated at Ammergau may have some effect in "doing up" this sort of barefaced impertinence. Johannes himself, we may observe, is a painter. His father, the St. Matthew of 1870 and 1871, was himself St. John in 1840. Mrs. Greatorex's diary is full of interesting anecdotes and details about the characters of the play, both in their dramatic and their private capacity. Like every one else, she was greatly impressed with Joseph Mayer. It is pleasant to hear that he promptly rejected the offer of a large sum of money, though he is quite a poor man, to go and act the next summer in England, but it is very unpleasant to hear of so monstrous a proposal being made. "Only think of it," said his wife, "that would make us rich, but Joseph would not do it for all the gold and silver in the mountains." The authoress adds, that she believes, and we daresay truly enough, "that his life is a continual prayer to be made worthy of his position." What most struck her in the characters of all the leading men in the place was the entire absence of ostentation. "I have never heard them boast of their success. They seem to lose all personal feeling in that of the honour paid to their drama." At the end Mrs. Greatorex describes a visit to the venerable Alois Daisenberger, to whom the Passion Play as revised in 1860 owes its present form, and who still lives in the village, universally beloved and reverenced, though he has resigned his parochial charge, first undertaken in 1845, on account of his old age. We can very sincerely recommend the book to all who are interested in Ober-Ammergau, and especially to those who have visited it.

MOGGRIDGE'S ANTS AND SPIDERS.*

WHETHER the ant is really in the habit of exercising its foresight and industry in storing up grain for winter use has long been a subject of controversy. The opinion of modern naturalists has been rather against the providence of the ant, except in the case of tropical ants, which is regarded as isolated and puzzling. So far as the observations of Northern naturalists went, they were no doubt justified in this conclusion; but Mr. Moggridge, who has been investigating the habits of Southern ants on the Riviera, has been led to the belief that what is true of the North is not equally true of the South. The fact is that older authors relied on their Southern experience, while modern observers depend upon what they see in the North. "So long," says Mr. Moggridge, "as Europe was taught natural history by Southern writers, the belief prevailed, but no sooner did the tide turn, and the current of information begin to flow from North to South, than the story began to be discredited."

Four chief points of inquiry suggested themselves to Mr. Moggridge—(1) Were the seeds which he saw carried off by the ants stored by them in granaries for further use, or merely strewn here and there in the nests, or used for building materials? (2) Was there conclusive evidence of the storage of collected seeds *for food*? (3) Did the seed-collecting ants collect aphides and other food also, and, if so, of what sorts? (4) Did all the Southern ants uniformly collect seed, and to the same extent, or only certain species? To these and kindred questions his monograph gives curiously interesting answers. It seems that there are but four kinds of genuine harvesting ants on the Riviera, of which the most prominent are the black ant, called Atta Barbara, and a claret-brown ant, Atta Structor, the latter affecting the neighbourhood of gardens and houses, the former more addicted to wild open ground. Unless where the contrary is specified, Mr. Moggridge's records of the habits of these creatures are drawn from observation of the Atta Barbara. He had got an inkling of these in the May previous to his systematic visit of inspection, and so knew where to drop upon the ants in a valley where he had watched them cutting, carrying, and sorting their harvests. It was a rough slope of soft sandstone, with accumulations of sand and a scrubby overgrowth, to and from which he saw two columns of ants passing diligently, the one with and the other without its load of seed, grain, and capsules. These things came from a cultivated lemon terrace not far off on a lower level, where the weeds at that point of time were in seed. Following the workers to this terrace, he was able to watch the order and method of their foraging, the value they set on the safe transit of the grain, and the precision with which one detachment would sever the capsules from the stalk, drop them, and allow their comrades below to carry them away, so as to realize exactly Ælian's account of the manner in which spikelets of corn were severed and thrown down "to the people below" (τῷ δήμῳ τῷ κάτω) by the harvesting ants which he notices in his *Natural History of Animals* (ii. 25). Of an incoming column most members brought in seeds, a few dead insects, and crushed land-shells, but none aphides; and though it is clear that ants are liable to be taken in sometimes—as, for example, in the case of the gall-like eggs developing a small but well-armed "cynips," which they bring into their nests in mistake for seeds, and the violet seeds which they have been known to mistake for the larvæ of other ants—yet Mr. Moggridge found them soon able to discriminate small white beads, with which he tried to tempt them, from seeds and pupæ. The likely place for a nest, it appears, is indicated by patches of ground on the wild hillside covered with the plants which have come up from seeds obtained from the lemon-terraces and dropped by the ants. The nests of Atta Barbara are excavated out of the earth or sandy rock, and have hard by a refuse mound or kitchen-midden of vegetable matter made up of the plant-rubbish, gnawed seed-coats, and earth pellets which would only crowd the space inside the nest. Some of these heaps are as large as a quart tankard. The sight of one of them led Mr. Moggridge to the inference that seed stores must underlie these nests, and that collections of materials so carefully sifted could not be for building. His first experiment failed to establish this, though he encountered troops carrying seed down subterranean passages. His second, where the depth of the nest was limited by hard rock, exhibited almost at once large masses of seed stored in prepared chambers, some subcylindrical and others horizontal, with concave roofs, and floors composed of cemented mica and silex grains. These granaries, averaging the size of a gentleman's gold watch, and situated from one and a half to six inches below the surface, contained seed, grain, and dried fruits from twelve distinct species; and what was most remarkable was that the seed so stored, though moist, and though it was the season for germination, showed no signs of sprouting. There was abundant evidence of a power exercised by the ants to check germination, and this checking is not through lack of moisture, warmth, or atmospheric air, nor is the vitality of the seeds affected; but, whatever the process may be, it seems to require time and attention. Interruptions caused by other works in the nest and galleries may account for the occasional germination of seeds in the nests. Where this is the case, the growth is found to be checked at the earliest stage. The radicle is gnawed off, the seed carried out to dry, and after exposure carried in again for storage. "The seeds so malted, and the starch changed into sugar," Mr. Moggridge has seen eagerly devoured by the ants.

Mr. Moggridge notes that these ants apparently know how to preserve seeds intact at the precise depth below the soil at which the gardener would mostly sow his seed, though, if these very seeds were to be taken and sown by hand, they would germinate in the ordinary way. No doubt the compactness of the floors and ceilings points to exclusion of air; but the passage of moisture and the circulation by means of open galleries leading to the granaries forbid us to accept this as a full explanation. The opinion that the seeds do thus remain intact, without decay or germination, is supported by the consideration that, were it otherwise, fresh supplies would be constantly needed, whereas it is observable that scarcely a seed is collected between the middle of January and the middle of March, and yet the granaries of a nest will be found well filled at the end of this period. The storehouses in which these minute gleaners collect plants and seeds of as many as eighteen distinct families, the results of wholesale plunder in the gardens of Southern Europe, are equally surprising. At Cannes, in connexion with one nest a complication of galleries and granaries was discovered as deep as twenty inches below the soil, and extending over a space of nearly six feet horizontally. At Mentone two nests were found to go far into the hidden rock, the nests lying in the sandstone itself. The passages and galleries were a sort of tubular tunnels, which could be traced down to twenty-three inches below the surface in a vertical, and sixteen in a horizontal, direction. One tunnel communicated with a cell filled with winged ants and various seed, with walls not glazed, as some are, but coated with a cement distinguishable from the surrounding sandstone. This granary was horizontal, but other vertical galleries led to pear-shaped terminal cells, walled, coated, and floored with smooth plates of mica and cement. In the galleries and granaries, along with the ants were detected certain insects—spring-tails, small white wood lice, and the larvæ of the click beetle. When ants of different species meet them in the galleries fierce fights ensue, but not so fierce as those which rage between separate colonies of the same species. A battle between two nests of Atta Barbara lasted, Mr. Moggridge affirms, forty-six days. A very graphic account of one of these conflicts (pp. 39-40) gives a good idea of the tenacity of the harvesters when

* *Harvesting Ants and Trapdoor Spiders: Notes and Observations on their Habits and Dwellings.* By J. Traherne Moggridge, F.L.S. London: Reeve & Co. 1873.

invaded by robbers of their own species. Such raids appear to be systematic, and the motive of them consists in the "struggle for existence" which is normal among ants, as in other communities, when the population is too large for its area:—

> It seems probable [writes Mr. Moggridge] that in warmer latitudes there are many conditions which favour the rapid increase of ants, so that a given tract of country in South Europe must have on an average more colonies to support than a like tract in the North, and that to meet this increase of population it has therefore become needful for these creatures to seek subsistence from many and dissimilar sources. The fierce conflicts over booty both between rival nests of the same and of distinct species tend to show that, even as things are, they frequently have to fight for food.

It is ascertained, *à propos* of this, that Atta Barbara and Atta Structor, though ordinarily feeding on grain and seeds, will, at least in times of scarcity, feed eagerly on animal food. A stirring tale is told of two medium-sized ants of the former species attacking a soft-bodied, smooth, greyish caterpillar:—

> When I first detected the group, the war was being waged in a tuft of grass over one of the entrances to the ants' nest, and the caterpillar was striding along the leaves or thrusting itself between the culms in the hope to shake off or brush away its little persecutors. From time to time it would viciously turn round and try to pluck away its assailants, but though it succeeded in stripping off by means of its fore legs and mouth five out of six legs of the ant which was within its reach, they never released their hold. At length a chance movement of mine shook the grass leaf on which they were, and ants and caterpillar rolled together down a rocky slope to about four feet distant. They tumbled over and over several times, but still the ants gripped their prey as firmly as ever. The last endeavour of the giant victim was to rub off the ants by burrowing into the soil, but on uncovering its retreat, I saw that their positions were still the same. After watching this struggle for twenty minutes I returned home, carrying with me however the combatants; and when on my return I opened the box in which they were imprisoned, these bull-dog ants were clinging with mandibles locked as firmly as ever, and now as I write, in death they are clinging still, drowned in a sea of spirits of wine.

An opportunity of observing the constructive and secretive skill of these ants, as well as of ascertaining their times of work and manner of feeding, was afforded to Mr. Moggridge by the capture of two colonies of Atta Barbara, which he kept in glass jars from autumn till the end of the following spring. In these they constructed their usual passages and chambers, working by night, and so organizing their gangs and parties that there was no clashing or confusion. The arrangements were complete in nineteen days, and then systematic trains began to carry down the seeds, which their captor had placed at hand, into the granaries. Although very shy of being watched, they had such an attraction towards light and warmth that they allowed his lamp to act as a spell, so that they could be watched at their meals. And such observation afforded proof that, though the ant has been thought capable only of lapping up liquids or soft tissues, its toothed mandibles enable it to scrape off particles of flour from seeds macerated and sprouting. The influence which the ants possess over germination did not fail them in captivity, and their work, at night and in the dark, corroborated Aristotle's statement in part, though they made no reservation, as his ants did, about a "full moon" as a *sine qua non*. Mr. Moggridge holds that Atta Barbara and Atta Structor, as well as perhaps two other species, do not store their seeds in the North of Europe, although they do in the South, the reason being that in the former wet would hinder the preservation of seed, and the torpidity which results from cold obviates the necessity for stores of food. Perhaps, too, as has been suggested, the excess of ant population in the South creates the need of such fresh sources of subsistence as seeds and seed stores.

Mr. Moggridge adds an interesting, and we might almost say romantic, account of trapdoor spiders, which construct nests that *close with a door*—nests which are to other nests, as the author enthusiastically remarks, "as the Mont Cenis Tunnel is to other tunnels." But we cannot follow him into the strange and curious details with which he illustrates this subject, and must content ourselves with referring the reader to his lively and agreeable book.

IN THE LAP OF FORTUNE.*

We have seldom met with a more unequal book than this. Parts of it are brisk, vigorous, lifelike, sustained; and parts of it again are vapid, languid, spun out, and threadbare. Towards the end especially the fatal sense of "want of copy" seems to steal like a mildew over the pages; and the interest of the plot as a whole suffers because of its double climax—one of the most unfortunate methods of telling a story that an author can adopt. We are puzzled too between *le vrai vrai* and *le faux vrai* in the circumstances which are said to have happened. We do not know how much is real and how much make-up; or whether, in spite of the apparent candour and circumstantiality of the "Introductory Chapter," the whole thing is not a myth after the manner of other novels. If so, the speciality of a true groundwork claimed for this story is only an ingenious way of giving it an air of truth by which the unwary may be entrapped to their discomfiture. Or it may be that a man was indeed murdered and hidden away in Mr. Hatton's boyhood as he describes, and that his father did "attend the inquest, and publish a plan of the deed, a map of murderous footsteps." In any case, however, Mr. Hatton would have done well to have made the gradual discovery of the criminal the principal *motif* of his book; and to have thrown more weight on the consequences to Magar and Johnston of the murder of Collinson than on the loves of Jacob and Lucy. The introductory chapter of which we spoke strikes the key-note of a sensational story of crime and mystery; and yet the book is only an ordinary love-story with a few ups and downs of fortune thrown in to add to its length, and to give it the right conventional stamp.

In the Lap of Fortune was published in a minor, or rather cruder, form some years ago; and it bears its date in that curious imitation of Mr. Dickens which it was the fashion for young authors to adopt when the anvil on which "Boz" had struck his fame was at its hottest. The description of Tom Titsy in the emphatic "rejoicing" of his face—"there was nothing but rejoicing from chin to forelock, he rejoiced in blue eyes, in a stumpy nose, in red cheeks, and in red hair"—would never have been written had not Mr. Dickens begun this reiterative and exaggerated kind of personal inventory. Titsy's house too, which had "evidently dropped from the clouds, or had been pitchforked from some other town into this particular corner of Middleton," the "round bulbous lump of stone, and thatch, and steps, and window-sills, and lichens," leaning against a friendly stable for support, betrays the source of the original sketch; and Silas Collinson, with his "brown curly hair, and brown curly whiskers, and a brown velvet shooting-coat to match," might have been one of the great master's smaller silhouettes. Mr. Hatton, again, makes play with the wind, like his model. When Collinson is murdered at the mill, and the poor fellow shrieks in his agony, "the very wind stopped as if to listen, and the river carried the awful sound down to the bridge and lost it among the dark arches. Time seemed to stand still for a moment, as if the night had received a sudden shock; and then the wind gathered strength, and rushed at the mill as if it were about to drag forth the heart of its mystery. It shook the doors and broke in upon a half-opened window. It came back again and plunged beneath the water-wheel"—and did a great many other things after the manner of wind handled by authors who are not sure of the line which separates sense from nonsense. At another time this same wind, which had "come for miles and miles over sea and land," blusters through three pages of copy. "It had rolled into foam the deep waters," with more seafaring circumstances than we care to extract. But one thing is slightly peculiar. When the "wise mariners who had caught the first sounds of its hoarse voice had sought shelter in creeks and bays," the wind had been "too proud and haughty to seek them out, though they tossed and trembled as the giant passed by in full cry." Also "it banged doors open," and like the nursery rhyme "frightened children into fits," "shouted down chimneys," and "bellowed round corners," and so on, till Mr. Martyn complained it made his head ache. But the wind did not care for his complaining, nor, if "ten thousand heads had ached," would it have "bated a jot of its rough humour." Part of this rough humour consisted in running away with men's caps, blowing the factory girls' petticoats over their heads, and knocking down boys who were opening their masters' shops, for all the world like the winds which Mr. Dickens was so fond of taking in hand. Tom Titsy's pretence of loosing a pigeon from his pocket when he has occasion to conceal his emotion, and the manner in which Squire Northcote jingles his gold and silver, and his gold and silver repeat his remarks, are Mr. Dickens again, to the life; and are really quite as good as, and no more strained than, very much of the greater prototype's work.

We will make a further list of objections, and then we will turn to the pleasanter task of praise. When Jacob Martyn is ruined, he acts like a coward and a fool; mooning about as a kind of modern Master of Ravenswood, with a bundle instead of a black cloak and plumed hat, indulging himself in sentimental melancholy rather than setting his shoulder to the wheel and meeting his difficulties like a man. Add to this an uncomfortable uncertainty as to what he has to live on, and why he does not at once try to get something to do, and we have reason to object to a method of treatment which leaves so much in obscurity, while what it does make manifest it does not render estimable. And would Miriam, the beautiful young gipsy queen, whose word was law in her camp, have married a cadaverous fugitive who was not a Romany at all? We know nothing personally of the people whose "patter" Mr. Hatton has transcribed, with what amount of accuracy we do not pretend to determine; but we always understood that they were as strict as the Jews and Hindus in their marriages, and that a gipsy queen would be as little likely to mix her pure blood with the muddy stream flowing in the veins of an ordinary Englishman as a daughter of Judah would be to make contract with a Gentile, or a high-caste Brahmin with a low-caste Sudra. Again, the description of Spenzonian, or Spen Whiffler, is difficult to realize. Humour which depends for its success on accent, voice, gestures, expression, always comes out tame, if not silly, in print; and both Spen and that extraordinary editor Windgate Williams are persons for the stage, not for a novel. We have seldom seen anything so extravagant as this latter gentleman; and for our own part we should hesitate to accept him as a sub., or even a penny-a-liner, not to speak of the responsible post of manager. He might have done for an editor of a paper in the Western States, but he would have been almost too extravagant for that. As an English pressman he is a caricature, and not specially amusing into the bargain.

These, then, being the faults of the book, the beauties are not to be ignored. The description of the garden on the day

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* *In the Lap of Fortune: a story "Stranger than Fiction."* By Joseph Hatton, author of "The Valley of Poppies," "The Tallants of Barton," &c. 3 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1873.

of Jacob's convalescence is very pretty and tender; and the first love-making of the boy for the girl whose sweet song floating from the factory windows, and whose lovely face framed in the opening made by a couple of panes, had made him love before he knew the meaning of the word, is a true idyl of a very pure kind. And it is natural; which perhaps the conscious sentiment of the young lad was not. The sentiment of early youth is rarely, if ever, conscious. It exists as a state of feeling, and maturity and remembrance give it its right name; but at the time, while experience is still wanting, boys and girls have no knowledge of their own drift; and if they begin with so much sentiment as is ascribed to Jacob, they are likely to end with less manliness. When it comes, however, to confessed consciousness and intentional love-making, Mr. Hatton has drawn a pleasant little picture. The awkward and timid lad by the side of the more matured and self-possessed girl; his lack of words and her readiness; his asking for the sign of favour that was all the world to him, but such a disappointing and tame little folly to her; his over-sensitiveness fearing to offend, and her more womanly receptivity not unwilling to be offended—all this is admirably done. When we are reading about Jacob and Lucy in their young idyllic days we wish that Mr. Hatton had never tried to make himself a wag either with the wind or with such odd people as Spen Whiffler and Windgate Williams, but had confined himself to pictures where he understood his subject and was master of his material. That Lucy should have remained constant to Jacob Martyn in all the uncertainty in which she was plunged with regard to his faithfulness, and that she should have retained so much simplicity of nature as to prefer him and her lilac print frocks to all the wealth and fashion and luxury to which her sudden wealth introduced her, was highly creditable, if a little too good to be true. For either she was a lady by nature or she was not. If she was not, she could scarcely have learnt her part so quickly, and have played it to such perfection; working first as a factory girl, and then as a cottage maid-of-all-work, not being exactly the most likely school of manners whence would issue a well-bred young heiress capable of becoming the belle of the season, and desired in marriage by gentlemen of high degree albeit given to unseemly bets. And if she was naturally a gentlewoman, and therefore able to spring at one bound from her lower past to her higher present, then she would have fitted herself into her new circumstances with more real congeniality than we find; and she would not have suffered herself to yearn after the boy who could neither adorn nor strengthen her new sphere. Her ladyhood of bearing and education seems to us to come a little too suddenly, and to be also a little too uncertain. The whole platform is raised with too quick a jerk; but Lucy's constancy is so pretty that we may forgive the unlikely circumstances attending it. We wish, however, that *In the Lap of Fortune* had been more equal in strength; that it had not been disfigured by the patent imitation we have pointed out; and that the end had been more in harmony with the beginning. It was a good idea, but it might have been better wrought; and Mr. Hatton has used up in one book the ground-plan of two, without giving his readers a sense of richness, but only one of a certain poverty of method which needed an extra allowance of material to make up the necessary amount.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE preparation of a selection from the correspondence of the late King of Prussia with his confidant, and in not a few respects counterpart, Baron Bunsen *, is a task very fitly entrusted to the approved circumspection of Leopold von Ranke. Few royal correspondents can have habitually allowed themselves more latitude of expression than Frederick William IV., and it is sufficiently apparent that any approach to a publication of the letters in their entirety would have created a tempest of scandal in political and diplomatic circles. The selection, as we have it, serves to illustrate the extreme vivacity of the monarch's temperament, amounting at times to an entire failure of discretion and self-command, and at the same time to redeem in some measure his character for consistency by indicating certain lines of policy to which, amid all apparent vacillations, he persistently adhered. It is only to be deplored that these cherished maxims were usually unsound, and were indeed but modifications of his one paramount idea of the divine right of princes, which appears and reappears throughout the correspondence in every variety of shape. It actuated his memorable refusal, contrary to Bunsen's earnest solicitations, to accept the tender of the German Imperial Crown in 1848, inasmuch as the offer came from the representatives of the people instead of from the sovereigns who alone were in his eyes entitled to make it. The same first principle is particularly apparent in his communications respecting the insignificant Neufchâtel affair, which, in Von Ranke's opinion, finally caused the overthrow of reason which preceded his death. Frederick William would sooner have lost entire provinces to a monarchy than have transferred, as he was in this instance compelled to do, a handful of faithful liege to the jurisdiction of a republic—the negation, as he deemed it, of the one divine pattern of government. The habitual violence of his expressions in speaking of democracy and democrats in general is almost incredible; few men of equal refinement of taste and intellectual ability would have exhibited themselves in so thoroughly undignified a light. On the other hand, the very vehemence of his antipathies occasionally forced him upon sound ideas, although these are seldom placed upon the right basis. We find him, for example, deeply impressed with the importance of the English alliance; but only in the chimerical expectation of imposing with its aid a check upon the progress of Liberal views upon the Continent. With all his seeming instability, he clung tenaciously to this project, and might not improbably have shaken off his dependence upon Russia during the Crimean War had it been possible for England to afford him any encouragement. The plan towards which the Jerusalem Bishopric was to have been the first step was also never abandoned; he aimed, to the last, at importing a more sacerdotal element into the Prussian Church, after the pattern of the English, and at putting the Holy Places under a general protectorate of the great Christian Powers. Bunsen, whose intellect had not a little in common with his master's, appears, so far as we can conjecture from the tenor of the King's references to his letters, in the character of a moderator, and not a very successful one. The sympathy between the two was evidently most complete at the beginning of their official relations; Bunsen's mind, disciplined, it may be suspected, by daily intercourse with English statesmen, growing steadily in width and candour, while the King becomes continually more mystical, quixotic, and vituperative. A decided change for the worse is apparent after the events of 1848. On the whole, Strauss's character of him as the personification of the Romantic school upon the throne seems fair enough, though we must demur to the implied parallel between him and the statesman and warrior, if enthusiast, Julian. The resemblance to Charles I. is far more apparent. The correspondence, which has evidently been edited with extreme discretion, is divided into twelve sections, the most important of which are those respectively relating to the Jerusalem Bishopric, the events of 1848, the offer of the Imperial Crown, the Eastern question, and the affairs of Neufchâtel.

Theodor Fontane *, the historiographer in general of contemporary wars, produces a popular history of the recent great struggle which fulfils all reasonable requirements from books of this description; the narrative being ample, the illustrations copious and excellent, and the whole pervaded by a spirit of moderation and fairness not always to be found in works of the kind prepared for domestic consumption by a patriotic public. Without any imposing literary pretensions, the book is fairly written, and, without being unduly technical, shows a competent knowledge of the strategic department of the subject. The first part comes down to the battle of Gravelotte.

Professor Held's little work on the industrial press of Germany † contains a useful account of the principal newspapers and other periodicals devoted to the discussion of questions affecting the interests of artisans, from the organs of the International to merely technical publications. The author belongs to the school known in Germany as that of Academic Socialism, which occupies a middle position between the strictly socialistic and the Manchester school, being distinguished from the former by its repudiation of communism, and from the latter by its hostility to the principle of *laissez-faire*. The State, it contends, should interfere by means of legislation, and its legislation should encourage trade unions, tribunals of arbitration, and the co-operative principle. Professor Held considers that trade unions may be made to afford a valuable barrier against the destructive doctrines of the International; he favours co-operation for the same reason, and as tending to thin the ranks of the proletariat. His school is vigorously attacked by Herr L. Bamberger ‡, a lawyer apparently, and a disciple of the orthodox school in political economy. Bamberger taunts the Academic Socialists with encountering the social question without a social answer, maintains the *laissez-faire* principle unconditionally, and is compelled in consistency to extend it to combinations among workmen, which he would evidently be glad to suppress if he could see his way. His book is based to a considerable extent on the Report of the English Parliamentary Committee; the appendix contains the statutes of some German trade societies, and other interesting documents.

The influence of Richard Rothe § on the development of German theology promises to be far more considerable than might have been anticipated in the case of a divine whose learning, though remarkable, did not transcend the high standard of his country, the catholicity of whose sympathies unfitted him for party leadership, and whose modest and diffident character inclined him to remain in the background. The important position he obtained in his latter years is mainly attributable to his character as a connecting link between the great conservative school of theology which arose in Germany after the War of Liberation, represented by Neander, Olshausen, and kindred spirits, and the modern critical school of which Schenkel, Holzmann, and Weizsäcker are types. Uniting the profound religious feeling of the first

* *Aus dem Briefwechsel Friedrich Wilhelms IV. mit Bunsen.* Von Leopold von Ranke. Leipsig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

* *Der Krieg gegen Frankreich, 1870-71.* Von Th. Fontane. Hlbd. 1. Berlin: Decker. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Die deutsche Arbeiterpresse der Gegenwart.* Von Dr. A. Held. Leipsig: Duncker & Humblot. London:

‡ *Die Arbeiterfrage unter dem Gesichtspunkte des Vereinsrechtes.* Von L. Bamberger. Stuttgart: Cotta. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Richard Rothe: ein christliches Lebensbild.* Auf Grund der Briefe Rothe's entworfen von F. Nippold. Wittenberg: Koelling. London: Trübner.

to the scientific spirit of the second, he represented each on its best side, and facilitated the inevitable transition from the first, now well nigh exhausted, to the second, scarcely as yet in the full tide of activity. The present extremely interesting biography, based upon authentic details and a mass of correspondence, enables us to trace Rothe's mental history with much precision. It may almost be said to express in miniature the history of the last half-century of German theology. In his youth the emotional element is naturally most developed; we find him under strong pietistic influences, narrow, passionate, mystical, and writing of other schools of thought in a style which reminds us not a little of the deliverances of the early Tractarians in such books as Froude's *Remains*. But his gentle spirit was incapable of long retaining this pugnacious attitude; a period of religious melancholy supervened, then a healthy reaction, greatly promoted by a residence at Rome, which effectually cured him of any Catholicizing tendencies. In his capacity of chaplain to the Prussian Embassy at Rome he was brought into intimate relations with Bunsen, whose influence appears to have been thoroughly wholesome. We part with him at the close of this volume on his return to Germany preparing to enter upon the course which imperceptibly, and as it were in his own despite, made him ultimately the leader of the most important of those schools in thought in Germany whose labours are strictly confined to the field of theology. The biography, which is composed in a spirit of perfect appreciation, contains many incidental notices of other remarkable personages, such as Bunsen, Jean Paul, and Hegel.

Dr. Paul de Lagarde *, in a pamphlet composed in a dry, precise, quaint, and yet telling style, insists upon the unscientific character of German theology, evinced, according to him, by the contradictions among the twenty-five existing theological faculties. The remedy proposed, so far as we can understand, is the suppression of them all, and the organization of theological instruction upon a new basis. Combined with this are suggestions for a much more extensive innovation in the prevailing views on these subjects, the precise purport of which remains somewhat obscure, notwithstanding the terseness of the author's style. His brevity, an excellent property in itself, is carried to such a length as to be a positive disadvantage; he has manifestly made his subject clear to himself, but has forgotten that it may not be equally so to unprepared readers.

It is rather a begging of the question for O. F. Gruppe † to entitle his work on the supposed interpolations in the works of the Latin poets—a question, even if fairly mooted, still at best *sub judice*—after the infallible and incorruptible judge of the nether world. To us the title appears a downright libel upon Aeacus, as implying that he was accustomed to pass sentence upon the strength of his own subjective impressions respecting the delinquent's physiognomy, without the slightest heed of the sworn testimony in the case. Such is literally the method of Herr Gruppe, whose sole canon of evidence is his own æsthetic feeling, and whose chief standard of poetical excellence is conciseness of expression. It is enough for him that any poem, from a satire or epistle down to the simplest ode, should be capable of abbreviation without material injury to the sense; everything not strictly essential is at once stigmatized as an interpolation; the oldest MSS. become waste parchment; and the herd of ordinary commentators flee in affright, leaving Messrs. Gruppe, Lehrs, and Peerlkamp wrangling over the wretched bard's mutilated remains. We shall not dispute that Herr Gruppe has in a few instances shown that Horace might have written better if he had written more concisely, but that is quite a different thing from proving that Horace always wrote as concisely as he might have done. In the majority of cases, however, there appears positively no ground for his suspicions; where there is any appearance of such, it usually rests on the silent assumption of an obvious fallacy, that the course of thought of a classic poet, whose writings must be full of allusions rendered unintelligible by time, should be as clear to us as to his contemporaries. He finds fault, for instance, with an apparently unseasonable allusion to a compliant Myrtale at the end of the ode addressed to Tibullus; how does he know that Myrtale was not at the poet's elbow when he wrote? We find also the usual minor fallacies of hypercriticism, such as denying Horace the right to take metrical liberties, and stumbling at a word which he happens to have only used once, as though he were under any obligation to use it oftener than he wanted it. At the utmost this subjective criticism can demonstrate nothing except the validity of the maxim *de gustibus;* the question is really one of external evidence, and here Herr Gruppe's case completely breaks down. The incriminated passages, it is palpable from the Latinity, could not have been forged long after the age of Augustus; and Gruppe himself admits that passages regarded by him as spurious are quoted by Martial, and even by Seneca. We should then have to assume that the writings of one of the most popular poets of his day were, without any assignable motive, disfigured by enormous interpolations within half a century after his death, and that these interpolations beguiled the credulity and eluded the notice of contemporaries with the genuine copies in their own libraries. The absurdity of the supposition needs no comment.

From the uncultivated condition, as is to be supposed, of the language, the German Renaissance * has left few traces of itself except in the domain of art. Here the fusion of the peculiar and well-marked type of national character with exotic elements has produced a very distinguishable style of performance, an excellent idea of which may be obtained from the descriptions and illustrations of Herr Lübke, the first part of whose work on the subject we have already noticed with commendation.

Wilhelm König's † account of the circumstances which led to the composition of his work on Shakspeare brings to mind the pertinent inquiry in the *Tempest*:—

> Would they believe me
> If I should say, I saw such islanders?

We are fairly at a loss to determine whether his alleged shipwreck among the anthropophagous Nororis and escape with his Shakspeare in his pocket to the milder yet not wholly unobjectionable Mepongwehs, is to be accepted as autobiography or as allegory. It is more to the purpose to be able to describe him as a pleasing and judicious, if not a powerful or very original, critic. The three of Shakspeare's plays most immediately connected with moral and social problems—*Hamlet*, the *Merchant of Venice*, and *Measure for Measure*—are selected as his main theme, to which are appended an agreeable essay on *As You Like It*, as a type of the idyllic drama, and an enumeration of the faint resemblances which may be dubiously traced between Shakspeare and the most remote of all great poets from his style and spirit—Dante.

The European reputation which "Gregor Samarow" ‡ has undoubtedly managed to acquire by an indifferent novel must be accepted as an illustration of the general love of gossip, no less striking than that afforded by the book itself, admitting its contents to be really authentic, of the *quantula sapientia regitur mundus*. The identification of the author with an ex-secretary of the King of Hanover has naturally directed considerable attention to the incidents and conversations of his fiction, in so far as they have a bearing on the downfall of the Hanoverian kingdom. It is probable that they actually contain authentic information on this head, the value of which, however, is much impaired by the form in which the author has chosen to impart it. Acquaintance with the secrets of Hanoverian policy does not involve a corresponding familiarity with the mysteries of the great Cabinets of Europe. We find little respecting these that Herr Meding might not have learned or surmised from the journals or from State papers; while his artistic presentation of it is so heavy, tasteless, and spiritless, that nothing save the anticipation of surprising a State secret could nerve an average reader to face its intolerable tedium. The indelicacy of reporting the confidential conversations of living persons, if they are genuine, needs as little comment as the silliness of the proceeding, if they are not. If rulers and statesmen are to be brought on the stage, they might at least be spared the humiliation of being made to talk like so many Herr Medings. We should attach no value to the book, except as regards the light it may possibly throw on the proceedings of the ex-King of Hanover, a subject hardly worth illuminating at this time of day. The continuation, "Mines and Countermines," is even more vapid than the original, and affects us with a much stronger impression of unreality.

Paul Heyse's "Children of the World" § is a very different kind of novel, and is quite as successful as can be expected in a long romance from the pen of a writer whose forte consists in the artistic manipulation of single incidents. It has hitherto been his plan to select from the great stage of human life such individualized groups as admitted of ready severance from the rest, such incidents and miniature histories as, complete in themselves, allowed dramatic treatment on a restricted scale. The representation of a throng of personages is something new to him, and, as might be expected, the picture has rather the air of a mosaic formed by the dexterous junction of portions originally distinct. Each section, however, is perfectly well executed in itself, and the whole is at least a succession of very pleasing studies of cultivated German society. Not, indeed, that the action moves throughout in the highest circles, but Herr Heyse, a pupil of Goethe's, is too thoroughly steeped in culture to be able to divest himself of urbanity for a moment, and his roughest characters wear a semblance of extreme refinement. The various incidents of the book are strung upon the adventures of a young professor, possessed of more character than the heroes of modern novels in general, and interesting as a carefully studied type of his class. Some of the episodes have an air of actuality; at the conclusion Strauss's recent work is unmistakably alluded to. The subordinate personages are well drawn, and in some instances typical, such as the simple-minded old painter, the literary princess, and the sanctimonious candidate in theology. The principal female personages, as is usual with Heyse, enlist sympathy from the strength of their affections, and exhibit various phases of the emotional type. On the whole, the romance wants none of the recommendations of the author's novelettes except their unity of structure. The style, as usual, is perfect.

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* *Ueber das Verhältniss der deutschen Staates zu Theologie.* Von Paul de Lagarde. Göttingen: Dieterich. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Aeneas. Ueber die Interpolationen in den römischen Dichtern, mit besonderer Rücksicht auf Horaz.* Von O. F. Gruppe. Berlin: Reimer. London: Williams & Norgate.

* *Geschichte der deutschen Renaissance.* Von W. Lübke. Stuttgart: Ebner & Seubert. London: Asher & Co.

† *Shakespeare als Dichter, Weltweiser und Christ.* Von W. König. Leipzig: Luckhardt. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Am Scepter und Kronen: Zeitroman.* Von Gregor Samarow. 4 Bde. Stuttgart: Hallberger. London: Williams & Norgate.

Europäische Minen und Gegenminen: Zeitroman. Von Gregor Samarow. Bd. 1. Stuttgart: Hallberger. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Kinder der Welt: Roman.* Von Paul Heyse. 3 Bde. Berlin: Hertz. London: Williams & Norgate.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected communications: and to this rule we can make no exception.

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OF

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Republicanism at Birmingham.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

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THIS DAY and NEXT WEEK.
Saturday (May 17)—Great Flower Show, open at 12; performance (once) of "The Happy Land," at 3.
Tuesday—Opera, "Lily of Killarney," at 3.
Thursday—Opera, "Robin Hood," at 3.
Saturday—Grand Summer Concert, at 3.
The Fine Arts Courts and Collections, the Technological and Natural History Collections, all the various Illustrations of Art, Science, and Nature, and the Gardens and Park always open. Music and Fountains daily.
Admission, Monday to Friday, 1s.; Saturday (May 17), 7s. 6d.; Saturday (May 24), 5s. Guinea Season Ticket free.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.—ALEXANDRA PALACE and PARK will be OPENED on Saturday, May 24, on which occasion there will be a GRAND CONCERT, under the direction of Sir MICHAEL COSTA, at which the following distinguished Artistes will assist: Madlle. Titiens, Natalie Carola, Madame Trebelli-Bettini, Signor Campanini, Signor Borella, and Signor Agnesi. Full Band and Chorus. One Thousand Performers. Organist, Mr. Frederic Archer.
The GREAT INTERNATIONAL FLOWER SHOW, at which Twelve Hundred Pounds will be given in Prizes.
Admission, by Tickets purchased before the Day, Five Shillings; by Payment at the Doors, Seven Shillings and Sixpence. Season Tickets admit to the Opening Festival. Season Tickets, One Guinea, are now ready. Each holder of a Guinea Ticket will receive a Share in the Alexandra Palace Art Union. Five Shillings of each Guinea will be set aside to form a Fund for the purchase of Pictures and Works of Art, to be drawn for annually in May.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.—The Station which adjoins the Palace places it in communication with King's Cross and Great Northern Stations, Moorgate Street and Metropolitan Stations, and Victoria and London, Chatham, and Dover Stations. The Palace is five miles from King's Cross, and is within an easy and pleasant drive from Charing Cross and the West End.

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THE REFRESHMENT CONTRACTORS are Messrs. BERTRAM & ROBERTS.
Arrangements have been made for numerous first-class FÊTES and CONCERTS, particulars of which will be announced from time to time.

MUSICAL UNION.—JAELL with VIEUXTEMPS, expressly from Paris.—Tuesday, May 20.—Pianoforte Quintet, Op. 114, Schubert; Quartet in C, with Fugue, Beethoven; Variations for Piano and Violoncello in D, Mozart; Aria and Gavotte, Violin, Vieuxtemps; Piano Solos, Heller, Chopin, Schumann, by Jaell. Tickets for Three, One Guinea, and Single Admissions, payable at the Hall to Austin, Ticket-Taker, Half-a-Guinea.
J. ELLA, Director.

MR. SIMS REEVES has the honour to announce that, having completely recovered from his recent severe indisposition, his ANNUAL BENEFIT CONCERT will be given at St. James's Hall, on Tuesday Evening, May 27, when the following Artists will appear: Madame Sherrington, Miss Helen Dalton, and Madame Otto Alvsleben; Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Pyatt, and Mr. Santley. Pianoforte, Mr. Charles Hallé. Orchestral combination: Messrs. Lafjeune. Conductors: Messrs. Blumenthal, Rocckel, Meyer Lutz, and Arthur Sullivan.—Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Reserved Seats, 5s.; Balcony Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. and 2s. Tickets to be had of Austin, St. James's Hall; Chappell & Co., New Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co., Cheapside; Hay's, Royal Exchange Buildings; and Boosey & Co., Holles Street.

MR. SIMS REEVES'S BENEFIT CONCERT.—On this occasion Mr. Sims Reeves will sing, with Mr. Santley, the celebrated duet, "The Lord is a Man of War," from Handel's Oratorio "Israel in Egypt."—Tickets at Boosey & Co.

THE SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER-COLOURS.—The SIXTY-NINTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION is now OPEN, 5 Pall Mall East, from Nine till Seven. Admittance, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.
ALFRED D. FRIPP, *Secretary.*

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J. WINTER JONES, *Principal Librarian.*
British Museum, May 9, 1873.

ROYAL LITERARY FUND.—The EIGHTY-FOURTH ANNIVERSARY DINNER of the Corporation will take place in Freemasons' Hall, on Wednesday, May 28.
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Patron—Her Majesty the QUEEN.
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Artists' and Gentlemen's Tickets, 21s., and Ladies' Tickets, 12s. 6d., may be obtained of the Stewards at the Bar of the Freemasons' Tavern, and of the Secretary, Mr. L. YOUNG, 4 Trafalgar Square, W.C.

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E. H. PLUMPTRE, M.A., *Dean.*

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*1.	Wilson, J.	1,780
*2.	Macleane, W. A.	1,757
*3.	Merk, W. R. H.	1,723
*4.	Finlay, J. F.	1,716
*5.	Phayre, R.	1,547
*6.	Staley, A. E.	1,525
*7.	Russell, W.	1,413
*8.	Mackay, D. L. M.	1,393
9.	Hughes, G.	1,326
10.	Hewson, F. T.	1,285
11.	Fuller, J. B.	1,228
*12.	Symes, E. S.	1,210
*13.	Maclean, J. J.	1,207
	Taylor,	1,207
15.	Wells, W. F. W.	1,200
16.	Pennington, H. F. D.	1,193
17.	Dé, B.	1,191
18.	Pargiter, F. E.	1,178

In order of Merit.	NAME.	Total No. of Marks.
19.	Place, G. W.	1,173
20.	Farrer, H.	1,167
21.	Thornton, W. M.	1,164
*22.	Mitchell, T. G.	1,159
*23.	Bonjger, G. S.	1,156
24.	Martindale, A. H. T.	1,136
25.	Marriott, C. R.	1,127
*26.	Primrose, A. J.	1,120
*27.	Anderson, J. D.	1,120
28.	O'Farrell, H. H.	1,117
*29.	Ritchie, J. C.	1,101
30.	Peterson, H. F.	1,118
*31.	Hebbert, F. H.	1,117
32.	Rees, J. D.	1,115
33.	Fiddian, J. P.	1,109
34.	Tremenheere, J. H. A.	1,098
35.	Power, G. F. T.	1,094

* Pupils of Mr. WREN, 3 Powys Square, W.—Address, 113 Piccadilly, Corner of Dover Street.

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THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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THE CRISIS IN THE FRENCH ASSEMBLY.

M. THIERS has met the Assembly on its return after the holidays with a homogeneous Cabinet and a complete Constitution. M. DE GOULARD and M. JULES SIMON have both been dismissed, and neither the Right nor the Left have any longer a representative in the Ministry. M. THIERS has made up his mind to lean wholly on the Centres; but as the Right Centre refuses to be leant upon, the genuine supporters of the Government are reduced to the Left Centre. The new Ministers are all taken from a section within a section. M. CASIMIR PÉRIER and his friends parted company some time ago from the Left Centre, from distrust of its too great friendliness towards the Left, and constructed a group of their own under the title of the Conservative Republicans. It seems hard that politicians who found the mild-spoken Left Centre too Radical should be accused, immediately on taking office, of not appreciating the necessity of rendering a resolutely Conservative policy predominant in the government of the country. What other policy, it might fairly be asked, is to be expected of a Cabinet in which M. CASIMIR PÉRIER and M. DUFAURE are the leading spirits? The language of the interpellation proposed by all fractions of the Right shows the greatness of the change which their views have undergone in the course of the last few months. Discouragement out of doors has given them increased boldness in the Assembly. So long as there was any hope that the country might be conciliated, and that the majority elected amidst the panic and disorganization of February 1871 might be sent back to Versailles by the deliberate and conscious act of the constituencies, the Right could find soft things to say of the Republic. It was not, they declared, the Republic they hated, nor even all Republicans; it was only the particular Republicans who make up the Left in the Chamber. If M. THIERS would distinctly separate himself from the Radicals, get rid of M. JULES SIMON, and give France Conservative institutions, they had no wish to give effect to their monarchical sympathies or to take the Government out of his hands. After, it must be confessed, a sufficiently long interval, M. THIERS has taken them at their word. He has done the very thing which, in the days when they still thought it worth while to temporize, they used to say would give them confidence in his policy. There is not a suspicion of Radicalism in the new Ministry; there is a fine Conservative flavour about the proposed Constitution. But the concession which has come so late is no longer regarded as a concession. The Right have probably forgotten that there ever was a time when, according to their own professions, it ought to have satisfied them. They still cling to the old phrases; they do not demand in words that the Republic shall give place to a Monarchy; they simply ask for a Cabinet whose firmness will reassure the country, and introduce a resolutely Conservative policy into the Government. But the whole spirit of their demand has changed. To insist by an interpellation upon the necessity of a Conservative policy is to imply that the policy actually adopted by the Government is not Conservative. It is only on one supposition that this can be truly said in the present case. If Conservatism and Monarchy are interchangeable terms, and there can be no Conservatism under a Republic, M. THIERS's policy is not Conservative. On any other hypothesis it is Conservative to the last degree. Consequently when the Right go on asking for what has already been given, it is clear that they are really asking for something different, though they choose to call it by the same name. They want a Republic with the Duke of AUMALE for its President and Marshal MACMAHON for its Protector, and they want it because they know that such a Republic would be simply an ante-room to Monarchy. This is the only Conservatism that they genuinely care for. A Conservative Republic is in their eyes no better than any other Republic; it has only appropriated a title which can never truly belong to it, and which does not in the least describe its character. Nothing probably but the fears of the more timid members prevents the majority from frankly stating this view in the Assembly. But the sense in which they use the word Conservative is so well known that their meaning could hardly be clearer if they had proclaimed the Count of CHAMBORD King.

By reconstructing his Cabinet, and introducing the Bill on the organization of public powers, M. THIERS has shown that he does not yet despair of keeping the Assembly under his control. He has so often obtained a majority under the most unpromising circumstances, that it would be exceedingly unsafe to predict that he will fail to do so again. But the danger against which he has now to contend is more serious than any he has yet encountered. In his former struggles with the Right the secret of his strength has been the terror which his adversaries have felt at the thought of being left to themselves. The threat of resignation has invariably brought them to their senses. They have unwillingly recognized, whenever it came to the point of taking decisive action, that M. THIERS was a necessity. It is possible, of course, that they are secretly of this opinion still. They have blustered a good deal more than usual, but nevertheless it may be only bluster. If so, M. THIERS will at the last moment either have a majority of votes on his side, or be able even after defeat to make his own terms with the conquerors. It seems more probable, however, that the Right have at length brought themselves to the point of doing without M. THIERS. They have studied public opinion to very little purpose if they do not see that their only chance of establishing themselves in power is to use, and use promptly, the interval secured them by the continuance of the present Assembly. They will be nowhere after a general election: they will be nowhere even before a general election if they wait for many more partial elections. It is plain that they cannot turn this interval to any account so long as M. THIERS remains at the head of affairs. While he retains his authority the Republic will continue to exist, and if the Republic continues to exist until after a new Assembly has been elected, the last hope of the monarchical party will be gone. Perhaps the most convenient thing that could happen to the Right at this moment would be M. THIERS's death, since the Assembly would then be the only legitimate power in the country, and as such would have the right to nominate a new President. But as assassination has ceased to be fashionable, M. THIERS can only be got out of the way by a vote of want of confidence, and on the whole the Right seem to intend their interpellation to be taken in this sense. They must foresee considerable difficulty in getting the Duke of AUMALE to accept the post, but they probably count on making much of the imminent danger of anarchy if the country is left without a head, and on overcoming by this means any inconvenient reluctance on his part. If, therefore, their courage does not fail them at the last moment—it is quite possible that it may fail them after all—they may be expected to carry the interpellation with the undisguised intention of overturning the Government and abiding the consequences.

It is by no means certain, however, that in this instance their victory will have the effect which they design it to have. M. THIERS was prodigal of threats of resignation when he felt sure that the moment after he would be implored to take back his power. It does not follow that he will be equally prodigal of them when he expects to be taken at his word. Supposing that the interpellation is adopted,

the majority of the Assembly will have put on record their conviction that the gravity of the political situation requires at the head of affairs a Cabinet whose firmness will reassure the country. Of course, if M. THIERS accepts this as a direction to retire from office, the majority will have the opportunity of putting at the head of affairs not a Cabinet only, but a President, whose firmness will have the desired effect. But supposing that M. THIERS takes no notice of the interpellation after it has been passed, it is not at all clear that the majority have any means of compelling him to take notice of it. A vote of want of confidence is a serious thing to a statesman if it is supported by public opinion out of doors. But when public opinion out of doors is notoriously hostile to the vote, and when its authors dare not appeal to the country to confirm it, it may be nothing very tremendous after all. M. THIERS might have been better advised if he had adopted a policy of doing nothing in preference to that policy of excessive activity which seems to be foreshadowed by his Bill on the organization of public powers. He cannot compel the Assembly to dissolve itself, but he might have virtually refused to acknowledge it as a Legislature by providing it with nothing about which to legislate. He has preferred to try once more whether the Assembly cannot be made to serve his purpose; but if it fails to do so, there seems to be no reason why he should not do at last what it was open to him to do at first. M. THIERS may in the end do as much harm to the Right by assuming an attitude of passive resistance as by any manifestation of open hostility.

THE VIENNA PANIC.

A FINANCIAL panic has unexpectedly clouded the commencement of a festive season at Vienna. While the EMPEROR and his princely guests celebrated the opening of the Exhibition, traders and bankers were struggling to avert sudden ruin; and the Government was compelled to intervene for the relief of the money market by authorizing an additional issue of paper currency. The range of a monetary crisis at Vienna must be far narrower than in London. The difficulty of obtaining discount chiefly concerns traders who conduct their business on credit; and at Vienna the panic seems for the present to have been confined to the Stock Exchange and the money market. The general community may escape any share in the calamity, unless the paper currency is depreciated. The most complicated machines are also the most delicate; and the commercial system of Austria is comparatively simple. On the other hand, the political constitution of the monarchy is highly artificial; and the Austrian Ministry was compelled to obtain the consent of the Hungarian members of the Delegation to the suspension of the Bank Act. The collapse of credit seems to have been sudden and unforeseen. It is not known that the capitalists of Vienna had lately projected many hazardous enterprises; but Austrian stockjobbers had engaged in some of the numerous speculations which have lately been promoted at Berlin and Frankfort. It is said that the rise of sudden fortunes had been regarded with general dissatisfaction, and that the interference of the Government to relieve speculators from the consequences of their own rashness has not been approved by the public opinion of Vienna. Since the close of the war an extraordinary variety of Joint-Stock Companies has been established in Germany, partly in consequence of the influx of money caused by the payment of the French indemnity. Notwithstanding the exclusion of the Austrian territories from the new Empire, Vienna is still a German city, and it has shared in the general excitement. It is said that some local bankers have become the objects of popular indignation; but it may be hoped that the effects of the crisis will be chiefly felt among a limited circle of money dealers and speculators. The tradesmen and hotelkeepers of Vienna may perhaps still enjoy the opportunity of levying a tribute on the crowds of visitors which will shortly throng the city. The panic will serve as an excuse for a further rise of prices, if the tariffs which have been already fixed still admit of an extended margin. A few days will show whether the monetary disturbance extends to the other financial centres of Germany. The enormous sums which have lately been remitted from Paris to Berlin will be partially available for the maintenance of credit; but the ultimate results of the operation are still imperfectly understood.

Even if the panic is confined to Vienna, the inevitable demands of Germany will cause a heavy pressure on the English money market. The great rise in the value of money which is indicated by the late alterations in the Bank rate of discount will both embarrass trade and check speculation. A pressure resulting from external causes, if it is applied in time, may in some instances tend to prevent still more serious disaster; but there is reason to fear that the tide of prosperity is already on the ebb. Until September next, when the last payment of the indemnity will be made, there will be a constant drain of money to Germany; nor is it likely that during the interval the rate of discount in England will be considerably lowered. The unfortunate prolongation of winter into the middle of May has already made it certain that the harvest will be defective; and thus far there is no prospect of a considerable diminution in the price of coal. The share market illustrates the combined results of dear money and of less cheerful prospects of trade. Within six or eight months the average value of railway property has been reduced at least ten per cent., representing a depreciation of many millions. It is true that a fall in the price of railway stock or of any similar investment is not really a loss to the community, inasmuch as purchasers gain at the expense of previous holders; but falling prices represent the existence or the expectation of difficulty. A high rate of discount was maintained for nearly two years before the catastrophe of 1866; but at present it may be explained by the financial operations on the Continent. The probable effects of the transfer of two hundred millions from France to Germany were too highly estimated when the amount of the indemnity was first announced; but the apparent ease with which successive instalments have been provided has caused an excessive reaction of opinion. The entire consequences of the transaction will only be understood after full experience; but it is evident that they will not be unimportant. The accidental coincidence of the receipt of the indemnity with the establishment of a gold currency in the German Empire aggravates the effect of the payment by temporarily withdrawing a considerable amount of bullion from circulation. The demand for gold will perhaps not be perceptibly increased by the panic at Vienna, as Austria still nominally maintains a silver standard, and practically uses a paper currency.

If the monetary disturbance at Vienna and the rapid rise in the rate of discount had occurred a few weeks earlier, the currency reformers in the House of Commons would probably have used the inconvenience which has been suffered as an argument in support of their theories. It would certainly save much trouble if the prices of money, and indeed of all other commodities, were stationary; and in former times innumerable attempts were made by Acts of Parliament and otherwise to counteract the natural instability of value. The regulation of wages by statute and the usury laws proved to be either inoperative or mischievous; but only a few years ago the bakers of Paris were subjected to an arbitrary tariff of prices, and the modern admirers of ROBESPIERRE still applaud the wisdom and patriotism which aggravated the starvation of Paris by establishing a maximum price for flour. The opponents of the Bank Act, and of all legislation of the kind, still think it possible to counteract by law the causes which affect from time to time the value of money; but practical traders have long since learned from their own experience and from the teaching of scientific economists that, when scarcity is approaching, forestallers and regraters of money, while they pursue their own interest, perform a public service by hoarding and by enforcing the exercise of frugality. The Bank of England, though it has sometimes incurred odium by charging a high rate of discount, is only one among several trading firms on a large scale which are bound to secure themselves against probable loss by charging the full value of the article in which they deal. As money for lending is worth a third more than it was worth six weeks ago, bankers would both sacrifice a legitimate profit and increase the risk of a financial crisis by advancing money at four per cent. when they can find solvent borrowers to give six per cent. If the accounts of private and Joint-Stock Banks were published weekly in detail, it would be found that the Bank of England only exercises the ordinary prudence which is indispensable to the safe conduct of the trade in money. The additional cost of trading operations when the rate of interest is high is in no degree caused by the money-dealers, who follow the natural changes in the value of money without attempting to regulate them.

Some of the reports from Vienna imply that the disturbance in the money market has been partly caused by the improper engagements of bankers in speculative enterprises. A stockjobber, or any other trader who deals with capital of his own, is at worst a gambler if he embarks on adventurous undertakings; but the first duty of a banker is to take care that the

funds entrusted to him by his customers shall be at all times forthcoming. The greatest commercial catastrophe which ever occurred in England through the failure of a single firm involved no eventual loss to the creditors, though many shareholders were ruined. A banker who fails is condemned by the simple fact of his insolvency. There is reason to hope that the misfortune which has befallen Vienna will not extend to London. The new German Companies which are probably responsible for the chief part of the mischief are not known to have placed any considerable portion of their capital in England, and the financial and commercial transactions between England and Austria are on a limited scale. The panic will be more formidable if it extends to the two great centres of business at Berlin and Frankfort. It seems to be understood that it will have little influence on French markets. Since the suspension of specie payments in consequence of the war, dealers in all parts of the Continent resort to England to supply any deficiency in capital or in bullion; but the metaphor of drainage which is commonly applied to the abstraction of money is but imperfectly accurate. Water may be drawn off by the mere force of gravitation, but those who require money must be prepared to provide an equivalent; and, if the money market is partially drained, the process has consisted in making advantageous purchases of securities which will afterwards be resold at a profit. The gains of bankers are largest when money is scarce, and England, as the richest country in Europe, is in some sense a bank to most countries on the Continent. It may be hoped that the present high price of money may be fatal to some of the new Joint-Stock Companies which are almost daily started. The increase of the Post Office revenue must be largely due to the recent circulation of prospectuses of enterprises in all parts of the world.

THE RATING AND VALUATION BILLS.

MR. STANSFELD'S Bills have given rise to so many objections in debate that it is easy to foresee how formidable will be the opposition to them in Committee. The criticism bestowed on the scheme is in part general and in part refers to details. Sir MASSEY LOPES is naturally indignant at the result to which his successful motion has been brought. He had a distinct view of the changes which he wished to see made in local finance; he wanted personal property to pay its share of the expenses of the district in which its owner resides, and he wanted the Imperial Treasury to assume a large portion of local burdens. Last year he carried a motion the terms of which were large enough to include the attainment of both the objects he had in view. The answer to his motion on the part of the Government is the group of Bills which Mr. STANSFELD has now introduced. These Bills are framed on a very different theory from that which guided Sir MASSEY LOPES in his efforts last Session. It is not doing justice to the Government to say that they are only trying to gain time, that these Bills show no distinct policy, and that they leave all the great questions of local taxation unsettled. On the contrary, the main purport of these Bills is indisputable, and if the Bills themselves do not reveal it, it was made sufficiently evident by the Ministerial speeches of Thursday night. The Government have distinctly taken up the ground that personal property is not to be taxed for local purposes. They have inserted a clause in one of their Bills making perpetual what is now the annual exemption from rating of stock in trade; and Mr. HIBBERT stated that the experience of America had shown that the system of rating personal property for local purposes worked extremely badly, and he trusted it would never be adopted in this country. Sir GEORGE JENKINSON has given notice that in Committee he will move a clause extending rating to personal property, and thus the issue will be distinctly raised; but if his proposal were carried, the result would be that, while the motion of Sir MASSEY LOPES would receive the effect which its author designed for it, the scope of the Government measure would be entirely changed. As to the second of the two objects at which Sir MASSEY LOPES aimed, the Government concedes the principle that the Imperial Treasury shall help to make up what is wanted for local purposes after real property has had imposed on it all that it ought to bear. But it must first be ascertained what it is that real property ought to bear; and the first thing that engages the attention of those who try to answer this question is that, while most forms of real property contribute to the expenses of local administration, there are many others which do not. The first step, therefore, is to make real property contribute all round, and then the State will know how much is wanted from it. This may be a bad or a good way of dealing with the question; but at any rate it is a perfectly distinct and intelligible way, and there is nothing harsh or unfair about it. The worst that can be said is that it is a plan of dealing with local taxation which must take some time to work out. But then it must be remembered that the only alternative, if the exemption of personal property from rating was to continue, was to make a present to local from Imperial taxation without inquiry; and although this might have been a popular mode of getting over the difficulty, it is not hard to see how very dangerous the precedent would have been.

There are three principal classes of real property which are at present exempted from contributions to local rates. These are metalliferous mines, Government property, and the property of corporations, charitable, scientific, and literary institutions, and Sunday and Ragged Schools. Mr. STANSFELD proposes that all these exemptions shall cease to exist. That mines ought in fairness to bear their proportion of taxation was conceded by speakers on both sides of the House, and it is evident that there is no theory on which this exemption can be defended. Mr. PERCY WYNDHAM stated that in one small district of West Cumberland the annual value of the mines is 344,000*l.*, and yet they contribute nothing to the rates. Mr. PEASE stated that in the district which he represents the Bill would bring into rateable value 100,000*l.* of annual value in iron mines, besides a further considerable amount to be derived from lead mines. The whole annual amount of rateable value throughout the country which would come within the operation of the clause is estimated at little short of twelve millions sterling; and one of the main foundations of the argument of the Government, that the State should not contribute until all who ought to contribute have done so, is this fact of twelve millions of rateable value being exempted by a mere accident of the law. The great difficulty is in constructing the details of the system under which mines would be rated. The Bill contains no definition of a mine; and Mr. PEASE insisted that, unless the Bill declared what a mine means, endless confusion and litigation must ensue. In some districts, for example, a mine is generally held to include not only the ground and machinery, but all branch railways connected with the mine. Mr. PERCY WYNDHAM was of opinion that different systems must be allowed to prevail in different parts of the country. In Devon and Cornwall he allowed that the royalty of a mine might be properly taken as a guide to its rateable value, but he denied that this was at all true of the rest of the country. The general principle of allowing Government buildings to contribute will not be suffered to receive the sanction of law without a strong effort being made to show why the House should not adopt it. Members like Mr. STONE, who represent towns where, as in Portsmouth, a large part of the ground is occupied by Government buildings, naturally insist that it is very hard on other owners of property that they are to bear all the rates while one great owner is to pay nothing. The Government is, it is urged, nothing but one manufacturer amongst many, and its form of profit is the defence of the nation, and it ought to pay rates like any other manufacturer having a profitable use of premises. On the other hand it is urged that the Bill only extends to England, and that, if the Government pays rates, the general taxation of the country must be increased, and thus poor people in Scotland and Ireland will have to find more money in order that rich people in wealthy English towns may find less. It is also argued that the Government itself creates much of the wealth which bears the rates from which Government property is exempt, and that Portsmouth has already got its equivalent in the choice made of it as the field in which a very large part of the money raised by taxation is expended. The proposal to tax municipal property has not as yet provoked any opposition, but a feeble word was spoken on Thursday for charitable, scientific, and literary institutions; while the outcry against the notion of taxing Sunday and Ragged Schools was so strong that Mr. STANSFELD had virtually to yield the point, and to agree that, if the House wished, the proposal should be withdrawn in Committee. The Government, in fact, lets it be understood that as to all its proposals it will listen to recommendations and suggestions in Committee, provided the main principle is kept inviolate, that personal property shall not be rated, and that all real property shall be rated which can practically be made to bear rates.

Although, however, these are the main instances of total or partial exemption, there are other minor ones with which the Government has attempted to deal; and in each case there is very great difficulty in saying what is the right rule to be laid

down, and any decision to which the House may come will, unless the greatest precautions are used, work injustice in the case of some persons. It is, for example, a very vexed question how machinery ought to be rated; and Mr. CAWLEY, speaking on behalf of a borough where machinery is largely used, insisted that no Act ought to be passed which did not define what machinery should be rated. At present machinery fixed on stone is rated, and machinery fixed on timber is not rated. If, again, a large quantity of machinery is worked from a single engine, the engine and boiler are rated; but if each machine is worked by a small separate engine fixed near it, the boiler and steam-pipes only are rated. These are small matters, but one special instance illustrates the difficulty of doing equal justice in the levying of rates better than a large amount of general propositions. Then, again, it is proposed to rate growing timber; but Mr. HENLEY suggested that if the rate only extended, as he supposed, to woodlands, the owners of very valuable trees in hedgerows would escape, and this would be unfair; while Mr. CROSS suggested a problem the answer to which it is not very easy to see. Supposing, he said, a man has a life estate in land, and his life lasts the time while the trees are growing. He dies, and his successor cuts and fells the timber. The tenant for life has paid rates all his life without a farthing of profit. The successor has all the profit without having paid any rates. Mr. CROSS suggested that the Government should devise some means by which the outlay for rates might be repaid by the feller as the trustee to the executors of the unfortunate tenant for life; but the clause would be so very difficult to draw that Mr. STANSFELD is scarcely likely to take the trouble to draw it, or to make himself responsible for it, unless he is obliged; and yet no one can deny that Mr. CROSS has shown a way in which the Bill may work injustice. The Bill also provides that game shall be rated, but here again many questions arise. If the landlord lets the shooting, there is no great difficulty, although what the tenant pays for is not so much property as amusement. But when the landlord keeps the shooting in hand, he may have to pay for what to him is often not a profitable property at all; and theoretically it is not easy to see why a man should pay rates on the pheasants he feeds and kills more than on the chickens he feeds and kills. The distinction really consists in its being thought amusing to kill pheasants, and not amusing to kill chickens; and it is the amusement, not the property, that is taxed. The Valuation Bill also deals with the old dispute so familiar to the readers of economical treatises, as to the basis on which a large house in the country is to be taxed. It enacts that regard shall be had "to the annual value to the occupant in respect of its actual "use and occupation." Mr. CAWLEY remarked that it was impossible to have used words more open to litigation. Great proprietors often have several houses, in one or two of which they live, while they keep a third in repair, out of deference to family tradition. What in such a case is the annual value to the owner of one of the houses at which he does not live, although legally he is the occupier? Or, again, a man may have inherited a house three times too big for him, and although its annual value would be great to a richer man, its possession may be a positive loss to him. It may be repeated that these are but tiny objections, and that few people will be much injured if in such respects the Bill is defective. But men naturally look at a Rating Bill from their own point of view, and see how the new shoe will pinch their own particular foot; and one of the great obstacles which Mr. STANSFELD has to face is that almost every clause of his Bill hurts somebody, that he will have to meet one little outcry after another, and that in most instances each little outcry will have some very fair foundation for its existence.

GERMANY.

THE Session of the Prussian Parliament has closed, and its work has been done. It has passed the famous Ecclesiastical Bills which must mark so decisive an epoch in German history. Prince BISMARCK took occasion before the close of the Session to review his work, and to express his final sentiments on its character and on the necessity which had dictated it. He made no disguise of the fact that the law of the German Parliament for the expulsion of the orders affiliated to the Jesuits had been carried out with considerable rigour; and, although he explained that many brothers and sisters of the orders had been left in peace, he made it clear that every one from whom the slightest cause of offence could be apprehended had been turned out of the country. To get rid of the worst of his enemies, and to keep those in the second rank of obnoxiousness under very strict control, is his plan, and it is a plan which he is carrying out in the face of day, and with the hearty concurrence of Liberal Germany. He seems to have thought it necessary to reply to some of his critics who had objected that his policy was entirely out of keeping with the policy which England and Russia pursue towards Ultramontanism. As to Russia his answer was simplicity itself. Others might fancy they understood the policy of Russia, but he had the advantage of really understanding it, and he could speak from personal knowledge when he said that those who supposed Russia to have any kindly feeling for Ultramontanism were entirely mistaken. Nor could he believe that England could view with much sympathy a set of people who had succeeded in making constitutional government in Ireland impossible. Perhaps we in England should scarcely allow that what Prince BISMARCK said was not in some degree exaggerated, but if he had chosen to say that we are very tired of conciliating Irish ecclesiastics, and that the greater degree of lenity with which Englishmen regard Ultramontanism is largely due to the fact that they have not to apprehend from it the political dangers with which Ultramontanism threatens Germans, we should not have had anything to do but to agree with him. That the real battle in Prussia is still to be fought when the measures now passed into law come to be practically applied is obvious to every German, and Prince BISMARCK is the last man in the world to try to conceal it. The bishops have met, and have vowed that they will resist to the utmost the laws of their persecutors, and will suffer everything rather than concede anything. We must own that it is very hard to understand how the new laws, and especially that requiring every minister of religion to receive a lay education, can be carried out without an amount of oppressive interference that will make the action of the State wear the appearance of something very like tyranny. All that can be said is that Prince BISMARCK uniformly asserts that he has counted the cost of what he is doing, and that if, in dealing with resolute and unscrupulous enemies, boldness is prudence, he certainly has been sufficiently bold.

Ultramontanism, however, is by no means the sole cause of trouble to the German CHANCELLOR. The thorn of his conquered provinces is always running into his side, and his astonishing frankness was never perhaps more clearly displayed than in his recent speech on the present state of Alsace and Lorraine. His audience endured to hear from him what they certainly would have received with explosive indignation from any one else, that one cause of the difficulty of governing those provinces is the inability of Northern Germans to make themselves pleasant. Nothing can be more true, and nothing could be more salutary than that the governors should take this disagreeable fact into consideration when they wonder why the governed dislike them. Prince BISMARCK might have added that not only do the Alsatians dislike the Germans, but they like the French. They have exchanged masters kindly, easy, and sympathetic, for masters harsh, difficult, and rigid. They feel like boys who have seen a placid, indolent, tender-hearted schoolmaster sent away, and a priggish certificated teacher placed over them in his stead. There is no sign whatever that Germany has as yet made any way in the affections of the provincials. They have been bribed by handsome allowances out of the French indemnity; but they have taken the bribes without thanking the bribers. It has been found necessary to propose a Bill to the German Parliament extending the term during which the provisional state of things is to continue in the newly acquired provinces. The difficulties of local administration seem also to grow greater rather than less. One member of a town council is so extremely annoying that he has to be dismissed, and immediately all the other members resign because they will not seem to desert their friend and colleague. This is very provoking, for what can Prince BISMARCK do, except concentrate the administration of the town in the hands of some stern North German, who is sure to take every possible means of keeping the wound of disaffection open? Prince BISMARCK can but trust to time and patience. The world, he says, is sceptical as to the skill and adroitness of Germans in the art of government, but it cannot possibly call in question that the Germans will persevere. Through good and through evil they will carry on a task which they have once begun. Prince BISMARCK, however, invited his hearers to believe that there was one ray of hope to gild the gloomy prospect. Before long Alsatian deputies will take their seats in the German Parliament, and this will do them, and those whom they represent, a vast amount of good; it will show them

what Germany really is, and what are the virtues and resources of the Empire to which they have been annexed. Whether he is right or wrong, it is evident that Prince BISMARCK spoke in accordance with a general idea which colours his whole conception of the relations of these provinces to Germany. His view is that Alsatians are to be made Germans not in Alsace, but in Germany. Some months ago he dilated on the beneficial influences which would be derived from Alsatians joining the German army, being quartered in German towns, and mixing in the social and domestic life of German circles. The private soldier and the deputy are thus to learn the same lessons, and instil into the minds of those they have left behind the same thoughts as to the advantages which Germany can confer and the evils it can inflict.

Success always succeeds, and many little triumphs have been won by Prince BISMARCK in addition to his two great triumphs of making the Upper House succumb on the Counties Bill and in passing his ecclesiastical measures. In the first place, he has managed to remodel the Prussian Ministry until he has at last secured a majority of avowed Liberals and trustworthy followers. In the next place, he has entirely altered the tone of the Conservative party; they have just issued a manifesto in which they heartily accept the new position he has created for them. They seem as if they were sincerely obliged to him for all that he has done. The manner in which he broke the neck of the resistance of the Peers seems to have faded out of their thoughts, and they have nothing more to say as to his ecclesiastical Bills than that it now behoves the Evangelical Church to see that it makes capital out of the new order of things, and uses the advantage which a hearty alliance with the State may give it in the face of Catholic disaffection. The only point on which they insist as the special sign of their Conservatism is that they are, and intend to be, enthusiastically loyal. But as the KING goes heartily with his Minister, loyalty comes to be the flag under which Conservatives will fight the battle of Liberals. The German Parliament is even more ready than the Prussian to advance in the path in which Prince BISMARCK seeks to push it. If any questions could have been supposed likely to cause dissensions in the Parliament, they would have been the questions springing out of the proposal for the recasting of the coinage and paper circulation of the Empire. But although differences of opinion have shown themselves, there has been no bitterness, and no inclination to oppose, from jealousy of Prussia, schemes in many respects alien to the habits and distasteful to the feelings of the smaller States. The Parliament, too, is always contriving something of its own free motion which shall impel some backward part of Germany in the new paths of unity and Liberalism. It has just passed a resolution that it is not fit that any portion of Germany should be destitute of local representative institutions. Mecklenburg was the tiny offender which this resolution was intended to affect. It has long been completely in the hands of perhaps the most petty and backward aristocracy in Europe, and this aristocracy views with sublime horror the notion of common people pretending to take a part in government. Before the censure of the Empire, however, even the nobility of Mecklenburg will probably give way, and it deserves notice that the GRAND DUKE by no means shares the sentiments of his nobles, and is as anxious as his humblest subject that Mecklenburg should have a Lilliputian Parliament of its own. It is not only on account of Mecklenburg that this deserves notice; for it may be observed that the small princes of Germany have, on the whole, shown themselves much more inclined to reform than could have been expected. They used to be laughed at or scorned as men with the ideas of another century, absorbed in the contemplation of their trivial grandeur, and without even the mental faculties on which new thoughts could work. But the world was unjust to them, and whether their motives may have been those of fear or awakening intelligence, they have, with few exceptions, shown a desire to meet the general wishes of the country which does them considerable credit.

THE IRISH PEACE PRESERVATION ACT.

THE Bill for renewing the Irish Peace Preservation Act passed through its different stages with less than the usual accompaniment of cant. It is still conventionally necessary that a Minister should affect to regret the necessity of legislating in accordance with the circumstances of the community; but Lord HARTINGTON, in his speech on the second reading, passed as soon as possible from the accustomed commonplaces to the reasons which render the renewal of the Act expedient. It was scarcely necessary to adduce any further proof of the necessity of renewing the Act than the statement that the LORD-LIEUTENANT had found it necessary to proclaim nearly every county in Ireland. In other words, the country can only be governed by the employment of powers which are not conferred by the ordinary law. Another statute, called the Life and Property Protection Act, is only applied to the whole or part of two or three counties; but the operation of the Westmeath Act, as it is commonly called, has been conspicuously beneficial. Agrarian crime has been reduced to a mere fraction of the amount which prevailed before the passing of the Act; and Lord HARTINGTON stated that the imprisonment of only nine persons under the provisions of the law had practically crippled Ribandism in Westmeath. It is possible that some fanatics of liberty may think it desirable that a handful of murderous conspirators well known to the police should enjoy perfect immunity because their guilt cannot be substantiated by legal proof. Whether any of the Irish members are troubled with these excessive scruples may be reasonably doubted. Twenty-eight members voted against the second reading of the Peace Preservation Bill with full knowledge that their opposition would be as ineffective as it was perhaps sincere. There is no reason to suppose that they really differed from the great majority of their colleagues who took the opportunity to be absent. The opponents of the Bill complained bitterly that the Treasury Bench was empty while new chains were forging for unhappy Ireland; but if Ministers and English and Scotch members abstained from swelling a majority already sufficient, there was nothing to prevent indignant Irish patriots from protesting against a tyrannical measure. Mr. MITCHELL HENRY explained the absence of his colleagues on the singular theory that they have not the spirit to contend with their oppressors in an alien Parliament; but it might have been thought that a defeat would have furnished a better argument for Home Rule than a display of entire indifference to Lord HARTINGTON'S project of coercion. Another explanation of their absence may perhaps be found in their estimate of the opinion of their constituents. Even in Westmeath, peaceable men are more numerous than assassins, and, under a system of secret voting, the mass of the population may perhaps not be disinclined to secure to itself protection against the Ribandmen and their leaders. The O'DONOGHUE had the courage to express the conviction which he probably shared with many members of the minority. Every Irish member who failed to take part in the division may fairly be considered a supporter of the Bill. The few adversaries of the measure are ostensibly committed to the proposition that murderers ought not to be locked up, and that journalists are entitled to publish treason with impunity. The rebel press, even under the restrictions of the Peace Preservation Act, indulges in a freedom which elsewhere would be regarded as unbounded license. In general it may be said that no loyal or respectable subject is in any degree incommoded by the provisions of the Act, and that its penalties can only be incurred by the most reckless violators of the law.

When the Bill went into Committee, Mr. PIM proposed that it should be referred to a Select Committee consisting of all the Irish members, with the addition of Mr. BRUCE and Lord HARTINGTON. If the motion had been carried, the proposed Committee would immediately have divided itself into two hostile parties; and perhaps its discussions would have thrown light on the probable results of Home Rule. The reasons against Mr. PIM'S proposal were obvious and conclusive. It is the business of Committees either to collect information for the use of the House or to elaborate in detail some measure which has been adopted in principle. It is by an entirely different machinery that the Scotch members retain for themselves the chief control over measures which concern their constituencies. Dr. BALL protested with appropriate vigour against the innovation of establishing a little Irish Parliament at Westminster. The Committee could not have obtained any information which was not already accessible; and it is highly important that in all cases of suspension of the law the Government should be prepared to act on its own responsibility. It was a great mistake to refer the state of Westmeath to a Committee when the Life Preservation Bill was first introduced; and the objections to Mr. PIM'S little Legislature are far more conclusive than the reasons which were formerly urged against reference to a more dispassionate tribunal. It was evident through the whole course of the languid opposition to the Bill that the protesting Irish members were not in earnest. One opponent

of the measure gravely complained of the provision which renders a licence necessary for bearing arms, on the ground that it interfered with the lawful and harmless pursuit of sporting. One of the most conspicuous instances of the injustice or inequality of English legislation for Ireland consists in the exemption of the Irish from assessed taxes, and from some other burdens of the same kind. If it is lawful in Ireland to shoot game without a licence, no such privilege is enjoyed by Englishmen; and Mr. LOWE has long since imposed a tax of ten shillings a year on persons who for any purpose carried a gun. As Mr. RONAYNE justly observed, Westmeath tenants are not likely to take out licences for firearms to be employed in shooting their landlords; and it seems but a trifling hardship to be compelled to ask for a gratuitous certificate which would be granted as a matter of course to any respectable person. The object of requiring the licence is to give the police a hold on the unlicensed patriots who may happen from time to time to be about to shoot their landlords or other objects of their dislike. Roving assassins who have not been able to provide themselves with the necessary document are likely to be apprehended if they are nevertheless found in possession of firearms. The Fenians who occasionally break into gun-shops at Cork or in other towns will be hampered in the use which they might feel inclined to make of their booty. It is difficult to imagine any case in which an honest and peaceable Irishman could suffer any inconvenience from the regulated permission to carry arms.

The ease with which necessary Coercion Bills have lately been passed does credit to the good sense of Parliament and of the Irish members themselves. When the Peace Preservation Act was first passed, and when the Westmeath Bill was introduced in the following year, it was thought necessary to mention the intended legislation in the Speech from the Throne, and in one instance to refer the evidence which justified the action of the Government to a Select Committee. At an earlier period great political issues turned upon Bills for preserving the peace of Ireland, and more than one Ministry was overthrown in the course of conflicts on the question. Lord GREY retired from office in 1834 in consequence of a long series of blunders and intrigues in which some of his subordinates had contrived to engage with O'CONNELL. In 1846 Lord JOHN RUSSELL, after standing aside to allow Sir ROBERT PEEL to pass the Bill for abolishing the Corn-laws, successfully coalesced with Lord GEORGE BENTINCK to drive the Minister from office by defeating a necessary Coercion Bill. The Tory leader boldly avowed his approval of the measure which he opposed, but he contended that a Government which had broken up its party could not be safely trusted with exceptional powers. Lord JOHN RUSSELL, as soon as he had attained the object of driving his rival from office, immediately passed the measure which he had denounced as oppressive and unnecessary. All statesmen were then, as now, convinced of the necessity of preserving the peace of Ireland; but when parties were evenly balanced, it was sometimes thought expedient to court by liberal professions the favour of O'CONNELL and his adherents. In these days politicians have perhaps become more conscientious; and the robust faith of former times in the universal applicability of the British Constitution has been occasionally disturbed. Nevertheless interference with the common law rights of the Irish subject is carefully restricted within the narrowest limits. As a Liberal Irish member observed during the desultory debate on the Peace Preservation Act, no ordinary person would know that such a law was in force unless he derived his information from the seditious newspapers of London. The Irish Government seems to have exercised its powers with extreme moderation and with sound discretion. One Irish member called attention to the excess of arrests under the Act over the discharges and the present detentions. It appeared that some of the Westmeath Ribandmen are not in prison, and that they are not pursuing their usual avocations in the neighbourhood; and it was regretted that some of the leaders had been allowed to leave Ireland for America as a condition of their release. As it is contrary to the principles of Englishmen to punish offenders without trial, the Government has probably acted with sound judgment in getting rid of some of the ringleaders in the most convenient manner. They had been taken into custody because it was known that they promoted murder and other crimes of violence, although there was no legal evidence of their guilt. As the object was to get rid of criminals whom it was impossible adequately to punish, their expatriation was desirable for all parties. In the United States they will either abandon their former habits, or they will be convicted and punished without the smallest scruple. In the meantime life in Westmeath has become tolerably safe. Before trial by jury is re-established as the sole method of protecting society in Westmeath, it may perhaps have been found expedient to adopt the suggestions of the Select Committee on the Irish jury system. The modest remark that persons unable to read or write the English language ought to be exempted from serving on juries seems to deserve attention.

THE SPANISH ELECTIONS.

IF the Republican party in Spain or the Government ever attached importance to the general election, they must have been seriously disappointed by the result. The Federal Republicans have succeeded in returning an almost unanimous Assembly, except indeed that the uncompromising faction of their own body will constitute a troublesome minority. Within a few months two previous elections have provided as many Governments with overwhelming majorities. SAGASTA and the Conservatives, ZORRILLA and the Progressists or Radicals, were in turn omnipotent, as far as power depended on the ostensible opinion of the constituencies. ZORRILLA showed his appreciation of the value of representative institutions in Spain by endeavouring to induce some of his political opponents to accept seats in the Upper House of the Cortes. SAGASTA had before him been accused, probably with justice, of packing the elections; but in Spain the Minister for the time being hardly needs to trouble himself with the details of interference. The supporters of each successive Government are the only politicians who have any sufficient motive for exerting themselves in the formation of the preliminary Committees which superintend the elections. The control of the ballot-boxes conveys an irresponsible power over the returns; and the electors, even if they felt any interest in the elections, knew that it would be useless to vote for Opposition candidates. On the present occasion, the great mass of the population, anticipating the inevitable result, deliberately abstained from voting; and it is doubtful whether even the dominant party exhibited its full numerical strength. According to the electoral law, if indeed there can be said to be any constitutional law in Spain, the suffrage was restricted to voters who had attained the age of twenty-five; but the Republican Government, for the purpose of ensuring ripeness of political judgment, arbitrarily extended the privilege to all persons over the age of twenty. It has, after all, only been found possible to induce a fourth or fifth part of the qualified electors to vote; and, in substance, the return of the Constituent Cortes is equivalent to a census of the Republican minority, including the stray politicians who habitually support any Government which may be in power. It is evident that no value will attach either to the ordinary or to the constituent legislation of a body which is virtually nominated by the Ministers that they may continue to exercise power in its name. After the discreditable Parisian catastrophe of 1848, the Constituent Assembly contained a large majority of members opposed to the policy of the revolutionary Government. The sham Spanish election still more emphatically condemns the Republican usurpation. As soon as the nation finds means of expressing its will, any movement for the overthrow of the Government and the Cortes will be morally excusable, if only it is justified by success.

The process of making a Constitution will be a farce, except so far as it involves the abstruse problem of Federalism. For sixty years past ingenious legislators have provided the Spanish nation with a long succession of impracticable and inoperative Constitutions. In every instance the object has been to apply principles of extreme democracy to the details of government and administration, and the latest experiment, completed three or four years ago, was applauded by the leader of the Hyde Park rioters as a model system which might be advantageously copied by the benighted Legislature of England. The limitation of age which formed the only check on universal suffrage has already been abolished by the Republican Government; and, with the best possible intentions, it is impossible to provide larger securities for that kind of liberty and equality which finds favour with modern revolutionary theorists. It will be perfectly easy to renew the prohibitions against suspension of the ordinary rights of law; and the Republican generals in the Northern provinces will disregard any enactment of the kind as willingly as if they were under the orders of PRIM or SERRANO. The difficulties of the Constituent Cortes will commence with the task of organising a Federal Government. In the first place, no poli-

tician in or out of Spain knows what Federalism means; nor has CASTELAR ever succeeded, notwithstanding his rare powers of language, in expounding in intelligible terms the faith which he professes. The anarchical classes, who alone wish in earnest for a Federal Republic, desire, as far as they have any definite plan, that the country should be governed by themselves, through the agency of local Clubs exercising despotic and irresponsible power in every town and district. They have persuaded themselves that there is no necessity for maintaining a national army, or for contributing to the expenses of a central Government. The revenues of the dominant Juntas or deputations will probably consist of forced loans, or of other exactions from the wealthier classes; and some of the more advanced Clubs are prepared in their respective districts to abolish property altogether. Cultivated Republicans such as FIGUERAS and CASTELAR have no disposition to concur in a dissolution of political society; but they will grievously disappoint their adherents if they content themselves with proposing a mere enlargement of the functions of provincial authorities. It will scarcely be proposed that the different kingdoms which were finally united under the sceptre of FERDINAND and ISABELLA should once more be severed for administrative purposes; and, on the other hand, there is no historical pretext for the establishment of the smaller provinces as independent States of a Federation. Statesmen cannot dispense, like local demagogues, with an army, and the military force must necessarily be subject to central control. The recent policy of arming Republican Volunteers for the purpose of keeping the regular army in check would, if it were habitually pursued, render civil war inevitable. If the Spaniards really desire Federal institutions, they ought to have maintained the Monarchy as the connecting link of the various communities within the Union.

If the centrifugal force which undoubtedly exists in Spain ultimately prevails, the Constituent Cortes will have little share in the task of disruption. The pretensions of an Assembly elected by a fraction of the community will not be seriously accepted either by friends or by enemies. The last Parliament was summarily turned out of doors by FIGUERAS and his colleagues, amid general indifference; and the body which succeeds it will have even less title to respect. It is a curious and instructive fact that universal suffrage never believes in itself. The multitude, once convinced of its own indefeasible supremacy, logically infers that it is impossible to transfer to representatives an inalienable right. The new Cortes will, at the risk of dissolution, obey the orders of the Government, until some rival faction succeeds in grasping executive power. If the proposed Federal Constitution proves to be unpopular, the Cortes will be unceremoniously ejected to make room either for a more docile Assembly or for a dictatorship. If any portion of the army retains its discipline and organization, no long time will elapse before a military leader undertakes, probably with the general good will of the respectable classes, the meritorious and profitable duty of restoring order and security. The horror or disapprobation which such enterprises have sometimes provoked would have no justification in a country which has for the present no constituted authority to respect. The Government exists by the favour of the rabble of Madrid, and of that part of the military force which proved too strong for the conservative section of the militia in the late disturbance. The Cortes will be still more powerless than a Ministry which includes the recognized leaders of the party in power. For a freely elected Assembly Spaniards entertain little habitual deference, and it is notorious that the Constituent Cortes in no sense represents the nation. The few Conservatives and Progressists who were elected will not even take their seats. Opposition to the establishment of a Federal Republic might be dangerous, and it would certainly be useless.

When, after the abdication of the KING, the Republic was first proclaimed, shallow observers congratulated the Spanish nation on the easy and peaceful transition from one form of government to another. More serious politicians were not surprised at the temporary calm which is almost always produced on the morrow of a revolution by complacency on one side and by alarm on the other. The Republicans had for the moment obtained more than they had asked; and the defeated Conservatives were gratified and surprised to find that they had not yet been molested. A section of the outgoing Progressists was admitted to a share in the administration; and CASTELAR, with florid eloquence, assured the representatives of Spain in foreign countries that the Republic was not less capable than the Monarchy of maintaining security and peace. During three months which have since elapsed there has been a Ministerial crisis, and a second revolution, resulting in both cases from the lawless interference of the mob of the capital. ZORRILLA and SAGASTA on the first establishment of the Monarchy prudently retired into concealment or into exile. OLOZAGA, who at the urgent entreaty of CASTELAR returned for a time to his place as Minister to France, has resigned, or is about to resign, his office, and has not thought it safe to return to Spain. SERRANO, who three years ago occupied an almost regal position in Spain has found, in the necessity of escaping in disguise, the fit reward of his capricious intrigues against the foreign Prince whom he had himself invited to occupy the throne. The numerous fugitives may perhaps have shown excessive timidity; but, by the common consent of all parties except the faction in power, society is exposed to the gravest danger. The Ministers are not anxious to injure their political opponents, but they could not have protected SERRANO against the violence of the rabble if he had not taken elaborate precautions for his own safety. The tranquillity which has prevailed during the election proves nothing except the natural indifference of the constituency to a function which is nothing but a form. Moderate and thoughtful Spaniards probably, with few exceptions, now regret the generous impatience of statesmen and generals who could no longer tolerate the scandals of Queen ISABELLA'S Government and Court. It would, as the result has shown, have been better to bear with existing evils than to set the stone of revolution rolling. If PRIM had lived, or if SERRANO and his associates had loyally supported King AMADEO, there would have been another chance of retrieving past errors. The prospects of improvement through the Republic are faint and distant.

MR. MIALL ON DISESTABLISHMENT.

MR. MIALL'S speeches carry those who hear or read them into a world which seems to have no connexion with that in which they are delivered. The mysterious beings with which this world of Mr. MIALL'S is peopled are suffering from an overpowering sense of religious inequality. The existence of an Established Church is as an iron driven into their very souls. The Dissenter as he is known to Mr. MIALL is a being of a different order from the Dissenters who are to be met with every day. In business or in society the mask is on their face, the inward torture is hidden beneath the mechanical smile. There is a place, of which only Mr. MIALL seems to have the secret, in which this simulated cheerfulness is laid aside. It may be in the vaults under Mr. SPURGEON'S Tabernacle, or behind the hoarding which conceals from the careless or cruel gaze of members of the Established Church the rising glories of the City Temple. But, wherever it is, it evidently serves as a refuge for Nonconformists weary of acting a part. Here they can come from the House of Commons or the dinner party and clank their chains at pleasure. Here they can vow that, in spite of appearances, life with an Established Church is no better than a living death. Here they can join their mournful songs to an accompaniment of abstract resolutions. This is the Dissenter as Mr. MIALL has the privilege of seeing him; and if the retiring Nonconformist nature would consent to show itself to the world in its true colours, the Established Church would have but a few days to live. Majorities are not above being moved by the obvious wretchedness of minorities. If the iron could not be got out of Dissenters' souls without overturning the existing religious settlement, the general feeling would still be that it must be got out at any cost. But the Dissenters kindly spare their countrymen's feelings by leaving the iron at home whenever they come out into society. They are in the habit of boasting, and boasting with very great reason, that they have got rid of all the disabilities to which they had for centuries been subjected by laws made in the interest of the Established Church. There is not a hardship left for them to complain of, except it be that they are forbidden to pray or preach in churchyards which belong to other people. We are so accustomed to these accents of triumph that Mr. MIALL'S yearly dirge comes upon us as a yearly surprise. It is true, no doubt, that the establishment by law of the Churches of England and Scotland involves a violation of religious equality. But there is scarcely any institution established by law that does not involve a violation of principles equally dear to some minority or other. Why should the Dissenter who objects to a State Church be more considered than the Dissenter who objects to a State army? There may be good reasons for drawing a distinction between the two cases, but they must be reasons

founded on considerations of practical utility. If the majority are justified in taking the Quaker's money to pay the soldier who fights for them, they are equally justified, as a matter of theory, in taking the Baptist's money to pay the parson who christens their children. If Mr. MIALL wishes to prove his point, he must condescend to particulars. He must show the precise harm that the violation of religious equality involved in the existence of an Established Church does to his clients. Where the Irish Church was concerned there was no difficulty in meeting this challenge. The mischiefs wrought by the violation of religious equality in Ireland were everywhere apparent. When Mr. MIALL can produce anything approaching to a similar list as regards the Church of England, he may feel confident of a similar victory.

The violation of religious equality is only one of the charges which Mr. MIALL brings against the system of religious establishments. It is a further vice of this system, he says, that it deprives the Church of the right of self-government, and a large part of his speech was devoted to an enumeration of the evils sustained by the Church of England by reason of her bondage to the State. This argument admits of a very simple answer. Whether the interests of religion would or would not be promoted by the abolition of the Established Church, it is exceedingly unlikely that the Church of England, as we know it, would long survive the separation. Other Churches would arise out of its ruins, more enthusiastic, more dogmatic, more united. But the Church of England as it is would have gone hence, killed by that strife of parties which only the machinery of the State has the power to keep in abeyance. In 1869 there were some who predicted that the same result would follow from disestablishment in Ireland, but it was answered—and, we own, as we then thought, successfully answered—that the differences which divided the parties in the Irish Church were of too unimportant a character to have this effect. The event has proved the contrary. The Irish Church, which before disestablishment seemed to have only one party within its pale, has developed others with extraordinary rapidity, and has already pushed revision to a point which threatens to end in open schism. If this is what has happened in Ireland, what might be expected after a corresponding revolution in England? The last thing that can be said of English Churchmen is that they are all of one party. On the contrary, they are, and avow themselves to be, of all shades of belief. Under the tolerant eclecticism of the State they somehow contrive to go on side by side; but if they were free to manage their affairs for themselves, this enforced harmony would not endure for a single year. The first Session of Convocation after disestablishment would bring out all the latent discords, and demonstrate the impossibility of two walking together who are not agreed. It is open to Mr. MIALL to contend that frank separation is better than unreal agreement; that High Churchmen who, as he would say, differ from Roman Catholics only on points of form, and Low Churchmen who agree with Dissenters upon all matters of substance, can have no genuine community of sentiment or action; and that he who opens their eyes to this fact will be a true friend to both. We are not concerned to inquire whether Mr. MIALL would be right or wrong in asserting this. It is enough for our purpose to point out that what he does assert is something quite different. He promises the Church of England that she shall come out of the cauldron of disestablishment endued with new vigour. Those who feel sure that the institution which went into the cauldron would never come out at all may be pardoned for asking for some further evidence as to the ultimate results of the process.

Mr. MIALL's third and last proposition—for his fifth and sixth are simply deductions from those that have gone before—is that the existence of an Established Church imposes on Parliament duties which it is not qualified to discharge. To this it may be replied that, as Parliament consistently omits to discharge them, this objection is deprived of its principal force. If the House of Commons were continually meddling with ecclesiastical matters, the position of affairs would soon become intolerable. But as for the most part it has the good sense to leave them alone, the worst that happens is that the Church is not as free to modify her organization and machinery as some of her more enthusiastic members wish her to be. To those who value the Church of England as she is, and have no wish to see her subjected to radical changes in any direction, this is not a matter to be deeply regretted. These persons are ready to put up with an admitted absence of consistency and decision rather than lose the tolerance and largeness of mind which is to some extent secured by subjection to the State. This subjection cannot have its perfect work except on condition that no important ecclesiastical changes can be introduced unless by Parliament, and that it is well understood that Parliament has no mind to introduce them. As things now stand, all parties in the Church of England have a large amount of practical freedom to go their own way, so long as they can anyhow bring themselves within the very elastic limits of conformity defined by the law. They may fairly think themselves fortunate that they are under the control of a Parliament which is content to let well alone, rather than under that of an ecclesiastical Synod inspired with a zeal for improvement which must end in two parties out of three being improved out of the Church. Upon all the three points, therefore, upon which Mr. MIALL chose to rest his case it has broken down. He has not shown that the violation of religious equality is anything more than technical and nominal. He has not shown that the Church of England would be either stronger or freer if her subjugation to the State were at an end. He has not shown that any harm follows from Parliament being nominally charged with duties which in point of fact are performed by nobody. It is satisfactory that a position so weak in theory should have proved equally weak when brought to the test of a division. Mr. GLADSTONE's speech aptly expressed the weariness of the subject which has overtaken the existing House of Commons; and there is nothing to show that the feeling out of doors is in any way more favourable to Mr. MIALL's cause. Until the verdict of the constituencies has been given against him, it is hardly to be expected that he should retire from the contest; but to all appearance the next general election will give him this additional excuse for leaving disestablishment to slumber awhile undisturbed. In the meanwhile, the zeal of that knot of self-conceited agitators which has been for some time deafening our ears with the assertion that the nostrum of the Liberation Society is ripe to be accepted as the prescription of the Liberal party will have received a salutary cataract of undeniably cold water.

THE SHIP OF THE FUTURE.

THE discussion in Committee on the Navy Estimates on Monday showed that the Admiralty are still very much in the dark as to the type of the war-ship of the future. They have undertaken to build a couple of large ships this year, but they have not yet been able to make up their minds what sort of ships these shall be. Of one of them Mr. GOSCHEN has given no account whatever, and though the other has been described as a new *Fury*, it turns out that she is to be different from the *Fury*, and also different from the *Devastation*. Indeed, for the matter of that, it is not quite certain what sort of a ship the Admiralty may make of the *Devastation* before they have done with her. She has always been spoken of as a mastless vessel, but she has been fitted up with a mast, and, according to Admiral ERSKINE, one of the biggest masts in the navy, and the Admiralty are considering whether she shall not have sails too. The *Devastation* has steamed over from Portsmouth to Queenstown, and is now waiting till there are some waves off Bantry which will test her sea-going qualities. As yet she has done very well, but then she has had only light winds and short waves to contend with. A ship that even in smooth water pounds the swell into spray and flings it on to the fore-deck in "clods" of thirty and forty tons, may be expected to have some lively experiences among the Atlantic rollers. There are two dangers to which the *Devastation* is exposed: first, the water may get into her; and, secondly, the water, even without getting inside, may lodge in such vast quantities on the deck as to weigh down the vessel. The first of these dangers is supposed to have been sufficiently guarded against in the construction of the ship. All the openings for air are carried far above the possibility of water bursting into them; and we have Sir SPENCER ROBINSON's assurance that, as long as these openings are closed, even if the ship were to be forcibly immersed, she would be lighter than the volume of water she displaced, and, therefore, when released, must come to the surface. These are points, however, on which argument is rather thrown away on the eve of practical experiments. The best proof of the stability and buoyancy of the ship will be that she floats at sea. There is at least no room for any doubt as to what the *Devastation* is intended to be. The Admiralty are prepared to stand by her as a sea-going ship capable of sailing to the Channel, the Mediterranean, or across the Atlantic, and Mr. GOSCHEN has stated distinctly that, if

she fails in this respect, she will be a failure altogether. She draws too much water for coast defence, and for that purpose a more suitable vessel might be built at much less cost.

It is important to know whether, in the *Devastation*, we have a good serviceable ship; but it is even more important to know what is the right type of ship to go on building; and we could afford to sacrifice the *Devastation* if it would only be the means of solving this problem. It is obvious that, in the nature of things, a ship of war must necessarily be a compromise. She must be a fighting ship and a sailing ship, and her qualities in each case will always be in a great measure antagonistic. For fighting purposes the ship must carry heavy artillery, and must be protected by strong armour; and weight, even for its own sake, is desirable as a means of increasing the power of impact. On the other hand, you can hardly have a good seagoing ship without masts, and masts get in the way of the guns. A thickly-plated ship, which carries four 35-ton guns in revolving turrets, sweeping the horizon on every side, and which can be propelled as a ram at the rate of over sixteen statute miles an hour, and then turned in a couple of minutes against another object in just the opposite direction, certainly leaves little to be desired as a fighting ship; and thus much may be said for the *Devastation*. But all these advantages have to be paid for out of her sailing qualities; and the question is whether too much has not been sacrificed in this respect. Even if her stability is proved, will she be sufficiently manageable in a heavy sea? And how long can she remain at sea? In other words, what stock of coals will she carry? It may be assumed that, even if it should be decided to try the effect of sails on the *Devastation's* single mast, the sails will be regarded only as a very subordinate assistance to the engines, and that, if the engines broke down, the ship would be practically helpless. As the ship is propelled by two separate screws driven by double cylinders and separate engines, and as either screw is capable of alone propelling the ship, the chances of a total break-down of the machinery may be regarded as somewhat remote. But even if the machinery were all right, it would be useless without coals. It was estimated in the first instance that the *Devastation* could carry from 1,600 to 1,700 tons of coal, which would enable her, with a moderate consumption of fuel, to remain at sea for some thirty-six days; but the weights of the ship have since been increased to such a degree as to encroach considerably on the margin for fuel. It does not appear that the Admiralty have yet come to a definite conclusion on this point, but the excellence of the engines has in some measure got them out of the difficulty. The engines have developed upwards of a thousand horse-power more than was contracted for, and given the ship an extra speed of a knot and a quarter; and it is now calculated that 1,400 tons of coal would send her about as far as 1,600 tons on the original plan. But it has yet to be seen whether she can carry even this quantity of coal, and also what will be the effect of the reduced weight below on the general stability and buoyancy of the vessel.

Mr. GOSCHEN has appealed to the House of Commons to have confidence in the Admiralty, and to allow them a wide discretion in applying the shipbuilding votes. They are anxious to see how the *Devastation* turns out, and they are also keeping a watchful eye on what other Powers are doing, and they would like not to be tied down too tightly to particular plans, and to be able to take advantage of any new ideas or fresh experience that may turn up. In itself this seems to be reasonable enough. England of course cannot afford to sit still with folded hands waiting for a revelation of a perfect type of ship, while other countries are busily building ships which may not be ideally perfect, but which are at least extremely formidable. Still it may be just as well to be cautious in laying down new ships, and a delay of a few months can hardly make very much difference. The most certain way to waste both time and money would be to begin a ship in a hurry without having a clear idea of what it is to be. In the meantime it might be worth while to consider whether the arrangements of the Construction Department are really calculated to promote the object in view. The late Controller, in a pamphlet on the *Devastation* which he has just published, incidentally gives an instructive history of the progress of the designs for that ship. The late Constructor, Lord DUFFERIN's Committee, and the present Council of Construction have all been employed upon it in succession. The result appears to be that the ship in its present form differs from the original design, and that the principles of that design have been thrown into somewhat dangerous confusion. According to Admiral ROBINSON's calculations, the weights of the *Devastation*, allowing for 1,600 tons of coal, are 585 tons in excess of the estimate of 1871, and 552 tons beyond the first estimate of 1869; while her mean draft of water is nearly sixteen inches beyond the calculation of 1871, and thirteen inches beyond that of 1869. "No one," observes the Admiral, "would be justified "in sending such a ship to encounter Atlantic weather with "an immersion exceeding by thirteen inches her intended "flotation, and the only proceeding possible, if she is ever to "do that for which she was specially designed—namely, to "meet successfully Atlantic weather—is to diminish the "amount of coal and the quantity of projectiles which the "ship was meant to carry; in other words, to clip the wings "and pare the talons of the most formidable sea-going ship "yet designed." In the late Controller's opinion, the builders of the *Devastation* have fallen into the same error as the builders of the *Captain* in adding weights which are perhaps improvements to the parts where they are applied, but which vitiate the sea-going qualities of the structure as a whole. It is impossible to imagine any system better calculated to fritter away personal responsibility, and to destroy that unity of design which is so essential in work of this kind, than the system which appears to be at present in operation at the Admiralty. It has taken four years to produce the *Devastation*, yet at this moment there are several important questions as to her load-line, coal supply, &c., on which definite information is still wanting. It may turn out that the unexpected power of the engines will make up for the reduced stock of coals; but of course this could not have been in the original calculations of the Council of Construction.

ITALY AND ANCIENT ART.

MR. RUSKIN is said to have declared some time ago that the greatest service England could render to art would be that of buying up Venice and devoting itself simply to the preservation of the City of the Lagoons. The proposal was a little extravagant perhaps, but it exactly expresses the feeling which deepens on one year after year as one passes through Italy. Great as is the ruin wrought in the past, it is as nothing to the perils which seem to be awaiting the scanty relics of art and antiquity which the past has left. The possibility of a war with France is the commonplace of every piazza. Yet the possibility of a war in Italy is, æsthetically speaking, of much the same order as the possibility of an Irish row in the British Museum, with the Elgin Marbles for barricades against the police, and the Hamilton vases for missiles. The School of San Rocco has been justly pronounced one of the three most precious buildings in the world to an artist, but an artist can still see the mark where an Austrian shell during the siege of Venice by Radetsky tore its way through the roof. By a special piece of luck the missile rested on the floor beneath without exploding, but the existence of eighty of the grandest of Venetian pictures hung on the caprice of a fusee. At this moment the Italian Government is planning new fortifications for Rome, and next year we may be trembling with suspense over telegrams of congratulation that, although the front of St. Peter's has suffered, the bombardment has not yet injured the Vatican, as we were trembling a year or two ago over the telegrams from Strasburg. But peace has its victories of destruction no less than war. The industrial revival of Italy is the most hopeful feature in its present condition, but docks and boulevards are terrible foes of the picturesque. Florence, with its new quarter, its widened and straightened streets, its restored churches and palaces, has almost ceased to be the Florence of Giotto or Machiavelli. The energetic Syndic who proposed to drive a broad road through the heart of Venice, and to turn the Piazza of St. Mark into an omnibus-stand, is still zealous to carry out his plans, and the choice of the city by the Peninsular and Oriental steamships must soon bring fresh warehouses of red brick to vary the line of palaces along the Grand Canal. Every one is crying for fresh house-room at Rome, and house-room can only be found by Haussmannizing the Esquiline and the Cælian. Already the whole district from the Baths of Diocletian to Santa Maria Maggiore is a wilderness of brick and mortar; the gardens of the Palazzo Massimi are changing into streets and squares; and a grand boulevard is charging straight on the Agger of Servius Tullius, and carrying mound and wall triumphantly before it. The Esquiline, however, has been doomed ever since the railway chose it for its terminus; but Roman progress is far from being content with the Esquiline. Perhaps the loveliest and most picturesque quarter of the older city is the space between the Lateran and Santa Croce, the square of desolate ground hemmed in by the grand line of the Aurelian wall, scored across with broken lines of aqueducts, and cut off from the modern city by the Wolkonski gardens and the grass-grown road which leads to the Porta Maggiore. There is no spot perhaps in Rome which is dearer to those who love the wild, solitary beauty that gives so strange a charm to the Eternal City; but to the Municipio and the architect it is simply an available space, and the dreamer who returns from his musings beneath its ruins may see hoarding in the Corso the

plan for covering it with "a fashionable quarter" and turning it into the Belgravia of the coming Rome.

It is of course useless to quarrel with the inevitable results of the revival of commerce or the return of population after so many ages to Rome; and we should be doing injustice to modern Italy if we supposed her indifferent to the antiquity or the beauty which her progress endangers. Whatever may have been the case a short time back, there is very little wanton destruction nowadays, and more harm is done in the name of art and archæology than through indifference or contempt. If a fresco is disinterred from the whitewash of centuries, if a painting is removed from the obscurity of a church to the local gallery, it seems to be found impossible to let it alone. Few events in the history of art are of greater interest than the recovery of the frescoes of Giotto at Florence, but in the memorable picture at the Bargello the figure of Dante has been changed beyond recognition, a squint given adroitly to his eyes, and different colours to his dress, while those at Santa Croce have been repainted from top to bottom till all identity is lost. Mr. Ruskin speaks somewhere of having witnessed the "restoration" of a Tintoret in the Ducal Palace at Venice by the simple ministry of a bucket of white paint and a mop, and we ourselves were privileged to see much the same kindly attentions paid to the pictures with which Veronese adorned the church in which he lies buried. There is in fact but a single untouched Titian in Titian's own city, the fresco of St. Christopher in the staircase leading to the Doge's apartments; and rumour attributes its preservation to the happy resolve of a resident Englishman, who, after discovering it in the seclusion where it had lain hid for centuries, flew at once to the Austrian commandant, and begged as a favour that it might be spared from the paint-brushes of the Academia. When the artists rushed upon their prey next morning, they found an unæsthetic sentinel posted before it, whose bayonet sufficed to save Titian and St. Christopher. Architecture has fared better than its sister art, but here again the tendency is to do far too much. We are no longer doomed indeed to witness such barbarous defacement of a great building as Florence witnessed under its last Grand Duke in the case of Santa Maria Novelle, or Rome under its last Papal ruler in that of the Minerva. But the latest news from Assisi is a good instance of the over-zeal which we deprecate as fervently in archæology as Talleyrand is said to have deprecated it in diplomacy. Since the suppression of the famous monastery a series of repairs, for the most part judicious repairs, have been undertaken by the Government, and the recommendation of the Commissioners appointed some ten years ago, that the wretched modern woodwork and rococo gilding with which the friars had loaded the church should be removed, has been rightly enough carried out. But the removal of the exquisitely worked choir-stalls erected by Maestro Domenico di San Severino in 1500, under the pretext of a wish to restore the church to the state in which its first builders left it, is a step which goes far beyond the limits of just restoration. Additions of really artistic value are a part of the history of any church, and in Italy, as in England, it seems difficult to drive into the head of modern architects that old buildings have a history as well as an origin. Italian buildings, however, are undoubtedly more lucky than Italian pictures. The restoration of St. Zeno at Verona, and especially the reopening of the confessional beneath the choir, has added a fresh grandeur to the grandest Romanesque church in Northern Italy. That of San Ambrogio has revealed beneath the chapel of St. Satyrus a crypt which seems likely to be the basilica of Fausta, the oldest Christian building in Milan. There is little to quarrel with in the care with which the invaluable mosaics at Ravenna are now being secured from further ruin; they are at any rate more fortunate than the mosaics of St. Mark's, where the guide tears down unhindered a handful of tesseræ for any gaping tourist who wishes to carry home a memento of his visit to the Lagoon. It is difficult to reconcile our mind to the restoration of St. Mark's itself, necessary as it seems to have been for the preservation of the building from ruin; but we may take the recent evidence of Mr. Hemans as proof that no wanton injury is being done. Signor Dorigo, like his predecessor, professes to adhere to the principle of simply repairing where repair is absolutely needful, and of using up again, as far as possible, the old material which he has temporarily displaced. The danger of such a process lies in the difficulty of abstaining from retouching, from sharpening the worn mouldings, or giving a fresh surface to the weather-beaten stone. At Murano, where the strictest principles of restoration were professed, the result has certainly been to give the well-known apse the look of a wholly new building. Unnecessary work should at any rate be religiously avoided, and the reported project for replacing the inimitable floor of St. Marco by a new floor of level mosaic can only be regarded as a job for the benefit of Signor Salviati and the works at Murano.

The municipality of Rome has given a proof of the importance which it attaches to the preservation of the monuments of the capital by the appointment of an Archæological Commission, who are charged with the inspection of all the excavations at present going on, and who are fast collecting a very respectable museum from the discoveries made in digging foundations for the new quarter on the Esquiline. The Commission, however, seems capable of playing odd tricks with the one great monument which ought just now to be its peculiar care. Neither the fragments preserved on the Aventine nor the larger portions rescued from the destroyer near the railway station can rival in size or importance the grand line of the Servian wall which has been exposed by one of the projected roads in a conventual garden near Santa Maria Maggiore. If we may trust, however, an official-looking announcement in the Roman papers, some enterprising Americans have coolly proposed to clear the road by transporting these stones across the Atlantic, and the proposal has been accepted by the Commission with every expression of gratitude. We are not told whether the Colosseum is to follow, and we may perhaps venture to regard the announcement as an indifferent joke; but there is the wall, and it is plain that if the whole of the Esquiline is to be traversed by straight streets and covered with boulevards and warehouses, the wall must go somewhere or other. The slowness with which Signor Rosa conducts his diggings in the Forum is a little provoking, but the discoveries of the past year have been of singular importance, and the point which he has now reached is one which can hardly fail to throw light on the general topography of the whole area. The angle where excavations have now commenced lies immediately in front of the well-known columns of the Temple of Faustina, and will probably reveal the steps which led up to the now buried Atrium before it, the original site of the mounted statue of M. Aurelius, which since the days of Michael Angelo has stood on the Capitol, as well as the Sacred Road from the Arch of Severus. The time must soon come when the whole area of the Forum will have to be cleared by the removal of the present ascent to the Capitol which so fatally bisects it at present, and of the side road in front of the church of Santa Martina, which now hides its communications with the great series of Basilicas and later Forums which stretched away to the Pillar of Trajan. It is not till this has been done that we shall be really able to look on the Roman Forum; but even now the space which has been cleared is sufficiently extensive to do away with the need for those apologies for its diminutive size which are still so common in our guide-books.

Here, in fact, as at the Palatine, Signor Rosa has done good work, but here, as there, half the value of his work is spoilt by his irrepressible propensity to what we must flatly call archæological forgeries. He likes to know the nature of everything he digs out, and he likes to give everything he digs out an air of completeness and prettiness. The visitor who looks on the larger expanse of the Julian Basilica is naturally a little irritated when he finds that all Signor Rosa found there were a few fragments of pavement, and that the long array of pillars which mark out its five aisles are simply of his own invention. The very fine sculptured slabs which were found last year near the column of Phocas have been topped and bottomed with fresh marble trimmings before they were set up for public inspection. On the Palatine matters have run to a far worse extent. Like everybody else, Signor Rosa has his theory of the Palatine, but, unlike everybody else, Signor Rosa can make the Palatine itself advocate his theory. He is master of the ground, and if he believes "Roma Quadrata" to have occupied a certain space, he prefers simply to build up a wall and label it "Roma Quadrata." A good many competent people believe the Temple of Jupiter Stator to have stood on the edge of the Forum. Signor Rosa, on the contrary, believes it to have stood in the central depression of the hill itself, which he calls the Mugonian Way. The one theory is perhaps as good as the other; but Signor Rosa has handicapped his own by simply building up a mass of brickwork where he believes the Temple to have existed, and sticking an official board on the top of it with the words "Temple of Jupiter Stator." As yet there are plenty of people who "mind the bigging of it," and the forgery, as we must call it, is a matter of more amusement than importance; but even now it is not every one who discovers the trick, and in later times a whole literature of controversy may eddy round the heap of brickwork. Compared with this sort of work, the merely fantastic absurdity of the bulk of these official placards is of little moment. We smile, of course, when a board informs us that in one corner was the "Home of Romulus and Remus," or in another that "Here Tanaquil addressed the People"; but in Rome every archæologist seems to take leave of common sense when he deals with the city's origins, and Signor Rosa is not a whit more credulous than his rival antiquaries. A year or two ago Mr. Parker was grateful to an Indian colonel who "confirmed Livy's interesting story of Romulus and Remus" by a wonderful narrative of a wolf who suckled a little Hindoo; and this winter Mr. Washington Wood informed his audience, with admirable caution, that "with the one exception, *perhaps*, of her alleged immortality, he saw no reason for doubting Livy's story of the Nymph Egeria." One can only respect a robust faith of this sort, but then faith should not bolster itself with spurious "Temples of Jupiter Stator," and we trust that Signor Rosa will drop henceforth the trowel and stick simply to the spade. Of researches in less known spots we have said little, because there is little to say. The catacombs at Syracuse are said to be yielding some fruit in the way of Christian antiquities, and a new series of tombs has just been discovered in Etruria; but for the most part archæological activity has been confined to the bigger towns. A real harvest, however, is yet to be reaped in more secluded spots, and we may hope that the Government will soon turn its attention to places like Capri, where former diggings have been spasmodic and unsatisfactory. It is strange to think what treasures of ancient art must still, in all reasonable probability, lie buried beneath Italian soil.

PRESERVATION OF IRISH ECCLESIASTICAL BUILDINGS.

SOME Oxford men may perhaps remember the time when there was—we believe it goes on no longer—a certain Theological Examination which led to no degree, which was required by no Bishop, which gave a man no advantage in standing for a fellowship, the passing of which in short did a man no good in any way. It gave him, to be sure, the title of Candidate in Theology. But, as a rule, the position of a candidate is not one which men seek for its own sake, unless the candidature seems likely to lead to something more solid than the mere title of candidate. So at least it is in worldly affairs, and experience showed that human nature was not very different when it came to be employed on theological subjects. Three Examiners were solemnly appointed at the proper times; a formula was drawn up for announcing, after the manner of a class-list, the names of those who passed the examination and so became entitled to the name of Candidate in Theology. Yet, as perhaps all people expected except the authors of the scheme, the number of those who came forward to be examined was not large. Once however, from what motive it is not recorded, a man did present himself. The three Examiners sat in due state; the candidate, if a man can be called a candidate who is not seeking any more definite object than to be described as a candidate, appeared before them. They put their questions; he made satisfactory answers; the result had to be announced in form, but unluckily the plural form designed for the document would have been a breach of truth; the number had to be altered, and the *quasi*-class list, the list of one candidate, had to begin, not with "nomina eorum," but with "nomen ejus." Here we have a list of one, and another Oxford remembrance may perhaps vividly bring before some memories what was meant by "a procession of one." Now we have lately come across a procession of one where we should certainly by our unassisted reason have looked for a much greater company. When the Irish Church Act was passed, it seemed to us and to some others a great point to secure those countless ecclesiastical remains, churches, cells, bell-towers, which are scattered up and down the whole land, against any injury which might be the result of the necessary change of ownership. Ruined and forsaken as they were most of them, quite unfit to be put to any practical ecclesiastical purpose, they were still in every sense historical memorials, and many of them exhibited most curious and instructive architectural forms. We hoped that something at least had been gained by the twenty-fifth clause of the Act, which vested, as we fondly thought, all buildings of the kind in a public functionary with a view to their preservation. The paragraph of the clause with which we are concerned runs thus:—

> Where any church or ecclesiastical building or structure appears to the Commissioners to be ruinous, or, if a church, to be wholly disused as a place of public worship, and not suitable for restoration as a place of public worship, and yet to be deserving of being maintained as a national monument by reason of its architectural character or antiquity, the Commissioners shall by order vest such church, building, or structure in the Secretary of the Commissioners of Public Works in Ireland, to be held by such Secretary, his heirs and assigns, upon trust for the Commissioners of Public Works, to be preserved as a national monument, and not to be used as a place of public worship, and the Commissioners shall ascertain and by order declare what sum is in their judgment required for maintaining as national monuments the churches, buildings, and structures so vested, and shall pay such sum accordingly to the said Secretary, to be held upon trust for the said Commissioners, and to be applied by them in maintaining the said churches, buildings, and structures.

We had fondly hoped that a very large number of churches and other ecclesiastical buildings would, under the terms of this clause, have been set apart for preservation. We had always thought that the number of ecclesiastical buildings in Ireland which are quite unfit to be used as places of public worship, but which are worthy of being preserved as national monuments on account of their architecture or antiquity, was greater than could be found in any other part of Christendom. Their prevalence is one of the most marked features of the country. There is no other country where all the ancient village churches, and several of the cathedral churches to boot, are no longer used for public worship, and have fallen into a state which makes them quite unfit to be restored for purposes of public worship. And there is no part of Christendom in which buildings of this kind are more worthy of being preserved, not indeed on account of their size or magnificence, but on account of their vast antiquity and the remarkable forms of their architecture. We of course bear in mind that the ruined monastic churches, which are also a characteristic feature of Ireland, do not come under this head. They are not ecclesiastical buildings in the sense of the Act. That is to say, they were not in ecclesiastical ownership at the time of the passing of the Act. They had passed to the Crown at the time of the dissolution, and from the Crown of course in many cases to private owners. With these therefore, with such buildings as Holy Cross and Hoar Abbey and the endless Friars' churches, the Act had nothing to do. But, leaving them out, the ruined cathedral and parochial churches with their adjuncts would make a far longer list in Ireland than anywhere else. We should have thought that every one of them was worthy of being preserved as a national monument. Our surprise therefore was great when, in answer to a return moved for on March 13th, by Mr. Agar-Ellis—a return "of all National Monuments provided for under Sub-section I. of Section 25, Irish Church Act"—the return itself made its appearance before the House of Commons in the form of a procession of one. One monument, at least one group of monuments, only had been thought worthy of being set apart for preservation under the terms of the Act. Now undoubtedly, if we were to be placed in the same kind of hard strait as the wife of Intaphernes, if all the ancient monuments of Ireland were going to be destroyed, but we were allowed to save one monument or one group of monuments, we should make the same choice which the Commissioners have made. For the list of one, the "nomen ejus," the single name to be found on the Commissioners' return, dated "Office of Public Works, March 19, 1873," and signed E. Hornsby, Secretary, runs thus:—"The Ecclesiastical Ruins on the Rock of Cashel, County of Tipperary." This is the beginning and ending of the document. Now the ecclesiastical ruins on the Rock of Cashel would clearly be the one thing to save, if only one thing could be saved; but when it is open to the Commissioners to save everything if they please, we cannot understand why they should so calmly make up their minds to save the ecclesiastical ruins on the Rock of Cashel only. Nor do things seem to be much mended when we come across a Bill "to provide facilities for vesting the Rock of Cashel in Trustees," which stands for its second reading on some day in the Whitsuntide recess, and is therefore likely to fall by a fate hardly less ignominious than that to which it succumbed last year, when it was wrecked on Standing Orders. If this Bill had the slightest chance of being seriously entertained, we should have a good deal to say about it. As it is, however, a scarcely concealed manœuvre to relight the flame of religious discord in Ireland by appropriating to Roman Catholic uses a monument which by general consent was to be preserved as the common property of all Ireland, we may safely dismiss it without further notice.

But, to come back to our own subject, surely Commissioners and Secretary and everybody else concerned, no less than the proposers of the new Bill and the Trustees whom they propose to name, must know that there are other places worth saving as well as Cashel. Surely, if they have gone nowhere else and seen nothing else, they must some time or other have made the tour which everybody makes to the Seven Churches of Wicklow—that is, the old Cathedral of Glendalough and its surroundings. We really thought that all the world had heard of St. Kevin's Kitchen. We can hardly suppose that the Commissioners and all the rest of them look on the churches of Glendalough as in a fit state to be restored for public worship of any persuasion. The only alternative then is that they mean deliberately to pronounce that these buildings are not worthy, on account of their architecture or antiquity, of being preserved as national monuments. Why the very tourists would cry out if the Seven Churches were done any damage to. Or are the Commissioners misled by the name "kitchen," and do they think that neither the so-called kitchen nor any other of the Glendalough buildings are ecclesiastical buildings, and that therefore they have no part nor lot in the matter? The document is dated from Dublin; has no one belonging to the Office of Public Works ever gone so far out of the city as to get a sight of St. Doulough's Chapel? It is surely an ecclesiastical building; it is surely, from its architecture and antiquity, worthy of preservation as a national monument. And, to keep again within the neighbourhood of Dublin, is there not Clondalkin Round Tower, which we thought everybody went to see, even those who do not go to St. Doulough's? Is there not further off Clonmacnois, Monasterboice, a crowd of places—all the places, one might say, which Dr. Petrie took so much trouble to draw and describe press at once on the mind of any one who knows anything of Irish antiquities—but perhaps they are too far from Dublin for any one belonging to the Office of Public Works to know anything about them. Still we should like to know what is to be done with the puzzling case of Kildare Cathedral, the Irish Llandaff, with its nave in ruins and its choir rebuilt and recast in a form of the most ingenious ugliness. Surely something should be done to it; either the nave can, after the happy precedent of its Welsh fellow, be restored for purposes of public worship, or it cannot; and if it cannot, surely it is one of those national monuments which most deserve to be preserved on account of their architecture and antiquity. But, at any rate, it should not be left altogether to shift for itself in the way in which we saw it some years back.

There is certainly something very perplexing to the untutored mind in the fact that a public body should in this way declare that in all Ireland there are no ruined ecclesiastical buildings, except those on the Rock of Cashel, which are worthy of being preserved as national monuments. They cannot, like Mr. Ayrton, look on them as vaults, for a vault is just the thing which in Ireland is hardly ever seen. But we think that we have hit on the explanation. The Commissioners and the Office of Public Works are perhaps still in the pre-scientific stage, or perhaps they have hearkened to Mr. Brash or Mr. Marcus Keane. One would have thought that all the Round Towers in Ireland would at once have been put down in the return. But perhaps the officials have not read either their Giraldus or their Petrie; perhaps they do not know that "ecclesiasticæ turres" are "ecclesiasticæ turres"; perhaps they think that they are the wicked idolatrous erections of Phœnicians, Buddhists, or Cuthites; perhaps they may even, like the hapless O'Brien, see in them the demoralizing works of the degraded votaries of abominable mysteries. As such they perhaps think that they do not deserve the name either of ecclesiastical buildings or of national monuments. If so, we quite agree with them that it would never do to restore them for that kind of public worship for which they think that they were set up. But surely nationality might strain a point: surely, in an island where so many races have settled, from

Scotta the daughter of Pharaoh or the still earlier lady with a name something like Cæsar who landed on a Tuesday before the Flood, surely here at least all peoples, nations, and languages might agree to look on anything that has been ever built on the soil, whether by Phœnicians, Milesians, Scythians, Celts, Saxons, or anybody else, as all entitled to the rank of national monuments. We really may fairly ask the Commissioners and everybody whose business it is to look a little further afield, to give us some kind of security that not only the ruins on the Rock of Cashel, but the ecclesiastical ruins generally throughout Ireland, unique and precious as they are in many ways, may be put out of the reach of wanton destruction or damage. They are national monuments in the fullest sense; monuments in which every man in Ireland, of whatever race or religion, has an interest; monuments in which every man everywhere, who cares for one of the most curious pages in the history of Europe and of Christendom, has an interest hardly less deep.

A FEW SPRIGS OF MAY.

THOSE who believe that Ultramontanism and Ultraprotestantism grow from a common root may perhaps find some confirmation of their belief in the avidity with which the devotees of each, year after year, welcome the month of May. The First of May, so long regarded in Christendom as the feast of two Apostles, seems now almost exclusively to be observed in the Continental churches as the first day of the "month of Mary." We lately heard an eloquent preacher open the May campaign of 1873 in the presence of a crowded auditory in the Dom at Cologne. He remarked that the Almighty, in creating and giving character to this month, seems to have foreseen that it would in time become known in the Church as the month of the "Himmels-königinn." He drew picturesque analogies between May in Nature and May in Grace. It struck us, indeed, as he poured out his imagery of flowers, blossoms, singing-birds, sweet scents, and the blue heavens, that he was rather describing May as it ought to be than the May we have been enduring. But he may possibly have regarded the rain and the cold winds as fit accompaniments for the May in which the promulgator of the Immaculate Conception is a prisoner in the Vatican.

It struck us at the same time that, if one might take the preacher's principles and leave out his illustrations, he was providing an admirable skeleton sermon for an English Evangelical or Dissenter in the month of May. The May meeting season (which is now obliged to begin in April, and is not able to finish until June) is the Pentecost of English Evangelicalism. The peasantry of the Rhineland villages cannot think of May more ecstatically than our own Protestant "Christians from the country visiting London"—to use the words of a lodging-house advertisement in a religious newspaper. An Independent minister has idealized the month's activity, this very year, in a May sermon, as "the gathering of the tribes." Ladies hail cabmen with their parasols, and before stepping into the vehicle ask the driver if he plies on Sunday; every third or fourth Jehu receives a tract along with his fare. Scarcely an omnibus passes Exeter Hall, morning or evening, without setting down one or more "insides" at the sacred porch. The porch itself nearly always contains a group of persons studying the advertisements of the different entertainments for the season which hang upon its walls. Pedestrians in the Strand may now and then catch a glimpse of a "great religious nobleman," sitting stiffly erect in his open carriage, like the king of May in a triumphal car, on his way to that central seat upon the platform which is the throne of the evangelical May king. Evangelicals agree with the Ultramontanists in keeping their holy and happy month in a jolly and rollicking manner. "Safe" amusements are provided, as a relaxation between meetings, for the Evangelical young man and young woman from the country. Bazaars abound in all the suburbs. In the strictest of sects the year's marriages are arranged.

A concert given by a truly converted company of nigger melodists appears to be the most popular entertainment offered during this present May for those who do not go to the theatre. "The Coloured Jubilee Singers" arrived from America, most opportunely, at the very beginning of the month. They gave a private rehearsal and taste of their quality before a select aristocratic and clerical audience at Willis's Rooms as soon as possible after their arrival. Lord Shaftesbury presided; invitations were accepted by "the ministers of our leading denominations." Their Barnum, if they possess one, evidently hit the mark. Every tinge of worldliness, every suspicion of secularity, was banished from the entertainment at the very commencement. The *Christian World* declares that "the opportunity was a very auspicious one for the singing band, and there can be little doubt that it will serve as a fine introduction to the English public." It appears that the singers are students of the "Fisk University," and propose to gather a sum of money for their learned mother by giving concerts in Europe. We trust that their health will not suffer by studying all the day and singing all the night. It is a novel and quite a Yankee reproduction of the travelling beggar-scholarship of the middle ages. Such lovers and martyrs of learning will certainly never permit their songs to interfere with their studies. Indeed the character of their songs will show their audiences what a mass of study still lies like an obligation upon them. They have to pour out such vile and atrocious English at night that it must require very hard labour indeed in the day to form or keep the least acquaintance with pure English. Their entertainment shares the generic character of all other "nigger entertainments"; it is in part pathetic, in part comic. The pathetic element is perhaps not unsuited to the "Month of Mary"; for, if we may judge from the title given to one of their songs, "Steal away to Jesus," it partakes somewhat of that kind of sentimentality which that devout Marian, Father Faber, introduced into English hymns. A converted "Josh Billings" seems to have provided the comic infusion, which is produced mainly by bad spelling and by mispronunciation. The students will perhaps be cured of the two bad habits they are forming when they give up singing and go back to Fisk University to turn their attention to learning. What fun these expedients cannot supply, the singers attempt to call forth by wretched abuses of the language of Scripture and perversions of the meaning of English adjectives. They sing about the devil as "old Satan," and the King of Egypt as "old Pharaoh"; they imply that to be good one ought to be young. It must be refreshing to Mr. Bradlaugh to read that a solemn conclave of noblemen and preachers uproariously encored "Go down, Moses." No doubt some of the noble and clerical Sunday lessees of the theatres and music-halls were present; and we shall not be surprised to learn that they have serious thoughts of engaging a few comic singers and break-down dancers for their next campaign. The religious world seems already to indulge some hope that this nigger entertainment may assist it in converting the other world. The world which does not call itself religious was admitted, upon payment, to share in this elevating treat of the religious world, a few days later at the Hanover Square Rooms. The wicked world was at least impressed; for another religious newspaper reporter tells us that "a fashionable West-end audience smiled when the darkest female singer of the group, looking straight into their faces, sang out in the sweetest but most uncompromising manner,

> If you want your souls converted
> You'd better be a prayin'.

We," says the reporter, "could not help thinking that, although the advice occasioned a smile, it might leave a not unwholesome impression." We have all the elements here of a totally new sensation; the religious world and the other world can meet and rejoice together as one; the religious world can laugh and feel that it is doing good, the other world can laugh and be unconsciously getting good; the raw students of America may become the religious doctors of the fashionable world of London. We notice that the devil has again become with these Yankee Puritan entertainers what he was with the Catholic entertainers of the middle ages—the most comical of characters. They sing:—

> If you want to see old Satan run,
> You must shoot him with the Gospel gun.

A third reporter assures us that they sung this "without any levity." It is quite probable; though it is not so probable that an English audience, presumably intelligent, can listen to it without either levity, or disgust, or contempt.

While we are speaking of the May amusements of the Evangelical world, it is quite natural to think of Dr. Cumming. After being amused, there is nothing which the seeker for religious excitement enjoys so much as being frightened. Dr. Cumming has probably done more than any other man to frighten the class of persons who still regard Exeter Hall as the centre of the universe. Others may supply them with their farce and comedy, he has supplied them with their tragedy. We had lost sight of the prophet ever since he was hoaxed about the Pope's death. We are glad to see that May has brought him out again, and to learn two new and very important facts in his autobiography, and in the biography of his famous contemporaries. Our joy is a little dashed, however, by finding him so hopeful; he does not seem to be overwhelmed by any fear of the immediate end of all things. The sudden appearance of Prince Bismarck, and the place taken by Germany in the affairs of the world—so unprovided for in all the Doctor's casts of the future—may be the cause of his cessation from prophesying. He has appeared twice on the platform of Exeter Hall during this present season. Each time he naturally came forward to speak for some popular and reputable Society, and as the companion of peers and bishops. He graced the platforms of the Bible Society and of the Religious Tract Society. When the Earl of Aberdeen had seconded some resolution at the meeting of the Bible Society, the Doctor not only told him that he had "consecrated his dignity," but hastened to inform the audience that he had "had the honour of seeing the Earl before." The audience must have realized in a moment what a gulf yawned between the privileged speaker and themselves. But we learn from the report of the Religious Tract Society's meeting that the Doctor has been doing even more wonderful things since we last heard of him than seeing earls. His chapel stands near a great number of theatres, or, as he oddly puts it, "is the centre of eleven theatres." Actors, actresses, and scene-shifters seem to regard Crown Court Chapel, in his opinion, as their mother-church. They go in "occasionally," the Doctor says, "and take a mouthful of living bread and go away." Some of them have discerned so much similarity between Dr. Cumming's entertaining or harrowing sermons and their own burlesques or melodramas that they have proposed a kind of truce, if not a fellowship, between Scotch Presbyterianism and the modern stage. They thought that if they went to Dr. Cumming he might also go to them; they thought that, as they never disparaged him, he ought to cease from disparaging them. They said in effect, *vulgariter*, that two of a trade ought to agree. One actress even asked the author of so many visions and illusions to

come and see her in *Manfred*. The Doctor made a compromise; he would not go into the theatre itself, but he went to the door of it and bought a copy of *Manfred*. On the following Sunday night the Crown Court congregation was treated with a commentary on Byron by Dr. Cumming. We gather, however, from the close of the Doctor's account that the cessation of hostilities is regarded by him as impossible. He will be very glad to see all the actors, actresses, and scene-shifters of the eleven theatres gravitate each Sunday to their "centre"; but he cannot promise them to abstain from attacking the profession or business by which they get their bread. With exquisite taste and delicacy he lumps together Macready and the stage-carpenters, Grisi and the scene-shifters, as "the theatre people"—much as the scene-shifters may lump together the great seer and his pew-openers as the "Scotch chapel people." He has supplied the compilers of biographical opera gossip with an interesting (we should say the most interesting) fact in the life of "Madame Grisi, a celebrated actress." It seems that this great singer was not only amongst those who "came in occasionally and took a mouthful of living bread" from Dr. Cumming's hand, but that she received a permanent good; "she came to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ" under Dr. Cumming's preaching. When she went away from London she told the gentleman in whose pew she had often sat, that she "was very sorry that she should not be able to hear the Doctor preach any longer." How much of the pathos which thrilled the souls of Russians in St. Petersburg and of Frenchmen in Paris may have had its secret spring, not in her sympathy with the theatrical character she was for the time assuming, but in the profound need felt in the depths of her own heart of those unattainable Friday evening sermons of Dr. Cumming's!

The most exuberant gladness of our English May-keepers during the present season has been called forth by allusions to the field for sectarian exercises now opened in Rome. Whenever a speaker felt that he was growing heavy and unacceptable, he had merely to shout out, "Rome is open to us!" "The Gospel in Rome!" "Methodism in Rome!" "A Baptist chapel in Rome!" "Christianity preached under the shadow of the Vatican!" or some such catchword. The Evangelical Societies really seem to think that the Italian nation is in some unexplained manner half indebted to them for the possession of its capital. A Mr. Van Meter, who had been "labouring" in Rome, was even a greater attraction at the meeting of the Religious Tract Society than Dr. Cumming himself. The moment Lord Shaftesbury told the audience from what part of the world the Society had imported this star, the noise and glee were uproarious. He could not have been better received if he had brought the Pope's head in his hand. Mr. Van Meter gave the audience the usual summary of the history of Latin Christianity in its centre. The first great event in Latin Christianity was the entry of St. Paul into Rome as a prisoner. Then came a long blank; "for eighteen hundred years Italy was down in the dust, and clothed in rags." At last the gates of Rome were opened again to admit hope and life to Italy. Two great persons entered the gates; first, Victor Emanuel, King of Italy, with his army and his artillery; secondly, Mr. Van Meter, "with a cart drawn by a dog, piled with copies of the Word of God, God's own artillery." When the audience heard that cruelty to animals and relief to Protestants thus entered together, they broke forth into "great applause." We must do Mr. Van Meter the justice of saying that he does not seem to be pleased with using the dog as a beast of draught and burden, for he closed his long speech with a request that some liberal friend would give him 25*l.* to buy a donkey. This request, like other parts of his speech, was received with "laughter." If Mr. Van Meter could study the history of Italy during the eighteen hundred blank years in which he thinks it was waiting for his advent upon his donkey, he might possibly begin to have some glimmer of a sense that the Evangelical joking and fussy intermeddling of impertinent foreigners will not do much to clear up either its religious or political difficulties.

BIRMINGHAM SCHOOL.

PARLIAMENT has again been invited to consider the schemes propounded by the Commissioners under the Endowed Schools Act. Sown in ambiguity, the fruits of that measure are being reaped in discord, which will not be appeased unless the Educational Department will combine with the Commission itself in consenting to adjourn the legislative functions of that body during the short period which still remains before Parliament can reconsider its attributes under the light of a four years' experiment and a searching inquiry by Committee. In the few days which elapsed between Lord Salisbury's notice of motion to reject the Birmingham School scheme and the actual debate, an ancient fog had somewhat suddenly been lifted from the political atmosphere, and the House of Lords found itself able, in clear daylight, to consider the hazy proposals of a bothered and errant Commission. It can hardly be denied that it has for a considerable time been the accepted tradition of political wirepulling that, because the Church of England is old, is established, and is (to an extent which the Nonconformists forbid us to investigate) the religion of the majority, therefore, in order to redress a numerical balance by the concession of inordinate privilege to the other side, that Church is in all cases, when a compromise with Dissent is in question, to be treated with something less than equal justice. This principle explains the action of the Government upon the Burials Bill; it is the secret of the humiliating abandonment of the religious census, and it lies at the bottom of the policy of the Endowed Schools Commission; while the genuine surprise and rage of the sectaries at Mr. Forster's refusal hitherto to let them tear out the 25th clause of the Education Act shows how thoroughly the political inequality of Churchmen has become the recognized interpretation of religious equality. All this is, however, considerably changed since the House of Commons, in full presence of that which it pleases the Opposition papers to style the "suspended general election," effectively declared on Friday night that the Church of England broadly and deeply represents the affections as well as the wants of the people, and has the same claim as any other community, large or small, to be judged by its own performances rather than by the interested representations of rival organizations. We have put the religious aspect of the Birmingham School scheme foremost, not because we consider it more reprehensible than the other shortcomings of the plan, but because, under the influence of the exploded prejudice as to the unpopularity of the Church, the Commissioners and their friends, while exemplarily ready to make Jonahs of other elements of their scheme, cling with exceptional obstinacy to this one favourite recommendation.

Lord Salisbury truly said that, in addition to Mr. Forster's general promise of immunity to the good schools, the "understanding" that the Church of England should not be interfered with in the "management of schools which the founders had intended should belong to her" helped to pass the Act of 1869; and he went on to show that this concession had been embodied in the most liberal conceivable terms—namely, by an enactment giving the like protection to the Denomination schools of all communities:—

> [After the special exemption of Cathedral and Collegiate Church Schools] (2) Any educational endowment, the scholars educated by which are, in the opinion of the Commissioners (subject to appeal to Her Majesty in Council, as mentioned in this Act), required by the express terms of the original instrument of foundation, or of the statutes or regulations made by the founder or under his authority, in his lifetime or within fifty years after his death (which terms have been observed down to the commencement of this Act), to learn or to be instructed according to the doctrines or formularies of any particular Church, sect, or denomination is exempted from the foregoing provisions respecting religious instruction, and attendance at religious worship other than the provisions for the exemption of day scholars from attending prayer and religious worship, or lessons on a religious subject, when such exemption has been claimed on their behalf, and respecting the qualification of the governing body and masters, unless the governing body, constituted as it would have been if no scheme under this Act had been made, assents to such scheme. And a scheme relating to any such school or endowment shall not, without the consent of the governing body thereof, make any provision respecting the religious instruction or attendance at religious worship of the scholars (except for securing such exemptions as aforesaid, or respecting the religious opinions of the governing body or masters).

The religious character of Edward VI.'s School at Birmingham was embodied in the provision of that King's Charter, dating, be it remembered, in the year 1552 (that of the second Prayer Book) and runs as follows:—

> The governors, with the advice of the bishop of the diocese for the time being, from time to time may make, and have power to make, fit and wholesome statutes and ordinances concerning the order, government, and direction of the school.

Lord Salisbury's contention was that when, at the time of the most sharply cut religious division of which English history furnishes any record, the local chief pastor of the Established Church was emphatically set up as the referee upon the teaching of a special school, the inference was that that teaching could only be intended to be in accordance with the faith of which that chief pastor was the appointed guardian. With our best endeavours to help Lord Lyttelton and his colleagues out of their muddle, we cannot see that this proposition involves a logical absurdity; and yet the noble first Commissioner said on Tuesday night that "it was impossible by any reasonable construction to bring this case under the 19th section of the Act;" and so the Commission, after decreeing (as by the Act they were in their view of facts bound to do) that the Head-Master need not only be no clergyman, but no Christian at all, contrived to substitute for the advice of the bishop the vague provision that, "subject to the provisions herein contained" (the conscience clause), "the Governors shall make proper regulations for the religious instruction to be given in the several schools." For this purposeless enactment the governors of the school, supported by Lord Salisbury, proposed to substitute the really not more tangible amendment, that the instruction was to be in the fundamental tenets of the Christian faith, those fundamental principles having to be settled by a governing body which might very possibly comprise Baptists, Roman Catholics, Unitarians, Jews, Anglicans, Swedenborgians, and Positive philosophers. Our sympathies are with Lord Lyttelton when he asserted, in answer to this suggestion, that "the Commissioners would never undertake to indicate any definite and specific religious teaching for schools in their schemes, unless they could connect it with some well-known standard of a religious body." But this protest against the absurdity of indefinite "fundamental tenets" was no justification to the Commissioners for adhering, as they did, to their existing scheme under the specific circumstances of the evening. As we have had already occasion to urge, their adherence at this moment to any particular scheme is purely gratuitous. The one certain fact is, that they came into office under an impression that their appointment carried with it securities for Denominational schools, which have been

shown not to come within the Act; while even Lord Lyttelton himself did not venture to assert that the particular provision in the Birmingham Charter was not, apart from its absolute legal force, an intimation—unquestionable in itself, and continuously acted on—of the religious intentions of the founder. The renewal of their powers is about to form the subject matter of a Bill, in which the various defects which have been discovered in the Endowed Schools Act may be set right. Therefore, even if they could not have acted differently under the existing Act, what was there to prevent the Commissioners from consenting to let their first scheme be negatived, in order that under a fresh statute they might be enabled, with due regard to the claims of conscience, to do substantial justice to the religious principles indicated in the Charter of Birmingham School? They had in evidence the words of that document, with the unquestionable intention underlying them of founding a Church School, while, in accordance with the spirit of the 19th clause of the Act, this "regulation, made by the founders, or under their authority," had "been observed down to the commencement of this Act" by the institution in Birmingham of a Church School, tempered by a most liberal and successful conscience clause. The regulation was ostentatiously no grievance, or else, out of the 1,800 scholars, 800 would not have been Nonconformists, nor would Mr. Fry in his Report have spoken of the working of the institution in language of exceptional compliment. There was nothing on the other side except the verbal inadequacy, which we are willing to concede, of the 19th clause to meet the substantial facts. Had the Commissioners been in the heyday of their early powers, with little prospect of further legislation before them, they might have shrunk from provoking fresh debates even in face of a case possessing such strong claims to be separately considered. But in this Session, with a Bill not only promised but indispensable, unless the Commission is altogether to collapse, and with the golden bridge built for them of a quiet rejection of their scheme, we cannot acquit the Commission of obstinate perverseness in preferring the humiliation of a direct defeat. It is idle to appeal to the claims of any higher law of religious justice constraining them to stick to their proposals. So long as the principle of a conscience clause was under the ban of Church circles, Nonconformity had without doubt a large substantial grievance; but inasmuch as this very Endowed Schools Act was taken advantage of by Churchmen to retreat from an extreme and untenable position, the special objection to Church foundations disappeared with the particular disqualification of which it was too often the symbol. On the other side, if the Endowed Schools Commissioners had begun by making the hearty acceptance of that conscience clause one of certain specific tests of the goodness of the schools which they were overhauling, instead of changing for the mere sake of novelty the constitution of every one which they approached, they would have engaged in a less sensational task, but the solid results of their work might not have led to such a narrative of repeated disappointments as stands confessed in their Report of 1872. At Birmingham, at all events, where the conscience clause has been so long and thoroughly engrafted on the system of the school, there was no pretence for the hard application in its reform of any rules over which they possessed discretionary authority.

We gladly leave the polemical chapter of the controversy for questions which moderate men of all opinions may discuss with no fear of the intrusion of the theological hate. But we have no space to dwell upon those portions of the scheme which have a merely local value. The prospective removal of the school from the town to the outskirts may be a proposal absurd in itself, and the reduction of the Head-Master's stipend and authority may be a heavy blow to the efficiency of the institution, but these are details which particularly concern Birmingham. The projected composition of the future governing body involves considerations of a general, and therefore a national, nature which can be discussed quite apart from the question of the value of founders' intentions, on which so much of the Emanuel Hospital controversy turned. Two blacks do not make a white, and any shortcomings which the Commissioners may have supposed themselves to have discovered in the governing body which they were superseding would not be the slightest justification for creating, in the case of King Edward's foundation, the precedent of a constitution elaborately combining all the elements most likely to ruin the good working of a school especially intended to foster higher culture in its many branches. The new governing body, as proposed by the Commission, was to have been a composite Board, of which the majority was to be chosen, for fixed terms, by those two emanations of that peculiarly refined and scholastic community, the householders of Birmingham—the Town Council and the School Board—while the minority (temporarily taken from the actual governors) was hereafter to be "cooptated"; that is, each successive vacancy was to be filled up by the votes of the remaining body, of which from the outset the majority would be the representative by a feeble secondary election of a wide and unchecked democracy. In other words, this majority would have had the perpetual power of creating life-peerage seats upon the Board for members of its own party, with the certainty that, under the efflux of time, the whole body would ultimately be reduced to its own complexion as every successive election strengthened its majority, and diminished such powers of conservative resistance as the residue of the older governors might at the outset retain. We have far too many calls upon our time to waste words in criticising the surrender of a great public school, such as that of Birmingham has been made under a series of eminent Head-Masters, to the control of the Birmingham householders. In face of such a calamity, we are not disposed to be too hard upon the much impugned clause in the scheme which gives summary powers to the Charity Commissioners for altering the constitution of the school in the coming time. After the worst has been said of that well-abused body, its bitterest enemies must acknowledge that the Charity Commissioners would probably be able to compete in refinement, in legal lore, and in the appreciation of the benefits of a liberal education, even with the lambs of the Midland capital. Here again we are willing to make every possible excuse for the Endowed Schools Commissioners at the outset of their disagreeable operation. They were now to the work, and Birmingham is not only a big, but a noisy place, and possesses (though not so incontestably as two years since) a large influence in social and political controversy. Besides, they were hampered with the provisions of an Act in the working of which they are ever ready to show themselves not only scrupulous, but timid. These, we say, are excuses which might have been advanced on their behalf for having drafted the scheme. But, as we have already argued, such considerations afford no palliation for Lord Ripon and Lord Lyttelton daring the censure of the House of Lords, when the acceptance of Lord Salisbury's motion could have led to no more serious result than the reconsideration of the Birmingham scheme, under such amended powers as may be conferred upon the Commission by the Bill which is needful in order to continue its existence.

THE CONTAGIOUS DISEASES ACTS.

WE are obliged once more to return to the discussion of this very unsavoury subject. Fortunately, as the discussion continues, the issue seems to be growing more simple. It is coming to be more plainly than ever a dispute between statistics and sentiment. One side appeals to facts; the other to prejudices, which are supposed to be a sufficient reason for themselves. Mr. Mundella showed very plainly the shifts to which the sentimentalists are reduced when he accused an awkward witness on the other side of lying. This method of argument is delightfully simple; but it is only too widely and easily applicable. There would, indeed, be some difficulty in retorting it; for the simple reason that the opponents of the Acts seldom indulge in any statement of facts. They generally escape any imputations on their veracity by pledging themselves to nothing. The debate having taken this form, the decision of Parliament is all the more satisfactory. Declamation was not allowed to have its own way; and, in spite of all the clamour which has been raised, and which might be expected to be powerful at a time when members are beginning to think of their constituencies, a majority of nearly two to one has given a decision in accordance with the weight of argument. It is remarkable moreover that public opinion appears to be running strongly against the agitation in the towns where the experiment has been tried. One of the ablest speeches in favour of the Acts was made by Mr. Lewis, the member for Devonport; and he professed, we have no doubt accurately, to be speaking the general sentiment of his constituents. We may then be permitted to hope that we are gradually seeing our way to the end of an agitation which could never have been regarded with much complacency even by the more reasonable opponents of the legislation. It has illustrated some rather singular truths. It has thrown a very unpleasant light upon the good taste and political wisdom of the ladies who are most anxious to exalt the dignity and develop the intellect of the sex; it has shown what a disturbance may be made by a few determined agitators with a telling bit of popular claptrap; it has, we fear, shown also how the dread of such an outcry may prevent politicians from uttering their general convictions plainly and openly; but we may be permitted to hope that it will also prove that mere popular declamation is not yet omnipotent in the country.

The argument may, in fact, be summed up very shortly. We have on different occasions gone at some length into the statistics of the question; and we have little to add to that part of the subject. The last returns, however, strikingly confirm the results already obtained, and seem to give a conclusive answer to one argument by which it was endeavoured to evade their force. The tables recently published show that at the military stations protected by the Act the number of cases of the worst class of disease had sunk by a steady process from 120 per 1,000 of the average strength to 54·2 per 1,000 between the years 1865 and 1872. In the unprotected stations the ratio in the first of those years was 99·9, and in the last 123·1. In other words, the prevalence of the disease has been in one case diminished by one half; in the other it has increased. It used to be said by the opponents of the Acts that the diminution in the prevalence of disease was due to more general causes; and that the disease was diminishing without as well as within the protected area. That argument must now be abandoned; and it must be admitted that, so far as statistics can prove anything, they prove that a very great improvement has been effected in the health of the troops.

In another direction the evidence is equally one-sided. The main argument against the Acts was their supposed tendency to degrade the unfortunate women brought under their operation. Recent reports assert, on the other hand—and we see no reason to doubt their accuracy—that a very marked improvement has been produced. One main result has been the suppression of the horrible system of juvenile prostitution. A systematic supervision has

enabled the police to restore to their families a number of very young girls who were sinking into utter degradation. Moreover, the testimony of clergymen, medical men, magistrates, and others, to the improved decency of the women generally, is overwhelmingly strong. By a system of judicious classification the less corrupt can be secluded at the hospitals from the evil influences of their companions, and many are induced to reform by the clergy and other visitors. The grossest haunts of vice have been suppressed, and women who had previously known nothing but brutality have been humanized when brought under moral and religious instruction. It may be necessary to make some allowance for the favourable view which the administrators of a law naturally take of its working, but we see no reason to doubt the general accuracy of the statements made as to the improved decency of the women; not only because the improvement is positively affirmed by competent witnesses and scarcely denied by adversaries, but because the cause assigned seems to be adequate to the alleged effect. After all that has been said as to the brutality of the Acts, it must be remembered that they for the first time provide a machinery for systematically bringing this unfortunate class under some kind of civilizing agency.

We may thus pretty well take for granted, what is now scarcely denied, that the Acts have materially diminished disease, and have improved the decency of the women. The only question between the opponents and defenders of the Acts is whether these advantages are bought at too high a price. Such orators as Professor Newman and Mrs. Josephine Butler scorn to be bound by any appeal to statistics. They rely upon abstract principles which admit of no infringement, and which are in a sphere too lofty to be tested by experience. So long as they continue to argue after this fashion, we can have nothing to say to them. The argument is altogether above us. If, by infringing some absolute *à priori* rule the truth of which is matter of intuition to these distinguished orators, we can show that we diminish vice and wretchedness, we shall be content to go on infringing it, and all the more willingly because our own intuitions reveal no rule of the kind. We can however only meet our antagonists when they condescend to some lower ground, where their principles and methods of reasoning are within our grasp. Their objection to "recognizing" vice remains utterly unintelligible to us, though we have laboured to understand it; for if you recognize a vice when you place those who practise it under certain restrictions, it seems that not to recognize means not to take any measures against it. There is indeed a certain meaning in the argument which we are rather slow to attribute to our opponents, although we find it vaguely suggested. They tell us that they wish to repeal these Acts in order that they may begin a crusade against prostitution. If they mean by this that they propose to suppress vice by the criminal law, we have a very simple answer. All experience proves that any such measure would be of the most frightfully demoralizing character. We need not go into any arguments in support of this proposition, which indeed is pretty generally admitted. Our reasons are sufficiently obvious, and we may safely leave them to our readers. In fact, we can hardly suppose that these crusaders really mean to suggest any such suicidal policy. But if they do not mean to propose direct legislation against vice, what do they mean? If they propose that purely moral methods of repression are to be adopted, they simply mean that we are to return to the former state of things; or, in other words, they mean, by not recognizing vice, that we are not to subject vicious persons to any penalties whatever. We have no desire to speak slightingly of moral influences; but we must ask why the moral influences should not co-operate with the influences now brought to bear. It is said by the supporters of the Acts that they have done more to diminish disease and raise the general tone of morality than all the voluntary efforts of all philanthropists put together. Whether this be true or not, it is at least evident that under the Acts degraded women are brought within reach of moral influences more systematically than they ever were before. We are not called upon to choose whether women should be superintended by the police or by the clergy; the police bring them within the reach of the clergy; and the Acts, if properly worked, may be, as apparently they are, worked in co-operation with reformatories and their managers. We may therefore fairly call upon objectors to show what they propose to substitute for the present system, and how their crusade is to be carried out. So far as we can judge, they ask us to suppress one reforming agency on the faith of a vague promise that some other will be put in its place. Our faith in such promises is not very strong, and we have a decided impression that the only real alternative to the Acts is letting things alone.

There is indeed one other argument which is plausible at first sight, and which appears to have convinced Mr. Henley. By diminishing disease, he says, you encourage vice. The concession thus tacitly made is enormous, and its value may be easily measured. Suppose there were no disease at the present moment. What would be said to a proposal to introduce a punishment which should strike the guilty in a most capricious manner, which should extend its effect to the innocent, and which should injure the constitutions of the unborn? Would such a punishment really exert a moral influence in any case? Will anybody take upon himself the responsibility of saying that he would introduce one of the most frightful diseases known to humanity in order that an additional motive for virtuous conduct might arise? And yet, if you object to the suppression, you should in consistency propose the introduction of disease. Admit frankly that you prefer to maintain disease, and your argument is certainly intelligible; but it is not likely to win many adherents. In fact, however, we altogether deny the validity of the argument. Vice is a product of certain social and moral conditions, and can be lessened in proportion as they are modified; but the fear of the penalty is shown by experience to be of very little value. It may at times make people cautious, but it does not render them virtuous; and its collateral effects are purely disastrous. The tendency of the disease when widely prevalent is to lower the moral as well as the physical health of the population; it diminishes self-respect, and in the long run produces more recklessness than caution. Some men are frightened; a majority become indifferent and brutalized. It would of course be difficult to prove either view by statistics, which are scarcely obtainable; but if a man is bold enough to say that the disease should be maintained for its moral value, he will have great difficulty in proving that it has any moral value whatever, and still more in showing that the value is sufficient to counterbalance the innumerable collateral evils inflicted upon innocent people. Towards making a population virtuous it is a great step to raise the tone of their physical health; and any encouragement of disease is a policy so doubtful that we should hope it will never afford a basis for legislation. Other diseases may be regarded with equal plausibility as a punishment for dirt and drunkenness; but it would be a very singular mode of legislation to encourage fevers and delirium tremens, or even to avoid stamping them out, as a means of increasing cleanliness and sobriety.

WAITING FOR PRINCE PRETTYMAN.

WHATEVER the strong-minded sisterhood may say, marriage is the great object of most women's lives, their chief thought when they are young, their greatest regret, if missed, when they are old. Almost all women of normal healthy development desire to be wives and mothers, and feel that the best of life has been foregone if fate and circumstance have forbidden it. It is a truism to say that the world would not go on else; and there is no reason to be ashamed of the fact or its avowal. There is more need to be ashamed of its denial, representing as this does the absence of some of the noblest and tenderest qualities of womanhood, which yet have to be kept in hand till the fitting moment has arrived. Negation and control, however, are different things. The question, then, with those who have what the world calls "chances," is not, save in rare exceptional cases, Shall I refuse them all? but, Which shall I take? It is a grave question, as every woman knows who has at the same moment a *bonâ fide* lover of a good kind and a potential hanger-on of a better; and it is a question in which soul and sense, prudence and passion, the lovely dreams of romance and the greatest chance of practical prosaic happiness, seldom unite. Many girls, chiefly family favourites and considered pretty in their circle, in which opinion they themselves concur, but also some who are neither, refuse all sorts of fair-seeming offers out of the pure unreason of youth and for the sake of the dazzling possibilities of the future. They do not know how many golden balls, ever so much bigger and richer than this, may not be thrown at their feet; and they reject the actual and living man who would really make them very happy if they would only think so, waiting for that apocryphal Prince Prettyman who never comes. They are dimly conscious too that when a woman gives herself in marriage she has lost her present form of intoxicating supremacy, though by tact and temper she may gain another of a more sober and durable kind. The courting time is her time of queenhood; and so long as she keeps from uttering that fatal Yes, she is mistress of the situation, as the one who has to decide for the misery or happiness of both, and who can confer a favour and grant a prayer. Naturally she is anxious to prolong her sovereignty, knowing that when she marries she sinks from a queen into a slave, and that the lover who fawned upon her as humbly as a dog becomes her master, more or less severe, as soon as the law makes him her husband. All girls feel this; and those among them who have most of what is called maidenly pride in their intuitive knowledge of what their self-surrender means, half unconsciously, half consciously, prolong that moment of surrender, as any one else would delay any action by which power was lost, though, in a sense, security was gained. This is one reason why girls with chances hesitate, and why they are sometimes so long in making up their minds that the chances pass them by, and leave them stranded for the remainder of their days.

Another reason of their delay is Prince Prettyman. There are women who are always waiting for the coming of the Prince, like the high-born maidens in the palace towers of romance and fairy-land, and who will be content with nothing less than their ideal realized. Nobody is good enough for them; and their friends stare at the infatuation which led them to refuse such suitable, such excellent offers, for no one knows what reason. Smith is one of the aspirants. He is really a very good fellow, with a nice present income, fair prospects, and no hereditary disease that the world knows of. To be sure he is no Rothschild; and his sharp-featured mother, with his tribe of busy maiden sisters and industrious brothers, do not take rank among the idealities of the human race. But, so far as he himself goes, you might find many a worse man, if some better; and Clorinda would not do amiss if she chose him. Clorinda rejects him. She is waiting for Prince Prettyman—Prince Prettyman, who has no sharp-featured old

mother with strict notions about Sundays and chignons, no busy maiden sisters who talk three at a time, and who would consider her house, her maids, and her babies as much theirs as her own, no industrious brothers of all sorts of queer professions, and no amount of "style." Smith's income and prospects and good condition generally are not sufficient for her, penniless as she is. She must have perfection all round—Prince Prettyman, and never a flaw in his circumstances, personal or relative. The consequence of which is that at forty she subsists on charitable contributions from her friends, and music-lessons when she can get pupils. Brown comes to the front, and lays siege to the fair Amanda's heart as Smith had done to Clorinda's. He gratifies her romantic aspirations as little as in the other case. He is as worthy a fellow as ever stepped; and he too has enough and to spare for comfort. He would be a quiet placable kind of husband, who would use his latchkey with discretion, and not make her temper bad by the sourness of his own. He would not philander after pretty women abroad, and he would not rage in the sanctuary at home. He would give her a liberal allowance for pins and housekeeping; and he would take the boys off her hands at holiday time, and be generally willing to save her both trouble and annoyance. But with all these slices of solid pudding he is not Prince Prettyman; consequently he is nowhere in the running. His eyes are small, his nose composes badly in a photograph, his voice is unmelodious, and his hands are uncomfortable about the joints. Nevertheless, small eyes, a mean nose, and uncomfortably articulated hands, united with a good home life and a kind husband, are better than beauty and a bad heart, rapture in the honeymoon and repentance ever after. Yet Amanda, like her sister, refuses honest, homely Brown in favour of the beautiful Prince over the seas; and the chances are so many as to make a certainty that the Prince will never cross those seas at all, and that Amanda too will go husbandless through life because of the tinsel picture which romance had drawn on her young soul, and which there was not enough common sense about her to rub out; or perchance, worse still, she will end with marrying Brown's clerk, who has every disadvantage his master had, and nothing of his compensations.

Prince Prettyman has many impersonations—as many as there are silly girls who wait for him. With some it is absolutely necessary that he should be in the army. The glitter of epaulets and the jingle of spurs are worth any amount of stupid, civilian, workaday virtues, and nothing but a well-set-up cavalry officer can get a hearing from the garrison belles who have learnt but one litany of love. With others a man whose soul is devoted to dogs and horses is the only kind of person who carries Prince Prettyman's credentials. Talk of a well-conditioned City merchant, with a sprinkling of grey hairs and suspicious tracts of shining scalp, or of a rising young professional who could as soon mount a camel as a horse, to those sweet creatures whose fancy paints the gallant hussar or the fast young squire—talk of fidelity, tenderness, truth, and the like, without dash, without personal beauty, without the glittering insignia of Prince Prettyman—and you talk to the deaf. They have their ideal man and their ideal conditions, and nothing short of either will be accepted. A beautiful young painter or poet, with soft eyes and a silvery voice, well up in the religion of art and cultivated to the highest point in æsthetics, is Prince Prettyman to one. This is in all probability the kind which talks of the union of souls and forgets the butcher's bill. It is a way both he and his admirers have; the debasing considerations of filthy lucre chilling the ardour of the soul in a remarkable manner. It is a pity that the tax-gatherer should be so obdurate; and that Prince Prettyman sailing over the silver sea of creative fancy should be brought up every now and then with a round turn to the barren stake of poverty, or grounded on the grating shallows of domestic bills with no effects to meet them. A high-class diplomatic-looking person is the hero of one young maiden, who has ideas; and she will accept no offer, however eligible, if the maker thereof stands below six feet, is rotund in body, and of an indiscriminate kind of social position. So it goes on; Prince Prettyman, whatever his special form, always looming in the horizon, always being waited for, and in the great majority of cases never coming.

It is a complaint as old as man, that we only know how to live when we have done with life. The saying is essentially true of marriage and of the right kind of person to choose. Girls of romantic tendencies think they ought not to marry unless with the most passionate *furore* of love. They do not know that respect and compatibility of temper are better sureties for a happy life than a passion which must in time wear itself out, however strong it may be now, and of which the best hope is that it may become friendship. Good plain common-sense men, who would make excellent husbands but are nothing to look at, are refused by certain of the feather-headed, in favour of a dream that will never be realized, a fancy that has no more substance than a soap-bubble. Or personal worth is refused for mere wealth, quite as often as for penniless romance. The man of a girl's fancy is too handsome to be a traitor, a *roué*, weak, or of so wayward a temper that her life, if she marries him, will be simply a torture. She is sure of him, she says with indignation when stony-hearted wisdom points out his patent flaws, and experience preaches caution and renunciation. She knows that love will not fly out of her window when poverty stalks in at the door; or she does not believe he is a *roué* now, whatever the evidence. And even if he is, she comforts herself with the sensible reflection that a reformed rake makes notoriously the best husband; and no woman is proof against the seduction of reforming the man she loves, and bringing him to virtue by means of her wiles. She is in love, and she believes that her love is eternal. Pretty girls of poor circumstances and belonging to large families, whom it would be an incalculable relief to get well settled, have been known to refuse eligible offers from good men because of this fancy of theirs about Prince Prettyman. Of course one would not like to see women give themselves to any one, no matter who he might be, for the sake of getting married; but the solid things of life should be taught them as well as its poetic beauties; and false hopes, false ideals, unsubstantial loves, should be rigorously excluded. A bad marriage or a loveless life is not a pleasant *coda* to that never-acted romance; nor is the disenchantment which comes with such cruel certainty on the heels of the love-sick and unsuitable marriage a blessing to be desired. Beauty fades, passion cools, the blindness of romance gets couched when seeing is too late; poetry does not pay the butcher; and gallantry of bearing of the "long sword, saddle, bridle" kind is apt to lose itself in domestic bad language when the pot is empty of pudding and half-a-dozen children swarm about the musty lodgings or dingy quarters to which love and folly have reduced the gay lieutenant and his bride. On the whole, Prince Prettyman is a dangerous fellow either to get or to wait for, having the trick of unsubstantiality throughout. Romantic girls would do well to reflect that, if they are to have only one gown in a lifetime, they had better buy one that will wash and wear creditably to the end, rather than a flimsy bit of finery that looks well only in the beginning, and goes to pieces before the first year is out.

MERCHANTS AND LAWYERS.

THERE appears to be an impression among mercantile men that they are very much sat upon and oppressed by the lawyers, and that it would be a great relief if they could only get rid of the law courts and settle their disputes among themselves. At a meeting which was held at the Guildhall on Tuesday some very strong views were expressed on this subject. Mr. Lyne, who moved the first resolution, said it was necessary that the mercantile community should get rid of lawyers, as their power was such as to demoralize the country. In his opinion the power of the lawyers was a refuge for the greatest roguery. Mr. Lyne's language was rather too violent for his audience, and he was called to order. But other speakers said pretty much the same thing in other words. It was asserted that there was really no necessity for the employment of lawyers at all, and one gentleman observed, amid general applause, that the most imprudent step a man could take was into an attorney's office. Mr. Alderman Cotton, who presided, described in a pathetic manner the discomfort, worrying of mind, and sleepless nights he had experienced from engaging in a law-suit. The object of the meeting was to pass resolutions in favour of what are called Tribunals of Commerce, and Mr. Alderman Cotton thought that if these tribunals could only be got up in England there would be an end to all worrying of mind and sleeplessness on the part of suitors. In his opinion the advantage of Tribunals of Commerce is that they may be trusted to decide cases "on the facts," whereas the law courts have an inveterate habit, which the worthy Alderman appears to regard as highly objectionable, of deciding cases, as he puts it, "according to law." The result is that "probably an injustice is done." It might be suggested in extenuation of the law courts that it is supposed to be their mission to administer law, but the Alderman would perhaps reply that this is only another way of describing their injurious functions. We gather that the object of Tribunals of Commerce is to put an end to law as well as to lawyers. The idea seems to be that law is a purely artificial luxury, and serves no purpose except to enrich those who manufacture and vend it. With a great deal that was said at the meeting it is impossible not to agree. It is undoubtedly a highly imprudent and sometimes a ruinous step to go unnecessarily into an attorney's office, and it may be taken as a safe general rule that it is well to avoid attorneys as much as possible except for the purpose of learning from them how to keep clear of going to law. It is unnecessary to assume that a consultation with a lawyer is invariably a prelude to litigation; but there can be no doubt that litigation is little short of a calamity for those who engage in it. It is troublesome, costly, and uncertain. There is always a risk of an adverse decision even in what seems the plainest case; and if a verdict is gained it seldom repays the victor, we will not say for his anxiety, vexation, and loss of time, but even for the actual money out of pocket in law expenses. All this may be admitted, but the mistake is to assume that it is the fault of the law. Mr. Alderman Cotton and his friends will perhaps hardly believe us when we say that it is usually the facts, and not the law, that occasion the main burden of law expenses. The rules of law are comparatively simple, and easily ascertained; the difficulty is to ascertain what is the precise state of the facts to which they are to be applied. When there is no dispute about the facts, the legal questions involved are generally soon settled. The mercantile gentlemen who are to sit upon these Tribunals of Commerce might no doubt be trusted to do their best to keep clear of law; but the object for which the Tribunals are to be established would not be accomplished unless they shut out the facts as well as the law. A law-suit, as presented in court, usually supplies a very imperfect measure of the amount of work bestowed on its preparation. The facts have to be sifted from

the beginning; evidence has to be fished up and examined, perhaps with no other result than to show that it is irrelevant or insufficient; and much of the evidence actually held in readiness to be produced is provided only in case it should be wanted, and is often not made use of at all. What is exhibited in court is only the cream of a long and laborious investigation. The costs of litigation are chiefly incurred, not in court, but in preparing to go into court; and it is difficult to see how even Tribunals of Commerce could prevent suitors from making such preparations as they might think necessary for the purpose of proving a case. Of course a Tribunal of Commerce might take upon itself to refuse to hear evidence, or to limit it to the statements of the plaintiff and defendant; but it is doubtful whether decisions on the facts arrived at in this manner would afford unqualified satisfaction; and, short of this, one of the principal sources of law costs would remain as fertile as at present.

We have no doubt that the fallacies expressed at this meeting have a wide currency, and it is therefore worth while to expose them. It should never be forgotten that the object of having law courts is not merely to decide questions in dispute, but to prevent disputes from arising. It is necessary therefore that decisions should be given in such a way as to afford rules for future guidance. This is the snare of what is called substantial justice. A weak or foolish judge tries to adapt broad principles of law to the merits of a particular case. A poor man has been wronged, and the judge trims the law to procure him redress. The good which is done in a single case by a proceeding of this kind is infinitesimal compared with the mischief of weakening or confusing the rule of law which has been tampered with for the purpose. *Fiat jus, ruat justitia*, Mr. Justice Maule used to say, and this version of the familiar maxim undoubtedly contains a great truth. The notion of the people who are calling out for Tribunals of Commerce would seem to be that suitors should just walk into court, state their differences, and receive an off-hand decision. This is the sort of justice which is administered in Eastern countries by the Kadi sitting at the gate, but it is perhaps hardly suited for transplantation into a civilized country. It is singular that even an Alderman should not see that to ask for a decision without law is simply to ask for an arbitrary decision for which no reasons are or can be given. Directly you get to reasons you get to law. The law is only the reason of a decision. Practically of course it is impossible to have courts without law—that is, rules and precedents—and if you have law you must have lawyers; that is to say, persons who have mastered the rules and precedents, and who are willing to lend or sell their knowledge and experience. Mercantile cases frequently turn on questions as to the usages of a particular trade or market, and men of business engaged in the trade or frequenting the market would no doubt be capable of stating authoritatively what the usage in question really amounts to. But it does not follow that they are capable of giving a sound judgment on the facts of the case. There is a science of evidence, and it must be studied like any other science. It implies a peculiar discipline of the mind which is probably not very common in commercial circles. Even supposing that men of business were competent to try these cases, would the public be ready to assume that they were perfectly impartial and unprejudiced? Would not the composition of a court which gave a decision be jealously scanned to see whether it contained a majority of wholesale or retail dealers, or whether in a dispute between different trades the balance of the Bench was on one side or the other? Of course, we are not raising any question as to the personal honour of mercantile men; but, after all, they are only men, and, human nature being what it is, it is on the whole probable that their decisions might not command implicit confidence. The judges would be constantly mixed up in transactions of the very kind on which they would have to adjudicate, and with the people who would come before them as suitors; and there would evidently be a tendency to suspect a bias on the side of personal interest or connexions. There may no doubt be something to be said for extending the limits of the County Courts so as to enable them to deal with a wider range of mercantile cases, and also for providing judges in such cases with the assistance of practical experts as assessors on questions of trade usage. But that is a very different thing from setting up bankers and merchants to dispense arbitrary justice from the bench. There is another aspect of the matter which must not be overlooked, and that is the influence of the Bench on the Bar. A body of amateur judges, ignorant of law, and unskilled in judicial investigations, could hardly be expected to keep the lawyers who practised before them in order, and the license of the Bar would be in proportion to the weakness of the Bench.

One of the speakers at the meeting in the Guildhall remarked that a dispute which had lately arisen between himself and an agent respecting goods to the value of 5,000*l* or 6,000*l*. was quickly settled at Hamburg at an expense of some 60*l*. or 70*l*. If the case had been tried in England, it would, he believed, have gone on for about ten years, and have consumed the whole sum in dispute. We do not know what was the nature of the case, and it is obvious that the amount of money involved affords no measure of the difficulty of arriving at a decision. The question may have been a very simple one, which any court could deal with offhand; but it is of course absurd to talk of mercantile cases going on for ten years in this country. Another gentleman complained that a suit in which he was engaged cost him 500*l*., although it was settled before the parties went into court; but there is nothing wonderful in this, as the parties had to be prepared for the contest in court, and it is these preparations which swell the sum of law expenses. It is impossible to lay down a rule that the expenses of a suit shall never be more than a certain proportion of the money in dispute, simply because the expenses depend, not on the sum at issue, but on the intricacy and difficulty of the questions to be determined. Besides, it is perfectly well known that law expenses always greatly exceed the taxed costs of the courts. It is impossible to place any restriction on the expenses which parties may choose to incur for the purpose of procuring evidence in their favour. The reason why litigation in the County Courts is comparatively cheap is simply because the questions which are usually taken there are of a very simple character. It is possible, as we have said, that arrangements might be made for the more summary trial of mercantile cases; but the mere substitution of merchants for lawyers on the bench would certainly not tend in itself either to cheapen or facilitate litigation. The experience of the Continent on this subject is not of much value as regards England. English men of business are, as a rule, not prone to litigation. They do not think it worth while to cry over spilt milk, and generally try to settle disputes by private compromise. But when they do go to law they like to fight out the question, and spare no expense in trying to obtain a verdict; and it may be doubted whether they would be content with a hasty decision thrown off after a superficial examination of the matters in dispute. If mercantile men are anxious to settle their own quarrels among themselves, let them do so. They have only to come to an agreement to that effect, and to make arrangements to refer all differences to arbitration by men of their own class. Other classes of the community may reasonably object to be placed at the mercy of courts composed of traders who would have their own interests to serve. We cannot help thinking that men of business who are anxious to keep clear of lawyers and to avoid legal expenses cannot do better than devote their attention to the best means of avoiding disputes in the first instance. This subject has been investigated by a Committee of the House of Commons, and it was shown that disputes arise in many trades in consequence of the undue haste and carelessness with which bargains are made. If traders would only take the trouble to make a written note of their bargains, the risk of subsequent differences would be greatly reduced. It is somewhat surprising to find merchants of position in the City sharing the vulgar delusion that law is a pure invention of the lawyers, and kept up only for their private interests. The usages of trade, as to which it would be the business of the Tribunals of Commerce to give decisions, are themselves only a branch of law. Law is nothing more than the established rules of intercourse and dealing between men, and these are to be found in one form or another in every sphere of life.

THE LAST FULDA PASTORAL.

WE cannot presume to claim any part in that prophetic gift which enabled the *Times* on Tuesday last to explain in considerable detail what "may be said *to have been*" the policy of Pius IX., "from his return to Rome (from Gaeta) *up to the day of his death*." Not indeed that the writer exactly professed to be predicting, for his account of the matter was throughout expressed—like some of the most famous prophecies on record—in an historical form. To his prescient gaze the Pope, notwithstanding some telegrams in a different sense to be found in another column, was already dead. If His Holiness shares that craving to hear the verdict of posterity which has before now led some eminent persons to spread reports of their own decease, he must have been gratified by the opportunity thus kindly offered of studying his own obituary. That his death, whenever it does occur, may materially affect the *status quo* throughout the Roman Catholic Church is probable enough. Meanwhile we must be content, in the absence of any special information about the future, to take things as they are. And certainly, from whatever point of view we look at it, the pending ecclesiastical contest in Germany bids fair to assume serious proportions, though it is impossible as yet to forecast the ultimate issues. The Emperor is reported, when closing the Prussian Diet, to have expressed a comfortable conviction, which speaks much for his sanguine temperament, that the new Church laws "will promote concord among the various confessions, and lead the Church to devote its strength to the pure service of God's Word." The Church, as represented by its rulers, will not perhaps be slow to rejoin, and with some plausibility, that similar professions of disinterested zeal for its spiritual efficiency have been common with those who were eager to relieve it of temporal privileges and emoluments. There is of course another side to the picture. We never doubted, and feel still less inclined to doubt after reading their last pastoral effusion, that the Prussian bishops have chiefly themselves to thank for what is occurring now. If they had not been so ready to embrace the new doctrines which they had a few months before only too successfully confuted, the Government, as Prince Bismarck has repeatedly explained, would have been more than willing to leave them unmolested. We are not defending his policy, but it is obvious that, when once the Vatican decrees were accepted, the relations of Church and State were placed on a new basis. Cardinal Cullen did indeed maintain the other day, as witness in the O'Keeffe trial, that the Pope had always enjoyed

direct and ordinary jurisdiction over every diocese of the Catholic Church, and that "from the days of the Apostles" no good Catholic had ever questioned it. But even he was obliged under cross-examination, to qualify this astounding statement by a distinct admission that this immediate and ordinary jurisdiction was first made into an article of faith by the Vatican Council. And that makes all the difference. It is no secret that the successful resistance of the late Archbishop of Paris to this very claim of the Holy See some years ago was a main reason for investing it with dogmatic sanction. An abstract opinion about the legitimate range of Papal prerogative, though held by what has long been the dominant theological school in the Church, is not a matter about which the lay world is very likely to trouble itself, any more than it troubles itself now with the opinion, also generally maintained by Ultramontane divines, that the Pope has *de jure* temporal dominion over the whole earth, though he generously forbears to claim it. But an opinion of this kind, when it is formally proclaimed as a dogma, is sure to be translated into practice. The German bishops as well as the Irish Cardinal are acting upon it at this moment. And their conduct explains, though we do not say it justifies, the attitude of the State towards them. They have just issued "from the grave of St. Boniface at Fulda" another of those periodical appeals to the clergy and the faithful which are evidently felt on all sides to be among their most effective weapons for carrying on the contest. And the Liberal papers have in some degree recognized the importance, not of its contents, but of its possible effects, by the elaborate comments they have made upon it.

The document itself, supposed to be from Bishop Ketteler's pen, is neither a profound nor an interesting composition, but it is skilfully adapted to its purpose and to the audience to which it is addressed. The bishops begin by reminding their beloved in the Lord of the grievous condition in which the Church everywhere finds herself, and especially in their own fatherland. A series of laws directed against "the divinely ordained constitution of the Church," dividing the bishops from their supreme head, and the clergy and people from their lawful bishops, has been passed in spite of episcopal protests, and of the manifold addresses and deputations, most consoling to the hearts of the bishops, which attest the deep sympathy of their clergy and flocks with them in this season of trial, and their resolve to remain firmly attached to the holy Father, the pastor and teacher of all Christians, and to their lawful bishops. On this last clause it has been observed that the lay addresses of sympathy have been but few, while even the clerical addresses, which are made to order, and therefore carry little moral weight, have been far from universal; and various instances are quoted of clergymen either signing, under constraint, "with a smile or a sigh," or suffering for their refusal to sign. The bishops add, that for their part they shall always adhere to the principles of Christianity and eternal justice, whatever the laws may say, and exhort their clergy and people to remember that he only is a legitimate bishop who is appointed by the Apostolic See, "the fountain of ecclesiastical unity and power," while all others are intruders, and are *ipso facto* excommunicate—a prospective blow aimed at the Old Catholic bishop to be shortly elected. "In accordance with the constant usage of the Church," the bishops remit all doubtful questions to the decision of the supreme pastor, though they will not fail to observe all their duties towards the civil power; how the two lines of duty are to be reconciled is not explained. Finally, they point out that the Church has never been in such perilous plight since the conversion of Constantine brought her three hundred years of persecution to a close, "public life, the press, literature, science, and education" being united in an unchristian conspiracy against her; and they commend the future to the fervent intercessions of the faithful. A flaming epistle, addressed a few days later by Cardinal Rauscher, one of the leaders of the Opposition at Rome, to Bishop Lachat of Basle, enclosing a present of three thousand francs, is not unnaturally regarded by the Austrian and German newspapers as a sort of supplement to this Fulda pastoral. The Cardinal compliments his correspondent on showing himself a model and bright example to all bishops and priests who are oppressed by the strong arm of the State, denounces in no measured terms "the enemies of justice and truth," and trusts that the Church will emerge with renovated vigour from her present heavy trials. This is little more, of course, than sounding verbiage; but then in Austria the struggle is not imminent at this moment. It is no affair of words in Prussia. Since Dr. Falk's Bills received the Royal sanction, the Ministry of Worship has been engaged in making provision for carrying them out; and already the new Examining Board and Ecclesiastical Court—the former composed of high officers of State and professors, the latter of judges and Government officials—are in course of formation. And the Redemptorists and Lazarists are to be expelled as well as the Jesuits. Why the Lazarists are included it is difficult to understand. The Redemptorist Order was, no doubt, studiously organized by its founder, Liguori, on the Jesuit model, and breathes the spirit of the more powerful Society, in whose track it has ever been content to follow at a humble distance. There is probably as much or as little reason for banishing the one as the other.

We have already more than once observed that these sweeping measures are of doubtful expediency, and hardly less questionable justice. And we are not, therefore, at all surprised to find a zealous champion of Prince Bismarck's policy putting aside his favourite thesis, "that he is not at war with the Catholic Church, but with a party in it hostile to the State," as at least inconsistent with a *prima facie* view of the situation. There does indisputably exist a great divergence of opinion among the Catholic clergy and laity, and perhaps even among the bishops, on some of the points at issue; but "the official Church," as the critic in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* phrases it, the Church as represented by the hierarchy, has spoken throughout the controversy with no uncertain voice. It is quite true that "a tale of little meaning" may be put into very "strong words," and a pastoral of the present Prince Bishop of Breslau has been quoted, written twenty years ago—at a time when the civil and spiritual authorities in Germany were on the best terms—in which he is to the full as eloquent as he and his episcopal brethren have lately shown themselves on the persecutions, oppressions, and dangers of the Church. Still it would not be safe to infer that the bishops mean nothing now, and it seems that a considerable section of the Protestant pastors, who are alarmed at the increased influence likely to accrue to the laity under the new *régime*, are disposed to side with them; not that this alliance is likely to be of much practical service to the cause. It is more important to reflect that, however vigorously the new laws may be put into execution, it is one thing to bring a horse to the water and another to make him drink. A parish priest, for instance, who is under episcopal censure may be maintained in his office and benefices by the State, but unless his people are with him, as in Father O'Keeffe's case, his position would soon become morally untenable. And it is on this account that the German bishops are so anxious, by means of direct instruction in church and school, by glowing pastorals, and through the various appliances which a strongly organized hierarchy is sure to have at its command, to educate their party, so to speak, in correct views of the nature and extent of spiritual rights and duties. The strong arm of the law, even when backed up by a copious and powerful press, is no match for the spiritual forces arrayed against it; and the Liberal press itself, by the confession of its own organs, is too unmethodical, divided, and purely negative in its utterances to counteract the clear and systematic teaching of its Ultramontane rivals. It is accordingly suggested that an energetic and organized scheme should be set on foot to meet Jesuit and other kindred influences in the only way that can be really effective, and conduce to the "internal harmony of the Empire and people," which the Emperor seems to anticipate from the action of the new laws, by securing their thorough cultivation and instruction in the true principles of Christianity. We have nothing to say against the suggestion. Mr. Froude argued the other day at the Literary Fund Dinner that the press now discharges functions formerly exercised by the Roman Catholic Church, and its importance as an engine of religious influence was pointedly insisted on at the last Old Catholic Congress. But we cannot help thinking that this friendly suggestion of the Liberal press would have come with a better grace and more auspicious promise before the new ecclesiastical legislation had made all such overtures from the same quarter so peculiarly unpalatable to those for whose benefit they are designed. The most cogent arguments are apt to lose their persuasive force when you have knocked down your antagonist, in the interests of truth, before undertaking to convince him of his errors.

RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.

THE attention of the House of Commons having been called, pursuant to notice, to railway accidents, that House, after the delivery of five speeches, was counted out. We wish that the management of railways were as satisfactory as the collapse of the proposed debate upon it would indicate; but although much has been done for the safety of passengers, much remains to do. The Companies represent that they are making great exertions to extend the block and interlocking systems on their lines, and a Committee of the House of Lords, which lately inquired into this subject, has recommended that time should be allowed to the Companies for voluntary action, and that a Bill which proposed compulsion should not be carried further in the present Session. If the House of Lords is rightly advised by its Committee, the House of Commons is not called upon to act at present, and in that case it might perhaps do well to abstain from talking. It is not desirable that the attention of the House of Commons should be called to the loss of life on railways at a moment when it is probable that attention will not be given.

The Committee of the House of Lords report that there was a general concurrence of opinion among the witnesses who were called before them in favour of the block system on all important railways which carry passengers, and that experience has proved that this system is compatible with the highest rates of speed. The witnesses also concurred in recommending the interlocking system on lines where there are numerous junctions and frequent trains. It has, indeed, been argued on the other side that these precautionary arrangements and mechanical appliances tend to lessen the sense of responsibility in the engine-drivers, but nevertheless the advantages resulting from the introduction of these systems were practically admitted by all the witnesses, and, in the judgment of the Committee, decidedly preponderated. It may be interesting, however, to observe what has been urged on high authority against mechanical appliances. Mr. T. E. Harrison, Engineer-in-Chief to the North-Eastern Railway Company, says that in the earlier times within his recollection such a thing as a signal was not known. As in progress of time signals were

put up to protect the line, he found that there was a wasting away of that forethought and look-out which the men had before exercised. "If you have protection by signals, you take away from the diligence of the men." This witness had recommended the block system to his Directors, but originally he had very great doubts about it, for the reason already stated. Mr. J. Grierson, General Manager of the Great Western Railway Company, says that the introduction of the block system tends to remove the sense of responsibility from the engine-drivers. "They are not now all as careful as they used to be, and we have had as many accidents, I might almost say, within the last few years arising from that cause as we had without the block." This effect on the engine-drivers is "a very great deduction indeed" from the advantage of this system. Captain Tyler, on the other hand, says that the tendency which he admits towards negligence is got over by a little more discipline, and he does not think that, in a general way, there has been any very serious inconvenience on this account. The drivers and guards of trains ought to know nothing about the security of the block system, but act as if there were none at all; but, nevertheless, there have been cases where the drivers have not kept so good a look-out as otherwise they might have done in front, and the guards have not been so active in running back to protect a train when they believed they were under the block system. "A little more discipline is required in that respect." There is a point, however, at which the necessity for the protection of passengers by the block system becomes so clear that argument as to its effect upon the minds of drivers and guards is futile. The Metropolitan Railway was started on the block system, and it would be impossible to work trains at intervals of two minutes without it. This Company has a larger proportion of break-power in proportion to the length of a train than other Companies. It would be hardly possible to work the block system so close together without extra break-power. The manager would not undertake the responsibility of working the traffic unless he had both the blocking and interlocking systems as perfect as possible. At the busiest period of the day he has in and out of Moorgate Street thirty-two trains in an hour. "We have some of the most difficult junctions in the world. We have junctions in the dark, in tunnels, on falling gradients, and on sharp curves," but they are all so thoroughly signalled and so well blocked that only by the driver's neglect can accident occur. On the London and North-Western line there are 323 miles under the block system, and 299 miles are nearly finished, and will be shortly in operation. The whole of the line from London to Carlisle will soon be under the block system. The accident at Abergele would have been prevented by this system. The General Manager of this line has no doubt that the block system tends to reduce the number of accidents from collision, but it will never entirely prevent such accidents. "We must be dependent on the men who carry it out, and they are of course liable to mistakes. We have had accidents under the block system on our line." On the Midland Railway the block system is in operation over 447 miles. The General Manager finds considerable advantage in this system where the line is crowded. "We have always been in favour of the block system on our main line, and from time to time it has been ordered where the traffic has become crowded or sufficient to justify the introduction of so costly a system." But the great main lines of railway require and can afford precautions which would be inapplicable to small branches. Even the Inspectors of the Board of Trade say that where there is a single line, and the traffic on it can be worked by one engine in steam, there is no necessity for the block system. Collisions cannot take place, for there would be no other train to run into. All, or almost all, possible great lines have already been made in England; but there is room for innumerable small lines, if they could be made at cost low enough to pay. Hence, for this class of lines we are likely to approach the American system, where there are no gates at crossings, no fences, and hardly any distance signals, and the safety of the train depends upon the driver. "The men know that they must keep a good look-out, and they have few accidents." An experienced observer from whom we quote these words, says that he remembers the time when there were no distance signals in England, and accidents were not more numerous then than they are now. The great bulk of American accidents occur from the falling of materials; their rails and bridges are very lightly built. The speed on most of the American lines does not exceed thirty miles an hour. The same cause explains, as many of us know, the freedom of German lines from accidents. Trains proceed slowly and at rare intervals, and in South Germany it almost seems as if beer-drinking at the stations were the principal business, and travelling a mere accessory of the railways.

The block system is so simple as to be readily intelligible. Let there be two stations, A and B. If a train has passed A, no other train is allowed to pass A until the signalman at B telegraphs to A that the line is clear. It is said that under this system the driver after passing A takes for granted that the line is clear to B, and keeps no good look out ahead, as he would do if he had nothing but his own vigilance to depend upon. It is easy to put cases where mischief might occur. Suppose, for instance, that a train is proceeding down from A to B, and that all is clear on the down line. An up train might break down after passing B, and some of its carriages might be thrown on the down line, and the driver of the down train might rush heedlessly into the mischief thus prepared for him. A witness told the Committee that formerly he never rode on an engine without keeping a good look-out, knowing that he might run into a train; but under the block system he should never think of doing that. This undoubtedly is human nature which the Inspectors of the Board of Trade say may be corrected by drilling. An instance actually occurred of the engine of a coal-train being short of water, and the driver detached it, and went ahead for a supply, leaving the train standing between A and B. The signalman at B, seeing an engine pass his box, concluded that this was all that he had to expect from A, and telegraphed to A that the line was clear. Hereupon a passenger-train was allowed to pass A, and it ran into the stationary coal-train. There is a station in the North of England which stands at the summit of a continuous ascent of twenty-one miles on either side. A truck let loose either way down this incline would run twenty-one miles without stopping, and the block system would be no security against collision between this descending truck and an ascending train. There seems to be truth in the remark that, although collisions are likely to be rare under the block system, yet when they occur they will be disastrous. The interlocking system is essential to the working of the busy passenger stations in and near London, but we can understand that it would be useless and troublesome in a network of mining sidings in the North of England. To understand this system, suppose a train proceeding from Hammersmith to Baker Street. At Westbourne Park it is on the south side of the main line of the Great Western Railway, and when it arrives at Bishop's Road, Paddington, it is upon the north side. It must therefore have crossed the main line; and in order that this may be done safely the interlocking system must be applied. The train from Hammersmith waits of course for a signal before attempting to cross the down main line. The signalman adjusts the points for crossing, and then adjusts the signal; and as he does this he, by the same act, adjusts the points of the down main line, so that if a train came from Paddington, it would be turned into the down line to Hammersmith. The points and signals are so "interlocked," that one of these operations cannot be performed without the other. The complete safety of such a junction depends of course upon the block as well as the interlocking system; but the two systems are better understood when considered separately. The interlocking system enables two men to do certainly work that would otherwise require ten or twelve men to do uncertainly. A witness stated that during the busiest time in the morning, thirty-three trains passed in and out of the Cannon Street Station in thirty minutes. It is impossible to suppose that that could have been done under the old system. The value of these precautions will be well seen in dealing with the enormous passenger traffic to and from Epsom and Ascot during the races. If we remember rightly, an accident occurred a few years ago on the return from Ascot, which might have been avoided by the block system. The opponents of the interlocking system produce a case where a signalman, having presence of mind, did something to avert a collision which he could not have done if he had had this system to control him. But Captain Tyler produces another case where a signalman similarly situated did nothing except dance about his box crying "I have got a collision, I have got a collision!" Every year produces some striking examples among railway servants of courage and readiness of resource, and also of the absence of these qualities. It may well be that these qualities were more exercised under the old system, just as sailors of the Royal Navy became more skilful seamen before the age of steam. But we could not on this consideration decline to use steam in our fleet. Another matter which must engage the attention of railway engineers is the increase of break-power. That which is done upon the Metropolitan Railway might be done, it is thought, upon other lines. But Parliament is likely to be shy of hasty compulsory legislation. Much must be left to the discretion either of the Railway Companies or of the Board of Trade. Progress is being made in the direction of increased safety of passengers, although perhaps more slowly than could be wished.

THE *NEW MAGDALEN*.

THE progress of Mr. Wilkie Collins as a writer for the stage is not encouraging. The *Woman in White* was an undeniable success, but *Man and Wife* can only be applauded with qualifications, and a new piece which might be called the "Woman in Black" has the unfortunate effect of exciting laughter where the author intends to be solemnly impressive. The *New Magdalen*, which has been produced at the Olympic Theatre, could only be made tolerable by the best acting, and the best acting would be wasted upon such a poor play. Modern warfare can with difficulty be dramatized in any style except that which used to prevail at Astley's, and we incline to think that surgeons, sisters of mercy, and clergymen had better not be dramatized at all.

According to usage there is a prologue to this play, of which the scene is laid in a cottage on the French and German frontier. A French captain and a French surgeon hold a little preliminary talk as to the disposal of wounded men, and then they go out and two young Englishwomen enter. These are Mercy Merrick, "the Magdalen of modern times," and Grace Roseberry, who has lately lost her father in Italy, and is travelling to England to place herself under the care of a friend of her family, Lady Janet Roy. We are to understand that the cottage forms part of a French position which the Germans have attacked once

and are about to attack again with overwhelming force. The "New Magdalen" finds the time and place convenient to recount to her companion the story of her life. She has struggled and fallen; has repented and striven to live well; but on emerging from a Refuge to which she had gone she finds that society will not have her. It is the female version of the *Ticket-of-Leave Man*, but less true than that popular drama to the facts of actual life. The truth is, that a young and pretty or clever woman, who really wishes to cease from immorality, may usually find a husband. There are men who either have no female relations, or do not care for their opinion, and who prefer beauty or other charms to character. It may be inferred from cases which everybody knows that other cases of the same kind exist. Indeed, if a man could get over a feeling which to many men is insuperable, he might obtain a wife whom many other men would admire. When we see Mercy Merrick personated by Miss Ada Cavendish, neatly dressed in black gown and white apron, with the red cross upon her arm, we are lamentably sceptical as to the irremediable wretchedness of her condition. By her own showing she has had two places since she left the Refuge, and in the first a doctor fell in love with her, and in the second her master's intended wife was jealous of her. She does in truth find a husband before the play is over, and we have only to remark that that result might have been obtained without creating a clergyman of the highest talent and character, but some eccentricity of views and taste, for the purpose of marrying him to the lady. This clergyman has preached at the Refuge a sermon from the text "There is joy in Heaven," &c., which has made a deep impression upon Mercy. Her story excites little sympathy from her companion Grace, who is a young lady of correct principles and conduct. As soon as it is finished the battle outside begins. Mercy stands, expecting with superb calm a bullet which shall send her to partake the joys of Heaven, while Grace is distracted with fear of being removed from the joys of earth. A bullet wounds Grace on the head. A French surgeon enters, pronounces that she is dead, and leaves her propped up in a becoming attitude against a bed. Luckily the place is evacuated by the French, and a German surgeon enters, and declares that he thinks nothing of the French surgeons, and proceeds to bring the supposed dead woman back to life. Meanwhile Mercy has determined to assume the name and take possession of the papers of Grace, and thus to make herself an honest woman by a fraud. She is promised a pass to England by a gentleman who explains that he is a Correspondent of one of the great English newspapers, and that he is about to exercise in her behalf a power to which Emperors yield obedience, "the power of the press." Jupiter, as poets tell us, fell in love several times, and Jupiter's deputy is capable of the same weakness as his master. He falls in love with Mercy at first sight. However, he does his best to maintain the dignity of his character by speaking in the slow and solemn tone which Mr. Irving uses to do his "spooning" in *Eugene Aram*. The power of the press makes itself felt in the German army. The words "Pass the English lady" are heard without the cottage after Mercy's exit, while the German doctor places Grace upon a bed, and proves, by help of a looking-glass, that she still breathes.

The first act of the play shows us Mercy under the name of Grace established in the household of Lady Janet Roy, and receiving the attentions of Mr. Horace Holmcroft, lately Correspondent of one of the great English newspapers with the German army. Readers of the novels of Mr. Wilkie Collins will be prepared for the appearance in a hovering ghostly fashion of the resuscitated Grace, who, when she claims her name and rights, is treated as insane. Lady Janet explains to Horace that the war might have been stopped if the newspapers could have agreed among themselves not to report the battles. She mentions that Julian Gray, the preacher whom Mercy had heard at the Refuge, is her nephew, and is expected to make a visit to her house. This news alarms Mercy, who fears that the preacher's penetrating eye will read the secret which she dares not confide to her lover. It is impossible for author or actor to realize the expectation which is raised by the description of the talents and virtues of Julian Gray. Clergymen of the Church of England who desire to see a stage conception of themselves ought to visit the Olympic Theatre. Julian Gray despises preferment, whistles opera tunes, holds radical and socialist opinions, is active, zealous, pious, eloquent, and falls violently in love with Mercy, who has worshipped him ever since she heard his sermon in the Refuge. This exemplary clergyman sits upon a stool and holds a skein of silk for Mercy to wind, remarking that "curates are privileged to make themselves useful to young ladies;" and unfortunately the position and the speech have a tendency to excite the laughter of irreverent spectators, which is hardly appeased when he proceeds to recite a little extract from a sermon. His influence over Mercy leads to her confession of the fraud she has practised, even when she appears triumphant over Grace. Honesty in this instance is certainly the best policy, for she loses a bad husband in Horace Holmcroft, and finds a good husband in Julian Gray. But if a clergyman of the highest reputation yields to the fascination of her beauty, it can hardly be expected that ordinary laymen would be more fastidious. Thus we come back to the point from which we started, that a young and beautiful sinner need not find repentance and amendment difficult. The real obstacle to reformation in such cases is probably reluctance to exchange the admiration of many men for the society of one. The sinner Mercy is more agreeable as well as prettier than the just person Grace, and one begins at last to wish that Grace could be shut up in an asylum, merely to put an end to her annoying practice of hovering among the plants of Lady Janet Roy's conservatory. Mr. Wilkie Collins, as we all know, is nothing when he is not didactic; and perhaps with a little encouragement he might be brought to introduce a clergyman regularly into his plays. If any reader desires to know whether Julian Gray belongs to High, Low, or Broad Church, we can only answer that information on this point may be obtained, or at least applied for, at the Olympic Theatre. Such a piece as we have described would be difficult for any company to act, and, except by Miss Ada Cavendish herself, an arduous task is performed with no particular ability. A few specimens of good old stage sentimentality are applauded in the good old style, but the audience is perversely inclined to laugh where solemnity would be desired by the author. The meetings between Mercy and Grace culminate in something very like a scolding match, and Mr. Horace Holmcroft, the embodiment of the power of the press, is an exceedingly poor creature. But in the scarcity of amusing pieces at our theatres, the serious parts of this play may be recommended as possibly capable of raising a laugh.

The curtain falls, and we are left to speculate as to the thoughts of the Bishop of Julian's diocese, who objected to his whistling, upon his marriage with Mercy. It is to be wished, rather than hoped, that the Bishop might be able to partake in the rejoicings of the angels over rehabilitated character. But the novel on the same subject goes beyond the wedding-day, and explains how the fashionable friends of Lady Janet Roy cut her nephew's wife and obliged the newly-married pair to emigrate. There are degrees of improbability, and perhaps Julian Gray could have fallen so much in love with a repentant sinner as to marry her, and yet not so much as to be able to renounce for her sake fashionable society. *All for Love, or the World Well Lost*, was, we believe, the title of some play on the subject of Antony and Cleopatra. But the modern Antony is able to reckon his love for his Cleopatra, and finds that it just stops short of enabling him to endure banishment from ball-rooms. It is possible that Mr. Wilkie Collins is not well acquainted with the habits of the clergy, and he may not be sensible of the grotesque features of the picture which he draws. Such a woman as his Magdalen could find a husband if she were not too particular in choosing one, but she would scarcely find him among the clergy. But suppose a clergyman with the zeal and eloquence of Julian meditating such a marriage, he would hardly be deterred from it, after getting over other obstacles, including his bishop, by the thought that it might not be pleasant to take his wife to his aunt's balls. We may remark, by the way, that there is no visible necessity for a clergyman going to balls at all. However, Julian in the story, after sustaining a mortifying rebuff from society, determines to take himself and his wife to some colony which the novelist does not particularly specify. The colonies are a valuable resource alike in fact and fiction. We can no longer send our convicts to Australia; but perhaps a judicious exportation of other classes of soiled goods may still be practicable. Let us imagine a beautiful penitent taught at a Refuge to do useful things, and then supplied with the *means* of emigration to—no matter where. Some colonist in want of a wife would accept the damaged article, and abstain from disquieting investigations. It appears, therefore, that the case of Mercy Merrick would be less hopeless than is represented, although we should not expect her deliverer to be a clergyman. But, taking the case as it is stated, the author can hardly intend to complain of society because it endeavours to fence itself against Magdalens. The story after all is well enough in a book, where the absurdity of some of the characters and situations appears less distinctly than upon the stage. Readers of the novel escape the elocutionary tricks of the theatre, and may skip any page of sermonizing which they find dull.

REVIEWS.

HENRI MARTIN'S CELTIC ARCHÆOLOGY.*

THE pieces which make up M. Henri Martin's present volume were written at various times from 1861 to 1871. They give us the author's impressions on various journeys in Wales, Ireland, Britanny, Sweden, and Denmark, undertaken mainly with antiquarian and ethnological objects. He gives us essays on the early inhabitants of Gaul and Britain, on the Megalithic monuments, on the alleged remains of ancient British literature, winding up with an account of an international Archæological Congress at Copenhagen. This last leads to some of those political speculations which can hardly be avoided in the Scandinavian lands, where every man seems to be at once a politician and an antiquary, and where the past and present do run more closely into one another than in most countries. In 1869 M. Martin was hoping for the recovery of North Sleswick for Denmark—a hope in which none will join him more readily than the friends of Germany—and was further dreaming of great things to be done by the union, if we rightly understand him, of France, South Germany, and the lesser powers against Prussia. Then come some asterisks and some further reflections with the date "Octobre 1871"—the burden of which is that "l'idéal s'est englouti dans une affreuse

* *Études d'Archéologie celtique. Notes de Voyages dans les Pays celtiques et scandinaves.* Par Henri Martin. Paris: Didier et Cie. 1872.

réalité." In this state of things M. Martin can only comfort himself with four Welsh Triads, the last of which promises—without fixing the date—a good time coming, when light, truth, and life shall destroy all evil, and, we suppose, the German Empire as one form of it.

The form of the work, that of essays alternating with notices of M. Martin's travels, makes the book more lively to read, but it certainly makes it harder to carry off M. Martin's exact notions on scientific questions. Some of the essays stand quite by themselves as distinct dissertations. In others the account of the journey is largely mixed up with the various subjects of discussion which the journey itself suggests. M. Martin is an earnest Celt, and we have no quarrel with him for being so. The Celtic school of French history and antiquities, whatever may be its faults and temptations, is at any rate a great improvement, in point of historical accuracy, upon the older French school which confounded the German Frank and the Celtic Frenchman, and which babbled about Pharamond, Clovis, and Charlemagne as French national heroes. We do not see that M. Martin carries his Celtic feeling so far as to see, with Thierry and others, nothing in all later French history but a struggle between an oppressive Teutonic nobility and an oppressed Celtic people; still he starts, as we hold that he ought to start, from the conception of the French people as a people essentially Celtic. All that we complain of is that M. Martin sometimes allows himself to be led astray by his Celtic brethren in other parts. He comes into Great Britain, and, as far as we can see, he looks upon England as little more than the road by which he is to get into Wales. This perhaps in itself is natural. The thing which makes M. Martin's speculations less valuable than they might be is that he swallows everything that his Welsh friends choose to tell him, without any kind of doubt, without any kind of scientific examination. He goes to an Eisteddfod in perfect seriousness, and he believes in Mr. John Williams ab Ithel, the memorable editor of the *Annales Cambriae* and the *Brut y Tywysogion*. In short his Welsh friends seem to have told him some very strange things indeed. He gets to Caernarvon, but, so far as he is concerned, Mr. Hartshorne might as well never have been. Here are his reflections:—

Je passai par Caernarvon, afin de visiter le château, très-belle et sévère construction du xiii^e^ siècle, bâtie par le conquérant Edouard I^er^, le *bardicide*, comme l'appellent les Gallois, pour tenir en bride la Vénédotie. Ce fut là qu'il éluda le traité par lequel il avait juré de laisser aux Gallois un prince de leur nation. Il amena sa femme accoucher dans le château de Caernarvon, et, montrant par la fenêtre au peuple l'enfant qui venait de naître en Galles: "Le voilà," dit-il, "le prince gallois que je vous ai promis!"

Now this is really too bad. One who has written the history of France in many volumes ought surely to know more of English history than this. But he has seized upon one idea which must be purely his own, and which we cannot believe that any ancient Briton ever told him. He goes to Bangor—we mean the episcopal city in Caernarvonshire—and there muses after this sort:—

C'est sur ces plages, en avant des collines et des rochers de Bangor, que douze cents moines, tout un peuple de bardes chrétiens, pareil à notre cité monastique des îles de Lérins, marchant sans autres armes que leurs chants sacrés au-devant des Saxons victorieux, furent exterminés jusqu'au dernier par ces barbares. Un vieil air populaire, empreint d'une religieuse et sombre majesté, a consacré la mémoire du massacre de Bangor.

He goes on in the same paragraph to talk about the massacre of the Druids by Suetonius Paullinus in Mona as having happened within sight of the scene of the massacre of the monks by Æthelfrith. The confusion of the two Bangors might by itself be pardonable, as monks from the Caernarvonshire Bangor might have marched to the neighbourhood of Chester. But when a man places the victory of Æthelfrith on the shores of the Menai, it shows that he can have no notion whatever of the real course of English, and therefore of British, history. He may have listened to Druids, Bards, and Ovates, but he cannot have turned a page of real history, he cannot even have looked at a map. We wonder what M. Martin would think if an English writer should give out that Count Eustace of Boulogne reigned in a wood close to Paris, or that the Nicene Creed was drawn up at that Nicæa which modern events have made a part of French territory.

Nothing very much can come when a man sets out on his Welsh journey with his head full of Druids, harps, and Triads, and with no more knowledge of the real history of the country than this. After this, it is a small matter that one of the present members for Glamorganshire should be turned into a Turk in the form of "Hussein Vyvyan," and it is a real ground for thankfulness that M. Martin, when he gets to Bristol, stops to explain that the Avon there is not the Avon of Shakspeare. To be sure the very name of the stream would set any man going who cared about British matters in a rational way; he would be prepared and rejoiced to find as many Avons in Britain as there really are; but when a man does not know that there are two Bangors, it is something that he should know that there are at least two Avons. In Ireland M. Martin fares better; the island to be sure is Celtic, but there is no temptation to people it with what M. Martin calls "Cymrys," as the translators of the Bible talk about "cherubims." He believes many wild things in Ireland as well as in Wales; but we can forgive him a good deal on account of the clear and undoubting grasp which he has gained of the real origin and meaning of the round towers. But he firmly believes in the God Crom, the supreme deity of the ancient Irish, who, we grant, appears in an early page of the Four Masters, as to be sure Dagon does in an early legend of Winchester Cathedral. Yet we have a very distinct remembrance that, so long ago as 1849, at the Cardiff meeting of the Cambrian Archæological Association, Dr. Todd, like another Mahmoud, smote the God Crom, and ground him small to powder, and cast the dust of him into the Taff. Yet here he has somehow come up again into life. Still, as M. Martin does not think that the round towers were built in honour of Crom, we are not inclined to quarrel with him over the ruins of a despised broken idol.

On his way to Ireland M. Martin went to Oxford—"la cité universitaire où fleurissent en paix tant de traditions et d'usages qui sont à peine ailleurs des souvenirs." But he corrects himself:—"Cité universitaire est trop peu dire; l'Université elle-même est la cité, dont le reste de la ville n'est qu'une dépendance et comme un faubourg." This, be it remarked, is in 1862; the notion seemingly implied that the city of Oxford grew up round the University might have been held in honour ten years later. But there are several things in M. Martin's description of Oxford which remind us that it is not a very new one. Oxford was, when he was there, a "vaste et calme nid d'études," untroubled, we suppose, by athletics. He met there a class of people called "les graves *fellows*." Nowadays, to say nothing of the question of gravity, it is commonly said that Fellows of Oxford Colleges are to be found everywhere except in Oxford, and that people of every kind are to be found in Oxford except Fellows of Oxford Colleges. Then he tells us about "les constructions modernes ayant été rebâties sur le plan des anciennes, pour ne point faire tache dans l'ensemble." It is plain that M. Martin was at Oxford before the building of that series of outlandish piles which has at last culminated in the cathedral meat-safe. Still, even at Oxford, M. Martin is a little shaky in his dates. He tells us how

le puseyisme, un jour, installe la Madone sur la façade d'un collége; le pur protestantisme répond à ce *quasi-papisme* en élevant une imposante croix gothique, couverte de sculptures, à la mémoire des *évêques martyrs*, c'est-à-dire de Cranmer et de ses collègues, les évêques brûlés par ordre de la *sanglante Marie*. On fait combattre ainsi le xvi^e^ siècle avec le xiii^e^; cela ne sort pas du style du viel Oxford.

Why the thirteenth century passes our power of guessing. But does M. Martin fancy that the gate at Magdalen, which we suppose is the one which he means, was built before the Martyrs' Memorial?

In another chapter M. Martin visits Britanny, where he again finds the God Crom, and has some mysticism about him which we cannot profess to follow:—

C'est le nom du dieu de la plus vieille race celtique, des Gaëls d'Irlande; nom qui tient aux racines même de la haute antiquité; il a dans les langues celtique et germanique le sens de *courbe*, la *courbe* génératrice du *cercle*; c'est l'Éternité engendrant le Temps; le dieu Crom répond en ce sens à ce qui est, dans la mythologie grecque, *Ouranos*, le Ciel, engendrant *Kronos* ou Saturne, le Temps.

It is well known that, according to all orthodox mythology, the relations between Kronos and his father Ouranos were far from being always friendly. We are also given to understand that the Carthaginian God whom Greek writers speak of as Kronos was in truth no other than Moloch; it is therefore in no way wonderful that Crom and Moloch, if they ever met, should not have been on the most loving of terms; the only wonderful thing is that they ever should meet. But M. Martin, who in one spot of Britanny finds a rock of Crom, in another place finds a rock of Moloch. "Ce nom," he tells us, "en dit assez. Le Dieu infanticide des Phéniciens, Moloch l'impitoyable, aurait donc eu là son autel." Then we get a picturesque scene, from which we might almost expect to have the battles of the Gods and the Giants, the *epos* of Claudian and Mr. Trollope, fought over again on the British shore:—

En face du rocher de Moloch surplombe sur la mer, au bord du continent, une autre masse appelée le *Roch-Chrom*, comme si le dieu celtique, le vieux Crom, se levait pour défier le dieu étranger.

We are more concerned to think that, whatever might be the relations between Moloch and Crom, in our island at least Woden showed himself a good deal stronger than either of them.

But M. Martin lights on one fact which is of some importance. He mentions a small district of Britanny where M. Villemarqué says that the inhabitants are known by the name of *Combris*. He adds that many traditions and local names connect them with a colony of "Cymrys" who came in the fourth or fifth century—that is, we suppose, the great Armorican migration. But it is worth noticing that he adds, "C'est la seule trace connue du vieux nom cimbrique dans notre Bretagne." M. Martin assumes throughout that *Cymry*, *Cimbri*, *Cimmerii*, are all the same. Indeed it is essential to his argument throughout that they should be the same; but it is an assertion which needs proof; it is no more to be taken for granted than we can take for granted that *Alba* in the sense of Scotland, *Alba Longa*, *Albania* by the Hadriatic, and *Albania* between the Euxine and the Caspian, are all the same name. Lord Strangford used always to insist that there was no evidence for extending the name *Cymry* to any people except the Welsh of Wales proper; he would not even allow it to be applied to the Welsh of Cornwall. M. Martin's incidental admission that, with this one very doubtful exception, the name is utterly unknown in Britanny, thus becomes a fact of no small importance.

M. Martin has an essay on the Megalithic Monuments, the great object of which is to show that, of the two stages of the Stone period which are now commonly recognized, the later and more finished kind are the work of Celtic hands. We ought perhaps to mention that, though M. Martin has got too far to believe that cromlechs are Druid altars, yet he believes that he has found

some Druid altars as well. It must of course be borne in mind in reading M. Martin that what we call a croulech he naturally calls a dolmen.

Lastly, as we said at the beginning, M. Martin goes into Denmark and Sweden, and, like most people who go there, was much pleased with what he saw; only part of his pleasure was because he finds, as he thinks, the Northern Teutons much more like Frenchmen than they are like Germans. But he tells us, with an amiable simplicity which we have noticed in several other travellers who have made the same remark, that "La première province suédoise, la Scanie ou Scandinavie proprement dite, ressemble beaucoup plus au Danemark qu'au reste de la Suède"—that is to say, Elsass is much more like Germany than the rest of France. Does M. Martin really not know that Scanie became Swedish and Elsass became French much about the same time? In another place we see that, perhaps by a graceful bowing to circumstances, M. Martin talks about "la Lorraine *welche*," very properly printing in italics the word which is Welsh to him. It rather reminds us of the Persians in Æschylus, or of Plautus saying of himself,

Menander scripsit, Marcus vortit *barbare*.

THE INTELLECTUAL LIFE.*

THIS interesting little book is in form a series of letters addressed by Mr. Hamerton to a number of persons in widely different situations, but resembling each other in a common desire for intellectual culture. All who are born with the necessary faculties, says Mr. Hamerton, are impelled to the intellectual life by an instinct like that which drives ducks to the water. Unluckily, however, it is impossible for a human being to abandon himself to his instincts as freely as a duck. In every position he will find many difficulties, although those difficulties may in some sort be converted into advantages. "The intellectual life," therefore, "is always a contest or a discipline"; and the art of living intellectually consists, not in removing all stones from our path, but in forcing the very stones to preach to us. Mr. Hamerton goes systematically through the various influences by which we may be surrounded. He speaks of the physical and the moral bases of intellectual life; of the influences of education, of wealth, of marriage, of society, and so on; and endeavours to point out how, under every conceivable variety of condition, a resolute man may best train his intellect to active and systematic effort, directed to worthy objects and giving him the noblest pleasures.

All books constructed upon such a plan are in danger of being commonplace or paradoxical. The maxims about the conduct of life which we are capable of discovering are very short and simple. If we desire to say anything original upon such well-worn topics, we are strongly tempted to make a sacrifice of the truth. It is wearisome to say over again that honesty is the best policy; and it is paradoxical to say that it is the worst policy. Or, to take a question actually treated by Mr. Hamerton, what can we say that is at once new and sound about the influences of money? It is obvious to remark that great wealth has many temptations, that the student who is under no compulsion to labour for his bread is apt to become finical and dilatory, and to allow his time to be absorbed in working the pompous apparatus of a stately existence without ever finding leisure for serious industry. It is obvious again to remark that a man living from hand to mouth, and pursuing knowledge for mere pot-boiling purposes, can never do full justice to his powers. And it might be added that a man fortunate enough to be free from grinding anxiety, and from the burden of excessive wealth, has nevertheless temptations of his own, and is apt to be specially in bondage to the iron laws of respectability. These and a good many other remarks of no great novelty are naturally made by Mr. Hamerton; and he is too much in earnest in his teaching to spice them with paradox. But, commonplace as the substratum must necessarily be, Mr. Hamerton succeeds in being almost invariably interesting. We do not say that he never falls into platitude. That is a compliment which we could not conscientiously pay to any writer of moral essays with whom we are acquainted. But he succeeds in so illustrating old truths that they come with a certain agreeable freshness. We see that they have passed through the mind of a thoughtful and cultivated man who has tested them by his own experience, and who therefore unconsciously enforces his precepts by example. The real influence of such books depends, not upon their telling us anything that we did not know before, but upon their showing how the familiar truths have operated upon the preacher himself.

To review such a book by expounding its theories would therefore be to do it injustice. Translated into mere blank formulæ, it would necessarily lose its charm. We will therefore take a chapter as a specimen; though we must add the warning that our choice must be guided, not by the excellence of the principles asserted, but by the opportunity which they afford for discussion. Mr. Hamerton, for example, attempts in one of his letters to answer the question which of the moral virtues is most essential to the intellectual life? He answers unhesitatingly that the most essential virtue is "disinterestedness." Disinterestedness, in Mr. Hamerton's sense of the word, means the absence of partisan spirit. Its value is proved by a simple argument. In every age of the world, he says, there have been men who possessed all the other virtues, such as industry, courage, humility, and so on, and have yet been opposed to intellectual liberty. The Ultramontane party at the present day, for example, includes men of ability and cultivation, and possessing nine-tenths of the qualities which are necessary for the highest intellectual life; and yet, instead of helping on the intellectual advancement of mankind, they do their best to retard it. They can discuss all other questions reasonably enough, but as soon as the discussion has the remotest bearing upon ecclesiastical topics they are instantaneously converted into passionate advocates. So far as any one else has the same spirit, he is guilty of the same error. An Englishman, for example, cannot form a just theory as to the proper policy of the French people at this moment if he has a strong prepossession in favour of Conservatism or Republicanism. In either case he will be unable to appreciate the purely intellectual bearings of the problem.

Mr. Hamerton is here raising a rather difficult question, and we should demur to the completeness of his statement. If for disinterestedness he would substitute the word candour, we should agree that the virtue is one of great importance. Readiness to listen to all sides of every question is necessary to the judicial intellect. Mr. Hamerton, however, expresses himself rather as if he meant that, besides being candid, we ought to be absolutely undecided. A strong predilection for democracy or monarchy doubtless implies a temptation to judge unfairly of M. Thiers or M. Gambetta. But, on the other hand, how can a man take any interest in politics unless he hopes to arrive at some definite conclusion? Nobody can form any judgment, again, of a religion unless he is capable of sympathizing with the religious instinct. A man devoid of the emotions of love and reverence would be without the materials for forming a judgment of the creed which he associates with them; and yet, if they are strongly developed in him, he can scarcely avoid being prejudiced in any argument bearing upon the truth of the creed. Hence the difficulty is that a man should be capable of being at once a judge and a witness; and that he cannot arrive at a satisfactory judgment unless he is also capable of bearing strong testimony. To reconcile these characters, to be at once strongly convinced of the truth and importance of a given opinion, and yet to be perfectly ready to give a candid hearing to its opponents, is the great difficulty which Mr. Hamerton passes rather too lightly. But beyond this is another question. Why should not a strong partisan lead an intellectual life? Do not many Ultramontanes, for example, lead intellectual lives? Mr. Hamerton apparently argues that they do not, because the result of a prevalence of their opinion would be fatal to intellectual progress. We agree with the statement of fact, but we rather doubt the logic of the argument. A man may lead a thoroughly intellectual life though his opinions are erroneous, and even disastrous in their consequences. An Ultramontane, for example, and most other people besides Ultramontanes, would say that materialism would, if triumphant, be fatal to intellectual progress. Yet a materialist may be thoroughly "disinterested" in the sense of being ready to listen to all arguments, and of having no strong prejudices. The chances are, indeed, that his blindness to certain truths will predispose him to be calmer and fairer than men who have a strong sense of the value of spiritual beliefs. The fact that a given opinion is injurious does not depend upon its advocates being prejudiced in its favour, but on the falsity of the opinion. Agreeing therefore most fully in the importance of cultivating candour, or "disinterestedness," as a rule of intellectual hygienics, we do not think that it is, properly speaking, essential to the intellectual life of the individual. It is essential that a certain freedom of intellectual play should be allowed, or the intellect would be petrified; but even an absence of prejudice is not so important as a strong interest in the question at issue. Perfect disinterestedness is compatible with, and may even be a result of, absolute indolence. Nobody is so impartial as the man who is devoid of all ideas whatever.

In its artistic bearings the doctrine is still more doubtful. Candour is essential to a philosopher, but hardly to a poet. Milton was not "disinterested" in the sense of being free from passionate party feeling; nor were Shelley and Byron. Mr. Hamerton remarks indeed that our best poets choose subjects in actions long past in order that they may not be distracted by present interests. The conquest of the two Sicilies by Garibaldi, the death of Maximilian, or the siege of Paris, would, he thinks, afford the finest possible subjects for epic poems or dramas; but they have not been treated, or, if treated as by Victor Hugo, have led to lamentable failure. Again we may admit the fact, but deny the inference. Epic poetry has gone out of fashion at the present day, and we may doubt whether it is ever likely to reappear. But certainly most of the noblest lyrical poetry of this and of all other times has had reference to circumstances of recent occurrence. In any case, the objection to making Garibaldi the hero of an epic poem is surely not that we are too much interested in his adventures. The real difficulty is that a poet shrinks from coming into contact with the vulgarizing associations of recent events; he does not wish to be a competitor with newspaper correspondents, or to have his imagination bound down to the literal truth of history. The first condition of success is that he should move in an ideal world, where characters and events may go through a certain transfiguration. How can a poet write freely if he is liable to be attacked by arguments such as those directed against Mr. Kinglake's account of the battle of the Alma, and to have the wings of his imagination

* *The Intellectual Life.* By P. G. Hamerton. London: Macmillan & Co. 1873.

weighted by statistics and Parliamentary returns? The objection to a very recent motive for a narrative poem is that the mere external husk is too obtrusive to be removed, and that history requires to be exposed to the dissolving influences of time before the husk drops off and the deeper meaning becomes evident to mankind. A century or two hence we shall see what part Bismarck or Napoleon really played in the great drama of the world's history; at present we are too close to see them in undistorted perspective. Such objections are generally conclusive against epic poetry as applied to recent events; but they are not founded upon the difficulty of being disinterested. On the contrary, it seems to us that it would be more plausible to say that no man could be a genuine poet or artist who was not profoundly moved by the subject with which he deals; and, unless he has the breadth of mind of a Shakspeare or a Goethe, to be profoundly moved means to be a warm partisan.

We have unintentionally fallen into controversy with Mr. Hamerton, and have thus been delayed over one of the less satisfactory chapters of his book. We must therefore conclude by saying that even this chapter is at least suggestive of many reflections, and that in most of the remainder we are not only stimulated to think, but are also inclined almost always to agree with him. We have read the whole book indeed with great pleasure, and can recommend it strongly to all who can appreciate grave reflections on a very important subject, excellently illustrated from the resources of a mind stored with much reading and much keen observation of real life. The artistic remarks are always, as might be expected, specially interesting, and there are many striking anecdotes from Mr. Hamerton's personal experience.

NEWMARKET AND ARABIA.*

(*Second Notice.*)

WE resume our consideration of Captain Upton's pleading on behalf of the Arab. Agreeing with him in much that he says about his favourites, we think that he damages his cause by attempting to prove too much. Before, however, minutely examining certain details of pedigree, &c., on which he insists, we should like to call his attention to the principal point of difference between us. Captain Upton is so anxious to ascribe all the faults—growing faults as we both think—of the English thoroughbred horse to an increasing distance from Arab progenitors, and to the admixture of other blood, that he sides with Admiral Rous as to that branch of the Admiral's optimism which is most in the way of all hopeful reform and improvement. They both insist on the absolute necessity of subjecting yearlings and two-year-olds to severe work, if they are ever meant to race at all. Captain Upton, in support of his opinion, summons Abd-el-Kader into court. Now, without attempting to estimate Abd-el-Kader's authority in such matters, this at least we may say of him, that, if quoted at all, he ought to be quoted with perfect accuracy. But, unless our memory deceives us, Abd-el-Kader, though in teaching his two-year-old to gallop he might press him rather hardly at first (for the sake of the two-year-old, by the way, not to win other people's money), prescribes almost perfect rest and careful feeding from three to four. This he does that his charger may then be fit—not according to our familiar metaphor, but in the literal Bedouin sense of the term—"to run for a man's life." The pressure which Abd-el-Kader relaxes at three, we intensify, and the consequence is, that instead of being able to run for a man's life at four, the majority of our racehorses, unless thought good enough to breed from, are hardly up to real continuous work of any kind. Our opinion accordingly, right or wrong, is altogether a different one. We believe that our two-year-old colts are offered up to Moloch—we beg his pardon, to Mammon we should say; that young creatures of brilliant promise, like Scott's "brother to Ainderly," &c., are broken on the wheel of our present training routine; so that some of the very grandest animals—those we mean who, though perhaps overgrown and irregularly developed, would mature into splendid specimens of horseflesh—have their legs ground, as it were, to powder whilst babies, being, by a phrase unintentionally happy, "put through the mill," as it is called, to see if money can be got out of them. They vanish away like shadows, they become mere phantoms—"Pullorumque animæ flentes in limine primo"; dead horses, we believe, is the technical and professional term. Now when we regret that such young things cannot be spared from violent training till the gristle of their frames has hardened into something approaching towards bone, we should have thought it was admitted everywhere that overwork is injurious to the young; we should have thought this proposition indeed a truism rather than a live truth—a truism applicable to whatever is born, colts and fillies, boys and girls, greyhounds and game-cocks, elephants and camels alike. But Captain Upton, holding a special retainer for the Darley Arabian, and Admiral Rous caring little, provided Newmarket goes smoothly on, whether the Beacon course is run over in four minutes or in forty, would have us believe that a particular Providence has exempted young racehorses from the operation of this universal law. To this we demur. Admiral Rous is, however, at least consistent with himself. Wholly sceptical as to Childers and Eclipse, Firetail and Shark, Goldfinder and Bonny Black, he cares nothing how they were trained, or indeed whether they were ever trained at all. But Captain Upton's faith in Childers is unbounded, twenty times stronger than our own; he has moreover a confidence in the excellence of the pre-Childerses in general. Yet he knows, or ought to know, that Childers did not begin his gallops till he was seven (Eclipse not until he was five), and the pre-Childerses for the most part somewhat late in equine life.

The story of Flying Childers as it comes from Cantley, the home of the Childers family, is this; and a very curious story it is, as illustrating what is called the glorious uncertainty of the Turf, so that perhaps our readers may be interested to hear it. Childers was foaled in 1715, at a place called Carr Farm, near Doncaster, and was thought so little of that, when the Duke of Devonshire purchased some blood stock of the then Squire of Cantley, he was actually thrown into the bargain for nothing. The Duke used him as a hack, and sent him to the post town, we believe, to fetch his letters. This continued till by mere accident his speed was discovered. His superiority was then found to be so great that after a race or two nobody would oppose him. Thus he remained the undisputed monarch of the racing world from seven till ten, when he was put to the stud. Whether he was ever tried in private against Bonny Black, also a foal of 1715 and the greatest winner of her time, we do not know. They never met in public. It is to him that the Darley Arabian owes his high reputation as a sire (to him, and perhaps to another horse, whom Captain Upton calls his brother), for Captain Upton must know that other brilliant sons of that Desert prodigy, such as Almanzor, foaled in 1713, Almanzor's brother, and the like, would have failed altogether to keep his memory alive. It is upon Childers, as we have said, and Bartlett's Childers, that his fame mainly depends. Now Captain Upton assumes (for his purpose it is most important to assume) that Bartlett's Childers, who never was trained, but who has his own niche in the temple of fame, as the direct male ancestor of Eclipse, was full brother to Flying Childers. He was not, at least there is no reason whatever to think so; what Cantley says upon the subject is this:—"He was not brother to Flying Childers—that is all we know about him certainly. He may have been his son" (which is not claimed for him or hinted at in the Stud-book), "but he has no local habitation or name in our traditions." The Advocatus Diaboli, in pleading against his equine canonization, would undoubtedly argue that, not being brother to Childers, and not even claiming to be his son—we may put aside any relationship as quite unproved—that the horse was called Childers to catch unwary breeders, as Hamburg sherry is called Amontillado to deceive unwary wine-bibbers, and that the name really amounts to nothing as connecting Eclipse with the Darley Arabian blood. We do not go quite as far as this; we do not deny that he belonged to that family; but the fact is not proved, and if he does not belong to it, half, perhaps the larger half, of the Darley Arabian's pretensions falls to the ground at once.

We must add that Captain Upton, in echoing an old criticism upon Eclipse—namely, that his descendants were speedy rather than game and enduring—forgets that these latter qualities are those specially promised to us if we trample upon Barbs and Turks, and return to pure Arabian blood. This infirmity of the Eclipses, therefore, does not tell in favour of the Darley Arabian. Old Yorkshiremen, on the other hand, used to inform us, fifty years ago, that Matchem, of the Godolphin line, a line which Captain Upton hates and despises, was the horse to breed back to, if stoutness were required. Now there being, as everybody knows, three distinct families of the English racehorse, the whole object of Captain Upton's book is to show that two of them are comparatively worthless, and that the Darley Arabian, mainly because he is an Arabian, was entitled to look down upon the Byerley Turk and the Godolphin Barb as intrusive plebeians without any real title to take rank with him. We do not deny that the Darley Arabian is probably *primus inter pares*. But, after all, the Byerley Turk, as the direct male ancestor of Herod, Highflyer, Woodpecker, Selim, Sir Peter, Haphazard, Filho da Puta, Bay Middleton and others—the Godolphin Barb as the great-grandsire both of Eclipse and of Highflyer—have something to say for themselves. Moreover, this primacy of the Darley Arabian, as we have said before, depends almost entirely upon what we think of Bartlett's Childers and his pedigree. The statement respecting this in the Stud-book is quite candid, but flagrantly inconclusive. We are informed that several (anonymous) gentlemen of honour have assured the editor that, though he was never trained, for which no reason is given, no special infirmity pretended, he was still own brother to Flying Childers. To these gentlemen of honour, as we have said, the racing traditions of Cantley give the lie direct. If the precise blood-relationships of Bartlett's Childers were thought worth inquiring into, why was no inquiry instituted among the clodhoppers for twenty miles round Carr Farm? We venture to say that, unless Yorkshiremen at that time were very different from what they are now, there was not a gamekeeper or cowboy within a day's journey of the place who could not have thrown more light upon the matter than any twenty anonymous gentlemen of honour from the wrong side of the Trent. Assuming, however, if Captain Upton pleases, that Bartlett's Childers was of the Darley Arabian line, we take him, as we said, to be *primus inter pares*. But what of 133 other Arabians recorded in our Turf history? No one of them can compete with the Byerley Turk or the Godolphin Barb as co-founders of the English blood-horse. Of the Godolphin Barb we may also say that, having been introduced into the

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* *Newmarket and Arabia: an Examination of the Descent of Racers and Coursers.* By Roger D. Upton, Captain late 9th Royal Lancers. London. Henry S. King & Co. 1873.

country at a much later period than either of his rivals, it is not wonderful if his quarterings are not quite so numerous. What the Stud-book says of him is this:—"For many years no superior horse has been seen upon the Turf without an infusion of the Godolphin blood." Captain Upton again, in going back to the origin of the English racehorse, underrates Charles II.'s Royal mares; whether one of them came from Hungary or not we cannot say, but it never seems to occur to Captain Upton that during the reign of Charles II. Tangiers, a town and district of Barbary, was an English possession, and that it was no doubt the facilities arising from this fact which acted upon Charles, and led him to import his mares. We feel, whatever Captain Upton may feel, that these Royal mares were much more certainly Barbs than that Bartlett's Childers was of the Darley Arabian line; nor does Captain Upton even raise, much less solve, the question whether the Arab and the Barb do not mix their blood with good effect.

As for Captain Upton's laborious attempts to reckon up the pedigrees and describe the races of the last hundred years, we can only say that they are tiresome without being in the least instructive. He has no living knowledge of the contests about which he speaks. To him a winner of the Derby is a winner of the Derby. Mundig takes rank with his predecessor Plenipotentiary and his successor Bay Middleton, as if a horse such as Mundig could have approached either of them, though carrying a stone less. Nay, we almost believe that Bay Middleton, if he had been allowed to start in 1835 when a two-year-old, might have won the blue riband of the Turf twice over. This is the way in which Captain Upton goes on discoursing:—"Filho da Puta won the St. Leger but was beaten by Sir Joshua." Beaten by Sir Joshua no doubt; so was Priam by Colonel Wilson's b. c. Chapman by Emilius; so were Beningbrough and Benington, the best horses of their day, by Mr. Garforth's grey Phœnomenon colt with 40 to 1 against him. We have often heard of the roar of astonishment that broke out, after a moment of eager silence, from the bewildered mass of Yorkshiremen, when the two great horses, treating the race as a match, had run themselves to a standstill and left the plater to come up with them, and then canter home alone. Now, without underrating Sir Joshua, undoubtedly a good racer, he cannot be compared with Filho da Puta, the last perhaps of the heroic horses. Captain Upton does not tell us how often, or by whom, Sir Joshua himself was beaten; he gives us no hint that he was running over his own distance and at his own headquarters, or that he was receiving 7 lbs. from his opponent. As to Filho da Puta's race at Northallerton for the cup (four miles), there is no evidence that he has ever heard of it. On that occasion Filho da Puta, contending with many dangerous antagonists, bolted, lost two hundred yards, was brought back into the course and set to work again. He recovered his lost ground marvellously, passed horse after horse till he collared Mr. Watt's famous mare Altisidora, herself a winner of the St. Leger, just upon the post, achieving thereby a victory almost unparalleled, in spite, we may say, of fate herself. Again, he tells us that the Flying Dutchman and Voltigeur ran their two miles at York in two minutes and fifty-five seconds. Very likely; but, not to mention that neither horse, as we believe, was within one-and-twenty pounds of his true form (for Voltigeur we can answer), Captain Upton either does not know, or does not say, that the course was so heavy that, after mature consideration, it was decided by Voltigeur's partisans for him to make the running, mainly to give him the best chance of first seizing upon a comparatively firm strip of ground, on the other side of Middlethorpe corner. Finally, after an enormous parade of statistics as dry as hay, he comes to this conclusion about our most recent racehorses:—That Blue Gown is the highest bred and the one to rely upon above all others; Rosicrucian, whom Sir Joseph Hawley, apparently with excellent reason, thought much more highly of, being, he thinks, "only a handsome coach-horse in comparison." In this opinion we should fancy he stands alone. At any rate he has not cared to remember that if gameness, and the power of gallantly carrying home heavy weights over a long distance, are the qualities which make an Arabian valuable, in these qualities "the plebeian coach-horse Rosicrucian" was far superior, and, so far, more of an Arabian than his patrician half-brother.

What then are we to say of Captain Upton's book upon the whole? Why that it is the work of an able pleader rather than of a judge. He does not prove that the Darley Arabian's excellence was an excellence differing in kind from the excellence of the Byerley Turk or the Godolphin Barb; for, if so, why have the last two horses driven into oblivion one hundred and thirty-three other Arabs commemorated in the Stud-book? why, also, in that case, was Almanzor so complete a failure? Secondly, he has not proved that a pure Arab is necessarily a finer horse than one of mixed Arab and Barb blood—an intermixture which constitutes, we believe, the true lineage of our thoroughbred horses. Thirdly, he has failed altogether in showing that an Arab can go as fast as an English racehorse. Till his Arab can go two miles and five furlongs in four minutes and ten seconds, two miles in three minutes and twenty-seven seconds, and one mile seventeen yards in a minute and a half, or till some Arab (with his allowance) wins an Ascot or Goodwood Cup, we must refuse to discuss the point. In giving the above times, we are speaking of modern races within our own cognizance; we suppress what we have heard, and believe (more or less) about Hambletonian and Cockfighter, Firetail and Shark—knowing full well that, if we revealed all our credulity about them, Admiral Rous and the optimists would send us at once to Hanwell, and that with a light heart, according to M. Ollivier's phrase. But that the present state of the Turf is bad, and that a return to the good old times is in many respects advisable, our author has proved, we think, abundantly. Admiral Rous, we understand, objects to Childers that he never won races at all. This is true, but we conceive that the Admiral misses the right application of his own point. Public racing in those days was quite a subordinate matter; there were certain great houses, the Devonshires, the Rutlands, the Earls of Holderness, and the like, by the members of which the possession of a noble stud was looked upon, not as an investment, not as putting them in the place of dealers at vingt-un, but as part of their hereditary status and normal position in social life. It is by introducing large stakes, by surrendering ourselves to public trainers, by having turned a generous and gentlemanlike emulation into a sordid trade, that we are gradually ruining and obliterating our unrivalled breed of horses. Is it too late in some degree to revive the old system and to pursue it, at any rate in a parallel line along with the new? Is it impossible to persuade great proprietors who love their country, without being fond of gambling, to work as hard that they may produce the *Bellator equus*, that noblest of animals, "to whom God has given strength, whose neck he has clothed with thunder," as they now work to produce those uninteresting short-horns which, whatever mysterious merit they possess, give neither good milk like the Alderneys, nor good beef like the Scots; enjoying only, so far as we know, the one privilege of fattening easily in early youth. We beg pardon of our scientific agriculturists—we have no wish seriously to impugn the value of their labours; but, not having any farm to fertilize or rents to receive, Mr. Baker and his Herd-book are naturally less interesting to our Yorkshire feelings than the Stud-book and Mr. Darley, whose example we hope to see followed, if not surpassed, in every corner of the country.

A FAIR SAXON.*

THE title of this novel suggests an historical romance in which some blond Elfrida or Elgiva of the period of the Heptarchy will be found playing the part of heroine. The reader who takes it up with any such expectation is doomed to disappointment. The fair Saxon after whom it is christened is a young lady of the nineteenth century, whose nationality is of no significance except so far as it contrasts with the Celtic blood of her lover, an eloquent but impecunious Irish member of Parliament. The House of Commons plays no unimportant part in fiction. Mr. Disraeli has photographed some of its typical figures. Mr. Trollope has treated his readers to several lively sketches of its party-conflicts; and lady-novelists are never so happy as when they make their heroes rise from back benches to shake the Senate with their oratorical thunder. But hitherto, as far as we are aware, the Irish member, with his peculiar temperament, embarrassments, and aspirations, has remained unchronicled in fiction. This is not because the position of an Irish legislator is intrinsically devoid of interest, but because it involves a departure from literary precedent. Heroes of Irish story have usually been associated with another and a more exciting sphere of action. They have figured chiefly in faction fights, and agrarian riots, and midnight collisions with an alien soldiery. Their translation from this arena of thrilling adventure to the prosaic atmosphere of a British House of Commons, and the substitution of a mere seat below the gangway for any more forcible expression of disaffection to a Saxon government, are novelties, but novelties of a very wholesome kind, and of good augury for Ireland. We hail them as indications of the progress of the conciliatory ideas which the enlightened policy of recent times has introduced. It would seem that the Gladstonian messages of peace are beginning to bear fruit at last.

Nor is it the only merit of our author that he has struck out for himself a new and unconventional line. Not only has he been among the first novelists to depict an Irish member, but he has placed the Irish member before the reading public in an exceedingly favourable light. In spite of a certain vein of poetry and impulsiveness which sits very gracefully on the descendant of a long line of Celtic chieftains, Mr. Maurice Tyrone, M.P., tempers his patriotism with good sense and sound judgment; and we cannot but think that the great Minister shadowed forth in this work, "with a deeply lined and wasted face, and dark brown eyes glowing like those of a stag," would be uncommonly glad to find all Irish members as amenable to reason. Of course, like a true Irishman, he has his sentimental grievance, which will be best expounded by quoting the following conversation which occurs between him and Miss Jennie Aspar, the fair Saxon of the story:—

"We were conquered, you know," he began.

"Hundreds of years ago! Yes. Well?"

"We don't like the idea, even yet. We have never quite got over it. Good-humoured English people, who are winners in most things, can't understand that, and think us sullen and foolish, and impossible to please. I come of a family which for seven centuries has been always in rebellion. I am the first of my house who was ever willing to live in peace under an English Government. The Celtic nature is not the least in the world like the Anglo-Saxon. With us everything is a sentiment. We can't help it. English people don't understand that—can't understand it. There are times when I could laugh at my own folly, or feel ashamed of it; but I can't get over it for all that. What would you have?"

* *A Fair Saxon.* By Justin McCarthy. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1873.

"But you don't really want another rebellion?"

"Of course not. I am not a lunatic or a criminal; and, believe me, I am deeply attached to England and English people. But I cannot forget that I belong to a people and a family which suffered half-a-dozen conquests and countless confiscations. Perhaps this is absurd. We cannot help it. I told you once of the Banshee. Very well. The national fancy which originated the Banshee isn't quite the same as that which is represented by the Metropolitan Railway. We don't believe in the Banshee any more than you; but it is to us a thing intelligible and in keeping."

"Then do you mean that you and we—the Irish and the English—can never get on together?"

"Oh, no; but that people must not be surprised if the bond doesn't become close and living all at once. You must not be impatient. You must allow to the conquered the consolation of his grievance."

"So many hundred years," said Jennie, musingly, "and not forgotten yet!"

"Yet," said Tyrone, with sudden impetuosity, "I grow sometimes weary of the everlasting whine and moan, which never comes to anything. . . . We might at least have the dignity of patience and silence."

"When nothing can be done? You speak as if you were sorry nothing can be done. Isn't that very like what this paper says—as if you would be a rebel if—?"

"If I could? No. I wish for something better. So do we all, I hope—in Ireland, I mean. But there are moments, of course, when the old spirit breaks out, do what we will. Every Irishman who is not a lacquey or a coward is a conquered rebel, Miss Aspar, and nothing else. This seems an odd anachronism, does it not, in the nineteenth century, you and I talking together, in sight of Piccadilly? It is true though, all the same. Wherever you see an Irishman, you see a man separated from the English friend who converses with him by the fact that the Irishman always feels himself the representative of a lost cause."

At the house of a fascinating American widow, who has set her cap at him, Maurice Tyrone falls in with certain Fenian leaders, who vainly try to draw him into their plots. With a view to warn his misguided countrymen, he is induced to attend a Fenian meeting at the "Harp of Erin"—rather an incautious proceeding for a member of the British Legislature. A quarrel ensues between him and a cosmopolitan conspirator calling himself General Charette, who taunts him with cowardice, and, as the sequel to this, a duel is arranged, and only prevented by the sudden arrest of the General. This distinguished representative of lost European causes manages, however, to escape from prison, and throwing himself on the generosity of his late antagonist, begs for one night's concealment in Tyrone's London lodgings. His confidence is not misplaced; but the affair gets wind; a question is asked in Parliament, in reply to which Maurice admits that he has afforded shelter to Charette, whereupon there is a tremendous scene in the House, in the midst of which our young chieftain, after vainly trying to gain a hearing, bows to the Speaker, and brings his Parliamentary career to a close. It seems to have been his destiny to have, against his will, to shelter rebels. On paying a visit with a young friend to the ruin which had once been the castle of his ancestors, he finds it tenanted by two of his Fenian acquaintances who had taken part in an abortive rising, and were now fugitives from justice. Here they are surprised by the police, and in the affray Tyrone and his young *protégé* are wounded; but the owner of the ruins is happily able to explain his innocence of any complicity in the projects of the Fenians who had found a refuge among them.

The course of our hero's love affair is no less chequered than his political career. All sorts of obstacles crop up to retard the union of the patriotic Celt with his fair Saxon. Among these not the least formidable was an eccentric provision in the will of an Irish-American cousin, whereby a vast fortune was bequeathed to Tyrone, as the head of the ancient clan, on condition that he should not marry before forty. Two allies, from different motives, secretly scheme to bring about a forfeiture of this inheritance—Colonel Quentin, the contingent remainderman, and Mrs. Lorn, the coquettish American widow, who, having plenty of money, is bent on marrying the chieftain out of hand herself. Their intrigues are thwarted by his falling in love with the daughter of Mr. Aspar, a benevolent person with a Surrey villa, to whom he had had recourse, "not as a money-lender," but as a philanthropist "who looked into a gentleman's affairs, and if they showed any recuperative power, would constitute himself that gentleman's banker until things came right." The magical impression made on his susceptible Celtic bosom by Miss Jennie's sweeping her harp-strings to a wild native melody, soon ripened, under the sunny influence of certain flirtations in the Ladies' Cage, to a tender and romantic attachment. For the selfish scheme of Philip Quentin, it did not matter whether Tyrone married Jennie or Mrs. Lorn, so long as he married a wife before reaching the mature age of forty. But as in the progress of the story the Fenian colonel, who is in reality no Quentin, but a humble member of the American Tyrone family, manages to fall in love with Jennie himself, he could hardly be expected to promote her union with his rival. The blandishments of the rich widow proving ineffectual, other means are found to estrange the lovers. Jennie is made by a trick to believe in the unworthiness of her young Chieftain. The apparently equivocal position of an invalid lady and her child in his Clarges Street lodgings is made the subject of an accusation, which leads Jennie to break off her engagement with Tyrone, and to accept the *soi-disant* Quentin's offer of marriage. Of course it is all a mistake; the invalid lady being yet another member of the Tyrone family, whom our hero had befriended; in fact, no other than the daughter-in-law of the author of the eccentric will under which he was conditionally to inherit. Happily, under another limitation of the aforesaid instrument all intrigues are defeated, and a good slice of the American Tyrone fortune devolves after all upon the needy but chivalrous chief of the clan. Failing the condition of the deferred marriage, the money was to go to Philip Quentin; but upon his death, then, and then only, to the testator's prodigal son or his widow. Philip having been killed in the Fenian affray, and Tyrone having married within the prescribed term of celibacy, that contingency *now* occurred. It only remained for the grateful and moribund widow to make a will of half of her circuitously acquired fortune to Jennie Aspar, and promptly die on the grave of her late husband in Kensal Green. We need hardly add that the first act of the fair, and now penitent, Saxon is to bestow her fortune and her hand upon her true-hearted Celt.

This work does not show much constructive skill. The author is too fond of introducing details which have no influence on the issue of the story, and which only disturb the logical sequence of incidents. Nor does he possess the requisite subtlety of analysis to impart any great charm or interest to the relations between the hero and the heroine. His *forte* lies in a power of throwing off clever and dashing sketches of men and women, as seen from the point of view of a cheery cynicism. Mr. Prinker, the "eminent financier," and Captain Cadsby, the son of the Whig banker, raised "to the peerage for his eminent services in looking wise on the Ministerial side during five-and-twenty Sessions," and Mr. Granger, who "had once written a pamphlet, and was always ready to go on any deputation to any Minister," are lively accessories who flit across the book, and greatly contribute to make it readable. Mr. Hamilcar Halbert, the barrister of the Temple who comes over at a moment's notice to contest the county with Tyrone, is an amusing, and not, we suspect, an altogether imaginary, bit of satirical portraiture. Seeing a paragraph in the paper about Tyrone and his constituency, he sends for a bundle of Irish newspapers, and goes into the matter. Then he sends for the Nationalist Irish papers, and reads himself well up in Fenianism. Next he goes to the Temple library, and studies several books upon Ireland. Thereupon he boldly issues an address, in which he announces himself as an Englishman who deeply laments the wrongs done to Ireland, a Protestant who sympathizes with the legitimate aspirations of the Roman Catholics, and a Liberal resolved to embrace to the fullest extent the great principle of the rights of nationalities. Mrs. Lorn is a more finished, and although not a pleasant, yet a very life-like delineation. Her *minauderies* are redeemed by a vein of good nature and of generous impulse. There is nothing very bad about her; she is only a badly brought up, sentimental, and weakly mendacious woman, cursed with just brains enough to set her playing at intellect, and a bond-slave to her eyes and shoulders. A dozen times a day she was pathetic about nothing, only to give effect to those eyes; and cynical, merely to draw up, display, and let fall those shoulders. One day she would be full of yearnings for the cloister and heaven, only to declare on the next her contempt for the world's superstitious faiths. She liked to take little mental peeps at sin, and to hint mysteriously that nature had not many secrets from her. In the hands of a novelist of the irresponsible school such a character would be sure to become exaggerated and sensational; and it is to the credit of our author that he firmly refuses to degrade his art by any of the nauseous travesty with which we are only too familiar. There is one exception to the general sobriety of treatment which is a laudable feature in this work, Mrs. Lorn's little son Theodore. Imagine a boy of thirteen who could discourse of Schiller, Racine, and Heine, who had studied Darwin, and was fond of Quarterly Reviews; who talks of girls as "stunning," and calls for dry sherry at afternoon calls; and who finally imitates the example of his elders by falling in love with the heroine. Allowance made for the latest development of Young America, so insufferable an imp of precocity may still, we hope, be pronounced a caricature.

LETTERS AND PAPERS OF THE REIGN OF HENRY VIII.*

SEVEN huge volumes of this publication have appeared since 1862. We may probably allow for a preparation of three or four years before the appearance of the first volume, and thus we may reckon that one such volume on the average appears every two years. No one who knows the contents of such a work, and the labour of getting it up, will think that its progress is slow. We can only hope that Mr. Brewer may be spared to continue his *magnum opus* to the end of the reign of Henry VIII. He will then have produced a work the fellow to which will not be found in the history of any country. We need scarcely inform readers who know ever so little of the history of the reign that the value of such a Calendar and its interest by no means decrease as we reach the critical period from which what is called "the Reformation" is usually dated. The additional documents produced in this volume are of the highest interest and importance, and illustrate the diplomatic transactions between the Courts of England and France, and again between those of the Emperor and the King of England, in a wonderful way. We have often wondered what principle of selection guided the compilers of the State Papers of this reign published by the authority of Govern-

* *Letters and Papers, Foreign and Domestic, of the Reign of Henry VIII.* Preserved in the Public Record Office, the British Museum, and elsewhere in England. Arranged and Catalogued by J. S. Brewer, M.A. Under the Direction of the Master of the Rolls, and with the Sanction of Her Majesty's Secretaries of State. Vol. IV., Part II. London: Longmans & Co., and Trübner & Co., Paternoster Row. 1872.

ment, and unquestionably the appearance of this volume does not help us to solve the difficulty. It is truly astonishing that some of these documents should have been overlooked, whilst on the other hand we can account for certain omissions when we see how many of the papers have been mutilated and misplaced, one portion being in one part of a volume, and the succeeding part being separated by an interval of several leaves. We observe also that the editor of the State Papers was somewhat shy of ciphered despatches, more particularly of such as were especially difficult to make out. About the middle of the present volume occurs the earliest document that has yet been brought to light referring to the divorce of Catharine of Aragon. It is dated May 17, 1527, and thus anticipates by several weeks the earliest paper that has been printed on the subject. But we reserve all notice of the divorce and the latter half of the volume for another occasion, and must make what selection we can from the miscellaneous farrago of documents analysed, including as it does domestic and foreign, civil and ecclesiastical papers of the highest interest.

The whole history of Europe is, in fact, illustrated in this volume. The letters written from Rome by Ghinucci, Bishop of Worcester, to Wolsey, are fortunately preserved almost without a break, though some of them have been dreadfully mutilated, and part of the contents of others has been a sealed book, owing to their never having been deciphered. They begin on August 15 and end on September 23, 1526, and the series sometimes contains two letters written on the same day—one referring to the affairs of Italy, and another on ecclesiastical matters which Wolsey was trying to manage in England. Those referring to the affairs of Europe are most important, and give a vivid picture of the Pope's helplessness and dependence upon Wolsey's influence with Henry for aid of men and money from England. Nearly all these letters are in the Cotton Collection, which is far richer as regards all this period than the Record Office. Ghinucci almost invariably begins his letters by reference to the date of his last letter; and here we may express our surprise that Mr. Brewer has not filled in a gap in a letter of September 5, which refers to his last letter written on some day *preteriti mensis*, with the proper date—for the previous letter of August 30 has been calendared in the volume—and, as the contents of the later document plainly show, is the letter referred to. It is the only fault we have been able to find with this volume, that there is a little want of uniformity in the amount of conjecture used to supply missing words and sentences in mutilated documents. So good a scholar as Mr. Brewer knows how tempting a snare it is, and he has avoided it with a self-abnegation which, it seems to us, has sometimes been pushed to an extreme. These letters also give a vivid picture of the consternation felt in the autumn of 1526 when the Turks had advanced into Hungary and had (August 29) won the battle of Mohats. "All Christendom is in danger from the Turk, now that the King of Hungary has been defeated and slain." Such is the summary of affairs hastily written by Campeggio to Wolsey. By the same post letters came from Giberto, Ghinucci, and from the Pope himself, announcing the same, and minutely detailing all the transactions that were going on when the fear was that the Emperor would establish a kind of universal dominion.

But a still darker period was drawing near, when Christendom was much more in danger from the atrocities practised by Christians upon their fellows than it had ever been by the threatened invasion of the Turks. The Sultan, instead of pressing forward as might have been expected, returned to Constantinople, and the prominent events of the next few months are the warlike operations which resulted in the sack of Rome by the Imperialists under Bourbon, May 8, 1527. Under these circumstances it was of no use for Sigismund, King of Poland, to address either Henry or Wolsey announcing the death of his nephew Louis, King of Hungary, and asking their assistance against Turk and Tartar and Muscovite, even though he could also detail the encroachments of schismatics. England had enough on its hands without interfering with the claims of the two rivals to the Crown of Hungary. The complications of the affairs of Europe were very great, and were partly owing to the family relations of the reigning monarchs. The widowed Queen of Hungary was the youngest sister of the Emperor, and his brother Ferdinand was one of the claimants to the Crown. The first dawn of another complication in the contemplated divorce of Catharine of Arragon had not yet appeared, and, important as was the influence that such an event was likely to exercise over the fortunes of Europe, Charles was as yet in profound ignorance of any such intention, which was as yet known only to the King, and Wolsey, and Longland, Bishop of Lincoln, the King's confessor; unless indeed Clerk, Bishop of Bath and Wells, had been made privy to it. We have searched the volume in vain for earlier notices of the divorce, and possibly a private letter written by Clerk, distinct from one of the same date written by himself and Taylor conjointly to Wolsey on the same day, may allude to it. There will be great difficulty, he says, *circa istud benedictum divortium; reliqua omnia sunt clara et succedent.* The words in italic are in cipher, and can, we think, allude to no other subject than the celebrated divorce; and, if so, they furnish some evidence in favour of the idea that it was first put into the King's head by Wolsey.

However, the Emperor was as yet in total ignorance of the project; and it is very interesting to follow in these papers the tortuous policy, now for the first time fully revealed, of the three Courts. Under the idea of a universal peace each prince was endeavouring to get the best terms he could for himself, and each pair seems to have been plotting against the third and providing for the contingency of a separate alliance. The documents contained in this volume would scarcely furnish material enough for any reader to guess what are to be terms of the peace agreed upon at Cambray in the autumn of 1529. The period is that which immediately follows the release of Francis from his captivity, and which was occupied by the negotiations for the marriage of Francis I. with the Emperor's sister, the Queen Dowager of Portugal, and those which it was desired he should enter into for uniting England and France in closer amity by the marriage of the Princess Mary, a girl of eleven, with Francis, or one of his two sons, the Dauphin or the Duke of Orleans. At first we have Francis protesting that, though he had promised to marry Madame Eleanora, he never had so great a mind to any woman as to the Princess Mary, saying that it was expedient for himself and his realm that he should marry her. The difficulty in the way of this was the captivity of the two princes, who were not to be released unless the marriage with the Queen of Portugal took place, and the marriage of the young princess with one of the sons only gave her a chance, instead of the certainty, of becoming Queen of France. After Ghinucci's recall from Rome the state of affairs becomes extremely interesting, for we have side by side the negotiations that were going on directly between the Courts of England and France, those which Lee and Ghinucci were conducting with the Emperor in Spain, together with the opinions of the English Ambassadors at Valladolid as to the proceedings between the Emperor and the Ambassadors sent by Francis. No one could have prophesied what would be the issue of the negotiations between the two monarchs; and in reading over the detailed accounts of the transactions in which they were engaged, it would be difficult to conjecture that they are to issue in the marriage of the French King with the Dowager of Portugal. The letters of Clerk, Bishop of Bath and Wells, from the French Court are extremely interesting; but still more interesting is the private letter sent from the same Court by Ghinucci, who had been instructed to pass that way on his journey to Spain, and inform Wolsey as far as he could of the real sentiments of Francis and the Queen-mother.

Clerk's letters are in English, but though Ghinucci was also a bishop of an English see, he was not able to write in English as intelligibly as he could in Latin. He was an abler diplomatist than his brother Bishop of Bath and Wells. Both of them were of opinion that neither Francis nor his mother showed any inclination for the marriage with the Emperor's sister, but Ghinucci expresses an opinion that the marriage with the Princess Mary was a very subordinate consideration to the release of the French King's children from captivity, and that to ensure their freedom he would marry any woman, even were she a hundred years old, or even the Emperor's mule. Wolsey knew that he could not trust to anything Francis might say, but he, as well as the Ambassadors, could tolerably well estimate the motives which were at the moment actuating the French King; and Ghinucci, after making the most of his powers of observation at the French Court, went on to Spain with the view of discovering whether there was any secret practice between Francis and the Emperor. On the 30th January, 1527, Charles thought it worth his while to write to Wolsey with his own hand, "Mons' le Cardinal, j'ay ma parfaite fiance en vous, et vous poves estre schur que tousjours me trouverez votre bon ami." Wolsey took this for what it was worth, and used all his power to prevent the impending marriage. Mr. Brewer has brought to light another autograph letter which exists in two separated and mutilated leaves in a volume of the Cotton Library. It has a seal, but no address or name of writer; but it is undoubtedly a letter from the French King to the Princess Mary, and it is not difficult to guess at the general style of its contents from the few lines that have been preserved, which are full of compliments to the King as well as to the "tres haulte et tres puissante princesse."

One curious feature in these documents is the large number of them which exist only in extracts made from the originals by Peter Vannes, under Wolsey's orders. The originals have in many cases disappeared, but we may suppose that all the important parts of these despatches have been preserved; and what is equally remarkable is that these extracts are for the most part in the Cotton Collection, very few of them having been preserved in the Record Office.

That the Queen-mother was anxious for the marriage was plain enough, as she urged Clerk that the princess might be sent over in order that there might be at least the pretence of consummation, which she thought would ensure her to the King for ever, and thus entirely prevent the marriage with the Lady Eleanor. The document which contains the proposal is very much mutilated, but it would be impossible to mistake its meaning, even if the important words "conatus ad copulam cum illa quæ est proxima pubertati, prudentia supplente ætatem" had not been supplied by a copy made previously to the mutilation, and which is printed in the Collections at the end of Fiddes's *Life of Wolsey*. The King himself thought his mother's proposal strange, but if he had a keener sense of decency than she showed, it is probable that considerations of policy and the desire for delay had no little influence in bringing him to his determination on the matter.

The treaty of perpetual peace between Francis and Henry, including the alternative marriage, as it was called, is matter of history. It is dated April 30, 1527; but the present volume contains a copious analysis of the narrative, written by Claude Dodieu, one of the Ambassadors sent to England to negotiate it, which

details every conversation held between the French Ambassadors with Wolsey and with Henry, Catharine also being present on two occasions. The journal, which, curiously enough, is in three different places dated 1525 by mistake for 1527, runs over the whole period from February 26 to May 8 of that year, and though the result of it was abortive, it wonderfully illustrates the sagacity and caution of the Cardinal of York. He probably knew that the negotiations would result in the marriage of Francis with the Emperor's sister, and it suited him that the idea should still be entertained that the princess might yet be married to one of the French King's sons, or else that the interests of France and England might be combined by an alliance between the Duke of Richmond and the daughter of Francis. One of the most remarkable facts stated in the narrative shall be given in the words of Mr. Brewer's analysis. We should be glad if we could give them as they are in the original document. But we need not say that the accuracy of the epitome is unimpeachable:—

The next day, the 7th of May, Wolsey declared that the Imperial Ambassador had come to him to thank him for the trouble he had always taken to preserve peace between his master and the King; to ask him to continue doing so; to tell him that Francis could not ask for the Princess Mary in marriage as he had promised himself to Madame Helyenor, with whom he would have consummated marriage in Spain if the Emperor had not prevented it on account of his illness; that Francis only wishes to impose upon the King; in proof of this, letters were shown from him to Charles, his wife, and Madame that the people of Spain had offered him much money and troops to fight the Turk, which he refused for the present, telling them that war could not be made without the union of all Christian princes, which he is trying to procure; he asks for Wolsey's advice thereupon; has sent power and instructions for peace, and is quite ready to conclude it; his wife expects to be confined in June, but she is so weak that the doctors fear she will die; and if so, he wishes to marry the Princess Mary, as his people urged him to marry his present wife and not the princess, as the latter was so young. He offers also Madame Helyenor's daughter to the Duke of Richmond, with a dowry of 300,000 or 400,000 ducats.—P. 1414.

The complications which arose out of the suggestion of the divorce of the King of England from the Emperor's aunt are of a later date, and we reserve an account of them for a future occasion.

(*To be continued.*)

GERMAN COOKERY AND AUSTRALIAN MEAT.*

AT a time when, in an international temple for the glorification of our nineteenth-century progress, the curious can learn cookery at sixpence per lecture, and taste the subjects of each lecture for sixpence more, it behoves every one to acquire a smattering of the art; and the high prices of coal and meat supply an additional reason for studying the means by which cooked food may be made cheaper as well as more savoury and more various. Two handy books lie on our table from the same publishers, one containing recipes for cooking Australian meat, the other descriptions of German cookery, from soups to sausages, applicable to English kitchens. There are points of contact between these two works, and good results might follow from the collateral reading of the volumes, with a view to apply to the matter of the first the manner or manners of the second. Australian meat promises to be so plentiful and cheap, and its valuable qualities are getting to be so well recognized in every class, except that lowest class to which it is the almost sole form of meat within reach, that it is of the utmost importance to know all the forms and shapes in which it can be presented at table. Already it is so appetizing through its succulence and flavour that housekeepers with hungry sons question the cheapness of food of which so much can be eaten at a sitting; and we have heard of a modern representative of the "scholasticos" or "foolish fellow" of Hierocles, who, with delightful inconsecutiveness, wished he could emigrate to the antipodes that he might feed on nothing but tinned Australian meat. The naturalization of German cookery is perhaps a less easy and certain experiment, but there is room for taste and choice as regards the adoption or rejection of parts of the system. Though its character is more solid and heavy than that of the French cuisine which is most in favour with our upper ten thousand, and which hence largely influences the fashion with the class next below them, a study of "German National Cookery" will suggest that foreign missionaries such as Urban Dubois have leavened German gastronomic taste in the last score or two of years, and that there are hints to be got out it not unworthy of a Ude, a Francatelli, or a Gouffé.

After a glance at the introduction to each of these handbooks we shall pass briefly in review some of the salient points for acceptance or avoidance, in the body of each work. It was high time that a cookery-book should be dedicated to the treatment of Australian tinned meats, when, as the writer of the first manual of the kind shows, the value of the shipments of beef and mutton has risen between the year 1866 and 1871 from a total of 321*l.* per annum to 513,186*l.* This increase of figures would seem incredible, except for its consistency with the statistics of the slaughter of sheep and oxen per week, or per half-year, by one or two representative Australian establishments. What makes the transit feasible and profitable is the chloride of calcium process, by which atmospheric air is excluded from the tin, while the germs of putrefaction are expelled by heat. All that is needed to make the imported tins alike popular and profitable is the simple observance of the self-evident proposition that to stew what has been already stewed is at once "lost labour" and "lost savour." To disprove the libel that these meats are *per se* flavourless or insipid, it is only necessary to warm them in the tins in a stewpan of boiling water, or simply to turn them out of their tins, trim off the grease and jelly, which are ready stock for soups and gravies, and eat them cold, as they are. The original cooking, short, sharp, and intense, before the meat makes its voyage, has been such as in no perceptible degree to sap its flavour; only allowance must be made in re-cooking for a process which has already reduced it to something very like rags. If this is kept in view, the boneless ness and the available weight of the meat constitute a saving which the author of the treatise before us shows in intelligible figures and illustrations to be somewhere about 5½*d.* a pound in a leg of mutton. Light-weighted tins, which we sometimes hear of, must, he avers, be the result of pure accident, as short weight would not substantially affect the profits where the prime cost is so very small; and this explanation is one which will gain credence in proportion to the independence of the anonymous author. That he is independent we infer from his nonchalance and indifference as to particular *brands*. "That company," he writes, "which sends over the best and cheapest meats will in the long run do the most business and pay the best dividend." The companies should certainly be grateful to him for the skill with which he has demonstrated the multiform uses of Australian viands.

The preface to "German Cookery" is a brief exhortation to catholicity of taste in culinary matters, and an endeavour to show how much the English lose by their ξενηλασία, or exclusiveness, as regards foreign dishes. It does not confine itself to apologies for retaining German names for German dishes, and local names for dishes in local favour, but argues the advantage, in point of excellence and variety, of novel importations which may tend to make an English dinner-table more attractive without increase of cost. And it is strong on the topic of acquired tastes. "Who ever began with liking pickles or pungent flavours of any kind? Olives, porter, claret, gamey game, mutton high, woodcocks' trails, and many other delicacies?" Indeed there are warnings already that our countrymen are beginning to shake off some prejudices as regards foreign food which we should have thought least likely to be disturbed. The newspapers tell us that snails for culinary purposes command a very large sale in the Gloucester market.

Soups and sauces are obviously matters in which German cookery and Australian meats may well have a common ground, though one class of German soups will, we suspect, be hard to naturalize amongst us. Beer soups must surely remain a German speciality. No other nation could relish a soup made of three quarts of ale, two ounces of sago, the peel of half a lemon, cloves, cinnamon, and sugar, with the addition, after it has boiled for twenty minutes, of slices of lemon and a glass of rum or brandy. We cannot conceive how palate or wit can be sharpened by such a beginning of a repast. Yet this is a more refined, less thick, creamy, and foamy beer-soup than many in this category of soup recipes, most of which remind us chiefly of the egg-flip, or rum and milk, which have their time and place, among ourselves, on a coach drive or a cold hunting morning. Nor does it seem that beer is done with when the soup is removed. Though we should look for something piquant to restore an appetite jaded by beer soups, the first *hors-d'œuvre* that we come upon (Stolzer Heinrich, p. 28) consists of sausages covered with ale in a stewpan, simmered for half an hour, by which time the ale is reduced to a brown sauce, which is thickened with more ale, wine, gravy, vinegar, lemon-peel, caraways, grated brown bread, salt, and pepper. The German cook's eels, too, are stewed in *beer*, and not in "bro," as Lord Randal's were in the Scotch ballad; and, in truth, this phase of German cookery explains the saving clause in this Cookery-book in regard to Lenten or Fast-day Soups, which, however, are a good deal better than the name would imply, and worthy the table of a not ultra-ascetic cardinal. Among the novel recipes which strike us as worth trying in the German Cookery Book are pancake soup, Pomeranian soup with duck, crayfish soup (Krebs suppe), and chestnut soup, though in this last there was no need to note that chestnuts peeled and scalded would take less time to cook. It is with purées especially, however, that a common ground is found upon which to combine the teaching of both the books before us. These represent a stock worked through a sieve into a thick paste, to be afterwards thinned with soup or broth; and whether we regard the purée itself or the broth that is to thin it, it is plain that elements will be found in the juicy meats and the jelly of the Australian tins. The advocate of these tins, however, is not unduly strong in his recommendation of this imported meat for soups, inclining rather to a combination of fresh meat with Liebig's Essence. He gives a good recipe for kangaroo soup, clear or thick, and we can answer for this game soup of the Antipodes being worth experiment. The fault of tinned kangaroo meat is that it is too highly spiced and peppered before undergoing the tinning and preserving process, though it will make delicious relishes and *hors-d'œuvres* such as patties, croustades, and the like. In mulligatawny soup, as we should expect from its excellence in curries, Australian meat forms a very serviceable ingredient, and in a couple of cheap vegetable soups (Nos. 5 and 6) its trimmings and grease are as good as anything that home use has till now put in the place of them.

The author of the Australian recipe-book has a special intro-

* *German National Cookery for English Kitchens; with Practical Descriptions of the Art of Cookery as performed in Germany.* London: Chapman & Hall. 1873.

Recipes for Cooking Australian Meat; with Directions for Preparing suitable Sauces for the same. By a Cook. London: Chapman & Hall. 1873.

duction to the sauces which he suggests as being half the battle in the naturalization of tinned meat; and he may be forgiven for making too much of the old story from the *Art of Dining* about the disguise of a pair of old kid gloves by the aid of a good sauce, for the sake of the practical counsel he gives as to the economy of using the gravy of the tins, a strong quintessence, instead of the stock which an English cook makes up from bones and trimmings. This will bear diluting; it will also on occasion repay thickening, seasoning, and flavouring. In its preparation a *sine qud non* is to simmer and not to boil; and to beware of burning or smoking the sauce. And all heed should be given to the very needful hint that the cook should not be content with following a recipe, but should also test his or her study of it by occasional tasting.

Those readers whose taste and mind are sufficiently *in patinis* may compare the brown sauce (p. 74) of the Australian "Kitchener" with the brown gravy stock (p. 47) of the German cook. Or they may assess the difference in the horse-radish sauce of each. This seems to be that, while A to the horse-radish and cream adds vinegar, chili vinegar, mustard, and pounded sugar, B, who here represents Germany, ignores the mustard, and for vinegar offers, very plausibly, the alternative of lemon juice. There is a considerable difference between the German "orange sauce" for wild duck, and the Australian for grilled meat, though we can well conceive that both are excellent. And there are some sauces—*e.g.* Holstein and Saxony sauces—of undoubted pretensions, which are of course peculiar to the German cookery-book; on the other hand, we owe to the Australian a very useful recipe for eschalot wine to be bottled down and used for flavouring sauces which do not want the acidity of eschalot vinegar (92).

Over the wide fields of fish, salads, poultry, fancy pastry, and beverages the Australian, from the very nature of the case, does not profess to follow the German. And in each of these there is much instruction and interest. A recipe for mock oysters (p. 35) strikes us as being as great a resource or shift as Scotch woodcock in its way; and that for "coated pike" (angeschlagener Hecht) (p. 39) reminds us of the device for re-dishing a saddle or shoulder of mutton, with the vacuum made by the removal of the prime slices filled up with skilfully disguised mince-meat. The hints as to salads, too, are worthy of attention, though none of them beats the old advice quoted by our Australian friend, that in dressing salads "a spendthrift should add the oil, a miser the vinegar, and a counsellor the salt." To do him only justice, he manfully runs his German competitor hard where he has common ground; giving us in pp. 51–4 croquettes, cannelons, cromeskeys, coquilles, croustades, petites bouchées, and attelettes, according as the taste may prefer the beef, mutton, or game of the Antipodes done into cones, oblongs, shells, round cases, or other morsels. On the whole, we should feel more at home amidst his provocatives to the appetite.

Among the solids of which we gain an idea from the comparison of these volumes, one might do worse than try the shepherd's pie (p. 12), the potato pie (p. 13), or the cold kangaroo pie for lunch or breakfast, to say nothing of the raised beef pie with oysters. To the second of these the nearest approach in German cookery appears to be the potato turnover (p. 156), whilst the "Strudeln," or roly-polies, which encase mince-meat of any kind (p. 191), resemble the minced beef puddings which our Australian adviser recommends in p. 17. His mutton curries and hashes, rich, richer, and richest, are all good, we will engage to say without doing more than reading the recipes; and his baked Irish stew ought to be first-rate. Of course he cannot compete with Germany in pasties, upon which the German Cookery Book is naturally very strong. Four alternative recipes are given in it for "Strasburg pâtés de foies gras," Nos. 1 and 2, in which truffles form a part abundantly fit for the *divitum mensæ*. What is more, the author brings them within the range of moderate people by showing that there is a much more economical way of going to work than buying Strasburg patties from the metropolitan provision vendors. It will induce some perhaps to buy a useful book if we refer them to p. 221 for the information. The same book will suggest a preparation of summer fruits almost wholly unknown to this country. The Kalteschaler and Triett are German substitutes for pies and tarts (the distinction being that the former are more liquid than the latter), and are served in a bowl, tureen, or glass dish (167–72). The English word cold-bowl would be an imperfect synonym; but the compound requires more or less water and wine to be added to the fruit juices.

We trust that a glance, necessarily cursory, at both these volumes will have the desired effect of recommending them to professional and amateur gastronomes, as well as to plainer and less artistic folk. There is, we are convinced, much to be learnt from the one and the other in regard to the best means of making our food supply more attractive, more various, and, above all, less expensive.

THE MILITARY STRENGTH OF RUSSIA.*

(Second Notice.)

IN a former article we briefly noticed the vast change which has come over the organization of the Russian forces since the Crimean War demonstrated the hollowness of a Reserve which has to be all but created on the alarm of war. With the exception of such men as are actually on furlough, the Russian army, excluding local troops, is now all actually embodied for active service. The cadres are maintained, in fact, effective for the whole force that may be needed for the field, and though the numbers we gave of 580,000 men which could be used in Europe are moderate as compared with popular estimates, it must be remembered that they are supplemented by an enormous mass of transport corps and other non-combatants, and by another of purely local troops of regular organization, or regulars permanently detached for local duty. And these latter categories Russia maintains to an extent far beyond the proportion kept up by other great Powers, as we shall presently see. It is our task to-day to show how this force is organized, more particularly as compared with that great model army which late events have put at the head of all military organizations.

There is no army corps in Russia in time of peace. The highest unit for all administrative and tactical purposes is the division, all divisions being kept nearly at the same strength. There are forty-seven of them in all, of which forty are known as line or army divisions, and the others are select troops, three of Guards and four of Grenadiers. One of the last, and five of the line divisions, are allotted to the Caucasus command, which may be held practically to include the whole Asiatic frontier of the Empire. This leaves, of course, forty-one divisions to garrison European Russia, or to take part in a European war. Of the other six we shall only here say that each regiment in the Caucasus command has a fourth battalion; so that the divisions of infantry are full thirty per cent. stronger than those of the European commands—an arrangement made to prepare them the better for such drafts as the Khiva expedition is now making on their numbers.

The Russian division is organized not unlike the German. It includes, like the latter, four infantry regiments, each of three battalions, and each numbering 1,000 strong when the men on furlough rejoin. This gives 12,000 for each division (usually divided into two brigades for tactical purposes), or, in all, 492,000 infantry. But to this estimate must be added the Rifle battalions, which are distributed one to each division of Guards and Grenadiers, and one to the first twenty-one divisions of line infantry. An extra one being also assigned to the Guards specially, the total number of them is thirty, and the complete strength of each is 800, giving 20,000 effectives in all, and raising the total of the infantry of the European army to 512,000 men.

The regular cavalry of Russia is moderate in numbers compared to the 80,000 sabres boasted of under the new German organization. It comprises twenty regiments of Dragoons, sixteen of Lancers, sixteen of Hussars, four of Cuirassiers, and two of Cossacks of the Guard, of which last, however, two thirds are always on furlough under a special ordinance. Of these fifty-eight regiments, four only of Dragoons do duty with the army of the Caucasus; the others form nine cavalry divisions, two called of Guards (the first division of these being made up of the Cuirassiers and Guard Cossacks), and the other seven of the line. Every regiment has four squadrons, each about 150 strong in all; so that, deducting the absent Cossack squadrons, there are maintained actually in Europe 220, containing barely 33,000 officers and men. There is no brigade organization for the Russian cavalry, which is intended either to act in the mass of a division, or to be distributed at need among the infantry.

Each infantry division has attached to it a brigade of field artillery bearing the same number, and, like the infantry, those of the Caucasus or Asiatic force are stronger by a third than the others, which contain three batteries of eight guns each. There are, besides these, eight brigades of horse artillery; seven, of course, attached to the seven cavalry divisions of the line, and the eighth a Guard brigade of four batteries, which forms a command independent—from long tradition rather than for proper tactical considerations—of the Guard cavalry. The seven horse brigades of the line have but two batteries each, and so the whole make up eighteen; whilst the field artillery proper—exclusive of the Asiatic—has 123. When all the men are called in, the battery may be taken at 200 strong. So that the grand total of the European artillery amounts to 28,000 men, manning 1,128 guns.

The Engineers, which, as in Germany, include the pontoon trains, are distributed into battalions of sappers and half-battalions of pontonniers, the former numbering eleven, each 1,000 strong, and the latter six, at 400 only. But two battalions of sappers must be deducted, as belonging to the army of the Caucasus. The others are distributed in four brigades, one of which forms part of the Guard; and the total is, of course, 11,400 field engineers to be added to the other arms.

It seems, then, from the estimates here followed, and attributed to Colonel Von Verdy, that the force available for the European operations of Russia is thus divided as to its arms:—Infantry, 492,000; riflemen, 20,000; cavalry, 33,000; artillery, 28,000; and engineers, 11,000; making the total of rather over 580,000 in all, with 1,128 guns. But then these numbers altogether exclude the formidable force on the Asiatic frontier, which, if similarly reckoned up, appears to muster 103,000 combatants, with 176 guns. The actual total of the regular forces maintained by Russia, exclusive of non-combatants and local troops, cannot therefore be put very much under 700,000 when the regiments are on a war footing. Its very disproportionate supply of cavalry has always been understood to be

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* *The Armed Strength of Russia.* Translated from the German (Austrian) by the Topographical Department of the War Office. 1873.
Die Heeresmacht Russlands. Berlin: Duncker.

of a purpose, it being intended, in case of war, to call up Cossacks to supply the deficiency. But, not to mention the great inferiority of these children of the desert for any warlike purpose beyond the mere harassing of a flying or careless enemy, it is well remarked by the Prussian critic that the suddenness and decisiveness of modern war render dependence on any such force unsafe; since the struggle might be over before any great proportion of the 50,000 rudely estimated as available could be got to the proper points. In artillery, on the other hand, the Russian army is by no means lacking, according to moderate views, there being actually more than two guns to every thousand men of the infantry and cavalry; and although this proportion will far from satisfy certain critics amongst ourselves, it is usually accepted by German authority as a fair one for general needs. It certainly strikes the author of *Die Heeresmacht* as a very sufficient ratio compared to that of the cavalry.

The local troops form a very important element in Russian organization, fulfilling as they do the separate functions of supplying garrisons, covering frontiers, and aiding in training the regulars, and thus leaving the whole of the active army proper available for war. Thus the European frontier of Russia is garrisoned by 30,000 special troops of this class, of whom 6,000 are artillerymen, and the rest formed into frontier battalions. On the Asiatic and Siberian sides no less than forty-six local battalions are maintained, with the double object of watching the districts which form their permanent quarters, and of reinforcing at need the army of the Caucasus. It is believed that these battalions are on a reduced footing of about 600 men each, giving a total of 28,000 soldiers. Whether this be so or not, they must be presumed to be efficient, for the Khiva columns seem to be in large part composed of detachments from them. They are not to be confounded with the so-called "Government battalions," of very varying strength, which number sixty-eight in all, and the real objects of which are to support the local authorities and represent the central power of the Empire at all important places, but more especially at those to which more regular troops are not usually assigned. And, distinct again from these last, and still more difficult to estimate, are the instructional or depôt battalions, squadrons, and batteries, which undertake the first training of the officer, and are maintained as models of exercising from which he can carry to his regiment a proper knowledge of the instruction of the recruits afterwards to be placed under him.

Lastly, we must notice briefly as a recognized national element of strength, the so-called Irregular army, formed chiefly of Cossack horsemen. They are reckoned, as a paper force, at 144 regiments of cavalry, all told, with an uncertain number of battalions of untrained infantry. Though largely used in the Polish struggle, the Prussian critic does not believe that they would add more than 10,000 really effective troopers to the army for a European conflict, or that they could in any way form a very important element in it. "The enemies of Russia," he says, "on the side of Europe, will reckon on having chiefly to do with her regular troops; and the fear of Europe being again overrun, as though these were the days of Tamerlane, with half-savage Asiatic hordes, is one altogether unfounded." We confess to being altogether of the same opinion, and we may add that a study of the exploits of the Russian armies in the Napoleonic wars has long since brought us to the conviction that the Cossacks played a part—except when actually in pursuit of a fugitive foe—which was much more dramatically effective than materially important to the operations.

In comparing the armies of Germany and Russia thus far, it will be observed that the great relative weakness of the latter in cavalry, and her large use of regular local troops as part of her peace establishment, form the most striking points of difference. But when we pass to the question of organization viewed strictly it will be found that the principles are essentially opposed. In Russia no exact attempt has as yet been made to imitate the provincial corps arrangements, which have enabled the younger Empire to decentralize her army to an extent never before known without any apparent loss of its efficiency as a whole. A certain number of divisions are indeed allotted to each government; but they vary from not less than six in that of St. Petersburg (in which of course the Guards are included), to one in certain others of the various governments which make up the Empire. The divisions are under the military chief of the province, who may be, as it happens, its civil governor-general or not; but he has by no means the complete power entrusted to the "Commanding General"—as he is emphatically termed—of the Prussian corps; and most of the important questions are passed on, as they might be with us, to the central War Office, the Emperor being not merely in theory, like his uncle, but in fact, the head of his own troops. This principle of centralisation is not however applied strictly to the Caucasus forces, for the very sufficient reason that their distance, and their constant state of preparation for actual warfare, make it not merely unadvisable, but well nigh impossible, to carry it out in their case.

The recruiting system also, like the organization, is at once looser and yet more centralized than that of Germany. Each division, indeed, is usually filled up from the government to which it is for the time being assigned. But there can hardly be said to be a strict rule in this matter; and it is clear that the men on furlough, if suddenly called up, are not held liable to go to their former regiments, but only to enrol themselves at the nearest headquarters of a division or chief place of a government. As a large part of the population is almost cosmopolitan in its tongue and unsettled in its habits, there seems no security provided that the divisions should be easily filled up to war strength at the word, some being probably left far below it, whilst in other quarters there might be a large excess of trained soldiers coming in.

It may be said that all this is but the view of outside critics, and that Russians, if they chose to answer it, could give a very different report. But the criticisms are shrewdly sustained by the well-known decision of the Military Commission in favour of the introduction of the German system, lately made even at the risk of driving General Miliutin out of office. And to this it may be added that those experts who have studied the new Russian law of military service, so far as yet known, are aware that it is singularly loose in its application of the principle of universal liability, admitting great numbers of total exemptions, and allowing a still larger proportion of the youth to escape with a very partial training.

Few people would choose, we imagine, to offer confident predictions as to the results of that possible struggle between the two great military empires which in each is so confidently expected that Imperial embraces will not affect the belief that it is but deferred, not prevented, by such meetings as those of St. Petersburg. But we think those who have followed us in our survey will see good reason to believe with Prince Paskievitch that Russia, despite her great strength and colossal size, may yet have good cause to dread "a new invasion conducted more prudently than that of Napoleon," an invasion, too, which, should it come, will be made with intent hardly less hostile to her power than that of the great overthrower of States of sixty years since.

MINOR POETS.*

WE have before this had the pleasure of calling the attention of our readers to the merits of Mr. Wade Robinson's poems. Unlike most of the minor poets who come before us, he not only does not write nonsense, but he writes sound sense. But sound sense alone, pleasant though it is to find it in modern poetry, does not make a poet. Mr. Robinson, however, adds to it no small amount of poetic imagination, a versification that is correct and often melodious, and a considerable mastery over our language. Our language, he might have learnt by this time, is English and not Saxon. Should his poems, as we hope they may, see a second edition, let him change the title of the poem he calls the "Saxon Bible." No doubt he wants to mark off that English in which the Bible is written, that "home-spun of Saxon" as he calls it, from the English in which the *Daily Telegraph* is written. To allow that it is the latter that is English, and the former that is Saxon, will be to give up the battle at once. We shall prefer, when we want to make a distinction, to talk of English and *Telegraph* English. It is English, then, that Mr. Robinson writes, and writes with a certain amount of vigour that is rarely found in one of the so-called religious poets. There are too many of this class who think that their piety shall cover their feebleness, and that with the stamp of orthodoxy their brass counters shall pass as standard gold. His poems indeed are not wholly religious, but most of them bear the signs of a man who has suffered deeply, and has found repose in revealed religion. The short piece which he entitles "A Ballad of Love," may be taken as a good specimen of his style and of his method of treating his subject. He is describing the perfect love of a husband and wife, and thus writes:—

> And always she was there to cast on everything a splendour,
> To fold him with that constant love so strong because so tender,
> To grow with every passing year more beautiful before him,
> To sweetly be adored, and still more sweetly to adore him.
>
> And dwelling with that woman there, the husband did discover
> How weakly he had dreamt of love when he was still a lover—
> How one rich woman, like a flower that spends its life unfolding,
> Has yet a hidden beauty left when men are done beholding.

The wife was "touched at last by that stern law which mocks at love's resistance," and, dying, "left him in their pleasant home alone and broken-hearted." The husband passes slowly from "the blank and dreary sense of utter desolation" to a firm belief in "a great hereafter." He not only finds comfort for himself, but has comfort to spare for others. In the poet's words:—

> Thereafter—if I still should tell a story worth the telling—
> So freely in this old man's heart the fount of peace was welling,
> That forth he went to seek those eyes whose light was quenched in sorrow,
> And tell how his own night had found so bright and calm a morrow.

Mr. Robinson would do well to change a word now and then. In the poem from which we have just quoted our taste is offended when we read how "baffled winter screamed" about a garden,

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* *Songs in God's World.* By Wade Robinson, Author of "Loveland," &c. London: Longmans & Co. 1872.

Le Circe, and other Poems. With Notes. By John Appleby, Compiler of "Stage and Literary Celebrities;" Author of "Serial Papers," &c. London: Provost & Co. 1873.

Lyrics of a Life-time. By Samuel Smith, Woodberry Down. With Illustrations by William Henry Prior. London: Chapman & Hall. 1873.

Miscellaneous Trifles. London: Provost & Co. 1873.

The Lonely Guiding Star, and other Poems, Miscellaneous and Dramatic. By William D. S. Alexander. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1873.

Bubbles Light as Air. By Charles Wilkinson. London: John Camden Hotten. 1873.

Ich Dien. London: Moxon & Co.

The Cairns of Iona, and other Poems. By Alexie Bond. Dublin: George Herbert. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1873.

Cæsar in Britain. By Thomas Kentish. London: Basil Montagu Pickering. 1873.

Parables and Tales. By Thomas Gordon Hake, Author of "Madeline," &c. With Illustrations by Arthur Hughes. London: Chapman & Hall.

and the last verse of one of his best poems is sadly spoilt by the word "glutting" being dragged into rhyme with shutting. We must not end, however, with finding fault with a poet who has so much in him that we can heartily admire.

Mr. Appleby and Mr. Samuel Smith have much in common, and, except that Mr. Smith embellishes his poems with a picture of "Railway Construction," and Mr. Appleby embellishes his with a picture of himself, there is nothing to choose between them. Both write utter nonsense, but Mr. Smith's nonsense is perhaps somewhat the more wearisome of the two, as there is an attempt at humour about it. Lest his jokes should be missed, he has, it would seem, remembered how Swift says:—

> In modern wit all printed trash is
> Set off with numerous breaks and dashes.

We must do him the justice to admit that not all his "printed trash" is thus set off. The following lines, if they have nothing else to commend them, are at all events innocent of italics:—

> And e'en the goods from damage to protect,
> Well tarred tarpaulin was securely spread,
> (With carrier's name and destination deck'd),
> Above the trucks that bore them from the shed.

Mr. Appleby possesses in the highest degree that we have ever known an absence of all those qualities which are generally supposed to go to make up the poet. He cannot even write grammatically, rhyme correctly, or use his fingers with accuracy in keeping his lines of the right number of syllables. He knows nothing of melody or metre, and, in short, would be utterly intolerable even if he were to take to writing hymns or congratulatory poems. He has in one matter, however, set our modern poets an example which they would do well to follow. He has annotated his own poems and cleared away certain difficulties by explanatory notes. For instance, he has written some verses on that "great writing star" Charles Dickens. With a view, we suppose, chiefly to posterity, who, while it preserves the memory of Mr. Appleby, may yet forget Mr. Dickens, he tells us

> Charles Dickens was a distinguished novelist, born at Portsmouth 1812, died June 9, 1870, at Gadshill, Rochester, Kent, and interred at Westminster Abbey. In life courted and admired, his works read by all classes throughout the civilized world, and whose death was universally lamented.

The same kind foresight for future generations is shown in the short history he gives of the life of Napoleon III., and of the illness of the Prince of Wales. He has, however, done his work but carelessly; for, though he writes a poem on Shakspeare, he has forgotten to tell us who Shakspeare was. Such lines as the following, however, will in days to come rouse the curiosity of some antiquary and set him to learn something of this Shakspeare:—

> O'er three hundred years have been and gone,
> Since thou! immortal bard of Stratford-Avon;
> Thou chief, mighty genius, now laying in dust,
> But thy likeness—is now before me in bust.

Mr. Appleby makes a fierce onslaught on "the ignoramuses who rail and rant." As it is said that no man is so miserable but that if he looked he would find some one still more miserable, so we must believe that Mr. Appleby cannot be so great a ranter but that if he looked he might yet discover a greater ranter. We should be curious, however, to know who the ignoramuses can be on whom the writer of such lines as the following from the poem called "A Satanic Victim" looks down with contempt:—

> On a burning eminence he stood
> With fiery foot upon the victim caught,
> Firm on his neck with pleasure fraught;
> Said he, "This worm he hath shed blood."
>
> Then a horrid and demoniac laugh
> Made the halls of fire loud resound,
> While they the worm so tightly bound;
> He shrieking awful in the hellish gaff.

By the way, it would be well if in a future edition he were in a note to tell us why his poem on "a repenting and sorrowful Magdalen" is called "Le Circo's Story."

Whether the worm of Mr. Appleby's muse belongs to the same species as the worm of the author of *Miscellaneous Trifles* would be a question that falls rather within the province of the naturalist than that of the critic. We should not pretend, therefore, to decide on a matter that does not properly belong to us here; but, quoting both passages, we content ourselves with calling the attention of the scientific world to an inquiry that is full of interest. The second worm occurs in the following extract from a poem on "the fierce Pizarro, perfidious as pitiless":—

> Pizarro fell! No tender tear
> Dropped on his mangled form;
> The condor snuffed it from afar,
> And snatched it from the worm.

It is not wonderful that since this memorable event in Peru's "faithful records"

> Pizarro's ever-hateful name
> Conspicuous hath stood.

Mr. Alexander among his other poems publishes a tragedy in five acts, which he tells us "was written with a view to the stage." He complains of "the extraordinary and almost insurmountable difficulties that are thrown by managers in the way of aspirants for dramatic honours." The managers of the present day, we dare say, are as likely to fail in discernment as their predecessors often have failed before them, and if a Goldsmith should write a *Good-Natured Man*, a Garrick might be blind to its merits. Nevertheless, in the present case we think the managers are right; for though Mr. Alexander writes with a certain correctness, correctness alone will not keep an audience from sleep or a manager from the Bankruptcy Court. "The one most successful dramatist of the day," to whose judgment he submitted his tragedy, was certainly right in condemning it "as an *acting* play," though we cannot go with him in giving "a flattering opinion as regards the poetry of the piece." Unlike most minor poets, Mr. Alexander is correct in his versification and rhymes, and not extravagant in his sentiments. But even a modern audience could scarcely enjoy such lines as the following:—

> *Haeffiz.* An army will set forth to quell the slaves
> Ere many days can pass.
> *Murad.* The chief command?—
> *Haeffiz.* There is no chief command. It is from this
> My deep displeasure rises, as does that
> Of each right-thinking man.
> *Murad.* Art thou not named?
> *Haeffiz.* I am.
> *Murad.* Thus far did I anticipate
> What scarce could fail to be.

Mr. Wilkinson may in an affected disparagement call his poems *Bubbles Light as Air*. We do not know what may be the specific gravity of the *crassus aer* of the Boeotians, but there is no English air—not even that of a November fog in London—that would not be insulted if likened to these Bubbles. The poet, in some verses that he calls "Wayward Fancy," tells us, "I fancy words that sound the mystic." The following is a fair specimen of his mysticism:—

> It is the witching time of night,
> Another day is past,
> The cat is purring in the light,
> The gas is burning fast.
>
> The weakly cinders in the grate
> Give out no bluey reek,
> The yellow tirtle o'er my pate
> Has hushed his noisy cheek.

The author of *Ich Dien* addresses to the Prince of Wales, in the form of a poem, a somewhat long and dull sermon, taking as his text, to quote his own words and his own English, "the noble motto thou hast heired." He reminds the Prince of the high position he holds, and uses the following scientific illustration to bring home to him the duty of giving drink to the thirsty:—

> To proffer food
> While water ye withhold, is labour lost.
> Th' electric currents (moisture absent) lie
> Imprisoned and quiescent. Still remains
> The food intact, and still the hungry crave.

He goes on to remind him that "thrice blest is he who takes the stranger in." Whether he is referring to the distinguished strangers who occasionally visit this country and to their reception in Buckingham Palace is not made so clear as might be wished.

Miss Bond, taking advantage of the Thanksgiving Day, also gives the Prince good advice, and urges him "to ride, O Prince, to grander life." In her poem on this interesting occasion she asks wherefore

> Cheer the millions, near and far?

Her explanation of this cheering is certainly somewhat vague, though perhaps it only makes that call on the imagination of the reader which is a characteristic of good poetry. The answer is—

> Some one goes by Temple Bar.

It was commonly reported at the time that one of the high City functionaries at Temple Bar appropriated to himself the cheers with which the Prince was welcomed. The indefiniteness of the poetess may perhaps help to account for the confusion which existed in his mind.

Mr. Kentish has performed a feat scarcely inferior to that of the hero whom he sings, for while Cæsar reached Britain, Mr. Kentish has reached a second edition. Flushed with success he meditates further conquests and in fresh fields. He sings in the preface to his second edition:—

> However, if it better please the critic
> My muse, henceforward, as her wings grow stronger,
> Regardful of his comments analytic,
> Shall mount in metre an iambus longer.

We do not remember very well the comments that we passed on Mr. Kentish's muse. If he will listen to one more comment, which shall in the strictest sense of the word be analytic, we would advise him, instead of lengthening his measure by a single iambus, to count carefully on his fingers the number of feet of which his verse is composed, and to have it for the future exactly that number of feet shorter.

How far Dr. Hake's *Parables and Tales* are a new publication we do not know. One or two of them we have certainly read before in his earlier work, and read with pleasure. We are glad to see them again, and to see them as they now appear, for not only have they considerable merits of their own, but also they are admirably illustrated by Mr. Arthur Hughes. There is a certain pleasant harmony between the poet and the artist, though the poet would have been perhaps more fitly illustrated by one who belonged to the earlier and harder school of the Pre-Raffaellites, than by one who is gifted with so soft and gentle a touch as Mr. Hughes. The most charming poem, as also the most charming illustration, is that of "The Lily of the Valley," which, by the way, we do not remember to have seen before. The following verse is very pretty in itself, but,

looked at with the accompanying illustration, its beauty is more than doubled:—

Not yet to her was Nature's age
In gnarled and hollow shapes revealed;
The buds and leaflets stamped her page,
And all that Death could say concealed.
To gnarled and hollow Nature cold,
She had not caught the sense of old.

We must find space for one more quotation:—

Again through brake and bush she flew;
Beyond the wood there lay the field;
Though unknown paths broke on her view,
To childish fears she would not yield,
But looked at heaven and saw its scope,
Taught by her mother where was hope.

It is a pity that the poet should have afterwards put the last two verses into the little child's mouth, and made her say,

I looked at heaven and saw its scope,
Taught by my mother where was hope.

What was natural enough when said of the child becomes most unnatural when said by the child.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

THE Report of the Secretary of the Treasury * presents some points of signal contrast, and some of interesting comparison, with our own financial system. It appears, for example, that between May 1869 and June 30, 1872, there was purchased on behalf of the Treasury an amount of stock exceeding in nominal value 54,000,000*l.* sterling, at a cost in gold of about 51,000,000*l.*, prices in gold ranging from about 82¼ to par. It appears, again, that the revenues of the Federal Government average about sixty millions sterling, or somewhat less, per annum, affording a surplus of from six to eight millions available for the redemption of debt. Of the revenue a little less than two-thirds (say, 35,000,000*l.* to 36,000,000*l.*) is raised by Customs duties under a highly protective tariff; between 17,000,000*l.* and 18,000,000*l.* is produced by the various classes of taxes, direct and indirect, lumped together under the head of Internal Revenue; while of the remaining sources of revenue, the tax on banks is the only one that produces more than half a million sterling. The large remissions of taxation rendered possible by the elasticity of British revenue and the parsimony of Liberal Administrations sink into insignificance before the gigantic figures of American financiers, showing a reduction since the war of some 50,000,000*l.* of taxation, not very unequally divided between Customs and Internal Revenue. When he passes from finance to commerce, Mr. Boutwell's tone is by no means so triumphant, and presents a contrast quite as remarkable, though in an opposite direction, with the glowing congratulations of English statesmen over the ever-swelling trade of the United Kingdom. Under a tariff expressly constructed to develop native resources and encourage native industry, the trade of America appears to languish, and an important part of it to pass into foreign hands. The imports and exports of the States, exclusive of the precious metals, amount to nearly two hundred millions sterling; and little more than a fourth of this vast traffic is carried on in American bottoms. At first this falling off of native shipping was ascribed to the war, and to the perfidious policy of Great Britain in fitting out for the Confederates cruisers that drove American shipping to take refuge under the British flag. But this delusion has been effectually dispelled by the course of events since the close of the struggle. In 1864 the proportion of traffic carried on in American vessels was 46 per cent.; in 1868, when the effects of the war had passed away, it was 44; since that time it has dwindled rapidly to 38 in 1871, and to 28½ in 1872. At one time the whole mischief was ascribed to the heavy taxation of foreign articles used in shipbuilding, which certainly would of itself have made that industry almost impossible; but Congress has granted drawbacks on such articles, and still the trade continues to languish and to wane. Mr. Boutwell is not persuaded by this result that the policy of Protection is a mistake. On the contrary, he is disposed to extend it, and to revive the mercantile marine of the United States by bounties given to encourage the establishment of lines of American steamers, especially in the Pacific; he hopes thus to divert the freights of American goods into American vessels by, in plain words, paying a portion of the freights out of the public purse, and lightening the cost of shipping under the American flag at the expense of the American taxpayer. He is not quite true to the Protectionist theory, for he recognizes the soundness in terms of that Free-trade logic which proves that a trade encouraged by differential duties is simply subsidised at the expense of the consumer, and carried on at a loss to the nation. But he argues that industries which may be quite capable of holding their own and adding largely to the national wealth in their adult state, require protection in their earlier years; and that America, having at home the means of producing nearly everything she can require, will do well to foster a variety of trades which at first cannot resist foreign competition, with a view to rendering herself at no distant period the producer of those articles which she at present imports, and pays for with her agricultural produce. With a similar economic perversity, he compares the amounts of imports and exports; and, finding a slight excess on the former side, complains of a "balance against" the States, forgetting, it would seem, that the meaning of that phrase in the language of the mercantile theory was a balance that tended to the export of gold and silver, whereas America is, as he himself admits, naturally and properly an exporter of the precious metals. When these exports, and those of American bonds, come to be added to the credit side of the account, the balance is hardly sufficient to represent the profit realized on exports, which must always figure in the shape of an excess of imports, if both are valued at the American port. In regard to the currency his views may not be open to much objection; but he does not appear fully to recognise the evils of an inconvertible currency, and particularly the danger of such "expansions" thereof as he recommends for the purpose of "moving the crops" in the summer and autumn. In the case of convertible paper, such a temporary expansion is at once corrected when the temporary need is over; but the tendency of every increase of an inconvertible currency is to raise prices, and thereby to render permanent the demand for the very increase that has caused the mischief. It is something, however, that Mr. Boutwell is alive to the necessity of bringing back the paper money to a metallic standard, and seems to acknowledge that this can only be done by contraction.

The Report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue * contains comparatively few points of interest. Among these are the amounts raised by taxes on spirits and tobacco respectively—about nine and three and a half millions—while "fermented liquors" return less than a million and a half. The Comptroller of the Currency † dwells chiefly on the failure of a legislative attempt to apportion the circulation of United States notes through the National Banks according to a scheme based on the population and wealth of the different States; and, showing that the North-Eastern States have got more than their share, he suggests the perilous expedient of a further issue to redress the balance.

The *United States Register or Bluebook* ‡ is a publication somewhat of the nature of our own official or statistical almanacs. It contains a list of the principal departments of the Union, with the chief officers of each; an Army and Navy List; an abridgment of the most important population statistics of the Census of 1870; a record of the votes at the Presidential elections of 1872 and 1868; and, in short, just that kind of practical information which a journalist or an official may need to lay his hand upon at any moment half a dozen times a day, and is therefore glad to have at hand in a publication of this kind.

A reprint of the papers which were written by the principal authors of the Constitution of 1787, while their handiwork was undergoing sharp and eager discussion in all quarters prior to the decisive popular vote, published in three or four of the principal New York journals alternately, and afterwards so famous when collected in a single volume under the title of the *Federalist* §, is even now a matter of some literary interest. The present edition has a tolerably good index, and a comparison of the different authorities respecting the authorship of the several letters, among whom there is a general agreement. It is plain that the great majority of the letters were written by Alexander Hamilton, most of the remainder by Madison, and some by him and Hamilton in conjunction; while six or seven are ascribed to Chief Justice Jay. The *Federalist* is interesting, both in an historical and a political light, and is, in fact, the most important political treatise ever published in America. A thorough study of its pages is essential to anything like a just comprehension of the Constitution, or of the subsequent controversies which have turned upon constitutional issues, as well as to an understanding of the early history of the Union. Written by the chief of that party which prevailed in the formation of the new system, and intended to vindicate it against the attacks of the Opposition, it throws a light not to be obtained from any other source on two most significant questions—What was the original meaning of the "fundamental compact" in the minds of those who drew it up? and in what sense was it accepted by the States? No man had a larger share in framing the Constitution than Hamilton. It was not, indeed, what he would have made it had he been untrammelled by his colleagues; for his own views were almost monarchical, and were certainly in favour of that consolidation which was the great dread of the States, and which the framers of the Constitution were compelled studiously to avoid. The suspicion—arising partly perhaps from the knowledge of his tendencies—that the new Union would supersede the independence and absorb the sovereignty of the several States was the chief obstacle to the adoption of the plan of the Conven-

* *Annual Report of the Secretary of the Treasury on the State of the Finances for the year 1872.* Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

* *Annual Report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue on the Operations of the Internal Revenue System for the year 1872.* Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

† *Annual Report of the Comptroller of the Currency to the Third Session of the Forty-second Congress of the United States, 1872.* Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

‡ *United States Register or Bluebook* for 1873. Containing the Names of the Principal Civil Officers of the Federal Government; Army and Navy List, &c.; together with Authentic Political and Statistical Information relating to the separate States and Territories, and other portions of the Continent of America. Also the Official Census of the United States, including a Monetary Directory for the cities of New York and Philadelphia. Philadelphia: J. Disturnell. London: Sampson Low & Co.

§ *University Edition: the Federalist.* A collection of Essays, written in favour of the New Constitution, as agreed upon by the Federal Convention, September 17, 1787. Reprinted from the Original Text. Under the Editorial Supervision of Henry B. Dawson. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1873.

tion; and it was to allay this suspicion that Hamilton and his fellow-writers addressed themselves. Having this object, they would of course be careful not to exaggerate the Federal power as created by the Convention; yet, being anxious above all things to maintain that power at the highest possible standard, they certainly would not allow any depreciation of its constitutional authority to appear in their argument. Hence the work may be taken as a very fair exposition of the Constitution as it affected the relative position of the Union and the States; and in this light it is interesting to note the wide difference between the tone of the old Federalists and that of the party which of late years, in order to condemn secession and to magnify the power which was virtually at its own disposal, has undertaken to assert ultra-Federal doctrines. That the States were, when the Federalists wrote, as fully sovereign and independent communities as any in the world, they neither affirm nor deny; they assume it as the basis of all their arguments, and their object is to show that the States would not part with this character, or with any sovereign powers compatible with the existence of a Government representing them all in the face of foreign Powers, and capable of performing the functions indispensably necessary to the maintenance of union among them. That the allegiance of every citizen was primarily due to his State is also assumed throughout; and several arguments are employed to prove elaborately that the citizen would always prefer his State allegiance to his obedience to the Federal Government, should their claims come into conflict. The general tenor of the reasoning is that the former Union or Confederation, under which the Federal authority had to deal only with the States, and was dependent on them for the execution of its commands—under which, for example, it could levy direct taxes only by calling on the States to make certain proportionate contributions to its treasury, and could levy troops only by requiring each State to furnish its proper quota of men—was inadequate to the maintenance of national credit and of general safety; that, if the Union was to subsist, it must be allowed to have, within the sphere of its functions, direct authority over citizens as well as over States, inasmuch as no coercion of the latter was possible, save by means of open war; that the powers entrusted to the Federal Government were not greater than were absolutely essential to the performance of its functions; and that they could never be used, practically, for the oppression of the States or the curtailment of their sovereign authority. The case which actually occurred—that one portion of the States should use their supremacy in the Federal Government for the purpose of coercing the remainder, and thus drive the latter to resist by force—never occurred to these writers; and, in studying their arguments, we are perpetually reminded of their fallacy by the recollection that this was the form which the danger actually took, and that all these reasonings fail to show any security against it. The elaborate argument addressed to prove the inconvenience of the coexistence of several independent Powers within the territory of the States was as applicable in 1861 as in 1787, and had no doubt some weight in inspiring the North with a determination never to allow the division of the Union to entail upon it the curse of frontier lines, internal Custom-houses, and standing armies. But, as a general rule, the impression made by the perusal of this work is a melancholy one; the reader being constantly reminded that the very dangers apprehended by many statesmen of Virginia and the South from the Constitution of 1787 did actually come upon them, in spite of all the securities pointed out, and honestly believed to be sufficient, by the authors of the *Federalist*.

We have received two volumes of somewhat similar purpose and character—the *Science Record* *, edited by Mr. A. Beach, and the *Year-Book of Nature and Popular Science* †, by Dr. J. C. Draper. The former we have noticed on previous occasions; we may therefore briefly say that its record of the inventions, discoveries, and scientific discussions of the last year is divided first under several general heads, according to subjects, and then distributed into paragraphs with appropriate headings, each describing some single new process of manufacture, new scientific discovery, or supposed discovery, or question of interest; a number of abridgments of papers on this class of topics, from the records of different societies or the communications of individual inventors and discoverers, adding materially to the value and interest of the work. The Year-book is similarly arranged under general heads, with an excellent index referring to each separate fact, theory, or incident, and is on the whole rather more devoted to science, physical and social, and rather less to practical inventions, than the former. Both are useful and convenient works of reference; the more so that we know of no exact parallel to them among English periodicals.

Upon our monthly list are two important works on insanity, the one legal, the other medical, as regards their authorship and point of view, but each crossing at many points the line pursued by the other. Dr. Ray's *Contributions to Mental Pathology* ‡ discuss at some length the judicial treatment of insanity in civil and criminal cases, and the difficulties interposed by the law in the proper treatment of patients suffering from mental disease, as well as a number of particular cases of insanity memorable on account of their legal consequences or of the station of the sufferers—the case of George III. being among the latter. As a physician, regarding matters from the professional point of view, Dr. Ray complains strongly of the distrust shown by judges and juries of the evidence of experts in lunacy cases, and though he allows that experts do frequently and glaringly contradict each other, he cannot see that this justifies suspicion of the value of their statements. Nor does he much regard the fact that, like other professional men, these experts are apt to look at everything in the light of their own experience, and, being chiefly familiar with eccentricity as an accompaniment of madness, to believe that all oddity is a proof of unsound mind. In like manner, he argues against the requirement of a judicial inquiry previously to the confinement of a patient, as being dangerous to his health; he fails to appreciate the peril of an abuse of any arbitrary power of confinement by interested relations and dishonest practitioners. One of the most curious passages of his work incidentally confirms in a striking manner the statement of a former patient, whose book was reviewed in our columns, that a keen and eager longing for home on the part of a convalescent is regarded by the physicians of asylums as evidence of lingering lunacy. His criticisms of the definitions of English and American law are, from the standpoint of medical experience, just enough; but his professional prejudices are so strong, and his tendency to neglect the other side of all questions in which he is interested is so marked, as to inspire considerable distrust of the soundness of his judgment on practical matters. Dr. Wharton's *Treatise on Mental Unsoundness* * deals with the legal definitions and consequences of insanity, and maintains doctrines—such as that of "partial responsibility"—which are by no means generally accepted, as well as many which, though forming undoubtedly a part of the law of the subject, are reprobated by physicians, and doubtfully regarded by many sound and independent lawyers on the Bench. The legal aspects of the whole subject are fully discussed in this volume, which is, for America at least, one of the standard works upon this branch of law.

A Report on the Law and Practice of Quarantine † on the Southern Coasts of the United States contains a good deal of curious and conflicting evidence respecting the efficacy of the means commonly employed to exclude contagion by physical precautions. Whether it be possible or not to establish a blockade against disease must of course depend primarily upon the mode in which the germs of disease are conveyed, and thus involves the whole question of the nature of contagion, the character of contagious diseases, and their mode of propagation—matters upon which physicians of the highest authority seem to be not unequally divided. Till they are agreed, it seems hopeless to ask those who are threatened by contagion to give up the precautions which, on the old theory, are most effective against it; and on this ground, if not on any more positive, the Report upholds the general system, while carefully discussing the periods, duration, and machinery of quarantine in general, and in particular instances. The scourge against which the Southern States are obliged to guard is of course the yellow fever, which, though it is sometimes said to be native to New Orleans, and certainly finds favourable conditions there, is considered by Southerners at any rate to be generally a foreign importation, and to have its especial habitat in the West Indies and on the coasts of Central and South America.

A detailed "History of Short-Horn Cattle ‡," the origin of the race, their supposed affinities, and the breeds in which their peculiar virtues are most highly developed, may be very valuable to breeders and agriculturists, but can hardly command the attention of the general reader.

Three clever volumes of fugitive papers, originally bearing the pseudonym of Frederic Ingham, are now published with the real name of the author, Edward E. Hale. The *Ingham Papers* § consist chiefly of humorous sketches of, possible or impossible adventures, not wholly unworthy of the author of that wild and wonderful absurdity, "The Brick Moon," which, in remarking on a previous collection, we recommended to the notice of our readers. *If, Yes, and Perhaps* ‖ derives its title apparently from two or three pieces of imaginary history, as a supposed meeting of Homer and David, of Paul and Nero, &c. But the most original

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* *The Science Record for 1873.* A Compendium of Scientific Progress and Discovery during the Past Year. Edited by Alfred E. Beach. With Illustrations. New York: Munn & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1873.

† *The Year-Book of Nature and Popular Science for 1872.* Edited by John C. Draper, M.D., Professor of Natural History and Physiology in the College of the City of New York, and of Chemistry in the University Medical College. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1873.

‡ *Contributions to Mental Pathology.* By J. Ray, M.D., Author of "Medical Jurisprudence of Insanity," and "Mental Hygiene." Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

* *A Treatise on Mental Unsoundness; embracing a General View of Psychological Law.* By Francis Wharton, LL.D., Author of "Treatises on Criminal Law," and "On the Conflict of Laws." Philadelphia: Tray & Brother. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1873.

† *Report on Quarantine on the Southern and Gulf Coasts of the United States.* By Harvey E. Brown, Assistant-Surgeon, United States Army. New York: Wood & Co. London. Sampson Low & Co. 1873.

‡ *History of the Short-Horn Cattle: their Origin, Progress, and Present Condition.* By Lewis F. Allen, Author of "American Cattle," Editor of the "American Short-Horn Herd Book," &c. Buffalo, N. Y.: Published by the Author. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

§ *The Ingham Papers: some Memorials of the Life of Captain Frederic Ingham, U.S.N., sometime Pastor of the first Sandemanian Church in Nuguadavick, and Major-General by Brevet in the Patriot Service in Italy.* By Edward E. Hale, Author of "If, Yes, and Perhaps." Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1869.

‖ *If, Yes, and Perhaps: Four Possibilities and Six Exaggerations, with some Bits of Fact.* By Edward E. Hale. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

and striking paper in the collection is the story of "The Man without a Country," a fellow-conspirator of Burr, sentenced, in accordance with his own rash imprecation, "never to hear of the United States again." There are now some millions of involuntary citizens on whom the pathos and the moral of the tale will fall very dead indeed. *Sybaris* * contains a series of sketches of communities real and imaginary, intended apparently to contrast real and ideal society, and discussing the means of providing suburban houses for the working classes. Mrs. Stowe's *Palmetto Leaves* † is another collection, with less humour and more pretension to serious purpose.

The Medical and Surgical History of the Rebellion, Part I. ‡, is published in two enormous quarto volumes, the surgical volume chiefly filled with "cases," the medical with statistical tables, showing the mortality and sickness in different places and at different times, and the comparative loss by different classes of disease. The subject as well as the size of the work puts it beyond the scope of the general reader's studies; and even professional men can rarely have leisure to study a record so ponderous. The introduction, with a careful abridgment of the tables and a judicious selection from the cases, might, if published separately, be more useful and more popular.

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* *Sybaris and other Homes.* By Edward E. Hale. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1869.

† *Palmetto Leaves.* By Harriet Beecher Stowe. Illustrated. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

‡ *The Medical and Surgical History of the War of the Rebellion* (1861–65). Prepared in accordance with Acts of Congress, under the direction of Surgeon-General Joseph K. Barnes, United States Army. Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1871.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—PARTICULAR ATTRACTIONS.
THIS DAY and NEXT WEEK.
Saturday (May 24)—Second Grand Summer Concert, at 3.
Monday, Wednesday, Friday—Orchestral Music, Great Organ, &c.
Tuesday—Opera, "Il Flauto Magico," at 3.
Thursday—Opera, "Lucrezia," at 3; First Great Firework Fête.
Saturday—Third Grand Summer Concert, at 3.
The Fine Arts Courts and Collections, the Zoological and Natural History Collections, all the various Illustrations of Art, Science, and Nature, and the Gardens and Park always open. Music and Fountains daily.
Admission, Monday to Friday, 1s.; Saturdays, 2s., or by Ticket purchased before the day, 2s. 6d. Guinea Season Ticket free.

MR. SIMS REEVES' BENEFIT CONCERT, at St. James's Hall, on Tuesday Evening next. Artists: Madame Sherrington, Miss Helen Dillon, and Madame Otto Alvsleben; Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Trelawny Cobham, and Mr. Santley. Pianoforte, Mr. Charles Hallé. Orchestral combination: Messrs. La Jeunesse, Conductors; Messrs. Blagrove, Howell, Mayer Lutz, and Arthur Sullivan.—Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Reserved Seats, 5s.; Balcony Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. and 2s. Tickets of Austin, St. James's Hall; Chappell & Co., New Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co., Cheapside; Hay's, Royal Exchange Buildings; and Bousey & Co., Holles Street.

HANS VON BULOW and VIEUXTEMPS, LAST TIME this Season, Tuesday next, May 27, MUSICAL UNION.—Quartet in (8-8) B flat, Mozart; Piano Quartet, first time, Op. 38, Rheinberger; Sonata, Piano and Violin, Bach; Sonata, E flat, Op. 31, Beethoven; Nocturne, Op. 37, and Valse, Op. 42, Chopin. Family Admissions for Three, One Guinea; single Tickets, Half-a-Guinea; to be had of Austin, or payable at St. James's Hall. Doors open at a quarter to Three.

J. ELLA, *Director.*

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Lessee, Mrs. John Wood; Director, Monsieur Humbert.—Monday, May 26, and every Evening during the Week, at 8·15, the celebrated Opera Bouffe in Three Acts, LA FILLE DE MADAME ANGOT. Music by Charles Lecocq. The original cast from the "Fantaisies Parisiennes," Brussels. Mesdames Pauline Luigini, Jeanne d'Albert, Delorme, MM. Marie Widmer, Jolly, Chambéry. Orchestra and Chorus of Seventy. Conductor, M. Warnots.—Private Boxes, 3, 4, 5, and 6 Guineas; Stalls, 15s.; Dress Circle, 10s. 6d.; First Circle, 6s.; Side Boxes, 4s.; Gallery, 2s. Box Office open from Eleven till Five.

HORSE and CARRIAGE SHOW, AGRICULTURAL HALL, ISLINGTON.—Open Saturday, May 31. Admission Half-a-crown. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, One Shilling. Entrance, Islington Green.

HORSE SHOW, Saturday, May 31.—PUBLIC JUDGING of Hunters in four classes. Stallions three classes. Riding Horses and other Hacks five classes. The AGRICULTURAL HALL CUP will be awarded to the best Hunter in the Show. Doors open at Ten o'clock.

HORSE SHOW, AGRICULTURAL HALL, Monday, June 2.—PUBLIC JUDGING. Ponies, Harness Pairs, and Four-in-hands. Parade of Prize Horses, and Leaping in the Afternoon. Admission One Shilling. Entrance, Islington Green.

THE SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER-COLOURS.—The SIXTY-NINTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION is now OPEN, 5 Pall Mall East, from Nine till Seven. Admittance, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.

ALFRED D. FRIPP, *Secretary.*

PICTURES in the LOUVRE GALLERY.—ON VIEW, a Collection of fine AUTOTYPE PRINTS from the principal *chefs-d'œuvre* in this celebrated Collection.—AUTOTYPE GRAND FINE ART GALLERY, 36 Rathbone Place (Next door to Winsor & Newton's).

ELIJAH WALTON'S PAINTINGS.—EXHIBITION, including "A Storm on the Sea" and "A Sand Storm in the Desert," and new and important Drawings in the Bernese Oberland, &c., NOW OPEN at the Burlington Gallery, 191 Piccadilly. Ten to Six.—Admission, with Catalogue, 1s.

DORÉ'S GREAT PICTURE of "CHRIST LEAVING the PRAETORIUM," with "Triumph of Christianity," "Christian Martyrs," "Francesca da Rimini," "Neophyte," "Andromeda," &c., at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35 New Bond Street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

ROYAL LITERARY FUND.—The EIGHTY-FOURTH ANNIVERSARY DINNER of the Corporation will take place in Freemasons' Hall, on Wednesday next, May 28.

The Right Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P., in the Chair.

Dinner at Half-past 6 for 7 precisely, at which hour the Chair will be taken.

10 John Street, Adelphi, W.C. OCTAVIAN BLEWITT, *Secretary.*

A GRAND BALL in Aid of the Funds of the UNIVERSITY COLLEGE HOSPITAL will be held at Willis's Rooms, St. James's, on Thursday, June 5, under the gracious Patronage of Her Royal Highness the PRINCESS of WALES, &c.—Vouchers and Tickets may be obtained from the Lady Patronesses, from the Stewards, and the Secretary at the Hospital, as well as at Willis's Rooms. Tickets (not transferable), One Guinea. Supper included.

CHRISTIAN EVIDENCE SOCIETY.—EVIDENTIAL DISCOURSES at St. George's Hall, Langham Place. On Monday Evening next, May 26, an Address will be given by the Rev. EDWARD GARBETT, M.A., Vicar of Christ Church, Surbiton. Subject: "The Bible a Book for the World." The Chair will be taken at Eight o'clock by the Hon. WILLIAM ASHLEY.—Admission Free. Subsequent Discourses as follows:—June 16, Rev. SAMUEL GARRATT, M.A., "Objections to Revealed Religion an Evidence of its Truth." June 23, Rev. J. BALDWIN BROWN, B.A., "The Fulness of Times." June 30, Rev. W. SANDAY, M.A., "Literary Criticism and Christian Belief." July 7, LORD BISHOP of GLOUCESTER and BRISTOL, "Present Aspect of Christian Evidences."

2 Duke Street, Adelphi, W.C., May 1873. P. BARKER, M.A., *Secretary.*

FETTES COLLEGE, COMELY BANK, EDINBURGH.

Head-Master.

ALEXANDER W. POTTS, M.A., late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and some time one of the Assistant Masters of Rugby School.

SCHOLARSHIPS.

Two Scholarships, each of the annual value of £40, and tenable during residence at the College, will be open to Public Competition in July 1873.

The Examination will be open to any Boys (not already on the Foundation), whether Members of the College or not, between Eleven and Fourteen years of age. Allowance will be made for age, and sound elementary training will be considered very important.

The Candidates will be examined in English Grammar and Composition, Arithmetic, Latin Grammar and Construction, and Prose Composition. Boys over Thirteen years of age will also be examined in Greek, French, and Geometry.

The successful Candidates will be required to reside in the College, and will be admitted in the month of September following their election.

The ordinary charges for each Boy are as follows:

Entrance Fee ..... 10 Guineas.

ANNUAL CHARGE.

Board .....£60 per Annum.
Tuition ..... £15 "

But in the case of Scholars the Entrance Fee will not be exacted; so that the actual annual cost of each Scholar, giving credit for the amount of the Scholarship, will be £45.

The names of intending Competitors for the Scholarships must be lodged with Mr. FREDERICK FITMAN, W.S., 48 Castle Street, Edinburgh, Clerk to the Trustees, not later than July 1, 1873.

CLIFTON COLLEGE.—SCHOLARSHIPS—The following will be open to Competition at Midsummer:

1. One or more of the value of £80 a year (equivalent to both Board and Tuition free), tenable during the holder's stay at the College.
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In order of Merit.	NAMES.	Total No. of Marks.
*1.	Wilson, J.	1,749
*2.	Macleane, W. A.	1,737
*3.	Mert, W. R. H.	1,723
*4.	Finlay, J.	1,718
*5.	Chapra, E.	1,647
*6.	Staley, A. E.	1,625
*7.	Russell, W.	1,615
*8.	Mackay, D. L. M.	1,588
9.	Hughes, G.	1,526
10.	Hewson, F. T.	1,520
11.	Fuller, J. B.	1,522
*12.	Sayers, E. S.	1,510
*13.	Melrose, J. J.	1,507
	Taylor, L.	1,507
14.	Wells, W. F. W.	1,500
15.	Pennington, H. F. D.	1,495
17.	Dé, B.	1,491
16.	Pargiter, F. E.	1,476

In order of Merit.	NAMES.	Total No. of Marks.
19.	Place, G. W.	1,472
20.	Farrer, H.	1,467
21.	Thorburn, W. M.	1,464
*22.	Mitchell, T. C.	1,462
*23.	Boulger, G. S.	1,456
24.	Marindale, A. H. F.	1,455
25.	Marriott, C. R.	1,447
*26.	Primrose, A. Y.	1,439
*27.	Anderson, J. D.	1,438
28.	O'Farrell, H. H.	1,437
*29.	Ritchie, J. G.	1,431
30.	Primrose, H. F.	1,418
*31.	Hobbes, F. B.	1,417
32.	Rees, J. D.	1,415
33.	Piddian, J. P.	1,409
34.	Tremenheere, J. H. A.	1,406
35.	Power, G. F. T.	1,405

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THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

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THE FRENCH CONSERVATIVES AND M. THIERS.

If the motives of the majority which has overthrown M. THIERS had to be divined from the Duke of BROGLIE'S speech, the French Conservatives would appear even more unwise than they really are. That men who wish to re-establish Monarchy in any shape whatever should feel M. THIERS to be an insurmountable obstacle is intelligible, and from this point of view it is probable that his deposition has not been resolved on a moment too soon. What is more doubtful is, whether it has been resolved on quite soon enough. But the Duke of BROGLIE asks the world to believe that the interests of Conservatism as apart from Monarchy would have suffered by M. THIERS remaining in office. There was not a word in his speech about a Restoration, there was not even any waste of emotion over the extinct Bordeaux Compact. The policy of the Government was throughout described and assailed, not as a Republican, but as a Radical, policy. The Duke was good enough to acquit M. THIERS and his Cabinet of any intention of overturning the existing foundations of society; indeed he predicted that the Ministers themselves would be among the first victims of their own blindness. But concession to Radicalism may be quite as mischievous as Radicalism itself; and concession to Radicalism, the Duke of BROGLIE says, has from the first been one of the elements of which M. THIERS'S policy has been composed. It is true that frank hostility to Radicalism has been another element, and that at particular periods and in particular parts of the country this latter element has even been predominant. But the state of affairs has become too serious for the Conservative party to rest content with a half-and-half allegiance. As represented by the Duke of BROGLIE, they felt that it was time for M. THIERS to make his choice and for them to make theirs. A new Ministry had been formed during the recess, and the indications of the PRESIDENT'S intentions afforded by the change were all of the wrong sort. The Duke of BROGLIE confessed that the Bill depriving Lyons of municipal freedom had in some respects served as a trap for the Government. It had excited immense hostility on the part of the Radicals, and this was exactly what it was intended to do. The Conservatives meant fighting, and Lyons was the field chosen for the first battle. The Government fell into the snare, and found themselves committed as regards the great cities to a policy of simple suppression. As soon, however, as they found out what they had done, they set to work to disavow it. The conflict in the Assembly was reproduced in the Cabinet by the contention between M. DE GOULARD and M. JULES SIMON. If M. SIMON had been got rid of and M. DE GOULARD had been retained, no Conservative assurances need have been demanded. But the value of M. SIMON'S dismissal was neutralized by M. DE GOULARD'S having to bear him company in exile, and the composition of the new Cabinet was of a kind to show that it represents concession to Radicalism rather than resistance. Consequently the Conservative party had no choice left them but to eject it from office at any cost. If they failed in the effort, they would at least have delivered their own consciences, and be guiltless of any complicity with a policy which must inevitably make all those who have a share in it mere dependents of the Radicals.

If this speech expressed the real views of the Conservative party in France, it would be difficult to explain such extraordinary political blindness. It is intelligible that the Left should have objected to the organization of the Republic by M. THIERS and the existing Assembly. It is intelligible that more cautious observers, whether in France or elsewhere, should have shared in this objection, on the ground that the danger of exasperating the Republicans beyond endurance was too great to be encountered without some better cause than had been shown. What is not intelligible is that Conservatives professing to care for Conservatism more than for Monarchy, and as ready to run risks in support of their preference as the event has shown them to be, should have disliked the prospect before them. The great object of Radical politicians in France for the last two years has been to prevent the exercise of constituent powers by the Assembly. M. THIERS had, after long hesitation, agreed to treat the Assembly as constituent, and had brought in a Bill which would have made France a Republic of an exceedingly Conservative type. It is possible that this Republic would have been so unpopular with advanced Republicans that it would only have excited them to attempt its destruction at some future time. But this possibility attached to it in common with every device for making the Government the legal expression of the Conservative feeling of the country. There had been a safer road open to the Conservatives some time ago, but that road had been closed against them by their own obstinacy. They might have dissolved the Assembly at the time when almost every election would have gone in favour of the candidate who was loudest in support of M. THIERS, and then have carried through the work of organization with an Assembly composed of these materials. They threw away that opportunity because they wanted an Assembly which would be Monarchical as well as Republican, and the second best choice only was left to them. Even this they have deliberately rejected. It will be very difficult for them now to found a Conservative Republic, even if they should conceive the wish to do so. With or without cause, they have become associated in the minds of the Republican party with the notion of a Monarchical Restoration, and every essay they make towards framing a Constitution will be viewed with cold distrust and accepted, if accepted at all, as the act of a usurper, who must be submitted to so long and so long only as there is no one strong enough to send him about his business. Under any circumstances this would have been a danger ahead, and if there were any man who could have carried the ship through the breakers it was M. THIERS. The Conservatives have rejected his aid at the precise juncture when it had become more than ever indispensable to them. M. THIERS'S speech must have carried this conviction to their minds if their fears of Radicalism had been the sole motive of their interpellation. The picture he drew of a Republic fenced round with all manner of Conservative institutions was precisely what ought to have charmed them, had their real and their declared wishes been identical. That it had no attractions for them, that it did not prevent them from voting against the order of the day after they had learned that its rejection would entail the resignation of the PRESIDENT, is conclusive evidence that they had other interests in view than those of Conservatism. The authors of the interpellation may say, if they choose, that the form of Government was not under discussion; but it was under discussion indirectly. If the interests which the majority had at heart had not been associated with Monarchy as opposed to a Republic, they would never have thought of promoting them by overthrowing M. THIERS.

The vote of the 24th of May is nothing less, therefore, than a Monarchical conspiracy, so far as the term can be applied to an attempt to obtain an end which is legitimate, however unwise, by means which have not as yet involved any violation of constitutional forms. In the sense, however of an attempt to do one thing while professing to do another, it is strictly a conspiracy. Fortunately for France, it is a conspiracy which can hardly bear the light of day without instantly breaking up. There are three parties in the Assembly who have a keen interest in preventing the foundation of a lasting Republic, but each of them is equally interested in preventing the founda-

tion of the particular Monarchy desired by the other two. M. THIERS's description of the condition of the Monarchical party is completely borne out by the composition of the new Cabinet; Legitimists, Orleanists, and Imperialists are all represented in it. It is not very long in point of time since the Duke of AUDIFFRET PASQUIER would have been regarded as an indispensable member of any Ministry taken from the Right. But the Duke had the misfortune to make a speech against the Empire before the Orleanists had discovered that it was not enough for them to make friends of the elder branch of the House of BOURBON unless they could come to terms with the House of BONAPARTE as well. The division was too close to allow a single vote to be dispensed with, and the Imperialists, though they can claim at most half-a-dozen deputies, have obtained a place for at least one of them in the Cabinet. Hereafter, if it should appear that NAPOLEON IV. has a better chance of reigning than HENRY V. or LOUIS-PHILIPPE II., they will no doubt find Orleanists and Legitimists equally ready to play into their hands. The Duke of BROGLIE will have discovered by that time, what he has probably begun to suspect already, that safe servitude even under a BONAPARTE is better than the dangerous liberty of a Republic. He is tired even of that amount of unchartered freedom which has been permitted under the rule of M. THIERS, and it will not be difficult for him to find merits formerly unperceived in the changeless repose which characterizes legislatures returned by obedient voters under the guidance of properly drilled prefects. At present, however, this is only a vision of the future. It is not likely that any one of the three parties to the coalition has as yet abandoned the hope that the crown will be found under its own particular thimble. In the natural unwillingness of the two who have been duped to anticipate the painful moment when their dawning suspicions will be verified, and in the prudent acquiescence of the third in a refusal to see things as they are which is so likely to end in making them what it wishes them to be, lies for the present the best hope of free government in France.

THE O'KEEFFE CASE.

ONE more stage in the interminable O'KEEFFE case has been reached, and the jury have given the plaintiff a verdict with a farthing damages in his action for libel against Cardinal CULLEN. But the verdict is really that of the judge and not of the jury, for the jury wished to be discharged without giving any verdict at all, and it was only in obedience to the positive commands of the CHIEF JUSTICE that they gave the plaintiff a verdict, marking by the smallness of the damages their sense of the pressure put upon them. In itself the history of Father O'KEEFFE, of his rights and his wrongs, his schemings and his defeats, his pugnacity, and the conduct of his spiritual superiors towards him, is inexpressibly dreary. He must have been a very unpleasant subordinate, but then his superiors behaved in a decidedly unpleasant way towards him. It is only on account of the main question of law involved that the case is worth noticing. No doubt this is a question of some importance, although it is really nothing more than the question whether a statute of Elizabeth, forbidding the introduction of or acting upon Papal Bulls or Rescripts, is in force in Ireland or has been repealed by implication. Cardinal CULLEN suspended Father O'KEEFFE from his office of parish priest of Callan, and announced in writing that he had suspended him. This announcement constituted the libel complained of. Father O'KEEFFE said that he had not been suspended by any competent authority, and that it was defaming him in his character as a parish priest to say that he had been. The CHIEF JUSTICE instructed the jury that, if it was true that the plaintiff had not been suspended by competent authority, it was libellous to say that he had been, although the Cardinal was acting perfectly *bonâ fide*, and was only discharging what he believed to be a duty of his office in announcing the plaintiff's suspension. In point of fact the plaintiff had been suspended by the Cardinal acting under a Papal Rescript. Without the authority which this Rescript gave him, the Cardinal could not have suspended Father O'KEEFFE; for it is the province of his bishop to suspend a parish priest, not of an archbishop, and Cardinal CULLEN could not, as Archbishop, have suspended the plaintiff. He acted in virtue of a Papal Rescript empowering him to act; but the Rescript was, according to the CHIEF JUSTICE, wholly illegal. It was an offence in Cardinal CULLEN to act at all on it in Ireland, for he was positively forbidden to do so by an unrepealed statute. While the Cardinal, in his answer to the action, said that it was true that the plaintiff had been suspended in a manner consistent with English law, the CHIEF JUSTICE said that this was untrue, for that English law distinctly forbade the use of the means by which he had been suspended. And this brings us to the O'KEEFFE case as it comes before Parliament. The National Board is in danger of being censured because it treated the suspension of Father O'KEEFFE as valid. In the first instance the Board only received a notification from the Bishop that Father O'KEEFFE had been suspended, but they had sufficient notice before they finally acted that the real authority under which he had been suspended was that of the Archbishop. According to the CHIEF JUSTICE, directly they knew this, they ought to have known that an archbishop could not, without the authority of a Rescript, have suspended a priest; and that to act on any Rescript of the kind was positively illegal. Exactly the same thing happened with the Poor Law Board, which has been praised for having given the plaintiff a hearing which the National Board denied him. After some correspondence had passed, the Poor Law Board actually quoted the terms of the suspension, showing that it was issued by an Archbishop, and informed Father O'KEEFFE that they saw no reason to doubt that his suspension had proceeded from a competent authority. What then, as the CHIEF JUSTICE asked, was the competent authority that satisfied them? It was, he took for granted, the Papal delegation to the Cardinal, and "they obeyed and executed the "Papal mandate." In doing this he intimated that they were guilty of high treason, which is a very alarming end of the business, and shows how dangerous a thing it is to be mixed up with the quarrels of Irish ecclesiastics.

For a moment it will be advantageous to turn to another aspect of the O'KEEFFE case, and to regard the question at issue as purely one of contract. It was argued for Cardinal CULLEN that the plaintiff, by accepting the position of a parish priest in the Romish Church, had contracted to accept all the consequences of that position, and among them that of being suspended if the POPE, through any duly appointed delegate, chose to suspend him. The CHIEF JUSTICE invited the jury to look at the matter from this point of view; but then, he said, suspension is a judicial act, and the law will not allow an English subject to contract himself out of the right to have a fair trial before a judicial sentence is pronounced against him. In the eyes of the CHIEF JUSTICE Father O'KEEFFE never had a fair trial, and he grounded this conclusion partly on the treatment which the plaintiff had received from his ecclesiastical superior during a long and stormy career, and partly on the fact of the Cardinal's having finally suspended him without having properly allowed him to say what he had to say in his defence. Thus the whole story of Father O'KEEFFE was imported into the trial, and it became quite clear that in his time he had given as much trouble and suffered as much annoyance as most men. In his early days at Callan he was a prosperous and energetic man, standing well with his Bishop, and with a reputation for learning. But he at last aspired too highly. He took it into his head that the one thing wanting to his perfect success at Callan was that he should be allowed to set up an establishment of nuns in his parish. His Bishop fenced with him for some time, and at last pronounced that he was not a proper person to have the charge of nuns. Father O'KEEFFE immediately threatened an action, and the Bishop compromised the matter by paying 550*l.* He took his revenge, however, by sending to Callan two curates who were thorns in the Father's flesh, and denounced him in his own church as a liar. The Father immediately went to law, and succeeded in one of the actions he brought for libel. For this disobedience to canonical rules he was threatened with suspension, but nothing had been done to show him that his position had been altered, until the eve of an election for a new bishop, when he was informed that his vote could not be received, as he was threatened with suspension; and it is said that the reason of this sudden intervention was that there was a very close contest for the bishopric between a nephew of Cardinal CULLEN and an O'KEEFFE, and the Father's vote might have turned the scale. Further he wished to be allowed to go to Rome to plead his cause, but Cardinal CULLEN happened to be at Rome when his application arrived, and in consequence, as it is said, of the Cardinal's intervention, leave was refused him. Whether this is a fair account of the Cardinal's action in the matter we do not know, but there can be no doubt that the CHIEF JUSTICE wished to convey to the jury the impression that the natural interpretation to put on the Cardinal's interference was that it was such as to prevent the plaintiff from being fairly tried. Lastly, the Cardinal, when he finally proceeded to suspend the plaintiff, did so in a manner which distinguished canonists who were called as witnesses pronounced quite regular, but which is technically

known as acting *ex informatâ conscientiâ*, and which comes to this—that when an ecclesiastical superior thinks he knows enough about the case of an inferior, he need not trouble himself to go any further, but may act at once. According to the CHIEF JUSTICE, this is not consistent with English law. An English subject cannot contract that another shall inflict upon him pecuniary loss when merely acting *ex informatâ conscientiâ*. The person who is to inflict the penalty must take some better means of ascertaining that he is doing justice, and at least he must give the person he is judging a fair opportunity of defence.

Here, however, we are brought back again to the statute of ELIZABETH. The priest makes a contract by accepting his position, but what that contract is must be judged from all the circumstances in which he finds himself. The Canonists say that a priest binds himself to be judged *ex informatâ conscientiâ* in case his ecclesiastical superiors think proper to judge him in this way; but they only say this because this mode of judging is permitted or enjoined by a particular Papal Bull. If a priest lives in a country where the operation of this Bull is prohibited by a special law, he must, for legal purposes, the CHIEF JUSTICE says, be held to be contracting with regard to this statutory enactment. His ecclesiastical superiors, in fact, if the CHIEF JUSTICE is right, by allowing him to act as a priest in a country where this Bull has no force, agree to accord him an exemption from its operation. A priest tacitly contracts to render full canonical obedience, but an Irish priest, by the mere fact of his being in Ireland, gives notice that in his case the obligation of obeying judgments *ex informatâ conscientiâ* is not a part of his contract. This is not the consequence of legislation which is exclusively English. In Catholic countries it used at one time to be the received theory that Papal Bulls did not operate in a country until they were brought into its territory and published there, and the most rigid precautions were taken to prevent a messenger who was supposed to have a Bull in his pocket from crossing the frontier. Priests whom such Bulls threatened were thus protected by the State, and it was part of their general legal position that, so long as the Bull was kept out of the country, it should be held as non-existent in all local courts, ecclesiastical as well as civil. We shall probably hear a great deal more of the O'KEEFFE case, and of the questions growing out of it, and the first thing that will occur to most English minds is that, if the statute of ELIZABETH is really in force, the best thing is to repeal it, and to leave Irish priests perfectly free to make any contract that they please which the general principles of English law will permit English Courts to recognize. But although this will probably be the result of the controversy, yet it is not quite so simple a solution of the difficulty as might appear. If the CHIEF JUSTICE is right, this statute is a bulwark against ecclesiastical tyranny; and existing priests may say that they became priests in Ireland under the protection thus accorded to them, and that to repeal the statute would be to alter to their prejudice a contract which they made in reliance upon the special provisions of English law. Strict justice might, therefore, be said to demand that the repealing Act should provide that the statute of ELIZABETH shall be held to be in force for the benefit of all priests already ordained in any part of the British dominion to which that statute now extends. But nothing, it is certain, would be more distasteful to the Romish hierarchy than such a proviso, which they would consider a fatal blow to their disciplinary powers; and as most Roman Catholics would agree with their bishops as to this, we should be once more proposing to pass a Bill displeasing to Roman Catholics, when we had no other reason for passing it than our wish to please them. The more the whole subject is considered, the more its difficulties grow upon us, and it must be a great delight to Father O'KEEFFE, who evidently loves a fight for the mere fun of it, that he has set a contest raging the end of which no one can as yet pretend to see.

THE *ALABAMA* VOTE.

IT had been hoped that the *Alabama* controversy was finally at an end; but Mr. BENTINCK availed himself of his technical right to discuss the vote for payment of the damages, and perhaps some future excuse may be found for reviving once more the unpalatable discussion. Mr. BENTINCK's opinions are not confined to himself; but there is little advantage in repeating again and again the admission that the arbitration has not been glorious or satisfactory to England. The Government and nation may fairly claim not only the credit but the monopoly of moderation, of courtesy, of consistency, and of good faith; but the world admires successful arrogance and astuteness more cordially than it esteems milder virtues. The Americans would probably have been mortified at the failure of the notorious Indirect Claims if they had not provided themselves with an apocryphal theory to explain or conceal their defeat. Although the English agents refused, in accordance with their instructions, to appear before the arbitrators until the claims were withdrawn, Mr. BANCROFT DAVIS and Mr. FISH endeavour to persuade their countrymen that the preliminary refusal of the arbitrators to entertain a monstrous contention amounted, notwithstanding the absence of one of the parties, to a judicial decision. The characteristic passion for sharp practice has been indulged by another unexpected triumph. Ordinary litigants believe, or wish others to believe, that the claims which they have established are not only successful but just. The House of Representatives has deliberately and gratuitously announced that the Geneva Tribunal has been taken in. The damages awarded for injuries supposed to have been suffered by American citizens are, according to General BUTLER and his majority, exorbitant and partially unfounded; and it is consequently proposed that the Government of the United States shall appropriate to its own purposes the difference between the damages actually incurred and the amount which was obtained by the ingenuity of the American agents and counsel. In this instance Congress has overreached itself, for the cynicism of the proceeding has been regarded in England rather with amused complacency than with serious indignation; yet Mr. BENTINCK is justified in his belief that the result of the contest has on the whole been favourable to the more aggressive and pertinacious disputant. Foreign nations, though they censured the audacious claim for consequential damages, rightly judge that the party which conceded the most was especially anxious for a settlement on any terms. The defeated cause may have approved itself to moralists and jurists, but fortune visibly favoured the side of the victor.

Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, who, as a member of the Opposition, ought not to have been employed on the Washington Commission, evidently regrets his own share in the negotiations. His speech on Mr. BENTINCK's motion was directed to the object of devolving the whole of the responsibility on the Government at home. It is true that diplomatists placed, as Sir S. NORTHCOTE said, at the end of a telegraphic wire occupy an embarrassing position. No agent would wish to conduct an important commercial negotiation with his principal in the next room. The American Commissioners fully understood that the English Government was bent on the conclusion of a treaty; and it could not therefore be expected that they would be chary in their demands or liberal in their concessions. Whenever the English plenipotentiaries hesitated, their colleagues willingly gave them time to consult the oracle at home, in well-founded confidence that the answer would be agreeable to their own wishes. Lord RIPON and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE must be acquitted of undue pliability; but less dignified agents might not less efficiently have deciphered and transmitted telegraphic messages. The proper function of ambassadors and diplomatic agents is to interpose themselves between the conflicting passions and interests of their respective Governments. When they are actually and professedly mere recipients from hour to hour of peremptory instructions, they are, like buffers with broken springs, incapable of modifying the shock of a collision. On a former occasion Sir S. NORTHCOTE confessed that the English plenipotentiaries had, with or without fault of their own, entirely misapprehended the intentions of the American Commissioners. It is probable that their own reports to the English Government may have sometimes conveyed erroneous impressions, and future diplomatists may learn the lesson that the electric telegraph is at the same time too peremptory and too uncertain. Since the days when the Spartan Ephors exchanged epigrammatic despatches with their kings and generals in the field, it has not been found convenient to study Laconic brevity in diplomatic communications. Shades of meaning, degrees of probability, and distinctions between ultimate resolutions and tentative professions of policy cannot easily be conveyed by transmarine cables. In the case of the Washington negotiations it may be conjectured, not that the English Government was habitually misinformed, but that the Commissioners were not allowed sufficient discretion. It might be a salutary rule for diplomatists to affect inability to use the electric telegraph. The loss of time which would be incurred by waiting for the regular course of despatches might not be without compensating advantages.

Mr. GLADSTONE, who might perhaps have dispensed with the necessity of answering Mr. BENTINCK, adopted the style of official commonplace which he has of late judiciously cultivated. No quality of the same order more justly commands the confidence of Parliament than the art of saying as much as is sufficient for the purpose, without propounding general doctrines or questionable principles. It was highly proper that Mr. GLADSTONE should explain away the new rules of international law into mere glosses or amplifications of established maxims of jurisprudence. Due diligence, as he forcibly explained, means the diligence which is due; and if the Geneva Arbitrators have measured the obligation by a novel and inadmissible standard, the fault lies not with the Commissioners who assented to the use of the term, but with the tribunal which afterwards misunderstood it. There was a trace of Mr. GLADSTONE'S natural subtlety of mind in the statement that the claims for the Fenian incursions into Canada have not been settled, inasmuch as they were, at the instance of the American counsel, excluded from the negotiation and from the treaty. It is true that the Canadians have nothing to complain of, since they accepted the guarantee of a part of the cost of a railway in satisfaction for their claims, but the right which has been reserved of asking satisfaction for the Fenian outrages is barren and unprofitable. It is quite certain that no demand of the kind will ever be admitted, in the improbable contingency of its being preferred. The American Commissioners bluntly refused to entertain a claim which was far better founded than their own, and the English Government is practically estopped, by acquiescing in the refusal, from hereafter reviving the demand. The rest of Mr. GLADSTONE'S speech amounted to a virtual assertion that it was inexpedient to discuss the *Alabama* or the Arbitration any further. It is for the benefit of the community of nations that litigation should at some time cease, and, if humiliation has been incurred, there is no use in keeping unpleasant associations fresh in memory. If Mr. LOWE or Mr. GLYN has at any time used injudicious language, Mr. GLADSTONE conventionally explains that he is not responsible for the non-official words of his colleagues, and that they have probably been misreported. It is much to be wished that he may baffle more serious attacks on his Government with equal prudence.

The English Government is fortunately not bound to notice either Mr. CUSHING'S scurrilous lampoon, or the correspondence between Mr. BANCROFT DAVIS and Mr. FISH. If the American counsel and agents, or even the SECRETARY of STATE, think fit to exchange with one another misrepresentations of the proceedings in the *Alabama* case, their bad feeling and bad taste are matters only of domestic concern. Nearly twenty years ago Mr. CUSHING, then Attorney-General, thought fit publicly to affront the English Crown in terms of wanton insolence. It now appears that he contributed some of the more offensive portions of the American Case, although Mr. BANCROFT DAVIS and Mr. FISH assume the exclusive paternity of the Indirect Claims. It seems to foreigners that the attempt to convert the reference to arbitration into an occasion of insult was thoroughly discreditable; but it must be presumed that American functionaries understand the temper of their countrymen. The only point in the correspondence which deserves attention is the intimation on the part of Mr. FISH that his Government, having profited by an extravagant interpretation of international law to the detriment of neutrals, intends hereafter to repudiate the contention of its advocates and the decisions of the tribunal by straining, in case of need, the rules of law to the detriment of future belligerents. In substance, Mr. FISH holds out a threat that if England should be at war with any third Power, American citizens will be allowed to equip cruisers against English commerce. The sound legal doctrines maintained by Sir ALEXANDER COCKBURN are to be accepted whenever they may suit American interests, on the pretext that the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE described himself as a representative of England for the non-judicial purpose of vindicating the character of an English statesman. No official declaration was needed to show that the judgment of Geneva would be only so far accepted by the United States as it might from time to time suit American interests; but credulous philanthropists, if they were accessible to conviction, might profit by the earliest illustration of the advantages of the new millennium. The anticipation that the equipment of American *Alabamas* would be rendered impossible by the Geneva award is already proved to be unsound. Three millions will have been paid exclusively for the settlement of a single quarrel.

PRESIDENT MACMAHON.

THE promptitude with which a new Cabinet has been constructed and a new President elected does more credit to the organization than to the frankness of the majority in the French Assembly. The Duke of BROGLIE spoke on Friday as though he were anxious to obtain some reassuring declaration from M. THIERS or his Ministers, but like other orators who profess to pause for a reply, he had evidently made up his mind that no declaration should reassure him. On former occasions when the Right have driven M. THIERS hard, it has been with the intention of bringing the truant back to their side. This time, though their speeches have pointed to the same design, their acts have shown that their object was to get rid of him altogether. The Cabinet which they have presented to the new PRESIDENT had been decided on before the debate began, and if the President to whom it was to be presented was not determined on so early, it was not from any lingering wish to retain M. THIERS. The Duke of AUMALE had been the favourite down to the latest stage of the negotiations, and it was not seemingly until the eve of the division that the Bonapartists used their strength to veto an Orleanist nomination. The election of the Duke of AUMALE would have made the Orleanist Candidate the favourite in the Monarchical race, and the Imperialists are naturally resolved that, for the present, affairs shall be carried on under a revised edition of the Bordeaux Compact. Under the old form of this understanding the decision what should be the ultimate form of Government was deferred to a more convenient season. Under the new form, it is taken for granted that the Government is to be Monarchical, but the choice of a dynasty is still allowed to stand over.

The substitution of Marshal MACMAHON for the Duke of AUMALE is in this respect a decided advantage for France. It postpones the ripening of the Monarchical pear, and so gives additional opportunities for the development of those many chances which may prevent it from ripening at all. If the majority in the Assembly had been determined to bring about an early restoration, and if Marshal MACMAHON had rendered them the same unquestioning obedience as Commander-in-Chief which he promises to render them as President, it is possible that France might for a time have been given over to the BOURBONS. How hopelessly unstable such a settlement would have been needs no showing, and the nation may be congratulated that the internal divisions in the Monarchical party have made such a counter-revolution for the present impossible. Under Marshal MACMAHON Republican institutions will be preserved at all events in form. To all appearance he is the one person connected with the change of Government whose conduct is not open to blame. When M. THIERS had resigned, Marshal MACMAHON had only to consider whether it was better for France that he should become President himself or command the army under the orders of some other President. Unless the Marshal's character has been altogether misread, the decision to which he came is the decision which would have been recommended to him by any impartial adviser. As the Assembly will not have M. THIERS to rule over them, it is best that the President should not be in any sense a politician. Marshal MACMAHON will at least hold the balance even between the rival sections of the majority, whereas any other President would probably have thrown the weight of his influence on the side of one or other of them. By inclination, though not as yet by law, Marshal MACMAHON will be precisely that Constitutional President which the Right have professed to wish for. He is not yet irresponsible, but there is some talk of a Bill being introduced to make him so, and the Marshal will probably offer no objection to the change. It may be doubted, however, whether the Right will not on sober reflection see reason to distrust their former impressions on this head. If M. THIERS could have been reduced to play this subordinate part, and accept from the majority a Ministry which possessed its confidence, two important points would have been gained. The party which had everything its own way in the Assembly would have had everything its own way in the Executive also, and the most dangerous member of the Opposition would have been silenced, for even M. THIERS could hardly have spoken and voted against his own Cabinet. Now, however, the majority can no longer rely upon having everything its own way in the Assembly. It has gained one decisive victory, and the magnitude of the result has somewhat obscured the proportions of the conquering army. A very few votes would have settled matters the other way; and when parties are nearly equally balanced, and the cohesion of the majority is at all imperfect, the trans-

for of a few votes is far from being an impossible contingency. If Marshal MacMahon becomes an irresponsible President, he must take his Ministers from the majority, whether that majority be on the Right or on the Left. But if it should by any chance be found on the wrong side, the conception of the President's duty which the Right have hitherto entertained will probably be completely reversed. They will insist that he ought to be as regardless of the majority in the Chamber as they are themselves of the majority in the country, and to retain Ministers of sound views in office without regard to the accident of a hostile vote. It will be difficult, we imagine, to bring Marshal MacMahon to make himself thus independent of the Assembly, even if the Right should so far forget consistency as to ask it of him. And if he persists in accepting all Ministries with the same absence of personal choice which he has shown in accepting his present Ministry, it is quite possible that some new combination of parties may before long put the Duke of Broglie in a minority. The debating strength of the Left will be very great, and the fact that the Right is in power will give it the unanimity which it has hitherto wanted. There would have been great obstacles in the way of an agreement between M. Thiers, M. Grévy, and M. Gambetta, if that agreement had had to be based on actual legislation. But there need be no obstacles when all they will have to do in common is to pull to pieces other people's legislation.

It is even conceivable that this fact may have been present to M. Thiers's mind when he decided to make the defeat of his Ministers the occasion of his own resignation. He has all along cherished a very confident belief in his power of managing the existing Assembly. For two years he has managed it as President, and now that he has done all he can do in that way, he may look forward to managing it as leader of the Opposition. Such statements as that he is actively employed in arranging his papers and will very seldom be in his place in the Assembly, that he has no intention of making opposition to the Government the object of his own policy, and that he will say nothing against their policy until it has taken a definite shape, do not at all affect these speculations. Every leader of Opposition uses these phrases at the opening of the campaign. It would not be decent to pledge himself to oppose a policy before he knows what it is, and M. Thiers's dignity requires that there should be some interval between his last appearance as President of the Republic and his first appearance as a candidate for the post of First Minister. But that this will be the object at which he will next aim is by no means unlikely. He may very well have satisfied himself that his part as President is played out. His attachment to American precedents prevented him from making the President an officer appointed by the majority of the Assembly, and removable at the pleasure of those who appointed him, subject to an appeal to the country. In his own projected Constitution the President is elected for a term of years, and the Legislature is reinforced for the purpose of acting as an Electoral College by representatives of the Departmental Councils. It would have been difficult for a President thus appointed to have been Prime Minister as well as President; and we may be sure that, if M. Thiers found himself forced to contemplate a separation of the functions hitherto united in himself, it was to the former that his thoughts turned with most affection. A President has now been chosen who prefers to see the post of Prime Minister held by some one else. If he continues to take this view, the vote which will some day displace the Duke of Broglie may leave Marshal MacMahon firm in his seat. The hopes of the Right appear to be chiefly fixed on the power of influencing the elections which they will gain by making a clean sweep of Republican prefects. But in the present state of parties in the Assembly a reverse may still overtake them before they have found courage to venture upon a dissolution. In every majority there are some feeble hearts to whom the bolder of any two policies is always the more distasteful. If in the course of a debate in which the Ministers have been beaten alike in argument and in oratory, these weak brethren arrive at a conviction that the cause of the Opposition is the popular cause, they may choose to reap the certain benefit of supporting it rather than to take the chance of being guaranteed against the risks of opposing it by the efforts of a prefect who may have less influence with the electors than he thinks. The one thing that would upset all these calculations, and deliver France over to a military dictatorship, would be any illegal action on the side of the Republicans. So long as the Monarchical party keep within strictly legal limits, there is no pretext for their being resisted except by strictly legal expedients. Fortunately for the future alike of the country and of their cause, the Republicans have as yet shown a clear and unexpected appreciation of this essential truth.

M. DE LESSEPS'S NEW PROJECT.

After the completion of the Suez Canal, M. de Lesseps is justified in sanguine expectations of the practicability and success of great material enterprises. The physical difficulties which were thought to render doubtful the accomplishment of his former scheme offer less impediment to the construction of a great Asiatic railway. There is no doubt that it would be possible to form a permanent way for the reception of rails both on the plains and along the mountain passes. The distance, according to M. de Lesseps, from Orenburg to Peshawur is 2,350 miles, of which 850 miles separate Peshawur from Samarcand. He proposes that the Russian Government should afford facilities for constructing the Northern portion of the line, while England undertakes the extension of the Peshawur line to Samarcand. Although General Ignatieff agrees with M. de Lesseps in the opinion that the work is practicable, it has not yet been thought expedient to define the course of the railway. It may be presumed that from Samarcand to the Sea of Aral the line is to follow the course of the Sir Darya or Jaxartes; but the mode of crossing the mountain ranges of Afghanistan is not even generally indicated. Two years and three millions of francs are certainly not an extravagant estimate of the cost of time and money which would be required for preliminary surveys. The mere mileage of the proposed line offers no insuperable obstacle to M. de Lesseps's ambitious undertaking. The American Pacific Railway, which connects the coasts of the two oceans, is as long as the line from Orenburg to Peshawur, and it was constructed with extraordinary rapidity. If India and Russia were parts of the same dominion, and if Central Asia were a settled country or an uninhabited and fertile plain, the two enterprises would be in some respects analogous. It may be doubted whether the Pacific Railway would have been thought of if California had been a great rival Power, contending by constant advances with the Atlantic States for the possession of the valley of the Mississippi. The enterprise would have been still further complicated if the intervening space had been occupied, not by a few scattered bands of Indians and a handful of disaffected Mormons, but by fanatical and warlike races, equally hostile to intruders from any quarter. The traffic between San Francisco and New York or Philadelphia is enormously greater than the whole trade of Central Asia, and there is no commercial intercourse between India and Russia. During the late discussion on the merits of the Euphrates Valley Railway, it was shown that the transit of passengers and goods would probably be insignificant, and the Lesseps railway would be far less attractive and less convenient. Private and official travellers would have little inclination to traverse Northern Europe and Asia on their way to and from India; and it is hardly necessary to comment on the absurdity of sending troops for the defence of India through the heart of the Russian dominions.

As soon as the frontier of the Russian Empire or of its dependencies was reached, all trade from India would be effectually stopped by the protective tariff; nor is it probable that an English Railway Company would be allowed to control the route to Samarcand. However eagerly Russian journalists and statesmen may urge the repudiation of the understanding which was lately established between Lord Granville and Count Schouvaloff, any interference of England, even for pacific and commercial purposes, in the affairs of Central Asia, would be regarded with the utmost jealousy. It might indeed be thought convenient that the Indian Government should use its influence with the ruler of Afghanistan and the chiefs of the neighbouring districts to permit the construction of the railway; but an enterprise which involved the presence of English engineers and agents on the other side of the Oxus would provoke immediate protests. M. de Lesseps's proposal might be of some use if it induced the Indian Government to reconsider the questionable plan of constructing the Peshawur Railway on a narrow gauge; but it is not to be expected that a scheme which General Ignatieff describes as all but chimerical should enter as a serious element into the controversy. Even in civilized regions, railway projectors are in the habit of calculating either on local or terminal traffic, or more generally on a combination of both. There is at present no trade between Calcutta or Bombay and St. Petersburg, and the intermediate stations of Peshawur, Samarcand, or Orenburg, are not likely to be

fertile of traffic. The Russian Government may not improbably offer ostensible countenance to the project, for the purpose of throwing on England the responsibility of discouraging a beneficial enterprise; but, in fact, English Governments are invariably anxious to encourage trade, and the Russian frontier is almost hermetically sealed. When goods are allowed to enter Russia free of duty or at reasonable rates, it will be time enough to provide material facilities for commerce. Not even the most enthusiastic projectors can pretend that a railway through the centre of Asia is required for the accommodation of passengers. In this instance no country has any political motive for making the pecuniary sacrifice which would be involved in the construction of the railway.

For an industrial enterprise which can scarcely be recommended as profitable it was necessary to discover a more recondite reason, and M. DE LESSEPS is not unequal to the occasion. Although it scarcely seems to be the special duty of an eminent Frenchman to correct misunderstandings between two foreign nations, M. DE LESSEPS is bent on extinguishing the jealousy and antagonism between England and Russia, which he attributes to the present condition of Central Asia. That region "once traversed by railways, the "obstacles are removed to the eastward expansion of "European enterprise, and the two rival Empires are mu-"tually guaranteed against the aggression of the semi-"barbarous populations." European enterprise, as far as it is represented by England, has already expanded much further to the East, and it is not the business of English capitalists to find the means for the expansion of Russian trade, which would nevertheless not be unwelcome. By a mutual guarantee M. DE LESSEPS probably means a common security, but England and India have nothing at present to fear from the semi-barbarous populations of Central Asia. It is from a civilized Power, now actively engaged in subduing the semi-barbarous populations, that possible danger is apprehended, and any alarm which may exist would not be diminished by the establishment of a convenient highway for troops from Samarcand to Peshawur. General IGNATIEFF fully adopts in his answer to M. DE LESSEPS the mysterious theory that the antagonism between England and Russia results from the absence of railway communication between their respective territories. "We have to consider the "antagonistic spirit which the present unfortunate position en-"genders between England and Russia. Your scheme accom-"plished, all distrust and jealousy on either side must dis-"appear." It would seem to ordinary minds that Russia would be greatly troubled by distrust if Samarcand were the terminus of an English railway, although the Indian Government will certainly not attempt conquests in Central Asia. On the other hand, it would be out of the question to allow a Russian Company to construct and work a line as far as Peshawur. If either arrangement were conceivable, the two Foreign Ministers would be incessantly employed in negotiations for the avoidance of quarrels and the settlement of neutral zones. The benevolent aspirations of M. DE LESSEPS and General IGNATIEFF are much more likely to be realized under existing conditions in the probable event of the scheme being speedily and finally abandoned. There is not the smallest likelihood that capitalists will provide any fraction of the cost of the undertaking.

M. DE LESSEPS's philanthropic hopes are fortified by the success which he claims for himself in accomplishing a similar reconciliation between England and France. The Suez Canal was, it seems, devised for the purpose of terminating the rivalry for influence in Egypt which had since the beginning of the century prevailed between England and France. As M. DE LESSEPS truly says, the old antagonism has been materially abated; but he is the first author of the proposition that the change of feeling has been connected with the Suez Canal. Many English politicians agreed in the opinion of Lord PALMERSTON that the Canal would injuriously affect English interests, and M. DE LESSEPS adroitly profited by the hostile feeling of England to place the shares of his Company in France. It was a universal belief, not only in France, but in all the countries bordering on the Mediterranean, that with the opening of the Canal the trade of India and of Asia would be transferred from Liverpool and London to Marseilles, to Brindisi, and to Odessa. It was forgotten that to compete with great commercial ports a maritime town must have a market behind it; and that a hundred cargoes required freight at Liverpool for one at Brindisi or Odessa. It is also certain that the ocean trade depends largely on custom, on commercial skill, and on other qualities which are not rendered worthless by the opening of any canal. The enterprise had been supported by jealousy of England, and it was a severe disappointment to foreigners to find that English vessels passing the Canal greatly outnumbered all competitors. The Canal has been found useful and not injurious, but it is difficult to understand how it can have removed any feeling of jealousy on the part of France towards England. In case of war it would be necessary to fight for the possession, or at least for the neutrality, of Egypt. During peace the country which has the largest amount of merchant shipping will supply the principal traffic of the Canal. If the Canal is to be permanently efficient, it must be transferred into English hands, and the operation will probably be effected by the simple process of a gradual purchase of the shares. The stock of the Central Asia Railway to Peshawur will scarcely be saleable on the Stock Exchange.

ITALY.

THE final vote on the Religious Corporations Bill has been taken, and a majority of four to one has declared in favour of the measure. The resignation of the Ministry was not without its desired effect; and when it was found that no other Ministry could carry a Bill, and that no other Bill than that of the Ministry could be carried, the habitual shrewdness and moderation of the Italian Parliament easily induced it to bow to what was, to many of its members, an unwelcome necessity. There have been struggles and hot speeches, and some divisions; but, on the whole, the majority is probably satisfied with the measure, which is certainly not characterized by timidity or irresolution. It was decided by a narrow majority not to insert a provision altogether banishing the Jesuits out of the country; and on one other point there was a serious contest, but a majority of twenty-one supported the Government in accepting a reasonable compromise. The Government had proposed to recognize the existence of the Generals of the monastic orders, and of the corporations belonging to them; and this recognition was such as to insure their existence in perpetuity. These orders number fifty-two; and as in the rest of Italy monastic orders have no recognized existence, it was constituting a very striking exception that in the capital fifty-two monastic orders should be recognized in perpetuity. Not only the Opposition, but even many supporters of the Cabinet, viewed with the utmost alarm and disapproval so extreme a concession to the pretensions of the Papacy. The Bill and the Ministry were alike in jeopardy when Baron RICASOLI came to the rescue, and made a proposal which got the Government out of its difficulty. It must be confessed that the Ministry only retrieved its fortunes by deserting to a great extent the cause of those whom it had undertaken to befriend. The proposal was that the Generals should receive a pension of 16,000*l.* a year from the State, and that the present Generals should during their lifetime, if they remained so long in office, be allowed to occupy part of their present residences. The pension is to be handed over to the Holy See as an increase of the Pope's endowment, and, until the Vatican will accept the grant, a special board is to be constituted to apply it to the purposes to which it is destined. It is evident that the orders get something by this arrangement, but that what they get is very much less than what the Ministry propose to bestow on them. During the remainder of their lifetime the present Generals will have a home in such a portion of their residences as the State may be willing to relinquish to their use. But, as one after another of their heads expire the orders will cease to have a local centre, and their Generals must sink into the position of hangers-on of the Papal household. If the Papacy is reconciled to Italy, the Head of the Church will have at his disposal the not very considerable sum of 16,000*l.* a year for the maintenance of what has always been declared to be an indispensable part of the machinery of his government. Until this reconciliation is effected, this pittance will be doled out to the orders at the discretion of those whom they regard as their enemies and oppressors. It is a striking sign of the feelings and attitude of the Italian Parliament towards the Papacy that this arrangement has been sanctioned by a small and reluctant majority as a compromise almost too liberal in favour of bodies which ought properly to have nothing.

It is not surprising that the POPE should have been thrown into unaccustomed agitation by the decision at which the Italian Parliament has arrived. He reasonably hoped for better things. For many months the Italian Government evidently showed that it was somewhat afraid of him. The inconveniences of an open and enduring quarrel with the Papacy press upon those who are charged with the difficult duty of administering Italian affairs, and it may be remarked

that no one has been more forward in endeavouring to conciliate the Pope than Visconti Venosta, who has had greater opportunities than most Italians for considering the bearings of the religious question on the relations of Italy with foreign Powers. Until the decision was known the Pope was unusually mild, and affected to regard the leaders of Italian policy as good sheep who would never wander more than a little way from the true fold. Now that the worst is known, his spiritual wrath has been aroused, and he has broken out into his ordinary luxuriance of anathemas. He has devoted to the ruin they have invoked those who have once more dared to insult and rob him. But even in this dark hour of misfortune he has invented a theory which brings consolation to his aged and afflicted mind. He has persuaded himself that there are two Italies—the Italy of the faithful, the submissive, and the devout, and the Italy of the headstrong, the violent, and the unbelieving; and that the former Italy is numerically far the larger of the two. The good are kept down by the bad, and are for the moment overpowered by them; but they are really the stronger party, and will soon show what their strength is, will prostrate themselves at the feet of their good Father, and will work confusion on his enemies. The strange thing is that this theory should be to all appearances entirely unfounded. In all other Catholic countries where a contest is being waged between the Church and the State there is a strong clerical party in the bosom of a hostile Legislature. But in Italy, which is still undoubtedly Catholic in its religious sentiments, which is attached to the Papacy by a thousand ties of intimacy and tradition, and which would resent it as a distinct national grievance if the reigning Pope were not an Italian, there is no clerical party at all which can make its influence felt in the conduct of public affairs. There must be some reason for this, and the reason is probably to be found in the long hostility of the Papacy to the national aspirations of Italy. The Papacy has been the cordial ally of Austria and the grudging servant of France, but no living Italian can remember the day when the Pope was not willing to use the heel of the foreigner to trample on the hopes of Italy. The Papacy is everywhere influential in proportion as it has allied itself with the nation in which it is working. It is strongest in Ireland, where the cause of the people and the Church is the same; it is strong in France and Germany, where at least a numerous minority sees in the history of the Papacy something that is bound up with what is dearest to it in the history of its own country; and it is weakest in Italy, where Pope after Pope has been obliged by the force of circumstances to eat the bitter fruits of his temporal power, and to remain an alien to the fondest wishes of his kinsmen and fellow-countrymen.

Even if the Pope could see this, and could bring himself to acknowledge its truth, it is not to be supposed that at his age he would change his policy and alter the habits of a lifetime. But then the Pope may die, and his successor may see things in a different light, and it is therefore of extreme importance to Italy who this successor is to be. Europe has lately rung with the hourly intelligence that Pius IX. was at the point of death, and a medical paper has published with revolting accuracy a list of his diseases, which seem to the lay reader as if they must kill any one in the prime of life within twenty-four hours. Still the Pope lives on, and his protracted existence has enabled him to experience a pleasure which some old men would enjoy with the keenest delight. Lord Brougham is said to have adopted the coarse expedient of inventing a fatal carriage accident, in order that he might read his own obituary notices, and see what the world would say of so great a man when he was taken from it. The Pope has not been put to so much trouble. Impatient journalists, who took for granted that he must die, and had got ready their elaborate accounts of his life and policy, could not bear to see so much good matter wasted, and kindly allowed him to learn exactly what they thought of him. His fair beginning, his ignominious flight, his inordinate pretensions, his alternations of humility and anger were duly chronicled, and he could read what sort of a Pope current history would pronounce Pius IX. to have been. He has returned good for evil, and seems bent on living long enough to permit these effusions to be forgotten, and so to permit them to be reproduced without the necessity of change. But he is old and ill, and the end cannot probably be far off. The interest, therefore, which is felt in the appointment of his successor is not relaxed, and those who have the charge of nominating a new Pope have all their plans arranged. It is said that, after full discussion, it has been determined to appoint none but an Italian. The name even of his successor has been given, and it is rumoured that the Cardinal of Naples is the lucky man; but nothing can be more uncertain than such speculations. The events of the present week do not prompt much reliance on the chances of a favourite, and some unknown outsider may prove to be successful. The leading motive which has induced the electors to determine on appointing an Italian is said to be that of appointing a Pope who might seem naturally fitted to wield the temporal power when it is restored to him. The chief of the Roman States is not only the head of the Church, but an Italian prince, and it would be dangerous to call on his Italian subjects to bear among their other burdens the yoke of a foreigner. From this point of view an Italian is to be chosen because he will be best fitted to profit by the triumph of the Church when the destroyers of the temporal power are conquered; but then it is possible that this triumph may never be achieved, and stern necessity may teach the next Pope to postpone his dreams of being a King to a very distant future. In that case also it may be very useful that he should be an Italian, for he will then know the real feelings of his countrymen, and will comprehend the depth of the gulf which bitter memories have placed between them and the head of their Church. After the recent vote of its Parliament, it is impossible that Italy should hope to be reconciled with Pius IX., but it may look forward to the time when it will be reconciled with his successor, if he is a man capable of new thoughts and alive to Italian sympathies.

THE JUDICATURE BILL.

THE discussion to which the Judicature Bill has been subjected has brought the points in controversy within a very narrow compass, and the time seems to have arrived when it may be useful to sum up the questions which have been raised and the conclusions which have been attained. On the largest question of all, the propriety of merging in one Law of England the divided and often antagonistic doctrines of Common Law and Equity, it is satisfactory to find that scarcely any difference of opinion has been manifested. Lawyers and laymen have with one voice declared their sympathy with the avowed object of the Bill—that Law and Equity shall be concurrently administered, and that where there is any conflict of doctrine the rules of Equity shall prevail. To the Bill as framed it is true that weighty objections have been taken; but in every instance the complaint has been, not that the Bill does too much, but that it does too little; not that its principle is pushed too far, but that the machinery proposed, threatens to destroy the best part of the jurisprudence which we possess, without affording any guarantee for successful reconstruction on broader foundations.

After all that has been said and written upon the subject, it ought not to be difficult to determine how far these objections are valid and by what means they may be removed. Three main points have been raised on the part of the Equity Bar:—

1. That the judicial staff of the Equity Courts, already taxed beyond their strength, and compelled to delegate to Chief Clerks much of their proper work, will be unable, unless largely reinforced, to employ *vivâ voce* in place of affidavit evidence as required by the Bill.

2. That without a leaven of Equity-trained Judges the Common Law Courts will be unable to preserve unimpaired the principles of Equity Jurisprudence.

3. That the procedure sketched out by the Bill will not work efficiently, and may not improbably reproduce many of the evils of special pleading.

Nearly all the controversy up to the present time has turned upon the first two of these objections, and to these we propose to confine ourselves to-day. To the first no answer has seriously been attempted. No one has said that Judges ought to be forced to go on for ever delegating duties which they were meant to perform themselves, that a large mass of strictly judicial work should be left in Equity to Chief Clerks and Examiners, or that the whole judicial business of the London Court of Bankruptcy should be done by Registrars. No one has said, either that *vivâ voce* evidence can be introduced into the Equity Courts without a largely increased demand upon judicial time, or that the miserable system of ascertaining facts at present in force ought to be suffered to continue for another day. No one has said that it is right that causes should wait the greater part of a year for hearing as they often do now, or that it is reasonable to suppose that the number of Judges which was thought sufficient thirty years ago can properly dispose of business which has probably quadrupled in amount since then.

And unless these evils are to continue with constant aggravation, it seems essential that a large addition should be made to the Equity Bench. It is a wholesome thing to note that this necessity is frankly recognized by those who have spoken from the Common Law point of view. There has indeed been no answer suggested to the demands of the Equity Bar that will bear a moment's discussion, except that to make the Bench strong enough for its work will cost a certain amount of money. It will be for the House of Commons to say whether a grand scheme of Law Reform is to be shipwrecked for a petty saving.

Upon the second point there has been a little, but only a little, more show of argument. Not that any one has really grappled with the objection. It has been suggested, indeed, that the Courts would in course of time learn their new work, and that the evils of the proposed arrangement would not be so serious or so prolonged as the Equity Bar, from sad recollection of analogous experiments, unanimously believe. But this is at the most a mere plea in mitigation, for no one has denied that the administration of justice and the purity of the law must suffer, so long as the Bench remains weaker in special knowledge of the law which it has to administer than those who may practise before it. The Bench ought always to be stronger than the Bar, and it would be idle flattery to say that it can be so during the transition period when the Judges are expected to be learning a previously unfamiliar jurisprudence. No one, in short, has ventured to say that a tribunal composed exclusively of Common Law Judges is the best tribunal for the administration of Law and Equity combined. By common consent the best constitution of such a Court would be secured by associating Common Law and Equity Judges at the same time that Law and Equity are fused. Unfortunately the opinions of the Judges on this point, if ascertained, have not been made public; but it is impossible to doubt that they would sustain our view. But it is said again, You cannot give Equity colleagues to the Common Law Courts without making the complement of Judges redundant for the first year or two, and entailing a slight temporary addition to the national expenditure. This is undoubtedly true, and the same grave question arises as before, whether it is worth while to save a few thousands for a year or two at the cost of impairing the efficiency of our Courts of justice. We cannot persuade ourselves that it is the wish of the House of Commons to imperil such an experiment as the entire reconstruction of our judicial system for the sake of a trifling economy. It is right that all proposals involving new outlay should be scrutinized with proper jealousy, but, if they stand the test, as the proposals of the Equity Bar confessedly do, we cannot believe—whatever Ministers may say—that the country and the House will be willing, on grounds of parsimony, to accept anything less than the best tribunals which it is possible to secure.

We have dwelt upon this point because it is the real issue, and the only real issue which remains. Whatever doubts may have been entertained by some before the matter was sifted, whatever cavils may yet be reproduced to cloud the controversy, it is not now denied that Courts constituted as the Equity Bar have desired would administer justice more efficiently than the Courts which the Bill, as framed, proposes to set up. Lord HATHERLEY—differing in this very widely from Lord CAIRNS—has expressed more confidence in the versatility of the Common Law Bench than any other distinguished lawyer; yet even he acknowledged that to make the Bill work well it would be desirable to fill some early vacancies in the Common Law Divisions with Judges who have enjoyed Equity training. What is this but an admission that the constitution of the Courts proposed by the Bill is not what it should be? And if that is so, surely it must follow that the successful working of a measure which must either reinvigorate or destroy our jurisprudence ought not to be left to depend on the views about appointments which may happen to prevail in the unknown Cabinet of the future.

Whatever else the Bill does or leaves undone, it ought to secure from the outset the most efficient Courts which the country can supply. Any one-sidedness or weakness of the Courts in the early years of the experiment may generate evils which no amount of subsequent care will suffice to eradicate. It will be in the first years of the new system that the practice of the Courts will be formed and consolidated, and that rules will be made and precedents established, which, if strained, this way or that, for want of adequate familiarity with the subjects dealt with, may hamper and distort the administration of justice for whole generations. Even if Lord HATHERLEY's suggestion were acted on (and who can say that it would be?), it might very possibly begin to operate too late to avert the mischief which is not unreasonably apprehended. But then, on the other hand, two or three salaries or pensions might be saved during the intervening years, and to some minds this may possibly present itself as an adequate compensation.

One argument has been urged against the scheme of the Equity Bar which deserves far more consideration than any mere counting of money-cost. It is said that, if it is needful to add Equity Judges to the Common Law Divisions, it must be equally right to associate Common Law Judges with the Vice-Chancellors. The Equity Bar have not in their remonstrance touched upon this point, and we do not pretend to say what their feeling may be. But for ourselves we admit that the proposal is sound, though of course it is hopeless to press it while the Government insist that Equity Judges shall do single-handed the same kind of work for which Common Law Courts sit in banc. The right plan would, we believe, be to constitute each Common Law Division of two Common Law Judges and one Equity Judge, and each Equity Division of two Equity Judges and one Common Law Judge, making as many Divisions as the business might require. But this would be a far broader scheme than the Government has shown any disposition to adopt. The more limited suggestions of the Equity Bar are, we fear, quite as much as can be successfully insisted on, and, though less symmetrically perfect than such an arrangement as we have indicated, would cure most of the practical defects of the Bill.

For it is to be observed that while the Bill forces the Common Law Courts to deal with all Equities raised by defendants, and renders it absolutely necessary that they should be imbued with Equity knowledge, it does not compel any one, whether plaintiff or defendant, to submit a pure question of Law to a Court of Equity; and it is not likely that the Court of Chancery will require, under the new *régime*, to administer Common Law to any greater extent than it is already accustomed to do. There will not therefore be the same pressing necessity for such a modification of the Equity Courts as will exist in the other Divisions; and, greatly as we should rejoice to see a thoroughly comprehensive plan carried into operation, we may be content at present to avert the really serious dangers which the Bill seems to threaten, and to wait with patience for the future development of a more symmetrical scheme.

RAILWAY AMALGAMATION.

THE first and greatest of the Railway Amalgamation schemes has been summarily and finally defeated. The Joint Committee of Lords and Commons on Friday week declared, without hearing the opponents, that the preamble of the London and North-Western and Lancashire and Yorkshire Amalgamation Bill was not proved. The alliance between the two Companies was arranged in 1871, and the first Bill for uniting their interests was promoted in 1871. The scheme, although Parliament has refused to sanction it, has largely affected the course of railway legislation. All the Amalgamation Bills of last year were referred for purposes of preliminary inquiry to a Joint Committee selected from both Houses. The Committee collected a voluminous mass of information which scarcely deserves to be called evidence, inasmuch as it was delivered in the absence of opposition, and as it was therefore not tested by cross-examination. All the railway managers and half the railway theorists, took the opportunity of urging on the Committee their respective doctrines; and it is not surprising that the Report contained more than one marvellous statement which had been communicated to the Committee in a well-founded confidence that it could not be contradicted on the spot. On the whole the Committee inclined to favour the principle of amalgamation, having been strongly impressed with the notorious fallacy that permanent railway competition was impossible. With curious inconsistency, the Committee insisted on the expediency of maintaining the comparatively trifling competition between canals and railways. It is strange that they should have fancied that an unequal contest could be sustained when they were convinced that an equal struggle was impracticable. The inquiry having been prolonged far into the summer, it was impossible to proceed with the Amalgamation Bills during the Session. The Committee recommended that the Government should introduce a measure for the appointment of a Railway Tribunal in place of the Court of Common Pleas, and for the purpose of railway arbitrations; and that Amalgamation Bills should in future be referred to a Joint Committee. Both

suggestions have been accepted by the Government, and adopted by Parliament. The Railway and Canal Traffic Act, by which three Railway Commissioners are invested with the control of railways, provides for the more effectual execution of the provisions of Mr. CARDWELL'S Act of 1853. The Commission is empowered to fix, under certain restrictions, through rates on routes compounded of the lines of different Companies, and to enforce the concession of ordinary facilities for the conduct of traffic. Experience will show whether external authority can materially control railway administration. It is possible, but not certain, that the establishment of a permanent tribunal may render arbitration cheaper and more speedy.

The reference of Amalgamation Bills to a Joint Committee was the perverse result of a singular illusion. It seems to have been supposed that a Committee of three peers and three commoners would in some unintelligible manner be superior to a similar body selected from a single House. While ordinary Bills are subjected to a double investigation by two successive Committees, it was thought that more important measures should be decided on a single inquiry. If the London and North-Western Amalgamation Bill had been passed by the Joint Committee, the opponents would have had much reason to complain of the want of provision for a new trial. As the defeat of the measure by a Committee of either House would have been final, no practical inconvenience has resulted from an irrational arrangement. The Joint Committee was fairly selected; and it is equal in competence to an ordinary Committee of the House of Commons, or of the House of Lords. The decision, though it may probably have been sound, had not been generally anticipated. The great trading communities of Yorkshire and Lancashire took no part in the contest; and some of the Companies which would have been injuriously affected by the proposed monopoly offered but a faint opposition to the Bill. The policy of great Companies is by the necessity of the case so complex, and their interests are so various, that it seldom suits them to maintain for contentious purposes any broad or comprehensive proposition. They are always connected by agreements and alliances, as to some parts of their respective systems, with opponents against whom they are elsewhere maintaining the bitterest competition. It is often inconvenient to denounce the principle of arrangements to which they entertain the strongest practical objection, because the opponents may in their turn require analogous privileges for themselves. Those who enjoy strict local monopolies are debarred from using the most obvious arguments against the amalgamation of competing lines; and it sometimes happens that the amalgamating Companies can offer concessions which compensate their neighbours for the loss of independent communications. The London and North-Western scheme was so considerable that there still remains after all deductions a formidable mass of opposition. Though amateurs are easily deluded by sonorous platitudes, no railway administrator believes for a moment that the withdrawal of competition is inoperative or worthless. The amalgamated Company would have received one-third of the entire traffic revenue of the kingdom.

As the Committee abstained, in accordance with custom, from announcing the grounds of the decision, it is not known whether the London and North-Western Bill has been rejected for special reasons, or because the opinion of the Committee is adverse to the principle of amalgamation. In all discussions of such measures the Railway and Canal Traffic Act will for some time to come furnish both parties with plausible arguments. The promoters of amalgamation will more or less seriously contend that outside Companies are sufficiently protected by the general law; and on the other side it will be urged that all the convenience which might be secured by actual union will be not less effectually provided by the statutory interchange of facilities. Prudent legislators will attach little value to conjectural deductions from the language of the Act. Railway managers, who possess an almost exclusive knowledge of their special business, are well aware that the control of traffic depends mainly on conditions which will be little affected by any Act of Parliament. Legal facilities, like arms of precision in warfare, will add to the relative strength of the party which was already stronger while the contest was waged with ruder weapons. A large and wealthy Company will control a petty neighbour more effectually than before, when it has the power of enforcing the adoption of the rates and the routes which may suit its convenience. The traders who immediately direct the course of traffic will prefer the Company from which they have most to hope or to fear. The course of Southward traffic will not unfrequently be determined in accordance with the interests of the Company which can best accommodate the more important trade which passes to the East, the West, or the North. If the London and North-Western had been incorporated with the Lancashire and Yorkshire, it would have been useless for an independent Scotch Company to canvass in the great manufacturing districts for any traffic which the amalgamated Companies might think fit to direct by another route.

Notwithstanding the defeat of the Bill, the alliance which it would have consolidated exists, nor can it be dissolved by any action of Parliament. The public advantage of nominal separation consists in the possibility that a non-legal union may hereafter be dissolved. In the prospect of such a contingency, both Companies have a motive for maintaining an efficiency which may be available for future competition. Against the monopoly which in the meantime exists, the only security is to be found in the vigorous competition of the great rival Companies. The Great Northern, the Midland, and the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Companies have, while complacent theorists were proclaiming that competition was impossible, spent several millions in promoting a competing line from the East into Liverpool. The Midland has, at enormous expense, established a competing route to Carlisle and to Scotland, and a scheme is now before Parliament for a competing line from Hull to the West Riding and the districts beyond. It is fortunate for the liberties of the commercial community that railway potentates maintain with restless activity the balance of power. The Joint Committee has prevented one violent derangement of the equilibrium. It will deal with an entirely different question when it considers proposals for amalgamations in the nature of extensions. To amalgamate sideways and to amalgamate lengthways are operations of an entirely different character. As a general rule, parallel lines while they are reciprocally independent compete, while continuous lines are worked in a common interest. The test of expediency is in either case the question whether amalgamation tends to prevent or to encourage competition. If the line from London to Tunbridge belonged to one Company and the line from Tunbridge to Dover to another Company, the amalgamation of the component parts of a through line would be obviously desirable. It is also for the most part advisable to merge isolated lines in great systems, with which they would in any case be incapable of competing. The Joint Committee of last year arrived at the sound conclusion that every case must be decided on its merits.

THE CHIPPING NORTON RIOTERS.

ALL reasonable people must agree that the magistrates at Chipping Norton who sent the women to prison the other day committed an act of rash and injudicious severity; but it is desirable that the case should be disentangled from the somewhat large conclusions which have been drawn from it. In itself the case is a very simple one. The labourers in the employment of a farmer named HAMBRIDGE struck for an advance of wages. Mr. HAMBRIDGE brought a couple of men from a village a little way off to work on his farm, and one day these men were met as they were going to the fields by a band of women whose husbands were out on strike. The women first tried to induce the men to desert their master, and then, it is alleged, threatened to bar their entrance to the field. Some of the women, it is said, carried sticks, and they used menacing language and gestures. The men declare that they were afraid of personal violence, as the women out-numbered them and behaved in a furious manner. At any rate the men returned to their master, who sought the assistance of a police constable, and under this escort sent them back to their work. As is usual in such cases, there is a conflict of evidence, but there seems to be no reason to doubt that the women were guilty of intimidation. It has been suggested that it was only a lark on their part, but jokers of this kind must not be surprised if their jocosity is misunderstood. It is certain, however, that no actual violence was used towards the men. Seventeen women were prosecuted before the magistrates, and sixteen of them were convicted of having been guilty of intimidation under the Criminal Law Amendment Act—that is to say, of intimidation such as would justify a Justice of the Peace, on complaint made before him, in binding over the persons threatening or intimidating to keep the peace. We see no reason to doubt the justice of this conviction. The women had evidently gathered together for a purpose, and that purpose may be inferred from the position they took up at the entrance to the field as well as from their lan-

guage and gestures. It is significant that their husbands should have kept carefully out of the way. It was known that Mr. HAMBRIDGE was a resolute man who was prepared to take full advantage of the protection accorded to employers by law, and the men on strike were probably warned by the Unionist agents that they would get into trouble if they molested the new comers. It is difficult to resist a suspicion that the women were put forward because it was thought that the law would not be enforced against them, and that in any case they might be exhibited as interesting victims. However that may have been, it cannot be seriously argued that women are to be allowed to break the law with impunity. Mr. HOLLOWAY, the Chairman of the Oxford District of the National Agricultural Labourers' Union, thinks it very hard that "poor women" should be punished "for what appeared "to them no offence at all." The women, he adds, had no idea that such a law existed as was brought to bear on them. It appears to us that, if the women thought that intimidation by numbers and violent language was not an offence, it was highly desirable that their ignorance on this point should be removed. It is clear that the Unionists knew that the law had been broken and expected a conviction, for one of them attended the Court with money to pay the fines, which he supposed would be exacted. Under the circumstances the magistrates had no alternative except to convict, and the only question is as to the propriety of the sentence which they passed on the offenders. They sent nine of the women to prison for seven days and seven for ten days, with hard labour in each case. This must strike every one as exceedingly severe. Some of the women had infants at the breast; most of them had young children at home. The farmer's men had not been subjected to actual violence; they had only been threatened; and it would surely have been enough in such a case to have met threat with threat, and warned the women that, if they attempted anything of the sort again, they would suffer for it.

The severity of the magistrates of course affords no justification for the violence of the mob, who at night stormed the police-office and endeavoured to rescue the prisoners. On Tuesday nine of the women were released at the end of a week's imprisonment, and their hard labour is said to have been of the lightest kind. During their absence their children were taken care of by the neighbours in a highly demonstrative manner, "the deserted little ones, to the number of a "score and over," being "fed on the village green, under the "shadow of the spreading chestnuts"; and it will be understood that the Unionist leaders are quite aware of the use which may be made of the injudicious enforcement of an Act which interferes very much with their favourite practices. Mr. BRUCE was questioned on the subject in the House of Commons, but up to Tuesday night he professed to be still officially ignorant of what had happened. He added that in cases of this kind it was not his custom to wait for questions in the House before interfering; but it is difficult to know what else there was to wait for. The women were sent to prison on the 21st; on the 23rd Mr. HOLLOWAY'S letter appeared in the *Times*; on the 26th the *Times* published the results of a careful inquiry by its own Correspondent; yet up to the 27th the Home Office remained in absolute ignorance of the whole affair. Mr. BRUCE is perhaps not aware that Chipping Norton is within two or three hours' journey from London. It is very unfortunate that this case should have occurred, and that we should have a HOME SECRETARY who can never shake himself awake on any subject in less than a week; but, after all, we do not see that there is much more to be said about the matter, except that, in spite of all precautions, Acts of Parliament will occasionally be enforced with undue severity as well as with undue leniency. Magistrates are only men, and they are liable to make mistakes sometimes on one side and sometimes on the other. They certainly made a mistake in this instance, just as, in the opinion of most people, Mr. Justice BRETT made a mistake in the case of the gas-stokers. It is of course a great pity that such mistakes should ever be made, but it does not necessarily follow that because a couple of justices have committed a blunder the Criminal Law Amendment Act must at once be repealed, the unpaid magistracy abolished, farm-labourers' wages raised to fourteen shillings a week all round, and all large farms cut down to suit the supposed necessities of peasant proprietors. Yet these are some of the conclusions which are put forth as naturally arising out of this case.

The *Daily Telegraph* hints that it would be satisfied with the abolition of unpaid justices. The *Daily News*, hesitating between a "world-wide circulation" and fidelity to narrow and rancorous sectarianism, is glad of an opportunity of for once pandering to both, and has its fling at squires and clergymen alike. It is suggested that squires are willing to give up a day's shooting for magisterial duty only when there is a poacher to be sent to prison, and that the "parson" relishes a chance of coming down heavily on poor labourers or labourers' wives. The organ of philosophical Radicalism, however, is evidently prepared for larger measures. Its Special Correspondent denounces the Chipping Norton farmers because they do not see, in the fact that they have lately raised the labourer's wages from ten to twelve shillings a week, a reason for immediately giving him two shillings more. He also makes some suggestive remarks on the luxury and sybaritism of modern farmers:—"The farmhouse now is a "fashionable mansion, innocent of flitches and black rafters; "the comfortable gig has been succeeded by a smart drag "and men in livery; the farmer no longer mounts the rick, "or leads the rank at harvest-time." The Correspondent has come to the conclusion that Oxfordshire farms are "much too "large." We may expect to see all this reproduced in the *Labourers' Union Chronicle*, which has already by anticipation pointed the moral in an extremely plainspoken manner. We are assured by that journal that, if the farmers were to get the better of the Union, the result would be "signalled by mid-"night surprises, by beacon fires from one end of England to "the other," and that the Unionists would "feast upon re-"venge and glory in anarchy." It might have been supposed that the Union would have been eager to clear itself from any suspicion of complicity in these incitements to arson and rapine; and at the annual Conference on Wednesday Mr. DIXON, the chairman, felt bound to protest against them. A resolution, however, was actually proposed, "praising the *Chronicle* for its services to the cause"; and though the delegates did not venture to proclaim openly their sympathy with the incendiarism of their organ, they significantly refrained from condemning it. Of course, the Conference demanded the repeal of the law against intimidation, and the appointment of stipendiary magistrates all over the country. A moment's reflection will show that there is no necessary connexion between the injudicious severity of the magistrates in this case and the Act against which it has been caught up as an argument. An Act of Parliament cannot prescribe specifically for every set of circumstances that can by any possibility occur; a margin must always be left for judicial discretion, and judges are not invariably discreet. The definition of offences in the Act may perhaps be open to improvement, and if any better definitions can be suggested, by all means let them be considered. But what the Unionists desire is not the amendment, but the repeal, of the statute. There can be no question, however, that the violent behaviour of the women at Chipping Norton was a form of intimidation which cannot be tolerated; and it is conceivable that, if the Act had not been in existence, this intimidation would have been practised by the male Unionists themselves without much mercy to the intruders.

Incidentally this case has thrown some light on the actual condition of agricultural labourers in Oxfordshire. Within a short time the farmers have added a couple of shillings to their weekly wages, and from the farmers' point of view it is not perhaps violently unreasonable that there should be at least a pause in the continuous rise of wages. It appears that the Union has within a short time collected from 150*l.* to 160*l.* in this district, and the labourers therefore cannot be quite so destitute as has been represented. The farmers must have left something on them when there were such good pickings remaining for the benefit of Union agitators. Not long since the *Labourers' Union Chronicle* published a pathetic description of the case of a shepherd who had to keep himself, his wife, and eight children on thirteen shillings a week. Inquiry was made, and it turned out that this man had been receiving 70*l.* a year, besides parish relief for his wife and children; and that the members of his family had been augmented by his recent marriage with a young woman who had three illegitimate children. It is satisfactory to know that for some years past the condition of the agricultural population has been generally improving, and it is natural that, in the present state of the labour market, it should continue to improve. But it may be doubted whether the labourers have fallen into the hands of wise counsellors, and whether the tactics of the Union really tend to promote the permanent interests of the class whom it has taken under its somewhat dangerous protection. In other days Captain SWING did not enjoy the advantage of an organ in the press kept up by the subscriptions of amiable philanthropists.

THE PAPACY.

A REMARKABLE article with the above title appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* a few days back. Its object might, we conceive, be summed up in its own words—namely, to show that there is not in "the Papacy" or in "the Roman Catholic Church" any "element of power peculiar to itself, and generically different from those which are common to all human institutions," and that "its power is rapidly coming to be a mere power over the imagination." "No one feature in the history and character of the Roman Catholic Church can be mentioned which cannot be paralleled from the history of other creeds." The instances chosen for illustration are "its extreme persistency, its power of adapting itself to various circumstances of climate, race, and civilization, the vigour with which it produces revivals and grows up again in countries from which it had been expelled." We are told that it shares all these qualities with other religions, especially with Buddhism and Mahometanism. Now there is a great deal of truth in all this; but we must look somewhat further. What is meant by "the Papacy"? What is meant by "the Roman Catholic Church"? At the first blush of the matter we can see that, whatever we mean by it, the Roman Catholic Church is only one form of Christianity among several, and it seems hardly fair to balance one form of Christianity by itself against all forms of Mahometanism grouped together. The writer says, "As to unity of faith, the Roman Catholic religion has been divided by ten controversies where the Mahommedan religion has hardly been divided by one." It is not very clear whether the writer refers to controversies which have had the effect of separating men from the communion of Rome or to controversies which have gone on within the communion of Rome without leading men to separate from it. Of this last class there have been a good many among both Christians and Mahometans, but we cannot undertake to fix the exact proportion to be found in the two religions. Of controversies which have led to complete separation, surely the great separation between Shiahs and Sonnites may be fairly set against any one of the great schisms in Christendom, whether we choose to set it against the division between the Eastern and Western Churches or against the later revolt of Northern Europe against the supremacy of Rome. As being primarily a dispute about government, about the rightful headship of the religious society, the distinction of Shiahs and Sonnites has more in common with either of these two great divisions among Christians than it has with those earlier and more purely theological controversies which separated Nestorians and Jacobites from the orthodox Church. These last turned purely on points of dogma, except so far as we may hold that the half-unconscious national feeling of Syria and Egypt took the form of a theological revolt against the dogmas of the Church, because the time had passed for a political revolt against the dominion of the Empire. But the separation between East and West, the separation between Roman Catholic and Protestant, was primarily, like the separation between Shiahs and Sonnites, a question as to headship. Both disputes took a theological turn, but we may suspect that, if there had been no question of authority between the Old and the New Rome, the theological dispute as to the double procession would somehow have been got over. The Reformation too began in a revolt against the practical abuses of the Papal authority, which led, as a second stage, to an examination of the dogmas which men were called on to receive on the strength of that authority. So the Shiah form of Mahometanism has gone off into real theological differences from the orthodox Sonnite, but the dispute began with the question whether Abou-bekr, Omar, and Othman were lawful caliphs. But, as we are not clear whether the writer is thinking of great separations like these or of disputes, like that about the Immaculate Conception, which have not led to the foundation of distinct religious bodies, we want to know exactly what is meant by "the Papacy" and by "the Roman Catholic Church," and whether by those two phrases we are to understand exactly the same thing or not. The Papacy would seem to mean the dominion of the See of Rome over the Church in general or over such parts of the Church as choose to acknowledge it. It is rather an idea, an abstraction, a form of government, while the Roman Catholic Church can only mean a society of men—a society of men, it may be, which admits a particular form of government, but still the society itself as distinguished from the form of its government. It is plain that the characteristics of the history of the society will not depend wholly upon the form of its government, but upon the form of its government and certain other things taken together. The history of the Papacy as a form of government, and the history of the Roman Catholic Church as a society of Christians who admit that form of government, are two different things. In the former we have to look at the character of the form of government only, in the latter we have to look to other things as well. We must remember that we are dealing with a body of men who, besides their submission to a particular form of government, also hold certain strictly theological dogmas in common with other Christians, and certain other theological dogmas in which they differ from other Christians.

We hold then that it is hardly fair to compare the Roman Catholic Church or religion by itself with the various forms, or even with the two great forms, of the Mahometan religion as a whole. The comparison should rather be between the body of Roman Catholic Christians and the body of Sonnite Mahometans; and, if by the Papacy is meant strictly the form of Papal Church government, the proper thing to compare with it would be, not the Mahometan religion in general, but the Caliphate. If we are to compare the history of the Roman Catholic form of Christianity with the history of all forms of Mahometanism put together as a whole, we must make up our minds as to how much in the history and characteristics of the Roman Catholic Church is common to it with other forms of Christianity, and how much it has all to itself. We must further make up our minds what we mean by the words Roman Catholic Church, if we choose to use that formula at all. We do not know whether under the Roman Catholic Church the *Pall Mall* writer means to take in all the Churches of the West up to the time when the Papal authority was first seriously questioned in the West, or whether he means to confine the name to those Churches which have adhered to the Roman doctrine and the Roman discipline since they have been called in question in the West, and since they have been put forth in a more definite and controversial shape by the Council of Trent. It is manifest that there is a great difference between the position of an Englishman in the thirteenth century, who had not doubted at all about the dogmas which were called in question in the sixteenth, who accepted them without hesitation in the vague form in which they existed in his own time, and who in truth had never thought of the possibility of believing anything else, and the position of a man who nowadays accepts the same doctrines in a more rigidly defined shape, knowing, or at least having the opportunity of knowing, that there are large bodies of Christians who have deliberately cast them aside. There is a wide difference between the position of such a thirteenth-century Englishman, who grumbled perhaps because the Pope took so much money out of the country, but into whose head it had never come to doubt that the Bishop of Rome was in some way or other the rightful head of the Universal Church, and the position of a man who nowadays deliberately accepts a defined doctrine of Papal supremacy—whether that doctrine be Gallicanism or infallibility—while knowing that large bodies of Christians who at least have something to say for themselves have deliberately cast aside every doctrine of Papal supremacy in any shape. There is an exercise of choice, there is a definiteness and fixedness of position, in the latter case which there is not in the earlier. We have no right to assume that all who accepted the position in which they found themselves before it had been called in question would have deliberately chosen that position after it had been called in question. We may suspect that a man like Matthew Paris, who thought the Pope a great practical nuisance, but into whose head the idea had never come of casting him aside theologically, would in the sixteenth century have been, if not a doctrinal Protestant, at least one ready to join with Henry, Gardiner, and Bonner in throwing off all submission to the Bishop of Rome. Before then we can compare the Roman Catholic Church with Buddhism, Mahometanism, or anything else, we must know whether by the Roman Catholic Church is meant vaguely all the Churches of the West, allowing for the falling off of some of them for three hundred years past, or whether it simply means that sharply marked religious body which took its present form at the Council of Trent.

If for the Roman Catholic Church we substitute the writer's alternative phrase of the Papacy, we can more easily make something like the comparison which is made in the article. We can compare the Papacy, as the form of government of a religious society, with the Caliphate as the form of government of another religious society. There have been endless opinions as to the exact measure of power which ought to belong to the Bishop of Rome, even among those who did not doubt for a moment that some special powers ought to belong to him. But the fact that the Bishop of Rome has for ages claimed to be of right the head of the Universal Church, that for a long time he was practically the undisputed head of the Western Churches, that he still remains, both practically and as a matter of faith, the head of a large part of the Western Churches, is one of the great and leading facts of history. The fact that there was once a time when a single potentate, the Caliph of Mahomet, ruled, both with temporal and spiritual power, at Samarcand and at Cordova, that there has ever since been some one who has claimed to be the lawful successor of his spiritual power, and that for the last three centuries and a half that vague spiritual claim has been annexed to one of the great monarchies of the earth, is another of the great and leading facts of history. And those two facts may very well be compared together. And we think that such a comparison will show that there is, as Lord Macaulay seems to have thought, something special about the Papacy, which has no exact parallel in any other human institution. As the *Pall Mall* writer says, "Of the Roman Catholic view of the subject we need not speak." That is to say, we need not discuss the theological proposition that the supremacy of the Bishop of Rome is not merely something which has come in the ordinary course of Divine Providence, but is something which is of Divine right in a sense in which other things are not of Divine right. But the history of the Papacy is part of the history of Rome, and the history of Rome is something which is utterly without a parallel. We might even say that the history of the Papacy is that part of the history of Rome which is most utterly without a parallel. In a more human way of looking at things—or rather in a way which looks on all things as divine, but not on one thing as being more divine than another—the Bishop of Rome came to be the head of the Church because he was Bishop of Rome. As Christianity was essentially the religion of the Roman Empire, the organization of the Church followed the organization

of the Empire. The Bishop of the Old Rome took the first place; the Bishop of the New Rome took the second. But the Bishop of the Old Rome became an independent power, because, from Maximian to Francis the Second, the Emperor of the Old Rome was commonly away from his capital. The Bishop of the New Rome could not become an independent power, because, from the first Constantine to the last, the Emperor of the New Rome was commonly present in his capital. As a fact Rome always has ruled, but the ruling power has been sometimes the Imperial, and sometimes the Papal, power. When the Empire has been strong under Justinian, Charles the Great, Henry the Third, or Charles the Fifth, the Papacy has had to do pretty much what the Empire bade it. But Rome has ruled in either case. She has always been the centre of an Œcumenical power, of a power such as both the Empire and the Papacy were in theory, a power not shut up within the boundaries of any particular nation, but reaching wherever the two lights could shine and the two swords could smite. Rome has been an Œcumenical power down to our own day; it remains to be seen whether she can remain an Œcumenical power any longer. No heavier blow could be dealt to her Œcumenical character than the change which has just made her the capital of a local kingdom. The Rome of Victor Emmanuel is a falling back from the universal Rome of Cæsars and Pontiffs to the local Rome of the Kings and early Consuls. What is to become of the other element of the Roman idea, what is to be the fate of the other light, of the other sword, perhaps we may know better before long. But if Rome from this time onwards simply holds the position of any other European capital, its history up to this time will still be something which has no parallel. Rome stands out in the history of the world without a fellow, and the Papacy, as one of the great elements of the abiding greatness of Rome, stands out without a fellow also.

The Mahometan religion, as we have said before, ought in fairness to be compared, not with one form of Christianity only, however great and famous, but with Christianity as a whole. But if we compare the particular institution of the Papacy with the particular institution of the Caliphate, the Caliphate will surely cut a very poor figure. The Caliph, the successor of the Prophet, was Pope and Emperor in one, but he was Emperor because he was Pope. For a moment his authority, temporal and spiritual, stretched over a dominion almost surpassing that of Rome herself. But it was only for a moment; the dominion, both temporal and spiritual, broke in pieces. The state of things which was to be seen for a short time in Western Christendom in the days of the Great Schism has been the normal state of the Mahometan world. The Caliphate became a mere name; its bearer became an abject dependent upon the rulers of Egypt. Since the days of Selim the Ottoman Sultans have claimed to be the lawful holders of the office; but it is plain that in their hands the temporal power comes first and the spiritual second. The Caliph is no longer Emperor because he is Pope; he is Pope because he is Emperor. The phenomena of the history of Mahometanism are quite as remarkable as the writer to whom we have referred makes them out to be. But we say again that the particular comparison which was drawn out was not a fair one. The Papacy, we maintain, has a character of its own, which stands quite by itself among human institutions; and it does so, we believe, because it is part of that great Roman power which stands alone by itself in history, as being in truth the centre of all history.

HORSE-RACING AND MORALITY.

UNUSUAL vigour has lately been displayed in discussing the question of the proper limits of State interference with individual action. How far and on what grounds are we justified in any case in suppressing practices which may be injurious, but of which the evil effects are felt exclusively, or at least primarily, by the evildoer? The popular doctrine, most forcibly expounded by Mr. Mill, that nobody should interfere with anybody else except for purposes of self-protection, has been challenged, and its validity peremptorily denied. Upon the general moral question we do not propose to say anything at the present time; but it may be interesting to consider a particular case which is to some extent a good illustration of the wider principle. A very large section of the population thoroughly disapproves of horse-racing. Although many thousands of human beings have been to Epsom Downs this week to see which of half-a-dozen animals could run the fastest, a great many more have stayed at home; and no small number are of opinion that the holiday-makers have been at least tacitly encouraging a practice which increases the frivolity and saps the honesty of all who indulge in it. At present there is no agitation for suppressing an amusement which, if this view be well founded, is a grave national scandal. The most extreme measure proposed is that the House of Commons should not honour the performance by adjourning expressly in its favour. But, if the principles adopted in other cases are applied to this, we may expect in no long time to see a proposal for more vigorous action. Many people propose to put down drinking by Act of Parliament. Gambling-houses are already illegal, though gambling in all but certain narrowly defined cases can be carried on without danger of interference. It would be merely a question of detail to apply the same theories to horse-racing. If men are forbidden to gamble with dice in a hell, they may, on the same grounds, be forbidden to gamble with horses on an open down. Probably this inference will be drawn in a short time by the most advanced zealots; and as we grow steadily more decorous, if not more virtuous, we shall be asked to put down an amusement which already offends the straitlaced and excites the contempt of the truly cultivated classes. Let us ask, then, what kind of defence might be set up by the faithful few to whom the Derby will still be the most solemn observance of the year.

We may summarily dismiss the good old breed-of-horses argument. Whether with or without foundation, it is not desirable to produce quicker horses by a method which also produces horsier men. It may be a good thing to have a number of Gladiateurs, but we don't want any more specimens than are inevitable of touts, prophets, and the whole race of hangers-on to the Turf. The apologists of the Derby may of course argue that on the whole horse-racing is a harmless if not an ennobling amusement. They must give up the sporting-man pure and simple; for there is hardly an uglier variety of the human species on earth than the betting-book in-breeches, who combines the cunning of a civilized being with the intellectual apathy of a savage. The genuine old British sportsman is a person, however, not quite improved off the face of the earth, though he is perhaps more abundant in the imagination of penny-a-liners than in real life. But, granting his virtues, it will still be hard to prove that they are in any degree fostered by the amusement. Can it be seriously argued that any man is really the better for acquiring a taste for the Turf? Would any sensible father be glad to hear that his son was becoming more learned in the genealogy of horses than in art or literature? A love for healthy exercise, such as is implied in a passion for field sports or athletic games, is in itself a good thing, though frequently pushed to extremes. But if such a taste is combined with a taste for horse-racing, it is combined only in the sense in which a spirit of adventure may lead to a taste for rash speculation. The virtue, if we may dignify it by that name, perhaps passes into the vice by imperceptible degrees, but horse-racing is, to say the best of it, at the lowest end of the scale of which manlier forms of amusement are at the head. Considering how much is now at stake which once appeared to be perfectly secure, and how important it therefore is that the richer classes should take a generous view of their duties, nobody, when the question is fairly put to him, can seriously admire an amusement specially devised for the waste of time, money, and energy. If our governing classes are to hold their place at the head of society and to meet like men the dangers to which all existing institutions are exposed, they must be on their guard against those qualities which horse-racing is specially adapted to stimulate. A century ago, perhaps, they might be as frivolous as they pleased; they might try to kill the great enemy, Time, by gambling at their Clubs and at Newmarket, and nobody would think of regarding them as anything but spirited gentlemen, enjoying themselves in a manner appropriate to their rank. At the present day they are more jealously watched; they should prove that they are capable of employing for public-spirited ends the great influence which they still enjoy. A certain part of the population undoubtedly retains a kind of traditional respect for all forms of extravagance, and even an excessive devotion to horse-racing is considered as adding a certain aristocratic grace to the character of a social magnate. But the sentiment is not one upon which much reliance can be placed. In the struggle for existence which is always continuing in a more or less covert form, those classes will have the best of it which can make themselves most indispensable. If every racehorse were sent to the knackers to-morrow, if Tattersall's were shut up and the course at Epsom sold in building lots, the world would rub on about as well as before. There would, on the other hand, be an irremediable loss if English gentlemen lost the sense of honour, the public spirit, or the intellectual cultivation which, with all their shortcomings, enables them to play an important part in every agency for the national improvement. If society is, in some sense, on its trial, which indeed is always more or less true, horse-racing encourages precisely the qualities which must tend to demoralize and enervate the class with which it is popular. That it has any good effects upon individuals, that any human being is really the better for going upon the Turf, is a proposition too audacious to be seriously maintained by its advocates.

The disciple of Mr. Mill might possibly go on to urge that it is a "self-regarding" amusement. Those only who indulge in it are the worse for it, and nobody else has any right to protest. The fact asserted is so far true, that horse-racing does no immediate injury to the outside world. The horses do not tread upon our toes in a literal sense, and the worst physical evil produced is an occasional overcrowding of our streets and a certain amount of cruelty to animals. But, admitting that, in a technical sense, the evils of the practice are confined to those who take part in it, the case is one of those which illustrate the frequent inutility of the distinction. A horse-race does not necessarily involve broken heads, or other tangible and assignable physical injuries. But its deleterious influences on the population are not for that reason the less plainly marked. Anybody who looks at the advertisements of sporting newspapers may collect ample proofs that it encourages reckless gambling amongst large classes. We have agreed, for reasons too familiar to be stated over again, that lotteries were essentially demoralizing; but, though we have no longer State lotteries, we allow this great national lottery or system of lotteries to be carried on upon a vast scale. Nobody denies the mischiefs which resulted from the first practice; and it is impossible to see how their existence can be consistently denied in the other. In fact, their existence is not seriously denied by

anybody; but, if admitted, it follows that the plea founded upon the supposed limitation of the evil influences is nugatory. Horse-racing, with the surroundings which are now inseparable from it, encourages young men in ruinous habits; it is as distinctly an agency for evil amongst others besides its immediate supporters as the gambling-houses or the immoral exhibitions which are most righteously suppressed, or as any nuisance which spreads fever through a neighbourhood. A habit of gambling is as distinctly an evil, whether it is or is not as great an evil, as the physical consequences which result from breathing bad air. Horse-racing spreads the habit, as distinctly as inefficient drainage spreads atmospheric poison. The argument derived from the limited sphere of the evil holds or fails in both cases alike. If a few gentlemen raced their horses in their own grounds with no spectators or reporters, or if a man chose to keep an open cesspool in his own house in a solitary island, it may be that nobody would in either case have a right to interfere; but when a whole nation interests itself in the race, and a whole town can perceive the effluvia of the cesspool, the argument from individual liberty is equally illusory. However much we might desire it, we cannot safely treat human beings as though they were isolated individuals, when in fact every action spreads its influence through a sphere of indefinable extent.

Another argument from the same source is occasionally used. It is objectionable, it is said, to impress a uniform code of conduct upon a whole nation. We should desire to cultivate the greatest possible variety of types of character, and therefore to have jockeys and betting-men as well as lawyers and students of science. There are, however, two difficulties in the way of accepting this doctrine. In the first place, we may deny that the variety is a desirable one to preserve. If the gambling instinct of a nation were suppressed altogether, the nation would be the better for it. There are many types of human character the extinction of which would cause us as little regret as the extinction of the dodo. We don't want to see an everlasting series of generations of the brutes who stamp their wives to jelly, of the men whose highest ideal of happiness is beastly intoxication, or of those whose nearest approach to intellectual amusement is a careful calculation of the odds. If society were rendered more monotonous by the suppression of these types, the monotony would be an improvement. But we may further dispute whether it would become more monotonous. A vast amount of energy now runs to waste in producing a breed of horses and men distinguished by the possession of certain qualities. Cut off that particular channel for the display of energy, and the chances are that the energy would direct in itself into new channels. If a young man were forbidden to seek excitement from betting, it is conceivable that he might find a nobler mode of employing himself. Possibly, we do not say probably, he might take to political life; and might qualify himself for taking a worthy part in it, after the precedent of Lord George Bentinck, by studying political economy instead of the philosophy of training. Or he might take to an adventurous life, and voyages to the North Pole might become as popular as the attendance upon horse-races. He might extend our knowledge of natural history or of savage tribes. There are an infinite number of fields for the investment of human energy which are very partially worked, or not worked at all, for want of labour; and by stopping the leak through which so much good force escapes to no useful purpose, we might direct an equal amount of vigour elsewhere.

It is true that this argument may be applied differently; and indeed it supplies a sufficient ground for objecting to a measure which nobody advocates. The love of horse-racing is doubtless rather a symptom than a cause. Most of its devotees, we are quite ready to believe, are fit for nothing better. They are hopelessly frivolous, and incapable of better modes of amusing themselves; and therefore it is highly probable that they would find rather a worse than a better employment of their faculties. Gambling cannot be suppressed by these rough and ready methods. Suppress it on the Turf, and it will flourish the more vigorously on the Stock Exchange. A man who is at that stage of intellectual development at which tossing for halfpence in some more or less complex form appears to be a worthy mode of occupying a life, is not to be reformed by simply cutting off one of his means of amusement. Horse-racing has certain good points, it may be, and is therefore superior to other amusements for which that moderate excuse cannot be made. All that legislation can do in such matters is to exercise a moral pressure by attacking some of the grosser forms of a bad practice, when it has a strong weight of public opinion behind it. It is doomed to lag behind instead of preceding the conscience of the nation; for otherwise it would only change the form of the disease, or possibly drive it inwards. It is not for every complaint that we should use the lancet or the amputating knife. It is necessary to wait till the right moment is come, till the morbid growth is ready to drop off by itself, and a healthy curative process is certain to be set up in its place. And therefore we should fully admit that horse-racing must be left alone, perhaps for ever, but certainly till it has sunk through many depths as yet unreached, and is condemned by the moral sense of a much larger majority. Meanwhile moral remedies alone are available, and some sanguine people may hope that they will purify without suppressing the practice. Whether there is any ground for such anticipations we cannot at present inquire; but so long as they exist, they form an additional reason against any decisive surgery.

THE *DAILY TELEGRAPH'S* OLD SAVAGE.

THE conductors of the *Daily Telegraph* are probably disappointed at the apathy and indifference with which their sensational telegrams about the alleged fall of Khiva have been received by the public. They were printed in large type with portentous headings, and were supported by ingenious leading articles containing a great deal of curious speculation. It is idle to argue whether the telegrams were true or false. As a mere matter of probability the chances are that Khiva has fallen, and a prophet would have not risked much who took upon himself to predict that event at or about a given date, as soon as he knew that the expedition had started. After making every allowance for the difficulties of the country, the Khan is a pitiful foe for a great Power like Russia, and it may be assumed that the Russian Government is quite aware that it cannot afford to suffer even slight reverses in such a field. It may be taken for granted that, as far as human foresight goes, the Russians have used every precaution to ensure not only success, but instant and complete success, and it will be rather extraordinary if it should turn out that Khiva has, even by accident, been able to make head against the invaders. There is no difficulty in believing that Khiva may have fallen; but why anybody should be expected to believe it on the bare assertion of the *Telegraph*, without any confirmatory details, passes one's comprehension. The news was conveyed in a laconic message purporting to come by telegraph, and containing nothing more than a simple statement that Khiva had fallen. There was first a telegram without any date or address, and then a few days afterwards another, said to be by way of Tiflis. On the most favourable construction of these communications, all that could be said of them was that at the places from which they were supposed to have been despatched there was somebody who believed, whether on good or bad authority it was impossible to guess, that Khiva had fallen. That there were rumours to this effect at the places in question is not improbable, and it may also be assumed that the *Telegraph* published the communications in good faith, believing them to have been honestly sent to it. But all this does not touch the question why the public should be expected to attach the slightest importance to the mere assertion of an anonymous Correspondent who can give neither names, dates, latitude, nor longitude in support of his statement. Argument would be thrown away on such a mockery of news. There is no room for reasoning, for there is absolutely nothing to reason about. We will put out of question the possibility of the *Telegraph* knowingly hoaxing the public; but then the *Telegraph* may have been hoaxed itself, or the *Telegraph's* Correspondent may have been hoaxed. In any case, if what was transmitted was only a rumour, it would have been honest to say so. It may very likely turn out that at the time the telegrams were published Khiva had in point of fact surrendered to the Russians. But, on the other hand, there is nothing so deceptive as probabilities. Improbabilities are seldom invented, but probability is the fertile source of falsehood and conjecture. Whether this news turns out to be true or false is immaterial to our argument; in either case it is by itself unworthy of attention or belief, and we are glad to find that it has been so regarded. If the news is true, it is at least singular that the *Telegraph* should so long have had a monopoly of it, and that the Russian Government should either be ignorant of its own victory or in a conspiracy to conceal it.

In addition to its vague, mysterious, and unsupported telegrams, the *Telegraph* has also published for the enlightenment of the world some letters by a Special Correspondent entitled "Notes by the Way." At the outset it must strike any one that the value of these "Notes," regarded in any other light than as pure fiction, is somewhat impaired by the extreme anxiety of the writer to obliterate all traces of his footsteps, and to conceal whence he has come, where he is, and whither he is bound. A more appropriate title for this singular correspondence would be "Letters about Nothing from Nowhere in Particular." Attention has been directed to an odd literary coincidence in connexion with these letters. The Correspondent, dropping to earth for a moment in his mysterious flight to Khiva, meets somewhere on the "boundary line of the everlasting desert" an old man "whose features look doubly grim in their frame of snow-white hair." The old man replies courteously to his salutations, but "without losing for a moment the grand impassibility which is the birthright of all Oriental races." This suggests to the Correspondent that there is "a strange weird contrast" between the railways and telegraphs of the nineteenth century and "the tameless guerilla of the Eastern deserts, the same in every feature as when his forefathers swept Russia as with a whirlwind six hundred years ago." And so he leaves the "grand, lonely, irreclaimable old savage lingering in the midst of a world which has forgotten him." This description of the old savage was published in the *Telegraph* of the 30th April, but it happens that a fortnight before *All the Year Round* published a description of this identical savage, "grand, lonely, irreclaimable," "doubly grim," and all the rest of it, as having been met with in the neighbourhood of Balaklava, where his appearance suggested to the writer precisely the same reflections, in almost literally the same words as those used by the *Telegraph's* Correspondent. Borrowing the language of the latter, we should be disposed to say that it is impossible to conceive "a stranger or more touching spectacle" than the meeting of two Correspondents with the same "doubly grim" old savage in two

different parts of the world; but the *Telegraph* offers a very simple explanation of the mystery. It is "not surprising," we are told, that the old savage should turn up in both the articles, because they were written by the same person. This Correspondent, we are assured, is a "man of character," but unfortunately his "strong mental impressions" were a little too much for him, and so he saw—or at least wrote—double. It may be all very well for the *Telegraph*, knowing the writer, not to be surprised at his coming across the same old savage wherever he goes, or pretends to go; but it is only natural that innocent readers should be rather perplexed by such an odd repetition of identical incidents in different parts of the world. It is perhaps even more wonderful that the same Correspondent should meet the old savage twice in this way than that two Correspondents should each meet him once. The *Telegraph* seems to think that when it has explained that it has secured for the future a monopoly of this gentleman's savages, and that the only real genuine old savage is henceforth to be found in its own columns, there is an end of the matter. The candour of the *Telegraph* is a curious example of simplicity or effrontery. Its admission that it sees nothing "surprising" in the conduct of its Correspondent enables us to gauge the degree of literary honesty with which it is satisfied on the part of its staff. The *Telegraph* says it stands on its reputation, and complains that its contemporaries refuse to acknowledge its enterprise. Its enterprising character is certainly not unknown. The astronomical feats of its Paris Correspondents have certainly not been forgotten. It would appear that these gentlemen have *carte blanche* for turning on a moon whenever they want one, and twice within a short period they have produced the luminary, regardless of expense and almanacks, in order to enliven their graphic sketches. The *Telegraph* must not be surprised if its "old savage" is put in the same category as its handy moons.

We do not know how many of this wonderful Correspondent's letters have been published, but we have read a couple of them, and we must say that, apart altogether from the incident of the old savage, the letters are on the face of them about as absolutely worthless as anything of the kind could be. It does not in the least matter where the letters were written or posted, or whether the Correspondent ever saw the things he describes. It is enough to say that they contain nothing which could not have been written just as well in London. The writer explains that, as the Russians have refused to permit any Correspondents to accompany the expedition, he is obliged to keep his movements secret, and he pleads that he must not be "accused of want of clearness or candour" if he is "for the present sometimes vague as to the exact dates" of his letters or the places whence they are forwarded. The first letter contains neither date nor address. The addresses in the other letter, "On the Hills," "On the Road," are, we should imagine, well calculated to baffle the curiosity of the Russian generals. This necessity for secrecy on the part of the Correspondent is certainly a very good reason why he should be as vague and indefinite as possible, but it affords a still stronger and more obvious reason for not writing any letters at all. It is hardly worth while to print four or five columns of correspondence by a writer whose great object is to conceal as effectually as he can where he has been. We are told that "the shadow of doom is deepening over Khiva," and that the writer has been at Jericho, and was once in a Russian theatre in company with a Russian general. Then we have half-a-dozen lines of vague gossip from Moscow, some loose details about Khiva taken from well-known travellers, and a long description of a Russian eating-house, where, it seems, the guests drink tea, smoke, and eat cabbage-soup. But all this is not exactly news about Khiva. Our expectations are raised when the Correspondent meets "a traveller who is said to have passed through the Khivan territory from point to point," and again, when he and a Russian officer, in some other nameless region, "plunge into a discussion upon Central Asia, a subject in which he (the officer) is completely at home." But, unfortunately, nothing comes of it. You see, if the poor fellow were for a moment to divulge anything in the shape of information, the Russian generals—who are of course kept well supplied with files of the *Daily Telegraph*—would at once be down on him. He is obliged to confine himself to fine writing about "the insignificant States which form the milestones of history," "the little Syrian town" which had "the power to precipitate Europe upon Asia in an avalanche of ruin," about Russian tea-shops and villages, and a street fight, and "the sudden bursting of a mountain storm," and "a brave old song" he "learned years ago in one of the little log-built hamlets that dot the endless level of central Russia from a handful of Crimean veterans," in order that the Russian generals may be thrown off the scent, and led to fancy that he is still in Fleet Street. There is a story of a French married lady who desired to have a portrait of her lover, but directed the painter to make it as unlike him as possible, so that her husband might not recognize the features. The Correspondent of the *Telegraph*, in his terror of Russian generals, appears to have set himself a somewhat similar task, and to be executing it with considerable success. Only, if the Russians do not know what to make of him, neither does the British public. It would surely have been simpler not to write any letters at all.

It may be admitted that the impudent emptiness of this correspondence, and the equally impudent pretentiousness with which it has been put forth, are a novelty in English journalism. It is absurd to call stuff of this kind news. We say nothing of the authenticity of the letters or the character of the writer, but anybody who reads them can see that they are a mere flux of fine writing, and that they do not throw the slightest light upon the Khivan expedition, or anything connected with it. They are simply flimsy sketches of familiar objects of Russian life, to which an attempt has been made to attach a factitious interest by heading them "Khiva Expedition." As for the telegrams about the fate of Khiva, they would no doubt be important if they were true; but there is no means of knowing whether they are true or not, and nobody in his senses would believe a naked assertion of this kind without anything to confirm it, or to supply a means of testing it. Mr. Gladstone observed at the Literary Fund Dinner that the press tends at the present day rather to rapidity than solidity, and that it is too fond of excitement; and the observation is undoubtedly true. Rapidity and freshness are of course important in news, but after all freshness is not everything, and it is better to wait a day or two, or even a week or two, for safe, trustworthy intelligence than to be served with wild sensational telegrams and letters which are really not news at all. The first essential of news is that it shall be worthy to be believed, and for our own part we prefer the old-fashioned prosaic paragraphs to the flashy, frothy rhetoric and "strong mental impressions" of Special Correspondents. It is impossible not to observe in certain journals a dangerous confusion between romance and facts. It seems to be thought necessary to present facts as much as possible in a romantic form, so as to read like a chapter in a novel; but in the nature of things facts cannot be treated in this style without a good deal of trimming and adulteration, and there is a suspiciously easy step between dressing up facts like fiction and passing off fiction for fact. The newspapers may depend upon it that they cannot do better than stick to hard, solid facts, and keep as far as possible from the dangerous borderland between the novel and the news-letter.

PAPAL ELECTIONS.

MANY of our contemporaries, both English and foreign, were very busy of late with conjectures about the probable successor of Pius IX., whose health, if we may trust the *Lancet*, is in a sufficiently alarming state. One Florentine newspaper some weeks ago actually devoted an elaborate article to demonstrating, to its own entire satisfaction, that a particular Cardinal, whom it named, must and certainly would be the next Pope. If we felt disposed, as we do not, to hazard any conjecture on the subject, it would be that the alleged favourite would certainly not be elected. We have a profound distrust, abundantly justified by the regulations and the history of Papal Conclaves, of the value of any predictions on the subject. That the unbroken tradition of three centuries and a half, of always electing an Italian Cardinal to the supreme pontificate, will not be violated on the first occasion when its violation would be interpreted as a virtual surrender of the claim to temporal sovereignty, might be safely assumed even without the assurances of the *Voce della Verità*; and it is the only assumption which has any adequate basis. But while we disclaim all intention of adding one more to the various arbitrary guesses that have been put forward, our readers may like to have some more accurate information than is generally possessed of the existing conditions of the problem. What are the rules for conducting Papal elections; how they have practically worked; and how far they are subject to modification—are matters, not of opinion, but of fact. But they are facts with which the general public is very imperfectly acquainted. We have on former occasions traced in some detail the growth of legislation on this subject since the election was first confined by a Bull of Nicholas II. in 1059 to the College of Cardinals, and we cannot attempt to go over all the ground again here.* But we may briefly point out what is of special interest at this moment—the course of proceedings usually followed on the death of a Pope—and examine how far, if at all, it is liable to variation in special emergencies. With the civil incidents of an interregnum, such as the suspension of all judicial business and the liberation of prisoners, we need not now concern ourselves, as Rome is no longer under Papal government.

On the decease of the Pope the Cardinal Camerlingo at once becomes the principal personage, and it was formerly one of his first duties to direct the Senators of Rome to toll the great bell on the capitol, only rung on this occasion and at the opening of the Carnival. He receives and breaks "the ring of the fisherman," consigns the Pope's body to the penitentiaries of the Vatican Basilica, and takes an inventory of the contents of the Apostolical Palace. For each of the nine days intervening between the death of the Pope and the beginning of the Conclave, a meeting of Cardinals with special ceremonies is prescribed, the first three days being mainly occupied with the obsequies of the deceased Pontiff. On the tenth day the Cardinals are solemnly immured, according to the letter of the law, in the palace where the Pope dies; but from 1455 to 1823 every Conclave was held in the Vatican, and since the death of Pius VII., in the Quirinal in 1823, it has always met there. The next Conclave, it may be presumed, will revert to the earlier practice. Here, then, on the evening of the tenth day the Cardinals are immured in their "cells," and in theory cut off from all intercourse with the outer world; though in fact, as Father Theiner admits, the rule has never been strictly maintained, and in our own day Conclaves

* See *Saturday Review*, February 22, 1868, "Papal Conclaves"; June 22, 1872, "Right of Veto in Conclave."

have no pretensions to greater secrecy than generally pervades Cabinets, except that the prescribed arrangements afford peculiar facilities for secrecy when it is desired to observe it. After proving their right to the suffrage—and no Cardinal below the rank of a sub-deacon can vote without special license from the late Pope—they proceed to the election, which is conducted in a manner so elaborate as almost inevitably to defy all previous calculations. Of the three recognized modes of election, that by "inspiration" may be at once set aside as a mere abstract theory, though several instances have occurred of preconcerted acclamation, which is easily confounded with it. The election by compromise, where a disunited body of Cardinals agrees to delegate its powers to a small Committee, was last adopted in 1304, in the case of Clement V., but it is said to have been proposed in the third month of the long Conclave held at Venice which terminated in the election of Pius VII. The ordinary method is by ballot, consisting first of a simple ballot, and then, unless some one candidate has obtained a majority of two-thirds, exclusive of his own vote, follows what is called *accessus*, whereby each elector either repeats his former vote or transfers it—*i.e.* "accedes"—to some candidate whose name has already come out of the ballot-box. This double process may be repeated on the same day. It of course gives scope for all kinds of manœuvres, and a very common one is to put forward sham candidates, generally with the object of eliciting, and thus getting rid of, the veto hitherto exercised by the three Catholic Powers (Austria, France, and Spain) which can only be exercised once. It is most probable that in the next election the right of veto, which never had any statutable foundation, and is only between two and three centuries old, will be disputed, just as the right of the Catholic Governments to send ambassadors to the Vatican Council was disallowed, on the ground that they no longer support the exclusive claims of the Church. Any claim urged on behalf of Protestant Governments, such as Prussia, would certainly be rejected. Of the ceremonies that follow election we need not here speak, but on the actual working of the system a word shall be said presently. Meanwhile it is important to inquire, in reference to the future, whether the existing regulations are under all circumstances held to be absolutely binding, the more so as vague rumours are current of Pius IX.'s having provided for their suspension, if found advisable, in the election of his successor.

The decrees on which the composition and action of the Conclave chiefly rest are mainly three; the first, of Nicholas II. in 1059, restricting the franchise to the College of Cardinals; the second, of Alexander III. in 1179, requiring a majority of at least two-thirds of the votes for a valid election; and the last, of Gregory X. in 1274, prescribing the interval of nine days, the immuring of the Cardinals, and the method of procedure. Except in the abnormal instance of the election of Martin V. by the Council of Constance, after his predecessor had been deposed, and partially in one or two other cases, these regulations have always in fact been observed. But it is not the less certain that in theory they are liable to very considerable modification. Adrian VI. actually abrogated the famous Bull of his predecessor, Gregory X., which remained in abeyance through six pontificates. A more important case is that of Gregory XI., who had brought back the Holy See from Avignon, and, in order to secure its permanent re-establishment at Rome, which was endangered by the predominant French influence among the Cardinals, suspended by a Bull in 1378 all existing regulations about the Conclave, even empowering it to elect by a simple majority of votes; and this *coup d'état*, as it has been called, was held by ecclesiastical public opinion to be certainly justified under the critical circumstances of the time. But the most memorable precedent, both as coming much nearer our own day and because the Bull is, we believe, still in force, occurred in the reign of Pius VI., who was really suffering at the hands of Napoleon the persecution of which Pius IX. so loudly complains. In February 1797, when strong pressure was being put upon him to revoke his condemnation of the civil constitution of the French clergy—a proposal which the Cardinals urged him to resist at all costs—the draft of a Brief was proposed, suspending, *for the occasion of the next election only*, the prescribed interval of nine days before holding a Conclave, but it was never even transcribed. On the 30th December following, however, a Bull, *Christi Ecclesiæ regendæ*, was really promulgated, giving a similar dispensation, which was to hold good for any grave emergency threatening the free action of the electoral body. And even this appeared next year inadequate to the gravity of the crisis. One of the leading Cardinals, Antonelli (no relative of his present namesake in the Sacred College), pressed, and had almost induced, Pius VI. to sign a Bull superseding all the enjoined rites and conditions of Papal elections, except the requirement of a majority of two-thirds, and allowing votes to be given by proxy; but the Cardinals took alarm at so extensive an innovation, and the scheme was suffered to drop. Yet some months later (Nov. 13, 1798) another Bull was actually issued with the assent of the Cardinals, *Quum non superiori anno*, which is even more comprehensive in its dispensing clauses than Antonelli's rejected draft, except that it omits the permission for proxies. It was to apply to the Conclave immediately following, and to all others occurring under equally adverse circumstances; and it is, we presume, still in force. The Cardinals are left perfectly free to confer among themselves, on the Pope's death, as to the time and mode of election, even the practice of immuring the Conclave being left optional; the only restrictions retained being the prohibition of canvassing for any specific candidate during the Pope's lifetime, and the requirement of a majority of two-thirds, which Gregory XI. had, it will be remembered, in one particular case dispensed with. Still more recently Gregory XVII., during the troubles in the earlier part of his reign, drew up a document with his own hand, empowering the Cardinals to proceed to an election, if necessary, immediately on his death. It was, however, never published; and was found in the drawer of his writing-table after his death. What provision of a similar kind Pius IX. may have made we cannot say, but he is sure to have had these precedents before his mind. At the same time it is obvious that no active interference with the liberty of election is at all likely to be attempted on his decease, while on the other hand a much shorter interval than that prescribed will in these days of telegraphs and railroads enable the most distant Cardinals to reach Rome. It may therefore be anticipated that the proceedings will, in the main at least, be conducted according to established precedents, and hence it is worth while to inquire, in conclusion, how the existing system is found to work.

Those who wish to study the process of election in detail, in a case where a second Englishman narrowly missed the tiara, may read a pretty full account of the Conclave of 1550 in Dean Hook's Life of Cardinal Pole. Pole himself, although the chosen candidate of one of the two parties among the Cardinals, quietly occupied his leisure hours during the period of "immurement" in composing a treatise on the Duties of the Papal Office. The Conclave, however, actually terminated, after an abundance of plotting and counterplotting, as so often happens, in the election of one of the unlikeliest members of the Sacred College, who took the name of Julius III. He was chosen by acclamation, arranged beforehand, after all the favourites had for various reasons failed. But it will be more immediately to the purpose to refer to the last Conclave in 1846. Then, as now, the Sacred College had been carefully filled with strong Conservatives, nearly all of whom were nominees of the late Pope, and Gregory XVI., who had attained the age of eighty, died suddenly at the last, as may not improbably be the case with his still more venerable successor. There were two parties in the Conclave, the strongest headed by Lambruschini, the late Secretary of State; the other by Bernetti, who had held the same office under previous Popes. Of the possible candidate of the latter, or Roman party, as it was termed, from its leading members happening to be Romans, Mastai Ferretti was the least known or spoken of. Yet a series of accidents, originating in the folly of Lambruschini—who, in defiance of the accepted usage of the last two centuries, never to elect a former Secretary of State, endeavoured to secure the triple crown for himself—resulted on the second day in the election of Mastai Ferretti, a reputed Liberal, by a strictly reactionary Conclave. On the first morning, June 15, Lambruschini had fifteen votes and Mastai twelve, twenty-three more being distributed among other candidates. A second balloting and *accessus* the same afternoon had reduced Lambruschini's votes to thirteen, while Mastai now had seventeen. Only fifty Cardinals were present out of sixty-two, then the full number living, and they were anxious to get the matter settled before the arrival of their remaining colleagues; and as Lambruschini was now discovered to have no chance, his numbers on the morning of the sixteenth sank to eleven, while Mastai had twenty-six votes. The Opposition, or Roman party, were now resolved to make a push to carry their man, and that same afternoon the result of the *accessus* gave Mastai thirty-six votes, above two-thirds of the fifty electors present, while Lambruschini had only eight. Cardinal Acton's influence was believed to have turned the scale. Next morning arrived Cardinal Gaysruck armed with the Austrian veto, which would have arrested the election of Pio Nono if it had come twelve hours sooner. Cardinal Gizzi had been the general favourite, and the surprise in Rome at the result of the Conclave was universal. The name of the new Pontiff was almost unknown, and had never come into the betting. We must apologize for so profane an allusion in so sacred a connexion, but in fact the princes of the Church themselves, as well as the outside public, are wont to indulge the Roman passion for gambling during Conclave time. In a very graphic description of the Conclave of 1829 Stendhal tells us that he witnessed a Cardinal playing in the lottery through the wheel which served for the conveyance of meals to the immured denizens of the Quirinal. Whether this incident will be repeated in the next election we do not presume to surmise, but nobody ought to be surprised if the name of the successful candidate should turn out to be as little known or anticipated as was the name of Mastai Ferretti in 1846; less known it hardly can be. The most philosophical frame of mind in view of a Papal election is, *credo quia improbabile*.

MR. AYRTON AND THE LAW COURTS.

IT must be sorrowfully confessed that even Mr. Ayrton has at last become somewhat monotonous. His merit in his own particular line of performance is, we gladly acknowledge, undiminished, for talents such as his are do not depend upon the fashions of the passing hour. The falling off is in his audiences and in the managers with whom he has contracted an engagement which both sides are now discovering to have been somewhat lengthy. Even Aristides found to his cost that Athens could be bored by his extreme consistency, while we believe that

after a few more seasons the musical world would have devoutly prayed that Paganini might have been induced to procure a second fiddle-string. So the famous character of Bluff, the honest Minister, which seemed likely some two seasons since to make the fortune of the representative of that distinguished borough which once reckoned the Orton family among its constituents, has actually become a drug upon the repertory because nobody will be found to give a bespeak. One after another, those patrons of high dramatic art who used to come to the fore and call for the favourite have had to abstain from inviting a performance in which the staleness of the matter was so little compensated for by the finish of the comedian's manner. Perhaps the managers also, as we have hinted, were in fault for fighting shy of their old friend under the consciousness that the day could not be far distant when the appeal would have to be made to the general public for renewed support. They may have become a little nervous in putting forward a performer who was at each successive appearance as likely to provoke the resentment of the audience by his arrogance as to entertain them by the finished audacity of his personification. Mr. Gregory accordingly deserves much credit for having dared, at a moment of the Session when the House of Commons was settling down into calm stupidity—when Dublin University had passed into the limbo of settled questions, while Father O'Keeffe was for the moment a tabooed Parliamentary name, when Mr. Miall had been snuffed out, and Mr. Whalley had forgotten to sing, and even Mr. Delahunty was cherishing a brooding silence—to get up in his place and call upon the shrinking veteran to repeat one of those performances which used to bring down the House in days when a general election, even with the old dread of the hustings superadded, was no more than the muffled rumour of some far-off calamity.

Mr. Gregory, who possessed the advantage of speaking from a practical experience of our judicial system, and who could himself, as a former President of the Incorporated Law Society, claim no small share in maturing the scheme of a concentrated Palace of Justice, placed the necessity of proceeding with the building of the new Law Courts on a business-like basis. Money that had been voted in 1865 and 1867 for the work had for five years remained unproductive, and, reckoning the lost interest at 30,000*l.*, this would represent 150,000*l.* "But that was not all. By the provisions of the Act of 1865, the Government were bound to pay all the rates and taxes to which the houses which had been removed from the site were subject; and as those rates and taxes amounted to 9,000*l.* a year or more, making for the five years 45,000*l.*, a sum of about 200,000*l.* had been substantially wasted." This loss Mr. Osborn Morgan, who followed, placed at the still higher figure of 250,000*l.*, while both he and Mr. Gregory treated the concentration of the Law Courts as a necessary element in the fusion of jurisdiction. Mr. Ayrton's reply was a masterly mosaic of irrelevant issues and of evasions of the substantial question. The "public and the administrators of justice" had been, he asserted, "subject for centuries" to the dispersion of the Courts. No doubt; but the statement is a truism, unless it were intended to lead to the inference that so long as Ayrton reigned in Whitehall Place fresh years should be added to the already elapsed centuries. But then it "appeared that the legal profession had been going on for several centuries with a system of jurisprudence that was now announced to be erroneous"; a statement which, if it means anything, embodies the wonderful assertion that the constitution of the courts which administer the jurisprudence, and the quality of the jurisprudence which is administered in those courts, are one and the same thing. But then, after a scheme, which at the prices of five years since would have represented an outlay of 1,500,000*l.* for site and buildings, had been officially ratified, a larger plan to house more courts and offices on a wider area was formulated and subsequently laid aside, and the undertaking was further delayed by the proposed transference of the building to the Thames Embankment. All this was interesting ancient history, but it carried with it no answer to Mr. Gregory's plain question. The recapitulation of the incidents which intervened to delay the preparation of Mr. Street's plan for a building on the Carey Street site, upon the reduced scale to which the Government ultimately consented, would, if it had been fairly told, have been more to the point. Very good care was, however, taken that the whole case should not be presented, although the one certain fact which came out through the First Commissioner's haze of words, was that the architect at all events was not to blame; and so Mr. Ayrton went off into a handsome eulogy of himself for having materially cut down Sir Gilbert Scott's Home and Colonial Offices, and of Mr. Cardwell for having cost the country 5,000*l.* in changing the style of the London University.

The upshot of all this dissonant array of unconnected facts was that Parliament was whipped and sent to bed with the severe grandmotherly snub that "the House could not take a more unwise step than to cut into the middle of the negotiations which were now going on." The one thing which Mr. Ayrton took care not to say, but which the House naturally inferred from his silence, was that there was something in the rumour which asserted that, after the smallest and plainest building suitable for the complex purposes of our Law Courts, without being in discord with the national dignity, had been arranged between the Government and the architect, that building, on the opening of the tenders, was to be discarded, simply because by the recent rise of prices the precise sum which would two years ago have symbolised that structure could no longer carry it through. Mr. Street had on trial shown himself both scrupulous and successful in keeping with inexorable frugality within the 750,000*l.* of 1871, and he was therefore to be punished by being ordered to mutilate his structure, to the detriment of justice and the inconvenience of suitors, no less than to the damage of art. It was in particular felt that the one conspicuously noble feature of the design—a feature which above all the others had been in the first instance dictated to him by the Commission—the Central Hall, was in jeopardy. It was not therefore wonderful that member after member rose on each side of the House to "know the reason why," and that, with the slight exception of Mr. Eustace Smith's feeble support, the First Commissioner was left absolutely friendless. In the meanwhile Mr. Lowe was absent, and Mr. Gladstone sat on in unexcited silence. We are accordingly not without hope that in this case the growl of the First Commissioner may after all not prove to be the voice of the British Government. Whatever the Ministry may have said or done, or whatever may be in store for it to say or do, to the mortification of its supporters and the exultation of a buoyant Opposition, it will, we hope, at least spare itself the disgrace of having consented to disfigure the Palace of Justice in order to gratify the petulant humour of the senior member for the Tower Hamlets.

PARLIAMENTARY ELECTION PETITIONS AND CORRUPT PRACTICES.

IT may be well to remind Her Majesty's Government, and especially the law officers, that the Parliamentary Elections Act which created the present plan of trying Parliamentary election petitions expires at the end of this Session. It was originally provided that it should expire at the end of last Session; but the Attorney and Solicitor General, who introduced last year a Bill of renewal with some few additions (Corrupt Practices Bill), did not proceed with it, and at the end of the Session there was nothing to be done but simply to renew the existing Act for a twelvemonth.

We are now in the fifth year of trials of election petitions by Judges of the Superior Courts proceeding to the places of origin to try them. One result of this system is to give three Judges a year of rest and idleness in every year save the one immediately following a general election; but it might perhaps be possible to secure their services on more economical terms. It would be well also if we could hope from the Government a careful consideration of the policy of the present system of election trials, with regard to trusting for any and all inquiry to the willingness of petitioners to bear the burden of a costly and uncertain suit; and also with regard to the assimilation, under the operation of the Act, of election petition inquiries to trials at Nisi Prius as to costs, requirement of particulars before trials, &c.

The Act of 1868 was immediately followed by a general election, and the numerous election petitions of 1869 were, in England, tried by three Judges of high calibre, whose eminent fitness to make the best of the Act no one would dispute. The great acumen of Mr. Justice Willes, unhappily lost to us, and of Mr. Justice Blackburn, and the sturdy sense and sound feeling of Baron Martin, were employed in England on the many petitions arising out of the general election of 1868. It so happened that in 1869 a Committee of the House of Commons was sitting on Parliamentary and Municipal Elections—that Committee out of which the Ballot has sprung—and the Committee, before terminating its labours, naturally sought to obtain the advice of the three very distinguished Judges whom we have named as to the operation and efficiency of the new Parliamentary Elections Act, founded on their observations and reflections in their election trial circuits. It might be supposed that it would naturally have been the desire of the Government, in framing their Bill of last year "To Amend the Corrupt Practices Prevention Act and the Parliamentary Elections Act, 1868," to show careful deference to the suggestions of Justices Willes and Blackburn and Baron Martin. The Bill was probably concocted in a hurry, and it will be an advantage of delay that more attention can now be given to those suggestions. It would indeed be strange if the Government, in framing a measure of amendment, neglected to seek the assistance of the Judges who administered the Act, and found many blots and shortcomings in it. The Bill of last year was to be called the "Corrupt Practices Act, 1872," and it contained a provision for prohibiting the use of rooms in public-houses, which had been recommended by the Committee of 1869. The Government might perhaps go further and close public-houses on the day of election. Baron Martin recommended this in the most emphatic terms. "I have," he said, "a very strong opinion indeed, that the public-houses ought to be closed on the day of polling. I think the quantity of drink on the day of polling, and the state in which many voters were alleged to have come up to vote, were perfectly scandalous; they were so drunk in two or three cases that they did not know who they came to vote for. In one case, at Norwich, the voter would insist on voting for Patterson and Steward, the brewers there." Much evidence was given before the Committee of 1869 to the same effect as Baron Martin's strong opinion. But the Committee, while declaring their opinion that the closing of public-houses "would tend to the tranquillity and purity of elections," abstained from recommending it, because "we fear that the inconvenience to the public generally of such a measure would be so great as to out-

weigh its advantages." When the Committee reported, there were two days to be thought of, the nomination day and the day of polling. But the Ballot measure of last year has done away with public nominations, and all the turmoil and excitement connected with them. It might perhaps be possible to make provision for exceptional cases of real inconvenience or hardship in legislating for the general closing of public-houses for one day, the day of polling. Three members of the Committee, Mr. C. Villiers, Mr. Leatham, and Mr. Fawcett, opposed the passage in the Committee's Report expressing a fear as to public inconvenience.

The Judges experienced great difficulty in certain cases of exceptionally large expenditure, in obtaining absolute proof of any case of infraction of law voiding a seat under the statute. All the three Judges strongly recommended an enactment that extravagant or unreasonable expenditure should vacate a seat. Mr. Justice Blackburn suggested that any expenditure exceeding 5*s.* a head should for this purpose be declared unreasonable. "I think it well worthy of consideration," said Baron Martin, "whether there should not be an enactment that extravagant general expenditure, and I will limit it to that, should void the seat; whether 7,000*l.* at Bradford, or 9,000*l.* at Westminster, should not of itself void the seat." Another suggestion was very forcibly put by the Judges, that they should be enabled to unseat for an extensive practice of illegalities visitable under the statute only by penalties, such as conveyance of voters, voting of persons paid for employment in the election, &c., showing by extensive adoption a deliberate design to violate the law, and constructively proving systematic corruption. In the dropped Bill of last year the hiring of rooms in public-houses was made an offence punishable with a fine not exceeding 20*l.* This might do for one case, or two, though there would hardly exist a sufficient motive for prosecution; but if it came to the hiring of a large number—of 158, as was done for Mr. Ripley at the last general election at Bradford—is there not reason in the suggestion of the Judge that such wholesale illegality should itself void a seat?

Mr. Justice Willes strongly remonstrated against the insufficiency of the present provision in the Corrupt Practices Act against the giving of refreshments to voters on the days of nomination and polling, and advised that any giving of refreshments or treating within a week before the election by a candidate or his agent should void a seat. The 4th section of the Corrupt Practices Act of 1854 defines "treating" which voids an election as an act done "corruptly" or "for the purpose of corruptly influencing." The 23rd section of the same Act makes "the giving or causing to be given to any voter, on the day of nomination or day of polling, on account of such voter having polled or being about to poll, any meat, drink, or entertainment by way of refreshment" an illegal act, punishable by a fine of forty shillings for each offence. Mr. Justice Willes's opinion on this state of the law is eminently worthy of attention:—

> I do not believe in the effect of treating people a long time before the election; but with respect to numbers of those who have been put on the register under the Act of 1867, to speak plainly, I do believe in the effect of treating upon them while the simmer is on; and I should say, with respect to that 4th section, that it seems to me to be too strait laced by reason of making corrupt intention essential; and, with respect to the 23rd section, it has two defects; first of all, it is limited to the day of the nomination and the day of the poll. I think that is too short; I think a week at least might be allowed for the effect of the treating; and I also think that the 36th section, which at present annuls an election on account of treating within the 4th section only, ought to be made to include the 23rd section, and that any person who gives voters drink within a short time before the election on account of their being voters, whether with a corrupt intention or not, ought to be held to do a thing which is so suspicious and so likely to lead to ill consequences that the election ought to be voided.

This was the deliberate opinion of a most acute, conscientious, and public-spirited Judge, and deserves the attention of the Government. There are many other valuable recommendations and suggestions in the evidence given by Mr. Justice Willes and by Mr. Justice Blackburn and Baron Martin in 1869. The Judges took a large and liberal view of legislation against corrupt practices. They objected to the extent to which the employment of paid canvassers was permitted, as a fruitful source not only of expense, but of chicanery and corruption. They pleaded for further representation of the public interest in election inquiries than their own powers under the Act permit. A public prosecutor, without which the public interest of purity of election is at the mercy of private caprice and convenience, was suggested for serious consideration. The reduction of expenditure, an obvious effect of which is to deter men of only moderate means from candidatures, was considered, as well as the prevention of actual corruption. "Ought you not," asked Mr. C. Villiers of Justice Willes, "to discourage as much as possible anything that is unnecessary in the way of expenditure?" "Undoubtedly," replied the Judge, "otherwise you give a rich dullard the advantage over a poor man of intellect." We shall be glad if, in view of a not distant general election, these remarks may serve to stimulate the Government to apply itself to a necessary duty. There is yet time to do something effectual before this Session expires. Let the law officers of the Crown cause to be prepared a *précis* of the evidence given in 1869 by Mr. Justice Willes, Mr. Justice Blackburn, and Baron Martin—let their leading recommendations be formulated—let the two survivors and other Judges who have since tried elections be consulted, and let the Government then give careful consideration to the deliberate recommendations of the Judges, and they may yet introduce before the end of the Session a substantial measure for continuing and improving the Parliamentary Elections Act of 1868. It is very desirable that a serious effort should be made to ensure a considerable diminution of corruption and expenditure before we are embarked in another general election.

GALLOWS LITERATURE.

THE old lady who liked to enjoy her murders ought certainly to have been a subscriber to the *New York Herald*. The readers of that famous journal have lately supped full of horrors. Hanging, we are told, is by no means "played out" in New York, and the faculty of writing about hanging was never developed to such perfection. We have before remarked the admirable manner in which the powers of imagination and observation are made to co-operate in producing the *Herald's* reports of interesting occurrences. The bewildered reader is tossed hither and thither on the flood of eloquence, and, like "the pale pilot" at the mouth of the Orinoco, he

> seeks in vain
> Where rolls the river, where the main;

or, in other words, he cannot separate fact from fiction in the exciting narrative. We have before us an article headed "Nixon's Nemesis," which begins by stating in plain prose that Michael Nixon died on the gallows at New York on the morning of the 16th May. He quarrelled about the right of the road with Charles H. Phyfer, pulled out a revolver and shot him through the head, so that he died within ten minutes. He was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged, and found, to his astonishment and dismay, that the sentence would be carried into effect. The respectable inhabitants of New York, who, according to the *Herald*, were lately inquiring "what they should do to be saved," have answered their own question by hanging a few of the atrocious ruffians by whom their city was infested. Nixon sank to abject terror when he lost hope. He held affecting interviews with his wife and children, and a reporter was present, or dreamed that he was present, with a note-book all the time. "The *Herald* of yesterday contained an account of his farewell to his children, of his affectionate parting from his wife. It was not his last." The market was propitious for a few more parting words. A positively last final interview was held. Speech was almost choked by emotion, and yet the reporter managed to catch every word. After parting from his wife Nixon returned sadly to his cell. He looked around. "All was so still and silent." He sat down and was evidently still thinking of his wife. "He murmured her name and spoke to her." He was recalled to himself by Father Duranquet, who began praying. Nixon prayed too. His eyes shone with a strange light. He sighed. "What a deep, deep sigh!"

We are quoting, with almost verbal accuracy, from what we should call, if we were speaking of an English newspaper, a report. There has been no change of type, except an occasional introduction of capitals, which is a common practice of the *Herald*, since the verdict and sentence in open Court, and now we find ourselves in the condemned cell. Was the reporter really peeping and listening through a chink or *tron*? If he was, we think that the respectable inhabitants of New York should once more bestir themselves for the credit of their city and put an end to an indecent practice. "No words could have expressed the anguish he (Nixon) must have felt." We are glad to find that the reporter had some little modesty, although he appears to have stripped himself of delicacy. Even he could not undertake to paint the scene between the murderer and the priest. After a few minutes Nixon listened to the reverend Father's words, and became calm. He was prevailed upon to go out into the corridor. He smoked for half an hour. "He seemed to enjoy it." Then he prayed again with the priest. At midnight he ate supper in the corridor. "He could not eat much—a piece of bread and coffee—that was all." He returned to the cell, lay down, and tried to sleep. The lamp threw a ghastly light upon the different objects in the cell. He shut his eyes, but a horrible sight rose up before him. There was blood upon the wall—a human form—deathly glassy eyes—blood—blood—everywhere blood. He started up with a shriek. All was quiet, all was dark. No blood, no terrible vision; but the kind Father spoke gentle words of love that sank into his soul. He lay down again, but could not sleep. He jumped up and clutched the iron bars. "Yes, he was a prisoner." Then he went to sleep, and dreamed that he was standing under the gallows and a reprieve was brought by his wife. He awoke, and presently went again to sleep, and dreamed that he witnessed his own hanging.

All this is written with considerable power, and it might furnish Mr. Irving, or any other actor in the homicidal line of business, with an effective recitation. But is it or is it not a newspaper report? There is nothing to prevent a continuation of the same narrative after Nixon was actually hanged. If a reporter can see and hear through stone walls and iron doors, perhaps he can look behind the veil of death. The eye which searches the Tombs at midnight ought to be capable of penetrating beyond the grave. We may suppose either that the reporter peeped and listened, or that he picked up a few hints from a warder and arranged and adorned them, or that he drew upon his imagination for the whole description. American readers do not perhaps care for these pedantries of detail. They like their daily reading to be hot, strong, and highly spiced, and they

care little to inquire into its origin and process of manufacture. But in England it has been hitherto the custom to expect that a Special Correspondent who described a battle should at any rate be somewhere near the baggage of one of the contending armies. No doubt battles are very much alike, and, to borrow Sir Robert Peel's translation of a Latin adage, one is a good deal safer in the Middle Temple, where also pens, ink, paper, and books of reference are more plentiful than they could be on a campaign. But still it has been usual to regard the Special Correspondent and the leader-writer as belonging to different departments of journalism. The gentlemen employed by the *New York Herald* appear, however, to be able to turn their hands to everything at the same time. The narrative proceeds from night to morning; the prisoner washes and dresses himself and goes to chapel; the sheriff, under-sheriff, and deputy-sheriffs arrive. "They were all dressed in black, wore high hats, and had a solemn air." The reporter has descended from omniscience to the exercise of ordinary human faculties. We even feel ourselves equal to observing and describing the sheriff's hat, and there have been English writers capable of observing and describing hangings. But this reporter cannot be content even with the last "dreadful struggle." He followed, or supposed himself to follow, the dead body to Mrs. Nixon's house, and he describes her reception of it.

Murderers can be hanged quite as effectually in Illinois or California as in New York, but they must not expect to have their last hours described with as much particularity and brilliancy as if they lay in prison at the Tombs. The reporters of the *Herald* at those distant places are fully equal to the occasion, although not so manifestly superior to it as are their more accomplished brethren at home. They can, however, make free use of capitals, and it is interesting to know that "a heartless, determined, cold-blooded murderer" named O'Neal was able to make "a hearty meal before dying." His breakfast consisted of beefsteak, fried eggs, coffee, bread, butter, and cherry sauce. He died an easy death, whereas Nixon underwent "horrible convulsions." If we could be sure that these convulsions were not invented by the reporter, we should incline to draw an inference that hanging, like sea-sickness, is borne better by those who feed generously. The reporter in Nixon's case does not say a word about breakfast, and we may surmise that he mentions everything that did happen, and perhaps something that did not. An Italian named Lusignani, who murdered his wife, was so fortunate as to receive the attentions of one of the most gifted reporters of the *Herald*; but this murder was committed in New Jersey, which is near New York, and besides, the victim was Lusignani's wife, "a splendid type of the peculiar style of beauty for which the peasant-women of Italy are so justly celebrated." The reporter may have seen Lusignani's wife either alive or dead, and he may not; but he has seen other Italian women, and this is one of the tip-top artists of the press, who is not to be fettered in his composition by any petty regard for fact. "She was of medium height, but her form was rounded to perfection, and her step was like that of a queen. She had glorious black hair, a set of pearly teeth, small hands and feet, and a broad intelligent forehead." This would read very well in a novel and look very well in a picture, and a report in the *New York Herald*, by a first-rate hand, combines the advantages of both. The story which follows of the wife's adultery and the husband's revenge is sufficiently commonplace. "The people of Morristown had become greatly attached to" Lusignani during his imprisonment and trial in their city, and delicacies of all kinds had been freely supplied to him since sentence was passed. Admitting that there were extenuating circumstances in this murder, we yet see nothing in the murderer to excite attachment, unless it were the deep rich voice in which he sang the patriotic songs of his country in prison so as to be heard by passers-by. The reporter, by the prisoner's invitation, passed the night before the execution in the condemned cell along with three priests, and he describes all that he saw and heard. In this case, therefore, there need have been no drawing upon imagination, and indeed the narrative of the last night has a matter of fact aspect which is, if possible, more disgusting than the poetic halo thrown around the last hours of Nixon. We are surprised, not that such things should be done by the *New York Herald*, but that they should be permitted by the authorities of a civilized and Christian city. The reporter quitted the cell at six o'clock and returned at seven. He was fortunately in time to see Lusignani take his breakfast, which consisted of beefsteak and toast. "He made a hearty meal, observing that it was the last he should ever eat." He also "gave utterance to many beautiful sentiments, some of which were very poetical." It was perhaps the prisoner's ability to do his poetry himself that induced this reporter to confine himself to prose.

The necessity had become manifest of hanging murderers in New York and elsewhere, and the accompanying evil of descriptions of hangings in newspapers must therefore be patiently endured. It may be instructive to abolitionists of capital punishment to observe the present reaction against their doctrine in America. In quiet orderly times and places they may gain a hearing, but when it comes to shooting or braining passengers in Broadway, respectable society instinctively agrees to hanging a few rowdies. The *Herald* knew quite well what it was about when it "put down its foot" that Foster, the carhook murderer, should be hanged. Foster was hanged accordingly, to the general satisfaction of mankind. But it is unsatisfactory to find that there cannot be public hanging without gallows literature, and if New York desires to preserve respectability, she must not only hang murderers, but endeavour to hang them decently.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

IV.

THE present Exhibition, like its immediate predecessors, proclaims that the vast majority of our English painters have pledged themselves to the prevailing school of naturalism. And yet it is but too evident that our artists are not agreed as to what nature really is. Thus Mr. Hodgson, A.R.A., Mr. Marks, A.R.A., Mr. Hook, R.A., Mr. Faed, R.A., and Mr. Eyre-Crowe, severally study nature as closely as they can, and yet the works they exhibit are as widely dissimilar as if they were guided by opposite principles. This divergence of styles is avowedly caused by the varied complexions of individual minds; not only do tastes differ, but eyes see diversely, and thus no picture can be what nature is, but only what nature seems. In short, all critics now receive as an axiom that every work of art is the union of outward nature with inward thought. It is also obvious that the varieties of tastes affect the choice as much as the treatment of a subject; thus, among the above-named artists, Mr. Hook chooses a fisher-boy, Mr. Faed a Highland lassie, Mr. Marks an ornithologist, Mr. Hodgson an Arab. And yet there is seldom a true work of a successful artist wherein the choice of the subject and the treatment are not one and indivisible; thus in the examples we shall hereafter quote, it will be found that the painter selects what he loves most and can paint best, that he takes from nature what is in nearest response to his own mental condition, that he leaves out what is foreign to his life and outside his sympathies. The law, indeed, is established, within the Academy as elsewhere, that what the artist looks at lovingly he will paint lovingly; there is found, in fact, in all true honest work a more or less perfect accord between the nature chosen, the mind choosing, and the hand executing. We think it a good sign of the times that, with some signal exceptions among certain Academicians and Associates who still persist in perpetuating obsolete styles, our leading artists approach nature with sincere convictions; they are naturalistic in the best sense of the term inasmuch as, while they prove true to outward nature, they are not unmindful of the promptings of that inward nature which in its highest manifestation is genius. In fine, the Academy, though it does not yet fulfil the exigent demands of scientific naturalists, is yet growing year by year more truly naturalistic.

"Jack-a-Shore" (329), by Mr. Hodgson, A.R.A., is a picture of unflinching naturalism; that it is without the smallest approach to the beautiful may be taken in proof of its absolute truth. "Jack," an English sailor, sprightly and ready for a spree, finds himself in the midst of a company of drowsy and dirty Arabs. The contrast is striking, yet scarcely agreeable; nevertheless the picture by its shrewd penetration into character justifies the election of Mr. Hodgson within the pale of the Academy. "A Birdseller in Tunis" (894), by the same painter, is also unpleasantly true; in short, these supremely clever transcripts from degraded types of humanity may be taken in refutation of the accepted dogma that the province of art is to please. The repellent grandeur of ugliness is a theme which still remains to be worked out, yet the appointed mission of genius would still appear to be to lead the mind towards beauty and noble forms of truth. Mr. Marks, A.R.A., is another painter who has deservedly won his way by keen insight into character; yet "The Ornithologist" (380) labours under the disadvantage of telling a twice-told tale; neither is there novelty of idea in "What is It?" (195). In a previous picture, "The King is Coming," we were permitted to see the faces of the spectators, but in the sequel now before us we are allowed to gaze merely on their backs. Really our artists must lead less intellectual lives than is usually imagined thus to be driven to expend invaluable hours on valueless thoughts. It might not be a bad plan for the Academy to keep a poet, after the manner of certain trading houses, whose duty it should be to supply the members with ideas. Possibly Mr. Yeames, A.R.A., in "the Path of Roses" (517), may suppose that he has struck out a new thought, yet we cannot congratulate him on having produced an artistic composition. A bridal party would bear a lighter and more sportive hand; we preferred Mr. Yeames when, in years past, he painted the toothache of Queen Elizabeth. The three painters above-mentioned—Messrs. Hodgson, Marks, and Yeames—belong to what is sometimes called the school of St. John's Wood; and the singular fact yet remains unexplained that that so-called school was brought into the world colour-blind, and it remains so constant to its negations and its discords that we can but suppose it has found, in its own eyes, a more excellent way than was known to the painters of Venice. It is a favourite theory among certain critics, especially in France, that art creations correspond to physical conditions. Possibly a French expert coming to London might be able to assign as a cause of the clayey colour of the St. John's Wood school the clayey stratum on which the artists live, while the superior colour of the Kensington school might be equally ascribed to the fine gravel subsoil which lies beneath West End studios. Such a conjecture would not seem an unfair parody on a certain class of art philosophers.

Mr. Pettie, A.R.A., and Mr. Orchardson, A.R.A., differ from the St. John's Wood school in being less pronounced in form and

more pleasing and sportive in colour; indeed the works of these two capricious Associates might appear to support the saying that in nature there exist no outlines. But they push the idea too far; their forms are blurred, their colours broken. Yet "The Flag of Truce" (401), by Mr. Pettie, which in conception comes as a sequel to "The Sortie," presents a fine arrangement of colours, passing from black to white, and from red to brown and yellow. The composition is well conceived; from out of a shadowy vault or gateway marches the Burgomaster, attended by two chief citizens. The heads are fine studies, not unworthy of the school of Rembrandt. A throng of starving clamorous women press forward, eager on any terms to secure food and freedom. The painter gains force in concentration. Mr. Orchardson, on the contrary, as his custom is, dissipates his effect by diffuseness. "The Protector" (194), and "Cinderella" (354), are scattered and scratchy, with empty spaces of "canvas to let." It is understood that an accident prevented the painter from contributing a work more commensurate with his known ability. Mr. Boughton, like Mr. Orchardson, has a clever way of making a figure assert its presence in wide space. The little "heir" to a large domain, accompanied by a dog and other care-takers, walks through his ancestral park; the year is far advanced, the leaves of autumn lie thick upon the ground, and grey November has taken possession of the sky. The tone is almost more foreign than English; the prevailing tertiary colours belong to a certain class of French painters, who see in nature placitude and repose. Indeed there has never before been a time when the Academy gave such favourable signs of foreign influence; on all sides we see that our painters have, to their advantage, studied in foreign schools; and thus our English art, which at one time boasted of being insular and isolated, is daily becoming more cosmopolitan.

Mr. H. Goodall, son of the Academician, is one of the many artists who have formed their styles in Capri. The manner that has grown up in this island, which for loveliness is not surpassed by any of the isles of Greece, is less English than French; indeed, in the composition now exhibited, "Capri Girls Winnowing" (372), we could almost fancy the presence of M. Hébert, whose well-known picture, long in the Luxembourg Gallery, of two peasant girls on the neighbouring coast of Amalfi, first struck the silvery keynote which was caught up by the late George Mason, and may yet, it is to be hoped, find many a responsive echo among artists of the rising generation. Mr. Goodall has focussed his highest light on a white sheet stretched to receive the winnowed wheat—a treatment specially characteristic of Mr. Mason, as might be seen in works recently collected at the Burlington Fine Arts Club. The French artist, M. Hamon, has often shown like delicious delicacy in transitions from creamy white to opalescent grey. In such arrangements of light and shade the difficulty is to keep the several colours in relative tone and place, a task which Mr. Goodall has in this well-considered work accomplished with comparative ease. "Capri Girls Winnowing"—the winnowing being of course not by machine, but by the wind—is an incident which naturally brings the figure into graceful lines; a white wall as a background, dappled with sunlight and shadow, is the usual expedient of the Capri school. The pictorial principles upon which Paris and Capri have come to agreement find further illustration within the Academy. We do not happen to know where either Mr. W. B. Morris or Mr. P. R. Morris may have studied, yet "Sirens" (675), by the former—the sirens being two girls on the shore, who beguile a fisherman in a boat—though more than sufficiently commonplace in subject, is supreme for that serenity of sunshine, passing from silver into gold, which in and about Capri is the pleasure of travellers and the perplexity of painters. We may add to the above a simple English scene, "Good-bye: God Bless You" (636), by Mr. P. R. Morris; here again we dwell in delight amid the play of subtle, slumbrous colour reflected from white surfaces; under the old routine these surfaces would have been white, and nothing more. The Venetians might have transmuted them into gold, and so would have overwhelmed hues more tender and evanescent than the rainbow. We search for a parallel to these rare effects not so much in old schools of painting as in the ancient fabric of Venetian glass. The opal glass, creamy and iridescent, throws off light and colour like to the shadowy and sunshiny surfaces in pictures of this new and anomalous school. The three works we have mentioned, though from outsiders, are all on the line—one proof among many that fair play is not altogether foreign to the policy of the Academy.

Nature receives within the Academy strange treatment; sometimes the approach made to her is, as we have seen, modest and diffident; but when such painters as Mr. Long, Mr. Burgess, Mr. Halswelle, and some others come into the field, nature herself retires. "Moorish Proselytes" (628), by Mr. Long, "The Rush for Water during the Ramadan, Morocco" (488), by Mr. Burgess, and "An Image Seller in Naples" (1085), by Mr. Halswelle prove the dire calamity which befalls an art taken at second or third hand. First came Murillo, second followed our Spanish Phillip, and now, so long as Providence may permit, survive Messrs. Long, Burgess, and Halswelle. What cannot but be felt is that these three painters—the foremost of their kind—have nothing to offer in the way of subject, sentiment, or colour, that is not either threadbare or factian. From what we know of Spain, of the coasts of Africa, and of Syria, we are led to hope that studies may yet be seen in the Academy which shall with simple fidelity, yet with poetic ardour, reflect pictorial effects which in no other regions are equalled or approached. French artists have much to teach our English painters as to Oriental modes of treatment. Yet it is to be feared that teaching, writing, and speaking go for little or nought, so long as the Academy allows itself to be ruled not so much by President or Council as by potent picture-dealers. Manchester makes the mart, and coarsest colours prove best in keeping with commercial calicoes.

We began with schools of nature called naturalistic, and therefore we cannot more fittingly close than with painters such as Mr. Faed, R.A., and Mr. Hook, R.A. Perhaps there is nothing that is very new to say of either of these artists, who, in fact, have for many years freely and fully unburdened themselves of whatever may have seriously laid hold on their affections. Yet Mr. Hook, in a scene from "The Shetlands" (254), wherein children on a rocky cliff overhanging the sea rob the nests of enraged birds hovering in the air above, tells us once more that art is endless and nature inexhaustible. It is no easy matter to combine into unison figures and birds on this scale with a landscape which in its outline and aerial perspective would remain perfect even were its living inhabitants taken away. In such a composition, as in others which we would gladly mention did space permit, the public may be taught to recognize the immutable relation between nature and art; the true painter knows how to subject nature to the conditions of art, a process which the so-called Pre-Raffaellites of the last decade ignored. We are glad to be able to add that the present Exhibition makes known the final extinction of that pretentious and mistaken school.

THE ALEXANDRA PALACE.

ONE cannot too much admire the spirit of enterprise which has completed and opened the Alexandra Palace, but it is difficult to understand why amusements properly belonging to the town should be transplanted into the country. There has grown up around the Crystal Palace a neighbourhood for which theatrical and operatic performances are conveniently provided by the managers of that establishment. Perhaps in course of time the Alexandra Palace will be similarly surrounded, and indeed we may conjecture that it has been founded with a view to increase the value for building purposes of adjacent land. But at present it seems almost an absurdity to invite several thousands of persons to the top of a hill six miles from Charing Cross to hear not very perfectly or conveniently an operatic concert. The programme of an opening day in May naturally comprises a flower show and a concert. The example of the Crystal Palace suggested this arrangement, and indeed there is little scope for originality in such matters. The *Alexandra Guide* contains a programme for the season which presents many familiar features. There are to be fruit and flower shows on an extensive scale, and as they will take place "from time to time," the author of the *Guide* cannot undertake to describe them in its pages.

> The Spanish fleet thou can'st not see, because
> It is not yet in sight;

and an exhibition of autumn fruits is invisible except to the imagination at a time when the fires of winter are hardly cold. There are to be horse, dog, cat, and poultry shows; and dramatic fêtes, and volunteer fêtes, and reviews are promised in the same paragraph as if partaking equally of the histrionic character. The concert of last Saturday was held in the centre of the building, but there is a special concert-room, and also a theatre with a stage said to be nearly as large as that of Drury Lane. We are reminded by this description of the king who was offered horses on condition that he could find riders. The Alexandra Palace has its theatre, and now what is to be done with it? If Mr. Tom Taylor should desire to continue his experiment of performing Shakspeare, an opportunity seems to be here afforded to him. "The working parts of the stage are all on the most ample scale and approved principle." In fact, nothing appears to be wanting except plays and actors, and perhaps an audience. The Palace is reasonably accessible. It may be reached by rail in an hour from Victoria Station, and when once you are in the train you may get back in the same time. But if there should be a large assembly, the competition for early places in the return trains is likely to be severe. The drive of six miles from Charing Cross is pleasant, and those who go in carriages can choose their own time of return. But whether it is worth while to go so far except on some special occasion like the opening may be doubtful. It surely cannot be worth while to drive six miles, finishing up a severe hill, for the sake of hearing a concert or seeing a theatrical performance. There is the Albert Hall available for concerts, and whatever other causes may exist for the decline of dramatic talent in London, it certainly cannot be alleged that actors labour under a difficulty of finding theatres to play in. However, you can reach the Alexandra Palace by rail from almost any part of London if you wish to go there. Special trains ran on Saturday from Moorgate Street to King's Cross, and thence to the Alexandra Palace. It may deserve notice that, if you take the train at Farringdon Street, you are on the left or near side of the Metropolitan Railway, and when you arrive at King's Cross you are on the right side. You must therefore have crossed the line, and in fact you do so close to the King's Cross Station. The regular traffic of the Metropolitan Railway and the special traffic for Alexandra Palace were conducted, so far as we know, without accident on Saturday, and this result is due to the perfect manner in which the system of signalling is now managed upon the Metropolitan lines. Indeed any failure from perfection would be destruction. But these

things should not be thought of in these ways. It is a pity that some of the carriages used in the special trains on Saturday are so built as to leave a gap between the carriage and the platform. In a hurry or in an imperfect light it would be easy to put the foot into this gap, although more easy not to do so, and a fall consequent on a false step might cause severe injury. Luckily the scrambling is likely to be at getting into, not out of, the trains. The line passes through a pretty country, and carries us to a sweep of hills which, as the *Guide* says, "constitute a natural limitation to the already overgrown city." It may be conjectured that money has been invested in the Alexandra Palace under the hope that this natural limitation may be exceeded.

Of all possible motives for going into the country on what ought to be a spring afternoon, the last that would have occurred to us would have been the desire to see a ballet. But the newspapers inform us how much those have lost who were not present at the Alexandra Palace on Monday, on which day, as the *Guide* says, "the poor man can participate in all the enjoyments the Palace affords for sixpence." We learn that "the people" went down to Muswell Hill in large numbers on Monday, although it could not be expected that the attendance would equal that which witnessed the "inauguration of this new place of recreative amusement." We are of course glad to hear that the poor man can see for sixpence a ballet which competent authority pronounces to be at once charming and correct. The shareholders of the Alexandra Palace may possibly find their way—although we hope they may not—into a list of contributories under a winding-up in Chancery, but this will not prevent their names appearing in the noble roll of benefactors of mankind. But let us hear what those who evidently understand such things have to say about this ballet. In the first place, it was gratifying to observe so many little spectators waiting impatiently for the uprising of the crimson curtain behind which lurked fairy-like creatures and green-hued Tritons. We are far from clear that we should desire children to manifest eagerness to see a ballet, but that is matter of opinion. At three o'clock punctually the curtain rises upon the first tableau of *Azurine, or the Spirit of the Waters*. This ballet has a plot which, although slight, is said to be interesting, and it may be described by writers capable of handling such high themes. We shall not assume a task for which we feel ourselves incompetent, and besides, we labour under an impression that the plots of all ballets are alike. But even if this be true, this particular ballet differs from others in being made accessible to the poor man who can afford sixpence in addition to a third class fare by railway. We are indeed so barbarously ignorant as to suppose, not only that all ballets are alike, but that all have been alike from the time of the divine Taglioni, to whose perfection Madlle. Rita San Galli is said to approach most nearly of all successors. There is of course a young man who is betrothed to a maiden, and the course of true love is interrupted by the spirit Azurine. What would one give either to see this for the first time, or to be capable of admiring it after seeing it fifty times! When the piece opens, "upon a beautiful Styrian seashore scene," we should dread the access of an uncontrollable desire either to test the quality of the refreshments at the Palace, or to contemplate the view of London from Muswell Hill. If Styria has moved recently to the sea-coast, it is only natural that the "Nainds" of that country should have taken marine lodgings. "Joan, piqued at the protracted absence of her lover, is discovered with her father, mother, and a little sister." The errant sweetheart, Karl, who is a fisherman, arrives; "and, after a little coquetry, Joan forgives him." The *corps de ballet*, Joan, and Karl "engage in a Styrian dance," and a wedding seems imminent, when a storm, which contains Azurine, intervenes. We are given to understand that Madlle. Rita San Galli represents the love, hope, joy, despair, and other suitable emotions of the Spirit of the Waters in a style which has not been seen since Taglioni ceased to hold all mankind her slaves. "It would be worth while to visit the Palace if only to see this famous dancer," and perhaps it would be worth while to invite the famous dancer to appear at some place where we could see her more conveniently. There are also three English dancers, who have no superiors on our stage, and whose style is pronounced to be "artistic and ladylike"; which the critic thinks a great thing to be able to say in these days of abbreviated skirts and attenuated modesty. Of all possible professions, we should say that that of a male dancer was the least desirable. But the representative of the young fisherman has the satisfaction of hearing that his performance was "clever and energetic." The scenery is described in detail. There were "caverns of the sea" fitted and furnished in the highest style. In fact, the whole thing was admirable, and the wonder of wonders is that it should have been seen for sixpence.

The advocates of temperance ought to observe that on Saturday the counters at which wine and beer were sold were comparatively deserted, while the competition at other counters for tea and coffee was unpleasantly severe. Ladies who had not gentlemen to assist them waited an hour or more for refreshments, and when they obtained tea or coffee, they had to take it without milk, and if they could get sugar, they had to stir it with a parasol or any other convenient substitute for spoons, which were unattainable. This deficiency was the more remarkable because, with adequate machinery, the making and dispensing of tea and coffee may be performed rapidly and almost without limit as to quantity. These "innocuous beverages," as Mr. Bruce would call them, may be recommended for Palatial purposes for the same reasons that render them popular in the Australian bush. A cup of tea is a possible luxury at an early stage of civilisation. However, the *Guide* informs us that the Company feel confident alike in the bracing air of Muswell Hill to produce appetite, and in the capacity of Messrs. Bertram and Roberts to supply it. We learn from the same source that the Company consider themselves public benefactors, as they "have got hold of this ground and set it apart for the use of the people for ever." This feeling will be valuable to fall back upon in the possible absence of a satisfactory dividend. "The Park will be sacred from the grasp of the speculative builder as long as the Alexandra Palace stands." It is melancholy to reflect that, if the present enterprise does not succeed, the Palace will be useless; for we cannot conceive any purpose to which it can be put, unless it can serve as an appendix to Colney Hatch Lunatic Asylum, which, as the *Guide* tells us, can be seen from Muswell Hill. There is an interesting collection of pictures in the Palace, which might have been conveniently exhibited in the Albert Hall. There are, in truth, three nearly similar establishments on three different sides of London. There is the Albert Hall in the west, the Crystal Palace in the south, and the Alexandra Palace in the north. The managers of the first brag most loudly of their great patrons and their lofty aims, but in substance there is little to choose among the three. The *Guide* to the Alexandra Palace suggests that "by the side of the little lakes, or under the shade of the old trees" flirtation may be conveniently conducted; and in the building "Messrs. Jackson and Graham's fine display of furniture is worthy of the notice of all such happy couples as are inclined to marry and set up housekeeping." It is kind of this Company thus to promote courtship and matrimony, but half-a-million is a good deal of money to expend in facilitating processes which are apt to go on only too easily without assistance. In the grounds there is a banqueting hall, where a thousand persons can be entertained. "Londoners will there dine gally," but what a very melancholy place it will be when Londoners do not dine there! The whole thing resembles only too closely the Crystal Palace, and we should fear that at best it cannot be more prosperous than that not too flourishing institution. The casts of celebrated statues, including "quite a competition of Venuses," and even the square blocks of cake upon the counters, remind one vividly of Sydenham. The only difference that we can discover between the two establishments is that there is to be a sixpenny day at Muswell Hill. But surely the working-man who requires boiled fowl for his Sunday's dinner, and objects to feed frequently on veal, will not long consent to take his pleasure for sixpence on Monday. At any rate Messrs. Bertram and Roberts had better look alive when the "poor man" comes to try the "appetizing power" of the air of Muswell Hill. But if the "poor man" requires the relaxation of the ballet, Madlle. Rita San Galli will find patrons, although not exactly in the class which applauded Taglioni.

THE DERBY.

WHAT bade fair to be one of the most uninteresting of Derbies has been relieved from dulness by an unlooked-for surprise. After a long succession of disappointments that would have disheartened a less genuine sportsman, and just as he has announced his intention to dispose of his stud, Mr. Merry has for the second time carried off the great Epsom prize. No one will grudge so old and consistent a supporter of racing a triumph which comes, under the circumstances, so opportunely as to appear like a compliment paid by fortune to Mr. Merry on his retirement from the Turf. Yet, after seeing Doncaster beaten only a month ago by Gang Forward, Kaiser, Suleiman, and Boiard, in the Two Thousand Guineas, the most devoted adherent of the yellow jacket and black cap could not anticipate his ability to turn the tables so decisively on his conquerors. Not that Doncaster was unremarked at Newmarket. As we stated in our comments on the Two Thousand Guineas, he ran well enough, considering his backwardness, to deserve notice hereafter. But he was so backward, so very far from being in real racing condition, that it was impossible to imagine that in the short interval between the Two Thousand and Derby his preparation could be satisfactorily completed. Good judges who took note of his fine frame and powerful limbs mentally put Doncaster by till September, and were quite prepared to believe that he would distinguish himself on the Leger day. Even in the paddock last Wednesday he was comparatively unnoticed, for it was evident that he was still backward in preparation, and the critics, fully persuaded that his day had not yet come, rushed pell-mell in pursuit of Gang Forward, Kaiser, and Hochstapler. A few minutes later, and a half-trained horse was returned the winner of the Derby of 1873.

Training accidents, public defeats, acknowledged loss of form, and failures in trials have played fearful havoc this year with the Derby candidates; and at the last the field dwindled down to the insignificant number of twelve. Paladin broke down just when he was doing all that his trainer could desire; Negro, the Biennial winner, was struck out only a few days ago; Surinam and Leopard are both on the sick list; Sir Joseph Hawley had no representative to do credit to the last year of his racing career; and it was not thought worth while to start Apollon, though, as he might have beaten Boiard at Paris last Sunday, and Boiard beat Doncaster in the Two Thousand Guineas, we do not see why he should not have run into a forward position in the Derby. Thus the probable competitors became fewer and fewer

every day, till it was positively anticipated that there would not be more than eight starters. As it turned out double figures were reached; but, take them altogether, a worse field never started for the great race of the year. We will mention the most worthless of the twelve first, and spare ourselves from alluding to them again. Snail, by Esca out of Reveillée, and Meter, by Saccharometer out of Miss Fanny, had no business in a Derby field. The former is only noticeable from his appropriate name, which is fully justified by his performance. The latter is not only a non-stayer, but cannot go fast even for a short distance. Somerset, a horse of far higher class, is also a non-stayer, and, in addition, is infirm. He will probably never recover the form he showed last year in the July stakes; and if he did, he would never be able to get over a mile-and-a-half course. He walked in the paddock with extreme delicacy, as if afraid to put his feet to the ground; and it was evident that the chance of his breaking down in the race was much greater than of his winning it. Andred is another horse with a turn of speed, but deficient in stamina, and uncertain in temper. Beadroll was, of course, only started to make running for Gang Forward, a task which he fulfilled very imperfectly. Five out of the twelve runners are thus disposed of, and no further mention need be made of them. We come now to the fair public performers of the second class, who are now aspiring to higher honours. Suleiman won two Nurseries at Newmarket last autumn, but he beat nothing that has since attained to distinction. His forward running in the Two Thousand, when he finished third to Gang Forward and Kaiser, was a better credential of merit; and as he was running strong and well at the finish, though he had been in difficulties when coming down the hill, and as he displayed undoubted gameness, it was considered quite possible that he might make a better fight over the longer course at Epsom. Montargis has always been highly thought of since he ran third to Kaiser and Surinam in the Middle Park Plate, for he was not only in backward condition at the time, but was badly ridden into the bargain. Still, under every disadvantage, he finished only half a length behind the dead-heaters; and it was unanimously agreed that he would improve on that form at a future time, if brought fit and well to the post. A few months ago, however, he went amiss, but was reported to have recovered, and certainly his appearance in the paddock was highly satisfactory. The danger, however, of trusting to horses who have recently been on the sick list was again clearly shown, for Montargis was beaten half a mile from the finish, and had to content himself with the ninth place. Chandos jumped into fame by running away with the Bretby Plate at the last Craven Meeting from Azalea, Chopette, and Roquefort. There was not a handsomer horse in the paddock last Wednesday, nor one more fit to run. His breeding was against him, Oxford being notorious for getting non-stayers; but he carried the confidence of his party, and perhaps there was no horse in the race so strongly fancied for a place, which he very nearly succeeded in obtaining. Doncaster, as we have said, was as little noticed as Hermit six years ago. People glanced at him, and passed on with the remark that he would repay a closer inspection at Doncaster. The regret, subsequently expressed, that the opportunity for inspecting him had been missed, was natural. We come now to the three cracks —or rather the three presumed cracks—Gang Forward, Kaiser, and Hochstapler. No exercise of the trainer's art could have made the first and second in the Two Thousand fitter than they were last Wednesday. There were not two opinions about their condition and appearance; and those who looked at the gallant race they won at Newmarket prophesied with justice another desperate struggle between two as honest and game horses as ever faced the starter. About Hochstapler there was a fierce conflict of judgments. The professional horse watchers, the men who for years have been in the habit of detecting the least sign of weakness on the part of a horse in a momentary glance, and who, to do them justice, measure the standard of a Derby winner by certain rules which are generally sound and sensible, denounced him one and all. His forelegs were twisted and malformed; he could not walk; and he would be much more likely to come down on his nose in rounding Tattenham Corner than to win the Derby. On the other hand, his own immediate friends vowed that he was a second Gladiateur. Gladiateur had queer forelegs also; but what could touch him when once he got into his stride? So Hochstapler might not be a model of symmetry to look at, when looked at all over; but he was of far superior class to his antagonists, who, to say the truth, were none of them of the first class. In this last part of the argument we fully agree. We have always maintained that the three-year-olds of this year are below the average, and the Derby proves it more than anything else. But what were the real reasons which induced Hochstapler's owner and trainer to consider him a miracle of horseflesh are known to themselves only. As we pointed out at the time, his one public trial proved nothing. He beat Hurlingham and The Colonel over the Rowley mile by any number of lengths; but Hurlingham is the greatest impostor that ever found his way into the Derby quotations, and The Colonel is only a six-furlong horse. As far as appearances went, they were a good deal against Hochstapler. He walked badly and cantered badly; and though he was well trained, and well furnished with muscle, old racegoers could not swallow the idea of a horse with such action getting down the hill. Judging from what we saw in the Two Thousand, Gang Forward was not specially fond of a descent; but Gang Forward's legs were very much better shaped than Hochstapler's, and there was little fear of their giving way, though they might get shaken out of their regular stride before level ground was reached.

The time soon arrived when all hopes and fears were to be set at rest. With such a small field—and it not being a matter of supreme importance whether two or three of those got off well or ill or not at all—the starter had little difficulty. The flag fell only a few minutes after the appointed time, and Beadroll started off with the running at his best pace. He maintained his lead, though without exhibiting much power of speed, to the top of the hill, where he had to retire; and then Gang Forward had to shift for himself. As soon as they commenced the descent, Kaiser rushed to the front, and went down as hard as he could go, both for the purpose of trying how Hochstapler would like it, and also from some idea that Gang Forward also might be troubled by the increased pace at that particular point. Mr. Savile's horse was successful in both ways. Hochstapler could not get down the hill at all, and Gang Forward, though he got down it, did not like it, and blundered very nearly on his nose, losing a considerable amount of ground before he could be got perfectly right again. Kaiser, built, as we have always thought, to special order for the Derby course, bounded down the hill like a cricket-ball, and came on into the straight with a clear lead. He had, as he thought, got rid of his only formidable antagonists, Gang Forward and Hochstapler, when a third, Doncaster, appeared at his left hand, going along with an unconcerned stride, and requiring immediate attention. All that a horse could do to answer such a challenge was done by Kaiser; all that a rider could do was done by Kaiser's rider; but Mr. Merry's great powerful chestnut went on and won cleverly, but not by any means easily, by a length and a half. Gang Forward, after recovering from his mischance, had been set going again, and running with the indomitable gameness that has always distinguished him, caught up Kaiser in the very last stride, and made a dead heat with him for second place. Chandos was a fairly good fourth, and of the remaining eight we need only say that not a single one was ever dangerous for a moment. We may add though that our constant opinion about Hochstapler, that he would either win in a canter, or be very nearly last, was justified. If, as his friends said, he was a second Gladiateur, he was bound to win easily, for he had only second-class horses to beat; if his friends had made a mistake, there was no earthly reason why he should not come in last instead of first. As it happened, his friends had made a very great mistake, and he did come in very nearly last. Gang Forward and Kaiser have again proved themselves, what every one believed them to be, thoroughly good honest horses. In the Two Thousand they could hardly be separated; in the Derby the judge could not separate them at all. In the month between the two races there was a chance of Gang Forward's making greater improvement than Kaiser; but the different nature of the course at Epsom was sufficient to counteract this advantage. What Gang Forward gained in condition he lost by not being able to rattle down the hill to Tattenham Corner. But for his mischance at that point he would, we think, have beaten Kaiser in their places; and if he is fit and well in September, it is a certainty that he will beat Mr. Savile's horse in the Leger. But what chance will either of them have with Doncaster, if he makes such improvement between June and September as he has made during the last month? Confessedly a half-trained horse, not enjoying the confidence of his owner or trainer, even his starting for the Derby being a matter of doubt within a few days of the race, he has fairly beaten the two most approved and most trusty three-year-olds in the country. It is impossible that they can be made better, or that they can run better than they have run. In every race in which Kaiser has taken part he has been one of the first three; and what more can a horse do? His performances are, of course, limited by his powers; but his powers have always been honestly exerted to their utmost. The inference is clear. The three-year-olds are very moderate; below the standard of Cremorne, far below that of Blair Athol. An unprepared horse, held of little account in his own stable, has beaten the best of them without much difficulty. We are not going to exalt Doncaster to the skies. We are not prepared to say that he is, or will be, a first-class horse himself. If he is of such excellence, it would scarcely have remained so long unguessed in the Russley stable. Perhaps he is only a Triton among the minnows; at any rate we must see him in a Cup race with Cremorne or Favonius before accepting him as a racehorse of the highest standard. We may add that Doncaster was bred by Sir Tatton Sykes, was christened by the unearthly name of All Heart and No Peel—some obscure reference being intended to his parentage, by Stockwell out of Marigold—and was bought as a yearling at Doncaster by Mr. Merry, who promptly gave him such a name as might be properly enrolled in the list of Derby winners.

REVIEWS.

WEDGWOOD'S ETYMOLOGICAL DICTIONARY.*

MR. WEDGWOOD has put forth an edition of his Dictionary which is at once enlarged and compressed. There is more matter than before, but, by a different way of printing, it is got

* *A Dictionary of English Etymology.* By Hensleigh Wedgwood. Second Edition. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

into a smaller compass, and the work now forms only a single volume. The comparatively short introduction to the former edition has grown into an essay of sixty-five closely printed pages on the Origin of Language. This alone may entitle the present edition to rank as a new work. We need not say that it is highly ingenious, but Mr. Wedgwood will hardly expect us to be converted by it. Only perhaps a question may be raised whether anybody needs to be converted at all. Mr. Wedgwood's favourite doctrine is well known; it is the formation of words by what is more grandly called "onomatopœia," but what Professor Max Müller merrily spoke of as the "pooh-pooh" and "bow-wow" theories. Mr. Wedgwood writes as an opponent of Professor Müller, but we cannot help thinking that the opposition is, to some extent, more apparent than real. That is to say, we do not see that their main principles are necessarily contradictory. Professor Müller does not deny that some words are formed by onomatopœia; Mr. Wedgwood, if we rightly understand him, does not maintain that all words are. Mr. Wedgwood damages his own cause by putting his case in a more unscientific form than there is any need for. In the first two pages he sets forth the doctrine of the relations of the Aryan languages in a shape that no one can find fault with. Where he breaks down is in not carrying the doctrine about with him as a living thing. It is a doctrine which may quite well be held alongside of the doctrine of onomatopœia. Let us take any Aryan root, say the root *vid*. When we have traced all the various cognate forms up to the root, there we stick; we can get no further. We see that *vid* means to *see*, and therefore to *know*, but we cannot say why it should mean to *see*. If Mr. Wedgwood can tell us, we shall sincerely thank him. If he can show us how *vid* came to have the meaning of seeing, whether by onomatopœia or by any other process, we shall not have to give up one tittle of what we have already made out by the Comparative method; we shall only have learned something else into the bargain. Now if there is—what we do not see in this particular case, but what we are far from denying seems to be very likely in some other cases—any physical reason why *vid* should mean the act of sight, we should not be at all startled to hear that some other family of mankind besides the Aryans have given the same name to the same process. If it should so happen that this or that root is common to Aryan and Semitic, or even to Aryan and Turanian, the fact is in no way inconsistent with the Comparative doctrine. No Comparative philologer denies that, beyond the tie which binds together the Aryan, the Semitic, or any other family of languages, there may be a further tie binding two or more families together. To show that single households form a *gens* is quite consistent with holding that several such *gentes* may come together as a tribe. And again, as like causes produce like results, if the onomatopœic process suggests itself to one family of languages, it may also suggest itself to another. In either of these ways it is not at all wonderful if we should light upon the same root in families of languages which seem most remote from one another. All that we ask is that the discussion be carried on *per stirpes* and not *per capita*. No single member of any family must be allowed to have any dealings with any single member of any other family; all negotiations must be carried on between the common federal powers on both sides. We must not take a word in one language and assert for it a connexion with a word in some other language of another family, unless there is some historical evidence that one of the two languages borrowed it from the other. If a word seems to be common to two languages of different families, the scientific process is to trace it back to its root in each family, and then we shall be able to judge whether the likeness is real or only apparent. It may turn out that the root really is common to both families, either by virtue of a more remote connexion between the two, or because each family, as in a case of onomatopœic formation is very likely, has hit upon it for itself. But it may turn out that the likeness, however tempting, is purely accidental.

This last is the chance which Mr. Wedgwood seems unwilling to face, and the whole process is one of which he is clearly impatient. We may grant to him that Professor Müller may very likely have gone too far in despising onomatopœia, because, as we have shown, onomatopœia is perfectly consistent with the Comparative method. But Mr. Wedgwood, on the other hand, after beginning with a clear setting forth of the Aryan doctrine, goes on in practice to forget or ignore it. The particular articles in his Dictionary are not put together on any more scientific principle in the new edition than they were in the former one. In the greater number of cases there is really no attempt to give anything like a history of the word; when there is, it is rather a history of the use and meaning of the word than strictly of its etymology. Our notion of the way to make an etymological dictionary, such a one as we greatly desire to see, would be to take the modern form of each word—to trace it back through the various stages of English to the earliest form that can be found in our own language—then to give its cognates in other Teutonic languages, then its cognates in other Aryan languages. When we had thus got up to its earliest known Aryan form, we should be in a position to judge whether it had any non-Aryan cognates or not. Of course this would make rather a long story, but the different stages of the process need not be done at all on the same scale. The history of the word within our own language should be dealt with more fully than the Teutonic cognates, and the Teutonic cognates more fully than the non-Teutonic. As for words of Romance origin, those which really are words, which are really naturalized, which we cannot now do without, and whose history is sometimes doubtful and sometimes instructive, would of course find a place. But in an English etymological dictionary it would be quite enough to trace them back to the point at which they made their way into English, carefully pointing out the stage of our language at which they come in, and distinguishing those which came straight from the Latin from those which came through earlier or later stages of French. But as for that great mass of French and Latin words which, however useful for their own purposes, are not, in any philological sense, English words but merely technical terms, an English etymological dictionary has nothing to do with them. To come back to our pet illustration, it should carefully mark the difference between *candle*, *chandler*, and *chandelier*, because the different stages at which those words were adopted make part of the history of the English language. But the writer of such a dictionary need hardly trouble himself with the history of such words before they entered the English language. Thus the English received the word *candle* from the ready-made Latin word *candela*. The connexion of *candela* with *candere*, and with anything else to which *candere* may lead us up, is an affair for the historian of Latin, but not of English, etymology. Now Mr. Wedgwood attends to nothing of all this. He has an entry "*Candle.—Chandelier*. Lat. *candela*. Fr. *chandelle*, from *candere*, to glow." Again, under *Chandler*, he tells us, "Fr. *chandelier*, dealer in candles." He goes on to point out the way in which the word has been wrongly applied to other trades, as when people talk of a corn-chandler, and he helps us to a word which we did not know, and for which we thank him—namely, the *chandry*, or place where candles are kept. But he does not stop to point out, what a dictionary of English etymology surely should point out, that *candle* came straight from the Latin at a very early stage of our language, while *chandler* and *chandelier* both came from the French at stages, as the different pronunciation shows, with a wide interval between them; and, if any one chose, he might point out how, in a yet later stage still, we have fallen back on the Latin and taken in the word *candelabrum* bodily.

With purely English words, Mr. Wedgwood's way too often is merely to throw together a great number of cognates, or possible cognates, without any attempt at marking out the different stages and different degrees of distance. Some words are strangely left out altogether, as *head*; yet one would have thought that no one could have withstood the temptation of tracing *head* through *heved* up to *heafod*, of pointing out its absolutely perfect analogy with *caput*, and of saying something about *haupt* and some other words. Then again, *lord* and *lady*, two words of the greatest difficulty, and therefore of the greatest importance, in English etymology, are cut wonderfully short:—"*Lady*. A.S. *hlæfdig*," though in the opposite page we actually have a quotation under the word *lad*. "When *laddes* weddeth *leedies*," while under *lord* we get only "*Lord*. A.S. *hlaford*, O.N. *lavaudr*."—on which latter form it would have been well to have enlarged a little, but then these are words out of which it is not very easy to make out any doctrine of onomatopœia. Mr. Wedgwood always seems much happier when he gets hold of a word which may not have so much history about it, but where he can put together a theory about *fizz*, *buzz*, *puff*, and that kind of thing. We do not profess to know whether *ire*, *ira*, "is in all probability a representation of the snarling sounds of quarrelling dogs"—a view which Mr. Wedgwood works out at some length; nor, when dealing with English etymology, are we greatly concerned to learn that certain Finnish words seem to be formed on the same principle. But we should have eagerly seized on the opportunity of pointing out that *ire* is a perfectly good English word, cognate with the Latin *ira*, but not derived from it. Mr. Wedgwood does indeed give the Old-English form *irre* or *yrre*, but he puts it at the end, while the Latin and Old-French are put in the front. So again under the word *bull*, we are rejoiced to find the Lithuanian *bullus* quoted; but we could really have dispensed with anything about a Pope's *bull*, where the Latin *bulla* in its latest sense is, as far as English is concerned, a primary fact. But *bulla* is primarily a *bubble*, and *bubble* may be easily connected with *bullire*. So Mr. Wedgwood flies off at that tangent, and has much more to tell us about the Pope's *bull* than he has about the beast, and this though he quotes the North Frisian *bolli* and the Swiss *bullen* in the sense of *bellow*, words which there would be a very fair excuse for connecting with the bellowing animal.

Scattered up and down Mr. Wedgwood's Dictionary is a great deal of curious and valuable matter, notices of obsolete and dialectic forms, illustrations of the changes in the meaning of words, besides the onomatopœic suggestions which we are very far from casting aside in a lump. The book therefore has a real value for those who are already used to the scientific treatment of the subject, and who will find in it many facts that will be of use to them. But the facts come so confusedly and capriciously, there is such an utter lack of order in the arrangement of the cognate forms, even when they undoubtedly are cognate, there is so little attempt at a real philological history of any English word, that to a student who is only beginning the book cannot fail to be misleading. Mr. Wedgwood does not take the least pains to distinguish the degree of distance between the various cognate forms of the words which he treats of. Low-Dutch is nearer than High-Dutch is nearer than Latin, Celtic, or Lithuanian; but Mr. Wedgwood jumbles them altogether with the older forms of English thrown into the heap, as if the relation between an elder and a newer form of English were the same as the relation between an English and a Lithuanian word. Then we get a great deal of Finnish, but very

little Sanscrit; whereas, according to our doctrine, we have no right to compare anything Finnish at all till we have got at the earliest Aryan form of the word, for which we must of course commonly, though not necessarily, look to the Sanscrit. In short, from our point of view, the whole thing is unscientific. This new edition is in this respect no advance on the first, and it is to our mind needlessly unscientific; for we will end as we began with saying that Mr. Wedgwood's doctrine, if kept within reasonable bounds and not pushed to any absurd extremes, is not in itself inconsistent with the results of Comparative science.

TYERMAN'S OXFORD METHODISTS.*

THAT prince of critics, Richard Bentley, characterized one of his great predecessors in the Mastership of Trinity as "the excellent Bishop Pearson, the very dust of whose writings is gold." Mr. Tyerman seems to believe that the sweepings of his own study are of the same precious metal, and has embodied in this volume "some portions of a large amount of biographical material" which he had collected when compiling his *Life and Times of John Wesley*, but was compelled by want of space to lay aside on that occasion. "Other portions," he informs us, "may be published at a future time"; that is, we presume, unless his publishers and the section of the public for whom they cater shall be found to have heard enough about Methodism and the Methodists, according to his version of their history and of the nature of their influence, past or present, on the religious mind of England.

Mr. Tyerman's biography of the Apostle of Methodism has been reviewed by us on three several occasions (December 3, 1870; January 29 and July 29, 1871), and needs no special notice here. Seldom indeed have loving admiration and praiseworthy diligence presented a more lifelike picture of any man than his disciple has afforded us of John Wesley; seldom, too, it must be added with sorrow, has a considerable work been more marred and disfigured by the poverty of a slipshod style, by narrow bigotry, by dogmatical judgments respecting matters of which the writer displays an amount of ignorance which is really astonishing. This "Life of Wesley" must be studied by every one who seeks an insight into the character of the mighty preacher and his times, yet its author has done his best to make it utterly unreadable. The present volume professes to be but a sequel to his previous labours, a mere shaking of the tree when the gleaning is over; nor can we assert that it has any considerable or independent value of its own. All the blemishes of his earlier work are to be found here in rich abundance. The English clergy are as "envious and malignant" as ever; Zinzendorf, the Moravian "Papa," is a veritable "pope," his language full of "effrontery," his books of "repulsive jargon"; the society over which he presided breathes a murky atmosphere of religious clouds (p. 187). This writer still talks of the "fat incomes" of the bishops in a tone of which Mr. Miall might be ashamed (p. 85), while yet he knows so little of the constitution of the English Church as to call the Bishop of London its highest dignitary (p. 134). For "ritualism" and "high-churchism"—his pages overflow with these barbarous nicknames—he has a complete rosary of uncharitable prayers that their votaries, "laying aside their popish follies and proud pretensions," may embrace the truth as approved by Mr Tyerman "in its simplicity and its purity" (Preface, p. vii.) While we have among us what in solemn irony are termed "religious newspapers," we suppose that the public taste must of necessity be corrupted, and Christian good-will impaired, by vulgar balderdash like this. The marvel is how such a person as our author, presumably of pious life and decent manners, can dream that any worthy purpose will be answered by dipping his blunt pen in the very gall of bitterness, and by pointing the finger of scorn against men, fallible as himself and perhaps mistaken, who yet would fain serve the common Master as truly as he.

We think it fit to say thus much once for all of Mr. Tyerman's tone and spirit, not in the hope of being of any use to him, for experience has taught us that he is wholly incorrigible, but by way of apology to the reader who may look into his book on our recommendation. For it cannot be denied that he has collected material which is interesting to those who watch the ever-changing phases of theological opinion, and has revived the memory of a few earnest men whose contemporary reputation exceeded their intellectual power, yet who scarcely merit the oblivion into which they have fallen. Of the five names which stand on his title-page, the one most familiar to us is doubtless that of James Hervey—"The Literary Parish Priest" is the appellation by which our author distinguishes him. To his brief and uneventful life of forty-four years (1714–1758) nearly a third part of the present volume is devoted, though we do not quite understand why he, a decorous and orderly beneficed clergyman, should be reckoned in the number of the "Oxford Methodists" simply because he consorted with them when an undergraduate of Lincoln College, and kept up a friendly intercourse with some of their leaders to the day of his death. Infirm health and a thoughtful disposition fostered his natural love of learning, which was tempered and elevated by habits of early piety. Mr. Tyerman inserts a long letter addressed by him from Oxford to his sister when he was only nineteen, "in that flowingly harmonious style which was one of the chief characteristics of all his publications" (p. 205). It is full of spiritual promise, which his subsequent career abundantly realized, but, if we take our author's word for it, "it is thoroughly unevangelical," being "written at the time when Hervey first united himself with Wesley and his Pharisaic friends." If their Pharisaism only prompted them to shun evil-speaking, we would rather cast in our lot with them than with their censor.

Among his many acquirements we are informed by the Rev. John Ryland, a preceding biographer, that Hervey "became one of the first scholars in Europe for a familiar knowledge of the Hebrew Bible" (p. 212); which is much to say in an age that produced Bishop Lowth's famous *Lectures on Hebrew Poetry*. In this sacred study he had John Wesley for his teacher, having previously got hold of the *Westminster Hebrew Grammar*, of which he could make nothing. "That book," plaintively writes Mr. Ryland, "seems to be contrived by the devil to prevent the learning of the Hebrew language; it is dark and obscure, harsh and unpleasant, ugly and disgustful, dull and listless" (*Ibid*). Possibly Ryland was a Westminster boy himself, and, if so, he ought to know; otherwise we should have thought that the *pair body* to whom he refers the authorship might have found other employment than that of compiling bad grammars to perplex and torture ingenuous youth. Yet it was not as a scholar that Hervey became best known, but rather as a diligent, godly, painstaking parish priest. As a curate at Bideford and elsewhere, then in his own inherited livings of Weston-Favel and Collingtree in Northamptonshire, he did the work of a true evangelist in spite of bodily weaknesses which made him seem a dying man all his life long. He was never married save to his holy work, and of his extemporary sermons, full of tenderness and simplicity, very few have been preserved. His most ambitious literary performance, *Theron and Aspasio* (1755), a dreary dialogue in three volumes on justification by faith and the doctrines akin to it, had a prodigious sale at the time, and is sometimes met with in old-fashioned libraries, but will never be read through again. This publication embittered his latest years by bringing him into collision with his old friend Wesley, who would at all times rush upon whatever savoured of Calvinism as a wild bull on a red rag. He is best remembered by an earlier and less elaborate performance, *Meditations Among the Tombs* (1745), suggested by an excursion from his curacy of Bideford to the fine old church of Kilkhampton, in the north-east corner of Cornwall. In this juvenile work more especially, his style is as bad as can well be imagined; inflated, luxurious, exhibiting every fault that an inexperienced writer would be taught to avoid. But he has treated a subject of universal interest in an impressive manner; the prevailing tone of contemplative melancholy has charms for most readers in some conditions of the mind, while here and there breaks forth a certain luscious eloquence which is not artificial. We do not hold with Mr. Tyerman when he says of Hervey's books that "few are greater favourites at the present day" (p. 200); but some of his finest passages, such as his apostrophe to Sir Bevil Grenvil, the hero of Lansdowne field, are not unworthy of more enduring fame than they are likely to vindicate for themselves in the crowded pages of English literature, where all that is not of the best must ere long become the prey of dumb forgetfulness.

Mr. Tyerman devotes another hundred pages of his volume to a person whose very existence we had almost lost sight of, the Rev. Benjamin Ingham (1712–1772), "the Yorkshire Evangelist." The sect of the Inghamites, of which he had the sorry distinction of being the head, has now almost vanished from the face of his native county, where it once overshadowed Wesleyanism itself. From an early period, however, the growth of this denomination was stunted by the too close vicinity of the Glassites or Sandemanians, the very narrowest of all separatist communions, even now not wholly extinct, and among whom Michael Faraday was bred, and lived a member and an office-holder. The illustrious philosopher who put all nature to the question never found time or inclination to ask himself whether the Supreme Being whom he devoutly served was indeed a respecter of persons. We return to Ingham, who was an undergraduate of Queen's, and about twenty years old when he first joined the holy brotherhood at Oxford. He had not been long ordained before he received from John Wesley a letter whose substance was this:—"Fast and pray, and then send me word whether you dare go with me to the Indians." He obeyed the call, and accompanied John and Charles Wesley on that ill-starred mission to Georgia; wherein, by the exercise of a little common sense, he obtained more influence and consideration than those he had hitherto taken for his guides. In thirteen months, however, he left the colony to encounter contradiction at home. "At a Church congress held at Wakefield, June 6, 1739," as Mr. Tyerman informs us, "Ingham was prohibited from preaching in any of the churches in the diocese of York" (p. 90); we were not previously aware that Church Congresses existed at that period, or that they possess even now such summary coercive jurisdiction. Be that as it may, he had now to exercise his ministerial function in any place he could make available. "Village greens, the public streets, fields, barns, cottages, and houses of all descriptions became his preaching places," so that not fewer than forty religious societies were formed by him at this time. Hitherto he had been on terms of close intimacy with the Wesleys, but their union was soon to come to a disastrous end. The elder of the brothers exacted from his

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* *The Oxford Methodists: Memoirs of the Rev. Messrs. Clayton, Ingham, Gambold, Hervey, and Broughton; with Biographical Notices of Others.* By Rev. L. Tyerman, Author of the "Life and Times of the Rev. S. Wesley, M.A."; and the "Life and Times of the Rev. John Wesley, M.A., Founder of the Methodists." London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1873.

followers more dutiful respect and compliance than Ingham was willing to bestow; and to this source of dissension was added the varied relations in which they now stood to the Moravian Brethren, who had virtually expelled John Wesley from their body, while Ingham still clave to them, though he too left them at last. Page after page of Mr. Tyerman's volume, as indeed of his *Life of the Founder of Methodism*, is full of the dismal controversies, the mutual recriminations, the bitter reproaches of those who had begun to run the good race together, and had subsequently parted in anger and malice. Whitefield kept himself as clear as any one from these most unedifying disputes, for his was a meek and candid spirit, but even he was at times betrayed into conduct which he afterwards looked back upon with deep remorse. As to Ingham, we fear he was no less blameworthy than the rest, yet he has been spoken of as emphatically a gentleman. When he was young, his handsome person and agreeable address commended him to one of his converts, twelve years his senior, the Lady Margaret Hastings, sister-in-law to the famous Selina Countess of Huntingdon; nor had she cause during many years of wedded life to regret her union with the clergyman who took broad Yorkshire for his parish. When she was gone the widower's sun went down in gloom. The decaying state of the societies he had set up distressed him sorely, as though it were a personal calamity. "I am lost! I am lost!" was his despairing cry; he seemed to himself to have lived and toiled in vain.

The next worthy on Mr. Tyerman's list was of a braver and more cheerful temperament, John Gambold (1711–1771), of Christ Church—Bishop Gambold as our author calls him, for he had accepted that title from the Moravian body in England after Ingham had forsaken it, and for seventeen years he bore the not overwhelming "honours of his office with humility and diffidence" (p. 194). Gambold, too, had become acquainted at the age of nineteen, first with Charles Wesley, who was a student of his own college, then of course with John, who, as he writes, "has been the instrument of so much good to me that I shall never forget him" (p. 157). Like the rest of the pious troop, he visited the city prisons, was fruitful in prayer and exhortations, took orders early, and spent ("almost wasted!" p. 163) four years as vicar of the sequestered village of Stanton-Harcourt, finding there ample leisure for literary and philosophical studies. Much about this time, nay even after his intercourse with the Moravians had revived his love for spiritual truth, Gambold composed a tragedy entitled the *Martyrdom of Ignatius*, which grievously exercises Mr. Tyerman, and drives him to strange subterfuges indeed. As a specimen of our biographer's style, we subjoin his lame apologies for this awkward fact:—

> It certainly seems somewhat strange that an earnest young clergyman, twenty-nine years of age, and only recently brought to the enjoyment of personal salvation by penitent faith in Christ, should employ his time and pen upon a dramatical production; but it must be borne in mind—(1) that from his youth Gambold had had a great fondness for dramatic pieces, both ancient and modern; (2) that Gambold's tragedy was never intended for the stage; (3) that its sentiments are unexceptionably pure and good; and (4) that he was not the first who had attempted to represent the principles and practices of the Christian religion in such a form.

To these pleas we will only add (5) that, though graceless enough to write a play, he had not the hardihood to publish it. It first appeared in 1773, a third of a century after it was written, and two years after its author's death.

Several others of the "Oxford Methodists" are more slightly commemorated in this volume, as William Morgan of Christ Church and Robert Kirkham of Merton, who in November 1729 formed with John and Charles Wesley the nucleus of the party "by spending some evenings of the week together in reading, chiefly the Greek Testament." With one Rev. John Clayton (1709–1773), "The Jacobite Clergyman," as Mr. Tyerman calls him, we were not previously acquainted. He laboured and died successively Chaplain and Fellow of the Collegiate Church at Manchester, and had first persuaded Wesley in 1732 to take up his practice of fasting twice in the week. The chief use he serves to his biographer is as a peg on which to hang a series of protests against "ritualism" and "priestly pretension" and "parochial pride," for Clayton had left the Wesleys as soon as he perceived to what they were driving. "Coldness sprang up and separation," nothing worse.

The brief memoir of Thomas Broughton, "The Faithful Secretary" of the venerable Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, is important chiefly because some of Mr. Tyerman's readers will here learn for the first time what he very rightly is careful to impress upon them, that this association "had the honour of being the pioneer of some of the greatest movements of the present day. It distributed Bibles long before the British and Foreign Bible Society existed," and numbered among its missionaries the apostolic Schwartz. Broughton had joined the Methodists at Exeter College in 1732, and in London was conspicuous for his zeal in ministering to condemned malefactors up to the moment that they suffered. He also, in the course of time, received the benefit of the Wesleys' left-handed prayers. "I was much assisted to intercede for poor Mr. Broughton," writes Charles in 1738, "who continues the very life of all those who oppose the faith" (p. 343).

The short lives of the Wesleys' clerical brothers-in-law, John Whitelamb and Westley Hall, especially of the latter, might very well have been spared, the rather as all that was worth knowing about them had already been told in the "Life" of the Founder. For John Whitelamb we must confess a hearty liking; we doubt not that he was, what his tombstone, raised by a stranger, declares, "worthy of imitation." The poor charity boy of Samuel Wesley's smaller parish of Wroote was promoted by the old rector's generous kindness and his own towardly parts, first to an Oxford education, next to his patron's little living, and the hand of his afflicted daughter Mary. He lost all he had toiled for by the death of his wife within one year; then patiently dragged on life as an obscure country parson for more than a generation longer; making from time to time his timid approaches to imperious John Wesley, yet always flung back again, and finally dismissed in a single paragraph by one whom he professed to serve in all things, "provided conscience be not concerned." We subjoin the great man's version of the poor fellow's epitaph:—

> 1769, October 4. How long is it since Mr. Whitelamb died? What disease did he die of? Did he lie ill any time? Do you know any circumstances preceding or attending his death? Oh, why did he not die forty years ago, while he knew on whom he believed! Unsearchable are the counsels of God, and His ways past finding out.

They are so, indeed; and not the smallest mystery which disturbs the reflecting mind is this, that men who are willing to give up ease and substance, and the blessings of social life, for the furtherance of what they hold to be the truth, should thus pursue each other with deadly enmity, and launch forth invectives from which the most worldly abstain for mere self-respect; forgetful all the while wherein it is written, "Though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing."

BRET HARTE'S WORKS.*

IT is about two years since Mr. Bret Harte became known to the English public by the *Luck of Roaring Camp*, a collection of Californian pictures which we noticed at the time at some length. The success achieved by these tales was followed up by the *Heathen Chinee* and its companion pieces, in which the writer showed himself a humourist—and this in the wide sense of the term which includes humanity and pathos—in poetry as well as in prose. Other productions were gradually added, mostly, but by no means exclusively, distinguished by the novel Western colouring which had at first attracted attention. The latest piece in prose, "Mrs. Skaggs's Husbands," takes us back to the Californian camp life; on the other hand, the latest pieces of verse—"Concepcion de Arguello," and the lines on the fire of Chicago—are as regular in language and form as if Mr. Longfellow had written them. The collected whole makes up a good-sized volume, which, if manipulated according to the usual ways of publishers of English poetry and fiction, might easily be spread into three or more. In some ways the contents are of unequal merit; but most of them are good, and some things are unique. The impression we receive on the whole confirms the judgment which we had formed step by step from the several parts as they appeared—that Mr. Bret Harte is a storyteller and poet of true genius. It would be a great mistake to infer from his popularity at railway bookstalls that he is a mere compiler of extravagant jests and adventures. What we do infer is that railway travellers will read good books if only they are made cheap. Even the somewhat blatant advertisements with which the English publisher has thought fit to herald these works may annoy, but will not deter, the reader who is accustomed to see with his own eyes.

Perhaps the most eminently distinctive feature of Mr. Bret Harte's manner is suggestiveness, a quality in which, we think, his writing is hardly to be surpassed. By this we mean the power of suggesting definite, not indefinite, ideas. It is not uncommon to find in modern authors, especially in some of our latest poetry, collocations of fair-sounding words which seem to answer to some vague emotion, but convey no positive meaning, and which are called suggestive because they fail to suggest anything in particular. This kind of vague suggestion may have its artistic uses, but obviously requires a very fine artistic discretion in its use. Mr. Bret Harte's way is quite different. With a few touches, thrown in as it were by accident, he describes remote or trivial consequences so as to carry our thought at once to the centre of the action. Nor do we come to resent this as a trick of manner; partly because Mr. Bret Harte knows how to apply it with infinite variety, partly because it is really not artificial, but founded on the truth of human nature. We do, in fact, learn a good part of the things which are important to our actual life by some such incidental and roundabout intimations. It would be difficult to find anywhere a more complete and condensed dramatic picture than in the short poem entitled "Jim." The story of an old friend lost and found comes out in broken sentences, in which the speaker's true emotion, being shamefaced, as the manner of our English race is from East to West, disguises itself in abrupt questionings and casual expletives. The last two stanzas, containing the discovery—which any one who thinks they want to be made classical may call by the technical name appropriate to these situations in Greek tragedy—are wonderful for what they say in a few words:—

> Dead!
> Poor—little—Jim!
> —Why, thar was me,
> Jones, and Bob Lee,
> Harry and Ben—
> No-account men:
> Then to take *him!*

* *The Complete Works of Bret Harte, in Prose and Poetry.* With Introductory Essay by J. M. Bellew. London: J. C. Hotten. 1873.

Well, thar—Good-bye,—
No more, sir,—I—
Eh?
What's that you say?—
Why, dern it!—Sho!
No? Yes! By Jo!
Sold!
Sold! Why, you limb,
You ornery,
Derned old
Long-legged Jim!

The same power comes out very conspicuously in the story of "Mrs. Skagg's Husbands." Skaggs is a sufficiently unpromising name to begin with. It strikes us as a nice question whether Mr. Matthew Arnold might not find it even more ominous for the future of our language and culture than Wragg. Certainly Diane de Lys or Lucrezia Borgia sounds better. And Mrs. Skaggs and one of her husbands are not seen at all; the husband who does not appear being the one by whose name we hear of her. Something is said, but most is inferred from the conduct of the persons whose misfortunes she has made. And we venture to say that nevertheless Mrs. Skaggs ought to take a permanent place among the sinister and terrible figures of modern fiction. This tale has appeared in a French version in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, as did also, if we remember rightly, some of the former ones. Mr. Bret Harte's reputation is therefore not confined to readers of his own language.

The purely humorous aspect of Mr. Bret Harte's writings is both the most familiar, and perhaps the most difficult to give an account of, but we cannot pass it over. The curious irony—using the word in its original sense of under-statement—which runs through the whole is generic rather than individual. But our author embodies it in a quiet easy flow of verse peculiar to himself, which sets it off admirably. "Truthful James's" account of the dispute in the scientific "Society upon the Stanislow" is in this way irresistible:—

Now I hold it is not decent for a scientific gent
To say another is an ass,—at least, to all intent;
Nor should the individual who happens to be meant
Reply by heaving rocks at him to any great extent.

Then Abner Dean of Angel's raised a point of order—when
A chunk of old red sandstone took him in the abdomen,
And he smiled a kind of sickly smile, and curled up on the floor,
And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more.

"That Heathen Chinee" is too well known to require any gloss from us. The guile of Ah Sin under his "pensive and childlike" bearing, Bill Nye's lofty indignation as the champion of virtue and native labour, and the judicial calmness of his partner who tells the tale, make up a sort of diminutive burlesque epic of the collision between the extreme Eastern and the extreme Western race of mankind. And the piece has this quality—a pretty sure test of versification at all events—that it will not leave us satisfied till we know it by heart. Mr. Bret Harte's metrical effects are very curious; with the appearance of carelessness there is really much art. Sometimes there is a dash and sweep very like Mr. Swinburne's lyrics. One poem, "Dow's Flat," is in the very stanza lately chosen by Mr. Swinburne for one of his most ambitious and sustained flights. It tells of one Dow, who, after a long run of "powerful mean" luck, sought in vain for water in his dried-up well. What he found is best said in his own words:—

It was *gold*,—in the quartz,
And it ran all alike;
And I reckon five oughts
Was the worth of that strike;
And that house with the coopilow's his'n,—which the same
isn't bad for a Pike.

That's why it's Dow's Flat;
And the thing of it is
That he kinder got that
Through sheer contrairiness:
For 'twas *water* the derned cuss was seekin', and his luck
made him certain to miss.

That's so. Thar's your way
To the left of yon tree;
But—a—look h'yur, say?
Won't you come up to tea?
No? Well, then the next time you're passin'; and ask
after Dow,—and that's *me*.

With so much genuine native power at his command, it is a pity that Mr. Bret Harte should ever be led away to become a comparatively ordinary comic writer in a field which does not suit him. This is the case however in the "Sensation Novels," a performance not only relatively but absolutely weak. There are good points scattered here and there in the various imitations, especially in that of Dickens, whose style Mr. Bret Harte has really studied—so much indeed, that its influence is a little too visible in his serious writing. But, on the whole, the parodies are forced and unsatisfactory; the more so when we remember the excellence of Thackeray's *Novels by Eminent Hands*, which all but amounts to a standing prohibition against any attempt to do the same thing after him. The travesty of *Lothair* in another part of this volume likewise fails to do any justice either to Mr. Disraeli (for a good parody ought to have at least a fair show of justice) or to his parodist.

We are glad to turn from Mr. Bret Harte's one failure to the success he has achieved on his proper ground. His Californian tales, beyond their interest as works of fiction, have a truth which, if not exactly literal, is better than much that passes for historical truth, and whereby they will one day be valuable material for history. They give us a picture, everywhere so striking and consistent that even without confirmation—which, however, is not wanting—it must be accepted as faithful, of a strange transitory phase of civilization which already belongs to the past. We see how a society with laws of its own—somewhat odd laws indeed, but still recognized laws—is unexpectedly evolved out of the concourse of apparently lawless individuals. In the process ancestral traits come out for which we have to go back over centuries if we want to find them in Europe. The state of things depicted by Mr. Bret Harte resembles nothing so much as the manners of our kinsfolk in Iceland a thousand years ago as preserved in the Sagas. Gunnar and Grettir would have been quite in their element at Roaring Camp or Sandy Bar. There is the same light esteem of human life, with its consequences modified by a conventional code of honour and a rough but well-marked sense of justice and fair dealing between men. The scientific student of human nature may regret that in California the experiment could not be fairly worked out, but of course it is inevitable that the outlying posts occupied by the irregular advanced guard of a conquering race should be overtaken by the movement of the main body, and civilized from outside before they have done civilizing themselves from inside. And of course what they do for themselves is not a fresh construction out of unformed matter, but a reconstruction out of disintegrated organic elements. Still it brings into startling proximity phases of human nature which in the ordinary course of things are widely separated in both space and time. Once or twice this confusion of different stages of civilization has led Mr. Bret Harte into something like false sentiment, as when he relates the summary trial and execution of one Tennessee for highway robbery at Sandy Bar. He uses the beauty of the midsummer morning to draw a contrast, and talks of "the weak and foolish deed." This looks like a hesitation between the points of view of the camp and of the city. If the men of Sandy Bar are to be judged as citizens living under a regular government, their conduct was much worse than weak or foolish; if (according to the real state of facts described) we look on them as members of a nascent community practically compelled to find all the means of self-preservation for itself, we do not see what else they could have done. It is not as if their proceedings were tumultuous; they act under a sense of public duty, and their justice, if not very refined, is incorruptible. And the fact that the judge, when he intercepted Tennessee's flight in his unofficial capacity, brought him up for trial instead of "shooting him at sight," marks a distinct step in social advance. However, the feeling expressed in these tales is for the most part thoroughly true and genuine. An idea dwelt on more than once is the humanizing influence of children among these wild natures. The *Luck of Roaring Camp*, of which we gave a detailed account on a former occasion, is founded on this; and in the later story, "How Santa Claus came to Simpson's Bar," we hear how the leading man of the camp rode hard all night, fought with a highwayman, and forded a swollen river, to bring a Christmas gift for a sick child. Another admirably told story of a different kind is "Brown of Calaveras," which curiously illustrates the rules of conduct rigidly and even punctiliously acted up to in that strange society by men who at first sight seem mere outlaws. It reminds us of the Arab robber who turned and left all his booty when he had by mistake taken up and tasted a lump of the owner's salt.

Something ought also to be said of Mr. Bret Harte's more serious poems, which deserve more consideration than we have left ourselves space to give them. We may mention one success in a department where success is not common. War songs are certainly the weakest point of modern verse, notwithstanding some brilliant exceptions in Germany. Mr. Bret Harte's lines called "The Reveille" are a marked addition to the exceptions, and we think a fair match for anything in the *Lieder zu Schutz und Trutz*.

It does not appear whether this edition is published with the author's consent or not. We cannot help thinking that, if Mr. Bret Harte had been consulted, the volume would have been more carefully printed, and perhaps would not have been disfigured by vulgar and inappropriate woodcuts. As far as strict right is concerned there is nothing to be said, and we believe Mr. Hotten has his own theories as to the comity of nations in these matters. Anyhow we do not know of any more authentic English reprint of these works, and we must be content to take them in the only shape we can get.

ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT.*

(Second Notice.)

BY the death of his mother Alexander von Humboldt, who in deference to her wishes had made the study of law and the public service his main object of pursuit, found himself free to follow henceforth the bent of his own tastes and inclinations. With ample means at his command, with intellectual powers trained in the highest and most varied systems of the day, and developed by contact with the most thoughtful, able, and aspiring minds, the time was come when he could realize those schemes of world-wide travel and of the study of nature in all the width and depth

* *Life of Alexander von Humboldt.* Compiled in commemoration of the Centenary of his Birth. By J. Löwenberg, Robert Avé-Lallemant, and Alfred Dove. Edited by Professor Karl Bruhns, Director of the Observatory at Leipzig. Translated from the German by Jane and Caroline Lassell. 2 vols. London: Longmans & Co. 1873.

of her resources which had been the dream of his earliest youth. The slowness of growth which had marked his faculties at the outset of life had proved itself to be no congenital want of mental power, but rather a sign of the depth to which his powers were striking, and the wide hold they were to take of the soil of knowledge. Even what had seemed in childhood to threaten weakness or delicacy of frame had resulted, under judicious treatment and careful habits of his own, in a vigour of body and a power of physical endurance which carried him with scarcely an interval of broken health to the extreme limits of human life. A letter from George Forster to Heyne speaks of Humboldt, then just of age, as having been constantly ailing for the last five years, and suffering from the excessive stimulus to the brain given by the system of the Berlin professors. Kunth likewise expresses the fear that his pupil may succumb to the hardships and privations of travel. Yet from the great traveller himself we learn in later life that he felt proof against all vicissitudes of climate or fatigue by sea or land, and was equally in his element under the tropics and within the polar circle.

In contemplating Humboldt as a traveller, the writer of this portion of his Biography, Herr Julius Löwenberg, dwells with justice upon the comprehensive view of nature which furnished in him the motive of travel. He was the originator of a new epoch in scientific exploration. As early as 1796 he is found writing to Pictet that he had been drawing up a scheme for a universal science. A master of well nigh all the scientific knowledge of his time, he went forth to the study and contemplation of nature with a mind prepared, not only for the perception and appreciation of phenomena, but for the adjustment of new facts to their place in the general order of physics, and their relation to the primary laws of nature. The course of Humboldt's voyages and travels of exploration, with their gains to physical geography and scientific knowledge at large, enters so intimately into his own voluminous writings as to call for less minute or exhaustive notice at the hands of his biographer. There is, however, an abundance of new and interesting matter in his letters and journals, now for the first time brought to light, which illustrates in the most vivid manner the character of the observer and the many-sidedness of his intellect. No sooner is he fairly embarked on his voyage across the Atlantic than we find him already, in June 1799, noting down his researches upon the currents, temperature, and phosphorescence of the ocean, working hard at astronomical observations, dredging off the Canaries to a depth of fifty fathoms, diving into the crater of the Peak of Teneriffe till the sulphurous vapour burnt holes in his clothes, while his hands were numb at a temperature of 36°, the ground under his feet being at times 190°. Plants, animals, insects, rocks, offer new varieties every moment, while the new races of men awaken with still more lively interest his ethnological tastes. One of his earliest inquiries when first treading upon tropical soil is the problem why the refraction of light should be less in that zone of high temperature than at home. The splendid instruments which he had obtained from Ramsden and Troughton are kept in full work, though his face is so burnt in making observations that he has to keep his bed two whole days at a time, and his eyes are nearly blinded by the sun's glare. Through swamps and jungles which proved almost fatal to the indefatigable Bonpland, he made good his survey of the entire system of the Orinoco, extending over twenty thousand square miles, his health and spirits, as he boasts, having been decidedly improved since he left Europe.

The range of climates as well of terrestrial space which Humboldt had marked out for his steps was indeed vastly greater than he was destined to accomplish. There was hardly a spot of the globe's surface that he had not mapped down in his programme of travel. The scheme of circumnavigation drawn up by the French Directory, under the command of Baudin, opened to him at one time the most auspicious prospect of realizing his visions of this kind. He writes in 1799 of having been introduced to the commander, and sketched out in common with him the route for five years to come. The first year was to be spent in Paraguay and Patagonia, the second in Peru, Chili, Mexico, and California, the third in navigating the Southern Ocean, the fourth in Madagascar, and the fifth on the coast of Africa. Paltry considerations of economy, to his intense grief, shattered these hopes, and left him to his own independent energies and the resources of his private fortune. The Mexican tour he succeeded in carrying out, finding his way back to Europe through the United States, where he received the utmost attention and assistance from the leading men both in public and private life. How much had been effected for geographical science alone by this comparatively small part of the traveller's enterprise may be inferred from the fact that the harbour of Acapulco, the position of which he was the first to lay down with correctness upon the chart, had been placed upon Arrowsmith's latest maps half a degree out in longitude and seven minutes in latitude, having been by earlier geographers put as much as four degrees too much to the west. His explorations in Mexico poured a flood of new light upon the mysterious archives and legendary history of that little known country, its monumental remains and strange successions of race, as well as the geological structure and natural resources of the land. He was the first to draw, while at Peru, attention to the valuable properties of guano, and to introduce specimens into Europe with chemical discussions of its nature and use. Of plants and seeds thousands of novel species were sent or brought home by Humboldt and his companion in travel, though terribly injured, to his intense regret, by the damp climate and imperfect packing. The reduction of his multitudinous observations, the sorting and classifying of his innumerable specimens, and the preparation for the press of his notes and recollections of travel, occupied him for many years in Paris, aided as he was by the ablest and most eminent men of science in every department. At the École Polytechnique he shared the room and worked in the laboratory of Gay-Lussac, and Berthollet reported with eulogy upon his atmospherical investigations. His first idea had been to settle at Geneva, where, though the veteran De Saussure had passed away, there were the brothers De Luc, the physicist M.-A. Pictet, Prévost, and Trembley, and the botanist Senebier, who was shortly after succeeded by Decandolle. To Pictet, summoned from Geneva, was entrusted the English translation of certain parts of the work, to consist of four thousand copies, many destined for America, the entire scheme of which extended to eleven volumes, to appear at the same time in French and German. The profits were to be shared between Humboldt, Bonpland, and Pictet. In the meanwhile Humboldt found time for reading papers by the score before the Academy, as well as for original experiments and observations, chemical and magnetic, and for scientific tours to Italy and parts of Germany. At Berlin he had a flattering reception from the King, a grant of 2,500 thalers pension, and, what he could only speak of with irony or contempt, the post of chamberlain. On his return to Paris he brought out in 1806 his *Aspects of Nature*, fragments of which had formed part of lectures before the Academy.

A new phase of Humboldt's life, at which point Herr R. Avé-Lallemant takes up the tale, is opened by his diplomatic mission in the suite of Prince William of Prussia to the Court of the Tuileries after the disasters ensuing upon Jena. His fortunes, it would appear from facts newly brought to light, had undergone a reverse, which made this mission of substantial importance to Humboldt. A letter addressed, it is thought probable, to Baron von Forell, attached to the suite of King Frederick Augustus of Saxony, dated Paris, November 16, 1809, shows both the brothers placed at this time in a position of serious pecuniary embarrassement. In the sequestration, under the convention of September 1808 with Napoleon, of all property in deposit in the Bank of Berlin, to the amount of seventeen million thalers, the patrimony of the Humboldts was most probably involved. The object of this letter is to obtain through the King an exemption for his own and his brother's capital, consisting of 95,000 Prussian thalers on mortgage in the Grand-Duchy of Warsaw. By a decree of March 14, 1809, His Majesty had indeed exempted a further portion of his capital, amounting to 33,000 thalers, on a mortgage at Bodzewic, in Posen, but the war had prevented him from reaping the advantage of this considerate act, and for three years he had received no interest. Hampered as he thus was, he proceeded with unabated energy in the publication of his works, animated at the same time with the scheme of an important expedition into Asia. The volumes were issued, it must be admitted, at a price and on a scale which grievously limited the demand for them on the part of men of science or the public at large. Nor were the plates, greatly as they enhanced the costliness of the work, at all worthy of the artistic powers even of those days. How indefatigably Humboldt threw himself into the undertaking may be judged from the fact that the work on America alone so far extended beyond the original plan as to fill twenty-nine volumes in folio and quarto, illustrated by 1,425 maps and plates, many of which are coloured. The price of a bound copy of the whole series is set down in his note-book at 2,753 thalers. In the sections on Zoology and Comparative Anatomy he had the invaluable assistance of Cuvier, in that on Insects of Latreille, and in that on Fishes and Shells of Valenciennes. The astronomical and other observations were reduced by Oltmanns. A German edition of this section was dedicated to Baron Zach and to Gauss, to whose genius and services to science Humboldt had been the first to accord public recognition. The details of his life and labours during his residence in Paris, notices of the eminent men with whom he associated in science and in public life, and the literary efforts which filled up the intervals in the prosecution of his greater works, fill a large and interesting section of Humboldt's biography at this time. His hours of toil, hardly broken from eight in the morning to a couple of hours after midnight, save by hurried meals and a round of visits, his traits of character and temper, his encouragement of youthful merit, and his snatches of archæology and art, form the subject of pleasant letters from Karl Vogt, Quetelet, Liebig, and other friends. A new expedition, to which he was invited in the year 1812 by the Emperor Alexander, extending from Siberia through Kashgar and Yarkand to the high lands of Thibet, was frustrated by the campaign of Napoleon against Russia. On the entry of the Allied Sovereigns into Paris Humboldt's extensive acquaintance with the capital and its leading men led to his being called upon to act as cicerone to King Frederick William III., in whose train he further proceeded to England, combining with his courtly duties the collection of materials for a work on the political condition of the South American colonies, which he had been requested to undertake by the Allied Powers. So indispensable had he gradually become to his sovereign that, after many overtures and with no little reluctance, Humboldt consented to take up his residence permanently at Berlin in May 1827.

From this point the story of his life, in its meridian and decline is taken up by Professor Alfred Dove. The tripartite

division of the biography is a source of no little confusion to the reader, who must find it difficult to keep the dates and other fixed points of the narrative clearly before his mind. Thus each of the three biographers treats us with more or less of detail to Humboldt's Russian adventures and explorations, carrying us east and west at the cost of an utter entanglement of the thread of the story. It is about this date, in fact, that the three portions overlap each other, and it is not till we settle down finally, under Herr Dove's independent treatment, to the closing scenes of the long record that we have a clear and sustained narrative before us. What most characterizes it, in the absence of stirring political episodes or striking discoveries in science, is the change which is to be traced in the intellectual and social life of Berlin during the third of a century marked by Humboldt's residence in that capital. To that gratifying change he is to be regarded as in no slight sense a contributor, in spite of the sneer of Varnhagen that Humboldt was a great man till he came to Berlin; "he then ceased to be anything extraordinary." In Berlin, Rahel used sarcastically to say, "everything loses prestige, and is pulled down to the level of mediocrity, if not degraded to insignificance; were his Holiness himself to come to Berlin, he would soon cease to be Pope, and would become something quite ordinary, perhaps a horse-breaker." On the cover of a portfolio containing botanical notes for *Cosmos* Humboldt himself wrote, when seventy years of age, "Shame on thee, Berlin! I am weary of thee; thou art nothing better than a bear-garden." To have to amuse and pretend to enlighten the utterly dull and priggish King, the victim of perpetual ennui; to strive after kindling in the vapid circles of German society somewhat of the bright flame of social converse and scientific interest which he had left burning in Paris; to raise up a school of physics in the face of Hegel, against whom he protested as having set up a system of natural philosophy without facts or experiments—these were the tasks to which he felt himself called from the outset. His lectures upon the physical structure of the universe were the first effort of any importance to bridge the gulf which then undoubtedly yawned between the study of science and the education of the people, out of date as a charge of this kind might have become when brought forward by Mr. Buckle. In these lectures was contained the first sketch of what became a finished picture of the universe, in *Cosmos*, of which the first volume was published in 1844. Another great impulse to the progress of thought was given by the Association of Science, of which Oken was the original centre and mainspring, but of which Humboldt was elected the first president, delivering the inaugural address September 18, 1828. Of this cosmopolitan gathering he could write thirty years later, when excusing himself from attending the meeting at Carlsruhe, the last which was held during his life, that the Scientific Association of Germany had remained with him as a faintly luminous image of the mythical union of his country. The Revolution of July again brought Humboldt to Paris, partly for the establishment of friendly relations with the new Court and Government, partly in accordance with his private stipulation for so many months' absence at times from his courtly duties at Berlin. His letters and diaries have furnished many particulars of his intimacy with the family of King Louis Philippe, and of his influence among the intellectual and social circles of the French capital. An episode of his life in which his energy and tact are shown in a most amiable and attractive light is that of the expulsion of the seven Professors of Göttingen in consequence of their vehement protest against the abrogation of the Constitution by King Ernest Augustus in 1833. With Frederick William IV., whom he considered the most gifted monarch that had ever sat upon the throne of Prussia, but whose dreamy unpractical temperament made him the most hopelessly inefficient of rulers, Humboldt lived throughout on terms of affectionate intimacy. To him is due, amongst other services to science and letters, in conjunction with Bunsen, the expedition of Lepsius to Egypt, as well as the publication of the works of Frederick the Great, and the establishment of the Meteorological Office of Berlin, under Dieterici in 1848. Unofficial as was his own position, he was able, as countless letters testify, to exert his patronage on behalf of various scientific undertakings, to bring forward men of scientific promise, and to improve the prospects of deserving professors and students. The institution of the Order of Merit, of which he was appointed the first Chancellor, was the means of furthering his aims in this direction to no inconsiderable extent, albeit entailing many angry reflections on the part of disappointed candidates. Enthroned by the common consent of his countrymen as the king of science, Humboldt exercised to the last a sway over the intellectual progress of Germany more conspicuous for its width and variety than for any special brilliancy or originality in its aims. It was not so much by discoveries of a profound and seminal kind, as by energies skilfully and persistently applied, that he made good his place in the foremost ranks of knowledge. With physical and mental powers scarcely seen to be in the wane till he sank peacefully to rest on the 6th of May 1859, the Nestor of science continued to be sought by a train of admirers to which the New World contributed in rivalry with the Old. It may be that posterity may fail to endorse to the full the estimate of his intellect or of his life's work which is embodied in the enthusiastic tribute of his biographers; yet is there a force to which none can be insensible in the verdict of one like Jacob Grimm, when speaking of the proper juxtaposition of the statues of Germany's greatest worthies—"Near Goethe no one should stand unless it were Humboldt."

"HE COMETH NOT," SHE SAID.*

IT seems to have been determined by some novel writers that, whether or not there is anything in a name, there must be a good deal of it. If their example is generally followed, the days of such unassuming titles as *Emma*, *Northanger Abbey*, *Marriage*, or *Inheritance*, will soon have passed away, and authoresses will no longer dare to send forth a book to the world with no more catching names than *Old Kensington* or *Middlemarch*. The truth is that there is much in a name when it comes from within. There is nothing in the technical name given to flower or shell by men of science; the poet finds that "their beauty is still the same," whatever the clumsiness of their titles; nor will any one, after reading the first chapter of *Kenelm Chillingly*, judge even of a man's character from the name, however ill chosen, which his godfathers and godmothers have bestowed on him. But with the novel it is different; its title is a forecast of its spirit; and where we find a biblical phrase, a violent invocation, or a quotation from a popular poet, put forward to catch the eye, there we expect to find also some conscious lack of power or some touch of vulgarity. The superiority of such a writer as George Eliot stands out in high relief even in this trivial detail. Calm in the consciousness of strength, she can despise these tricks of nomenclature. However, in accordance with that balance of good and evil which some philosophers have discerned to reign throughout nature, we find, as soon as we have turned the first page of Mrs. Cudlip's last novel, that it is an improvement on those which preceded it. Would she but take yet a little more pains she might rank high; indeed the advance in her position as a novelist would, we think, be quite out of proportion to the care necessary to attain it. In the book before us she has given us some excellent things; a plot exciting without sensation, not commonplace, although within the bounds of possibility; and a set of characters most of whom are like real people, with whose thoughts and passions we learn to sympathize, and whose words and actions could not be transferred all round from one to the other like the plates and cups in the mad tea-party without a shock to one's sense of consistency. She has got rid, too, of much of that restless, hasty spirit of work which, backed by what is called, and not ill called, a fatal facility, went to make her former books so disappointing from their crudeness and want of finish. In the story before us this restlessness appears in the general method and construction of the book more than in the working out of individual character.

The outline of the plot is simple enough. We start with the arrival at Moorbridge, Madge Roden's home, of Philip Fletcher, the bad young man, sailing under the colours of another Philip Fletcher, his cousin, who is of course the good young man of the book. His object in coming is to woo and win Miss Roden, while he is desperately loved by her friend Miss Aveland, and really loves her in return, but prefers Miss Roden's acres to Miss Aveland's heart. Hence of course results embarrassment and confusion to all concerned, including at times the reader, who gets puzzled between the two Philips. These embarrassments are not ill arranged; the main fault is that the scenes are too often and too rapidly shifted; when we have got one set of nerves full strung over the vicissitudes of Madge Roden and one Philip Fletcher, we are suddenly whisked off to string up another set for Olive Aveland and the other Philip Fletcher. However, the interest is well sustained in these four, and in the varying fortunes of those three of them who command, or are supposed to command, our sympathy. We say supposed, for we must confess that we have but little fellow-feeling with Olive, and that we regard her as the failure, though we fancy she is meant to be the success, of the book. She is introduced to us as a handsome high-bred girl of a vehement nature, who has been schooled by "a wealth of sorrow and disappointment;" she has been accustomed to conceal her feelings, amongst them her love for Philip, for a long time; she is supposed to be very much a lady, yet the moment Philip appears, not only does she confess to him the love he has already thrown away, not only does she continue all through to lavish it on him with a misguided fidelity, but she bursts out with half confessions of it on all sorts of occasions, and to all sorts of people. She has, too, a disagreeable trick of "whimpering out" things which is tiresome. Altogether the Olive Aveland of the book is not like the Olive Aveland of the opening chapters, and is, to our mind, a very disagreeable young woman. The impression she leaves upon us is, that either Mrs. Cudlip did not choose to be at the trouble of carrying out her original idea of the character, or that her notions of it changed after she had begun, and she thought it not worth while to begin afresh in consequence of the change.

Having failed where we should expect her to succeed, Mrs. Cudlip has succeeded where we should expect her to fail, in the character of the Philip Fletcher who, starting under false colours, keeps up deceptions and plays the scoundrel in one form or another to the end. She has drawn a really good picture of this man, whose nature is not bad, who has no love of scoundrelism for its own sake, but whose whole character is so corroded with selfishness that, out of mere vanity and distaste for labour, he glides easily and hopelessly on from bad to worse in a career of falsehood and baseness. She has accurately seized the extreme sensitiveness born of self-love which belongs to such a character, the lack of power to distinguish how much of his own words is

* "*He Cometh Not*," *She Said*. A Novel. By Annie Thomas (Mrs. Pender Cudlip), Author of "Denis Donne," &c. 3 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1873.

true and how much false owing to a long habit of deception, the idle longing for energy to do the right thing which comes over him at times, and the rare flashes of real truth and honesty which will now and then burst out, and which, scarcely spoken, are turned to some account in the cause of untruth. She has also gauged with some skill the amount of intellect which such a man possesses; witness the scene where he "mistakes Madge's admiration of the Idea he represents to her for love of himself." Mistake either of circumstances or of motives is the ruling power in the novel. The writer gives us many instances of what is often seen in real life—two people deep in converse which may affect their whole lives, each steadily interested in the groove he has chosen for himself, and referring everything to that groove; each thinking he has read the other's thoughts and motives, and each grossly mistaken. This theory of mistake is a little strained in the case of Madge's somewhat obstinate adherence to the blunder which makes her think so ill of the original Philip Fletcher; and we are sure that he could not have heard—interpreting it as he did—her speech to him in the tower at Moorbridge without at once demanding and getting an explanation. But this would have made him and Madge happy at once, and so have left no excuse for the greater part of the third volume. Madge is another success to be scored to the author, who in her has drawn, and drawn well, a fresh, clever, unspoilt girl so natural as to appear to strangers a desperate flirt, thoroughly tender and womanly, and yet possessing what is very rare in women, a man's sense of honour. Her treatment of the false Philip when she first discovers his falseness is the most striking example of her character to be found in the book, and is capitally worked out. One little touch is especially good:—

"Has Olive married?" asks Philip. "Married, no! gone into a show-room as a —," she is checked by a sigh of relief from him.

"Did you know that and keep it from me, Philip?" she asks with quick discernment. Then, as he does not answer, she adds, "I wish you would try to tell me the —," she is on the verge of saying "the truth," but substitutes the words "all about it" instead.

We get really interested in Madge, and are a little vexed that we have seen so little of the admirable Philip Fletcher, and are therefore obliged to take so much of his good qualities on trust, when he marries her at the end, to the relief of the reader and in the interest of poetic justice. We were inclined at first to think this was not satisfied in the case of the other Philip Fletcher; but on further reflection we can wish him no worse fate than to pass his days in the society of the terribly juvenile Lady Tollington. Poor Olive, who comes in for more than a fair share of misery throughout, is perhaps a little better off at the end; for, having made mistakes all through her life on the subject of her darling Philip, she makes her last mistake as she drowns in thinking that he has come to save her. On the whole, the conclusion is satisfactory, and the book is far more so than Mrs. Cudlip's last; but she has many faults and vulgarisms of style which require correction. When, snatching some breathless moments behind a lifted school-desk, we were accustomed to thrill with delighted horror over the perils of the Scalp Hunters or the Boy Slaves, we learnt to look on a line or two of asterisks as a fit and proper method of at once spurring our interest and saving it from too continued a strain, just as a Spaniard smokes his cigarette between the courses of dinner, and finds in it both a stimulant and a relief; but the employment of this device in a novel of everyday life to denote a short lapse of time, or a slight disconnexion of events, is a mean expedient, betokening either laziness or incapacity. Mrs. Cudlip's style is remarkable for a flashiness which is clearly meant to be pointed and impressive, but is only wearisome. One phrase which we have already quoted, and to which she seems attached, is "a wealth of sorrow and disappointment." After "wealth of golden hair" has been worked to death, it is a little hard to have this flung in our faces. The author may quote in defence Gretchen's "du Schmerzenreiche," but because an expression is once used with fine effect by Goethe, it is not therefore fit for common employment in a novel. No one wishes to take Sèvres plates to a picnic. Besides, wealth of disappointment, that is, affluence of deficiency, is a contradiction. Then we have a fashionable square described as "auriferous"; a girl's voice is "as soft and rich as buttermilk"; a young man talks to himself of a party of ladies as "these colts" and a well-brought up young woman longs "to snuggle her head down" on a man's shoulder. At critical moments people's hearts always "thump," or their voices are "choked by a great dry sob." Such tricks as these are common, and belong to a common class of novels. If Mrs. Cudlip would show any real feeling for her art, let her avoid them.

STATION AMUSEMENTS IN NEW ZEALAND.*

THIS pleasant little book has suggested to us a problem which we do not feel quite equal to solving. Many philosophers have assured us that the first of all human blessings is health. Any one who is in thoroughly first-rate condition is pretty nearly independent of all other means of enjoyment. He may be deprived of books, may lose his friends, and may even be up to the ears in debt; but so long as his digestion is in good order, and his lungs are working properly, he has no right to be unhappy. The theory is a plausible one; and Lady Barker's writing appears—though she does not say so—as if it were expressly intended to confirm it. If we could be perfectly satisfied that the tone of extreme enjoyment in which she describes what she is pleased to call the "amusements" of New Zealand is a genuine reflection of her past feelings, and not partly a result of the pleasant hallucination of memory, we should regard her as a strong witness in favour of the doctrine we have mentioned. Her evidence is all the stronger because it is more or less unconsciously delivered. She mentions indeed the healthiness of open-air life in New Zealand as one of the great recommendations of the country; but she scarcely seems to recognize how essential a condition it must have been for making the scenes described agreeable or even tolerable. We must therefore take the liberty of restating the argument in our own fashion, using the materials with which Lady Barker has provided us.

She writes her book, she tells us, "in the heavy atmosphere of this vast London world," and looks back with a "desperate craving" to the delicious air of the New Zealand valleys. We have read her book in the same atmosphere; and though our cravings can hardly be described as desperate, and do not point to New Zealand in particular, we admit that we reflect with some pleasure upon air which has not passed through so many lungs as that which we habitually consume. So far, then, New Zealand has an unmistakable advantage over London. But when we endeavour to realize the price which we should have to pay for unadulterated air, we confess to feeling pretty nearly reconciled to our comfortable, though rather grimy, metropolis. Let us briefly run over the list of "amusements" provided for us at the antipodes, and consider how much they would do to replace those from which a London emigrant must be parted. We begin by a brief description of the pleasures of a picnic in the bush. A picnic, as a rule, is intolerable; it may however be supported with stoical composure when you are sufficiently near to civilization to enjoy some of its advantages, and to feel the absence of burdensome comforts as a relief. It is pleasant to boil your own kettle when there is a good inn within reach, and any little deficiencies may be made up at the price of half-an-hour's waiting. But when your whole life becomes a picnic, we should say that the amusement would pall upon one. Lady Barker enjoys the memory of looking at a pretty view on a fine day in the bush; but we must ascribe some indeterminate part of the enjoyment to the fact that the memory is contrasted by everyday life in London. The male Englishman, at any rate, would get tired of a prolonged indulgence in amusement of this very calm and contemplative order. Probably his first demand would be for something to kill. Now, with the exception of the Maoris, who are fast disappearing, and who had a bad habit of killing in return, there is next to nothing to satisfy the murderous tendencies of the genuine Briton. According to Lady Barker's account, the only accessible game consists of eels and pigs. Eel-fishing in New Zealand, if we may trust her experience, is an amusement dreary enough to damp the spirits of an Isaak Walton. You walk out in the middle of the night through a country overgrown with "Spaniards." A Spaniard is an uncouth vegetable some two feet in height, from four to six in circumference, set all over with spikes which are something between a needle and a bayonet. Interspersed with the Spaniards are clumps of "wild Irishmen," the appropriate name given to a bramble with a magnificent apparatus of thorns, calculated to destroy the strongest garments. Struggling through this charming country, you reach a deep glacier stream with treacherous banks. You set your lines, and after waiting some hours you may succeed, if you are lucky, in hooking a certain number of eels, and probably fall into the river in the effort to drag them out. You have to maintain absolute silence, and may therefore, if you please, follow Lady Barker's example by indulging in pious speculations upon your position in the universe. That, however, can be done without going to New Zealand to catch eels. You stumble home towards morning with a sackful of slimy creatures, which, if unskilfully cooked, make you vow never to touch eels again; and it need hardly be said that cooking is an art very unfamiliar to the British colonist. The next week will probably be spent in performing surgical operations upon your person with a view to the extraction of thorns; but you have the negative advantage that in that healthy country you run little risk of catching colds and fevers. We do not wonder that even Lady Barker's enthusiasm fails her a little in describing this sport, and that she admits that even on the first occasion it was only delightful in anticipation. To any one who has read her book even that pleasure will have disappeared. Lady Barker, however, declares that she "found great pleasure in going after wild pigs." That pig-hunting requires as much skill as deer-stalking we are quite ready to believe, and it has the advantage of being a more utilitarian form of sport; inasmuch as wild pigs are a nuisance to the sheep-farmer. We feel, therefore, compelled to admit pig-shooting as a decidedly favourable item in the account of New Zealand existence. Still "*toujours* pig" must become tiresome after a time, and this is but a meagre bill of fare to set before the hungry sportsman. The next "amusement" on Lady Barker's list is skating, but as the amusement could only be enjoyed by her at the expense of a long day's ride over a very difficult country, through swamps and wild mountain gulleys, up to a retired lake high in the mountains, and a sojourn at a rough log-hut, we are not altogether surprised that even here the party "tried hard to be gay," and, as it would seem, with very indifferent success. On another occasion, in a very hard winter, Lady Barker was able to indulge in the amusement called "toboggon-ing"—that is to say, sliding on a sledge

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* *Station Amusements in New Zealand.* By Lady Barker. London: Hunt and Co. 1873.

down a steep snow slope. The pleasure was rather damped by the reflection that the snow which provided this amusement had caused the loss of some thousands of sheep. As it was impossible to look for them till the snow had melted, when the whole air of the neighbourhood was tainted by the odour of decaying mutton, it was creditable to their proprietors that they relieved their anxiety by practising "glissades;" but there must have been some drawbacks to the pleasure.

The next amusement described by Lady Barker is called "buying a run." Sport of this kind has the advantage of being somewhat onesided. A gentleman just on the point of starting for England calls to offer you a magnificent tract of country, full of splendid timber and admirably adapted for sheep-farming, at a ridiculously low figure. If you hesitate for a moment, he assures you that half-a-dozen other gentlemen are waiting with blank cheques ready to take advantage of your delay. You accordingly jump at the offer, take leave of your friend, who parts from you on the mail steamer regretting that he has given you so easy a bargain, and then travel some hundreds of miles to your new purchase. It turns out to be all that he said, except that the difficulties of transport are so great that the timber is for the present valueless, and that certain barren mountain ranges, which he had forgotten to mention, cover the ground where there ought to have been pasture for sheep. On the other hand, the few inhabitants are very glad to see you, having had no news from the outside world for a year or two. Lady Barker amused herself on the trip she describes by giving to the only woman in the place an abridgment of the history of England, beginning from her earliest recollections. When she got home again, after a very long and tiresome journey, she was so much delighted as nearly to forget the trouble and the disappointment; but she can hardly describe this with much accuracy as a New Zealand amusement.

The next amusement consisted in hunting up a congregation for a Church of England service by riding after various shepherds, who often lived at distances of five-and-twenty and thirty miles, and were pretty certain to be out on the hills when she reached their huts. The country was beautiful, and she was "never weary of gazing" at purple cloud-shadows and blue skies. And yet, she admits, "when she comes to think of it," she had not much time for looking at the scenery, as her mind was occupied with the troubles of settling down in a rough house with a body of undisciplined servants. However, the rides after shepherds were very pleasant when the weather was fine and when she did not get into a swamp, or have to scramble over a dangerous cliff or a treacherous wire fence. At last she collected a congregation of shepherds, and even induced them, by an unprecedented exercise of skill, to take off their hats when she came into her kitchen. The domestic amusements were of course unceasing. Her servants would marry the aforesaid shepherds; the cooks were raw Irish girls, with elementary notions of converting any food into an article fit for human consumption; and the one good cook whom she engaged, and who luckily had a beard, which tended to repel suitors, was found a few days after her arrival breaking up a pile of plates under the impression (produced, as it is needless to add, by rum) that it was a lump of coal. We need not speak at length of other amusements, such as attending a labourer who had nearly killed himself by eating poisonous funguses, or driving to a picnic in a heavy dray with a horse which considered it proper to jump deep streams, and thereby reduced the dray to its primitive elements, or various other amusements incident to a rough and ready life.

Reading Lady Barker's words in cold blood, and doing our best to divest them of the colouring which she has unconsciously bestowed, we confess that we feel reconciled to our position in England. Yet it is creditable to Lady Barker's literary skill that we are often carried away by her contagious enthusiasm; and we are forced to believe that a lady who can describe with so much freshness must really have found something enjoyable even in the hardships of the life. The record probably gives undue prominence to the pleasanter sides of her memories; but there must have been a really pleasant side to the facts on which they are founded. Though we do not feel our relish for more civilized pleasures destroyed, we admit that for the large class of people to whom a good appetite with abundant means for its satisfaction is the *summum bonum*, New Zealand may be a very agreeable place, and Lady Barker's example proves also that more refined persons may extract many genuine pleasures from rather unpromising materials.

PANDURANG HARI.*

IN the introduction to *Ivanhoe*, published many years after its first appearance, Scott insists that the title of a novel should convey no indication of the nature of the story, and he proceeds to say that what is called a taking title may serve the interest of the bookseller or publisher, and yet may be fatal to the literary reputation of the author. Readers who form their own ideas of a story from names or titles are apt to be disappointed when the author takes an unexpected turn, visit the unlucky writer with their displeasure, and end by exclaiming that they could have executed the design much better themselves. The book which we are now reviewing, on the whole, complies with the canon laid down by Scott. *Pandurang Hari*, even to Anglo-Indians, conveys no very definite idea, and "the Memoirs of a Hindoo" might be the autobiography of a converted Brahmin, or of a deposed Raja, or of an unsuccessful candidate for the Civil Service. Some explanation of the circumstances of publication, and of the patronage under which it is given for a second time to the world, is indispensable to any comprehension of the plot and the purpose of the writer. Some fifty years ago a gentleman named Hockley, a member of the Bombay Civil Service, published the story of *Pandurang Hari*, under the allegation that it had been translated from a memoir given him by a native friend, written in the Mahratta dialect. This thin disguise most probably no more deceived readers than did Scott's introduction of Sir Arthur Wardour, his oaken cabinet, and his Anglo-Saxon manuscript prevent the public from seeing the author of *Waverley* and of *The Antiquary* in *Ivanhoe*. *Pandurang Hari* lifted the veil which had covered native society, was circulated, quoted, and read. After the lapse of half a century it has been exhumed by Captain Meadows Taylor from the library of an Irish nobleman, and reprinted—we wish we could say re-edited—by Sir Bartle Frere. But, while the work has been rescued from oblivion, the author himself has disappeared beyond the reach of criticism. Sir Bartle Frere can only tell us that he served in a judicial situation at Broach, and under the Commissioners of the Deccan, and that he left the service under a cloud. It is most probable that he belonged to that limited class of public servants who by some peculiar mode of life—*vitiis imitabile*—contrive to win the confidence of Asiatics, and to discern things veiled from the official eye. It is clear that he had no claim to be considered a learned or even a correct Orientalist, but he had somehow broken down the partition of native reserve, and had witnessed the oddest sights and scenes. According to the editor, his memory survived as a practical joker; and he must certainly have been gifted with a power of minute observation and a considerable insight into character.

To understand the work presupposes an ordinary acquaintance with the slight framework of history in which it is set. The author took for his subject Western India at the beginning of this century, when the great Mahratta chieftains were quarrelling amongst themselves about the division of the effete Mogul Empire, and when they had successively to succumb to the genius of the Wellesleys and the policy of Lord Hastings. It is true that the principal native actors in those events hardly appear in the novel at all. There is a mention of Holkar's camp and of the crooked policy of the Peshwa; and there are brief descriptions of the battles of Assaye, Argaum, and Kirkee. But the interest mainly centres in low life; and the chief figures are Pindarrie freebooters, devotees whose morality is on a par with the ashes and cow-dung that besmear their bodies, rascally police agents, cunning spies, and repulsive old hags. Occasionally a more notable figure not only appears on the canvas, but is painted at full length, and we hear a good deal about a certain Trimbuckji Danglia and his politics. Now this worthy was the Minister of the famous Peshwa Bajee Rao, the adoptive father of Nana Sahib of Cawnpore, and he has come down in history as the instigator of the murder of Gungadhur Shastri, Minister of a rival potentate, the Gaikwar of Baroda. Readers of Bishop Heber's journal may recollect his description of the deposed Minister shut up in the fort of Chunar, which has, before and since, been the residence of many a political prisoner whose crimes had merited a shorter shrift or a narrower cell. The same excellent writer, on his visit to Bombay, learnt the particulars of the escape of Trimbuckji from his previous confinement at Tanna, some thirty miles from the capital of the Western Presidency. And they are so characteristic of the scenes reproduced in *Pandurang Hari* that we may briefly recall the tale as it is told by the Bishop. Shortly after Trimbuckji was confined at Tanna, a Mahratta groom, bearing, as native place-hunters almost always do, an excellent certificate in writing, came to the English officer in charge of the captive, and was received into his service. This *syce* or groom rubbed down his horse under the windows of the prisoner, and sang snatches of native ballads in the Mahratta dialect, generally just at the time when the ex-Minister was allowed to take his afternoon exercise. On the day when the prisoner contrived to get from the outhouse of the fort to a hole cut in the stable, and so to escape, the groom disappeared with him. It was then remembered, doubtless by natives who had an inkling of the plot, that the ballads bore some relation to the circumstances of the parties, and the author of "Palestine" has left in his journal the following spirited translation of the songs:—

Behind the bush the bowmen hide,
The horse beneath the tree;
Where will I find a knight will ride
The jungle path with me?
There are five-and-fifty coursers there
And four-and-fifty men,
When the fifty-fifth shall mount his steed
The Deccan thrives again.

The Bishop says that this might have been a "stratagem of the Scottish Border," and we need only refer our readers, for a sort of parallel, to the song put into the mouth of Blanche of Devan which awakened the suspicions of Fitzjames, and to the warning conveyed by Madge Wildfire in a jingling ballad to Geordie Robertson when he met Jeanie Deans at Muschat's Cairn.

To analyse the plot and to follow the adventures of Pandurang in the space allotted to us would be impossible. But the outline of

* *Pandurang Hari; or, Memoirs of a Hindoo.* With an Introductory Preface, by Sir H. Bartle Frere, G.C.S.I., K.C.B., D.C.L. 2 vols.

the story is as follows:—The hero—if such a term can be applied to one who is worse than Marmion, "quite a felon," and very little of a knight—is in reality the son of the legitimate claimant to the principality of Sattara. His real name was Jeoba. In youth he was kidnapped by a wicked uncle, Gunput Rao, who figures in the narrative as Gabbagi Ghousla. Gunput had several objects to accomplish in life. He wanted to marry his own son, Mahadeo, to Sagoona, the daughter of a Brahmin, who was betrothed to Pandurang; and he wished to be made Raja. With this view he tries to murder his brother, and kidnaps the child. The brother escapes, and, disguised as a goatherd, lives for some years in a wild and inaccessible glen. Pandurang falls as a child into the hands of Sawant Rao, a chief of some note in the service of Holkar. His patron dies from wounds received in a battle between Scindia and Holkar, bequeathing to Pandurang a silver chain which is to serve as a clue to his parentage and birth. Deprived of a protector and thrown on his own resources, the rightful heir to a Mahratta principality goes through a variety of queer adventures, and is put to all sorts of shifts for a livelihood. But, wherever he goes, the relentless and vindictive uncle turns up, generally as a Gosain or sacred mendicant, to thwart his nephew and to get rid of him. Pandurang is by turns a servant to a shopkeeper, a *peon* or orderly, a groom to an English officer, a pretended magician, a hireling to two ruffianly adventurers, a delegate to a native Court in the disguise of a Bheel, and a clerk, and eventually a pleader, before an English judge in a populous city. During all these metamorphoses the Gosain or wicked relative is always instigating others to carry out his revenge. And the unlucky Pandurang is wounded, hunted from place to place, captured by Bheels, robbed by Thugs, and nearly killed by jungle-fever. Sagoona, his betrothed, is exposed to similar perils. At length the vagrant son is reunited to his banished father; the minor villains of the narrative are suitably disposed of; the troops of Gabbagi or Gunput are worsted in battle by the adherents of the rightful sovereign; and when the villain has made a full confession, and the English Resident has appeared on the scene, all ends happily by the accession of the old goatherd and by the union of Sagoona and Pandurang. Gunput, we should say, though as mean a rascal as the pen of fiction ever drew, is not hanged or blown from a gun, but is only imprisoned for life.

Such is the outline of a tale which, though not wanting in merit, and certainly neither dull nor commonplace, will never take rank as a first-class Oriental story in which an accumulation of new material is so skilfully disposed as to attract and arrest the attention. The editor remarks truly that the hero cannot be termed interesting, and the humour, such as it is, is coarse, and has none of that delicate flavour which takes off their grossness from vice and criminality, and charms us in *Gil Blas*, the *Arabian Nights*, and *Hajee Baba*. At the same time some of the incidental sketches and episodes are striking, and in the hands of a real artist might have lifted the work to a higher level than just criticism will ever assign to it. The adventures of three Pindaries are well told. There is a scene in which Pandurang locks up his enemies in a lonely cave somewhat after the fashion by which Arbaces, in *The Last Days of Pompeii*, confines the sole witness of the murder. Then the descriptions of Oriental camps, armed assemblages, police courts, and of the funeral of an old Hindoo, one of the few respectable characters in the memoir, are generally accurate in detail and decidedly curious in character. We could have wished that Sir B. Frere, than whom no one is more capable, had added a few notes in explanation of obscure passages and allusions, and in emendation of obvious errors. Why an editor who lends his name to a reprint of an obsolete work, and graces it with a well-written preface, should say that "it is useless to attempt" to correct wrong names, or how he satisfies himself that "correct translations of modes of address" "would have involved alterations in style not justifiable in a reprint," we cannot imagine. There are surely such things as foot-notes for all new editions, and a heading to the chapters would not have involved more labour than an unlearned public has a right to expect.

The real justification of this book is, however, very well pleaded by Sir B. Frere in his preface. No man has taken a deeper interest in the people over whom he was formerly placed; none has been more earnest to welcome signs of national and social advancement, or more keen to detect the presence of good qualities in the midst of deep moral debasement. Yet, we have his word for it that the descriptions are "remarkably faithful sketches" of the time; "substantially correct," "generally truthful," and so forth. Now the story, in plain language, describes a set of men, who, from the highest to the lowest, swindle, cheat, oppress, rob, plunder and assassinate, with little or no compunction, to serve their own ends. Englishmen who delight in running counter to the generally received estimates of the national character, and voluble young natives who wear polished leather boots, drink pale ale, and quote Shakspeare glibly, may very likely protest against the narrative, and declare that such a state of society could never have existed only "sixty years ago." But those who have had the opportunity of gauging native character when exposed to corrupting influences without safeguards, and of ransacking the materials out of which Oriental history must be written, will testify to the truth and justice of Sir Bartle Frere's remarks. Pandurang lived and moved amongst human beings who, in the general scramble for the good things of this world which marked the dissolution of the Mogul Empire, broke loose from the slight restraints which religion or power in the hands of one or two vigorous rulers had imposed on them. We came, found Malebolge, and we have cleaned it out. If we have done nothing else for India, we have made such a state of things as is described by Pandurang Hari simply impossible. And that a liberal-minded ex-Governor, with a large experience of native character, and yet tolerant to a fault, should deliberately record his opinion of the substantial accuracy of such a hideous picture of morals and manners, ought, in the eyes of a statesman and a philosopher, to be one good reason why we were placed in India, and why we should remain there for a very long time to come.

OLD GERMAN LIFE*

VERY inconsistent and even contradictory views have been presented in modern times of the modes of life and the manners of the ancient Germans—the Germans, that is to say, before they were Christianized. It has been common with some in the pride of modern culture to paint them as the merest savages and barbarians, living without houses or herds or the tillage of the soil, roaming the primeval forests in all the glory of rude freedom, and showing no trace of civilization. A different, though equally erroneous, view represented these same Germans in the light of poetry and romance, as endowed with a tenderness of feeling and a chivalrous devotion to the weaker sex that have hardly been paralleled in the world since. The origin of the latter and more prevalent view is not difficult to trace. Of course it is agreeable to the modern Teuton that his ancestors should be described as a race of sensitive Troubadours rather than as a tribe of wild Indians, and modern sentimentalists found pleasant employment in enlarging upon the ideal virtues of their forefathers. It is more specifically to Tacitus, however, that we must trace the roots of this fancy picture of old German life. His *Germania* paints a race gifted with the noble virtues that were most at a discount in the corrupt Imperial society in Rome with which he was familiar. To the moral decadence of the mistress of the world at the height of her power and glory Tacitus opposed the idealized portraiture of a world of simple primitive manners before luxury had corrupted or vice enslaved. The tendency shared by so many other writers to find a golden age at the origin of human life and society was no doubt strong also in Tacitus. He speaks in his *Annals* of the early race that was not at all subject to rude passions, but lived pure, innocent, and free, practising instinctively all the virtues, until equality was overthrown by monarchy, and force and ambition ruled supreme. Like Rousseau, Tacitus saw in the life of nature, as opposed to civilization, the veritable age of gold. He strove to console himself for the evils of the present by creating his ideal in the remote in space or the past in time, at one moment placing it at the origin of society, and at another, so that it might be nearer and more palpable, on the outskirts of the Roman Empire, among the barbarians whom Rome had begun to fear. The fact that he thus idealized in his *Germania* seems plain from the circumstance that we find in the treatise many of the chief features by which various writers had described the Scythians, Thracians, and other barbarians, as if borrowed directly from them. No doubt the *Germania* contains accurate information regarding the Germans. Such information as Tacitus was able to pick up concerning them towards the close of the first century has been interwoven with other and more fanciful descriptions, giving as the result the representation of a generous ideal that might serve at once to strike shame into the degenerate Romans for their vices and luxuries and incite them to a nobler activity and the pursuit of higher ends. What primitive Sparta was to Greece, and particularly to Athens; what the Rome of Romulus and Numa was to the later Romans; what the virtues of the Hyperboreans and the wisdom of the Scythians were to classical antiquity, Tacitus sought to make Germany and the Germans to the Romans under Domitian. Much that he has told us is undoubtedly true, and is invaluable for the light it throws on a period of almost utter darkness. But the *Germania* is nevertheless an idealized representation of the ancient Germans. As Montesquieu, in his *Spirit of Laws*, has painted the English Constitution in its fairest colours; as Madame de Staël, in her book on Germany, gave a romance under the form of sober description; or as De Tocqueville, in his account of American democracy, pictured forth an imagined, rather than the actually existing, democracy, so is it in like manner with Tacitus. Each of these writers, it may be said, has given his *Germania* to the modern world.

The impressions thus produced by the writings of Tacitus regarding the ancient Germans are not easily to be eradicated. We may expect our German friends to cling to the fancy picture till they are compelled to give it up. All the more honour is therefore due to any of their writers who seek to get back to the facts of sober history from the region of romance and imagination, as Wackernagel does in the volume of essays before us. These "Minor Works" are illustrative of various phases of German life and manners at different periods. The first papers in the volume are devoted to ancient Germany, to elucidations of some of its more general characteristics; and several of the subsequent ones deal with special features of German life in the middle ages, while the rest are of a more or less technical nature and interest. Herr Wackernagel, it will thus be seen, does not specially affect popular subjects, and neither can we say that he is a particularly

* *Kleinere Schriften.* Von Wilhelm Wackernagel. Erster Band. Abhandlungen zur Deutschen Alterthumskunde und Kunst-Geschichte. Leipzig: Verlag von S. Hirzel. 1872.

attractive writer. He is more of the antiquarian Dryasdust than of the literary artist. From the multitude and wealth of the details which he offers us, his writings assume an almost encyclopædic character, and we may be tempted to adjudge him a mere collector of minute and out-of-the-way items of forgotten lore. Such an impression, however, will be transitory. The patient reader finds that the details are not presented to him merely for their own sakes, or to display the erudition and research of their collector. They will be seen to arrange themselves in philosophical order as illustrative of certain broad principles or important features. Their merely encyclopædic aspect thus disappears. We are under the guidance of a capable and cultivated leader who, even when most profuse in the multitude of his information, never loses himself in mere details. The style of the book is not indeed to be greatly admired. But the reader who is more intent upon matter than manner, more careful to obtain information of a valuable, because illustrative, character than anxious to criticize the vehicle by which it is conveyed, will forgive the hard and sometimes involved sentences, the wearisome and too numerous references and notes, and the sometimes irritating display of erudition. The contributions to a knowledge of German antiquity will repay the student for his labour.

The first, and in some respects most important, of the papers contained in this volume deals with the "Family Rights and Family Life of the Germans." Wackernagel adopts neither of the two hypotheses of which we have spoken. His German ancestors are neither the wild Indians of modern investigators nor the chivalrous models of Tacitus and the sentimentalists. To him the heathen German stands on much the same stage of moral and civic culture as the Greeks who are described in the Homeric poems. Although it may at first sight seem to be claiming a good deal to ask us to regard the Germans of the first and second centuries as so far advanced, we soon discover that this stage of progress includes very much that is the reverse of noble or attractive either in the savage or the civilized human being. The family of the ancient German was a type and image of the wider life of the State. Hegel has summarized the great stages of the progress of the human race historically under the threefold representation in which, first, only "one" is free, which develops into the second, wherein "some" are free, in order to pass over into, and find its completion in, the third, in which "all" are free. Our earliest glimpses of German society show that it exists in the first of these three stages or phases. In the family only one is free as ruler and master, and all its members are subject to him. The father not only exercised authority over wife, sons, and daughters, but they were his property, his goods and chattels. While the people were divided into priests, nobles, freemen, and slaves, there existed in the narrower circle of domestic life only the distinction of those who were free and those who served, of ruler and subjects; for the father was king and priest, nobleman and freeman all in one, and not merely held the plough, but also wielded the sword both of war and justice, offered sacrifices on behalf of his family, and directed them in all things, while they honoured, obeyed, and served him. This was true only, of course, of the free race. The bondsman was treated as incapable of holding property or of acting according to his own will, and his wife and family belonged equally with himself to his lord. The bride was bought by the bridegroom from her father, to whom the price was paid over, and this was the only legal mode of obtaining a wife. A contract of marriage begun in any other way was regarded as robbery, and might be punished as a crime. A ring was placed on the hand of the wife and shoes on her feet, in token that she was bound by the will of her husband, and that she was his alone. The very grammar of the Germans proves that the woman was thus considered the property of the man, for they speak of *das* Weib, not *die* Weib; and she might be sold over again, or even killed, if by any act of infidelity she appeared to deserve such a fate, without punishment overtaking her lord and master on her account. Of course, when the wife was thus dealt with, the children were also regarded as servants, and it is curious, says Wackernagel, that the word Knecht, or servant, is closely connected with Knabe, a boy, while Dirne, a maid, is derived from dienen, to serve. In the German domestic circle the children of the free and those of the bond mixed together, performed the same services, ate of the same food, and had the same enjoyments and sports. Hardest of all perhaps was the lot of the aged, who were made to feel that they were encumbrances on the earth. It was of course held that none who died on a sick bed would enter Walhalla, the home of the blessed gods and of heroes, and it was not unusual for the old to seek death for themselves when they thought their time had come. It was even the case that the slaughter of the old by their relations was often considered a labour of love. "Do not," says Wackernagel, "let us shudder at the barbarity of our forefathers as if this cruelty were confined to them alone; it was common among many other peoples of Europe and Asia, even among those whose image and representation seems to us still of an ideal character; there was a time even in Rome when sexagenarians were thrown into the Tiber."

In ancient Germany the wants of the household had to be supplied by every master or head of a family, with the help of course of his servants and children. What was required for food and clothing as well as what was needed in the way of implements must all be home-made. Those branches of labour which were thought unworthy of the man fell upon the women and children, the aged persons and slaves. Richer people had slaves trained to special functions, and devoted wholly to these, while the lord took pleasure in furnishing and making ready his own weapons for the chase and for war. At the feasts on solemn or ceremonious occasions it was the place of the wife to serve her lord and his guests, and to hand round the horn from which they drank. Even ladies of the highest rank performed this office, which frequently was no light or easy one, as the guests sat far apart arranged along the hall of festivity, every two or even one at a separate table, and all drank freely and fiercely. That indeed, says Wackernagel, was the old vice of the Germans. There were special occasions, as on great sacrificial feasts, when the whole assembled people consumed the food and drink which every one had brought with him, as also the animals offered in sacrifice. There seems to have been no custom of primogeniture known among the Germans, for all sons inherited in equal portions the property of their fathers. The women were excluded (both the widows and daughters) from sharing the goods of their lords. The custom first began in the middle ages of admitting the eldest son to a larger share, and the widow and daughters to a portion of the possessions of the father. In not a few cases, however, the widow thought herself bound not to outlive her husband. Some of the German tribes held with the Indians that the wife was so much the property of the husband that she ought to die with or immediately after him; and if his body was buried or burned that she was bound also to let herself be interred or burned at the same time.

Such are some of the details contained in the paper on the "Family Life of the Germans." In one short paper the author has gathered together the materials for a picture of the stage of culture, manners, and morality of the German races in their pre-Christian period. The same plan is followed in the other essays of the volume. After that of which we have spoken is an almost equally interesting and instructive one on the trade and navigation of the Germans, from which we are enabled to picture them on another side of their activity — to see them in the numerous expeditions to which Europe owes so much. A third exhibits to us the German in his times of festivity—though at a later period—and we are taught what were the drinks he specially affected. The essays dealing with special characteristics of German life in later times include one on "Chess in the Middle Ages," which gives us a glimpse of the domestic sports of the wealthier and better born; for chess was peculiarly a game of the aristocracy, and much profusion of expenditure was devoted to preparing costly boards and ornamental pieces richly wrought in gold and jewels, and adorned by many artistic devices. A characteristic of the period is the way in which we find the game of chess serving as a source of symbolical language. Its terms entered into the language and poetry of everyday life, thus illustrating the symbolical modes of view current in the middle ages. For in that period what was nearest and commonest must be the medium for suggesting something higher. This same tendency was exemplified in the use in the middle ages of colours and flowers which had a special language of their own; and the Dance of Death became to art, both in painting and architecture, a fruitful source of varied and almost innumerable representations of moral or religious significance. The mingled recklessness and levity of the period was fond of expressing itself in such figures, and of all subjects death came to be one of the most frequent and favourite topics of illustration. On all these points and many more much light is thrown in the papers in Herr Wackernagel's volume. It also contains some valuable papers illustrative of the history of art in the middle ages.

MURPHY'S MASTER.*

THE prolific author of *Lost Sir Massingberd* is once more coming up for judgment. Undeterred by the numerous sentences which it has been our duty to pass upon him on previous occasions, he presents himself with an air of decided levity. In spite of all warnings as to the dangers of melodramatic writing, he indulges himself in *Murphy's Master* with a catastrophe on a scale of hitherto unparalleled magnitude. We will not do him the injustice of supposing that he is perfectly serious; for, to say the truth, he has far too much humour to be awestruck by his own creation. We guess, however, that the readers for whom this story is specially intended will be puzzled to know whether the author invites their laughter or their tears. Some of them perhaps will be deeply impressed by the strange narrative, of which we are about to indicate the salient points; and, if so, we are pretty certain that the narrator will be amused, though perhaps also a little pleased, by the emotions which he has caused. For ourselves, we will confess that we were carried along by the story, partly by sheer curiosity as to the climax which could fittingly cap so singular a series of adventures, and partly, it is just to add, by the skilful management of an experienced storyteller. Regarded as a serious novel, we could not say very much for *Murphy's Master*; but as a specimen of the art of balancing on the verge of the grotesque, it is worth the few minutes employed in reading it.

Imagine then—we shall venture to tell the story in our own way—a young man running away from the brutalities of a cruel stepfather. He is in the wilds of Windsor Forest, and the time of the adventure appears to be within the last few years. Of course a violent storm is raging, as always happens when young

* *Murphy's Master, and other Tales.* By the Author of "Lost Sir Massingberd." London: Tinsley Brothers. 1873.

gentlemen are leaving their homes. Suddenly there appears a dog-cart with two occupants, driven furiously along the road. The young man stops it just in time to prevent its being upset by a fallen tree. Now, by a natural coincidence, the two men in the dog-cart, who are in fact Murphy and his master, are also running away; but with stronger reasons than young Chesney, who has thus saved their lives. Mr. Kavanagh, the master, has just murdered his brother, who was ill advised enough to keep the whole of their father's estate on the ground that Kavanagh was illegitimate. Legally, the brother's position was unassailable, but Kavanagh, being an Irishman, considered that this only made his conduct more unreasonable, and accordingly strangled him in the course of a lively altercation. Murphy, being also an Irishman, and of the conventional type whose one principle is a dog-like loyalty to his master, considers that the murder was justifiable, and even creditable, more especially as Kavanagh was a Fenian, and his brother a loyal British subject. This pleasing pair are in too great a hurry to give a full account of the transaction to young Chesney; but they have just time to hint that they are fugitives from the law when they hear the mounted police approaching at full gallop. Arranging the fallen tree across the road, they wait long enough to see that the policeman comes down and is smashed in the dark; and the three then gallop off to London. On their way Kavanagh has time enough to inform young Chesney that he has just committed a justifiable murder, and is going to escape to a distant land. Chesney naturally begs to be taken into his service, and swears eternal fidelity to his new friend, the more readily as Murphy shows some symptoms of a disposition to choke him by way of precaution against treachery.

Thus Chesney suddenly finds himself inseparably connected with a gentleman who has committed at least one capital crime, and who is bound to some exceedingly indefinite country on the other side of the globe. After a few more adventures he embarks with Kavanagh and Murphy in an emigrant ship, many of whose passengers are tenants from the ancestral estates of the Kavanaghs, who all share Murphy's sentiments of unquestioning loyalty to their young master. Two or three most uncomfortable circumstances speedily develop themselves. In the first place, Mr. Kavanagh has a series of fits of *delirium tremens*, which are perhaps some excuse for his homicidal propensities, but which do not make him a more agreeable companion. Murphy, moreover, shows a strong disposition to throttle anybody who disputes his master's opinions on any occasion, even if they are the opinions of a raving madman. And, finally, another friend of Kavanagh's turns up, named Maguire, who has spent the best years of his life in following the profession of a good old-fashioned pirate, with a black flag and a code of laws of the old buccaneering type. Mr. Maguire is a bit of an anachronism, as he has evidently stepped straight out of the seventeenth century, but that is a trifle in a story of this kind. The ship, with this delightful crew, presently reaches an island which has been lately thrown up by a volcano in a part of the Southern seas previously supposed to be of unfathomable depth. The whole party immediately land under the green flag and found a small Irish Republic; so Irish indeed, that Mr. Kavanagh is instantly recognized as absolute ruler by divine right. In this capacity he promulgates a series of laws with the help of a large supply of whisky and of his henchman Murphy. The punishment is in every case death, and a certain Pat Doolan is the first victim, being summarily executed for the offence of going to sea in a boat. It is, of course, not to be expected that an Irish Government, even when in the hands of a native and absolute ruler, should be without a conspirator, and the piratical Maguire acts with some energy in that capacity. Poor young Chesney, who is a domestic Englishman of the ordinary type, begins to feel himself in rather a false position. And he is the more uncomfortable as, in his enthusiasm for the murderous maniac who is now his absolute sovereign, he has written home for his affianced bride. He begins to think that he has made a trifling mistake. Young men should not swear eternal fidelity to the first wild Irishman whom they find galloping across country at night pursued by the police. The brutal Saxon, when he is in a minority of one in an island ruled by a drunken madman, and distracted by the intrigues of a veteran pirate, is in a very awkward position. It is still worse when the lady of his affections appears one fine morning, expecting to find herself in a flourishing colonial settlement. We must remark, by way of parenthesis, that the author of this remarkable narrative had better be on his guard. If there happen to be any Fenians in the district which he inhabits, he will be in danger of receiving some strong remonstrances for his base caricature of Irish ideas. He will be suspected of being in league with Mr. Froude for the purpose of destroying our respect for the virtues of the Celt. However this may be, poor Mr. Chesney has now arrived at one of those desperate positions from which he can only be rescued by the most vigorous interference of the author. In fact, he gets into a small boat with his young lady, and purposes to sail to Australia—a voyage in which the chances are about fifty to one in favour of his being swamped by the first breeze. Unluckily, as it seems, he is perceived from the island, and the ferocious Murphy puts out after him in the only other boat, with a crew of three powerful Tipperary boys. They speedily overhaul Chesney and his intended, and are carrying them back to the island, where Chesney is promised to be hanged the same evening, and where his bride is to have the choice between death and becoming Mrs. Murphy. We hold our breath in cruel suspense—a suspense which, it may be remarked, is all the more trying because we have only just reached the opening pages of the second of the two volumes. What series of events, we ask, can possibly be devised which will sustain the interest already excited? The materials brought together on this "tight little island," as Mr. Kavanagh calls it, in the words of the popular song, are of so inflammable a character that we do not see how an explosion can possibly be evaded much longer. We expect that a catastrophe will occur like that which is described in one of Marryat's stories, where a body of pirates on a desert island manage in a single page to kill each other off down to the last man, and that the author will have to come forward, like the prompter in a mythical English tragedy, and apologize for the premature death of all his characters. In fact, a terrific catastrophe occurs, for which we ought to have been prepared by certain hints dimly thrown out beforehand. As the boat is slowly making the island, the island itself suddenly goes down. As it had been thrown up by a volcano, it disappears in an earthquake, and no more is heard of Mr. Kavanagh, Mr. Maguire, or any of their amiable subjects and allies. The faithful Murphy hereupon jumps overboard with the view of joining his master in another and a better world; and Mr. Chesney returns to England with a large number of bank-notes, received from Mr. Kavanagh in one of his lucid intervals, marries, and lives very happily ever afterwards. He is supposed to have confided this narrative to the author in after years, and he appears to have found a very receptive auditor.

One difficulty remains. This abrupt termination of the story happens at the beginning of the second volume, and we are affected by the same sort of surprise with which Mr. Pickwick heard from Weller of the tragic end of the gentleman with the muffins. The story has gone down with the island, and what then is to become of the remaining pages? The answer is very simple. They are filled with a miscellaneous collection of stories, old and new, which, on the whole, are worthy of their predecessor. As a rule, indeed, they are of a more purely comic order, and are lively and amusing enough. Coming after so startling a narrative as *Murphy's Master*, they are probably intended to relieve our feelings on the same principle on which a terrific melodrama is succeeded by a farce. It would, however, be unnecessary to indulge in any detailed criticism of their merits. We cannot honestly say that the book is destined to take its place on our library shelves by the side of the novels of Fielding, Richardson, or Scott; but if any of our readers should be about to take a railway journey of a couple of hours' duration, they might do worse than beguile the time by a perusal of *Murphy's Master*.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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PARLIAMENT FROM EASTER TO WHITSUNTIDE.

IT is in the nature of things that the last days of a Liberal Government should be tame, and the last days of a Conservative Government exciting; for when a Liberal Government is approaching the end of its power it is falling because the public is too quiet and peaceful, and when the same thing happens to a Conservative Government it falls because the public is too eager and excited to allow of its prospering. Since Easter the present Government has had an opportunity of showing how very tame public life can be when a Liberal Government is in office, pretending to do little and doing less, and yet fully answering the calls of public sentiment. The Government makes no way with legislation. The Judicature Bill has got through the House of Lords, and this is literally all that can be said. Lord CAIRNS, the arbiter of Lord SELBORNE'S fate, has damned the Land Transfer Bills with mild approval, and consigned them to the limbo of a Select Committee in June. The measures of the Government with regard to Local Taxation are only the beginning of a beginning, and excite no interest, if they provoke no very violent opposition. As to the other measures of the Government, where are they? The ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S Jury Bill appears to be running aground on the shoals of local taxation; and there is as yet no sign of his promised measure for codifying the law of Evidence, or of the Bill to amend the Education Act. The Ministry carries on happily and easily as if it were in the midst of a perpetual Long Vacation, and could sit for endless hours by the seashore, having given directions that no letters should be forwarded to its address. Its opponents are only too happy to enjoy their Long Vacation also. They scarcely ever attack it, have nothing of their own to propose, and no remarks to make about anything. If, as he recently remarked, he were in office, Mr. DISRAELI would have a policy about Central Asia and Local Taxation, and a hundred other things; but, being out of office, he has simply no policy at all. It is said that the Session is likely to be a short one, and that for once in a way members of Parliament may this year see the 1st of August in the country. No one can wish them to be kept in London a day longer than decorum absolutely demands. They have nothing to do, and need not be kept too long in doing it. If either side wished for a dissolution this year, things would be very different. There would be some stir and excitement, and every side issue might be made a field of battle. But the supporters of the Government are very anxious to have one year more of Parliamentary life, seeing how probable it is that they may never have another. The Government is willing to oblige its followers, and cannot but acknowledge that office is a little less wearisome and exhausting when its occupants are not called on to do anything more than continue their official existence. The Conservatives are very unwilling to pluck their pear before it is ripe, and they think that a year will tell in their favour, and are not sorry to see the great GLADSTONE Government, with its wild energy and blazing measures, sink into the safe mediocrity of a humdrum repose. The Bath and Gloucester elections seem to show that the sun is beginning to get hot on the fruit; but they are willing to leave nature alone, and will not attempt to enjoy it till time makes it drop into their lap.

It is only on minor questions that there is every now and then a little burst of excitement, and the House of Commons relieves its dulness by backing or thwarting the Ministry. The Government is still the Government, and, if it tries, it can generally command a vote. Its most conspicuous triumph was the vote on the question of Emanuel Hospital, when it got together a majority of more than forty to defeat the combined forces of the City members and the Conservatives. Those who voted with it had, however, the satisfaction of thinking that they were not only supporting their leaders, but showing their independence of the Corporation of London, which has a Parliamentary influence great enough to warrant a considerable amount of jealousy; and although not a few Liberals would quite agree with their opponents in criticizing many of the acts of the Endowed Schools Commission, yet there are so many districts, and especially in Scotland, where funds available for sound projects are at present wasted, that it is useful to uphold the general principle that wide reforms may be insisted on with regard to charitable endowments, although any particular scheme may be faulty. The Government also succeeded in upholding the official resolve to make Oxford a military centre, and Mr. TREVELYAN'S proposal to limit the number and curtail the emoluments of English officers was very summarily disposed of. The Bill for the Preservation of Peace in Ireland was also readily passed, and the meagreness of the opposition to it showed how very small is the section of Irishmen who are willing to live themselves in the discomfort of anarchy in order that they may gratify their desire to injure and annoy England; while the short debate which the Bill elicited sufficed to show that one very advanced Irish member had the courage and sense to denounce the notion that the Irish people were really represented by the noisy patriots of the capital. If the Opposition had any earnestness in its resistance to the Government, or any financial policy of its own, it might have subjected the Budget to very effective criticism; but it never got beyond a few desultory questionings and incoherent objections, and thought that enough had been gained when the Conservative leader found an opportunity of raising a laugh at Mr. LOWE'S exhibition of what Mr. DISRAELI termed his Australian education and manners. When the unfortunate subject of the *Alabama* award was once more made a subject of discussion, the Government had in Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE a necessary ally, and Mr. GLADSTONE showed that he was making satisfactory progress in the official art of saying little in many words. The Irish Tests Bill was not looked on kindly by the Government, and Mr. GLADSTONE at first showed the irritation which his defeat had caused him by the reception he gave it; but a milder spirit came over him, and the passing of the Bill, which was inevitable, was not suffered to be converted into a victory over the Government. But another question connected with the interminable religious disputes of Ireland has already given the Ministry some trouble, and is likely to give it more. It was only by a very small majority that it got the House to ratify its proposal to postpone the debate on the O'KEEFFE case until a Select Committee had heard all that the members of the National Board, whose conduct was impugned, might choose to say; and it sustained an unmistakable defeat when it attempted to resist the addition to the Committee of two members chosen on account of the supposed independence of their Parliamentary position. Such a defeat on such a very small question does not much hurt the Government; but what does injure it is, that it should show such evident signs as it has exhibited in regard to the O'KEEFFE case that it is utterly perplexed, and that it is glad of any respite in order that it may gain time to see in what direction it ought to move.

An expiring Parliament under a languid Government has, however, one sphere in which it acts with force and feels a playful delight in proving that some of its old energy is left. It can extinguish with merciless resolution the crotchets of amateur reformers. The authors of such crotchets and their followers have had a very bad time lately. No political season could, in fact, be more unfavourable to them. When the Liberal party was in the first flush of its great victory, when no proposal seemed too bold for the Government to make and

carry, when the air seemed alive with hope and excitement, everybody thought that he might suggest something, and that one suggestion was nearly as good as another. Little cliques gathered themselves together, and took action, and were boisterous and confident and domineering. Nothing was to be done until they were satisfied and their especial fancy was incorporated in the Statute Book. Hereafter, a Conservative Government in search of a policy, and anxious to stave off important changes by making unimportant ones, may dally with some of these framers of crotchets, and be inclined to buy ideas and support at the same time. But a tired Parliament, with a tired Liberal Ministry to guide it, and a tired public to keep watch over it, is in a frame of mind entirely alien to the favourable consideration of proposals which seem destined to wake up bitterness and give endless trouble and annoyance without effecting any tangible and indisputable good. Since Easter the House of Commons has rejected by overwhelming majorities a proposal to repeal the Contagious Diseases Acts, the Permissive Bill, a scheme for the State purchasing Irish Railways, a proposal to admit women to the franchise, Mr. MIALL'S Bill for the Disestablishment of the English Church, and Sir CHARLES DILKE'S motion for the redistribution of political power. On the occasion of the discussion of the last two of these schemes, Mr. GLADSTONE candidly invited the advanced party to look at the actual state of things in the constituencies. He did not hesitate to say that the next Parliament will be much more Conservative than the present one. Every one knows this without hearing it from Mr. GLADSTONE; but it necessarily makes some difference in the conduct of the present Parliament when it hears from the head of the Government that he is already obliged to take into consideration the altered temper of the electors. There is nothing whatever to regret in the defeat of any one of those six proposals, and it is much better that the House of Commons should express its opinion about them so unmistakably as to make the renewal of them at any near date almost hopeless. We may also be glad that, for the first time since he occupied his present office, Mr. BRUCE had the pleasure of appearing quite firm and decided on some of these questions, and that the knowledge that he was opposing opinions generally condemned, and helping to crush a cause that had no hope of success, inspirited him to appear in the new character of a man with definite opinions, which he could sustain with sensible arguments. He was as determined as the leader of a forlorn hope in the denunciation of the Permissive Bill, and of the Women's Suffrage Bill, and spoke out like a man on both of these dangerous subjects. But it may be observed that, however good a thing it may be that the House of Commons should be thus peremptory in its treatment of fanciful political schemes, and that the HOME SECRETARY should console himself for the timidity and uncertainty with which he has received a thousand deputations by his vigorous leading of an assured majority, yet this energy is only one symptom of a Parliament which is long past its prime, and is unfit for much labour of any kind. The strength to resist doing bad work goes along with the weakness to do good work; and the House of Commons, whether putting its extinguisher on crotchets, or coquetting with the Rating Bill, or giving a fitful support to small Ministerial proposals, is equally aiming at that which it feels to be its one appropriate goal, the end of the Session.

THE SHAH ON HIS TRAVELS

THE visit of the Shah of PERSIA to Europe may possibly have political consequences, but at present it is interesting chiefly because it is odd. For a short time Oriental potentates have the opportunity of producing the picturesque effect which always results from incongruity. The gorgeous seclusion which has for ages imposed on the imagination of their subjects is disturbed, not by a gradual descent into ordinary life, but by journeys in railway carriages and voyages in steamboats, which are minutely recorded in Western newspapers for the amusement of a civilized and infidel population. The change is perhaps rendered somewhat more gradual by the accident that Moscow is a stage on the road to Berlin and London. Splendid military pageants are not unlike the traditional diversions of Eastern Kings, and probably Circassian and Georgian regiments, representing the transition from Asia to Europe, may have taken part in the ceremonies of reception. In Germany there are as many disposable troops not less showy or solid than the Russian battalions, and probably the royal visitor understands military matters well enough to appreciate the irresistible superiority of European armies to his own levies of irregular horsemen and ill-trained infantry. It will be no advantage to himself or his country if he returns home bent upon imitating the great armaments which he will have seen, instead of studying the resources which civilized industry provides for the purposes both of peace and of war. Royal travellers seldom find facilities for understanding the economical condition of the countries which they visit in state. It is natural to honour illustrious guests by the display of all the most impressive objects which can be procured, and it happens that military establishments are as ornamental as they are formidable. Uniforms and banners and regimental bands outshine all peaceful competition, and Continental rulers have always affected the character of professional soldiers. The Shah of PERSIA has probably been thus far confirmed in the belief which he may have inherited, that war and preparation for war are the paramount business of mankind. He has no reason to suspect that he has been treated with any deference to the childish or semi-barbarous tastes which might have been attributed to an Asiatic potentate. The most powerful of European sovereigns, himself a veteran soldier, has within a few weeks been entertained at St. Petersburg with a long succession of reviews and parades. It never seems to occur to Emperors and Kings that the great armies which they proudly exhibit to their visitors are exclusively maintained for the purpose of killing and maiming one another's subjects in the contingency of a quarrel. The German EMPEROR, then King of PRUSSIA, reviewed large bodies of French troops only a few years before his march to Paris. There is little chance of a rupture between Germany and Russia; but if any cause of dispute were to arise between them, their respective Ministers and generals would immediately begin to calculate the forces which either Power could in case of necessity bring into the field. Even when regular armies become reduced in strength, as at the present moment in Spain, the graver evil of an armament of the rabble is substituted for a great military establishment. Europe is not in a condition to lecture Asia on the blessings of peace.

It has been suggested that the comparative deficiency of England in materials for military pomp should be supplied by a display of naval power. One newspaper correspondent proposes that the Royal yacht with a portion of the Channel fleet should receive the SHAH at Calais or Ostend, and conduct him up the Thames to London. There is no doubt that the novelty of the sight would be impressive, and the mercantile shipping in the river and the docks could scarcely fail to astonish an inland-bred visitor; but unluckily Persians can scarcely be expected to be good sailors; and there is reason to fear that the SHAH might not be at leisure to appreciate the merits of ironclad vessels. It may also be remarked that a certain amount of knowledge is required to produce astonishment or admiration. A child is surprised at nothing, because it has no standard of comparison; and it is probable that a Persian sovereign would scarcely be able to distinguish between a steam-packet and the latest product of destructive marine architecture. It is nevertheless to be hoped that salutes will not be stinted, for the sound of cannon and the smell of powder are always attractive to the senses of Royalty. The Court carriages and horses will perhaps hardly satisfy the expectations of an Eastern prince; but it is proper that every effort should be made to pay the SHAH suitable attention. Buckingham Palace, with all its defects, is better than an hotel; and as a visit to Windsor is arranged, he will see one Royal residence of unequalled grandeur. For the rest, the sights best worth seeing in England are London and its population.

If it is desirable to convince the SHAH that the friendship of his great Indian neighbour is worth having, he must be supposed to have already learned the rudimentary proposition that wealth and numbers are the chief elements of political power. In no other capital will he see such crowds as in London, and popular curiosity will ensure the assemblage of multitudes wherever the SHAH may direct his course. Some members of the Persian Royal Family once published an account of a visit to England full of characteristic exaggerations of the number and splendour of the objects which excited their admiration. The London of the present day, if it is deficient in artistic beauty, requires no Oriental hyperbole to describe its riches. Modern reforms have happily not yet reached the body which has assumed to itself the exclusive right and duty of representing the public hospitality of England. The Court functionaries who are charged with the office of entertaining the Royal guest naturally apply to the LORD MAYOR to relieve them of a portion of their obligations; and the SHAH, like many other illustrious personages before him, will be solemnly enter-

tained at the Guildhall. The freedom of the City will be presented to him in a suitable form; and his name will be thenceforth enrolled among the citizens of London. It has not been stated whether, like the Ottoman Sultan, he will become a Knight of the Garter. As the principal dignitary of one of the great Mahometan sects, he might prefer a plausible claim to be placed on a level with the more orthodox Caliph who reigns at Constantinople. If the Persians have been less connected with English policy than the Turks, they are also not obnoxious to the prejudices which are in some quarters entertained against the infidel rulers of a Christian population. Both nations have passed into a stage of decadence.

The first lesson which modern Asiatic sovereigns learn when they enter the pale of civilization is the art of contracting national debts; but it is not known that the Shah or the Ministers who accompany him are at present bent on borrowing money. The Persian Government has already contracted with a foreign capitalist for the construction of railways in a country which is still unprovided with roads. The Shah's dominions have been left outside the new project of M. de Lesseps; but Ispahan and Teheran will probably be provided with railway communication as early as Samarcand. It is doubtful whether a poor, ill governed, and thinly inhabited country will be capable of any considerable improvement. If there are patriots in Persia, they must regard as the chief national danger the probability that the kingdom may become virtually or nominally a province of the vast Russian Empire. Jealousies against the Turks on one side, and the Afghans or the Indian Government on the other, are a waste of vigilance and of energy. The object of Anglo-Indian statesmen has always been to maintain the independence of Persia, and at the same time to resist encroachments which would ultimately redound to the advantage of a more formidable Power. Even if the destined boundaries of English dominion in the East had not already been reached, Persia has never been included among the possible appendages which might be added to the Indian Empire. As long ago as the beginning of the present century the business of English diplomacy was to check the influence which Napoleon attempted to establish at the Court of Persia. It is now expedient to counteract as far as possible the ambitious designs which may from time to time be entertained by Russia. It is greatly to be regretted that Foreign Secretaries have successfully insisted on retaining for their own department the conduct of Persian affairs. The present Envoy was known to be unacceptable to the Persian Court; and he has had no means of becoming acquainted with the relations between the Indian Government and Persia. Our knowledge of the native Governments of India furnishes civil and military administrators with a clue to the motives and inclinations of Eastern Courts. Ministers and favourites are not exclusively devoted to the service of their sovereign and their country, nor is it always easy to ascertain the true seat of authority and of influence. The greatest advantage which an Oriental monarchy can possess is to have a chief who personally directs the affairs of State. An hereditary king, in Asia as in Europe, is identified in interest with the country which he governs, while his counsellors may have many collateral objects in view. The activity and spirit which the Shah has exhibited in his visit to the European Courts seem to indicate a capacity of acting for himself, and a resolution to form independent political judgments. It is said that a traditional law prohibited the Persian sovereign from leaving his dominions, except at the head of an army; but a vigorous despot is not easily hampered by customary superstitions. It is hardly possible that the Shah's excursion should fail to produce some changes in the theory and practice of his Government. As he moves westward, the condition of society becomes more and more unlike the state of an Eastern kingdom; and he will find that the signs of material prosperity are more visible in England than in Russia or even in Germany.

MINISTERIAL PROSPECTS IN FRANCE.

ADVERSITY has had its proverbial effect upon the Orleanists. Almost from the day that their Princes took their seats in the National Assembly the prospects of the party have been steadily growing worse; and if they have at length succeeded in checking the progress of the country towards the definitive adoption of Republican Government, it has been at the cost of allying themselves with persons and principles which they have passed their lives in repudiating. Under the Empire such instructions as those which the new Minister of the Interior has given to the prefects would have called forth a series of sarcastic criticisms from Orleanist journalists. The cool intimation that the prefect need not trouble himself as to the legality of the Minister's orders, because he will always be covered by the Minister's responsibility, and the direction to interfere on behalf of the Government candidates in every election within the reach of his influence, would have been cited as proofs of the essentially arbitrary character of the Imperial rule. The return of an Opposition candidate would have been welcomed as a fortunate instance of resistance to official tyranny, no matter what might be the precise colour of his politics. Yet the first public act of the Duke of Broglie's Ministry is to establish relations with the prefects which ten years ago the Duke of Broglie himself would have denounced as incompatible with personal or electoral liberty. We hear no more talk of decentralization, no more lamentations over the exaggerated influence exercised by the Executive in matters with which it has no concern. The Duke of Broglie allows a colleague to issue a circular which contradicts the doctrines to which he has hitherto been supposed to be devoted, without so much as a word of explanation. Nothing has been added to veil or soften the naked Imperialism of M. Beulé's language. The Duke of Broglie has evidently satisfied himself that, if Frenchmen are let alone, they will not go in the way in which the Orleanists wish them to go; and when once his mind is made up on this point, he has no objection to adopt the tactics of M. Rouher. There is a weak point in this reasoning which has probably escaped him. If Imperialist work has to be done, the chances are that in the end it will be best done by Imperialist workmen. The Duke of Broglie may do his utmost to show that he can carry on the business of administration as well as though he had been serving the Empire all his life instead of opposing it, but he will be in considerable danger of breaking down somewhere. Some piece of policy which he will be expected to acquiesce in may prove too much for his pride or his honesty, and he will then have no choice left but to separate himself from a coalition which may by that time have grown too strong for him to break up. This is the rock ahead of every Orleanist member of the new Cabinet who has not entirely succeeded in subordinating conscience to convenience. Legitimists and Bonapartists may pull together up to the moment of deciding whether the principle of monarchy shall take form in the person of the Count of Chambord or of the Prince Imperial, because, though the ends for which they work are different, the means by which they work for them are identical. But the Orleanists cannot so entirely dismiss all consideration of means; at least, if they do, their justification for maintaining a separate existence falls to the ground. An absolute Monarchy may consistently be reimposed by force or fraud. In either case it is but the re-entry of a master who has been unjustly dispossessed, and who is not bound to give any account to his refractory servants of the way in which he has regained his authority. But a Constitutional Monarchy does not easily lend itself to these methods; and if the Orleanists once let this distinction slip, they will inevitably be merged in one or other of the more vigorous, because less scrupulous, parties with which they are for the moment associated.

As yet France has certainly profited by the exceedingly mixed character of the new Ministry. The impossibility of agreeing among themselves as to a dynasty has forced them to dispense with any agreement as to the form of government. The circular addressed by the Duke of Broglie to the French representatives abroad expressly reserves this question for the decision of the Assembly, whenever it shall think fit to declare its will. The Versailles Compact turns out, after all, to be only the Bordeaux Compact regilt. The representatives of three Monarchical parties have taken possession of the Government, only to find themselves still forced to put up with the Republic. Their sole claim to replace M. Thiers is that they, not being Republicans, are better fitted to administer the affairs of the Republic. That the leaders of the coalition should be assured of this truth is not wonderful, since in their eyes the best administration of a Republic will be that which gives the best promise of bringing the Republic to a speedy end. But it is not quite so certain that their followers, when once their extreme terror at the Paris and Lyons elections has had time to abate, will continue to share this conviction. Even among the deputies of the Right Centre there are probably some who believe that Republican Government is a necessity in France, and that any further delay in recognizing this fact will only tend to give strength to the Radicals. Those who take this view may not long be content with a Ministry composed of men who are believed to be only Republicans until they can agree which of

the three Pretenders they shall restore. If they could persuade themselves that the MINISTER of the INTERIOR will control the elections as completely as his predecessors under the Empire did, they would be more at their ease, inasmuch as they would then begin to suspect the accuracy of their impression as to the necessity of a Republic. But there are several considerations which tend to throw doubt upon the Minister's powers in this respect. It is true that under the Empire the Government did exercise a very great influence over the elections. But even under the Empire the sphere of this influence was constantly becoming more contracted. The Opposition in the Corps Législatif grew in numbers every year, until at length it was no uncommon thing for an official candidate to be beaten even in a rural constituency. If the claims of the present Government to unquestioning submission on the part of the electors are compared with those of the Empire, they will be seen to be very much less. In the first place, the Empire itself has fallen into disgrace, and its fall must in some degree have discredited the whole system of Ministerial interference. It is one thing to submit to a prefect who speaks as the representative of an idol which commands unquestioning worship, and another thing to submit to a prefect who speaks as the representative of an idol which has been discrowned and overthrown, and has been set up again under another title. The success which attended the prefects in the former character is not conclusive evidence that equal success will attend them in the latter character. In the next place, the Empire was able to appeal to the peasantry as the one refuge open to them from the advance of socialism. The new Government will of course try to present itself in the same light, and if it had succeeded to office upon M. THIERS's death, instead of upon his resignation, it might have contrived to gain its point. But for more than two years the peasantry of France have been accustomed to regard M. THIERS as their protector against revolution, and his retirement from office will not make him a less conspicuous person in their eyes. On the contrary, it is quite possible that he may be a better known man as leader of the Opposition than he could have been if he had remained President. His opportunities of speaking will be more frequent, and he will be less restrained in the use he makes of them. The Administration will for the first time in France have a rival asserting that he is better able than the Administration itself to give the country the security it desires, and this rival will enjoy the superior prestige which belongs to a two years' success in the face of unexampled difficulties. In the third place, the sufferings and anxieties which the French people have undergone since the capitulation of Sedan must have done something for it in the way of political education. It has shewn them how weak a seemingly strong Government can be; it has shown them that a Republic, even a Radical Republic, may have higher and more patriotic aims than the mere confiscation of private property. If the educated classes are still frightened at the mention of M. GAMBETTA's name, it remains to be seen whether the peasantry have not in some measure got over their terrors.

These considerations are important in two ways. They make it doubtful whether the new Government will get a majority in a general election, and by this means they may dispose the wavering members of the existing majority to desert it, even before a general election. It must be remembered that the division which deposed M. THIERS was extremely narrow. Sixteen Republicans deserted their party at the last moment, and if only half of this number had remained true, M. THIERS would have had a majority on his side. If these gentlemen see cause to think that the country will not confirm the decision of the Assembly, they may think it prudent to retrace their steps while there is yet time to do so with some effect. M. TARGET, who led the secession on the 24th of May, admits that when he visited his constituents a month ago they all—manufacturers, merchants, farmers, landowners, workmen—agreed in urging him to vote for the definitive organization of the Republic. M. TARGET defends the vote he actually gave by the plea that he found his constituents equally energetic in favour of a policy which should reassure Conservative interests. It is possible, however, that his constituents may find means of convincing him that they are not reassured by seeing the organization of the Republic indefinitely postponed, and the country consigned in the interval to the tender mercies of a monarchical coalition, which wants even the unity required for giving shape to its own wishes. In that case M. TARGET, or, if not M. TARGET, some of the less conspicuous members of the Sixteen, will perhaps treat the Duke of BROGLIE as they treated M. THIERS a fortnight ago. The desertion may come with as little warning, and may have an equally decisive result.

THE TRADE-UNIONISTS IN HYDE PARK.

THE Trade-Unions meeting in Hyde Park probably amused its members better than an ordinary excursion, although some of the speakers professed to regret the interference of public duty with seasonable recreation. Assemblies of this kind are more or less directly collected for purposes of intimidation; and to a certain extent the promoters succeed in their object. The demagogues who address the crowd scarcely make any pretence of reasoning; nor could the most fulsome of after-dinner declaimers improve on their adulation of the class which forms their immediate and exclusive audience. The multitude of artisans probably listens with eagerness to the assurance that the prosperity and tranquillity of England are due, not to good laws or to upright administration, but to the wholesome influence of combinations of workmen. The upper and middle classes are collectively denounced as selfish and worthless, and the outrageous assertion that the clergy are exceptionally cruel naturally produces sympathetic applause. Members of Parliament are, it seems, habitually drunk or asleep during the discharge of their legislative duties; and some at least of the Judges are unjust and tyrannical, if not corrupt. One of Mr. ODGER's proposals, though in other respects it is not worth discussing, is highly characteristic of the tendencies of revolutionary agitators. It was suggested that a Minister of Justice, irresponsible to the Government or to Parliament, should be elected by universal suffrage, and charged with the duty of dismissing judges and magistrates who passed unduly severe sentences. As the institution would of course be established exclusively for the convenience of Trade-Unionists, it may be assumed that judges of severe temperament might with perfect impunity put the law in force against all other offenders. During his long course of agitation Mr. ODGER has perhaps supported more dangerous schemes; but it may be doubted whether his ingenuity has yet devised so extravagant and unreasonable a project. Nothing is easier than to make revolutionary speeches; but the demagogues have some reason to boast of their success in assembling large bodies of adherents. The attachment of the leaders to the cause of law and order was sufficiently indicated by their choice of a dismissed policeman to take a prominent part in the procession. Any person who has become notorious by coming into collision with lawful authority is the natural ally of the Hyde Park agitators. A policeman who has failed in organizing a strike of his comrades, or a gas-stoker who has attempted to deprive the metropolis of light on a winter night, acquires the right to be considered as a hero or a martyr. A regular march of several thousand persons who hold similar opinions is not a reassuring spectacle. On the other hand, the more timid sections of society are not unlikely to overrate the danger. It is probable that a large part of the crowd assembled on Whitsun Monday would refuse to concur in any open violation of the law. The demagogues who hope to terrify the peaceable classes by menaces of possible disorder find it prudent to warn their followers against immediate violence.

It is unlucky that two country justices should have furnished an ostensible pretext for a gathering which would have taken place if Chipping Norton had never been heard of. The farmers of the district by no means share the indignation of declaimers and censorious journalists against the local Bench. The Agricultural Labourers' Union, which is the most mischievous as well as the latest of industrial combinations, had induced all the workmen in a parish in Oxfordshire to leave their employment on the refusal of their masters to concede a large advance of wages. As Nature will not wait for the termination of social disorders, the sudden interruption of farming operations may cause the most serious evils. It was urgently necessary to supply the places of the Unionists who had struck; and the principal farmer in the parish succeeded in hiring two men to take the places of his former workmen. The labourers on strike were probably advised by the agents of the Union not to expose themselves to the penalties of the law; and it was thought that the object of driving away the new comers would be not less effectually obtained if women were employed for the purpose of intimidation. A score of angry viragos with sticks and vituperative tongues cannot be altogether despised, especially as any attempt to retaliate would expose their victims to the vengeance of the husbands and brothers who were without doubt watching the effect of their vicarious demonstration. Ultimately the workmen obtained the protection of a policeman, and the feminine riot seems after all not to have been desperately formidable. The magistrates not unnaturally thought that the attempt to intimidate was highly culpable; and they found that under the Act they were not at liberty to impose a fine. Their

error consisted in treating women as equal to men. Common sense modifies the strict rule by according in many ways a comparative license to the ferocity of the gentler sex. The Spanish proverb that white hands convey no insult even by a blow, was perhaps not literally applicable to the rural offenders; but the magistrates might have considered that allowance should be made for women prompted by their husbands, and a riot which was quelled by a single policeman could not be of a highly aggravated character. If it is true that some of the women who were committed were at the time nursing infants, they can scarcely have meditated any violent assault even before the policeman appeared. A rebuke and an intimation that a second offence would be strictly punished would in all probability have met the necessities of the case. Nevertheless it is not surprising that the farmers of the neighbourhood should be more deeply impressed by the heavy risk which they incur, and by the mischievous influence of the Union, than by a chivalrous deference to female disturbers of order.

The Liberal party has little reason for gratitude to Mr. Odger or Mr. Arch, for the Hyde Park meeting, though it was comparatively unimportant, may perhaps cost the Government half-a-dozen votes at the general election. The course of recent elections has been in some degree determined by the hostility of the Licensed Victuallers to the present Government, but the revolutionary projects of the professed leaders of the working classes, and the oppression practised by the Unions, have alienated the great body of traders of all ranks from the Liberal cause. The pretension of political artisans to a monopoly of power has an unfortunate tendency to create a horizontal stratification of the community, in place of the old-fashioned vertical cleavage according to diversity of taste and opinion. In the counties which have been disturbed by the Labourers' Union, the farmers will have the strongest motives for voting against the party which has countenanced the extension of household suffrage into counties. The selfish arrogance of the demagogues of the London clubs necessarily alienates all classes except those which live by manual labour. It matters comparatively little what is the immediate pretext for agitation; but the demand for a repeal of the Criminal Law Amendment Act directly affects the interests of employers. It may be a fair question for discussion whether the law really requires alteration; but the claim advanced at the Hyde Park meeting extends to absolute immunity from the consequences of any breach of contract. A workman is, as a rule, practically exempt from liability to pecuniary damages; and no alternative has been suggested for the penalty which has hitherto been incurred on desertion of his employment. It is still more necessary that intimidation practised against competing workmen should be criminally punishable. The agitators allege, with a certain show of truth, that in cases of trade intimidation the employer rather than the injured workman ordinarily complains of the outrage. The victim well knows that he is liable to a repetition of the annoyance which he has suffered; and it is the plain duty of the master to ensure him protection by enforcing the law. Lord Fitzwilliam has shown himself to be a true friend of the working classes by his determined resistance to a conspiracy of Unionists to persecute and ruin one of his colliers for refusing to subscribe to the Union. In this instance, the Unionists endeavoured to coerce the employer into becoming their accomplice by subjecting him to heavy pecuniary losses in the working of his pit, but they would probably have resorted to a simpler process of ridding themselves of the obnoxious workman if they had not been deterred by fear of the law. To the plausible complaints of class legislation it is a sufficient answer that punishment must follow the offence, which is exclusively confined to Unionist workmen.

It would be idle to appeal to the fairness or moderation of the Unionist agitators by reminding them of the effect of their doctrines and practices as they are exemplified on the Continent. Mr. Odger, who took the chief part in the Hyde Park meeting, was at one time President of the International Association, though there is reason to believe that he was unconsciously an instrument in the hands of conspirators who meditated profounder designs. The Commune of Paris was closely allied with the International Society, which is at present actively engaged in rendering government impossible in Spain. In both countries the schemes of the revolutionary faction are regarded with terror and abhorrence by all classes of society above the lowest. Gambetta, who is not himself a Communist, did much to cause the late reaction in France by his significant promise to transfer power to a lower social stratum. The long-established freedom of England has been rendered possible by the absence of any appeal to material force. The organization of street processions in London may perhaps not be prohibited by law, but it is dangerous to order and good government, because it is primarily intended as a threat. It is possible that a future generation may find it necessary to restrict liberties which are systematically abused. Paris has now for more than two years been subject, with the approval of all good citizens, to a state of siege. If larger license is allowed in London, the merit belongs to the institutions which the demagogues habitually denounce. The propagation of mutual distrust and hatred among different classes of the community has been in all ages the favourite business of demagogues; and pretexts for agitation are never wanting. It is to be regretted that in two or three cases unduly severe sentences have been passed on men or women who had violated the law; but if the London gas-stokers and the Oxfordshire labourers' wives had never been prosecuted, the brawlers of Hyde Park would not have been less loud in their denunciations of the magistracy and the clergy. The next general election will show whether the revolutionary agitators have secured to themselves any considerable share of political power.

THE PRUSSIAN ECCLESIASTICAL LAWS.

SHORTLY after the passing of the four Acts which have introduced so remarkable a change into the ecclesiastical system of Prussia, the Catholic bishops immediately affected by them met together, and it is now announced as the result of their deliberations that they cannot possibly accept the new order of things which is to be imposed upon them. They will resist so far as resistance may be possible, and, if they obey, they will only obey under protest. It was scarcely possible that they should come to any other conclusion, for these Acts are a negation of every claim which the Romish Church makes in its dealings with the State. The Prussian priest will be nominally uncontrolled in his spiritual functions, but the State will interfere with him at every turn, and will exercise over him a ceaseless control. The details of these Acts are well worth studying, for it is only by reading their provisions that we can understand how severe is the pressure which the State is to exercise. From the first moment when his preparation for his sacred office begins the State takes the priest in hand; it sees that he is educated properly, sanctions the exercise of his functions, removes him if he offends against secular law, restrains his action towards his fellows, and allows him to enforce none but spiritual penalties against the laity. Certain provisions are made in favour of those who are already priests, or who are on the point of becoming priests; but, for the future, the new system of control will be rigidly applied. In the first place, none but a German or a naturalized foreigner is to exercise spiritual functions in Prussia; and the German who exercises them must be a German educated in a particular way. He must first duly pass through a gymnasium; he must then go through a three years' course of theological study, either in a State University or in a seminary under State control; and, lastly, he must satisfactorily pass a public oral examination conducted by State officials, the object of which is to show that he possesses what the Act terms the knowledge peculiarly necessary for his calling—that is, the knowledge of philosophy, history, and German literature. No new seminaries are to be established; students in the Universities are not to be allowed to belong at the same time to seminaries; and it is only if he lives in a place where there is no State University that a student may go to a seminary at all; while every teacher in a seminary must show that he has received an education satisfactory according to a lay standard. Nor will the priests in future be permitted to get hold of the young and give them a special and appropriate training. Existing seminaries for boys are not to be closed at once, but then they are not to be allowed to receive any new pupils; and, if they venture to receive any, they are to be immediately shut up. The Act, in fact, recognizes that there must be priests, and that priests must learn theology; but it insists that priests shall be Germans with a German lay education, and with their minds full of German philosophy, German history, and German literature. No enactment could possibly run more counter to the whole spirit and teaching of modern Ultramontanism.

When the priest has been properly trained in this way, the time will arrive for him to be inducted into some spiritual office. His superior who proposes to appoint him must

immediately give notice of his intention to the President of the province, and a similar notice must be given if it is proposed to transfer a priest from one spiritual office to another, or if merely a temporary occupant of the office is to be appointed. Within thirty days the President may object to the appointment on the ground that the nominee has not received a proper education, and does not know philosophy, history, and literature as well as a good priest ought to know them, or that the nominee has been convicted of, or is being prosecuted for, an offence against secular law; or, lastly, on the ground that he is a dangerous person, and not inclined to render due obedience to the State. Against this injunction of the provincial President the ecclesiastical superior is permitted to appeal to a new ecclesiastical tribunal constituted by one of these Acts, the character of which tribunal is sufficiently indicated by the provision that six out of its eleven members must be ordinary lay judges. But the State has another danger to guard against besides that of the wrong man being put into the place. There is the danger lest the place should remain unfilled. The Act therefore provides that within a year from the date of the vacancy the place must be filled up. If it is not filled up, the income attached to the office is stopped, the income of the superior who ought to appoint is stopped, and the superior is subjected to a fine not exceeding one thousand thalers, which fine is to be repeated until his contumacy is vanquished. The priest himself also who ventures to take an appointment without due permission, or temporarily performs the duties of a charge which the State requires to be permanently filled, is to be liable to a fine not exceeding one hundred thalers. Further, if the priest, after having been appointed, is guilty of any serious transgression of the secular law—as, for example, if he makes himself a party to any movement which the State considers prejudicial to its interests—he is by the mere fact of his conviction rendered incapable of discharging his spiritual duties; and if he persists in acting as if he were still competent, he becomes liable to a heavy fine. All these enactments must be put together in order to see how great is the change which the position of priests in Prussia will undergo. To us who are accustomed to live among clergymen who have received the usual English education at large schools, who have then gone to an English University and taken the same degree as their friends destined for lay professions, it may seem natural and right that what we know and approve of in England should be insisted on in Prussia. It is one of the great boasts of the Church of England that its ministers are in this way brought into harmony with the laity, share the same thoughts, and are animated by the same political instincts. But the Church of Rome wishes for something totally different. It wishes for a priesthood forming a caste distinct from the laity, trained in its own peculiar way, and breathing its own peculiar spirit. In Prussia it will not have any such priesthood; and the priesthood which it gets will not only be trained in what it thinks a wrong way, but will be subjected to a supervision it abhors, and will be constantly suspected of acts which are as meritorious in the eyes of Rome as they are treasonable in the judgment of Berlin.

But the jealous watchfulness of the State is carried still further. A properly trained priest guilty of no offence against the State might still, in the exercise of his spiritual functions, be inclined to tyrannize over other priests or over laymen. Two other Acts tie him up as tight as Acts can tie him, lest he should transgress in this direction. The discipline of the Church over ecclesiastics can only be exercised by German ecclesiastical authorities. Punishment can only be inflicted after proceedings have been taken in a formal manner, after the accused has been heard, and after the grounds of condemnation have been duly recorded. No corporal punishments is to be inflicted, the delinquent can only be fined to the extent of a month's salary, and although he may be sent to a penitentiary for three months, he cannot be sent out of Germany. And his detention must be immediately notified with the most precise details to the provincial President, who can shut up any penitentiary he pleases, and can punish with a fine not exceeding a thousand thalers any attempt to establish a more rigorous discipline than the Act permits. If the delinquent thinks himself unjustly treated, he can appeal to the new ecclesiastical Court, and especial care is taken to provide that one ground of this appeal shall be that an attempt has been made to prevent his appealing. The State, too, can itself appeal, or rather can carry the case before the ecclesiastical tribunal, if it thinks that the continuance in office of a priest is dangerous to public order. The previous Act had provided that a priest convicted of an offence against public order should be deposed; but this Act goes further, and provides that a priest who is merely considered to be a dangerous person may have proceedings taken against him. His own ecclesiastical superiors are to be first invited to take upon themselves the responsibility of deposing him; but, if they decline, the authority of the tribunal is to be called into play; and if, after it pronounces against him, he presumes to discharge the duties of his office, he is liable to a fine not exceeding a hundred thalers, which is to be increased to a thousand thalers if he persists in his offence. The laity are protected by an Act which provides that no ecclesiastical punishment can be inflicted affecting their personal liberty, their property, or their civil status. Nor can any ecclesiastical punishment be inflicted if its ground is that the offender has done something which the State requires him to do, or has voted or not voted where the State permitted him a free choice. For purely spiritual offences a spiritual penalty may be inflicted; but then no public notification of its infliction may be made, and all that may be done is to announce to members of the same communion that it has been inflicted; and even then this announcement must be made in language which cannot convey any unnecessary pain to the offender. The spiritual terrors of excommunication thus remain; but every precaution is taken that, in this world at least, they shall operate in the mildest possible manner. If it is the duty of a State to protect its subjects against their spiritual pastors and masters, every one must allow that Prussia has now fulfilled this duty as it was never fulfilled before.

SPAIN.

THE opening of the second Constituent Cortes within four or five years was immediately preceded by a measure which is only important as illustrating the unreality of Parliamentary institutions in Spain. The acting Government, which had no claim to power except by accident, thought fit, without waiting for the meeting of the Cortes, to abolish by decree all ranks of nobility and titular distinctions. No grandee or nobleman can henceforth legally describe himself in formal documents by his title, although he may still with impunity be addressed as before in society. There can be no doubt that the Republican Cortes will approve a change which commends itself to the modern taste for equality, but it might have been supposed that it was unnecessary to anticipate the judgment of the supposed representatives of the people. The Spanish nobility have never within modern times exercised political power, for absolute monarchy was immediately succeeded in Spain by democratic legislation. The great families, of which some bear historic names, have subsided into obscurity, although some of them retain large possessions, and all of them look down on the modern Counts and Dukes who have earned their titles in revolutions and civil wars. The decree of the Government will cause them some annoyance, but little practical inconvenience; and, if circumstances change, it will be as inoperative as it is irregular. The hurry of the transaction shows that the Government thought that the suppression of hereditary rank would be popular, though it is difficult to understand how it could be regarded as urgent. The Ministers may or may not have justly appreciated the importance of the change; but it is clear that they have estimated at their true value the functions of the Cortes. It would have been quite as easy and as legitimate to proclaim a Federal Republic as to abolish titles; and probably they would have undertaken the establishment of a new Constitution if it had not been deemed more convenient to devolve the responsibility on the Cortes. Perhaps the Ministers themselves, though they are agreed as to the name of the future Government, may not have attached any definite meaning to the Federalism which they profess. It is incredible that statesmen, whatever may have been their former professions and prejudices, should think that the most pressing need of the country which they have governed for three months is further administrative and political subdivision. The central authority in Madrid already experiences sufficient difficulty in enforcing the obedience of local Juntas and Deputations. If the provinces of Spain were to become States in a Federation, and still more if every town and district assumed independence, it would be impossible to maintain even the limited amount of order which has survived the proclamation of the Republic. When the Monarchy was supposed to be stable and permanent FIGUERAS and CASTELAR called themselves Federal Republicans, because Federalism had casually become associated with extreme democracy. Since their accession to power they have done nothing to give effect to their professed opinions, and it is probable that the

majority of the new Cortes will approve and imitate their inaction. It will be necessary to insert some sonorous phrases in the Constitution for the satisfaction or amusement of the party which calls itself Federal; but a Constituent Assembly which affects to represent the whole population cannot consistently split up the nation into fragments. If Spain were naturally and rightfully a Federation, the Cortes would have usurped the power of legislating for States and provinces which were entitled to settle their own institutions. No precedent can be found in history for the deliberate disruption of a State by a Constituent Assembly, although the converse process of creating a national Union was successfully undertaken by the delegates of the North American States after their revolt from England.

The members of the Constituent Cortes are fully aware that they represent but a fraction of the nation. The Radical or Conservative deputies who have been elected will decline to confer on the discussions the show of validity which might be derived from the presence of an Opposition. The minority will consist, not of the party which lately ruled Spain, but of the extreme or uncompromising Republicans who affect to be dissatisfied with the moderation of the Government. It matters little whether the elections were free, when the mass of the population, including the whole of the respectable classes, abstained from taking any part in the struggle. A representative Assembly which has notoriously not been chosen by the constituencies can exercise no moral authority. The formal establishment of the Federal Republic will be universally treated as an idle form. The new Constitution will last, in the improbable contingency of its being accepted by the nation and supported by the army; but the second of two Constitutions founded on universal suffrage, and incompatible with the first, will not be entitled to respect on the ground of its origin. The first meeting of the Assembly was characterized by the unanimity which had been secured beforehand, and by the tranquillity which naturally attends general indifference. The President of the Ministry delivered a conventional harangue, and ORENSE, who lately bore the title of Marquis, was elected by a large majority to the presidency of the Cortes. In any of the three preceding Assemblies his name would have been rejected by overwhelming majorities; and there is no reason to suppose that in the interval any considerable change has taken place in the opinions or feelings of the Spanish people. The Republic, where it fails to excite alarm, is regarded with utter indifference. It is said that CASTELAR, who would have been the Ministerial leader in the Cortes, has determined to retire from the Government, and to conduct the debates on the Constitution as a private member. If the report is true, a fresh proof will have been given of the imperfect comprehension of Parliamentary institutions which prevails in Spain; but, whatever may be the intentions of CASTELAR, there will be no reason to doubt his honesty or patriotism. It is perhaps not surprising that he should be weary of the thankless task of conducting foreign relations with Powers which have with one accord declined to recognize the Provisional Government. Immediately after the proclamation of the Republic, FIGUERAS imprudently boasted of the tendency of a Republic in Spain to produce imitation abroad. The Foreign Minister has in his circulars and despatches more judiciously declared that the Republic is exclusively indigenous, and that Spaniards are as unwilling to interfere with the institutions of foreign nations as they are resolute to reject an interference which will fortunately not be attempted. An officious demagogue who undertook to convey to the Spanish Government the sympathy of the revolutionary faction in England failed to obtain an official audience of the Foreign Minister, who in a private interview confined himself to safe generalities. The courtesy and good sense of Señor CASTELAR offer a contrast to the conduct of LAMARTINE, who, during his short term of office in 1848, exchanged offensive and insincere civilities with SMITH O'BRIEN and the other cabbage-garden rebels. It is certainly true that the propagandism of the unlucky Spanish Republic is at present the reverse of formidable. A bankrupt Government, a dissolving army, and a petty civil war which the Government is unable to suppress, are not calculated to excite admiration. If the present Ministers were to retire from power, no presentable successors could be found in the Republican ranks.

The Carlist war, as usual, smoulders in the Northern provinces, without making any considerable progress. The supporters of Monarchy, who probably form a majority of the entire nation, show no disposition to accept the Duke of MADRID as their candidate for the throne instead of the son of Queen ISABELLA; but the inability of the Government to suppress the insurrection promotes the circulation of alarming rumours. Sometimes it is said that the commander of the Republican forces has made terms with Don CARLOS; or the details of a fusion of interests among the rival Pretenders are invented and generally repeated. The troops at the disposal of the Government are harassed and diminished in numbers by the petty and inglorious warfare with the Carlists; and there seems to be little foundation for the statement of FIGUERAS to the Cortes that the discipline of the army is restored. The late change of policy and of government in France is naturally discouraging to the Republicans; but it is possible that it may facilitate the resistance of the Ministers to the agitation of the revolutionary faction. If the Republic is without further disturbance formally established by the Cortes, the Government which has hitherto been only provisional will be recognized by England, and perhaps by Germany and Italy. It is highly improbable that the French PRESIDENT, or the majority in the Assembly to which he owes his office, will favour in any way the Spanish Republic. The Legitimists, in consistency with their principles, maintain the claims of Don CARLOS; and a Federal Republic which is supposed to involve the doctrines of the Paris Commune is obnoxious to all fractions of the Conservative party. The license which has been accorded to the Spanish army is especially repugnant to the feelings of all moderate Frenchmen.

The most definite and most serious of the Ministerial pledges is contained in the announcement of FIGUERAS that the Government has resolved on the abolition of slavery in Cuba. The Cortes will support a policy which has always been advocated by the Republicans; but a Bill for the emancipation of the slaves will probably at once detach the colony from its allegiance. The only party in Cuba which clings to the connexion with the mother-country consists of the colonists of Spanish birth who are most deeply interested in the maintenance of slavery. If the institution is abolished, they will be deprived of their fortunes, and in many cases of their means of livelihood, and they will estimate at its real value any amount of pecuniary compensation which may be nominally provided. The bankrupt Spanish Treasury will assuredly not suffice to meet the charge which would be imposed in any equitable settlement. Finance Ministers who one after another create an equilibrium by withholding interest on the existing debt will not make any distinction in favour of slaveholders. It is even doubtful whether a Republican Cortes will vote compensation for a kind of property which may be plausibly denounced as intrinsically wrongful; but it matters little to the proprietors of Cuba whether a promise of payment is in the first instance refused or finally broken. It will be difficult or impossible to resist the effect of Spanish legislation; for the dominant party in Cuba depends chiefly on the support of the army, and the American Government would not recognize the independence of the island except on the condition that slavery was abolished. The task of the Government and the Constituent Cortes is neither easy nor enviable.

THE DECLINE OF BUNKUM.

IT is evident that the House of Commons has now pretty well worked off the yeasty inflation with which it began its career, and is settling down in its last hours into something like sobriety and common sense. Partly this may perhaps be natural to its moribund condition; but though the House expires, many members hope to find a place in the new one, and it is significant that, as candidates once more, they are shaking themselves free from the influences of that fit of fanatical unrest and feverish disturbance which set in with the last general election. One of the healthiest symptoms of the Session has been the way in which all sorts of screechy, crotchety, sensational, topsy-turvy projects have gone down with a run. Some have been snuffed out offhand, while others have only just been saved by languid and declining majorities in the House of Commons, for the sake of throwing the responsibility of extinguishing them on the Lords. A bad time has come for the MIALLS and LAWSONS, the AUBERON HERBERTS and Citizen DILKES, for the priggish brotherhood and shrieking sisterhood, and generally for sentimental fury and imbecile impulsiveness. The House of Commons has shown after all what Dr. JOHNSON would have called a bottom of good sense, but the conditions under which it was originally got together were certainly against it. The Parliament which it had to replace was supposed to be tainted with Palmerstonian traditions of worldly wisdom and prudent let-alone. But now there was to be no more world-

liness, or expediency, or making things pleasant. What was wanted was an earnest Parliament. Mr. GLADSTONE was the new leader, and Mr. GLADSTONE was an earnest man. If there was not much else to be said of him with certainty, this at least might be said; he was warranted to be always in earnest, and just as earnest on one side as on the other, and it was thought necessary that he should be kept in countenance by an earnest House of Commons. It is curious to observe how qualities are sometimes worshipped on their own account, irrespectively of the uses to which they are applied. Whether earnestness is a good thing or a bad thing must depend, one would think, in some degree on the purposes to which it is directed. An earnest man with a mischievous purpose is all the more a nuisance in proportion to his earnestness, and on the whole it would be better perhaps that he should not be earnest. Earnestness, however, had acquired a cant sense of its own. It carried with it a strong flavour of spasmodic fervour and emotional goodness, combined with a rigid determination to be always dreadfully serious and on high stilts, and never to laugh on any provocation, or to allow anybody else to do so. An earnest man might be trusted never to tie his neckcloth or to help himself to salt except for the good of the whole human race, and with a precious sense of responsibility for the possible consequences of his act to generations yet unborn. The earnest man was the peculiar contribution of the general election to the collective wisdom. He was in a minority, of course, but he leavened the mass. He awed his frivolous and light-minded companions by his solemn assurance, or at least bored them into submission by his dismal pertinacity. Of course every earnest man felt bound to take a front seat, and to assume the leadership of his party on some question or other. But all this earnestness, associated as it was with fussy self-importance, ignorant dogmatism, and rude and blatant intolerance, was rather too much for poor human nature; and it was evident that some day a revolt would happen. It has come at last, and the earnest man is driven to the wall. The wonder is, not that the House should at last have turned upon him, but that it should have tolerated him so long.

There can be no doubt that the impulse to resistance came to the House of Commons from without. Members had at first been imposed upon by the loud confidence and self-assertion of the earnest brotherhood, and fancied that they must surely represent a considerable body of public opinion. There was therefore a disposition to deal gently with them, and even to see how far, with an eye to the constituencies, it might be possible to keep company with them. Recent elections have disclosed the hollowness of the delusion, and warned members that it would tell rather against than for them with their constituents if they were suspected of sympathy with any of this fanatical meddlesomeness. Now that the bogies which formerly looked so formidable are seen to be what they really are, they are soon swept aside. A dummy Bill and a bundle of manufactured petitions form the Parliamentary counterpart of the scooped turnip and white sheet of mischief-making rustics, but in each case a noisy chorus is an important part of the performance. Once, perhaps, public meetings and petitions may have been a trustworthy indication of genuine public opinion. But the processes of factitious agitation have now been reduced to a science, and they provide regular employment for a large body of enterprising and not too scrupulous experts. You have only to give your orders to a professional agent, and he will conjure up an agitation on any subject at a minute's notice. He will provide you with petitions by the mile and signatures by the million. All that is wanted for a meeting is a hall, a chairman, half-a-dozen speakers, and a bundle of cut-and-dry resolutions, and all these the professional agent has at command. The agent knows, too, how to turn the newspapers to account, and of course if the movement is of any importance, it will have an organ of its own. The "kept press" is one of the institutions of the day. In short, nothing is easier than to get up all the apparatus of agitation whenever it is required, and at a very moderate cost. Often the thing is managed so smartly that even those in the secret are half deceived by specious appearances of public interest and excitement. Let anybody read the list of petitions which are daily tumbled by the ton into the mysterious blue-bags at the Clerks' table in the House of Commons, and observe how little connexion there is between all this parade of opinion and the actual opinions of people in real life. You might imagine from the number of petitions on certain subjects that the whole country was in a ferment about them, and that in big towns and little towns, and even far away in secluded regions, on the hill-side or by the shore, wherever two or three were gathered together, nothing else was thought of or talked about. And yet, in point of fact, you might go through the land without ever really hearing a whisper of any of those thrilling questions or meeting anybody who cared twopence about them. The Deceased Wife's Sister claptrap shows what can be done with the help of a brass plate, an anonymous subscription-list, a staff of petition-touters, and unbounded impudence.

It is only the timidity of members that gives these bogies a chance. If members would only face them boldly at the outset, they would very soon discover what hollow shams they are. Nothing can be more discreditable to the courage and common sense of members of Parliament than the weak, pusillanimous way in which they have for some years been trifling with such questions as the Contagious Diseases Acts and the Permissive Bill. If they had only put down their feet boldly at the outset, they would have spared themselves a great deal of needless worry, anxiety, and humiliation, and would at this hour stand much higher in the opinion of their constituents. The fanatics and agitators are keen, noisy, and blustering; but, after all, they are only a poor minority of the nation, and in the long run it is safer to appeal to the good sense and intelligence of the great body of the people. It is impossible for constituents to have any respect for a man who submits to the degrading tyranny and dictation of a small fanatical clique. The crotchet-mongers know neither moderation nor gratitude; and there is no choice but to be their slave or their enemy. And this is what members have lately had brought home to them. They have discovered that they have been altogether under a delusion in fancying that any of these extreme sensational sects really represented a solid body of opinion, and that they were making their seats safe by doing kotou to them. In reality, they have been dropping the bone for the sake of the shadow. This would seem to be the explanation of the rush that has lately been made at all sorts of crotchety, hysterical proposals. Members see the necessity of putting themselves right with the common sense of the country, and there is also perhaps a spice of personal revenge for past humiliations in their onslaught on the bogies that used to frighten them.

LORD DERBY AT PRESTON.

NO more appropriate tribute could have been paid to the late Lord DERBY than the erection of a statue in the Preston Park. If there is any part of the world in which he would have liked to be remembered after death it is Lancashire, and the crowd of Lancashire men and women which assembled to do honour to him on Tuesday was just the crowd which it would have given him most pleasure to see round him in his lifetime. Colonel WILSON PATTEN was able to fill a large part of his speech at the unveiling of the statue with instances of Lord DERBY's affection for everything in or about Lancashire. He passed the greater part of his life in the county; he found it hard to see a fault in the Lancashire character; even the roughness of language and manners which strangers are apt to think unattractive was dear to him as the outward husk of honest and straightforward purpose. It was not only in barren admiration that his attachment to Lancashire showed itself. Whenever his money or his voice was needed in the service of his native county it was always freely given. In the greatest crisis of Lancashire affairs, the cotton famine, he took a foremost part in working the vast distributive organization which that calamity called into existence. He was, in short, as his son truly said, in all things and before all things a Lancashire man. This half of Colonel WILSON PATTEN's work offered no difficulties to a speaker who knew his facts. It was hardly enough, however, at a meeting of this kind to dwell only on the local interest of the theme. The late leader of the Conservative party was something more than a county magnate. He was, says Colonel WILSON PATTEN, during the whole course of his life a public man as well as a Lancashire man. He entered Parliament early, he soon became known as a politician, and throughout his life he exercised a very powerful influence on all public measures. It is not wonderful that at this point the speaker should have become suddenly impressed with the importance of confining himself to statements with which men of all politics should be able to agree. Lord DERBY was a popular and powerful Parliamentary leader, but in the character of a statesman who leaves his mark on the legislation of the country there is not much to be said about him. The most important measures which he was enabled to pass are not such as the party with which his name was associated for the greater part of his career can have much sympathy. His followers are now trying to

upset the system of education which he founded in Ireland, because they think it too favourable to Roman Catholicism; and though they accepted the Reform Bill as a necessary sacrifice to Conservative strategy, it was with heavy hearts and many forebodings. A long and vigorous life, during much of which he was the undisputed leader of his party, has left no lasting trace behind it. There is scarcely a single Liberal statesman of any mark of whom something more than this could not be said. This is the main difference between the two parties which have alternately guided English politics for so many years past. On both sides there has been talent, genius, oratory, patriotism. On one side only have there been results. The rule might be proved, if it were necessary, by one conspicuous exception. By a curious coincidence a statue of another Conservative statesman was being unveiled on the same day at Huddersfield. There was no need in praising Sir ROBERT PEEL to travel beyond the one great act of his life. His private and local virtues are dwarfed by his fame as the man who repealed the Corn Laws. But, in passing from the region of words to the region of deeds, he had to break with the party he had so long led. When he elected to be judged by the solid fruit of his legislation, he ceased to be ranked among Conservatives.

The present Lord DERBY had a double claim to be listened to at Preston. He is the son, and in some sort the successor, of the statesman in whose honour the statue had been set up, and he is himself the most perfect representative of that new Conservatism which promises to supersede the more boisterous and aggressive variety exemplified in his father. Mr. BRADLAUGH'S denunciation of the House of Lords would have been scarcely less congenial to the late Lord DERBY'S taste than his son's defence of it. "I have heard," says the present earl, "many things said, and seen many things written—very plau-"sibly and not without force—against the existing constitu-"tion of the House of Lords. . . . But when you come "to ask those who criticize us what they mean to put in our "place, you do not as a rule get very clear and coherent "answers." A Senate composed of men who have discharged important public duties "would become a refuge for disap-"pointed politicians and superannuated officials." An elective Second Chamber would be only a weaker and inferior rival to the House of Commons. To do without a Second Chamber is an experiment which has been tried on various occasions in Europe, but "somehow the experiment has never "lasted very long or ended very successfully." It would be difficult, perhaps, to construct a better defence of the House of Lords than this. There is no strength wasted in resisting attack; the assailant is allowed to construct his own plan of campaign, and then paralyzed by the inquiry how he proposes to use his victory. It is quite true that the main argument against altering the constitution of the House of Lords is the difficulty of constructing it on a new pattern. As it is, it is a reality, and, with the single exception of the United States Senate, which would not admit of being reproduced in England, it would be difficult to point to any other Second Chamber that is a reality. Yet this mode of defending institutions, telling as in some respects it is, is open to two defects. One is that it makes it very difficult to introduce any change into them, even in points where change is obviously needed. Lord DERBY'S argument comes to this: The House of Lords is a happy accident. Nobody can say why it works well when other Second Chambers work ill; all we can say is that it does work well. Its merits are obvious, but they are incapable of being resolved into their constituent elements; they defy analysis, though they are perfectly visible in action. But in an institution of this kind there is no means of distinguishing between the essential and the non-essential parts. The House of Lords is a composite fact, and who shall presume to say in what part of it resides the invaluable quality which makes it what it is? We know that proxies were abolished without the House of Lords sustaining any injury; but before this change was made it would have been open to any one to maintain that it was the accidental right of voting without being present that marked off the House of Lords from Assemblies in which no such practice was known. The same thing may now be said of life peerages. It may be thought that a system which would bring new blood into the House of Lords under less burdensome conditions than the process now entails upon men of moderate means would be a source of increased strength. But then, if all we know is that the observance of the hereditary principle has somehow saved the House of Lords from the degradation which has overtaken other Second Chambers, it becomes a dangerous thing to meddle with it. A Second Chamber composed of hereditary members has, on the whole, been a success. Second Chambers composed of members appointed for life have, on the whole, been failures. Who is to decide whether a great deal of the hereditary element, mixed with a very little of the life element, would work as well as the hereditary element has worked when altogether without alloy, or whether a fractional addition of the life element would by degrees leaven the whole hereditary element, and make it as useless as in other countries it has itself proved to be?

The other objection to Lord DERBY'S mode of defending existing institutions is that it seems to prove too much. It is impossible to create an English House of Lords outside England, since other countries have not the materials or the traditions out of which this anomalous body can be constructed; it is no use, for the reasons given by Lord DERBY, trying to construct a Second Chamber on any other model; it is no use trying to do without a Second Chamber altogether, for other countries have tried that experiment and failed in it. Then what are other countries to do? Nature can hardly have intended that England should be the one country in Europe in which the blessings of settled government should be enjoyed; and yet if a Second Chamber is elsewhere unattainable, while without it political existence is unendurable, nature has somehow been betrayed into doing something very like this. Again, Lord DERBY'S reasoning is conclusive so long as facts bear out his assumptions. But the conspicuous political success of any other experiment would deprive it of all its force. If France, for example, gets hold of an Elective Second Chamber which is found to work well, or if she decides upon doing without a Second Chamber and finds no cause to regret her boldness, Lord DERBY would apparently have nothing to oppose to the things which he has heard and read against the House of Lords. And as everything said against the House of Lords applies with at least equal force to the Monarchy, there seems no security, except in the continued misfortunes of our neighbours, that Lord DERBY may not end by becoming a Republican.

THE JUDICATURE BILL.

THERE seems after all but little difference of opinion on the important questions of principle which have been raised upon the Judicature Bill. The correspondence and articles which have appeared in the *Times* and elsewhere in the course of the last week have disclosed an amount of agreement which is quite surprising. Disputants writing from different points of view have taken exception to each other's arguments, and criticized each other's language, but on all broad questions of principle they appear substantially at one.

There seems to be a common understanding that the Equity Courts need more strength to enable them, first, to adopt the Common Law practice of relying mainly on *viva voce* evidence; secondly, to withdraw from Chief Clerks so much of their work as ought to be done by Judges; and, thirdly, to rescue the judicial business of the Court of Bankruptcy from the hands of Registrars, and bring it back to the Chief Judge. It appears to be equally agreed that at least one Judge versed in Equity ought to be associated with every Common Law Division.

The precise mode in which these amendments should be worked out, and the extent to which they should go, are of course open for discussion, and it is manifest that a matter of this kind cannot be effectually disposed of in Committee of the whole House. Another almost stronger reason for referring the Bill to a Select Committee is afforded by the terms of the schedule which purports to lay the foundation, at any rate, of the future practice of all the Courts. It contains various regulations as to pleading, but they are so vague and inconsistent as to leave it quite uncertain whether the leading principle of Equity or of Common Law pleading is to be adopted. If the schedule is to operate at all, it must at any rate decide between two radically inconsistent principles.

The Common Law theory of pleading is that each party states his view of the legal effect of the facts, but does not particularise the facts themselves; and a number of rather complex rules are added to ensure that the pleadings so framed shall automatically lead to precise and definite issues of fact or law. Equity has an analogous system of pleas, but it also has a substituted proceeding by bill and answer, instead of bill and plea, the theory of which is that each party states the facts on which he relies as distinguished from their legal effect. In

about one case in a thousand the procedure by plea is adopted. In all the rest the open pleading, as it is called, by answer is found preferable in practice. Broadly the difference between the two systems is this:—At Common Law each party says, "Some-"thing has occurred, the particulars of which I do not men-"tion, which amounts to a contract to such and such effect, or "gives me certain rights, or relieves me from certain obliga-"tions. When we come to trial, and not before, you will hear "from my witnesses what the precise facts are on which my "claim is founded." In Equity each party says, "Certain "specific facts occurred, the particulars of which I hereby "state, and when we come to the hearing I shall claim such "and such rights, or any other rights to which the Court may "consider me to be entitled under the circumstances."

The Judicature Commission decided as between these two methods that open pleading was the better; but, without discussing the matter at all, it is clear, on any view, that the two theories are thoroughly conflicting, and that the new practice must be based on one or the other. This was the first point which should have been determined by the schedule, and yet, strangely enough, it is left absolutely undecided. There are provisions that seem to point to open pleadings, and other provisions which are intelligible only in connexion with pleadings directed to specific issues. This ambiguity will require to be cleared up; and, whichever view is adopted, a multitude of alterations will be needed to make the schedule consistent and workable. A task such as this can only be performed by a Select Committee. Should the motion for such a Committee be carried, as we presume it must be, it will become useful to dwell upon details which at present it might be thought premature to discuss.

THE JESUITS.

THE old controversy about the Jesuits—for it is, in fact, as old as the existence of the Order—has again come prominently to the surface in two of the leading States of Europe, Germany and Italy. Prince Bismarck, who is a man of deeds rather than words, has shown his decision, if not his discretion, by expelling them from Germany. The Italian Parliament, which is credited by friendly critics with a character precisely the reverse of that commonly attributed to the English monarch "who never said a foolish thing and never did a wise one," has been content with less stringent measures, but has indemnified itself with a rhetorical *tour de force* of two days' duration which would leave Mr. Whalley nothing to desire. "The warmth and passion and almost frenzy" displayed by many of the speakers are reported as almost incredible, and it was urged that no quarter ought to be allowed to the Jesuits, who should be arrested and banished wherever they are found. On the other hand, there were deputies who argued that they are too contemptible to be worth serious notice, and might safely be left to blink and flutter as best they can like owls in the clear sunshine of a regenerated Italy. It would of course carry us far beyond our present limits to enter on a general examination of the history and policy of the institute of Ignatius Loyola, and the merits or demerits of the ethical system which is its distinguishing characteristic. But, at a time when recent events have invested this subject with a fresh and practical interest, and when, it may be added, the wildest nonsense is being talked about it in other places besides the Italian Parliament, it will not be out of place to inquire briefly into the reason or unreason of the various popular estimates which have been formed of the Order, and the startling phenomenon of the intense detestation it has always kindled in a large section of the adherents as well as of the enemies of the Roman Catholic Church, as was exemplified at the Old Catholic Congress last year. That very hatred is indeed, in the eyes of the Jesuits themselves and their admirers, one of the strongest arguments in their favour. It was the prayer of their illustrious founder that, like Him whose name they bear, they might be hated of all men, and they are never tired of proudly reminding us how abundantly that prayer has been fulfilled.

Putting aside this view of the matter, which is too obvious to need any explanation, the current opinions about the Order may be summed up under three heads. In the first place, there is the alarmist or fanatical view, which found such vehement expression the other day in the Italian Parliament, and with which we in Protestant England are sufficiently familiar both in society and in novels like *Hawkestone* or *Father Petre*. According to this theory, Jesuitism is a gigantic conspiracy against the eternal and temporal welfare of mankind, carried on with diabolical skill, and plying its nefarious arts with a preternatural success. Its leading principle is that the one end, which is the attainment of its own supremacy, is to be pursued at all costs by fair means or foul, and its ministers are bound by a solemn oath to subordinate the will of God to the commands of their human superior. According to these fierce alarmists—and, strange to say, there are some men of education and intellect among them—the Jesuits are really at the bottom of every event, great or small, that has the remotest bearing on religion. The destruction of the Irish Establishment, for instance, was brought about by their secret machinations, though Ireland is probably, of all Roman Catholic countries in Europe, the one where they have least influence, and the Irish Church Act would tend rather to diminish than to increase it. They are always turning up in the strangest disguises and the most unexpected places. They are seen at work among hodmen and bricklayers, they misreport Parliamentary speeches for the daily papers, they covertly undermine Protestant belief from Anglican pulpits, they creep into Protestant families, and the cunning leer of "the female Jesuit" may be detected by a practised eye in the simper of an innocent looking scullery-maid. This is one view, widely prevalent among Protestants, and not wholly unknown among Roman Catholics, nor have we given a single illustration which has not been seriously and frequently insisted upon as certain fact. Then, again, there is the extreme view on the opposite side, which is also not an uncommon one, especially among modern Liberals, and has at least the advantage of being less conspicuously absurd, according to which the Jesuits are much like any other Order in the Church of Rome, neither better nor worse. They happen indeed to have got a bad name, which they only deserve in so far as they are zealous champions of Romanism, and Romanism is a retrograde religion. They may have gained a factitious importance in former days through the aid of despotic Governments, but that period has passed away, and in themselves they have as little power and as little interest for the outside world as the Benedictines or the Lazarists, and can only become important by being persecuted. As a rule, members of the Order are men of very mediocre ability, and there are few great names to be found among them. Midway between these two extreme views, but inclining more to the first than the last, comes to all appearance Prince Bismarck's estimate of what he sees to be a highly organized and ambitious corporation, and perhaps regards as based on a deliberate imposture. He is aware that it has been often in conflict with bishops, and sometimes disliked by Popes, and thinks that by striking a decisive blow he can annihilate its influence in Catholic Germany once for all. In this view also there is a certain admixture of truth, but experience will probably show that it is far from being the whole truth.

We shall hardly be expected to argue gravely against an hypothesis which assigns to the Jesuits a position corresponding to that of the Genii in the *Arabian Nights*, only that Satan, instead of Solomon, is their lord and master, and the preternatural gifts wherewith he endows them are used invariably for evil. Yet there must be something to account for the extraordinary hatred, wholly unparalleled in any other institution or order in the Roman Catholic Church, which they have drawn on themselves from the very first. Within a few years of their establishment, Sixtus V., the ablest Pope of the sixteenth century, could hardly be dissuaded from suppressing them, and the abolition of the Order was extorted from his not unwilling successor, Clement XIV., two centuries later, by the unanimous demand of all the Catholic Governments of Europe. They had, in fact, already been expelled from almost every Roman Catholic country. Now the theory which refuses to recognize any fundamental difference between the Jesuits and other religious communities in the Church will not account for this, as neither will it account for the enormous influence which they have exercised, and exercise still, over the civil and ecclesiastical policy of the See of Rome. And it must be remembered, too, that it is precisely in those countries where they are best known that they are most deeply hated. So far as they have any home or national character, they are Spaniards, and Charles III. of Spain was mainly instrumental in bringing about the league of Catholic sovereigns which led to their suppression in 1773. Through their close connexion with the Popes, they have always been most powerful in Italy, where they have had the entire higher education of the country in their hands since their restoration in 1814. And it is in Italy, and by their own former pupils, that they are now most passionately denounced. Indeed it has become so notorious as almost to have passed into a proverb on the Continent, that the *alumni* of Jesuit colleges, unless they enter the Order, become its bitterest enemies. It is true again that, although they have had some men of mark to show, chiefly in the earlier period of their history, such as Petavius, Suarez, and Bellarmine, the average standard of learning and ability among them has not been a high one; and there is something almost ludicrous in their utter intellectual collapse before the impetuous assault of Pascal, while for original genius the Order has never found a home. It was inconceivable that men like Lacordaire or Newman should join its ranks; it was inevitable that Passaglia should desert them. But this only makes the vast educational influence wielded by the Jesuits for two centuries, and in a lesser degree down to our own day, a more remarkable phenomenon. It may be a calumny to credit them with the shocking doctrine that the end justifies the means; but their marvellous temporary success is a fact that lies on the surface of history. There is manifest absurdity in charging them with habitually plotting against the welfare and happiness of mankind; but why does mankind so vehemently and persistently detest them? It must surely be allowed that these are phenomena which demand an explanation, and that none of the theories already referred to adequately supply it. Neither, of course, can we pretend in the short space remaining to us to do more than glance very briefly at the salient points of the question, which, however, are not very far to seek for those who look a little deeper than the empty commonplaces of religious partisanship or theological rancour.

In the first place, then, it is perfectly true that the Jesuit Society differs fundamentally from every other monastic order in the Roman Catholic Church, mediæval or modern, though in form it closely resembles them. And that, not because to the three ordinary vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, it superadds—as, we believe, do some later communities—a fourth vow of obedience to the Pope, nor even because the rule prescribes a more absolute and *ex animo* submission to the will of superiors. The secret of its strength, as also, in one sense, of its weakness, lies neither in the vow nor the rule as such, but in two things which it owes to the peculiar temperament and consummate ability of its founder—its organization and its spirit. There are few more characteristic observations in De Maistre's *Soirées* than this:—"Rien ne s'accorde dans ce monde comme l'esprit religieux et l'esprit militaire." Ignatius Loyola was of the same opinion, and his order, unlike all that had preceded it, was organized on a rigid military system of discipline. Its constitution was not to be, like those earlier monastic systems which Montalembert has so eloquently eulogized, republican, but despotic. Its General, elected by a close oligarchy, rules for life, and all power is derived from above and not from below. And such as its constitution is its spirit. Obedience means to a Jesuit the annihilation of individuality, not only in action but in thought, and that not so much for the attainment of his own personal perfection—for the Contemplative Orders are held to represent the highest form of the religious life—as with the practical aim of providing an admirably drilled spiritual army, every regiment and every soldier of which shall be ready at a moment's notice to carry out with unquestioning docility the commands of the General or the Pope. The last words are almost tautology. From the first the Jesuits were designed to be the Prætorians of the Papacy, and they have discharged the office with unswerving loyalty, except indeed that, like the Prætorians of old, they have frequently usurped the functions of the despotism they so jealously maintained. The Black Pope and the White are seldom at open war; but, when they differ, the former has usually proved the stronger of the two. Pius IX. was known at the beginning of his reign to have little affection for the Jesuits, but for the last twenty-four years they have completely ruled him. And thus the secret of their power is also the secret of their unpopularity, even in their own communion. They have virtually ruled the Roman Catholic Church for three centuries past, and have ruled it with a rod of iron. Their power was originally attained by the perfectly legitimate means of that superior culture and organization which speedily placed them at the head of the education of Catholic Europe, and in countries of mixed religion drew multitudes of Protestant children to their schools. And it is only fair to add that they owe its maintenance in great part to their comparative freedom from the moral corruption which has sooner or later overtaken almost every other religious order in the Church. Scandals there have been, and very grave ones, in Jesuit communities, especially in some of their colleges for boys in Austria; but these have, on the whole, been rare exceptions. The rigid system of espionage which makes every Jesuit, by the rule of his order, a perpetual spy on his brethren, odious as it may justly appear to our English notions, can hardly fail to act as a powerful moral check.

But the immense influence of the Jesuits has not been gained exclusively by intellectual or moral methods, and it has been used in a way sure to provoke the deadliest antagonism. They have all along made it their particular business to act upon the ruling classes of society, and from the beginning they aspired, as royal confessors, to shape the State policy of Europe for their own ambitious ends. They were mixed up with the numerous plots against Queen Elizabeth, and through the long reign of Louis XIV. they governed the French Church through the King's mistresses, and filled all its sees with their nominees. And it is a curious circumstance that throughout that period they did not scruple to secure their position at Court by professing Gallican opinions; they actually had a hand in drawing up the Declaration of Gallican Liberties, and as late as 1762 they offered to teach the famous Four Propositions if allowed to remain in France. They persistently meddled, eventually to their own hurt, with the politics of Spain, of Austria, and of Poland, and even in our own day the Swiss war of the Sonderbund was their work. There is truth in the statement, though it occurs in a somewhat highly-coloured diatribe against the order, that, if the Jesuit first lays his hand on education, "he comes in time to the polls, the legislature, the judiciary, the executive." He would probably reply that he is fully justified in doing so. But then it must be remembered that the power thus acquired has generally, and no doubt quite conscientiously, been used in the interests of civil and ecclesiastical despotism, which are consecrated in the Syllabus, itself a Jesuit production, and elaborately defended in the works of Jesuit theologians like Schrader and Schneemann, and in the *Civiltà Cattolica*, the acknowledged organ of the Society. In strict accordance with these aims, their method of education, as was implied just now, has always tended to the discouragement of originality of character or thought, and its natural result is to train men to argue from their brief. Their ambitious temper and despotic ideal of Church government necessarily make them intolerant of episcopal authority, which represents the aristocratic as distinct from the monarchical principle, and the normal attitude of the episcopate towards the order is that of an armed neutrality. Prince Bismarck has done his best to promote a closer alliance between them in Germany, just as the kindred though far feebler policy of the Ecclesiastical Titles Act helped to rally all Roman Catholic parties in England under the banners of Ultramontanism. But we are bound to add that, while the unpopularity of the Jesuits is due in great measure to causes inseparable from the very idea of their institute, and coeval with it, they have only themselves to thank for converting unpopularity into personal hatred by conduct no longer excusable on the plea of conscientious, however mistaken, devotion to a great end. While aspiring to control the destiny of empires, they are not ashamed to stoop to a pettiness of narrow jealousy and almost feminine spite which gives point to the bitter Italian proverb that a priest never forgives. It was a notable example of this when they constrained Pius IX. to commit—we may well hope reluctantly—one of the unworthiest acts of his pontificate, for which there was absolutely no precedent in the annals of the Papacy. Rosmini, the pious founder of the Order of Charity, and by far the most distinguished man among the Italian clergy of the present century, was not only a Cardinal *in petto*, but his intended promotion on the next occasion had been formally notified to him by letter from the Pope. Yet the Jesuits, who disliked both him and his new order, compelled the Pope to annul the appointment, and to place Rosmini's best known work, originally published at his own express desire, the *Cinque Piaghi della Santa Chiesa*, on the Index. Those who habitually adopt such methods of action—and this is no isolated case—may be feared, but cannot wonder that they are not loved.

It would be impossible, even if we felt disposed to enter on the perilous task of prediction, to discuss here the possible future of this strange and unique community, either in the world generally or in England. But it may be worth while to bear in mind that, while the Jesuits are *par excellence* an "international" society, like the Church to which they belong, they cannot so far escape the ordinary conditions of humanity as not to take some colouring from the circumstances and tone of thought of the various countries in which they find themselves. After full allowance for the common features which so markedly distinguish them everywhere, there is still some difference, as a rule, between an Italian, a French, and an English Jesuit, and the first and third are probably the most dissimilar. In England, as elsewhere, the Jesuits monopolize the fashionable churches and the fashionable education of their co-religionists. Stonyhurst is spoken of as "the Catholic Eton." But the elements in their teaching which have made it so obnoxious elsewhere are largely modified here, and their attitude on public and even on theological questions is said to be different from that of their Italian brethren. Whether or not this is due to the ampler toleration allowed them, there can at least be no doubt in our day that the only way to make the order formidable is to be afraid of it; and that its influence is inevitably increased by attacks which make it a matter both of honour and of interest for Roman Catholics of all classes to throw themselves on the side of the persecuted champions of their faith. A new Ganganelli may arise to suppress the order more effectually than his predecessor, or it may at last die a natural death in the growingly uncongenial atmosphere of modern thought within, as well as without, the Church. But experience proves that mere brute force serves rather to consolidate than to extinguish it. Meanwhile it is rather curious, for several reasons, that in the carefully drawn sketch of English Catholicism published in last Wednesday's *Daily Telegraph*, "with the sanction"—and, if internal evidence may be trusted, from the pen—"of Archbishop Manning," the Jesuits are not once named. The omission is the more significant, first, because of the very prominent part, for good or for evil, which they have played in the history of the Anglo-Roman communion from the Reformation downwards; and, secondly, because they only the other day laid, with much ceremony, the first stone of their new establishment at Oxford, from which Dr. Newman has all along been excluded with jealous pertinacity by the authorities of his adopted Church. On that occasion the Archbishop was conspicuous by his absence.

ARCTIC DISCOVERY.

THERE have been few more curious episodes in the history of Arctic discovery than that which has been revealed by the fugitives from the *Polaris*. The story which has reached us is indeed necessarily defective upon certain important points. Until the *Polaris* arrives and Captain Hall's papers have been examined, we shall not receive a satisfactory answer to certain questions which must occur to everybody. Meanwhile, taking the facts as far as they are known, we may inquire what light they throw upon the conditions and prospects of Arctic discovery, and especially how far they justify the inference that Governments ought not to encourage enterprises which involve such serious dangers. What is known of the *Polaris* expedition may be very easily summarized. The *Polaris*, leaving the United States in 1871, reached Cape Constitution, the furthest point attained by the members of Kane's daring expedition. The open sea which was then seen beyond the Cape turned out to be a broad channel called Polaris Bay, from seventy to eighty miles in length, and from fifty to sixty in breadth. At the further end it contracts into a narrower channel, to which was given the name of Robeson's Straits. The *Polaris* entered this channel, but did not reach its northern end. Whether it opens into

the Polar Sea, or whether it again contracts, is at present uncertain; for here the expedition came to a stop. The crew, as we are told, were anxious to proceed further; they had already, without serious difficulty, reached a higher latitude than had ever before been attained by a ship; and it is possible that a little more daring might have been rewarded by most interesting discoveries. Whether his decision was dictated by prudence, or by an undue fear of responsibility, Captain Hall fell back to winter quarters in Polaris Bay, and soon afterwards died. In the summer of 1872 the *Polaris* began her retreat, as soon as the sea was open, and, becoming again beset in the following October, the strange adventure happened to which we owe our knowledge of the preceding facts. The ship, we are told, appeared to be going to pieces owing to the severe pressure of the ice. Whilst the crew were transferring themselves to a floe, the ice broke up and the ship righted. Nineteen of the crew, including a baby at the breast and two infants, were on the ice. They remained in sight of the ship all next day; but, to their astonishment, she steamed into a bay at some distance, and apparently prepared to go into winter quarters, leaving them to their fate. For more than six months they drifted southwards on the floe, and suffered severe hardships. They had to eat tanned sealskin. They were only saved from actual starvation by luckily meeting a bear at the critical moment; and, finally, as their little island broke up, had to betake themselves to a very small and rickety boat. At last, after drifting over one thousand four hundred miles, they were picked up by a whaler, and returned, baby and all, to tell their strange story.

We are told that this adventure "offers a new testimony to the immeasurable perils of an Arctic expedition." That an Arctic expedition involves certain perils is not doubtful. If it were not a rather dangerous amusement, it is probable that we should be by this time as familiar with the North Pole as we are with the Equator. Both ships and lives have been lost in attempts to penetrate the frozen parts of our planet, and it is not impossible that they may be lost again. The whole question turns upon the degree, and not the bare existence, of the dangers. Are they in any fair sense to be called "immeasurable"? The experience of the *Polaris* appears to us to prove that they are measurable by a very definite standard. If the whole crew had remained on board the *Polaris*, or had been picked up by her after the separation, there seems every reason to suppose that the entire expedition would have reached a very high latitude, and have returned without any serious loss. The question is therefore whether this singular separation was such an accident as no reasonable precautions could have rendered impossible. Till we hear the account given by the crew left on board the *Polaris*, we have not sufficient materials for forming a judgment. The story, as we have it, seems to suggest unaccountable misconduct somewhere. The party on the ice, we are assured, was in full view of the party on the ship for a whole day, and yet no attempt was made at a rescue. The "Arctic Officer" who writes to the *Times* says that the crew were under no kind of discipline beyond that common on American merchant ships. The singular facility with which the two fractions of the crew drifted apart certainly seems to suggest that there was somewhere a want of sufficient executive power. Even if a completely satisfactory account can be given of this strange mishap, it is clear that the chances of such a misfortune would have been greatly diminished had there been a stronger and better supplied force. If, for example, there had been two ships instead of one, the catastrophe could hardly have taken place under the circumstances described. The only excuse offered for the conduct of the officer in command of the *Polaris* is that she had been so severely strained that he was afraid to steam out to the floe, or that he assumed that the party on the ice could easily reach the shore. In the last case, he certainly showed great carelessness; and if there had been a companion ship, she would in all probability have been able to give the necessary assistance. The most reasonable inference at present seems to be, not that all Arctic expeditions are exposed to "immeasurable" dangers, but that a small, ill-provided, and imperfectly disciplined expedition is exposed to very serious dangers. The measure of the danger is the amount of forethought and preparation which is necessary to put any recurrence of it out of the question; and, so far as we can see, another such accident could scarcely have had the same consequences in any such expedition as would be sent out by an English Government. We should hardly venture to draw the further moral that even in the worst case there are more chances of escape than would have been thought possible. Nobody would propose to set a new-born baby afloat on an ice-floe in the 77th degree of latitude, in the hope of ever seeing it again. Yet, as a matter of fact, the baby has turned up safe and sound at Newfoundland after its singular passage; and some of the other Esquimaux, we are assured, have faces of "moonlike rotundity," and appear to be enjoying robust health. The fugitives seem to have run some risk to their health from a sudden introduction to a warm atmosphere after living for a long time in a temperature at the freezing point, but otherwise they managed to support life much more comfortably than could have been expected. "Tanned sealskin" is undoubtedly a disagreeable article of diet, and the bear seems to have turned up at the nick of time. Yet we are told that they soon afterwards met plenty of seals; and the extreme hardship only lasted for a few days. On the whole, therefore, all that we really learn from this expedition seems to be pretty much what we knew before. Ships are in danger of getting nipped in the ice; when nipped, very unpleasant results may ensue, especially to a weak expedition; but such dangers have been constantly encountered by previous travellers, and may be reduced to a minimum by due forethought and preparation.

Meanwhile, the other results obtained are rather in favour of renewed enterprise. In the first place, Captain Hall reached the very high latitude of 82° 16′ with singular ease in the first summer of the expedition. He still saw, and, in the opinion of many of his crew, might easily have reached, open water ahead. He wintered in the highest latitude in which an Arctic expedition has ever remained. The returning members of the party declare that the climate is distinctly milder than it is several degrees further south. The plains were covered in summer by a vegetation sufficient to nourish numerous herds of musk-oxen, of which the expedition shot from thirty to forty. Though no natives were encountered, their traces were perceived, and drift-wood was picked up which had floated from the North through Robeson's Straits. In mid-winter, we are told that it was cold enough to fire bullets of frozen quicksilver through a two-inch board, which certainly does not suggest the existence of what is commonly called a genial climate. However, the winter was actually passed without any serious discomfort, and, with the exception of Captain Hall, nobody seems to have suffered from the exposure incurred. The facts, then, which the expedition has demonstrated are, that it is possible for a ship sailing in the spring to reach winter quarters beyond the eighty-first degree of latitude. The voyagers would then be within a distance of about five hundred miles from the Pole; they might send out expeditions in the following summer, and much greater distances than that to the Pole and back have been accomplished by sledge expeditions in less than three months. The unexpected mildness of the climate in the summer suggests the probability of some curious scientific observations. In short, it seems to be plainly within the bounds of possibility that one of the few romantic prizes of adventure not yet won by human daring is fairly within our grasp, and with every prospect of results beyond the mere gratification of the adventurous spirit. We need not at present go over once more the arguments against and in favour of Government assistance for new Polar expeditions. We are content to remark that the experience of the *Polaris* rather adds to than diminishes the strength of the case for renewed effort. Of course, the first popular impression is in the other direction. Whenever a railway accident happens, or a cab runs over a foot passenger, we are in the habit of holding indignation meetings, as though such things had never happened before, and as though our indignation would prevent their ever happening again. We ask our legislators to invent some self-acting machinery which shall make travelling of all kinds absolutely safe; and the last question we condescend to ask is the only one which is really to the point—namely, whether the average proportion of accidents to escapes is increasing or is greater than might be reasonably expected. It would be absurd to hope that the same methods of reasoning should not be applied to Arctic expeditions. The occurrence of a single mishap, whether or not it might have been prevented by reasonable precautions, will be triumphantly cited as a proof that such enterprises are immeasurably dangerous. Nobody will ask calmly what has been the proportion of lives lost to the number of expeditions undertaken, and how far that ratio has been altered by a single addition to the list of casualties. To attempt an Arctic journey will be declared to be a wanton courting of death, and the only chance of the rash adventurer will be held to be a return on a floating iceberg on a diet of tanned leather, with an occasional indulgence in Esquimaux baby. It is, however, some comfort that these spasmodic shrieks of alarm generally die away as rapidly as they have been raised, and if, as may reasonably be expected, the *Polaris* should come home in safety next autumn, we may pass from the cold to the hot fit, and be ready to express extreme disgust if a well-prepared English expedition should fail by any accidental stroke of ill-luck to eclipse the performance of a scratch crew of Americans and Esquimaux. However this may be, it seems pretty clear that a successful exploration of the Polar mystery can be only a question of time. Possibly the prize may fall to the lot of some bold adventurer, such as Mr. Leigh Smith, who is now running similar risks on his own responsibility; and in another generation or two such a trip may become as commonplace as a walk up the Matterhorn is at the present day. We should, however, be glad to see the feat performed in our own time; and at any rate we could wish that a mere argument from cowardice may not be sufficient to decide the question.

THE PERSIAN VISIT.

PERSIAN matters are not very largely understood in this country, and few perhaps have any definite personal idea of the Persian King who is about to pay us a visit. What he may be in himself hardly anybody knows. Some whisper that it is better not to ask. We may be pretty sure that any Eastern despot has done things which would not be endured in the most despotic or the most anarchic country of Europe. It is of the nature of an Eastern despotism that it should be so. In reading all Eastern history or fiction, we adapt ourselves to such a state of things. We do not blame an Eastern King for freely cutting off heads, provided only he cuts off the right heads. It is perhaps enough for us to think that an Eastern despot who breaks through all the habits and prejudices of his class so far as to make a journey to

Western lands must, in some points at least, have risen above the standard of his class, and that he can hardly fail to take back with him some ideas which must turn to the good of his kingdom. By us the Persian King is best looked on as the representative of the Persian nation. And the Persian nation is one which claims our interest on many grounds. The expected coming of the Persian King has been heralded in the newspapers with large references to Darius and Xerxes. We have been solemnly reminded that Persia is the only one of the four monarchies of the ancient world which still remains. We are indeed never quite sure about the four monarchies. We used to have Assyria, Persia, Macedonia, and Rome, to say nothing of the Fifth-Monarchy-men who turned up in the seventeenth century. But we believe that, since Scyths and Hamites came into fashion, there has been another reckoning, in which Macedonia and Rome, as mere European States, go for nothing, while the Fifth-Monarchy-men of the new reckoning are no longer the Levellers of Cromwell's time, but the Arsacid Kings of a time much earlier. Which of these reckonings is followed by the daily papers it might be unkind to ask; but it is possible that the new lights may not have reached Persia, and a Persian, in whose eyes the Ottoman Sultan is still the Cæsar of Rome, might fancy that another of the ancient monarchies was still going on as well as his own. But, leaving these subtle questions, there are points both in the past history and the present position of Persia which we may well call to mind when the ruler of Persia comes to show himself among us. And we have not the least wish to shut out Darius and Xerxes from the general view, provided they do not shut out everybody else, and provided nobody thinks that the present King of Persia is either their direct descendant or their direct successor. We need hardly warn anybody against believing that our royal guest is of the same religious persuasion as his ancient predecessors, as we find that the error to be fought against is, not that the modern Persians are universally disciples of Zoroaster, but rather a belief that the present King of Persia is, in some way not explained, the head of the Mahometan religion.

The dim notion of the newspapers about one of the monarchies of the ancient world going on still, about the "successor of Darius" and the rest of it, has thus much of truth in it, that the Persian nationality, as we have felt it our duty to explain more than once, has lived on in a most remarkable way. The ancient-monarchy view may perhaps leave out of sight such facts as those of Macedonian, Parthian, Saracenic, and Mogul conquests, and the fact of the large Turkish infusion, whether we choose to call it conquest or immigration. But it brings into sight, in its fashion, the fact that the Persian nation has contrived to live through all these things. Though it is queer to call Nasr-ed-din the "successor of Darius," yet the people over whom he reigns more directly represents the people of Darius than any of the great European nations represents those who dwelled on the same soil in the days of Darius. The Gaul and the Iberian have really lived on through all conquests, but they have lost the outward badge of their old national being by adopting the Roman language. The Persian has had masters of divers nations and he has adopted an Arabian religion, but the Persian language has lived on through it all. If any one chooses to infer that all this comes of the inborn superiority of an Aryan people struggling against Semitic and Turanian intruders, we shall not argue against him. Anyhow the fact is certain that the Persian nationality and the Persian speech have lived on through successive conquests, that conquerors and immigrants have been largely assimilated to the native stock, that Persia has twice, after long periods of subjection, risen again in the strength of a revived nationality, and that both times the revived nationality has taken the form of the preaching of a national religion. The dynasties both of the Sassanids and the Sophis cannot, without some straining of language, be called successors of Darius; but both may be fairly said to have revived the monarchy of Darius. We will not undertake to guarantee the pure Achæmenid blood of the restorer Artaxerxes, and the Sophis were pretty certainly of Turkish descent; but they revived the Persian nationality all the same, and, if they were in any sense strangers, the fact is no more wonderful than the fact that Simon of Montfort was a Frenchman, that Frederick of Sicily was a Prince of Aragon, and that the patriarch of the long line of the Kings of Paris was in truth a Saxon settler in Gaul. The Sassanid revival took the form of the preaching of the old national religion, the Sufiavean revival took the form of the preaching of a form of Mahometanism which the Persian national mind had worked out for itself, a way which orthodox Ottomans and Moguls called heresy. We believe, and we have before now tried to make others believe, that this long history of Persia, this abiding retention of a true national life under every kind of difficulty, is one of the most wonderful things in the history of the world, and that it clothes the Persian nation with a higher interest than any kind of talk about Darius and Xerxes.

When people get away from the Darius-and-Xerxes-and-four-monarchy view of Persia, they are apt to forget the wide distinction between the Persians and most other Mahometan nations. This confusion reached its height in the wild belief that the present Persian King is the spiritual head of Mahometans generally. It is hard to find a parallel in the West to so strange a delusion. Perhaps the nearest thing to it would be if any Persian were to tell his countrymen that the German Emperor was the common spiritual head of all Christian sects. Now, setting aside smaller and earlier Mahometan powers, of the three Mahometan powers which have cut any great figure in the world for the last four hundred years, the Ottomans, the Persians, and the Indian Moguls, the Persians stand alone as being really a Mahometan nation. The other two, the Ottomans and the Moguls, were essentially foreign conquerors, ruling over subject nations of other religions in their own land. So to be was not an accident but the essential feature of their position. The Ottomans have always been, not a nation, but a ruling caste; a ruling caste which, in the days of their strength, was replenished by the human tribute of all the subject nations. Even in those parts of the Ottoman Empire where the population is mainly Mahometan, the Ottomans are still a ruling caste over the earlier Mahometan inhabitants, including, of course, the earlier Turkish settlements before the Ottoman dynasty arose. So in India the Moguls were, in the like sort, a ruling caste over a people mainly Hindoo, but with a sprinkling of heretical Mahometans and people of other creeds. Thus the Moguls then, and the Ottomans still, represent not only Mahometanism, but Mahometan ascendency; the very essence of their being is the supremacy of Mahometan conquerors over subject nations, Christian or heathen. The Persians are nothing of the kind; they are strictly a Mahometan nation. At the same time they are, as it were, Mahometans by accident; and, as we before said, their Mahometanism is a form of Mahometanism of their own making. If we draw out a comparison between the history of Christendom and the history of Islam, the Arabian Caliphate, the original Mahometan power, answers to the Roman Empire, politically, though not theologically, the original Christian power. The various Turkish tribes—and the Indian Moguls were really as much Turkish as anything else—adopted Mahometanism as they came within the influence of the Caliphate, just as the Teutonic and Slavonic nations adopted Christianity when they came within the influence of the Empire. And to them no doubt their conversion to Islam was a lift in the order of things; they were raised from mere barbarism to that moral and social stage which the higher form of Mahometanism represents. With the Persians nothing of the kind happened; the Turks freely accepted Mahometanism in the course of migrations which brought them within the reach of a religion and a civilization which were at any rate higher than their own. To the Persians, on the other hand, Islam came as something forced upon them by foreign conquerors. Mahometanism, in its first purity, might be a better theological system than the religion of Zoroaster as it stood in the days of the last Sassanids. But the Persian, with his magnificent Empire and his ancient civilization, could not feel towards conquerors from the Arabian desert as the Teutons and Slaves felt towards the Roman Empire and religion, or as the Turks felt towards the Caliphate in a somewhat later stage. In fact, Persia, to a great extent, led captive her Arabian conquerors, and turned the Caliphate of Bagdad into something very different from what it had been when Abou Bekr and Omar ruled half the world from the steps of the mosque at Mekka. The Persians became Mahometans because they could not well help it, and they revenged themselves in the end by giving their Mahometanism a national character of their own. But, in so doing, they became more strictly a Mahometan nation than any other, as the whole people, with the most trifling exceptions, gradually came to accept the religion which was at first forced upon them by the sword. Had it been otherwise, had the mass of the Persian people stuck fast to the creed of Zoroaster, as the mass of the Greeks and Bulgarians stuck fast to the creed of Christ and the mass of the Hindoos stuck fast to the creed of Brahma, Persia too would have been another case of a conquering Mahometan caste ruling over a nation of another religion. But as the mass of the Persian nation itself became Mahometan, the few who clave to the ancient faith, and the few Jews, Christians, or members of any other religious bodies, became, strictly speaking, Dissenters from a national faith. No one could call the Christian subjects of the Ottoman, or the Hindoo subjects of the Mogul, Dissenters from a national religion. They are nations which kept their own religion under a bondage alien both in blood and faith. It is not a case of nonconformity, but, a case of national and religious subjection, like that of Ireland in the days of Protestant ascendency. But Christians, Jews, and Fire-worshippers are in Persia strictly Nonconformists. Judaism and Christianity are the religions of foreign settlers, and the few Persians who still cleave to the faith of the land before Islam came into it, answer in some sort to the Roman Catholics in England. We suspect that, as a rule, the Persian Nonconformist has been worse off than the subject nations under the Mogul or the Ottoman. The Irish Papist in the worst time was not quite so badly off as the English Papist under Elizabeth, or the Scotch Presbyterian under Charles the Second. But mere religious intolerance can always be done away with by better legislation, while no legislation can do away with such differences as those which part off a conquering caste of one religion from subject nations of another. In India the difficulty has been solved by bringing both races and creeds under the rule of conquerors who are impartially tolerant to both. How it is to be settled in South-Eastern Europe it is not for us to say; to risk even a guess would be to commit the deadliest of sins in diplomatic eyes, the sin of "reopening the Eastern question."

Whatever then our royal guest from Persia may be in any other way, he is at least not the alien ruler of subject Christian nations. He has not trampled a Christian people under foot. He is the head of a Mahometan nation, a nation at once the most purely and the least truly Mahometan of any of the great Maho-

motan powers of modern times. And, without guaranteeing the pure Aryan descent of this particular King, we may say that he is at least the head of the one great Mahometan nation which still preserves signs of primeval kindred with the great nations of Europe. As such he is a reasonable object of interest in our eyes. And, if it adds to his interest in anybody's eyes to call him the "successor of Darius," we will not greatly quarrel with the description, though it is rather like challenging special regard for the Ottoman Sultan on the ground of his being the successor of Philip of Macedon.

THE PRIESTHOOD IN SOUTHERN ITALY.

IN no part of Italy are we able to study the great ecclesiastical revolution which is following hard on the political changes of the last twenty years with the same interest as in the South. Rome is as yet untouched by the threatened law of secularization or suppression. The Church reforms which preceded the French Revolution in Tuscany and the Milanese, as well as the temper of the people itself, had left so little power to the priesthood that the more sweeping measures of our own day produced comparatively little effect either socially or religiously. Piedmont was the one province of Italy where the influence and number of the clergy equalled their influence and number in the South; but in Piedmont the work of the revolution has been long since done. Though the peasant of the Riviera may still regard the failure of his olive crop as a judgment on the land for its defiance of the Papacy, the moral and industrial advance of the population of the North as a whole has effectually seconded the law in its transformation of the character of the priesthood. But from Terracina to Girgenti the Church and the Revolution are still face to face, and, vast as is the change which has been already brought about, the process of social and ecclesiastical reconstruction is far from being at an end. Nowhere, up to the moment when Garibaldi swept the Bourbons from their capital, had the priesthood so firm a hold. Its numbers were enormous. In Sicily the clergy and the religious of various orders constituted a hundredth part of the whole population; in Naples the priest was the centre of every group in the streets. The wealth of the Church, though impaired by the confiscations of the French occupation, was still immense, while its power was greater than in the days of Hildebrand or Innocent. Half from policy, half from superstition, the later Bourbons relied on the clergy as the main support of their system of despotism, and, great as its services were, they were purchased at an almost incredible price. If the priest preached unlimited obedience to the pitiful tyranny of Ferdinand or Francis, if he held Liberalism in check by a system of religious espionage, of spiritual terrorism, or even by betrayal to the authorities of the secrets of the confessional (and under Ferdinand II. the confessional was notoriously put at the service of the police), he demanded in return judicial and administrative independence. The Church was exempt from all secular jurisdiction and subject only to the court of the bishop. Not only was the civil power held sternly at bay, but it was turned into an engine of spiritual coercion. The communal syndic was employed in driving the truants of the commune to mass. Where the schoolmaster existed he was forced to drive his boys to the confessional. The censorship of the press was as rigid in its exclusion of heretical as of revolutionary publications. Any laxity in religious observances at once enrolled a Neapolitan in the list of "suspects," and placed him under the ban of the police. And not only did the priesthood use the civil magistrate as its tool, but it was the one power left in the South which could venture to cross his path. Within a limited sphere the clergy assumed a sort of tribunate of the plebs, and the presence of a priest in a household secured it at any rate from the worst outrages of the local tyrants who caricatured the system of their royal master. The result was that every family of any importance contributed its "little priest" to the ranks of the clergy, and every country town saw a swarm of young neophytes who tumbled out of the seminary into the street in all the glory of shovel-hats and miniature soutanes.

With the expulsion of the Bourbons the whole of this fabric of ecclesiastical power fell suddenly to the ground. The numbers of the clergy were roughly curtailed by the suppression of the monasteries, of the cathedral chapters, and of the collegiate churches, which were more numerous in Southern Italy than in any other part of the Catholic world. A glance at an Italian village shows what an enormous social revolution this mere reduction of numbers must be bringing about. In a little town of the Riviera, whose population hardly reached ten thousand, the number of priests before 1850 exceeded two hundred. In the island village of Capri, at the other extremity of the peninsula, a parish of fifteen hundred souls required the services of twelve canons, a vicar, and a score of mass-priests. In the one case the clergy have already sunk to forty, and in the other the vicar will soon be the only representative of his order. It was, above all, through their enormous numbers that the influence of the clergy penetrated into every home and through every class in Southern Italy, and the loss of importance involved in this rapid diminution is already telling on their social position. Their political power has wholly disappeared. Ecclesiastical jurisdiction, bishops' courts, bishops' prisons, clerical immunities and privileges have been utterly swept away. The priest has not only ceased to serve as a defence against the civil power, but the hatred and contempt which the legal and judicial classes lose no opportunity for displaying towards his order make his friendship or interposition simply damaging to his clients. With the loss of power the supply of "little priests," and the valuable connexion with the middle classes which it involved, have almost everywhere broken down. The boys themselves shrink from joining an order which is rapidly sinking in popular esteem, and the trader or the small landowner no longer views with favour a profession which has lost influence as it has lost wealth. Poverty again is fast dissolving the hold of the priesthood on the upper classes. The clergy of Italy, like that of France before the Revolution, has hitherto consisted of two sharply defined orders, the larger part consisting of curés and mass-priests, the smaller of the higher and dignified clergy. The ample endowments of bishoprics, chapters, and collegiate churches tempted the poorer nobles to devote their younger sons to the priesthood, while the poorer and more directly spiritual charges were left to the children of the small shopkeeper or the peasant farmer. With the abolition of the higher preferment, however, this connexion between the gentry and the Church has ceased to exist, and in Italy, as in Belgium or Ireland, the clergy are fast sinking into a peasant priesthood, with few links to unite it to the wealth, the leisure, the culture, the refinement, or the moderation of the world without.

But if the Church has lost more in the South than elsewhere from recent changes, in no part of Italy is its gain likely to be so great in the end. The moral reform which has followed everywhere throughout the Catholic world on the loss of power and position by the clergy must tell most on the clergy of Southern Italy. Without adopting all the scandal of their Liberal opponents, a little experience of Neapolitan or Sicilian villages reveals a state of things among the priesthood which is startling enough to those whose experience of clerical life has been drawn from an English parsonage. The "parroco" naturally shares the passions and the temper of the peasant class from which he springs. His ordinary talk is simply that of his home, seasoned with words and phrases of a grossness almost incredible to English ears, but from which English ears are for the most part shielded by the patois in which they are conveyed. The confessional is the fount of half the impurity of the village. The sermon is larded now and then with stories broad enough for a taproom. The chat of the Piazza turns on the peccadilloes of the clergy, on the luck of Don Ambrogio in finding the episcopal prison to which he had so often been consigned closed against him by the Constitution, or on the resemblance of the dark-eyed little gambler who is playing at knuckle-bones in the Piazza to that sly Don Natale. But already there are signs of a healthy change. The mere reduction in numbers, falling as it does principally on the idlest and most worthless of the clergy, naturally improves the tone of those who remain. The collegiate chapters, so frequent in the South, were nothing but groups of indolent ecclesiastics who lowered the whole temper of their class. In a village with which we are familiar the arch-priest is the recognized father of more than one chubby urchin. The senior canon is the village usurer, one of his colleagues occupies his time in watch-making, and another is generally to be found snaring birds for the supply of his luxurious table. Clerical loungers of this class will die away as the laws of suppression gradually produce their effect; but besides the extinction of the idler clergy, the very prevalence of Liberalism, the rise to power of a class bitterly hostile to the priesthood and eager to seize on every scandal as a means of assailing it, operates, no doubt, as a check of a very efficient kind. The wonderful change which has taken place in the moral temper of the French priesthood, and the very small amount of scandal to which it gives occasion, are obviously due to the fact that every priest in France knows himself to be living beneath the scrutiny of a host of Voltairean eyes. The weakness of human nature is a good deal aided everywhere by the fear of detection, backed by the shame of an almost certain exposure; and in Southern Italy the hostility of the "Liberals" is already raising the moral tone of their clerical opponents. Everybody recognizes in the new and younger village priest a man of very different stamp from his easy-going predecessor. He is a great deal less pleasant and sociable, but then he is a vast deal more clerical. The gossips in the Piazza hate him as a busybody, but they have no scandal to tell about him. He multiplies services and processions, sends about the Bambino from house to house, brigades the village girls into guilds of St. Mary or St. Agnese, brings in mission preachers to whip themselves in the pulpit during Lent, and himself preaches vigorously against Liberalism and the persecutors of the Church. His whole attitude, in fact, is not only active but belligerent. Probably the greatest mistake of the Italian Government throughout all the recent ecclesiastical changes has been the contemptuous indifference with which it has treated the lower clergy. In the earlier days of the national struggle they were far from being hostile to the cause of Italian independence or unity; indeed, the number who came forward to support the protest of Father Passaglia showed that the new Government might count on a large number of adherents among the parish priests, if it took measures to protect them against the bishops and against Rome. But the policy of Ricasoli was wisely, or unwisely, set aside for what was believed to have been the policy of Cavour; in the name of "a Free Church" the clergy were stripped even of their existing rights and given over to the absolute control of the episcopate, while the "Free State" refused to deal with the priesthood save through their bishops and the Pope. The faint sparks of independence were soon trodden out; the Liberal vicars, who came boldly to the front at Naples, found themselves outcasts and excommunicate, while, as if to extinguish any spark of sympathy for itself in those who submitted, the Government struck thirty per cent. off the meagre pittance it had

reserved for them, and threw endless administrative difficulties and delays in the way of their receiving any stipend at all. The result is, naturally enough, that every Southern priest is an enemy of Liberal government, and that the younger priests who are now coming to the front are bitter and energetic in their enmity.

There are already signs indeed that a struggle is approaching in which Italian Liberalism will find itself confronted with much the same difficulties that have proved so embarrassing to the Liberals of Belgium. The policy of abstention has been only upheld by the resolute will of Pio Nono, and there is a general belief that whoever may be his successor will at once abandon it. Already the Archbishop of Naples, Cardinal Riario Sforza, one of the ablest men in the sacred College, has broken in spirit, though not in form, through the Papal injunctions, and the result has shown that in the largest of Italian cities the priest is supreme. No oath of allegiance to the King is required from a voter at the municipal elections, and the Archbishop profited by the omission to bring forward clerical candidates and to secure a clerical majority in the City Council. The blow was a hard one, and the bitter outcry of his opponents shows that it has been felt; but its force lay in the fact that the victory was won in a great urban centre where Liberalism had believed itself secure. Not even the most enthusiastic of Liberals dreamt of contesting the supremacy of the priest in the rural districts. The peasantry of Southern Italy are devout and priest-ridden to a man. The churches, unlike those of other parts of the peninsula, are crowded, not with women only, but with men—rough farmers and fishers—on their knees, joining heartily in litanies and Ave Marias. The Church has, in fact, towered over them till they have lost the power of doubting or questioning; it is only a few years ago that the monks whose huge house frowns down on the village, or the canons whose dome overhangs the cluster of rural roofs, were their lords. They held the soil; they spent, they took, they lent, they gave; and though monks and canons have disappeared, the impression of their power remains. With the dissolution itself the peasant, unlike the citizen of the towns, had nothing to do. Of the political revolution which relieved him of the Bourbons he understood something; his wishes were in the main for it, and even now that he has to pay for liberty in a heavier taxation, he is still fairly loyal to it. But of the great religious changes that followed he understood nothing at all. The clergy who suffered were for the most part his kinsmen and neighbours; and the only direct effect of their suppression was to give him non-resident landlords instead of resident ones. Unhappily, too, the great material tie which the purchase of the Church lands created between the peasant and the State in the French Revolution is almost wholly absent from Southern Italy, where the boldest peasant quailed at the threat of excommunication which was denounced by the priest against the buyers of sacred ground; and where we have known men who defied the threat forced on their death-bed to restore their purchase to the Church by the menace of being buried like a dog. Broken, too, and maimed as it is, the Church is still the one great social institution which the Southern peasant sees and knows. Its "festas" are the single source of poetry and amusement in his life. He has no café, no journals, no reviews, no great secular fêtes, as the dwellers in towns have. But he has his Cradle-show at Christmas, his show of the Wise Men at Epiphany-tide, his procession in the spring ere the boys start for the coral fishery, his procession in summer through the vineyards for the blessing of the vines. The priest, in fact, is not merely the centre of his religious life, but of his social life too. Education is the only serious danger to his supremacy, and the first sign of the clerical movement in Southern Italy has been the new attitude of the priesthood towards the schools. The school of the rural commune is practically in the hands of the Communal Council—in other words, of the village farmers who are its paymasters—and in place of the contemptuous indifference with which the clergy at first regarded the educational institutions of the new Government, they have now begun to use their influence over the Council to secure the control over them. In more than one Southern village the schoolmaster finds himself compelled to teach the new episcopal Catechism and to instruct his pupils in the doctrine of Papal infallibility, while a teacher who fairly sets himself in opposition to the priest finds his school deserted and his income crippled by the Council. The new Educational Bill which we lately noticed, and which practically withdraws the control of the school from the hands of the village farmers, is a sign that the Italian Government has recognized this new danger, and is resolved to meet it boldly. But the true security of Liberal Italy lies, after all, in the utter inability of the priesthood to use the vast advantages of their position. The moral force which the clergy might still wield is squandered on excommunications of Radical newspapers and the coarsest abuse of the existing Government, while the grossest immorality in their flock passes uncensured, and no clerical name is ever seen among the protests against that hideous cruelty to animals which is the disgrace of the South. Till the priest takes a very different moral and spiritual position from that which he at present occupies, it is hard to believe that mere ecclesiastical activity will avail permanently to arrest the general progress of Italy. But there can be little doubt that in the present condition of the South the clergy may inflict on their Liberal opponents, if the present movement is really carried out, a very considerable and humiliating check.

FISH.

A WRITER in the *Times* has very justly observed that nobody would imagine, from the tariff of an English fish market, that we were an insular people, with some of the finest fishing grounds in the world along our coasts. Why should fish be an expensive luxury in a country like this? There appears to be abundance of fish in the sea, and there is certainly a profitable market for all kinds of fish in our large towns. Here then we have the supply and the demand both at hand. How is it that they cannot be brought together on less onerous terms? As far as London is concerned, there is not much difficulty in explaining the absurdly high price of fish. In London the trade is carried on under artificial conditions which practically convert it into a monopoly in the hands of a comparatively small body of dealers. The root of the mischief is to be found at Billingsgate. Anybody who will take the trouble to go to Billingsgate in the early morning will see for himself the sort of difficulties which are thrown in the way of the free distribution of fish through the metropolis. Billingsgate Market is a place of limited extent, lying in the midst of a maze of narrow streets and lanes, and very difficult of access. Long before you reach the Market you find the streets and lanes blocked with carts and barrows of every description. They extend as far as London Bridge on one side, and as far as the Tower on the other, and overflow into all the alleys of Eastcheap. A fishmonger who is a little late has to leave his trap half a mile or a mile away from the place where he is going to do business. The market itself is crammed to suffocation. It is scarcely possible to move about in it. The people are swept to and fro in currents, and woe betide the luckless wight who tries to strike out an independent course for himself. Porters with huge boxes on their heads struggle heavily through the dense throng. The shouting and hubbub are deafening, and the confusion distracting. It is obvious at a glance that whatever may once have been the fitness of Billingsgate for the purposes to which it is applied, the trade has long since outgrown the narrow accommodation set apart for it. The Market is absurdly small for the thousands of people who have to do business there, and even if it were of more reasonable dimensions, the approaches to it would still be sufficient to condemn it. A fishmonger has not only to make his purchases, but to carry them away with him. He has to leave his cart or barrow at a distance from the Market, and he must have some one to look after it for him while he does his marketing, and he has also to hire a porter to carry the fish to the cart. This is not only a matter of inconvenience; it adds to the cost of the fish. It may be only a few pence, but a few pence are a serious matter to a poor costermonger, especially when they have to be paid every time he goes to market. The fish trade is in many respects a troublesome one. The commodity is perishable, and the supply varies from day to day. Some days fish are hardly to be got for love or money, and on other days there is quite a glut of them. It is not desirable, however, that artificial difficulties and inconvenience should be wantonly contrived in order to drive off dealers. There is another grievance connected with the want of room which must be mentioned. It is a rule of the Market that all fish is sold, as the phrase is, "with its faults and errors of description," and the retail dealers complain, we believe, that they are often shamefully imposed upon. The meaning of the rule is simply that they have to buy their fish in a poke, and have no redress if, when they open the package, they find short measure or any other deficiency. The fishermen are accused of sometimes making up for a small catch by filling the baskets with all sorts of rubbish; but a dealer who is victimised in this way has no alternative but to submit. If there were more space, the dealers could open the baskets and see what they were buying. But as it is, anything like examination is of course utterly out of the question.

One side of Billingsgate, as everybody knows, is open to the river, and that is its only justification as a fish market. If it were true that all fish were brought to town by way of the river, that would no doubt be a very good reason why the fish market should necessarily be on the river-side. But, in point of fact, only a small part of the fish supply of London arrives by this route. The railways are now the great carriers of fish, as of everything else, and a considerable proportion of the fish sold at Billingsgate has been carted there from the railway stations. It will be seen that the way in which the distribution of fish in London is managed is this—the fish, with the exception of what comes by boat, has to be conveyed from Paddington, Euston Square, King's Cross, or Shoreditch, to Billingsgate, an out of the way place, four or five miles off, in an almost inaccessible situation, and then re-conveyed from Billingsgate to other parts of London, a good deal of it going straight back the way it came. It is obviously impossible to conceive a more absurd and preposterous system than this. An attempt has been made to establish a fish market at Columbia Market; but, for some reason not clearly understood, the experiment appears to have been attended with only indifferent success. Vested interests are strong, and they are naturally opposed to any change; and, besides, Bethnal Green is perhaps rather out of the way of West-end fishmongers. What is wanted is a fish market in a more central situation, say near King's Cross. A city of three and a half millions of people should surely have more than one fish market.

But even supposing that there were proper facilities for the sale of fish, there seems to be a difficulty in persuading fishermen, or

at least Irish fishermen, to take the trouble to catch them. The Report of the Inspectors of Irish Fisheries, which has just been published, laments the decline of the fishing trade in that country. It is calculated that in 1846 nearly twenty thousand boats or other vessels were engaged in the Irish fisheries, manned by over a hundred thousand men and boys. Last year the number of boats had fallen to eight thousand, while the men and boys engaged in the trade were scarcely over thirty-one thousand. Indeed there was a decline in 1872, as compared with the previous year, of about a thousand boats and seven thousand men. Many of the fishermen have no doubt emigrated, and others have probably given up fishing because they have found something better to do. The decline of a precarious and poorly paid industry is not altogether to be regretted, if it is due to the men engaged in it being drawn off to more profitable employment. Besides, the statistics of the earlier period appear to be open to some doubt. After making every allowance for these circumstances, however, there remains the fact that the Irish fisheries are by no means so productive as they ought to be. The pilchard fishery, we are told, was not prosecuted in Ireland during 1872 with any show of enterprise, although large shoals of those fish appeared on the coasts of Cork and Kerry. It is also stated that the Irish boats engaged in the herring fishery at Howth numbered only 116 as against 268 from Scotland, the Isle of Man, and Cornwall. Again, we find that two more Irish Fishing Companies have collapsed, and that there is now, properly speaking, no joint-stock Fishing Company in Ireland. We are led to the conclusion that the fisheries have fallen off because Irishmen do not care to go fishing, and because capital is not forthcoming for fishing enterprises. The Inspectors are still in favour of Government loans. Indeed they would hardly be Irishmen if they were not. "No great improvement," they say, "can be looked for in the sea-fisheries until loans are advanced for the repair and purchase of boats and gear." In other words, Irish fishermen must be bribed by Government subsidies before they can be induced to compete with Scotch, Manx, and Cornish fishermen, who find it quite worth their while to equip boats at their own expense and to come from a distance in order to share in the spoils of Irish waters. It is unfortunate that Irishmen will not fish in their own waters without a Government guarantee; but it is doubtful whether the loan system would lead to satisfactory results. An "Irish County Member" has written to the *Times* to suggest that the best way of taking the wind out of the sails of Home Rule would be to give loans to Irish fishermen as the Home Rulers propose. It seems to us that this would rather put wind into the sails of Home Rule, for all other classes of Irishmen would at once put in similar claims for compensation from Government for their own inertia and idleness. It is much easier to howl about Home Rule and the wearing of the green than to go out to sea and catch fish.

There would seem to be little doubt that the Irish fishing business is in want of capital, and it is not very difficult to discover the reasons why capital is not forthcoming. We gather from the Report of the Fisheries Inspectors that last year a serious conflict broke out at the Claddagh, in Galway Bay, "where a section of the men rose in arms against the trawlers, with whom they have had wars on previous occasions," on account of the use of trawl nets. The "aid of a gunboat had to be evoked," and the Inspectors held a public inquiry on the trawling question; but, "after a lengthened investigation, no satisfactory conclusion could be arrived at, the witnesses being all more or less biassed, according to their prejudices," and "some of those interested were afraid to become witnesses in the inquiry, making affidavits that their lives would be in danger if they attempted to come into court." More recently the fishermen of Kinsale threatened to pull down the houses of the fish-buyers over their heads unless they would agree to pay such prices as the fishermen chose to dictate. Confidence is a plant of slow growth in the breast of capitalists, and if once it is nipped by a blight of terror or suspicion it takes a long time to recover. It can hardly be said that the readiness of Irish fishermen to take the law into their own hands is likely to be attractive to capitalists. Capital is not exclusively a Saxon luxury. There is capital also in Ireland, and there are certainly Irishmen in England who possess abundant means for investment. But if even Irish capitalists are shy of putting their money on Irish fishermen, it can only be because they think the fishermen are deficient in something else than money to patch up their boats with. Nothing could be simpler than to make loans to Irish fishermen. But there might be some difficulty in collecting the money as it fell due. The Chancellor of the Exchequer may be forgiven for doubting the expediency of making advances which could only be recovered by evoking the aid of a gunboat. The Inspectors observe that although the fishing Companies have all come to grief, smaller enterprises entered into by practical men having a thorough knowledge of the art of fishing and of the best markets in which to sell their fish have usually proved successful. We fear there is too much reason to suppose that the enterprises which have not been successful were conducted by men who were not remarkable for their thorough knowledge of the art of catching or selling fish. Whether men who are weak in this respect would be much helped by grants of Government money may perhaps be doubted. And in regard to the proposed loans, we should like to know whether it is intended that they should be confined to natives of Ireland, or whether the Scotchmen, Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Dutchmen who fish off the Irish coasts are to receive similar encouragement. The Inspectors appear to be ignorant of the fact that what is called a bonus to Scotch fishermen is in reality a tax exacted from them for warranting the soundness of their fish.

A MANUAL OF DRESS.

THERE exists a series of manuals by which we may learn how to behave, to play whist and other games, and to make jokes and speeches. The last number of this series instructs ladies how to dress, and perhaps the author of it would say that she wrote for ladies only. But anybody may buy a book which is exposed for sale at a railway stall, and although the management of gowns and bonnets is the exclusive province of ladies, yet when it comes to the management of husbands we think ourselves interested in the discussion. The details into which this author enters are necessarily unintelligible to the sex for which she does not write; but every male reader will understand her when she takes what she calls a broad view. She complains, on behalf of herself and other women, that their greatest difficulty when they attempt economy is the opposition which they meet from men, "who are willing enough to deal in generalities, and always agree with you theoretically on the necessity of economy," but when the actual facts of the practice are brought before them, call it stinginess and meanness. The author has the candour to admit that these complaints are frequently well founded, "for many women are apt to degenerate under the process, and become to all intents and purposes little else than an economical apparatus." This remark is true of many women and of some men. The habit of saving continues after the necessity has ceased; but as women live less in the world than men, domestic influence operates more strongly upon their minds. The men of our generation are certainly not remarkable for small economies, and it must be allowed that many men can earn a pound more easily than they can save a shilling. Yet the men who took care of their shillings, if not particularly amiable, had something nearly allied to heroism in their nature. They saved their own money and spent freely the money of the State. *Sic fortis Etruria crevit*, as Mr. Lowe is fond of saying. An author who knows well middle class life of England has pointed out that in the early years of this century fortunes were made slowly and almost imperceptibly, and the possession of wealth could not change the habits which had been formed in acquiring it. One of the rich uncles in the *Mill on the Floss* would have driven some way round to escape a toll, and would have done so equally whether he was travelling at his own or an employer's expense. Scott, again, was thoroughly acquainted with this class in his own age and country, and the protest which he ascribes to the miser in *Old Mortality*, that a dip-candle was good enough to see to die by, scarcely caricatured the frugal practices which have made Scotchmen prosperous throughout the world.

But to return to our immediate subject, the lady from whom we are quoting assumes that men will not endure economy in families unless it is disguised. Tact, she says, is wanting to throw a cloak over bare bones. By tact a wife can do what she thinks is right, and at the same time persuade her husband that she is doing what he pleases. It is rather humiliating to find that, when women talk confidentially among themselves, they always assume as the basis of their little plans that men are capable of being deceived by transparent artifices. The author, after dwelling generally upon the value of tact applied to economy, proceeds to give "a wonderful instance" of it, which we think very wonderful indeed. "Breakfasting at the house of a lady (a model of carefulness), I was surprised to see her looking, not only with equanimity, but with positive pleasure, at her husband, who was emptying the cream jug. (I must do him the justice to say that every one else had finished)." We should certainly spoil this story by attempting to abridge it, and unless we gave the author's own words, no reader would be likely to believe that there exists a lady who knows another lady who has a husband who habitually makes a clearance of the cream at breakfast. The first remark that we have to make upon the story is that the *Manual of Etiquette* of the same publishers might usefully be perused by the gentleman who has an unrestrained partiality for cream. There may perhaps be families where the head is particularly fond of bacon at breakfast or of fish at dinner, and after satisfying the desires of his wife and children and guests, appropriates the residue of the dish to himself and consumes the whole. But the case of the cream was quoted, not as one of gluttony, as we might have hastily supposed, in the husband, but of tact in the wife. It appears that the admirable lady who contemplates with equanimity the consumption of her cream is practising all the time one of her pet economies; "for," she says, "after his cream my husband is so thoroughly satisfied that he is master in his own house, that he is quite content to walk to his Club; had I remonstrated with him, he would probably have taken a hansom." We do not know how much cream a husband in constant practice could consume at breakfast, but we know that a hansom cab costs at least a shilling, and we should think that a shillingsworth of cream could not be swallowed without unpleasant consequences. We should need the combined talents of the late Mr. Mill and Dr. Mansel to analyse satisfactorily the mental processes by which a husband who has had plenty of cream for breakfast concludes that he is master of his own house, and a husband who has not had plenty of cream for breakfast concludes that he ought to take a hansom cab. Perhaps in continuation of this series of manuals we may get one upon logic for ladies, which may elucidate this

obscure subject. There is of course a moral to this tale, which is that the cream jug should be kept full—diluted if necessary, but always full. We can only say that a husband who is greedy of cream, and yet is capable of being put off with milk, must be a very remarkable compound of selfishness and stupidity. Perhaps in the case of a wife of very great tact and a husband of extreme simplicity, it might be possible to maintain the fiction of household sovereignty upon sky-blue milk and water. The author ends the chapter by saying "Such is life." We can only say that we hope not.

This parable of the cream jug which may be filled if necessary with milk embodies, we think, the principle of the entire work. Husbands are to be treated like cats. A well-managed husband has his daily supply of cream, or at least of milk or milk and water, and his fur is never rubbed the wrong way. The author felt quite sad to think "of the husbands, brothers, and male relations in general who are daily rubbed up the wrong way by their womankind on limited incomes." We are once more reminded of the wife in the *Mill on the Floss* who daily rubbed up her husband the wrong way, not because his income was limited, but because it had been limited when she formed the habit of rubbing him up. This lady had an economical practice of not assuming her "front" until after breakfast, but whether her husband or society gained or lost by this practice is not explained. We may remark with diffidence that, having glanced over the pages of this Manual which are specially addressed to elderly ladies, we found, with a surprise which is doubtless based in ignorance, that the subject of "fronts" is not therein discussed. Indeed, in looking over tables of expenditure intended for ladies of all ages, we observe that nothing is allowed for hair, unless indeed it comes under the title "sundries." If we venture to ask a question upon the book, the author will probably answer that we have no business to read it. We can therefore only remark that if a lady who dresses on 15*l.* a year, according to the author's programme, is obliged among other economies to wear her own hair in its natural colour, she could hardly adopt any expedient more agreeable to the majority of mankind. It was remarked when the siege of Paris began that the women had suddenly become good-looking, because those who could afford expensive accessories of dress had departed, and only those who were compelled to dress naturally remained. If this remark were well founded, it supplies encouragement to those ladies who may attempt, by the help of this author or otherwise, to dress on a small fixed allowance. A few fashions have been invented to display female charms, and many to disguise the want of them. The difficulty under which the author of this Manual labours is that she can only advise as to material and shape of dress, while the harmonious arrangement of colours cannot be taught by the unaided pen. Lectures are now given to ladies on cookery, and perhaps they would be equally useful as regards dress. You cannot go to any public place without seeing women who have no taste in dress themselves, and want either willingness or power to obtain guidance from those who have. With such women the more money they spend in dress the worse it looks. They buy several things because they are separately handsome, or at least expensive, and put them all on together. It were to be wished that women devoid of taste could be brought to adopt the opinion of this author, that "the essence of comfort is to slip through life in an unobjectionable black silk." The author warns ladies who are obliged to dress on 15*l.* a year that "they must not make it a matter of conscience to rush into mourning on the slightest provocation." We think, however, that a period of general mourning has something of the charm which was ascribed to the siege of Paris, and in this point of view even Republicans of taste must admit the advantage of a well-developed Royal Family. The problems of dress would perhaps become easier if ladies could settle whether their object is to spite one another or to please men. The latter object is not perhaps easier than the former, but it is likely to be attained, if at all, at much less cost. The author proposes to her readers as their special object the attainment of a condition which she calls *chicdom*. We can only hope that she chooses her dress better than her words.

COMPLICATED COMPLICATION.

THE Licensing Act of last Session has again undergone the sarcastic criticism of the Court of Queen's Bench. Mr. Justice Blackburn wished that Mr. Bruce might sit beside him and listen to the discussions which arise upon this Act. The Lord Chief Justice stated on a previous occasion that he had never seen a more confused and puzzling Act than this. The section then in question was utterly bewildering. It was, in fact, the most complicated complication he had ever met with. The Legislature must have had some intention on the point, but what it was he was unable to discover. Mr. Justice Blackburn, while agreeing in the general spirit of the remarks of the Lord Chief Justice, took exception to his description of this Act as the most confused specimen of modern legislation. That place was, he thought, properly to be assigned to the Public Health Acts.

This is how Parliament deals with matters such as the Sale of Liquors and the Public Health which concern everybody every day. It makes laws which not even the Judges can understand. We have lately seen a paper read before the Statistical Society which describes how the author, Mr. F. H. Janson, an experienced solicitor, endeavoured to guide the parish in which he resides in taking measures in anticipation of cholera in 1870. He referred to the Sanitary Act of 1866, in which he expected to find the existing sanitary code. The first point to be ascertained was with whom the power of acting lay, or, in the words of the Act, who was the "sewer authority." For this information he found himself referred to a previous Act, the "Sewage Utilization Act," and after some study he satisfied himself that the "sewer authority" was the vestry of the parish. A vestry was accordingly summoned without delay. The Act conferred considerable powers on the "sewer authority." These powers were actively exerted. Disinfectants and medicines were provided, and sanitary inspectors were appointed. Some very useful results followed, but the power of the "sewer authority" to compel obedience to sanitary laws was challenged by the indolent and refractory, and its action became paralysed. The Board of Guardians, who had been constituted the sanitary authority under the "Nuisance Removal Acts," had no idea of being displaced, demurred to interference, and all but encouraged opposition to the vestry. They contended that sufficient machinery for carrying out the objects of the vestry existed under the "Nuisance Removal Acts," and they intimated that they should disallow any rate imposed to meet the expenses incurred by the vestry. Hereupon the vestry consulted counsel, who advised that "inferentially it was clear" that the vestry was the "sewer authority," and that they had certain powers, among which the power of paying the expenses of efficient action was not included. He also advised that they had no power to interfere with the occupation of damp or defective houses, or with the use of polluted wells. Ultimately it was admitted that the vestry was the "sewer authority," but the immediate danger which had aroused the inhabitants had passed away, and they were informed that a Bill would be brought before Parliament which, if passed, would remove existing difficulties.

This, then, is how sanitary legislation stood in 1870. A vestry desire that neither themselves nor their neighbours should die of cholera. They think the action of the Board of Guardians insufficient for their protection, and they proceed to take care of themselves. Immediately they are confronted with legal difficulties, and cannot stir a step except under advice of counsel. However, these difficulties were to be removed by legislation. A Bill was brought in by Government last Session, and ultimately passed under the title of "The Public Health Act." Mr. Janson and his fellow-parishioners looked to this Act to furnish a convenient and intelligible guide for their future operations. But they find complication still more complicated. A "rural sanitary authority" under the Act possesses all the authorities which belonged to the sewer authority under one class of Acts, and to the nuisance authority under another class of Acts, and to the local authority under three other classes of Acts. Thus, if the "rural sanitary authority" desires to inform itself what are its powers and duties, it must peruse and compare sixteen Acts of Parliament. Of course we know that this can only be done by employing a clerk who is probably a solicitor, and who provides himself with an edition of the "Public Health Act" with notes compiled probably by a barrister. It is sometimes assumed that lawyers cause, or at least profit by, the difficulties of law. But these difficulties arise either out of the nature of the subject or the mode of treating it, and lawyers are not responsible for either. The task of legislating for the complicated interests and requirements of modern society is formidable, but not insuperable. The complaint of Mr. Janson and many other lawyers is that no reasonable precautions are taken to ensure the proper performance of this task. The term "Sanitary Acts" includes, in all, twenty-six Acts, besides the Public Health Act of last year; and all these Acts must necessarily affect the conduct of sanitary authorities. The practical point of these remarks is that lawyers must inevitably obtain a monopoly of the knowledge requisite for sanitary action. No layman can be expected to provide himself with twenty-seven, or even seventeen, Acts of Parliament, even if he has leisure and intelligence sufficient for their perusal. Yet lawyers do not desire to maintain for their own profit a practice which is disgraceful to civilization. Mr. Janson, who is Vice-President of the Incorporated Law Society, may be understood to express the opinion of many members of his own branch of the legal profession, and the opinion of the other branch may be sufficiently inferred from recent utterances of the judges.

There is perhaps too much disposition among barristers who discuss this subject to ventilate large theories instead of considering practical remedies. The controversy about Codes and Digests crops up periodically when the newspapers have nothing else to write upon. Without questioning the importance of this controversy, we would suggest that it might be suspended until the twenty-seven Sanitary Acts have been consolidated into one Act. The "Statistics of Legislation," which we have now before us, are simply frightful. A Parliamentary notice of last November stated that application would be made this Session for a Railway Act which would repeal, alter, or amend the provisions of no less than one hundred and twelve existing Acts. These, of course, belong to the "local and personal Acts," which are kept separate from the "public Acts," and only affect, at least primarily, the Companies which obtain them. But the whole of our legislation proceeds with the same disregard of method and conciseness, and it threatens to end in burying Parliament under the weight of its own statutes. Obscurity often arises from carelessness, but sometimes from design. As Mr. Justice Blackburn says, Acts of Parliament are drawn in a form that will pass, although it will not work, and

thus the onus is thrown upon the judges of interpreting them so that they may work. We hear complaints of the complexity of title to land, and the consequent expense of dealing with it. This complexity is due partly to the attachment of lawyers to an ancient system of law, and partly to the attachment of landowners to certain powers of disposition. But nobody can deny the existence of one complication which might be removed. Yet instead of removing it, Parliament is busy every Session in creating other complications. The law and practice of bankruptcy have been a favourite subject for meddling and muddling. There have been three Bankruptcy Acts within twenty-three years, and as each of these Acts contains provisions on the same subject in different language, the decisions of the Courts on one set of enactments are no authority on another. The capricious change of language by draftsmen who have to deal with the same subject is an evil of which many examples occur in modern legislation. Sometimes perhaps the draftsmen's work is done carelessly, but they might plead that if they did their work carefully it would be spoiled by Parliament. An important Act of Parliament, such as the Public Health Act, ought to be "self-interpreting and self-contained."

The Excise Licensing Act of 6 Geo. IV. c. 81, s. 11 provided that nothing in the Act contained should extend to prohibit any duly licensed person from carrying on his trade in booths or tents at any lawful fair or public race. The Act of 24 and 25 Vict. c. 22, s. 12 enacted that so much of any Act as permitted the sale of beer or spirits, without an Excise licence, should be repealed. The Act of 26 and 27 Vict. c. 33, s. 21 enacted that nothing in the previous enactment contained should extend to prohibit any person licensed by the Excise, as in 6 Geo. IV. c. 81, s. 11 is mentioned, from carrying on his trade in booths or tents at any lawful fair or public race. This enactment was probably passed because it had been suggested that the 24 and 25 Vict. impliedly repealed the privilege of selling at fairs and races which had been granted by the 6 Geo. IV. Then comes the Licensing Act of last year, which provides (s. 72) that nothing in the Act shall affect or apply to the "sale of intoxicating liquor on special occasions in pursuance of the provisions in that behalf enacted." A publican had been convicted by magistrates for selling intoxicating liquors at a fair, and the question came lately before the Court of Queen's Bench whether he had been properly convicted. He would be liable to conviction under the general words of the Act (sec. 3) unless he was protected by sec. 72. Is then a sale at a fair a sale on a "special occasion" in pursuance of previous Acts? The effect of the previous Acts appears to be that a publican duly licensed to sell on his own premises should not be prohibited from selling at a fair. But those Acts do not authorize such sale, and therefore such sale could hardly be called a sale "on a special occasion in pursuance" of those Acts. The phrase "special occasion" seems to have been contrived by the author of the Act of last year to save himself the trouble of mentioning fairs and markets, and in the same careless way he confounded the two ideas of non-prohibition and authorization. The Court of Queen's Bench, after reference to the statutes above cited and to others of earlier date, decided that the conviction was wrong. This was the case in which Mr. Justice Blackburn expressed the wish that the Home Secretary might sit beside him and hear the argument. There is a strong party opposed to fairs and races and to drinking, and it might have been expected that this party would avail itself of the ambiguity of the clause to attack the publicans. This example shows what the judges meant when they said that the Act was framed, not to work, but to pass.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

V.

THE judgment which from the first we formed that this year's Exhibition is much below the average has been confirmed by common consent. Still the number of meritorious works calling for notice has seldom been greater, simply because, though leading artists are in decadence, there never has been a time when talent was so abounding. We have spoken of the growing naturalism of the English school; we have also shown how the study of nature has of late been brought under the spell of imagination and the power of emotion, so that many popular pictures of the day are to be read, not as the prose of nature, but as the poetry of nature. A small figure, "Weaving the Wreath" (261), by Mr. Leighton, R.A., may be quoted as a case in point. "The Banquet Scene from the *Tempest*" (286), by Mr. Poole, R.A., though a mistake, also belongs to the same order of creation. Among outsiders we miss this season young Mr. Richmond; the cause of his absence is understood to be some onerous work in fresco on which he is still engaged in a country mansion. Mr. W. V. Herbert, the son of another Academician, must also be remembered among those painters who are giving to the art of the immediate future promise of noble range of thought. "Deus justus et misericors" (575) represents a gondola crowded with gay revellers, among whom we may fancy a mediæval Lord Byron; suddenly the boat comes before a life-size crucifix on a palace wall; the festive company are at once thrown into consternation and contrition; the reality of life and of death dawns on them in their dissipation. The situation is almost too sensational; the old masters pointed a moral more gravely; our modern art is garish, unquiet, spasmodic. The colour is as the sentiment, hectic; the contrast between golden sunlight and purple shadows heightens an effect which verges on violence and scarcely escapes extravagance. Another composition which has deservedly attracted attention is "Argus" (464), by Mr. Riviere, a young painter of something more than promise, remembered in last Academy by "Daniel in the Lions' Den." In this year's work we have yet a further example of the increasing care given to the first conception of a picture. The period is fortunately passing away when our painters found most profit in pleasing the public by pretty trifles; our rising artists paint up to an idea, and yet they escape the penalty which inevitably awaits didactic painting in common with didactic poetry. Mr. Riviere generally manages to tell his story briefly, clearly, and impressively. The old and melancholy Ulysses disguised as a beggar, returning home after an absence of many years, is recognized by his dog. The painter has a happy way of so isolating his principal figure as to fix the eye of the spectator upon the focus of composition. In fact, composition, story, and sentiment are the secrets of Mr. Riviere's success; he owes little to colour, save the suggestion of a sicklied cast of thought which seems responsive to his moody and melancholy monotones. Indeed, as is almost universally found, a complete reciprocity subsists between the painter's play of colour and his range of human sympathy; sickliness and sentimentality have become this artist's bane. "All that was Left of the Homeward-Bound" (986) tells how little of simple nature is left for Mr. Riviere. A dog and a girl on a drifting mast in a tempestuous sea reach that agony point at which an artist bids adieu to the moderation of nature and the manliness of genius. The idea is a platitude, the picture a piece of sensationalism.

It is astounding how mean an impression French critics carry away from our London exhibitions. Thus a writer of the intellectual insight of M. Taine gives as his opinion that English painters of the present day have a colour that is nothing less than brutal, and a design that is no better than microscopically minute. Our Academy, showing itself more merciful to French art, kindly affords from year to year space on the line for the works of M. Édouard Frère; and yet such pictures as "Il est pris" (182) are not superior in character, execution, or colour, to the small genre paintings of Mr. T. Webster, R.A. (269), Mr. F. D. Hardy (167), Mr. J. Clark (140), and Mr. Le Jeune, A.R.A. (156). Also among close observers and careful executants may be named Mr. John Faed (91), Mr. G. B. O'Neil (424), Mr. MacLean (524), Mr. F. Morgan (1071), and Mr. Bedford (1072). Of more than ordinary size and complexity is "Scandal" (158), as narrated by Mr. Storey. Here we are introduced to an afternoon tea of tale-bearing and tittle-tattle; the room is filled by buzzing talk, and yet the picture is kept quiet; and after the method of De Hooghe, atmosphere and daylight circulate around the figures. The composition is as skilfully strung together as if Ostade had arranged the room and the guests; and the general tone and the relation of parts to the whole show a mastery of the fundamental principles of Dutch art. The subject is a little intricate and difficult, hence it may be that the painter fails of his subtlest qualities. A word of commendation is here due to Mr. Crow for a clever and careful composition, "The Introduction of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu to the Kit-Kat Club" (495). Mr. Calthrop again attracts the eye by a sparkle more French than English; "Le Levée de Monseigneur" (346) is a *tableau de société*, a comedy on the manners of high life; the boy prince surrounded by obsequious attendants will never grow into a *grande monarque;* in the spoilt child we read the dying out of a dynasty. The fault of the picture seems to be in the over-emphasis thrown upon accessories, an error into which this adroit artist has before now fallen; thus the hero of the picture is not the pretty boy, but one of those immense four-post bedsteads which figure in French palaces. We must not forget to mention a well conceived work in which M. Tissot has for once the advantage of a serious motive. "The Captain's Daughter" (121), a sick girl in an invalid chair, the father and the ship's company gathering round her in tender solicitude, is a refined and touching composition, altogether earnest in conception, as it is delicate in silvery tone, and studious of simple truth.

The Academy is seldom chargeable with vulgarity; it more frequently errs on the side of refined conventionality. We are sorry, however, to observe in the present year that the naturalism to which our artists are inclining commits them to a rude vigour not always in keeping with good taste. Thus we would quote "The Plague of Her Life" (645), by that versatile artist Mr. Watson, as the reverse of a refined production; also "The Prop of the House" (638), and "Unpleasant for Both Parties" (922), both by Mr. W. Weekes, a painter who has deservedly won his way to good positions in London exhibitions, err on the side of common motives which verge on vulgarism. It seems inexcusable that painters of talent should make such a descent; a desire to gain applause or to raise a laugh ought not to beguile an artist from the paths of sobriety and earnestness. It is curious how much harder it is to put comedy and farce upon canvas than on paper; humour, however, lends itself kindly to oils. Mr. Nicol, A.R.A., has been a humorist in his time; unfortunately, he long looked upon refinement as a weakness, and now that he consents to mitigate his redundant force, it seems to be too late to gain delicacy of hand or subtle reading of character. "Past Work" (624) is simply a surrender of accustomed strength. Mr. Opie, like his kinsman the Academician, has had to get rid of some of the ruggedness which inheres to the primitive naturalism of Cornishmen. "Emissaries of the Long Parliament searching a Royalist's House" (535) has more style and treatment than we

have hitherto observed in this too resolute and relentless student of nature.

The Academy encourages eccentricity less than ever; still a few select freaks of genius prove serviceable foils to the inanities of certain Academicians and Associates who still rule "the line" with the rectitude belonging to dull respectability. Mr. Herkomer, whom we are more accustomed to greet in water-colours than in oils, is one of the several artists who play parodies on Mr. Frederick Walker, A.R.A. "After the Toil of the Day" (657) is a scattered and incoherent collection of people ranged on benches in a straggling Swiss village. The artist has no notion of concentration or unity; we look on this pictorial medley as we would on a parish register; the composition has no more coherence than a column devoted to births, deaths, and marriages. This is not art, at least in the old acceptation of the term. "Summer Days, Long Island" (956), by Mr. Hennessy, is another common theme made conspicuous by eccentricity. M. Legros also persists in the hopeless task of recommending to an English public forms repulsive to taste and irreconcilable with art. M. Zichy, the most notorious of Russian painters, is altogether proper when he chronicles the exploits of the Prince of Wales in the Highlands. The Academy, for some reason best known to itself, has violated, in the admission of these, the most inane works ever executed even at the command of royalty, one of its printed "general conditions" which says, "No works which have been already publicly exhibited in London" "can be received." These ten drawings were exhibited in the Gallery of Mr. M'Lean in the Haymarket in November last, when they obtained notice in our columns.

Portraits are more than ever prominent, partly because there are few great figure compositions to throw them into due subordination. The number of all sorts and sizes we estimate at over two hundred; the styles offer little novelty. It is scarcely necessary to speak of Sir Francis Grant, Mr. Knight, R.A., Mr. O'Neil, A.R.A., Mr. Buckner, or Mr. Weigall, inasmuch as their art has long been stationary. Mr. Millais too, the most fertile in resource of any portrait-painter now living, is contracting a mannerism which has already placed a limit to his further development. It would appear to be his habit, before he takes the first sitting, to send the lady off to a fashionable milliner; and what seems a little strange is, that when she returns to the studio she presents a costume which would be looked on as a screaming horror in any quiet, tasteful drawing-room. It is at this critical point that Mr. Millais steps forward as the true magician; he throws across the scene a rich curtain or a rare tapestry; he evokes trees or fields, he seizes on a hen-coop, or anything else that comes to hand in the distracting emergency; there is nothing he hesitates to do in order to make his portrait a pictorial triumph. By such ready and almost reckless expedients, by the offhand dash of an expert, daring dangers and despising difficulties, he succeeds in attracting the public gaze to every figure which he flings impetuously and carelessly on canvas. No pictures have been so much talked about as the portraits of Mrs. Bischoffsheim (228) and Mrs. Hough (21). This last we cannot rank, as some critics have done, with the mother of Rembrandt; the work is not that of a painter, but of a wall plasterer; the artist has emptied his colour-box on his canvas.

Our portrait-painters divide themselves into several distinctive classes. Thus Mr. Sant, R.A., follows style and fashion, as witness the graceful, dressy figure of "Mrs. Oriel Walton" (253). Mr. Archer, too, throws ladylike delicacy into the figure and drapery of "Mrs. H. Joachim" (304); there is much refinement also in Mr. Lehmann's rendering of "Miss Helen Faucit" (594). Then comes, conspicuous for directly opposite qualities, what may be called the Aldermanic school of portrait-painting; of such is "The late Lord Mayor on the occasion of the reception of Her Majesty at St. Paul's Cathedral on Thanksgiving Day" (113), by Mr. Wells, R.A. The picture merits a place between the two barbaric figures of Gog and Magog in Guildhall. There is yet another class of portraiture, which, having little care for tailoring or millinery, simply strives to bring out the intellectual part of a man. Mr. Richmond, R.A., who gives to his heads a mental outlook or meditative introspection, has been peculiarly happy in the delineation of "The Marquis of Salisbury" (290) and "The Rev. F. K. Leighton" (287). Mr. Watts, R.A., has also seized with habitual breadth and more than usual detail the decisive features of "Mr. William Spottiswoode" (36). This artist, who of all others is a student of mental expression, has seldom cared to throw so much finish and light-handed freedom into the painting of hair and beard. Mr. Watts usually errs on the side of over-generalization. We regret to say that one of our public men, the late Rev. F. D. Maurice (586), has received injury at the hand of Mr. L. Dickenson. The character is misinterpreted, the picture poorly painted. Posterity will depend so greatly on the portraits of our contemporaries that it is as hard to tolerate an inadequate portrait as an incompetent biography.

THE OAKS.

AFTER the Derby running the Oaks became a foregone conclusion for Mr. Merry, provided only that his representative came to the post fit and well, for it was made no secret that Marie Stuart was some pounds better than Doncaster. Still the field for the Oaks was much larger than for the Derby, eighteen fillies starting for the ladies' race; and it might well have been that some owners who witnessed Marie Stuart's signal defeat in the One Thousand Guineas were sceptical about her having had sufficient time since to recover her form completely. Directly she was seen in the paddock, however, all doubts about her fitness were set to rest. The three-year-old colts are not of very high class this year, but the fillies of the same age have, on public form, little pretension to attain even to that modest eminence; so that when it was unreservedly announced that Marie Stuart was considerably superior to the Derby winner, it followed that the task assigned to her in the Oaks ought to be a very easy one. One can believe pretty nearly anything about horses and horse-racing; but it certainly taxed one's powers of belief to be asked to concede that, even on her best public form, Marie Stuart was 21 lbs. better than Kaiser or Gang Forward. She ran her best race last year at Ascot, when, in the New Stakes, she beat Kaiser by four lengths; but Kaiser was not nearly up to the mark then, and later in the season he made up for that defeat by running a dead heat with Surinam for the Middle Park Plate, Marie Stuart not being in the first four. At Newmarket, this spring, we have seen her—unfit no doubt, and incapable of doing justice to herself—well beaten by Cecilia and Angela, neither of whom is within hail of Kaiser or Gang Forward; and yet a month later she is openly proclaimed 7 lbs. better than a horse who has just given Kaiser and Gang Forward a stone beating. We are bound to say that her performance in the Oaks fully justifies all that was said of her. There was but one in the race from start to finish, and the race was won in the commonest of canters. Therefore Marie Stuart must decidedly be classed as the best three-year-old of the year, and unless Doncaster improves as much between May and September as she has improved between the first and the last weeks of May, she is not likely to lose her supremacy. Kaiser and Gang Forward will in all probability never run better than they have run already; how much better Doncaster and Marie Stuart may run is a matter of pure speculation.

Besides Marie Stuart, Mr. Merry started Sonata to make the running, and Lord Falmouth and Mr. Crawfurd also started two each—Cecilia and Silver Ring, as in the One Thousand, representing the former, and Wild Myrtle and Voyageuse the latter. Among the remainder were Angela, a fair trusty sort of mare who rarely misses running into a place, Oxford Mixture, Gratinska, Lady Lyon, Wild Aggie, a much-fancied filly by Young Melbourne, out of Hippia—a former Oaks winner—belonging to Baron Rothschild, and Poldoody, of the highest lineage, by Beadsman, out of Caller Ou, but quite unworthy of such parentage. Most of these have run, and many of them have run so recently that their public form need not be dwelt on here. According to the latest test, the One Thousand Guineas, Cecilia and Angela appeared to be the best; but the fillies generally have run so inconsistently, having alternately beaten one another and been beaten in turn, that, as in the similar case of the colts, one was bound to come to the conclusion that there was hardly a real good one among them. Doncaster the dark rose in his night on the Derby day, and Marie Stuart the reinvigorated followed suit on the Oaks day, and we became conscious that we possessed both a first-class three-year-old colt and a first-class three-year-old filly, each of whom, curiously enough, had been beaten by second-class colts and fillies only a few weeks before. Of the two races the Oaks was much more decisively won; for there were no disappointments, no casualties, no jostling and shutting in or out at Tattenham Corner. Though the field was half as large again as the field for the Derby, and though fillies possess the peculiar excitability of the sex, the race was unmarked by a single untoward incident. The starter despatched them without delay or difficulty; the two pioneers, Voyageuse and Sonata, performed their duty to the best of their powers; the main body of the field occupied as good places as they could get, and ran as fast as they could; and Marie Stuart, not very solicitous in the first part of the race about position, was ready at any moment to take the lead. Having safely rounded Tattenham Corner, and having found herself in the straight without any accident, Marie Stuart was let out by Cannon, and the race was over at once. She came away past the bell, and past the Stand, and past the judge's chair, without even being challenged for a moment by a single antagonist. The three lengths by which she won might have been increased to a dozen at the pleasure of her jockey, and all that those behind her could do was to struggle for the second and third places. For these there was a good race between Wild Myrtle, Angela, and Oxford Mixture, Mr. Crawfurd's mare gaining second money by half a length, and Angela securing the third place by a head. By the victory of Marie Stuart Mr. Merry is returned the winner of the Oaks for the first time, and to all appearance he is going to take leave of the Turf in a blaze of triumph. With Doncaster and Marie Stuart he holds two trump cards for the Leger, in which both of them are engaged, and for which it does not seem possible that both should be defeated. They have decisively beaten the best trained and the best colts and fillies of their year; and we see small prospect of their colours being lowered during the present year.

The incidental racing of the week was more interesting than it usually is, or perhaps, the Derby being such a failure, an unwonted amount of attention was paid to the minor events. The principal two-year-old race of the meeting, the Woodcote Stakes, attracted a field of eleven runners, the Newmarket winner Tomahawk being the most notable public performer among them.

Great expectations were formed of Aventurière—sister to Cantiniere—Kidbrooke, by Young Melbourne, Dukedom, by The Duke, and Marsworth, by King Tom, and to this quartet the race was confined. The finish between Marsworth, Kidbrooke, and Dukedom was very fine, Baron Rothschild's gigantic son of King Tom winning by a head, while Kidbrooke beat Dukedom by a neck only. The winner is a magnificent-looking colt, backward in condition of course, and not likely to exhibit himself at his best for another year, perhaps for two. He looks like making a Cup horse at four years old; but he has many valuable engagements during the present season, and if he is made to fulfil them, we shall not be surprised to see his future prospects nipped in the bud. Baron Rothschild had, an hour or two previously, won a Maiden Plate with Archduke, who disposed of sixteen opponents, and whose victory no doubt strengthened the position of Marsworth for the principal race of the day. On Wednesday Archduke was in turn beaten by Kidbrooke, though by little more than half a length, Tomahawk again vainly endeavouring to carry his penalty to the front. Mr. Merry secured the Two-Year-Old Stakes on Thursday with his chestnut filly by Scottish Chief out of Lady Morgan, who was penalized 5lbs. for winning at Bath. The Acorn Stakes on Friday were won by Peggy Dawdle—beaten half a length on the Wednesday by Kidbrooke—and the Two-Year-Old Plate fell, after a tremendous struggle, to Mr. Winkle, who had 10lbs. extra to carry, and won by a head; Selsea Bill and Berryfield making a dead heat for second place. The honours of the week rest, as far as the two-year-olds are concerned, with Marsworth, Kidbrooke, and Mr. Winkle. The latter horse has even thus early in the season done work enough for one year, and his last race, under such a disadvantage of weight, has shown him to be possessed of sterling qualities. Whether any of the two-year-olds that ran during the week are of the first class is a question which time must decide.

The remaining events may be dismissed in a few words. The Queen's Plate was what Queen's Plates usually are. Dutch Skater and Lilian cantered for about three-fourths of the distance, and raced home together from Tattenham Corner. After a good finish M. Lefèvre's old horse won by a neck. As a six-furlong race it was a very pretty contest; as a test of staying powers it was an absurd farce. On Friday there was a double dead-heat—a circumstance unprecedented at Epsom, though we have seen it happen twice at Newmarket. The race was of no importance, and the dead-heaters, Arcesilaus and Cranbourne, would hardly have been handed down to fame but for this incident in their racing careers. The High Level Handicap, for which twelve started, produced a fine race between Shannon and Uhlan, the former—with all the best of the weights, however—winning by a head. Mr. Savile's ill-luck this season in running second for great races was thus again exemplified. Shannon was totally neglected before the race, it being generally believed that she had quite lost her form; and indeed it was no great performance for a mare that had beaten Favonius in the Goodwood Cup just to shake off in the last stride a moderate horse like Uhlan, from whom also she was receiving a year and 1 lb. We may conclude by saying that the fields during the week were more than up to the average, the minor races, as we have said, not being so utterly dwarfed as usual by the Derby; and the number of close and exciting finishes was very remarkable, although the two great events were carried off pretty easily.

Mr. Hughes made another attempt, on the eve of the adjournment of the House of Commons for the Whitsun recess, to induce the Government to extend the Betting-Houses Act to Scotland, but it was of no avail. The Lord Advocate and Mr. Bruce had not a word to say against the position taken up by Mr. Hughes, that the Betting-Houses Act had stopped a great nuisance in England, and that there was no reason why a similar nuisance should be permitted in Scotland; but they let it be plainly understood that they would not move in the matter themselves. Both of them almost implored Mr. Hughes, or any other private member, to bring in a short Bill to extend the Act, and both promised that it should receive the support of the Government; but both excused themselves from taking any initiative in the matter. Mr. Bruce expressed his opinion that such a Bill would meet with no opposition at all, that in fact it might be carried through all its stages in the course of a few days; yet almost in the same breath, with most singular inconsistency, he declared that the Government could not handle the question without abandoning some other measure; and he hinted, with extreme timidity, that after all it might be opposed, and then what could the Government do? If the Government determined to stop the nuisance of the commission agents in Scotland, and their Bill was opposed, Mr. Bruce would of course have to defend it; but he has already declared that he knows nothing whatever about betting or racing, and the vision of the member for York, who knows all about betting and racing, rising to expose his ignorance, is too much for Mr. Bruce to contemplate with equanimity. So an admitted duty of Government—a duty which could easily be performed without any appreciable sacrifice of time or labour—is either not to be done at all, or is to be tossed to and fro to any private member who may choose to undertake it. If Mr. Bruce and his colleagues have so little opinion of the value of the Betting Houses Act that they grudge a little trouble to make its application uniform and effective, it might as well be repealed altogether. Judging from what we read in the sporting papers, we should say that the Act is pretty freely evaded in England already, and the trade is so profitable that every advantage will be taken of the Home Secretary's apathy to evade it more and more openly, till at length we shall revert to the state of things which existed a few years ago. We suppose that it is hardly necessary to recapitulate the arguments we have often brought forward to prove the necessity of stopping as far as possible the operations of the advertising commission agents. Their trade flourishes as of old, and there is no diminution in the number of their victims. Scotland, as Mr. Miller observed, is being flooded with betting schemes; with schemes, that is, to extract as much money as possible out of the pockets of unwary dupes. Column after column in various London and local papers is taken up with offers of the most flattering nature, such as are most likely to tempt the class for which they are intended. As we have often said, a rough calculation of the money that these betting agents expend in advertising enables us to form some idea of the number of their customers, and of the income that must pour in week by week. The credulous, the ignorant, the idlers who would fain win a week's wages without an hour's work, are ever ready to respond to the appeals made to them to try this system for one week more, or to follow that prophet for yet another meeting. Occasional success stimulates the appetite for gambling; frequent reverses excite the recklessness of despair. The betting agents know with what manner of men they have for the most part to deal, and bait their hooks accordingly. That such a state of things should continue in any part of the United Kingdom is a gross scandal; but a Government which only applies the law in England by fits and starts in occasional moments of virtuous zeal can hardly be expected to be very anxious to add to its responsibilities by extending it where it is not at present in force.

REVIEWS.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AND THE CATHOLIC QUESTION.*

THE letters and despatches in this volume extend from the autumn of 1828 to the middle of the next year—the most critical and important part of the Duke of Wellington's brief and somewhat unfortunate Administration. We are thus enabled to trace the rapid development of the Roman Catholic question, and to understand the peculiar difficulties of the Duke's position in regard to it. The subject has already been pretty fully illustrated by the Memoirs of Sir Robert Peel, the Buckingham Papers, and other publications, and there is not much that is absolutely new to be gathered from the Duke's correspondence. This, however, does not detract from the historical interest and value of the correspondence. It supplies authentic information on various points which have hitherto rested on mere gossip or conjecture; and even a familiar story gains by being told in the Duke's clear, straightforward, tranchant style. In his own way, the Duke was certainly a master of English.

The Duke of Wellington had entered upon office in the beginning of the year on an understanding with the King that the Roman Catholic claims should not be made a Cabinet question, although unanimity in opposition to them was not to be required from members of the Administration. The Clare election, which Lord Palmerston has described as marking a new epoch in Irish history, occurred in July. Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald, the Government candidate, and himself a member of the Government, was personally very popular in the county. He was known to be friendly to Emancipation, and he was supported by the whole strength of the gentry; yet O'Connell defeated him by a large majority. The result of this election was clearly due to the influence of the Roman Catholic priesthood, who marshalled the peasantry, and led them in regiments to the poll. According to a memorandum which is printed in the present volume, orders were given from the altars that the male population of each parish from fifteen to eighty years of age should proceed to Ennis, the county town, and in many places the country appeared to be deserted by the inhabitants, "and all ages participated in the enthusiasm." Moreover, it is mentioned as a further example of the power of the priests and the Catholic Association, that, notwithstanding the heat of the weather, and the prevailing excitement, there was hardly an instance of drunkenness, and the town was as quiet as if nothing extraordinary was going forward. It was clear that what had happened at Clare might and would happen elsewhere, and there could no longer be any doubt that the Roman Catholic Association had practically become the ruling body in Ireland. The Duke of Wellington at once saw that the understanding on which the Government had been formed could not be maintained. Mr. Peel agreed with the Duke that it would be better to try to settle the question than to leave it open, but could not at first bring himself to share the responsibility of making concessions to the Catholics. On the 12th September the Duke thus sums up the situation in a letter to Peel:—"Can we any longer delay to do something? Must not that something be either restraints in Ireland unknown in the ordinary practice of the Constitution, or concessions in some form or other? Can we hope to prevail upon Parliament to impose such restraints? Have we any resource but concession in the existing state of men's opinions in as well as out of doors?" On October 14th the Duke points out to the King that the

* *Despatches, Correspondence, and Memoranda of Field-Marshal Arthur Duke of Wellington, K.G.* Edited by his Son, the Duke of Wellington, K.G. (In continuation of the former Series.) Vol. V. September 1828 to June 1829. London: Murray. 1873.

leaders of the Roman Catholic Association evidently do not intend to commit any breach of the peace, although everything is done to excite hatred and contempt of the Government. It is suggested as not impossible—the Duke says, "I might state it more strongly," and he seems to have believed it as at least highly probable—that the Roman Catholic tenantry might refuse to pay tithe or rent. And if they did, how could the law be enforced? How could there be distraint for rent or tithes upon millions of tenants? For this state of things there was no remedy except "consideration of the whole state of Ireland," which was the familiar euphemism for Catholic emancipation. Two days after the Duke writes to a friend:—"The difficulties of the times have been accumulating for nearly forty years; and I must find a way out of them!!! It is not by means of Brunswick Clubs."

About this time the Cabinet was somewhat disturbed by a peculiarity in O'Connell's costume. It had been discovered that when O'Connell was at Clare during the election he wore "one metal button on a coat of which the other buttons were plain." It was a green coat, and all the buttons were covered with green cloth except this metal one. What could this mean? Sir R. Peel writes to the Duke about it, and the Duke writes to Lord Longford; and a great many eminent men seem to have tossed on the pillow wondering what on earth the metal button meant. There was a general agreement that the button was the signal that the wearer belonged to some illegal association, but nothing definite seems to have been ascertained.

On the 16th November the Duke again addressed the King:—

> The state of society in Ireland is [he writes] daily becoming worse. In the South the worst evils, excepting actual civil war, exist. Combinations have been formed to resist the payment of rent and tithes to members of Brunswick Clubs, in which description is included nearly every Protestant of the Church of England residing in the country; and to bind the Catholics not to deal with members of Brunswick Clubs as shopkeepers. There are cases reported of Protestants not daring to move one hundred yards from their houses.

On the other hand, even the Brunswickers had begun to see that some compromise must be sought for. The Duke had therefore come to the conclusion that the emancipation of the Catholics was inevitable, and he entreated the King to consider a plan which he had drawn up some months before. It appears that the King was unable to use his pen to answer this communication, and could only dictate a brief acknowledgment; but three days afterwards he could write a letter of several pages to the Duke, to thank him for blowing up Lord Anglesey, the Lord-Lieutenant, who was suspected to be leaning too much to the Roman Catholic side, and to praise his "frankness, point, and firmness." The royal letter is dashed with as many italics as a school-girl's effusion:—

> *Consistency* and *firmness is*, and *must be*, the *only line for us to pursue*, if *he will not* take and understand the *very clear* and at the same time liberal and *gentlemanly hint*, in *its tone*, given to him by you in your former letter; *I* and *my government must act for ourselves, and he must be removed by us* as shortly as possible, but with all proper dignity on *our* part, &c.

The Duke's own account of the Lord-Lieutenant given to Lord Bathurst was that he had gone mad, "bit by a mad Papist" or "looking after low popularity." Lord Anglesey was perhaps not very discreet, especially in compromising the Government by his rash communications with O'Connell; but he had a difficult part to play, and it is not surprising that, situated as he was, he should have had a more vivid impression than Ministers in London of the accumulating dangers of delay in conciliating the Roman Catholics. Under the circumstances, however, his recall was inevitable.

In the beginning of 1829 the Government applied itself in earnest to the solution of the question which paralysed its authority in Ireland, and endangered even the integrity of the Empire. On the 12th of January Peel consented to retain office; on the 15th the King gave permission to the Government to take the Catholic question into consideration; and immediately afterwards Cabinet meetings were held to settle the Speech at the opening of Parliament. The King agreed to the draft of the Speech, but very reluctantly. It is stated in Lord Ellenborough's memoranda that "when 'the Duke of Wellington mentioned that the Catholics were to be excluded from judicial offices connected with the Church, the King said, 'What! do you mean a Catholic to hold any judicial office? To be a Judge of the King's Bench?' When seats in Parliament were mentioned, he said, 'Damn it, do you mean to let them into Parliament?'" The management of the King was, in fact, one of the Duke's chief difficulties during the whole of this period. In the opening sentence of the first letter in this volume the Duke writes, as if with mingled surprise and satisfaction, that he had been to Windsor and had found the King "not unreasonable;" and almost the last letter is a complaint of the King's efforts to thwart and humiliate his Ministers. On one occasion Sir W. Knighton reports that "the great difficulty, under present circumstances, is to prevent his Majesty from thinking for himself." The King was suffering from gout, and still more from the effects of the laudanum which he had got into the habit of taking in large quantities. In November Lord Bathurst says he does not like the Duke's account of the King, but "our gracious master knows how to appear ill before his Minister if he thinks that his restoration to health would expose him to unpleasant discussion on political subjects." There can be little doubt, however, that the King was at this time really ill; and early in January his attendants became seriously alarmed. "The ale at dinner," wrote Knighton, "is a part of the concern," but it was "the laudanum system" which naturally excited the gravest apprehensions.

Parliament met on February 5th, and the first thing that was done was to propose a Bill for the suppression of the Catholic Association. This passed the House of Commons on the 17th, and the Government immediately began to prepare for the introduction of the Catholic Relief Bill, which formed the other element in their Irish policy. Their plan was to put down the Catholic Association on the one hand, and, on the other, to satisfy the demands which had been agitated by that body. It was now found, however, that the King was disposed to draw back as regards this second part of the Government scheme. In the Cabinet, on the 26th, the Duke said his conversation with the King had been very disagreeable. The King begged he would not speak to the Household, and seemed to intimate that they were to vote against the Government. "The King's conversation before mixed companies and his servants," says Lord Ellenborough, "has been most imprudent. The Duke of Cumberland has had great effect on him." It was decided that the Duke of Wellington should not only write a strong remonstrance to the King, warning him that the Government were committed to their policy and must go on with it or resign, but should himself go to Windsor to bring the matter to a point. The interview took place next day. It lasted five hours and a half, and the King ultimately yielded all points, even to the extent of desiring the Duke of Cumberland to leave England. The King was in a very agitated state, and even spoke of abdicating. The Duke of Wellington said it was the more painful in consequence of the very peremptory language he was obliged to hold to him. However, the King was very kind and kissed him when he left. Everything seemed to be settled now, but on March 2 everything was once more unsettled. The King's scruples had returned with unabated vigour, and he wished to withdraw his promise. "The King again spoke of abdicating, and of sending Lord Bexley with a message to that effect to the House of Lords." He took to his bed, and the Duke found him there when he went to Windsor for another long interview. Next day the Duke, the Lord Chancellor, and Mr. Peel waited on the King, and assured him that they were perfectly firm and resolute, and must either proceed with the Relief Bill or resign. The King, as we know from another source, objected to the proposed omission from the Oath of Supremacy of the words relating to the spiritual and ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the Pope, and no arguments or appeals could shake him from this position. The Ministers then intimated that they had no alternative but to resign, and parted with the King on this understanding. At the Cabinet dinner that night, the Duke stated that Peel would next day withdraw his notice about the Relief Bill, because he was no longer the King's Minister. In the interval, however, the King had again changed his mind—indeed his Ministers had not been gone more than a few hours when he wrote to the Duke as follows:—

> Windsor Castle, Wednesday Evening,
> 8 o'clock, 4 March, 1827.
>
> My dear Friend,—As I find the country would be left without an Administration, I have decided to yield my opinion to *that* which is considered by the Cabinet to be for the immediate interests of the country. Under these circumstances, you have my consent to proceed as you propose with the measure. God knows what pain it costs me to write these words.
>
> G. R.

It is mentioned in Lord Ellenborough's memoranda that the King wrote the letter at half-past nine, though he dated it eight o'clock. The Cabinet were glad to be relieved from their embarrassment, but thought it desirable to have a distinct pledge from the King—it must be in writing, Peel insisted—about which there could be no mistake. This was obtained, and the Duke of Wellington announced in the House of Lords that, in introducing the Relief Bill, he had the "sanction and support of His Majesty."

We have seen what were the Duke of Wellington's relations to his Cabinet, or at least to the most important member of it, Mr Peel, and also to the King. He had first to bring over Mr. Peel to his views, and afterwards the Cabinet was liable at every turn to be checkmated by the King. And, besides this, he was the head of a party, and he had his party to deal with. There is a familiar nursery story about the man who had to take a fox, a goose, and a cabbage over a river in a boat that would only hold two besides himself. This was somewhat the position of the Duke of Wellington on the question of the Roman Catholic claims. The King, in his resistance to any proposal for concession, trusted to support within the Cabinet, and the Duke's opponents in the Cabinet looked hopefully to the party. The Duke saw clearly enough that, if he began by endeavouring to bring over the party to his side, his reluctant colleagues and the King would at once pluck up courage to oppose him, and that it was necessary to make sure of his ground with the latter before he could even venture to take his party into his confidence. The consequence was that when at last he broke his project to the world, he was accused of masked batteries, and every kind of treachery. In the course of the winter he had written to a clergyman in Ireland that he saw no prospect of a settlement of the Roman Catholic question, and even Sir G. C. Lewis thinks that this is evidence of duplicity. At that date the Duke was still under the impression that Mr. Peel meant to withdraw from the Government, and he had every reason not to trust for support to the King. It would have been simple madness for him to have pledged himself to any measure under such circumstances. Moreover, it was difficult for him to speak out freely and openly on the subject. He saw that it was impossible to continue to keep

up even the form of government in Ireland without civil war, from which he shrank both as a soldier and a statesman; but he did not think it desirable to say so to all the world.

All the documents relating to the duel with Lord Winchilsea, including Dr. Hume's report, are given in this volume; and however little we can nowadays sympathize with the ordeal to which the Duke appealed, it is impossible not to admire the calm, matter-of-course intrepidity with which he went through with what he regarded as "only a part of the Catholic question." His mistake was in supposing that a proof of personal courage was necessary in answer to accusations of political treachery. Among other letters on the subject he received two from Jeremy Bentham. The first begins:—"Ill-advised man! Think of the confusion into which the whole fabric of government would have been thrown had you been killed, or had the trial of you for the murder of another man been substituted in the House of Lords for the passing of the Emancipation Bill." And then, after pointing out the folly of the Duke's conduct, he mentions that:—"T'other day O'Connell was with me; amongst other things he gave me his history in regard to duelling"—which was that he had been out and killed his man, and had thereupon made a vow, to which he gave general notoriety, that he would never engage a second time in such a contest, no matter what the provocation might be. Bentham adds:—

> Mere insensibility to danger of pain and death is a virtue which man possesses in joint tenancy with the bull, the bear, and their challenger, the dog. Now, then, if to personal and physical you add *moral* courage, I will tell you what to do. Go to the House of Lords; stand up there in your place; confess your error; declare your repentance; say that you have violated your duty to your Sovereign and your country; and promise that on no future occasion whatsoever, under no provocation whatsoever, in either character—that of giver or that of accepter of a challenge—will you repeat the offence. Here am I, leader of the Radicals (in that character at least am I, and I alone, every now and then spoken of), leader of the Radicals, more solicitous for the life of the leader of the Absolutists than he himself is! What paradoxes, what prodigies, has not the field of politics given birth to of late!

The Duke civilly acknowledged the remonstrance with his compliments, and Bentham's next letter is addressed to "My dear Duke," and winds up with the postscript, "My social affections are warm; the promptitude of your attention has called forth the garrulity of old age." Bentham tells the Duke he has designs on him. He wants to make him "do what Cromwell tried at and found it was too much for him." Incidentally he mentions that O'Connell had made himself a deadly marksman before the duel by practising at the heads of dogs, which in his part of Ireland used to attack men on horseback by biting the horses' heels.

The perusal of each succeeding volume of the Duke of Wellington's despatches confirms our impression of his strong common sense and practical sagacity. In a despatch of 9th October, 1828, the Duke makes some remarks in regard to Persia which may perhaps not be unseasonable at the present hour:—

> No combination which can be made in Asia, and no improvements in the state and resources of the Persian Government which we can think will probably occur, could enable the King of Persia to become a formidable enemy to the Emperor of Russia. That which we ought to inculcate, then, is peace and good neighbourship. A strict and good-humoured performance of treaties, and the manifestation of a strong desire to continue on good terms, would have a good effect; and such measures are not at all inconsistent with an entire independence of, and even freedom from, Russian control, and even council; and great attention to the resources of the country, financial as well as military, and the completion and perfection of its establishments.

The Duke goes on to say that it is very desirable to encourage both the King of Persia and the Pasha of Bagdad to improve their military resources, not for use against Russia, but for the security of their own authority. "Without such aid the first sound of foreign war occasions insurrection and disorder and expense everywhere." He also remarks:—

> We must observe that the advice which we have under consideration is to be given to a semi-barbarous, but very corrupt, Court and people. The Ministers, the prince, the King himself, would sell our advice for half-a-crown; and we must take care that, while peace is our real object and policy, and the real intention which we have in view, we are not accused of exciting war against the Emperor on his Eastern frontier.

DAVIES'S THEOLOGY AND MORALITY.*

MR. LLEWELYN DAVIES, we should guess, must have had some difficulty in discovering a suitable title for the essays which he now republishes from several magazines. We might expect from the leading title that they would be chiefly devoted to the very important questions about the bearing of theology upon morality. But in fact this topic occupies only a small portion of his pages, and is for the most part treated very indirectly. The alternative title, "Essays on Questions of Belief and Practice," seems to be as much too wide as the other is too narrow; for it includes a good half of the field in which the human intellect may find employment. The essays are, in fact, very discursive. Some of them deal with theological topics, such as the nature of prayer; others discuss ethical problems; one is devoted to a criticism of Renan's *Origines du Christianisme*, another to an account of Erastus; and the concluding essays are upon Pauperism, Trade-Unionism, and Communism. It is difficult to give any general idea of so miscellaneous a collection, a large part of which, moreover, turns upon points which we do not wish to discuss in this place. We may, however, say that Mr. Davies expounds the views of the Broad Church party, of which he is a distinguished member; and that he shows a spirit of tolerance and candour which would be honourable in an adherent of any party. These virtues, indeed, though they cannot be too highly commended, are not without their drawbacks in a literary point of view. It is well and right that a sincere Christian should give a full measure of justice to the arguments of sceptical writers; that he should be able to appreciate them fairly is a necessary condition of his giving a satisfactory answer; but it cannot be denied that candour is unfortunately apt to mean coldness. We do not in the least mean to accuse Mr. Davies of want of fervour; on the contrary, he speaks like a man profoundly convinced of the truth and importance of his own doctrines; and yet the effort to be strictly just gives a certain air of dryness and constraint to his pages. He writes like a man who is forcing himself to be just to theories which at the bottom of his soul he detests, and the compulsory calmness has somehow extinguished the rhetorical fire which should give animation to his pages, though it might render them less philosophically valuable. On the whole, therefore, we cannot fairly say that Mr. Davies's book carries us along with much vivacity. Though short, it is sometimes dull; and whilst we feel that he is a very sensible and serious writer, whose views well deserve attention, we cannot commend his book to persons who insist upon having their literature spiced with wit, humour, or pathetic eloquence.

The general temper of his mind is well exhibited in an essay on "Pauperism as produced by Wealth." Nothing could be more sound and sensible. Mr. Davies is perfectly free from the charge sometimes brought against clergymen of a disposition to encourage mere sentimental almsgiving without reference to consequences. He points out with judicial calmness the various ways in which pauperism is occasionally stimulated by wealth. The arbitrary changes due to the influence of fashion in the channels through which the stream of wealth flows; the recklessness sometimes produced by a sudden rise of wages; the contagious influence of luxurious habits, and especially the "social mischief—it would be scarcely uncharitable to call it a vice—of horse-racing," are all potent causes of demoralization. Betting on the great races is, as he assures us, one of the main amusements of the leisure hours of the working-man, and is far more absorbing than politics. Pauperism, again, is swelled in many cases by the thriftless habits encouraged by the system of domestic service in the houses of the extravagant rich. But of course the leading cause of all is the reckless mode of distributing charity. On this, as on the other points, Mr. Davies speaks with the authority of one who, as rector of a London parish, is thoroughly familiar with the evils which he describes, and who has thought carefully as well as observed accurately. Perhaps he does not say much that is new, and he does not attempt to give any sensational character to his remarks; his testimony is valuable, and he is content to give it in the most straightforward and unadorned fashion.

We will turn by way of contrast to another paper in which Mr. Davies ventures upon the more disputable ground of moral speculation. In an article headed "Weak Points in Utilitarianism," he appears as the commentator on a posthumous work of the late Professor Grote, of Cambridge. Mr. Grote possessed the virtue of candour in an even more marked degree than Mr. Davies. Indeed he pushed it to such an extreme that it often seems as if he had no opinions at all. He seems to have had a positive horror of coming to any fixed conclusions. With a mind singularly ingenious and fertile in suggesting difficulties, and with a delight in speculation equalled only by his dislike to reducing his speculations to a form fitted for publication, he left behind him a mass of unfinished materials which appeared in the outward form of a book, but strangely desultory and perplexing. Few people probably have read it through, though a reader is rewarded by stray touches of character indicating a perfectly morbid dislike to dogmatism. "What I have most dreaded," he says, in a passage quoted by Mr. Davies, "has been lest anything that I have said should appear to have a completeness that does not belong to it, and lest I should bar up any ways in which the thought of any interested in these subjects should tend to expand itself." Mr. Davies is the interpreter of some of the objections raised by this hesitating, though acute, thinker to Mr. Mill's essay on Utilitarianism; and generally, as it seems, agrees with them. Mr. Davies himself, however, is not very definite; and between the two we are rather at a loss to discover how far the critic or the critic's critic agrees to or dissents from the definite statements laid down by Mr. Mill. We will briefly touch one or two of the points mentioned, and endeavour to indicate our own view of the principles involved.

The first objection raised by Professor Grote, and partly endorsed by Mr. Davies, is the ordinary one as to the difficulty of defining that happiness, the production of which, from the utilitarian point of view, is the proper object of morality. Can we define happiness with sufficient clearness to make it the one measure of the rightness of actions? Can we establish a hierarchy of pleasures, and say, from mere experience, that some pleasures are "higher" than others? Mr. Mill attempts to answer this last question by saying that all persons who are equally capable of enjoying both classes of pleasure do in fact give a preference to those which we call the highest. But even if this be so, are we capable of thus measuring pleasures by a definite scale? The mind itself changes as the pleasures change. A youth who has been vicious becomes devout in his old age. In each state he will generally wonder how he could find any pleasure in what was most

* *Theology and Morality.* By the Rev. J. Llewelyn Davies. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1873.

pleasurable in the other state. How, then, can he calmly compare the two?

The task of inventing any calculus which will enable us to judge the relative value of different pleasures as we judge the price of different articles of commerce, to pronounce a sensual pleasure to be worth only a penny, and an intellectual pleasure to be worth a guinea, may indeed be pronounced impossible. And Bentham's mode of speaking as though he could weigh pleasures and pains in a balance is clearly absurd. But the Utilitarian might reply that, though this proves that we cannot form an ideally perfect code of ethics, it does not prove that our actual morality is not constructed on Utilitarian principles. Whatever theory of happiness be maintained, it is quite clear that happiness is promoted by forbidding murder, enjoining truth, and by similar elementary rules. It may be doubted whether there is any generally recognized moral precept which would be affected by accepting any existing theory as to the nature of happiness. The objection would be valid if moralists endeavoured to determine what every man ought to do under all conceivable circumstances; but those broad and simple generalizations which are embodied in morality rest upon a basis independent of these refined speculations.

The difficulty of proving that some pleasures are "higher" than others, whatever be the meaning of the words, seems to be equally great on either hypothesis. So long as everybody is agreed that intellectual are preferable to sensual pleasures, it seems as easy to justify the preference by arguing that experience shows them to be greater as by arguing that we know them intuitively to be better. The cruder form of Utilitarianism into which Mr. Mill sometimes appears to fall is indeed exposed to some difficulty. The individual testimony to the superiority of one class of pleasures is as weak and fluctuating as Mr. Grote asserts. But a later Utilitarian would point to the admiration felt for those who prefer the highest pleasures as a proof that the accumulated experience of the race has, in fact, demonstrated that they are of greater importance to the collective welfare. The intuitionist, here represented by Mr. Grote and Mr. Davies, is right in denying that each man's moral approbation of certain qualities is merely the result of his own views of utility; and we must have recourse to more elaborate modes of explaining so complex a phenomenon. But the mere appeal to an intuitive knowledge is futile; for as soon as any practical question arises on which men's opinions really differ—such, for example, as the superiority of an ascetic or an epicurean type of morality—we can learn nothing by opposing rival intuitions, and must have recourse to some such external test as that provided by the Utilitarian morality.

Another difficulty in Mr. Mill's theory, which is criticized by Mr. Grote, is Bentham's dictum that every one is to count for one and nobody for more than one. The difficulty of applying this arithmetical valuation of the amounts of happiness is insisted upon by Mr. Grote and his follower. It has lately been discussed by Mr. Fitzjames Stephen in his book on *Liberty, Fraternity, Equality*, which we lately reviewed. Without going into the wider questions with which he connects it, we may briefly notice Mr. Grote's chief argument. Nobody, he says, would tolerate the principle, "Love your father, your neighbour, your friend, and your benefactor alike," yet this is in fact what the principle of everybody counting for one leads to. But the principle has been tolerated, for some of the revolutionary fanatics of the last century did not shrink from arguing upon these grounds that friendship was not a virtue. We fully agree, however, that it is absurd; but we doubt, as Mr. Davies appears to do, whether it can be fairly attributed to Mr. Mill. It is at any rate only a logical result from the crude Utilitarianism which confounds the criterion with the motive—a fallacy which Mr. Mill has thoroughly exposed. The sum of happiness will plainly be increased by encouraging friendship and the family affections, and in fact everybody will be happier if each person attends, not to everybody, but to his own circle. Therefore, if every man's happiness is of equal importance, it by no means follows that each man should be equally interesting to every one else. The dogma itself seems to us to be quite untenable, except as a rough provisional rule; and it really results, not from an intelligent utilitarianism, but from the impracticable tenet of absolute equality which breaks down at every step as soon as we seek to apply it to particular cases. Mr. Davies, in short, and his leader seem to us to have put some very good objections to the older forms of Utilitarianism, but we do not think that they would be equally successful against its later developments. Mr. Davies himself, however, does his best to hold the balance fairly, and none of his opponents would have any cause to complain of his management of the case. We have probably said enough to give some general notion of his merits; and we take leave of him with the hope that his readers may not be deterred by the dryness of his manner from penetrating to the more nutritious substance of his book.

A GARIBALDIAN NOVEL.*

IT is a question how far a work of fiction should deal with ethics, politics, or history at all; but certainly there is no question that these should be subordinate to the primary consideration of art. Novels with a purpose are apt to be exceedingly tiresome, and most of us would prefer to have the sermon contained in them delivered honestly from the pulpit, or the essay of which they are the dramatic exemplification knit up into the terseness of its natural form. As for history, no historical novel that was ever written can pretend to absolute truth; and if it did, there would be no reason why it should have been written at all, since the naked unembellished facts of history have a vitality of dramatic interest which the peculiar method of narration necessary to a novel weakens rather than strengthens. We know the concrete facts, say, of how Leonidas and his three hundred fell at Thermopylæ; or how the fair Rosamond lived like a bird in a bower till love had to pay the penalty of death to jealousy; or how Henry VIII. sent Anne Boleyn to the block, and the blood of the murdered Rizzio stained the robe of Mary Stuart. But the elementary pathos and passion of none of these things would be intensified by the false millinery and absurd diction of a novel-writer translating into a Greek speech the sentiments of a nineteenth-century Order of the Day; nor would "By Pallas" or "O Zeus," "Beshrew me, gossip," or any other odd expletive supposed to give a dash of local colour to a foreign rendering, conceal the essentially modern treatment which must needs govern all such attempts, or add one grain's weight of power to stories in themselves so full of suggestion and excitement. If we want to know the power of history in its simplest form, we need only watch an intelligent child when repeating the crude facts it has just heard; and was there ever a Biblical story, told now in a few sentences, which did not, when dramatized and extended, lose in power just in proportion to its expansion? As for politics, the average novel-reader skips these as so many waste places in the green garden of romance; and neither Tadpole nor Taper in their most brilliant moments interests him so much as the progress of a little soubrette's commonplace love affair, or the discovery of a vulgar sensational crime.

Something of this kind of thought accompanies us in the second half of *Courtship and a Campaign*. Recognizing the enthusiasm which animates the writer, and the loyalty of his love for Garibaldi and the Italian cause, we demur to the art which gives the historical facts of the campaign so large a space in so small a work. Not that they are dry reading. The passion of the author's own heart communicates itself to his words; and the details of the "campaign" are as stirring as those of the "courtship." But for all that, it does not fall into the legitimate purpose of a novel to go into dates and details like a newspaper Correspondent; and we are yet too near to the struggle of 1866 to merge those dates and details into a broad whole which might serve as a magnificent background for an individualized group, though out of keeping as a minutely painted picture. We want, too, more of the real Italian life, of which we have only very meagre scratches as things are; but scratches so full of character and suggestiveness as to make us regret their meagreness. When Silvia, wearied with idleness, but, because she is an Italian girl, having nothing to do, looks out of her window on to the glaring, silent, tenantless street at three o'clock on a hot May day, we are made to feel the weary monotony of a signorina's life as well as the arid influence of that fierce afternoon sun, and we realize the deathlike stillness of the city during the time of the siesta. When Vittorio Giuliani paces up and down in the heat, so much in love with a pretty little girl whom he does not know and has only seen at mass as to brave the chance of a sunstroke for the pleasure of a glimpse of her grey eyes and brown head from behind the shutter, we recognize the impulsive ardour of the Southern temperament, and measure the distance which separates one of a nation that can fall sick of love so literally at sight from the steady-going Northerners who look before they leap, and calculate moral and social values before they contemplate exchange and barter. When somnolent and "many-chinned" Signora Merighi, pretty Silvia's commonplace mother, refuses to place her daughter under the care of an old man and the family friend as an offence against propriety, and when even middle-aged nun-like Aunt Giulietta is not considered a sufficient chaperon for her in public because she is unmarried; when Silvia herself by chance comes out of church behind her mother and not before her, as is the careful Italian custom, and so takes the holy water from Vittorio—in all these graphic traits and touches we see the special characteristics of foreign life. Yet we confess that we stumble at the Anglicized portrait of Teresa Fantoni—her personal energy, her love of liberty, her Northern and Protestant-like self-will for the one part, and for the other part at the dear old-maid Aunt Giulietta, with her universal helpfulness and Protestant-like spinsterhood. M. Dalin, however, ought to know all this part of his business better than we do; and we should be sorry to limit his knowledge of the society of which he treats, or to say that his delineation is incorrect because certain of the things of Italy remind us of those of England.

Both story and characters are pleasant so far as they go. To be sure, the first is slight and the second are simple, with no attempt at complexity in the one or subtlety in the other. But it is better to have a commonplace theme well wrought than one more ambitious in aim falling short in execution. *Courtship and a Campaign* is a novel reduced to its primary elements. There is a rich young man and there is a poor young man, a rich young lady and a poor young lady, with the respective parents necessary for their existence; and the four fall in love with each other, at cross corners with parental desire, though harmoniously enough

* *Courtship and a Campaign.* A Milanese Tale of '66. By M. Dalin. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1873.

with their own. Vittorio Giuliani, the only son of a rich Comasco who had started in life as a mere lad with a pedlar's pack in England and a shrewd business head to help him to his fortune, and who is now a *riccone* just outside Como, is destined for Teresa Fantoni, the only daughter of a rich silk manufacturer. But he falls in love, as we said, at sight with Silvia, the penniless daughter of a poor *impiegato*; while Teresa does the same kind office by one Ernesto, or Major Bossi, an impecunious young rake, whom, however, love for Teresa reforms—as love does not reform rakes, save in novels. With the beginning of this imbroglio of interests and emotions, news comes to Milan that the Government has given permission for the enrolment of five thousand volunteers under Garibaldi. Of course Vittorio and Bossi, and their young Sicilian friend, Cardi, join the red-shirts; but the first has some difficulty in persuading his father to give his permission, as old Giuliani believes in trade, diplomacy, peace, and Louis Napoleon; and, being an Italian son, Vittorio would have hesitated long before committing an overt act of disobedience to his father, even for Garibaldi and Italy. The old man's consent comes at last, but rather as the result of public opinion and the influence of example, than from anything his son could say. We all remember the echo of that "mad enthusiasm" for Garibaldi and "Italia Una" which stirred even our colder blood; so that the state of excitement which M. Dalin paints as oversetting all old habits and established convictions throughout Italy generally, even to the very heart of cautious mercantile Milan, seems in no way exaggerated in its political aspect, though we can hardly accept the social consequences with unquestioning faith. One common tie of patriotism might bind class and party as man with man—Italians fighting for their country; and under this excitement things might be done at which society would have stood aghast had they been attempted in a time of tranquillity. But will this plea account for the manner of Vittorio's introduction to the Merighis, without parental sanction, and as independently as if he had been an English youth? for the undisguised warmth of his attentions to pretty Silvia? for her frank confession of love for him, very natural in a signora, very unnatural in a signorina? Will it account for Teresa Fantoni's leadership in the midst of matrons? for her headlong action at Borgo Nuovo? for her father's countenance of what would have been simple death and destruction to the fair fame of any Continental girl, and scarcely possible to an Englishwoman or an American? We wonder too if there is to be found in all Italy a woman of repute who, when an unmarried girl, had offered herself and her fortune to a man who hesitated about marrying her because of his poverty, as frankly as she would have offered him a cup of coffee; or if, in any time of excitement whatsoever, two virtuous young maidens could have been found nursing their wounded lovers among other men, and never a matron, never a Sister, nor yet a hospital nurse on the premises. Still more do we wonder if, when their lovers were convalescent, they would have been granted unlimited freedom of intercourse in the garden and the house; with one papa quietly closing the door on their raptures, and looking discreetly out of a staircase window while they embrace; and another yielding like a lamb when his daughter flies to him and asks his consent to an unwelcome marriage self-arranged—she taking her lover's hand, not he hers, as if the fact of the war had reversed the fact of sex, and a Garibaldina might forget the natural diffidence of a woman in her ways and works with a Garibaldino. All this mars the pleasure of the book, because it spoils its verisimilitude; for though human nature is the same elementally the whole world over, special manifestations are national, and the emotions express themselves with wide social differences in Italy and America, in Norway and Turkey.

If the story is inartificial, the characters are simple to correspond. Silvia is sweet and timid, modest and tender; Teresa is bold and resolute, loving and loyal. Vittorio is the model young man, brave, generous, pure, and faithful. Bossi is brave and generous, and faithful to his cause, but his morals are questionable, and his love affairs are confessedly of a character to disturb the dreams of husbands. Old Giuliani is by nature sordid, by habit bumptious, but his redeeming point is his love for his son; and old Fantoni is his thinner echo with a daughter in the place of the boy. Signora Enrichetta Merighi only shops and gossips; her husband, the *impiegato*, only jingles his keys and goes to the café to play *briscola* and *tresette* after dinner. Don Riccardo, the Signora's brother and a priest, is a benevolent old worthy with a soft manner, and Aunt Giulietta his sister, who keeps his house, is, as we have seen, a real English old maid, with sympathies for young love not after the manner of her race so much as after the manner of our own. On the other hand, Dr. Pinelli, who, by the by, reads like a portrait, is a benevolent old worthy with a vituperative habit of speech and a gruff way of doing tender things. The book is pretty however, though so slight; and what with its ardent Garibaldian sympathies, its military details of the campaign, its warm, but by no means unseemly, love-making, and one or two pathetic touches of war horrors, it will please more than one kind of reader, if it scarcely satisfies the requirements of sound criticism, or fulfils the canons of true art.

LETTERS OF JOHN SHILLINGFORD.*

THIS is a volume which we trust will set some one to work at the coming meeting of the Archæological Institute at Exeter. But when we say "some one," we do not mean any one that may turn up without distinction. Municipal history is a branch of history which yields to none in interest and importance, and it is one which has certainly lagged behind most others. There have been obvious causes why it should lag behind. Of all branches of history it is the most strictly local. That is to say, the materials are to be got at only by local research into the particular history of particular towns. There is no general municipal history in the sense in which there is a general ecclesiastical or Parliamentary or military history. The general municipal history is simply the result of gathering together all the particular municipal histories. Yet, from another point of view, there is no branch of history which has a wider bearing. The history of Exeter is of small moment, unless we take it in its place as part of the general municipal history of England; and even the general municipal history of England is of much smaller moment than it might be made, if it is not taken in its place as part of the general municipal history of Europe. The history of municipalities throughout Europe is emphatically a history of likenesses and of unlikenesses. The municipalities themselves seem, as far as they can, to follow nearly the same course in all parts of Europe. They struggle after much the same liberties in much the same fashion; but the result of their strivings differs widely in different countries according to the different nature of the external powers with which they had to deal. There is therefore a good deal of likeness between the beginnings of the history of towns in England, in France, and in Germany, while there is the most remarkable difference in their endings. It follows then that municipal history needs, at least as much as any other branch of history, to be treated in a wide and general way, with the greatest possible knowledge of general history. There is no subject which is less fit to be treated by the purely local inquirer. Nothing can be drearier than a talk about municipal matters from a local man who never thought of comparing the history of his own town with that of any other. And when it comes to a city which has so long and striking a municipal history as that of Exeter, the story becomes yet more worthy to be dealt with in the highest manner and by the ablest hands. A city which—whether it was or was not, as its citizens in the fifteenth century believed, unsuccessfully besieged by Vespasian—undoubtedly dates from Roman times—a city which was fortified by Æthelstan and from whose walls Swegen was beaten back till he found a foreign traitor within them—a city which stood forth before all others to withstand the Conqueror in the cause of the House of Godwine, and whose stout-hearted commons kept on the struggle after their chiefs had forsaken them—such a city as this really has a history of its own. In later times of course Exeter has had no chance of playing such a part as she played when she seemed likely to become the ruling city of a Dumnonian civic confederation; but the archives of the city are understood to be of special richness and value, and several points of great interest stand out in the civic annals. Why the Institute has so long delayed its visit to a city like this is one of those mysteries which only those who are behind the scenes can hope to unravel. But, as at last it is going to Exeter, it is to be hoped that the meeting so long looked for will be made the occasion, not for senseless rambles to distant spots, but for a thorough scholar-like searching into the antiquities of the city itself. At Exeter the main interest is not ecclesiastical or architectural; the city is not like those cities and towns which have grown up around a bishopric or abbey; Exeter was famous for ages before there were Bishops of Exeter, and the history of the city ought this time to take precedence of the history of the church. It will be deeply to be regretted if, on such an occasion as this, the municipal archives of Exeter fail to be explored by the hand best qualified, not merely to transcribe or to calendar, but to assign them their place in the history of England and of Europe.

It is out of the peculiar relation between the city and the bishopric that the present collection of letters and documents has its origin. Exeter, as we have just said, was a case of a bishopric founded at a comparatively late time in a city which was already, according to the standard of those times, great and flourishing. The city did not grow up around the walls of the church, but the church found itself an abode within the walls of the city. Nor was the see founded, like Lincoln and Norwich, in the days of the Conquest, when the Norman Bishop, with the Norman King and the Norman Earl to back him, could deal with English burghers pretty much as he pleased. The bishopric of Devonshire was removed from Crediton to Exeter in the happy and peaceful days of the sainted Edward, and the first Bishop Leofric was said to have been personally installed by the King and his Lady, who had a special interest in a city which formed part of her morning-gift. The church, the palace of the Bishop, the houses of his canons, and the whole ecclesiastical settlement, arose within the walls of the city, within the natural jurisdiction of its magistrates. Against such a state of things the mild Leofric and his successor Osbert, the one Norman who is recorded to have turned Englishman, might not be disposed to kick. But it was a state of things which would naturally be most irksome to the ordinary lordly

* *Letters and Papers of John Shillingford, Mayor of Exeter, 1447-50.* Edited by Stuart A. Moore, F.S.A. Printed for the Camden Society. 1871.

prelates of feudal times. Disputes could not fail to arise; the Bishops claimed an exemption for themselves and their Chapters for their whole precinct and their whole following, from the jurisdiction of the city. The Mayor and Commonalty stoutly maintained that nothing had taken away the ancient authority of the city magistrates over all the space within the city walls and over every inhabitant of the same. As usual in those days, questions of this kind led to personal violence, and the citizens and the inhabitants of the Close each had their tales to tell against the other. Nor is it very wonderful if the Church party sometimes proved the stronger and fiercer. There is no need to suppose that the Bishop or the Dean fought with his own hands, but it is easy to see that their followers would contain something which came nearer to a military element than anything to be found among the citizens. They were fighting for privilege, for a privilege which had about it something of an aristocratic as well as of a religious character, and men often fight, more fiercely if not more stedfastly, for privilege than for real freedom. The matter came to a head in the reign of Henry the Sixth, when Edmund Lacy was Bishop and John Shillingford was Mayor, and much pleading at law was going on about the matter from 1432 to 1448. We have here the complaints of the Mayor and the answers of the Bishop, and we have a number of letters of John Shillingford himself, which are valuable both from the light which they throw upon the local history, from their own inherent vigour and graphic power, and as being among the earliest English letters—it will be remembered that they belong to the age of the Paston Letters—that we have. The Mayor had several times to go to and fro between London and Exeter, to have, what we should now think strange, personal interviews with the Lord Chancellor, Archbishop Kemp, and, what we should think stranger still, to make him presents of fish. Some Chancellors of much later times might have despised the fish, and would not have looked favourably on the suitor unless he brought presents of a more precious kind. The Mayor however was always very well received, and he gives very graphic accounts of his interviews with the Chancellor. At other times he comes across the famous Sir John Fortescue, who was then Chief Justice. In the end the matter was, by consent, heard in 1448 at Barnstaple, before two Justices of the Court of Common Pleas, when judgment was given on the main point for the Bishop—that is to say, the Cathedral Precinct, called St. Stephen's fee and the Bishop's fee, was to remain exempt from the jurisdiction of the city.

A great number of curious points of all kinds turn up in the course of the controversy, and we could wish that Mr. Moore had taken more pains to explain some of them, instead of hardly doing anything more than edit the text. What, for instance, is the meaning of the very first thing which the Mayor and Commonalty say in their articles of complaint? They say that Exeter was, "of right olde tyme y called Penholtkeyre." To be sure this was at some very distant time, before the Incarnation of Christ; but as part of the argument is that Exeter was a walled city in those days, one would like to know how it came by its name. There is near Exeter a height known as Penhow, the scene of a battle of the tenth century, which seems, like so many other names, to keep the Welsh and the English word for the same thing. The "keyre" in Penholtkeyre suggests the Welsh *caer*, the equivalent of the English *ceaster*. We do not see how Exeter can at any time have been called *Penhowcaer*; but it is possible that it may at some time have been called *Caerpen*. But we should like to know when and how it changed this name for the better known Isca, which has gone on, in one shape or another, ever since. These are just the points which it is surely the business of an editor to look up, and not to leave his readers either to make guesses or to go hunting in libraries. So again, we should like to know where the Mayor found his story about Vespasian and Arviragus, but we quite agree that the Bishop, Dean, and Chapter, when they "seyen that thei doute of Vespasians being atte Excestro and so atte Burdeaux and Jerusalem to sille xxx Jewes hedes for a penny." And they might have added that, whether this cheap sale of Jews' heads was authentic or not, it could not throw much light on the respective claims of the Bishop and Mayor of Exeter. But it should be marked that, while the Mayor maintains that the city, by whatever name, had been a city from the unknown times before the Incarnation of Christ, the Bishop argues that Exeter was only a borough up to the time of the installation of Leofric, and evidently implies that it became a city by virtue of becoming a Bishop's see. This we need hardly say is the definition of a city which has been commonly accepted in England, at least from the time of Henry the Eighth. Yet in our own days the Judges denied the right of Manchester to rank as a city by virtue of its becoming an episcopal see, and the rank of a city was formally given to it by royal proclamation. Both disputants freely appeal to Domesday—"Domus Day," as they commonly call it—appealing to it, for the most part, for things which are certainly not to be found there. Then we should like to know why the Bishop's fee is called St. Stephen's fee, when the dedication of the church is to St. Peter, and we should still more like to know why the Mayor, in one place, calls it "Haroldes fee." The connexion of Exeter with the House of Godwine, and the presence of Gytha in the city at the time of the great siege, are among the main facts in the history of Exeter; but, in the long list of Harold's possessions in Devonshire which is to be found in Domesday, there does not seem to be anything within the city of Exeter besides the mere possession of five houses. If no further reason for the name can be found besides the mere fact of the Mayor calling it so, this is one of the cases in which one would like to be sure that there is nothing to be found out. As for Vespasian, it appears from the same letter that the Chancellor "seide merily" of him; but it does not appear that he said anything about Harold.

In one of the articles there is a curious notice of the now destroyed cloister which stood on the south side of the cathedral nave, and the Mayor and Commonalty complain that they have been hindered by the Dean and Chapter from performing their usual devotions for the souls of the persons buried there:—

> Item the seyde Meyer and Comminalte compleynyth that whar the Dean and Chapiter of the Cathedrall Churche of Seynt Peter of Exceter have a cloyster joynaunt to the seide Cathedrall Churche with ynne the square of whiche cloister ys a voide place y-called "the Praiell," yn the whiche ys comyn sepulture whonne the cymytere standith pollute; thrugh whiche cloyster was a comyn waye for the sayd Maier and Comminalte yn to the said Cathedrall Chirche and the said cloyster a place of praier and devocyon to praie for alle the sawlys was bonys lieth yn the said cloister and prayell atte tyme of dyvyne servyce doyng in the salde cathedrall churche; but now right late the saide Dean and Chapitere the dorys of the saide cloister have stoppid and closid contrarie to the gode usagis of all holy churche, the kynges lawe and the use afore tyme hadde and ayenst al good pollcye.

Mr. Moore gives in a note another version of this complaint from another roll, the exact date of which we should like to know, as it uses the word "cathedrall" as a substantive, while everywhere else it is the "church" or the "cathedral church." To the complaint about the cloister, the Dean and Chapter answer that the cloister

> is within the procincte of the saide Chirch and Cimitery and no comon wey but oute of the jurisdiccon of the saide Mair and Commynalte, which Cloister dores atte all tymes have be shutte except tymes to goo in procession or to the Chapitre House or to the said Library or eny other such resonable tyme; atte which tymes and in especiall in tyme of dyvyne service, ungoodly ruled peple most custumabely yong peple of the saide Comminalte within the saide cloistre have exercised unlawfull games as the toppe, quoke, penny prykke and most atte tenys, by the which the walles of the saide Cloistre have be defowled and the glas wyndowes all to brost, as it openly sheweth, contrarie to all good and goostly godnesse and directly ayens all good policy and ayens all good rule within the sayde cloyster to suffre eny such mysruled people to have comune entre which spare not withyn a quarter of a yer to pollute the saide Cimitery and their saide moder Cathedrall Chirch.

The great dispute of all was about the attempt of the City Sergeant to arrest a certain Hugh Lucas, a tenant of the Bishop, whom the Mayor describes as "the most, or one of the most, mysgoverned man of all the cite of Excetre or of all the shire afterward"; does this mean the whole of Devonshire or only the county of the city of Exeter? But the Bishop, Dean, and Chapter, in answer to "the disclaunder" put upon Hugh Lucas, "seyen that thei know him for no such misgoverned man." The Mayor, on the one hand, complains how divers ministers of the Church tried to slay the City Sergeants with various weapons, as "Sir John Ion with a dore barre"—perhaps, like Bishop Odo's mace, for fear of shedding blood—but others with "swerdis, custellis, long knyvis, and yrysh skenes"—the presence of the Irish weapon should be noticed, and we should like to know more about the "custellis." The Bishop on the other hand complains how

> the saide Hue was furiously dreven into the saide Cathedrall Chirch by officers and other of the saide Citee with swerdes daggers and other invasif wepen ayens the pees drawen, the mynysters of the saide Chirch the same tyme being in theire habits atte divine service, which mynysters as prestes ought to do in all that thei godely myght laboured to save the saide Hues lyf, being in right grete perell therof.

They complain that John Paxton was smitten by a city officer with "custrell," which we take to be the same weapon as one of the "custellis" which in the other account John Panton is said to have used on the other side. This looks like rather careless editing. At all events a little comment is needed. Mr. Moore says in his preface:—

> I regret that I have been unable, for want of leisure, to work out the history of this Correspondence, and those whom it mentions, more fully. That task I must leave to the future student of these Papers.

But we hold that the working out of such things was the proper task for the editor of the papers and not for the student.

THE GREAT DUTCH ADMIRALS.*

THERE have been few wars more bitter and obstinate than that between the Protestant Commonwealths of England and Holland. The Dutch had fought bravely against Spain for political and religious liberty, and now they fought with equal valour against England for trade profits. They struggled to maintain, and we to invade, their position at the head of European commerce. The war which began under Cromwell was renewed under Charles II., and when it ended the naval superiority of Holland had been finally transferred to England.

> What peace can be where both to one pretend?
> But they more diligent and we more strong.

The poet Dryden is here an accurate historian, for he truly states our cause of war against the Dutch. Dryden wrote under the Monarchy, but the same sentiment prevailed under the Commonwealth, as appears from the book before us. "There is no doubt," says the author, "that the Dutch were very smart in their trading." After fighting Spain for eighty years, they made with

* *The Great Dutch Admirals.* By Jacob De Liefde. London: King & Co. 1873.

her not only peace, but a commercial treaty providing that English cloth should be excluded from Spanish markets. Thus English merchants suffered in pocket, and they petitioned Cromwell for redress at the same time that Cromwell was himself displeased at Dutch sympathy with the Royalists. There needed no better reasons for sending forth Blake and Monk on the one side, and Tromp and De Ruyter on the other, to play home and home matches at cannon-balls.

The greatest among the great Dutch admirals was Tromp. Unlike the soldier-admirals of England he was born and bred a sailor. His grandfather was a coasting trader, and his father, whose house was at Brill, at the mouth of the Meuse, took him to sea in his own ship, before he was nine years old. Next year he saw that father killed on his own deck in action with a Spanish ship. He lived to avenge his death. In 1639 he commanded the Dutch fleet which blockaded the Spanish admiral D'Oquendo in the Downs. An English fleet was sent to preserve neutrality, and its commander, Pennington, informed the belligerents that he was ordered to fight the man who fired the first shot. Tromp hereupon invited D'Oquendo to come out and fight; the Spaniard answered that he had no powder, to which Tromp replied by offering half of his own stock. As the Spaniard remained at anchor, Tromp attacked and defeated him, leaving a squadron to watch Pennington, which the English thought a piece of impudence. However, the English of that day were too fond of fighting to object to a battle on their own coast, and Pennington seems to have thought meanly of D'Oquendo for not accepting Tromp's invitation. Three years later Tromp, happening again to be off Dover, landed, and received the honour of knighthood from Charles I. The first battle between Tromp and Blake was fought in the Downs in 1652, and preceded any declaration of war. Later in the same year Tromp defeated Blake off Dungeness. After this victory tradition asserts that Tromp hoisted a broom at his masthead to signify that he would sweep the Channel of the English. But the author questions this story, which he thinks inconsistent with the modesty of Tromp's nature. If he did display arrogance, it was promptly punished. The Dutch Government had been long used to easy successes over the Spaniards, and did not understand that the English were as rough and obstinate as their own sailors. Tromp had vainly warned his countrymen of the danger which his skill and courage proved unable to avert. The descriptions of sea fights which this book contains are all very much alike, and convey hardly any distinct idea. But we learn that a battle of several days began off Portland, and ended with the retreat of the Dutch fleet to Flushing. The apprehensions of Tromp had been confirmed by an unmistakable defeat. One effort more his country made for victory, and the veteran Tromp accepted with heavy heart the leadership of an undisciplined fleet. Everybody looked to him for guidance, and he feared that the Government was putting upon him more than he could bear. "But in any case," he wrote, "he would die an honest man and to the welfare of his beloved country." Monk was cruising off the Dutch coast, and, having become weary of sea fighting, had ordered his captains to make their work decisive. "The taking of ships in a fight," said he, "always weakens the fleet; wherefore, to make short work of it, ye must rather send an enemy to the bottom than take him." Tromp was equal to the English admiral in resolution, and within sight of the village of Scheveningen he began the last of his many battles. The English fought for victory, the Dutch for existence. Both were Protestant in religion and devout in spirit. They had learned in conflict with Popish Spain that naval skill which they now turned against each other. Indeed the animosity between the two nations was so great that if two unarmed fishing-boats happened to meet they would fight with oars and boathooks until one became a prize. In this determined spirit the two fleets engaged. A musket-ball pierced Tromp's heart. He died, and a furious fight raged around the *Brederode*, which had so often borne his flag. Thirty ships perished in this battle, and both sides claimed the victory. We should be willing to believe that the Dutch gained, at so dear a price, a victory; and indeed the bloody honours of the day were nearly equally divided. But the Dutch hastened to conclude peace with a Power by which they were manifestly overmatched. The monument of Tromp at Delft commemorates at once the gratitude and the naval prowess of his country. "He left to posterity a grand example of mastery in naval warfare, of fidelity to the State, of prudence, of courage, of intrepidity, and of immovable firmness." Posterity reading this inscription might own with a sigh that, if a Dutchman of our day possessed Tromp's talents, he must fall far behind his opportunities. The great Dutch admiral is dust, and the naval glory of his country belongs to the distant and half-forgotten past.

The first exploit recorded of De Ruyter is his climbing to the highest point of the church-tower of Flushing in the year 1617, when he was ten or eleven years of age. He was manifestly a ne'er-do-weel, and having, after the manner of the time, undergone frequent whippings without visible benefit, he was now sent to sea. It is a demoralising reflection that many naughty boys have become famous admirals. To the mother's objection that her son would be drowned, a friend of the family answered "Better drowned than hanged." So Michiel, called by his playmates De Ruyter, sailed for the West Indies. The greater part of his early life was passed in trading ships, and although one of the bravest of men he greatly disliked war. He was once taken by pirates who landed him on the coast of Spain, and, having lost all his property except an old suit of clothes, he begged his way on foot through Spain, France, and Belgium. He was a clever trader as well as a bold sailor, and at forty-five years of age he had made a sufficient fortune, and having married his third wife, he proposed to quit the sea and take to gardening. But soon the war with England broke out, and De Ruyter, against his will, became an admiral. He wrote to the Government, "I have beaten about the seas from my very childhood, and braved so many dangers that I would fain end my days in rest," but his merit was too well known. He commanded under Tromp in all his battles with the English, and he succeeded on Tromp's death to that admiral's place in public confidence. Thus when war again broke out with England De Ruyter was appointed to the chief command of the Dutch fleet. His four days' battle with Monk and Prince Rupert furnishes a leading incident of Dryden's *Annus Mirabilis*, 1666. The Prince was absent looking after a French fleet, and Monk engaging De Ruyter was overwhelmed, but fought with his usual obstinacy for two long days. With the second nightfall his hope of succour from Rupert or of success without him had almost perished:—

> Yet, like an English general will I die,
> And all the ocean make my spacious grave.
> Women and cowards on the land may lie,
> The sea's a tomb that's proper for the brave.

In the third day's action the *Royal Prince*, the finest ship in Monk's fleet, struck on the Galloper Sand at the mouth of the Thames, and was there taken and burned by the Dutch. Even the arrival of Prince Rupert did not redress the balance of victory, which finally remained with the Dutch. Evelyn writes that at Sheerness he beheld a sad spectacle—"more than half the gallant bulwark of the kingdom miserably shattered; hardly a vessel entire, but appearing so many wrecks and hulls, so cruelly had the Dutch mangled us." Yet within two months the English fleet was again at sea, and Monk and Prince Rupert now defeated De Ruyter, who was not properly supported by his officers. By a skilful and timely retreat among the shoals with which he was familiar De Ruyter escaped with the loss of only two ships:—

> Oh, famous leader of the Belgian fleet!
> Thy monument inscribed, such praise shall wear
> As Varro, timely flying, once did meet,
> Because he did not of his Rome despair.

Thus wrote Dryden of this retreat. But Dryden's countrymen would have owned that the admiral who defeated Monk deserved a better comparison than this with Varro. Another poet of that time has written that

> He that fights and runs away
> May live to fight another day.

And De Ruyter, having thus saved his ships, afterwards sailed with them up the Medway, battered Upnor Castle, burned the English ships which lay there, and spread terror as far as London.

In a third war between England and Holland the former had France for her ally. The skill and valour of De Ruyter with difficulty resisted these powerful enemies until the English nation grew tired and ashamed of the war. De Ruyter was afterwards sent with a Dutch fleet into the Mediterranean to help Spain against the French. In a battle which the Spaniards left pretty much to their allies De Ruyter received a mortal wound. Thus in his sixty-seventh year died this famous admiral far from the home which he loved so well, and without having enjoyed the repose which he so earnestly desired.

This book contains the lives of seven admirals, of whom all but one were killed in battle. The only exception is the younger Tromp, who died at Amsterdam in 1691, just as he was about to take command of the Anglo-Dutch fleet against the French. In the course of sixty years nine members of the family of Eversen died in their country's service. "I desire," said one of them, "the proper time having come, to give my life for the Commonwealth, as my father, one of my sons, and four of my brothers have already had the good fortune to die on the bed of honour, in various battles with the enemy." The speaker, Johan Eversen, the greatest of the name, was killed in the battle in which De Ruyter was defeated by Monk in 1666. His brother, Cornelis Eversen, had been killed in the four days' battle which De Ruyter gained earlier in the same year. It is a pity that a better book could not have been written upon this interesting subject. There is much vagueness and some flippancy in the book before us. The great admirals Tromp and De Ruyter ought not to be made subjects of the smallest of small jokes. Yet, although the work is not satisfactorily done, we gain from it a tolerable idea of the hardihood, patriotism, and simplicity and purity of life of these heroes of the Dutch navy. They all seem to have been great favourites with the English when the two countries were not at war. Tromp, as we have seen, was knighted by Charles I., and De Ruyter was pressingly invited to the Court of Charles II. But De Ruyter preferred the quiet of his own garden to the splendour of a palace. It may seem strange that these Dutchmen should love so dearly such a miserable country; but they had conquered it from the sea and from the Spaniards, and had enriched it with the produce of every country and people of the world. The whole effect of Dutch naval history is melancholy, for all the great deeds of the great admirals could not prevent, although they delayed, the transfer of maritime empire, and with it of colonies and commerce, from Holland to England. The foundations of the vast fabric of British power in the East could not be laid until Blake and Monk had taught our seamen to contend successfully with the Dutch navy. To "old George," as the London mob fondly called Monk, belongs specially the

praise of having carried his country's flag beyond the turning point of fortune. At the end of the year 1666 the substantial victory was with England, nor could a less firm mind than that of Monk have brought the struggle with De Ruyter to a prosperous conclusion. To the mastery thus hardly won in war, superiority in trade was naturally added. Bloody battles in the Channel opened peaceful access to the Indian Seas, and once more the poet teaches history:—

> Thus to the Eastern wealth through storms we go,
> But now, the Cape once doubled, fear no more;
> A constant trade-wind will securely blow,
> And gently lay us on the spicy shore.

UNORTHODOX LONDON.*

DR. DAVIES is, or was, a clergyman of the Church of England with no strictly clerical duties. He turned to account what may seem to have been the defect of his position by sallying forth Sunday after Sunday, and also occasionally on other days, to examine the different phases of religious life in London, with a view to communicating the results of his examination to the world by means of the *Daily Telegraph*. He was engaged in this work more than two years, during which, so far as we can see, he did not argue much on the subject of religion either with the members of the several religious communities or with himself. His first duty was to use his eyes and ears at public ministrations; he also asked questions, obtained answers, and put the results of inquiry into a popular and agreeable shape. With regard to other people, he did not, like Socrates, attempt to teach them by the interrogative method; and for himself, he seems to have let facts speak and give him whatever lesson flowed inartificially from them. A clever barrister can throw opinion into the form of narrative, and state his own case while apparently giving a bare relation of what has happened. Facts, if previously sorted, may in like way produce a consistent impression on the mind without the aid of an advocate, and we cannot be surprised to find Dr. Davies indirectly confessing that, having begun his inquiries in a somewhat broad frame of mind, he has closed them in one still broader. Had he gone regularly to his parish church every Sunday during the two years, the result might perhaps have been different, though there is no telling what might have happened. Among the religious communities to which Dr. Davies applied for information, there were two who declined to give it on the ground that they did not wish for publicity. These were the Irvingites and the Positivists. We should infer from this circumstance that the chance of great expansion is comparatively small in the case of either of these bodies. They have allowed their opinions to be so accessible in print that they can scarcely have a strict *disciplina arcani*; and when there is neither a secret to be kept nor persecution to be feared, the adherents of a belief that is capable of being popular have seldom any sufficient motives to hold them back from the active search for proselytes.

Dr. Davies has naturally taken a wide range for his researches. For his special purpose he counts everything unorthodox that cannot be included within the Church of England, and he looks on some of the most vulgar forms of spiritualism as phases of religious life. To adopt his own metaphor, he has wandered from the North Pole of Nonconformity to the most torrid regions of Romanism. He began his researches at South Place Chapel, Finsbury, where religionists of the destructive school rejoice in the wreck of opinions as a preliminary to clearing the ground, and are half inclined to canonize Voltaire. Before his labours were closed, he found himself once more at Finsbury Circus, but in a spiritual atmosphere wholly unlike that in which Mr. Moncure D. Conway moves while directing the aspirations of "the chief Free Theistic Society in London." The Greek Church in London Wall, though a close neighbour to South Place Chapel, Finsbury, represents a form of belief and worship which throws Archbishop Manning, as he ministers at the Pro-Cathedral at Kensington, into the position of a modern and revolutionary innovator. Going still further up the stream of time and of ideas, Dr. Davies investigated the service of the Synagogue; and here too he was met by the same phenomenon that occurs in all religions which have life enough in themselves to bear varieties of development—the opposition between the school of tradition and that of reason. But he never found himself in a stranger place than when he was spending a Saturday afternoon with the Seventh-day Baptists in Goodman's Fields. These delightfully inconsistent people accept the New Testament, but prefer the Jewish Sabbath to the Lord's Day, and think that a fragment of the law remains unmoved, and for practical purposes unburied, though the whole current of Christian tradition has swept boldly over it ever since the Resurrection. In London they have a little chapel and a less congregation, buried in one of those quaint corners which sometimes, in great towns, imitate the solitude of the country. To make them still more anomalous, these advocates of the perpetual obligation of the Fourth Commandment literally understood, while they are dying out in England, are a body of some small importance in America, and their minister, when Dr. Davies visited their retreat, was an aged man of antiquarian tastes, with much learning and a decided tendency to rationalism. He is since dead, and we know not who now fills the place of the scholar who thought in Latin, said his prayers in Hebrew, and read the New Testament in the original Greek; who explained to six men, five women, and three children the mysteries of the dimidiated Vau; who criticised freely our Lord's applications of the Old Testament, and was so curious in translation as to insist on making Him say, not "Bring me a penny," but "Fetch me a denarius."

Among uneducated and half-educated people the taste for allegory is much more developed than that for criticism; and Dr. Davies met with some remarkable specimens of the allegorical vein. He once searched out the sanctuary of the Walworth Jumpers, which was for the time an arch of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway. The distinguishing opinion of the sect is that its members will never die; their belief is supposed not only to do away with previous sin, but to exempt them from bodily death. Their minister on the occasion in question was a woman from Suffolk, who, having undertaken to explain the raising of Lazarus, maintained that he was, by anticipation, a Walworth Jumper, and was not really dead when he was laid in the grave. But the whole transaction was typical. Lazarus, who was supposed to have been four days dead, typified the people who died before the Mosaic dispensation, four thousand years previously; Martha signified the Law, and Mary the Gospel. When Dr. Davies was bent on studying the Particular Baptists, he went to their chapel at Notting Hill, and sat under the editor of their distinctive periodical, the *Earthen Vessel*, who, when treating of Elijah's sacrifice on Mount Carmel, explained that the altar repaired by Elijah was Christ's humanity; the dust, stones, and water around it were our sins; the fire came down and took them away. It was more natural for a Swedenborgian preacher to make a spiritual application of the Scriptural account of creation, by showing that every Church went through seven stages of progress, analogous to the six days of Creation and the Sabbath. As a general rule, the sermons heard by Dr. Davies were not very strongly tinctured by the peculiar opinions to which the preachers were pledged. The ordinary type of Dissenting service prevailed, and, with it, the ordinary type of Dissenting doctrine. It is curious to observe how much sooner those communities which are founded on a belief in some new and special revelation ripen into forms and ceremonies than those which confine themselves to the attempt at reproducing the Church as it is described in the New Testament. The "Bible Christians" seceded from the Wesleyan Methodists some sixty years ago; and the cause of their secession was that one O'Bryan, who aspired to be an Evangelist, was considered by the connexion ineligible on the ground of his being married. The separation has not affected their form of service, which is still, to the uninitiated, simply Methodist. The Sandemanians are principally known among us as the religious body to which Faraday belonged; they separated from the Scotch Kirk in the earlier part of the eighteenth century, in consequence of a decision on a point of abstruse doctrine made by the Scotch Ecclesiastical Courts in a sense unfavourable to John Glass, a minister of the Kirk, and his son-in-law, Robert Sandeman. The present worship of the sect aims at absolute fidelity to New Testament practice, and the result is cold, depressing, and disheartening to the last degree. The case is different with the Swedenborgians, whose great authority, Emmanuel Swedenborg, first received his supposed illumination in London, where he died in 1772. This body admits in ritual a close approximation to the service of the Church of England; and its affinities to Spiritualism may lead to further and fuller ceremonial developments, if we may judge from the history of a community whose origin is not altogether dissimilar. The world at large insists on giving the name of Irvingites to the worshippers who lay some special claim to the high title of the Catholic and Apostolic Church, and rejoice at their church in Gordon Square in a grand, elaborate, and highly eclectic ritual. It is not from the eloquence and earnestness of Edward Irving that they have derived the impulse which has so quickly developed into ceremonial richness and fulness, still less from the doctrinal opinion which brought down on him the censures of the Kirk. Irvingites would, in all probability, have run the same course as Sandemanians if the relations of the two bodies to their respective leaders had been the same. But the Sandemanians looked back from John Glass and Robert Sandeman to the New Testament, while the Irvingites, in their endeavours to restore the Apostolical organization to the Church, have received a far weaker impulse from Irving or the New Testament than from the supposed voice of recent prophecy.

If there is any society described by Dr. Davies that might fairly object to being regarded as unorthodox from the standpoint of the Church of England, it is that of the United Brethren, or, in common parlance, the Moravians. They have been recognized by Act of Parliament as a Protestant Episcopal Church, and are separated from churchmen of the Evangelical type not by doctrine, but by a discipline which they maintain as useful to themselves, though not as essential to others. If we look at their past history, some of its passages are almost like a romance; and their liturgy, with its elaborate litanies, its clear recognition of the sacraments, its formula for episcopal ordinations, its systematic arrangement of doxologies, its free admission of the musical element, at once lifts the community, on paper, to a dignity above that of an obscure and struggling sect. We may therefore be rather surprised at learning from Dr. Davies that the Moravians, though distinguished elsewhere as missionaries and educators, number only one hundred and fifty communicants in London and the neighbourhood, and are amply accommodated by

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* *Unorthodox London; or, Phases of Religious Life in the Metropolis.* By the Rev. C. Maurice Davies, D.D., formerly Fellow of the University of Durham. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1873.

a single unpretending chapel. The description he gives of their services, though perfectly good-natured, shows that they did not excite in him any enthusiastic feeling. It happened, indeed, that when he went in the afternoon to the chapel of the Moravians in Fetter Lane, he hoped to hear a sermon relating more or less to an interesting event in their history, of which the day happened to be the anniversary; but he heard, to his disappointment, a discourse on the Stockwell tragedy. On the other hand, he was evidently much pleased by the cheery and hospitable demeanour of the old lady who acted as pew-opener. It may be said generally that Dr. Davies tries to catch the best side of the people whose portraits he takes; he has considerable power of observation, and a fair amount of quiet humour, which, working together, enable him to hit off peculiarities with sharpness and clearness, but also with a palpable absence of ill-will. One reason why his papers as now collected read so much better than might have been expected from the circumstances under which they originally appeared, is found in their almost uniform candour and fairness. We must not respect him the less because his book makes it probable that, of all the preachers of either sex and every persuasion he came across, Dr. Cumming was to him the most provoking. He does simple justice to the orator of Crown Court whether preaching the Millennium in his own chapel or lecturing on the future of Europe at Myddelton Hall, Islington; and, in this case, simple justice is severity. Dr. Cumming is described as taking in his sermon a Broad Church tone, qualified by many narrownesses; and as advocating a comprehensive charity, from which, however, he excluded in the course of his remarks Hindoos, Mahometans, Roman Catholics, the wearers of copes and dalmatics, the frequenters of confessing-boxes and cathedrals. At the lecture—but who will care now to hear an analysis of Dr. Cumming's attempt at prophecy in connexion with the outpouring of the Seventh Vial? Dr. Davies gives a strange account of the manner in which Dr. Cumming talked round his subject without throwing any light on it; and his account, we fear, is not more strange than true.

DISCIPLINE IN FOREIGN ARMIES.*

THE War of 1870-71 is fruitful of lessons in many ways, but in none perhaps more strikingly than in its illustrations of the value of good and real training, and of the hopelessness of looking for exertion under difficulties from bodies of men who have not the confidence in their leaders and their fellows which discipline gives. What this confidence is can be more easily understood than defined, for it is a moral quality strictly, as little communicable by the petty terrorism of the martinet as by the loose handling with which the officer of a civic corps treats his fellow-burgesses on their holiday parade. Martinets we have had in plenty in our own forces; we have specimens of them left still. And no one who knows the British army will pretend that a battalion commanded by one of these tyrants in miniature is one whit more to be trusted for real fighting than any other regiment taken at random from the Army List. But it is not our purpose here to speak of our own service. It has its own peculiar national spirit and organization, and, however these may have been at times abused, and however low and rough the strata of society which are searched for recruits, want of discipline has never been our reproach, nor want of that good feeling between men and officers without which the least reverse that an army encounters brings with it the worst perils of defeat. Our present object is to gather up what we have lately heard of other armies in respect to this essential quality.

General Trochu, whatever his failings in action, and however much he may have been moved by self-seeking when he wrote, yet deserves of his countrymen the praise of having been the first to tell them plainly the evil condition of the army of the Second Empire. Baron Stoffel's famous Reports read like a commentary on the text which Trochu gave. Had these been studied by the men most concerned, they would at least have been spared the unpleasant surprise which they felt when the first order for retreat—as in the famous instance of Douay's corps near Belfort—gave the signal for disorganization. Indiscipline, however, such as that of the French of 1870, does not show itself when all goes on prosperously. Reverse is the touchstone of the smartly dressed and ill trained soldier. Reverse, too, plainly reveals those vital defects in the organization, material or moral, of an army, which lie unnoticed by commonplace administrators in the smooth days of peace.

When we look closely into the history of the French armies of 1870, Imperial and Republican, we are struck by the helplessness which the officers in command almost invariably showed in presence of disorder among their men. Various explanations are given of the causes of the demoralization which paralysed whole corps at a time; but hardly one of the writers on the defeats of the French appears to suggest that there might have been found a prompt remedy for the evils admitted. The single exception to be found to this remark is in General d'Aurelle de Paladines's history of his own campaigns. And as it is notorious that the raw troops of that commander, though brought together under every possible disadvantage, were got in hand by him with a rapidity nowhere else equalled, and were kept in such order under trying circumstances as reflects peculiar credit on his *régime* when contrasted with what went on about Sedan and Metz and Paris, a special value attaches to that part of the General's interesting work which explains the particular means by which he worked. This was not, as he is very careful to tell us, his own moral power of command or inflexible strictness; but simply such a change in the military code of France as to fit it to the real exigencies of field service undertaken by raw or disordered troops. To speak briefly, the ordinary red-tape system of the *Conseil de guerre*, or Standing Court-martial, by which discipline is usually enforced on the French soldier, is wholly inapplicable to the emergencies of war. Under it the offender must be in all cases regularly reported by those immediately above him to the general of division, who refers the matter to a *capitaine rapporteur*, fulfilling the functions nearly of our Deputy Judge Advocate, and decides on any further proceedings according to his advice. This method may answer well enough for troops in a garrison or standing camp; but it is altogether too slow to meet cases of crimes committed on the line of march when the enemy is at hand. The delays and formalities enjoined become then simply the means of defeating justice, or, at the best, of hindering the moral effect which the swift and severe punishment of the transgressor in the presence of his comrades surely has upon the latter. Readers of the work of General d'Aurelle will probably learn with some surprise that the General not only claims no personal credit for the severity of discipline which distinguished his command, but shows expressly that it was the direct and natural consequence of the introduction of a method of trial suited to the circumstances, and that the change was made before his appointment to command, by the members of the Delegate Government at Tours on their own responsibility. Under their decree, which is cited at length in his appendix, and dated the 2nd October, some days before the arrival of Gambetta, the *Conseils de guerre* were for the time altogether superseded by *Cours martiales*, or improvised courts, of which any officer commanding a separate body of troops, however small, could summon one on the instant, being bound to see that the sentence was carried into execution the following morning before the battalion to which the delinquent belonged left the ground. It was provided indeed that a field officer should preside, and of the five members one was to be a non-commissioned officer of the company to which the accused belonged. This last condition, however, would not serve to screen an offender, as a bare majority of votes, taken privately, decided as to the guilt and adjudged the punishment.

Readers who are acquainted with our own military code will discern at once, in the *Cour martiale* authorised by the decree of Admiral Fourichon and his fellow-delegates, simply an adaptation to the French service of the Detachment General Court-martial of our own Mutiny Act, known vulgarly as a drumhead court-martial. And they will naturally wonder, if they have studied the records of past retreats, or of any other of those episodes of war which unloose the bonds of ordinary discipline, how the French could have expected, without some such rough and ready remedy, to meet those cases of disorder which demoralization was sure to bring with it. The answer is partly no doubt that here, as in all its other portions, the military system of the Second Empire was framed wholly with a view to success. No provision was anywhere made for defeat. But it must be added that in the Grand Army of the First Napoleon, which was the declared model of his nephew's forces, the unwritten powers of the chiefs of corps were so great, and were wielded generally by such vigorous hands, as to supply through the rude agency of the Provost-Marshal much of that discipline without which the first sound of check or retreat turns an army into a mob of dangerous stragglers. Where such vigour was wanting, it would be easy to show from the records of 1813 that the need of a prompt martial administration was felt as much then as in 1870. And whatever may have been the faults of the Delegate Government of Tours, it at least deserves the credit of taking the first practical step towards doing away with what is really the national reproach of the French soldier—his insubordinate conduct under the least adversity.

It was the want of any such measure at Paris which from the first proved fatal to any real activity in the defence of that capital. On this subject it is unnecessary to go into long details. General Trochu has thought fit to condemn himself before the world in his published justification, no reader of which can fail to see what manner of man was this governor who snatched at brief authority and used it not, who insisted on the chief place in the defence, yet made not one attempt to check the "disorder," the "excursions to a distance," the "pillage" carried on by one part of his forces, the "demoralization" of another, or the "insubordination" of a third—all of which are mentioned expressly by him. It is not worth while to argue on the facts of Trochu's case. It is enough here to state the obvious truth, that his neglect to introduce discipline, even into the actually embodied part of his troops, made his failure at all points certain beforehand, and left the German task at the least far easier than the most sanguine of the staff could have anticipated.

It is a strange omission in the valuable work which Colonel Newdigate has introduced to English readers that the working

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* *La première armée de la Loire.* Par le général d'Aurelle de Paladines. Paris: Plon.

Une page d'histoire contemporaine. Par le général Trochu. Paris: Dumaine.

The Army of the North German Confederation. By a Prussian General. Translated by Colonel E. Newdigate. London: King & Co.

L'armée et le service personnel. Brussels: Lebègue.

in the German army of what may be called its war discipline is not treated of. In considering this, however, it is necessary above all to understand that the German officer occupies a different position altogether towards the privates from that filled in other armies. He is not only raised above his men by a barrier of caste more difficult to pass than among ourselves, but he is their patron, guide, and instructor. He sees to their arms and clothing, puts them personally through every part of their military exercises, and teaches them reading and writing when necessary. "The company officers," says the Prussian General, "occupy themselves almost continually with their men. These two classes are brought into very close personal relations, without prejudice to discipline, rather with a contrary effect. The scholar clearly sees the labour for which he has to thank his teacher, and requites it by an attachment which fails to exist where the officer keeps himself at a distance from his men." This panegyric may be a little overstrained perhaps, and it is certainly true that the German army has not been tried by the touchstone of adversity. But it may be easily understood that the peculiar relations created by the system here eulogized would allow of the use of a code of iron severity in time of difficulty, without much fear that its provisions would be needlessly or carelessly applied. In success such a code will, under like conditions in the system, slumber unused; and hence the belief with which some critics of the Germans are inspired, that their martial law, as regards their own men, is singularly lenient.

If we notice, in conclusion, the sharp controversy that has arisen in Belgium on the question of military obligation and the treatment of the soldier, it is but to point to that peaceful little country and its sharply criticized army as one instance of the extreme unpopularity of the former model force of Europe—the gilded but rotten military machine which broke down in 1870. A well-known pamphlet, which paints vividly the inefficiency of the Belgian troops if unreformed, dwells chiefly on one error, the having copied the French in their system of service by substitutes. This the writer declares has hitherto ruined the army. And the reason of the weakness of both model and copy is obvious. The discipline is first lowered to meet the case of a force in which the best citizens are to be enrolled without finding a short service unendurable. And when this has been done, the practice of putting in paid substitutes at high bounty fills the ranks with the very dregs of the labouring class, for whom at any rate a strict code is a necessity, if the business of war has to go on. Neither France nor her little neighbour seems as yet to have discovered the secret that for soldiers without education or high moral sentiment a stern and prompt military code is absolutely essential, as it is desirable in any case that the commander of an armed force should possess it for use at need.

Did we wish to enforce the moral at home, it were only necessary to point to the consequences of the suspension of our well-digested and practical military law by the fancies of Sepoy officers in the last generation. It was that which paralysed our arms for a time in the dark hour when Elphinstone's force perished in Afghanistan, and which allowed the Mutiny of 1857 to gather head at a hundred points, owing to fatal ignorance on the part of our own native troops of the sharp severity with which the first motion of military insubordination can be met in our service when occasion unhappily arises.

POPE'S ILIAD IN LONGS AND SHORTS.*

ALTHOUGH this translation is published without introduction or preface, it is not hard to guess the secret of its origin. To a mind early imbued with scholarship there is no better anodyne for the importunity of professional cares and the disquietude of political conflicts than an almost mechanical recourse to the delightful exercise of composition. To the weary brain of a hard-working man the manufacture of a dozen elegiacs is as soothing as "counting tens" is to the wakeful schoolboy. It is not long since we welcomed from the same scholarly hand a version of Gray's *Elegy* in Greek elegiacs, and we can hardly be wrong in assuming that this experiment of turning Pope's heroic couplets into Ovid's hexameters and pentameters represents the solace and relaxation of a busy and anxious period in the life of a Q.C. and an M.P. Scholarship may be a great ornament to the judge on the bench, but we doubt whether, for his own sake, it is not a more enviable possession to the hard-worked barrister whose labour it lightens and relieves:—

> To boyhood's happy tasks revert the eyes,
> And con the book that made its earliest prize.

It would perhaps strike few persons at first sight that Pope's conversion of Greek hexameters into English heroic couplets afforded the best field for an experiment of the kind which Mr. Justice Denman has undertaken. And yet a closer examination, or, better still, a practical testing of the matter, will affirm the wisdom of such a selection. What Ovid would have had to undertake, had he been minded to remould passages of the Iliad or the Odyssey into the elegiac shape of his Epistles or his Fasti, Pope has performed in breaking up the Homeric verse into couplets, and in limiting to fixed lengths clauses and sentences which in the original had no such limit. There is, too, in Pope's couplet something very congenial to the elegiac form, as we know from early conversion of his Pastorals and his "Windsor Forest" into longs and shorts. Moreover the matter of the Iliad accommodates itself in a still more kindly manner to Ovid's metre and directness. Mr. Justice Denman has set himself the task of translating, not Homer, but Pope's Homer, into elegiac couplets, and he manifestly aims at rendering his model into like lengths of Latin verse with a literality certainly not caught from his exemplar. It is wonderful to what a degree the result proves the feasibility of the undertaking. Often Ovidian in the tone, style, and finish of his verses, the translator has rarely failed to produce an impression that his elegiacs might have been the work of some one of Ovid's countrymen who was fond of Greek themes and of the metre of Callimachus. His verses are especially Ovidian in their simplicity of construction, and are almost entirely exempt from that bane of modern imitations, an involved syntax and a resort to *ambages* where there are none in the original. The characteristic intelligibility of all that Ovid has left us in couplet form is a charm which the translator in this instance has been singularly successful in preserving. If this volume were circulated among the youngsters of the fourth or lower fifth form to give them a few wrinkles as to the adaptation of the Latin language and idiom to the phraseology of such a poet as Pope, and to inspire them with a zeal to acquire the knack of turning Ovidian couplets, we should not despair of a reaction in favour of the old classical ways. The sciences may be acquired later, but the schoolboy's task should be the acquirement of scholarship, style, and method; and in this it is impossible to exaggerate the usefulness of composition.

How thorough Mr. Justice Denman's early training was in this respect is seen in the skill which he has at call, after what he would probably designate a quarter of a century's rusting. When we read his version of such passages of the opening book of Pope's Iliad as the plague let loose at the bending of Apollo's bow (61–70), the wordy war of Achilles and Agamemnon, Nestor's persuasive counsels, the oracles of Calchas (whom the translator by an excess of deference to Pope miscalls Chalcas), the lustration of the host, or the glimpse of Olympus which winds up the day, it seems as if a new and smoother way had been discovered for us to enjoy at second hand, yet still with a classical relish, some of the fascinations of the great epic. How easily the metre lends itself to words of counsel and wisdom, and how deftly the translator adds the point and antithetic force of the Latin in his work of conversion, may be seen from this extract of the answer of the seer to Achilles (101–6), which in fairness we must quote in English as well as Latin:—

> For I must speak what wisdom would conceal,
> And truths invidious to the great reveal.
> Bold is the task, when subjects grown too wise,
> Instruct a monarch where his error lies;
> For though we deem the short-lived fury past,
> 'Tis sure the mighty will revenge at last.
>
> Quæ fari cogor, prudentia condere mallet,
> Cogor enim magnis invidiosa loqui.
> Heu! nimium sapiens, facili non fungitur ille
> Munere, qui regum crimina nota facit,
> Namque fere ira manet quæ præteriisse putatur,
> Quique nocere potest, ille nocere solet.

It would be difficult to mend anything in this translation. Another test-passage which we may single out is the oath of Achilles on his sceptre, a passage the original of which Virgil and Valerius Flaccus only partially succeeded in imitating, and which is briefer in the Greek than in Pope's expansion. It is to be borne in mind that our translator is translating the latter (vv. 310–24):—

> Now by this sacred sceptre hear me swear,
> Which never more shall leaves or blossoms bear,
> Which, severed from the trunk (as I from thee),
> On the bare mountains left its parent tree;
> This sceptre, formed by tempered steel to prove
> An ensign of the delegates of Jove,
> From whom the power of laws and justice springs,
> (Tremendous oath, inviolate to kings):
> By this I swear when bleeding Greece again
> Shall call Achilles, she shall call in vain.
> When flushed with slaughter Hector comes to spread
> The purpled shore with mountains of the dead,
> Then shalt thou mourn th' affront thy madness gave,
> *Forced to deplore, when impotent to save:*
> Then rage in bitterness of soul, to know
> This act has made the bravest Greek thy foe.
>
> Per sceptrum hoc sacrum jurabo (testis et ipse es),
> Cui novus haud crescet flos, fulminve novum;
> Quod ligno abscisum proprio (nostri omen amoris)
> *In sterili arborea monte reliquit aves;*
> Per sceptrum hoc ferro cælatum, nobile ut esset
> Insigne imperii quod Pater ipse dedit,
> A quo Justitiæ et Legum est divina potestas;
> (Terribile hoc dictu; nec violanda fides—)
> Nempe per hoc juro. Si quando saucia Achillem
> Græcia ad arma vocet, vox ea vana cadet.
> Litora cum crebris jam cadibus ebrius Hector
> Straverit aggestis rubra cadaveribus;
> Tum deplorabis quem inflixeris ipse dolorem
> *Quæque tenere nequis, perdita flebis inopa.*
> Tum miser angeris, luctu furibundus amaro,
> Quod Graiorum ex hoc optimus hostis erat.

We cannot too highly commend the skill with which the fourth and fourteenth verses of this extract have been turned. The manner of Pope is represented by the neatness and point of the Latin equivalent, and the general effect is extremely good. If

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* *The First Book of Pope's Homer's Iliad.* Translated into Latin Elegiacs by the Hon. George Denman, M.A., formerly Fellow of Trinity, Cambridge; now one of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, & Co. London: Bell & Daldy. 1873.

we might suggest a change, it would be in regard to the last line, which is literal enough as a translation of Homer's words, but scarcely so perspicuous or elegant as the rest. The meaning of "ex hoc" strikes us as vague. The alternative which we hasard is not so literal, and may sin in point of elisions, but we offer it as a hint for something better:—

Quod nostro infensi hinc Gracia Marte caret.

Glancing back for a moment at the close of one of Agamemnon's speeches dressed in the rhetoric of Pope, it is worth while to see how well it has been rendered by the translator:—

But since for common good I yield the fair,
My private loss let grateful Greece repair;
Nor unrewarded let your prince complain,
That he alone has fought and bled in vain.

Sed quia communi concessa puella saluti est,
Privatam reparet Grecia salva malum.
Nec regi vestro justam prebete querelam,
Vulnera quod soli sint sine dote Duci.—151-4.

Again, Thetis's lamentation over the coming fate of her hero son, beginning—

So short a space the light of Heaven to view—

is so well turned that a reference will repay the trouble:—

Tam breve cui spatium est ævi, cui tantula lucis
Pars data, num tantus debuit esse dolor?
Ah! si quid matris cura officiosa valeret,
Jam procul Iliaco litore vela dares;
Jam procul a castris malles vitare pericla,
Quæ proli impendent ah! propiora meæ.—545-50.

Nor are the descriptive couplets less satisfactory, take them where we will. Here is an aspect of the hecatombs and sacrifices:—

The sable fumes in curling spires arise,
And waft their grateful odours to the skies.

Spiris fuligo picea torquetur in auras,
Gratus et ascendit flamine vectus odor.—417-8.

And here is a glimpse of Vulcan out of his element:—

Vulcan with awkward grace his office plies,
And unextinguished laughter fills the skies.

Mulciber inculti carpit Ganymedis honores,
Et risus superos immoderatus habet.—771-2.

Again, an exquisite couplet, a few lines further, has full justice done to it in our author's Latin:—

Apollo tuned the lyre; the Muses round
With voice alternate aid the silver sound.

Pulsat Apollo lyram, circumstantesque Camenæ
Vocibus alternant dulce canoris opus.—775-6.

Nor would it be hard to string together a dozen or two of pentameters as satisfactory as

Me, cui non fraudi Troja remota fuit

The distant Trojans never injured me.—200.

In fact, Mr. Justice Denman may be said to have established the suitableness for conversion into Latin elegiacs of a class of poetry rarely thought of for such uses. And in doing so he has paid a graceful compliment to the constraining attractions of the Latin Muse, whom he has so long had to neglect for the severer courtship of Themis. Had he grown ever so rusty, what scholar could have imputed blame, knowing the exacting nature of his later labours? Here, however, there is next to nothing that could be improved. We would submit that in v. 722 there stalks abroad a doubtful perfect of "quatio":—

Atria cœlorum quod modo *quassit* erat.

We cannot find "quassi" in Smith or Facciolati, and though "As in Præsenti" is a drill of the past, we have still a reverence for its oracular saw—

Et *quatio*, *quassi*; quod vix reperitur in usu.

For "O, cujus Chryse," in v. 56, we should be disposed for clearness' sake to read "Cujus Chryseum"; and in v. 494 there seems to be a misprint of "tenet" for "negat." In the couplet (245-6)—

Namque ego præclaram nitidis Briseida ocellis
E castris rapiam quæ tibi sacra putas—

the construction and dependence of the relative clause is rather ambiguous. If it has any warranty in the English, it must be the word "prize," for which it may be a periphrasis. But then the neuter, as it were in apposition, is awkward, whereas if, as in natural sequence would be the case, the antecedent to "quæ" is "castris," then the relative clause is purely redundant. A comma at *rapiam* would make the sense clearer. Not that the translator is elsewhere chary of punctuation. When, as we hope he may have to do, he prepares a new edition, he may safely excise three commas in every five. Without justifying the lengths to which Mr. Justice Denman's class and bracket-fellow, Professor Munro, would have gone some time ago in getting rid of stops, we should have no hesitation in sweeping away three commas out of four in the line which in the translation before us groans with over-punctuation; as follows:—

Non tua, sed mea, et est, et erit tua nata, sacerdos;

where we should strike out all except that after *nata*. In closing our remarks upon an effort of scholarship worthy of the Judge's Cambridge laurels and his hereditary gifts, we hope that he may long have health, leisure, and inclination to continue his addresses to the Muse.

THE DEATH SHOT.*

In Captain Mayne Reid's story of *The Death Shot* we have the explanation of a picture as offensive as it was large which, some months ago, was exhibited on the walls of many of the railway stations. Our readers may remember a huge head of a man who was buried in the ground up to his neck, round whom wolves were prowling and birds of prey were swooping. No doubt, like the illustrations in the *Police Gazette*, it was a good advertisement, and likely to attract a certain class of readers. No less at the same time was it a miserable piece of workmanship, and an outrage on all good taste. There should be a certain limit in the art of puffing a new book, and this limit was surely passed in that horrible picture which was thrust before every one's eyes in the most public of places. If a man chooses to fill a book with offensive descriptions of human suffering, he has surely no right so to make them public that one must, however much against one's will, be ever coming across them. There is a cruelty moreover in the exhibition of such pictures as the one we are talking of; for it is impossible to form any guess as to the amount of suffering which they may cause to children who are blessed or cursed with minds as imaginative as they are sensitive. Captain Mayne Reid's great rival in horrors, Madame Tussaud, has the discretion to gather them all together into a separate chamber, and, so far from making them what he calls The Prologue to the exhibition, puts them right at the back. This Prologue, no doubt, is meant, like the illustration, to whet the reader's appetite, and by raising a strong curiosity about this "singular spectacle—one full of weird mystery," as the author calls it—to lead any one who chances to pick up the first volume to ask for the second and third. For it is not till towards the end of the story that the reader can make any guess as to who it is that is thus buried alive. It was so extraordinary a position for a hero to be placed in that we had made up our minds that it was one of the scoundrels in whom this book abounds. It was some relief to us to find, however, that it was the hero; for, as there was a heroine whom he had rescued but a few hours before, waiting for him to marry, and as there was the villain of the piece for him to kill, we felt quite sure that Captain Mayne Reid would, at the exercise no doubt of some self-restraint, have to keep the wolves and the vultures from having a whole chapter to themselves in which to make a meal of him. The author would have shown more tenderness for his reader's feelings had he followed the advice of a rival inventor of prologues. Changing Bully Bottom's words a little, we would have had him say, "We will do no harm with our coyotés and vultures, and the head of the man is not eaten indeed." It may be, however, that, after a course of sensation novels, ladies have become less soft-hearted, and that, so far from not being able to abide the drawing of a sword, they call, in their books at least, for all the horrors which went to make up a Roman holiday. Though in this one respect Captain Mayne Reid's prologue differs greatly from that which Bottom proposed and Quince spoke, yet in point of composition there is but little to choose between them. They are written, to be sure, in very different styles, the advantage lying perhaps with the Athenian carpenter. A nineteenth-century Bottom, if he, and not Quince, had had to compose a prologue, might likely enough have composed or roared in some such way as the following:—

Strange spectacle! The head of a man, without any body—set square upon the ground; with eyes in it that scintillate and see, a mouth that opens and shows teeth; a throat from which issue sounds evidently of human intonation; around this object of almost supernatural aspect, a group of grey wolves, and over it a flock of black vultures!

It is a pity that Captain Mayne Reid, in writing these stories of the wild life of North America, should not have been content to follow in Cooper's track, but should have striven to unite all the horrors of the backwoods with the almost greater horrors of what is called the sensational style. To be buried alive or to be scalped is horrible enough, but to be buried alive or to be scalped in doubtful English is more than the nature of man can bear. Captain Mayne Reid has a certain power of inventing those almost desperate situations and hairbreadth escapes in which we all of us at one time or other have delighted. He understands very well what may be called the legitimate business of the "Romance of Forest and Prairie." He knows how to have heroines run away with, and to keep heroes in hopeless captivity for the proper number of pages, till it is the right time for the backwoodsman or the grateful Indian chief to show off his craft, and, by first tracking and then shooting down the villains, to make every one happy in the end. Though in his earlier books he was fond of words almost as big as those "Herculean" backwoodsmen in whom he delights, he was as yet free from that odious style which he has apparently caught from writers far inferior to himself. Now his books present the strangest of mixtures, being a medley of Yankee English, negro English, "sensational" English, with a little French, and a plentiful scattering of Spanish phrases. Not only do the eyes of Clancy, the hero, scintillate when he is buried up to his neck, but the villain's eyes, on an earlier occasion, have an "angry scintillation," which "told that Clancy's life was in danger." As he treacherously fired upon him, "Clancy's eyes, flashing angrily, interrogated the forest." Unhappily the interrogation does not lead to much profit, for the wicked Darke gets another chance of firing, and, addressing him in italics, says,

* *The Death Shot: a Romance of Forest and Prairie.* By Captain Mayne Reid, Author of "The Headless Horseman." 3 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1873.

"Now, take your *death-shot*." This communication must have been in writing, though, as it is made in a scuffle in a forest, we can scarcely tell how; for the author adds, "as he saw (*sic*) the words, a fiery jet streamed from the left-hand barrel." The poor hero is shot at only the forty-third page of the first volume, and is left for dead, "the sulphurous smoke forming a nimbus around him." The villain, thinking that his rival will trouble him no more, at once makes off for the heroine, but comes upon her in an unfavourable moment, at a time when "the coruscation of the firefly has a response in flashes less pale than its own phosphorescence—sparks from the eyes of an indignant woman." The unfortunate heroine, though she escapes from the villain for this time, at last comes again into his power by the means of another villain, whose "glance inspired fear, such as one feels while being gazed at by the orbs of an adder." Admirable as are the eyes which we come across in this story, scarcely less admirable are the sights which they see and the light by which they see them. We have "moonbeams shimmering through the lattice-work," and "lights shimmering through the Venetian shutters" outwards, at the same time that there was the moon to shimmer through them inwards. We have "a crepusculous light that, stealing over the valley, empurples the foliage of the pecan-trees," and we have a stream that glides "with the sheen of silver and the sinuosity of a snake." We have moreover "something in the air, a speaking electricity that told him [a faithful negro] the child of God would triumph and he of the Devil be discomfited." The speaking electricity happily told the truth, though the child of God had just had a narrow escape with his life; for, when buried in the ground, "within three feet of his face he saw the white serrature of teeth and red panting tongues." On other occasions, even when there was no speaking electricity about, it was not difficult to read the future. The hero had his mind filled "with a strange foreboding, something like a prescience of evil," at the very time when, some miles away, the heroine was being carried off. The villains also, as well they might, for they were close on the end of the third volume, had in their turn "a prescience of evil." We cannot but wonder that these forebodings and this prescience are so often vouchsafed us, for in all the course of our reading we have never come across any one who paid the least attention to them. Wonderful as are the sights, scarcely less wonderful are the sounds. One of the most wicked of the wicked heroes "roars like an infuriated bear," heaves a sigh that "came from the bottom of his brawn (*sic*) chest, resembling the snort of a bear," is heard "growling like a grizzly bear," and, stranger than all, "gives utterance to an exclamation resembling the bellow of a bull, only more blasphemous." No wonder that, when he and the honest backwoodsman meet in an awful fight, there is heard "their hoarse stertorous soughing." After the blasphemous bellow of a bull, it is hardly worth noticing that on two occasions the birds are "stridulent," and that the thrush is "the grand polyglot of the feathered community." Captain Mayne Reid clearly delights in a word of classical origin, though sometimes he is not very fortunate in the use he makes of it when he has managed to secure one. A troop of horsemen sounds somewhat common no doubt. Nevertheless we can hardly approve of his so often calling it a cohort. He would have been nearly as accurate and more pleasing by his well varied phrases if he had now and then called it a Roman Legion or a Macedonian Phalanx.

It is a pity that Captain Mayne Reid has been so thoroughly successful in spoiling his style. Improbable as his incidents always are, and monstrous as they often are, he nevertheless knows how to work up what is called an exciting situation. It is a pity that the reader, while hurrying on in breathless interest to see how hero and heroine are to be saved, has so often to stop to laugh at the absurdity of the language. There is nothing, we dare say, very new in the various incidents of the story; but so long as it is a tale of the wild life of some scarcely explored country, the ordinary English reader will find pleasure in it, even if he knows that it is more than twice told. *Robinson Crusoe* gives us all in our childhood a craving for more stories of savage life, which scarcely gets satisfied even by the time we are men. The *Last of the Mohicans* and *Masterman Ready* are of such a nature that appetite grows by what it feeds on, and from them the reader would likely enough pass unsatiated to Captain Mayne Reid. We hope that he will, before it is too late, try to write one story free from speaking electricity, blasphemous bellowing, shimmering, and cohorts. If he will only give us good English, we will welcome all his old incidents as heartily as if they occurred in the story of the old grouse in the gun-room. The heroine shall again tumble at night off a steamer into a river full of alligators, and shall again be saved by her sister's lover, should the hero, as in the present story, be lying in a swamp with a bullet among his ribs. The hero shall again rescue the heroine from a troop (not a cohort) of mounted brigands, and shall in his turn be rescued by a faithful negro and an Herculean backwoodsman. The aged father shall again give them his blessing as they stand before the altar of a chapel, but not this time a *capilla*. We shall read it with delight to the end, and when we have come to the last page, shall be quite ready for another "Romance of Forest and Prairie."

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. JULES LOISELEUR* is fond of solving difficult historical problems. He has compared himself to a magistrate who, with a puzzling case before him, proceeds cautiously step by step, avoiding everything which might savour of a preconceived opinion, and carefully sifting the minutest scrap of evidence available. He seeks also to go beyond the examination and discussion of facts; he studies the motives under the influence of which men have acted, and adds to the analysis of documents that of the human heart. This method of dealing with history, already carried out by him in a volume entitled *Problèmes historiques* which we noticed several years ago, is now applied to four episodes belonging to the early part of the seventeenth century. The first is the murder of Henry IV. by Ravaillac, a crime ascribed by some historians to the mere spontaneous fanaticism of the assassin, whilst others consider it to have been part of a vast and well-conceived plot, at the head of which was, of course, the King of Spain. M. Loiseleur believes that both views of the matter are correct. Ravaillac, no doubt, acted under the impulse of fanatical opinions; but at the same time his private feelings were worked upon by the Duke d'Épernon and the Marchioness de Verneuil, who on this side of the Pyrenees furthered the designs of Spain. If, on the 14th of May, Ravaillac had not struck the blow, others were quite ready to take his place; and everything was so well prearranged that, three days after the catastrophe, an engraved portrait of the new King of France was already hawked about the streets. The second essay contained in the volume before us treats of the revolution of April 24, 1617, which brought about the exile of Marie de' Medici and the short tenure of power enjoyed by Albert de Luynes, whose policy our author condemns, agreeing in this respect with M. Michelet and M. Bazin, whilst he totally dissents from M. Cousin, whom he accuses of having systematically endeavoured to rehabilitate heroes and heroines of doubtful character. The death of Gabrielle d'Estrees, already examined in the *Problèmes historiques*, is once more described here, in connexion with a new and important document recently brought to light and forwarded to M. Loiseleur. Finally, the share taken by Mazarin in the Neapolitan revolution of 1647 is examined with the aid of historical documents hitherto unpublished. The Cardinal Minister is blamed severely for not having effectually helped the movement at a time when the Duke de Guise, whilst endeavouring to revive the pretended claims of his family to the crown of Naples, was really working in the interest of France.

The *Recherches* which M. Canel has published* are only a compilation, as he acknowledges; but they contain numerous interesting facts about Court fools and other eccentric characters who either officially or otherwise have amused the public in France by their witticisms. M. Victor Hugo's *Marion Delorme* and *Le roi s'amuse* have familiarized us with the names of L'Angely, Court jester to Louis XIII., and Triboulet, who held the same office during the reign of Francis I.; but the list of these worthies is a long one, and it deserved to be commented on by a trustworthy historian. Let us add that M. Canel has satisfactorily performed his task.

Everything connected with Sainte-Beuve is sure to attract notice, and we have no doubt that, if his entire correspondence appears in print, it will be eagerly perused, especially by the lovers of scandal.† It is well known that the *causeur du Lundi* loved dearly to abuse in private writers and other public characters whom he praised in his articles. A brother critic has aptly described him as a cat who was always delighted to make even his best friends feel that under his velvet paws there was an offensive weapon admirably qualified to wound the unwary. He quarrelled with the Princess Mathilde, as he had quarrelled with all his friends; the letters she had written to him were returned, and those which he had addressed to her are now published. So far as the author's reputation is concerned, it would have been far wiser to destroy them; for if they are interesting on account of the details they give us about certain persons of the Imperial *entourage*, they will certainly not raise our estimation of the moral character of M. Sainte-Beuve. It is amusing to see a man apparently so proud and independent as the historian of Port Royal, doing all he can to be made a Senator, and pouting like a sulky child when he fancies that his claims have been overlooked.

For further particulars respecting this remarkable man we may recommend, as an excellent source of information, M. Paul Foucher's amusing little volume, *Les coulisses du passé*.‡ It is a series of *feuilletons* contributed to the *Indépendance Belge*, and is full of valuable criticism. M. Foucher is both original and interesting when speaking of the masterpieces of dramatic literature; and when he comes to our own times and tells us what he knows of his contemporaries, he gives us details which will be extremely useful to future historians of French literature. He is the brother-in-law of M. Victor Hugo, and has therefore enjoyed advantages of which few similar writers can boast. Accordingly the whole band of the *école romantique* appears in his pages, and we can watch the development of the crusade directed by the poets of 1829-40 against the traditions of their classical rivals. Anecdotes, letters, and *bons-mots* abound, and all the *habitués* of the rue Notre-Dame des Champs sit for their portraits. In the particular case of Sainte-Beuve we think that M. Foucher had been extremely indulgent, and there are certain circumstances in the critic's life which the least prudish censor cannot gloss over or extenuate.

* *Questions historiques du XVIIe siècle.* Par M. Jules Loiseleur. Paris: Didier.

* *Recherches historiques sur les fous des rois de France.* Par A. Canel. Paris: Lemerre.

† *Lettres à la princesse.* Par C. A. Sainte-Beuve. Paris: Lévy.

‡ *Les coulisses du passé.* Par Paul Foucher. Paris: Dentu.

M. Compayré's essay on the philosophical system of David Hume is a very well written work*, showing a thorough knowledge of the theories which he analyses, and of English metaphysics in general. He does not attempt to give a complete biography of Hume; but, after relating those incidents in his life which have any reference to the development of his views, he discusses the merits of those views, examining successively the doctrines of the philosopher on the origin of our ideas, on truth, the existence of God, the passions, freedom, and morality. M. Compayré devotes a long chapter to Hume's scepticism, which he regards as thoroughly honest, however dangerous it may be and really is. The philosopher seems to have been fully aware of the consequences to which his theories might lead, for they filled him with sadness, and it was this perhaps that induced him to abandon metaphysical investigation for history. Whatever opinion we may form of Hume's philosophy, it is impossible to deny that it powerfully influenced the thinkers of England, Germany, and France; Reid, Kant, and Comte can only be thoroughly known and appreciated if we study their writings with constant reference to the doctrines of the eminent man whose merits as a philosopher have been so ably and, on the whole, so fairly stated by M. Compayré.

The two volumes published by M. Perrens†, and to which the Académie des Sciences morales et politiques has awarded one of its annual prizes, furnish another instance both of the remarkable impulse lately given to historical studies on the other side of the Channel, and of the perseverance with which recent historians endeavour to account for the present state of France by an investigation into the past. M. Picot's *Histoire des états généraux*, and Viscount de Luçay's *Assemblées provinciales sous Louis XVI.* derive, as we said some time ago, much of their interest from the fact that they are really *ouvrages de circonstance*. The same may be said of the new work of M. Perrens, who tells us in his introduction what are, from his point of view, the true conditions of a democratic society. It is an error to suppose that the ambition of a few obscure demagogues, encouraged by the sad state of France during the fourteenth century, was the only cause of the revolution attempted by Étienne Marcel and Robert Le Coq. Long before that time the French *bourgeoisie* had made repeated efforts to obtain a share in the administration of the country, and although the destruction of the communes had strengthened the royal authority and made representative government impossible for a time, yet the right of voting subsidies had been secured, and the extravagance of the Court multiplied opportunities for the citizens to control the assessment and expenditure of the taxes. M. Perrens discusses very ably the origin of democratic ideas, and thus enables us to appreciate the real character of the movement at the head of which the *prévôt des marchands* and the Bishop of Laon placed themselves in 1351. It has been lately the fashion to draw a parallel between the States-General then assembled and the revolution attempted by the Paris Commune in 1871. M. Perrens shows that the only similarity is to be found in the general condition of France at both epochs. Sedan and Poictiers equally recall to our minds the humiliating defeat of French armies, the sovereign made a prisoner, incapable generals, a thoroughly inefficient organization, and scandalous abuses which rendered defeat inevitable by misleading public opinion as to the real number of available troops. But whilst, in the days of Étienne Marcel, Paris placed itself at the head of the kingdom for the purpose of defending it the more effectually, and of making up for the loss of the monarch and the dispersion of the nobility, the Paris of 1871, or rather the cosmopolitan rabble which triumphed there for a short period, endeavoured to substitute itself for France at the very time when France itself was in arms and struggling to recover from the terrible blow the Prussians had inflicted upon it. After describing in detail the revolution of 1355, M. Perrens devotes a separate book to the consideration of democratic tendencies under the reign of Charles V.; book the third contains an account of the popular movements which marked the unhappy rule of Charles VI.; and finally we have a survey of the part performed by the Parisian demagogues at the instigation and for the benefit of the two rival factions of the Bourguignons and the Armagnacs. A supplementary chapter sketches the progress of democratic tendencies from the reign of Charles VII. to the Revolution of 1789.

Messrs. Hachette have begun the publication of a new Dictionary‡ which bids fair to deserve and obtain a large success. Up to the present time our French neighbours could boast of no work equal to Dr. William Smith's *Dictionary of Antiquities*: but if we may judge from the first *livraison* now before us, the lexicon jointly edited by Dr. Daremberg and M. Saglio will be quite worthy of a place beside the English one. The publishers have done well in selecting the royal quarto as the shape of the new Dictionary; each page is thus more full of matter, whilst the type is clearer, and a larger space has been allowed for pictorial illustrations. Every article is signed by its author; and the footnotes supply all the references which the student may require. Amongst the most important articles contained in this fasciculus we may notice the two entitled respectively *acta* and *actio*, which give ample details on interesting points of Roman law. We regret to say that Dr. Daremberg has not been spared to see the issue even of the first instalment of the work. M. Saglio is now solely responsible for it.

The second instalment of the new edition of Saint-Simon's Memoirs is just out*; it suggests no remark of any consequence; and the few notes added by the editor, M. Chérue, merely bear upon some grammatical inaccuracies of the writer. The prosecution which the Court of Rome directed against Fénelon's *Maximes des Saints*, and the beginning of the intrigues connected with the Spanish Succession, are the chief topics discussed in this volume.

We ought to have noticed M. Hartsen's substantial little volume† long ago; but it requires careful reading. The author begins with a protest against the distinction which some persons maintain, resting upon the supposed classification of philosophers into empiricists and rationalists, according as they observe facts or merely theorize. It is surely not difficult to show that such a distinction is fallacious; the strongest empiricist must deduce some kind of theory from the data with which experience supplies him; and, on the other hand, it is impossible to reason without assuming as a starting point some observation either true or false. Hence it is idle to argue that psychology should be treated according to the method employed by naturalists. In every branch of science there is only one good method, and naturalists must submit to it as well as psychologists. After having shown how a true system of psychology should be constructed, M. Hartsen goes on to treat his subject in detail. His remarks on desire, memory, gratitude, &c. are extremely curious, and show acute observation and careful study. The volume concludes with an appendix intended to refute the fashionable materialist arguments of the present day, and with a series of explanatory notes.

M. Francisque Bouillier has published a second edition of a work‡ which obtained much success at the time when it first appeared, and which is certainly a remarkable contribution to metaphysical literature. His theory is that generally known under the name of "animism," which looks upon the soul as the seat not only of thought and intellectual life, but of the activity which influences all our organs. Objections have been raised against this theory from several points of view. Animism, say some, leads to materialism, because it is difficult to represent the soul as the cause of material effects without assigning to it attributes and a nature analogous to these effects. M. Bouillier endeavours to show, on the contrary, that animism is the only theory by the help of which the materialistic school can be successfully refuted. The accusation of pantheism has also been directed against the animists, but, we think, with very little reason; for, whatever views we may entertain about the unity of the living principle in man, it is clear that the individual soul, such as M. Bouillier represents it, is totally different from the soul as the Stoics and the philosophers of the Alexandrine school understood it, which was merely a part of the universal principle animating the universe.

M. Alfred Rambaud has taken as the subject of his lectures at the Caen Faculté des Lettres the relations between Germany and France from 1792 to 1804.§ He writes to refute the opinions of modern German historians with respect to the evils which they assert that their country has had to endure from *la grande nation*. In the first place, he says, it would be unjust to accuse the French Republic of any intention of domineering on the right bank of the Rhine; the only aim of the revolutionary Government was to secure for France what he calls its natural limits, and also to carry out that kind of philosophical propagandism which Robespierre, Danton, and others looked upon as necessary for the welfare of humanity. The war of aggression arose from the murder of the plenipotentiaries at Rastadt, and thus, according to our author, Germany brought down upon herself the treatment she had to suffer at the hands of France. But, M. Rambaud remarks, the good results produced by the administration of Bonaparte more than compensated for the severities consequent upon military occupation, and the condition of the Germans during the Empire was really better than that of the French. M. Rambaud's views do not require much criticism; but it may be admitted that they are ingeniously put, and his little volume has the merit of being readable.

Amongst the reprints of well-known books which the Paris press has recently issued, we may notice the *Lettres portugaises* and the *Lettres de Mademoiselle Aïssé*, placed together, as well they might be, in the same duodecimo.‖ The former of these productions originated in a real love intrigue, carried on in 1665, during the occupation of the city of Beja by the French troops, by a young officer of the name of Bouton de Chamilly and a Portuguese nun, Dona Marianna Alcofavado. The *Lettres portugaises* published in the first instance were only five in number, but the success they obtained was so great that imitations came out on all sides, and the *religieuse portugaise* became unconsciously responsible for a number of letters with which she had nothing whatever to do. M. Sainte-Beuve's sketch of Madlle. Aïssé has

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* *La Philosophie de David Hume.* Par G. Compayré. Paris: Thorin.

† *La democratie en France au moyen âge.* Par F. T. Perrens. Paris: Didier.

‡ *Dictionnaire des antiquités grecques et romaines.* Par M. Daremberg et Edmond Saglio. Fascic. 1. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

* *Mémoires complets et authentiques du duc de Saint-Simon.* Publiés par MM. Chérue et Ad. Régnier fils. Vol. 2. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

† *Principes de psychologie.* Par F. A. Hartsen. Paris: Savy.

‡ *Le principe vital et l'âme pensante.* Par Francisque Bouillier. Paris: Didier.

§ *Les Français sur le Rhin.* Par Alfred Rambaud. Paris: Didier.

‖ *Lettres portugaises, avec les réponses. Lettres de Mlle. Aïssé.* Publiées par M. Eugène Asse. Paris: Charpentier.

given every possible detail respecting this remarkable woman and her lover the Chevalier d'Aydie. Her essentially unartificial character, her generous disposition, and her spirit of self-sacrifice form a very pleasant contrast with the tone of the society in which she lived; but they are not more striking than the unaffected beauty of her style. Her letters had been already several times published, and the present annotator, whilst taking as his guide the edition printed by M. Ravenel some thirty years ago, has found occasion to emendate here and there, and especially to add a great deal in the shape of illustrative notes. An excellent index completes the volume.

M. Paul de Musset's *Lauzun** is another reprint about which we may say a word. It is a kind of historical novel founded on the life of one whose entire career savoured more of romance than of reality. M. Paul de Musset's style, with its simplicity, its terseness, and its elegance, always appears to most advantage in those slight sketches which he is so fond of devoting to the heroes and heroines of the seventeenth century. Considered from this point of view, *Lauzun* is certainly one of his best works, and it stands in strong contrast with M. Janin's pretentious though brilliant volume, *La fin du monde et du neveu de Rameau*.† Nothing can be imagined more wearisome than this writer's mannerism when he ventures beyond the proportions of a newspaper article. His *feuilletons* are excellent, his novels intolerable. It is something, however, to be able to say that both M. Paul de Musset and M. Jules Janin, in the two works before us, commit no offence against morality, and present us with nothing really objectionable. The same remark may be made respecting the Greek tale of M. Rangabé. The *prince de Morée* ‡ professes also to be founded upon fact; it takes us back to the middle ages, and introduces us to the Crusaders who, after starting from the West in the year 1198 for the purpose of conquering the Holy Land from the infidels, stopped at Constantinople, and there founded an ephemeral French Empire. Geoffroy de Villehardouin, the celebrated chronicler, occupies a prominent part in this novelette, which seems faithfully translated from the modern Greek.

We do not know what to think of the extraordinary volume purporting to be the production of Madame de Saman.§ Is it a *bonâ fide* autobiography, or are the names of Chateaubriand, Sainte-Beuve, and Thiers, which are so frequently to be found in its pages, merely designed to give an air of reality to the narrative? George Sand's preface is very eulogistic; but then we must remember that Madame de Saman's notions of marriage and love are exactly those which are upheld in *Jacques*, *Lélia*, and *Valentine*; she "follows her heart in all freedom"—that is to say, she gives full swing to her passions, and glosses over the most irregular kind of life by long tirades on philosophy, the infinite, &c., &c.

M. Louis Blanc's *Questions d'aujourd'hui et de demain*‖ are a series of essays published at various times, in which the principles of Republican government are stated and maintained. The relations between the commune and the State, universal suffrage, the nature and essence of power—such are the chief topics discussed in this volume.

The *Class-book of Comparative Idioms* recently issued by Messrs. Hachette¶ is intended to supersede the ordinary dialogues which are so extensively used in schools at the present day. The French phrases and their English equivalents being printed in separate volumes, the reader will be able to employ with great advantage the materials thus placed within his reach, either for *viva voce* instruction or as subjects for written translations; and particular care has been taken to exclude obsolete, unusual, or slang expressions.

* *Lauzun*. Par Paul de Musset. Paris: Charpentier.

† *La fin du monde et du neveu de Rameau*. Par Jules Janin. Paris: Dentu.

‡ *Le prince de Morée*. Par A. R. Rangabé. Paris: Didier.

§ *Les enchantements de Prudence*. Par Mme. de Saman; préface de George Sand. Paris: Lévy.

‖ *Questions d'aujourd'hui et de demain*. Par Louis Blanc. Paris: Dentu.

¶ *Class-book of Comparative Idioms*. English, by W. Collett Sandars; French, by Jules Bué. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

The Saturday Review *is duly registered for transmission abroad.*

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The Decline of Bunkum. Lord Derby at Preston.
The Judicature Bill.

The Jesuits. Arctic Discovery.
The Persian Visit. The Priesthood in Southern Italy. Fish. A Manual of Dress.
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The Duke of Wellington and the Catholic Question.
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Letters of John Shillingford. The Great Dutch Admirals. Unorthodox London.
Discipline in Foreign Armies. Pope's Iliad in Longs and Shorts.
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The Examination will commence on Wednesday, June 18, at 9 A.M.
Further information can be obtained of the HEAD-MASTER, The College, Clifton, Bristol.

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16.	Pennington, H. F. D.	1,293
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SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 920, Vol. 35. June 14, 1873. [Registered for Transmission abroad.] Price 6*d*.

THE SPANISH ANARCHY.

THE progress of disorder in Spain corresponds with painful fidelity to the anticipations of prudent politicians. The first day of the Republic was the least gloomy; and the gathering of clouds has since been uninterrupted. The shadow of legal right which was preserved for a time disappeared when the Ministers, at the dictation of the mob which had previously remodelled the Cabinet, dissolved the Permanent Committee of the Cortes. Even the eloquent assurances of CASTELAR became fainter and fainter with the dissolution of military discipline and of civil obedience. In defiance of probability and experience the Ministers affected to hope that a Constituent Cortes would confer solidity and permanence on the new institutions. The more rational leaders probably saw with alarm the election of an exclusively Republican Assembly representing only the least enlightened and most violent section of the community. On the eve of the meeting of the Cortes, the Government, without a pretence of right, endeavoured to earn a cheap popularity by abolishing all ranks of nobility and titles of honour; but the original promoters of the revolution were already convinced that it had passed beyond their control. At their first sitting the Cortes decreed with ridiculous unanimity the establishment of that Federal Republic which is nevertheless as yet only a name. From that moment the supposed representatives of the people indicated the estimate of their own mission by an incessant exhibition of utter incapacity and shameless disorder. That the Ministers should resign their offices to the new Assembly might be regarded as a decent form; but in a country which retained any instinct of practical Government, they ought to have been immediately reinstated in their places. A knot of politicians which had taken upon itself to overthrow the Constitution, and which had exercised unquestioned power for several months, was morally bound to continue its services as long as the country required its aid. It had already been rumoured that CASTELAR was weary of his irksome task; and, to the general surprise, FIGUERAS also refused to return to office. Having turned the head of the ship to the breakers, and set all sail, the crew took to the boats; and probably their desertion accounts in some degree for the intemperate violence of the subsequent proceedings. The first quarrel arose on the question whether the new Ministers should be appointed singly or by a list; and then the Cortes fiercely contested the mode of election by open voting or by ballot. The first chief of the Cabinet was Señor PI Y MARGALL, one of the few respectable leaders of the Republican party; but in twenty-four hours he found it necessary to resign, and FIGUERAS once more attempted to form a Government. The first Cabinet appointed by the Cortes lasted long enough to produce a Budget, which consisted chiefly in a proposal to issue 20,000,000*l*. of an irredeemable paper currency with forced circulation. Revolution, like a watch running down, accomplishes its circles faster and faster, and modern imitations revolve in the familiar groove. The three months' old Republic in Spain is already reduced to dependence on *assignats*, except indeed that Spanish banknotes have not even, like the currency of the first French Revolution, a mass of national property behind them. The opponents of the scheme could only suggest the alternative of a forced loan; and, according to a scarcely intelligible statement, the Ministers themselves condemned the project of their colleague. Señor ORENSE tendered his resignation of the Presidency over an uncontrollable Assembly; and by the latest account PI Y MARGALL was once more chief Minister, while FIGUERAS had followed SAGASTA, ZORRILLA, and SERRANO into exile. The demagogues of the streets are already exhorting the sovereign people to supersede the authority of the Cortes, and it is not improbable that within a week the faction which corresponds to the Paris Commune may have succeeded to office. It is in Spain apparently that the democratic Helot will furnish the most graphic illustration of the blessings of universal suffrage.

As might be expected, the Carlists profit by the prevailing anarchy in the prosecution of their petty warfare. General NOUVILAS, commanding the Republican army in the North, has been unable to redeem his hasty pledge of overwhelming the insurgents by the beginning of June. In most of the reported skirmishes the Carlists seem to have obtained the advantage; but their victories display even more conspicuously than their defeats the insignificance of their resources. Notwithstanding the helplessness of their enemies, the Royalists have occupied no considerable town, and they are evidently unable to place a regular army in the field. Their hopes of the adhesion of disaffected officers have hitherto been disappointed, and there seems reason to believe that the Government troops incline, as far as they have any political leaning, to the cause of Don ALFONSO, son of Queen ISABELLA. An obscure mutiny at Grenada is supposed to have been promoted by Alfonsists; but it is for the present difficult to ascertain the objects of the different civil and military factions. In some places disturbances have arisen from causes unconnected with political objects. A body of Republican volunteers at Aranjuez was assaulted, in consequence of an insult offered to a woman, by the inhabitants armed with sticks; and one of their number was killed on the spot. The troops in the garrison of Madrid are guilty of frequent acts of insubordination; and their mutinous disposition is of course ascribed to the machinations of Carlist agents. The most serious case of mutiny which has yet occurred is the revolt of a portion of the troops stationed in Catalonia against General VELARDE. The pretext of the outbreak was the appointment of an unpopular captain who was rejected by his battalion with shouts of devotion to the Federal Republic. General VELARDE was forced to save himself by flight, though it is asserted that a portion of his force has remained faithful to its colours. The local government of Barcelona, which has on more than one occasion favoured military insubordination, appears in the present instance to side with the General against the mutineers. It seems that a deputation with reinforcements has left Barcelona to join VELARDE, and possibly the revolted troops may for the present be recalled to a sense of duty. Their clamorous attachment to the Federal Republic is founded on an interpretation of the phrase which probably accounts for any popularity which the new institutions may enjoy. To its partisans in the army, as in the country and the Cortes, the Federal Republic represents neither a combination of States nor a harmonious organization of local and central government, but unbounded license to every man to do what he likes. General VELARDE violated the principles of Federal Republicanism by appointing an unpopular captain of a company, and consequently the Federal Republicans under his command summarily dismissed their General. It would be interesting to ascertain whether CASTELAR still believes in the fine phrases which he learned from MAZZINI, or which he adorned for himself with the local colouring of Spanish Federalism. The whole organization of society appears to be crumbling to ruin since the doctrine of disobedience has been acknowledged as the rule of political practice. It was the pride of the Republican minority to render no voluntary submission to established authorities; and now the uncompromising faction refuses, with better reason, to acknowledge the control of rulers who are themselves revolutionary upstarts. There are without doubt patriots in Spain, including perhaps in their numbers some of the late Ministers, who must witness with pain and indignation the collapse of society, but, while

authority has been fatally weakened, and while loyalty has for the time disappeared, the ultimate resort of material force is at present unavailable. In all probability Spain will fall from bad to worse, until a disciplined force under a capable leader has emerged from the chaos of civil conflicts. A military despotism may restore order for a time; but the whole process of political improvement will have once more to begin from the beginning. No political party in Spain is exempt from the guilt of having deliberately or unconsciously contributed to the overthrow of liberty and order. SERRANO and PRIM committed a pardonable error in dethroning a Queen whose political and personal conduct was scandalously discreditable. The assassin who murdered PRIM inflicted the next blow on the prosperity of Spain; and the ungenerous and foolish opposition of SERRANO and the Moderate party to King AMADEO prepared the way for the miserable Republic which calls itself Federal.

The extreme faction of Madrid is demanding through its newspapers another armed revolution. It might have been thought that the passion for anarchy had satiated itself, but perhaps those who love rebellion on its own account may fear that, if the present opportunity is lost, there will no longer be a Government to overthrow. According to some reports the obscure persons who have within the last week succeeded one another in office have thought of the ingenious plan of distributing among the peasantry the estates of great proprietors. In this way it is supposed that a force might be created which would be able and willing to resist the Carlist incursions. The imbecile wickedness of the dominant faction exceeds all the hopes or fears of its enemies. Before the present cycle of revolution began, Spain, notwithstanding the defects of the Government, was rapidly advancing in material prosperity, and the discontent which existed was mainly confined to the army, the Court, and a small number of professional politicians. The Republicans, first by their opposition to more orderly Governments, and chiefly during their own administration of public affairs, have succeeded in impairing all securities for life and property, so that a large part of the more respectable population has taken refuge in foreign countries. For the evils which folly and ambition have inflicted on the country there is absolutely no compensation. The Government at Madrid, if indeed there is a Government, has neither popularity nor power; and when it is overthrown by some ignoble street riot, its unknown members will be supplanted by representatives of a still lower social stratum. The most conclusive condemnation of the Federal Republic is that, in the opinion of some political observers, the Carlists have for the first time since the disturbance of the old law of succession a possible chance of triumph. Although their efforts in the field are petty and desultory, an absolute monarch would be preferred to the odious and degrading tyranny of the mob of Madrid and Barcelona. A movement in favour of the rival branch of the BOURBONS would probably be more acceptable to the better classes; but in the present circumstances only a military leader could even attempt the re-establishment of order; and SERRANO, who is perhaps the least unpopular of Spanish generals, is an exile from his country. There is some consolation in the knowledge that the three months' reign of philanthropy and rhetoric is at an end. Political conflict in Spain has reduced itself to the elementary form of a mere comparison of material forces. The mob has beaten the orators; but it will be crushed in its turn as soon as it encounters a disciplined force.

MR. FORSTER AND THE EDUCATION ACT.

THE Elementary Education Act Amendment Bill, as described by Mr. FORSTER, is exactly what it professes to be. It amends, but it does not extend. The arrangements for the compulsory provision of schools remain as before; the arrangements for sending children to school remain as before. School Boards are not to be set up everywhere; attendance is not to be enforced everywhere. As regards the first of these points, taken by itself, the omission is consistent with the spirit of the original Act and with the repeated declarations of the VICE-PRESIDENT of the COUNCIL. The question whether School Boards ought to be made universal may be differently decided according as it is looked at on its own merits or in reference to compulsory attendance. The Education League wish to see School Boards established in every school district on both these grounds. They wish, that is to say, that School Board schools should be provided, not merely, as they are under the Act, in places where voluntary effort has not provided any efficient school, but in places where voluntary effort has provided efficient schools. School Board schools on this theory are to be the rivals, and not merely the supplements, of voluntary schools. It is evident that to have made School Boards universal for this purpose would have been to introduce a radical alteration into the Education Act. The leading principle of that Act was to arrive at a really national system of education by making full use of the partial systems already in being. Wherever voluntary effort had provided sufficient schools, or could be induced to provide them within a reasonable time, it was allowed to hold its ground. To set up a School Board school side by side with voluntary schools created in answer to the invitation of the Government, within three years from that invitation having been issued, and to do this with the avowed purpose of killing off the voluntary schools by means of the close neighbourhood of the School Board schools, would have gone very near to breaking faith with the persons who, accepting the Government assurance that rates might be made unnecessary by adequate subscriptions, had provided sufficient schools out of their own pockets. Parliament, we know, can make no binding contracts, and if a Bill making this change had been introduced and passed this Session, the managers of voluntary schools would have had no strict right to complain. But Ministers can make contracts binding at all events upon themselves, and the managers of voluntary schools would have had good right to complain if such a Bill had been passed at the instance of the present Government.

No breach of faith, however, would have been involved in the universal establishment of School Boards for the purpose of enforcing attendance at school, supposing that it could have been shown that no other machinery would effect this object equally well. In the omission from the Bill of all reference to this aspect of the question, as well as in the highly significant reference to it in Mr. FORSTER'S speech, the influence of the events of the spring may be clearly traced. "As regards compulsory attendance," said Mr. FORSTER, "I "have personally the same opinion as that which I expressed "in debate last year. I have not concealed from my col- "leagues my conviction that direct compulsion might be safely "made the general law for England and Wales." Mr. FORSTER did not go on to say, but it is not difficult to supply the gap, that his colleagues thought that, however safe it would be for England and Wales, it would not be equally safe for the present Cabinet. Whenever compulsory attendance is made universal—and after the precedent of the Scotch Education Bill the change is certain to be introduced some day—it will probably be made so at the cost of some hard fighting in Parliament, and a languid Government with, upon this question, only a divided party to lean on, is not inclined for hard fighting. Perhaps compulsory education might have been as good a question to go to the country upon as any that could easily be found, but to make up its mind to go to the country at all demands more energy than the Government now seems to possess. Certainly, if it prefers to be carried to the country rather than to go to it, it is probably well advised in keeping clear of compulsory education. It is fair, however, to say that there are two considerations which may well have weighed with the Cabinet in determining to leave the question alone. The first is, that whatever be the nature of the machinery by which attendance is to be enforced, the creation of it must throw large additional burdens on the rates, and in the present temper of the House of Commons on this subject it is not difficult to say how it would have received a proposal having this effect. A good number of persons who now talk cheerily enough in favour of compulsory education might have changed their note when the financial part of the question came up for discussion, and it is possible that a motion not to go on with the Bill until after some settlement has been arrived at in the matter of local taxation might have found unexpected favour even on the Liberal benches. The second consideration is that the establishment of direct compulsion as a general law would be very much easier if the religious difficulty were out of the way. As things stand, and are likely to stand for some time to come, the only schools in many districts will be voluntary schools. Compulsory attendance would therefore mean compulsory attendance at Denominational schools under the protection of the conscience clause. With proper safeguards in the way of inspection, we believe that this is a sufficient protection; but the Education League would certainly not accept it as such. It is highly probable that the next election will convince these gentlemen that their

power in the country is very much less than they have till lately supposed it to be, and if their weakness in the House of Commons can be shown to be an accurate measure of their weakness in the constituencies, it will be very much easier to settle the question of compulsory attendance at school.

The positive provisions of the Bill, so far as they were explained on Thursday, are mainly two. DENISON'S Act is to be made compulsory instead of permissive; and the payment of school fees is to be transferred from the School Boards to the Board of Guardians. At present the Guardians may provide for the education of the children of outdoor paupers if they think fit, but they must not make that provision a condition of relief. Mr. FORSTER proposes to repeal DENISON'S Act, and to enact that where outdoor relief is given to children between five and thirteen years of age, or to their parents, it shall be a condition of such relief that elementary education in reading, writing, and arithmetic shall be provided for them, and the Guardians shall give such further relief as may be necessary for that purpose. We do not imagine that this clause will meet with any opposition. It is a matter of the most obvious common sense that in relieving adult paupers care should be taken not to breed up a new generation of paupers to take their place. But to accustom the child of a pauper from babyhood to be maintained out of the rates, while denying him the education which may give him hereafter the wish and the power to maintain himself, is the best way to ensure his becoming a pauper as soon as he is old enough to make a choice for himself. As the law stands, parsimonious Boards of Guardians need not provide for the children of out-door paupers being educated, and even Boards of Guardians, whose wisdom extends beyond pence, are bound to relieve a parent even if he refuses to send his child to school. There are at least, Mr. FORSTER says, 200,000 children of school age whose parents are outdoor paupers, so that the effect of the new provision will be to extend compulsory education to a large proportion of the children who most stand in need of it. The vexed question of the 25th Clause of the Education Act is dealt with, in essentials, in the way which we have all along advocated. Wherever the parent of a child required by the by-laws of a School Board to attend school satisfies the Guardians that he is unable from poverty to pay the school fees, the Guardians are to make him such allowance as will enable him to pay them; but this allowance is not to be granted or refused on condition of the child attending any public elementary school other than such as may be selected by the parent. Mr. FORSTER asked the House to observe that the new clause does not enact that fees are to be paid to school managers out of the rates, but simply that help shall be given out of the rates to parents who without such help would not be able to obey the law. It is to be feared that the Education League will take no account of this distinction, and Mr. DIXON has in fact already sounded the note of fierce hostility to the Ministerial proposal. They will want to trace out the expenditure of the relief given, and will grudge the outlay of the least portion of it in sending children to Denominational schools. Why they are not equally precise about the expenditure of relief given for other purposes—why, for example, they do not make it a grievance that one old pauper buys her tea from a Roman Catholic grocer, while another buys her snuff from a tobacconist in connexion with the Congregational Union, is hard to say. But they are likely, if this analogy is driven home, to arrive at consistency by an absurd extension of their theory, rather than by a rational abandonment of it. It has long been evident that upon this point there is no room for compromise. So long as voluntary schools hold their present place in our educational system, the liberty given to a parent by the 25th Clause to send his child to the school he likes best, whenever there is more than one which gives efficient elementary education, is essential to the successful working of compulsion; and though the Education League may wish to dispense with elementary education altogether rather than have it on these terms, the country is not prepared to go with them. That Mr. FORSTER has maintained the distinction between paupers and parents requiring educational relief is to be regretted. It is an unmeaning distinction at the best, and it may easily become a mischievous one. Some of the worst evils attending it, however, will be removed by the Guardians being made the vehicle through which the relief is administered. It will be their business to determine whether the plea made out for it is genuine, and they will have a large practical experience to guide them in arriving at a conclusion.

FRENCH FINANCE.

THE new Government in France starts with one great and incontestable advantage, for it can at once get credit for wisdom and patriotism by merely avoiding the financial heresies of M. THIERS. Last summer everything was sacrificed to the one great object of floating on satisfactory terms an enormous loan. In order that it might be floated, M. THIERS had to be allowed to govern as he pleased, and to shape the financial policy of the country after his own fashion. He had two special fancies to which he adhered, until, for the sake of political peace, those who most clearly saw the blunders he was making assented to what he proposed. He was bent on freeing France from all Treaties of Commerce whatever, and he was resolved that a large portion of the annual revenue should be derived from taxes on raw materials. There was at no time any point on which he bestowed so much incessant attention, or to carry which he worked so cleverly and manœuvred so adroitly, as that of taxation of raw materials. He assured the Assembly over and over again that these taxes would produce four millions sterling. It was in vain that he was asked to explain how he proposed to get this revenue while existing treaties still permitted the free import of some at least of the raw materials that were to be taxed; and a special Committee in vain reported that, after examining the question to the best of their ability, they had come to the conclusion that the country would scarcely get a farthing of available revenue from the taxes on raw materials. M. THIERS replied that he was M. THIERS, that he knew from the teaching of his inner consciousness that four millions was the sum that would be produced, and that this was the exact sum necessary to balance the Budget. If the country is to be cleared of the foreigner there must be a big loan, he kept on repeating; if there is to be a big loan, the Budget is to be balanced; if the Budget is to be balanced, raw materials must be taxed. The Assembly listened, did not believe a word he said, and voted as he wished. Indirectly this vote produced the effect intended. Lenders did not accept M. THIERS's statements and suppose that the Budget would be balanced by taxes on raw materials, but they saw in the readiness of the Assembly to support the Government of the day on financial questions, even against the opinion of nine-tenths of the voters, an assurance that France would in some way or other see that its Budget was balanced. Now that sufficient time has elapsed to ascertain what has been the practical effect of the scheme of taxation to which M. THIERS clung so fondly, it is found that all his expectations have been deceived. The taxes on raw materials, which were intended to produce four millions, have not produced anything. The whole scheme is a total failure. The expected revenue from other sources has also proved deficient, and the new Government, which finds a natural pleasure in revealing all that its adversaries must have long mourned over in secret, announces that there is a deficit of eight millions sterling. To provide for a deficit of eight millions sterling is generally as melancholy a duty as a Government can be called on to discharge. But in this case there is much to make the operation pleasant. The new Ministry can clearly cast the burden of discredit on the shoulders of their predecessors, and every financial step they take is also a step towards the great result of lowering the reputation of M. THIERS.

The new Government is remarkably strong in financial ability. M. MAGNE was twice Finance Minister under the Empire, and the confidence he won in that position is generally recognized as one of the main causes of the great rise in the price of the public funds during the last fortnight. M. DE LA BOUILLERIE, the Minister of Commerce, was the author of the Financial Report of 1871, and was the Reporter on the Budget of 1872. Both Ministers voted against the taxes on raw materials, and abstained from voting for the Bill to abolish the English Treaty of Commerce. Now, therefore, that they are prepared to reverse the policy of their predecessors, they come forward perfectly unfettered, and command the attention due to men who thoroughly understand the business they are taking in hand. On Saturday a deputy, acting no doubt in concert with the Government, proposed that the taxes on raw materials should not be levied until compensatory duties could be imposed on all foreign goods. This was, in effect, to suggest that the whole of M. THIERS's peculiar system of finance should remain in abeyance until all existing Treaties of Commerce have expired. The MINISTER of COMMERCE replied that, as to the taxes on raw materials, it was impossible any longer to regard them as a source of revenue; and that for financial purposes the law of 1872 must be regarded as a dead letter. But the proper treatment of the Treaties of Commerce presented some difficulty, for negotia-

tions had been carried on by the late Government with Italy, England, and Belgium, and the new Government was not prepared, without further consideration, to state how far it found itself pledged by what had been done. Meanwhile a Committee of the Assembly appointed to inquire into commercial affairs has made a suggestion which, if it could be carried out, would remove many difficulties. It is, that the Treaties of 1860, without being formally renewed, should be put practically into operation by what the Committee term "tacit reconduction." Thus the whole of M. THIERS's work would be swept away at one stroke; and although it is not known whether the Ministry will adopt the suggestion, the MINISTER of COMMERCE has taken an important step in this direction by announcing his readiness to abrogate the new Merchant Shipping Act, by which a heavy differential duty was imposed on English vessels. This Act, which was one of the chief gems of M. THIERS's Protectionist policy, was intended to give new life to the languishing commercial marine of France; but practically it has had a totally opposite effect. It has thrown French trade into confusion, it has diverted commerce from French to Dutch and Belgian ports, and, while it has produced great irritation among English shipowners, it has conferred no benefit on the owners of French vessels. The Minister, therefore, had the satisfaction of at once taking a step which he could rely upon as being regarded by England as a friendly act, and at the same time gratifying the French commercial public. In recurring to a more liberal financial policy he will have no opposition to fear from his habitual adversaries. The Left, when they supported M. THIERS in his fanciful schemes, openly avowed that they considered him totally wrong, but were prepared for temporary political purposes to support him whether he was wrong or right.

But the deficit of eight millions remains, and the first idea of the Ministry seems to have been to procure what is wanting by a new tax on business transactions and by an increase of the Registration duties. Formidable objections may be urged against looking to either of these two sources. To increase the Registration duties is simply to add to the existing heavy burdens on land; and although it would be equitable to make the landed classes bear their share of new taxation if traders were to be subjected to new taxes, the justice of the scheme would scarcely reconcile the grumbling small proprietors, in whom the new Government hopes to find its surest allies, to pay more than is now exacted from them. The tax on business transactions has almost every possible fault that a tax can have. It would be as inquisitorial as the Income-tax, and it would fall most unfairly on different sets of traders. What is proposed is that a tax of one per cent. should be levied, not on the net profits, but on the gross transactions of traders. The oftener, therefore, that a man turned over his money, the more he would pay to the State, although his profit on each transaction might be very small. Nothing could be more certain to discourage commercial activity and enterprise, as the accidental nature of his business, and not his available yearly revenue, would determine how much a trader would have to pay. So difficult is it in the present state of France to invent new taxes, that attention has been naturally directed to a method of avoiding altogether the necessity of new taxation. The State has arranged to repay the money lent it by the Bank of France by annual instalments of eight millions sterling. If the State did not pay in the coming financial year this instalment, there would be eight millions less to provide from taxation, and thus the Budget would be balanced without a farthing of new taxation being requisite. This mode of getting out of the difficulty is delightfully simple, and the attraction of diverting these eight millions from their appointed object is so great that inventive financiers are always proposing schemes for turning this fund to account in their own fashion. M. POUYER-QUERTIER, for example, has recently suggested that it might be very conveniently used for paying off the purchase-money of the Eastern railways; and as the Government pays only one per cent. to the Bank, while it pays six per cent. interest to every one else, there is evidently no end to the ways in which it might be shown that the State would reap an immediate gain if it postponed the repayment of its debt to the Bank. But to propose such a postponement is really to take a very serious step. Until its debt is repaid, the Bank cannot resume cash payments; until cash payments are resumed, France is cut off from a most important portion of commercial business. There used to be two centres of exchange operations in Europe, London and Paris; but since the war of 1870 exchange business has been altogether diverted from Paris, and London has become the one centre of European operations, as the nature of their business requires that dealers should be certain of being paid, if they need it, in gold. It is not, therefore, surprising that the Bank of France should regard with the greatest regret the loss of the important position it once held, and should insist that no sacrifice can be too great to enable Paris to become once more the rival of London. Men of great financial ability are sure to urge this view in the Assembly, and no one could be better aware than M. MAGNE how much he is abandoning if he defers the resumption of cash payments to an indefinite period. Should the Ministry make the proposal, it will probably carry it, for the only alternative is to invent new taxes, and this is beyond the power of an Opposition. But it is certain that the proposal would be made with the greatest reluctance on the part of the Government, and would be accepted by the Assembly with the severe disapproval of those in its ranks best qualified to judge of the ultimate consequences of what was being done.

THE SCOTCH CHURCHES.

THE Assemblies of the Scotch Churches would, it might reasonably be thought, present a very pleasing spectacle of active and successful Protestantism. The great mass of the nation is of one faith, and that faith is endeared to it by history, tradition, and the remembrances of great triumphs over great difficulties. In everything that elsewhere is considered to form the basis of a Christian communion the vast bulk of Scotchmen are absolutely agreed. The population consists of a million and a half Presbyterians of the Established Church, half as many Presbyterians of the Free Church, and nearly half a million United Presbyterians. Outside the Presbyterian fold there are three hundred thousand Roman Catholics, and less than one hundred thousand Episcopalians. There is no tenet that has the slightest connexion with theology or spiritual life as to which the divisions of the Presbyterian fold are at variance. What separates them is that the United Presbyterians wish the Church to have nothing to do with the State, the Free Church wishes the State to assist the Church, provided it does so on terms of which the Church approves, and the Established Church likes to be connected with the State, and is perfectly content to have the prestige of cordial relations with the Crown, and as much in the way of endowments as it can get. In spite, however, of their agreeing on ninety-nine points out of a hundred in which Christians feel warm interest, their discord as to the hundredth point is enough to develop all the vigour and fury of theological bitterness and theological hatred. It is perhaps because they agree in so much that they hate and revile each other so fiercely in the narrow field of their disagreement. The main note or mark of Scotch Presbyterianism is its intense parochialism. It is the perfect flowering of religious beadledom. The meetings of the Assemblies ring with the utterances of alternate bombast and scurrility which are so familiar a feature in the proceedings of vestries and parish Boards. There is no measure or sense of proportion in anything that is said. Any departure from the view of the speaker is spoken of as if it showed a depravity sufficient to doom to destruction a world in which such opinions can be held. Men of the most earnest sincerity and the most amiable temper seem to bid good-by to common sense altogether when they come within the deteriorating influence of an Assembly. Dr. DUFF, who has given almost the whole of a long and successful life to missionary work in India, has been acting as the Moderator of the Free Church, and a man who has seen many men and things, and who has won fame for himself and his Church by his labours abroad, might be expected to be a little reasonable when he came to preside over the meetings of his brethren at home. But Dr. DUFF is no more able to resist the demoralizing atmosphere of a General Assembly than any one else. In an opening address which filled twenty-one columns of a local journal, he touched on every subject that interested him. Among other things, he announced to his hearers that an event had recently happened which was the most critical, the most grave, and the most appalling event in the history of the human race since the fall of ADAM. Persons not accustomed to the language of speakers in General Assemblies would never guess, if they guessed all the rest of their lives, what this awful event really was. It was the election of a Mr. RIGG as a member of the School Board of Edinburgh. Nor was Dr. DUFF, to bestow on whom the title of Moderator is the only trace of humour in the proceedings, less aspiring in his language when commenting on the behaviour of the brethren over whom he was presiding. They

relieved their feelings by freely hissing the speeches of those with whom they disagreed. This, the Moderator informed them, reminded him of MILTON's hissing Devils, in what he euphemistically called "a remarkable place." No one seems to have thought there was anything odd in this. They were met in General Assembly, and therefore it seemed to them perfectly natural that they should hiss any fellow-labourer in the spiritual vineyard whose opinions on the minutest point of ecclesiastical arrangements differed from theirs, and that in return their President should tell them that they made him feel as if he were in MILTON's Hell.

A story is told that at one of these meetings a speaker remarked that the speeches of those who preceded him reminded him of his wife's tea, which was very hot and very weak. This description gives a not inaccurate, although perhaps too complimentary, impression of the speeches made at a very excited and stormy meeting of the Free Church Assembly held a few days ago. There was no tea at all in most of these outpourings. It was all undiluted hot water. Speaker after speaker rose, and so intense was the interest excited that the Free Church was on the very brink of breaking up on the point at issue; and yet any one outside the communion might read columns of these speeches as reported, and fail to gain the slightest clue as to what it was that formed the subject of quarrel. It was something so very small that it could not be put into intelligible language. And yet the quarrel was carried on at a white heat, and passion seemed destined to triumph over reason, if there was any reason to triumph over, when all of a sudden a compromise was suggested which appears totally unmeaning, and then all the Assembly declared itself happy and satisfied, and the Moderator declared that there had been a special interposition of Divine Grace to avert disruption, and prayer was offered up in thankfulness for a great deliverance. Up to a certain point the question is not wholly unintelligible. As the Established Church is rather larger in number than the two other Presbyterian Churches, and as both of these agree in thinking that the Erastianism of the Established Church is one of the most frightful things on earth, it occurred to many leaders of the two dissentient bodies that, if they united, they might do more to hurt the Established Church than they could do singly. Accordingly, for nine years there has been a movement in this direction, and the time seemed to have arrived to carry it out so far as might be practicable. But there was a minority in the Free Church which abhorred the thought of joining so dangerous a body as the United Presbyterians; and this minority threatened that, if they were outvoted, they would appeal to the Courts of Law, and claim that, as they wished for no change, all the property of the Free Church should be handed over to them as the true representatives of the communion. As the whole basis of the Free Church is its protest against the temporal Courts having jurisdiction in spiritual matters, there was something supremely audacious in this threat. But then it seemed as if the law was likely to be on the side of these illogical disputants, and it would have been an absurd termination of an attempt to enlarge the borders of the Free Church if all its possessions had passed into the hands of a minority. The promoters of union were therefore obliged to succumb, and they did this under the veil of a compromise which is totally unintelligible. This does not, indeed, impair the effect of a compromise which is merely a means of concealing defeat, and which may answer its purpose perfectly well although no one understands it. But the state of mind in which such a compromise could be accepted after so much previous opposition had raged an hour or two before is strongly characteristic. It is now arranged that, if a Free Church congregation chooses to call a United Presbyterian minister, the Presbytery shall pronounce that this call is regular and sufficient, and shall send him some special Free Church documents of which he need take no notice, but in which his silence is to be taken as implying that he agrees, and then he may minister to the Free Church congregation that wishes for him. It had previously been proposed that under similar circumstances the Presbytery should sustain the call, and this was pronounced to be so detestable a proposal as to necessitate the disruption of the Church on the part of those who perceived its enormity. The disruption seemed inevitable, and the minority had already hired a public building in which to take up their new quarters when fortunately the dinner-hour arrived. During this happy interval a conciliatory member was prompted, as the Moderator thinks, by a special interposition to suggest that the Presbytery should not sustain the call, but pronounce it sufficient. Directly those magic words were uttered the spirit of peace entered into every breast. Brothers fell blessing and melting into brotherly arms, and all was sweetness, harmony, and rapture. How this happened it is hopeless to attempt to inquire; it is more easy to enter into the feelings of one of the ardent spirits of the minority who told his congregation on the succeeding Sabbath that on reflection he would not be satisfied, that a proper building had been actually hired, and that he was of opinion that the disruption ought to have taken place.

The Assemblies of the Established Church are much more decorous, although parochialism is tolerably rampant there also. We gather from the records of recent meetings that the Church is fairly flourishing; that it at least holds its own; that it collects and spends a considerable amount of money; and that it is especially anxious for the conversion of the Jews. This was all set forth with the usual adornments, and in the usual metaphoric language. The Church was under the waves, but floating on them; beleaguered, but ready to unmask its own powerful batteries; and, in short, capable of being pictured under any images of combined adversity and success. But what really took up almost the whole time and absorbed almost the whole interest of the Assembly was a discussion of the case of Dr. WALLACE, who has a church in Edinburgh, and who has lately been appointed by the Crown to a chair in the University of Edinburgh. With the habitual injustice of theological enemies, some of those who resented his appointment as a Professor thought that they could deal him a side blow by raking up expressions which he was said to have used in the pulpit, but of which no notice had been taken until he had gained promotion. The chief allegation seems to have been that Dr. WALLACE had applied the terms "fickle, lawless, and fidgety" to the DEITY as conceived in the popular Scotch theology. But there can be nothing heretical in giving a mistaken account of other people's opinions, and it was heresy with which Dr. WALLACE was charged. At the same time, if such expressions were used in the pulpit, no greater proof could be given of the deep-seated parochialism of the Scotch ecclesiastical mind. Liberalism may be as parochial as anything else, and nothing can be in worse taste than offensive, exaggerated expressions from the pulpit intended to hold up to ridicule the opinions of ordinary believers. The Assembly had finally the good sense to put a stop to the vague proceedings against Dr. WALLACE, and to declare that if people wished to attack him they must do so in a regular manner, and prove what they asserted. There is always some kind of moderation and good sense and perception of what justice requires in a Church that is connected with the State, and the decision of the older Assembly shines by contrast with the furious babble of its younger rival about sustained and sufficient calls. But it is impossible not to see that the parochialism of Presbyterianism must in the long run destroy it in a country which, outside religious affairs, is making progress so rapidly as Scotland. One significant symptom of this is that the Established Church cannot, as its recent Reports show, get a sufficient number of candidates for the ministry. Able young men cannot in these days feel much attraction for such arenas as General Assemblies; and the laity, as it moves forward, will gradually come to regard these exhibitions of clerical thought and temper with a mixture of pity and contempt.

THE GOVERNMENT OF COMBAT.

M. BEULÉ seems destined to be the evil genius of the Duke of BROGLIE's Ministry. His first Circular to the prefects went as far as it was possible to go with decency in the way of corrupting public opinion. In England the issue of such instructions would have been regarded as tantamount to an admission that the majority in the Assembly is not supplemented by any corresponding majority in the country. In France, however, the habit of submission to the authorities is so well established that it seemed nothing more than natural that the new MINISTER of the INTERIOR should direct his subordinates how to turn this habit to account. What really puzzled Frenchmen was the omission of the late Government to take the same course. If M. THIERS had not left the electors free to choose their own representatives, it is by no means unlikely that the Conservatives would have condoned his other shortcomings; but they found it impossible to feel themselves safe under an Administration which neglected so indispensable a political duty. Consequently M. BEULÉ's first Circular was intended, not only as a manual for the new prefects, but also as an intimation to the friends of the Government that the officials in charge of the elections would no longer be allowed to disregard their duties as they had disregarded them under M. THIERS. If the Circular gave

some colour to the charge of Imperialism which has been freely brought against the new Cabinet, the Minister could at least plead that it was essential to let the Conservatives see that they had gained something by M. THIERS's deposition.

The second Circular probably means nothing more than the first, but it differs from it in the important particular of saying exactly what it means. That this distinction is not an insignificant one is clear from the impression which M. BEULÉ's language has made on the supporters of the Government. It is a well understood maxim in politics that there are many things that can be safely done which cannot be safely talked about. The French Conservatives are in the position of a candidate for a seat in Parliament who is not averse to judicious bribery, provided that his agent takes care that he knows nothing about it. It might have been whispered about that this or that Republican newspaper had been bought, and the Conservatives would only have felt a secret pleasure in the reflection that their interests were in careful hands. But to have the order to buy produced in its naked simplicity is another matter. M. BEULÉ's Circular is a virtual proclamation that Conservative principles are of so little account in the country that they can only be saved from extinction by hiring journalists to write them up; and though the Right may feel an uneasy suspicion that this is the fact, they are naturally disgusted at having their suspicions put into a shape in which they can be read to the whole Assembly. Men do not always like having their fears revealed to themselves, and in this case they have to endure the greater misfortune of having their fears revealed to their enemies. The bargain which M. BEULÉ is so anxious to conclude is now discredited beforehand. The newspapers which are "susceptible of becoming Conservative" will now have to put a bridle on their desires. Their conversion must be delayed until there has been time for the character of the arrangements in consideration of which their eyes are to be opened to the truth to drop out of recollection. However highly they may value the flow of telegraphic news which the Minister promises to the journals which support his policy, they must necessarily be shy of profiting by it. The Opposition journals will take care that the terms on which it is to be obtained are sufficiently paraded before the public, and a newspaper which is known to have been bribed is hardly worth the cost of bribing. Altogether, M. BEULÉ will perhaps think it best to postpone the organization of his new department. The publication of this unfortunate Circular is probably due to M. BEULÉ's injudicious haste to make use of his new machinery. He has been dismissing and appointing prefects at such a pace that he can hardly have known whom to trust and whom to distrust. If he had waited till the reconstruction of the staff was complete, the chances of disclosure would have been fewer. He would have had time to go carefully over the list of nominations, and any prefect betraying the nature of his instructions to M. GAMBETTA would have imperilled his whole future career. As it is, it is more than possible that the Circular has fallen into the hands of some official who had already been dismissed and was only holding office until his successor came to relieve him, or who knew that his stay in office would be at an end as soon as M. BEULÉ had acquainted himself with his antecedents. To communicate its contents to the leader of the Left was not only, therefore, an act of pleasant revenge on the Government, it was also the establishment of a certain claim on the Opposition whenever they are next in power. It is difficult to say how much injury to the Ministry this discovery may not do. It has already cost them the services of a useful subordinate, and it may yet lead to the retirement of M. BEULÉ himself. We can hardly believe that the Duke of BROGLIE has so entirely forgotten his Liberal training as to approve of this wholesale purchase of the provincial press. He is too much a victim to a blind fear of revolution to be very careful as to the means employed to stave it off, but he is probably as unwilling as his supporters to have the nature of these means too coarsely brought home to him. His relations with the colleague whose carelessness has caused this annoyance can scarcely be as pleasant as they were before, and if the change should induce M. BEULÉ to resign his office, the effect on a coalition built up of such incongruous materials may be unexpectedly disastrous. At all events, the debate of Tuesday proved that the Opposition could command, at first starting, and at the call of their least trusted chief, a compact minority of 308 votes.

The impression conveyed by this remarkable document is as little favourable to the wisdom as to the honesty of the Ministry. In so far as M. BEULÉ represents their views—and if he is allowed to remain in office after taking upon himself the full responsibility of the Circular, he must be supposed to represent them completely—it is clear that they have not profited in the slightest degree by the experience of their predecessors. One principal source of the weakness from time to time disclosed in the seemingly strongest Governments in France has been the absence of any independent public opinion in their favour. They have had servants of all kinds ready to do their bidding so long as they were paid for it, but they have had no real friends. And one main cause of this friendlessness has been their anxiety to buy support instead of waiting for support to offer itself. The aid of a single newspaper voluntarily given on public grounds is more useful than the advocacy of a dozen when it has been secured at a figure perfectly well known to all who care to find it out. But if every paper is sounded by the prefect in order to ascertain whether it is willing to be bought, such independent journalism as exists in the French provinces naturally drifts towards the Opposition. It does not get any advantage from taking the part of the Government because it rejects the Government shilling, and yet every word it says in defence of the Government exposes it to the imputation of being in the Government pay. If it casts in its lot with the Opposition, it is no worse off in respect of special news, or whatever else be the coin in which the Government pays its lackeys, and it has at least the credit of being independent. The fallacy which runs through M. BEULÉ's second Circular is identical with that which was apparent in his first. He thinks that support is just as valuable when it merely expresses the self-interested calculations of those who render it as when it expresses their genuine wishes. A vote, in M. BEULÉ's estimation, is equally a vote whether it be given at the bidding of the Prefect or at the bidding of the voter's own convictions. A favourable article in a newspaper does the same good to the Government if it has been paid for in cash or in telegrams, as if it has been prompted by the unbiassed wish of the conductors of the journal to see the Government strong and prosperous. Those who reason in this way forget that hired advocacy usually fails the Governments that trust to it at the very moment when they need it most. So long as the Government does well to itself, the newspapers in its pay will speak well of it; but as soon as it becomes uncertain how long a Government will retain the control of the cash-box, it is essential to its newspapers to shake themselves free of a connexion which threatens to become actively injurious to their prospects. The Duke of BROGLIE's Ministry has lost no time in making the accustomed blunder with more than the accustomed pomp and circumstance. Under the Empire a Circular to the same purpose might have been written any day, but it would never have been written in the same bald and undisguised language. The plagiarists of the Empire outdo, but do not improve upon, their model.

THE JUDICATURE BILL.

THE debate on the second reading of the Judicature Bill has happily cleared away nearly all the fogs and mists with which the controversy had been clouded. The suspicion which had been very needlessly entertained that the suggestions of the Equity Bar were prompted by covert hostility to the measure has been scattered to the winds. Every Equity lawyer who spoke in the House declared his cordial adhesion to the principle of the concurrent administration of the whole law of England in every branch of the judicature, and it is at last well understood that the LORD CHANCELLOR has found, as he ought to find, his warmest, though not his least critical, supporters in the ranks of his own Bar. The speech of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL in introducing the Bill, and his observations at the close of the debate, have supplied the most complete guarantee of the intention of the Government to introduce or accept such amendments as can be shown to be real improvements in the confessedly defective machinery of the Bill. And it is especially satisfactory to hear from the ATTORNEY-GENERAL that Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. LOWE are satisfied that this is not a matter on which they should higgle about money, and that if the thing is worth doing, it is worth paying for to do it well. Of course this does not mean, and ought not to mean, reckless expenditure; but it must mean that the new Court is to be constituted with a view to the utmost possible efficiency, and not merely with the idea of getting the best tribunals that can be got at the price now paid.

After such assurances there was no room for opposition, and the Bill was read a second time with cordial unanimity.

The subordinate question whether the important amendments which are promised shall be settled in Select Committee or in Committee of the whole House turned merely on considerations of convenience. There is much work to be done, and we are not quite sure that it would not be done more rapidly over a Committee Room table than on the floor of the House. There is weight, however, in Mr. WATKIN WILLIAMS's observation, that it would be very difficult to get the lawyers together in the morning, and in the present temper of the House we may fairly count upon a full discussion of the clauses when the House gets into Committee. It is a great point gained to have nearly all questions of principle absolutely concluded. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL not only conceded, but welcomed with genuine enthusiasm, the proposal that the Common Law Divisions should be strengthened from the outset with an infusion of Equity trained colleagues, and he was able to convey the assurance, that this was desired by none more keenly than by the Common Law Judges themselves.

On the constitution of the Court of Appeal the assurances of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL were equally satisfactory. The permanent staff is to include three Equity Judges in addition to the Lords Justices. This will make a well-balanced Court, though it may be doubted whether they will find time to get through their work without splitting themselves into inconveniently small divisions. The question of the amount of strength which must be allotted to the Chancery Division to make it capable of dealing efficiently with the work assigned to it, has not yet been fully discussed; but no one impugned the broad principle insisted on by Mr. FOWLER that such strength should be given as to ensure the introduction of *viva voce* evidence, to save the jury box from being once more consigned to the lumber-room, and to get rid of the scandal of delegating Judges' work to Chief Clerks in Equity and to Registrars in Bankruptcy. Amendments with these objects ought to be, and no doubt will be, jealously watched to guard against excess; but we may assume after what has passed that whatever is clearly shown to be essential to efficiency will be granted without demur.

One very important matter—that of procedure—will require a good deal of careful and rather minute attention. On this topic also the ATTORNEY-GENERAL has laid down a doctrine which every one, we think, will subscribe to. He referred, as the LORD CHANCELLOR had done before him, to the cause which more than anything else led to the failure of LORD HATHERLEY'S measures; and with the entire concurrence of the House, declared that in his judgment the lines on which the future procedure of the Court is to be built ought to be clearly laid down in the Bill itself, and that nothing should be delegated to any extra Parliamentary authority except the duty of filling up details in accordance with principles definitely indicated in the Bill and its schedule. At present it is admitted on all hands that the schedule does not perform the function which belongs to it. It leaves unsettled the very first principles and fundamental rules of pleading to be observed, and it would be quite possible without straining a word of it to fill it up in such a way as to reproduce the essence either of Chancery pleading or of Common Law pleading at the will of those to whom the duty of filling in the details might be committed. This would be in substance the same delegation of legislative power which was so much objected to in LORD HATHERLEY'S scheme; and however difficult it may be for the House of Commons to deal with such matters in Committee, the Bill will not be what its framers intend it to be unless the schedule is so far remodelled as to settle once for all the broad outline at least of the procedure to be substituted for the two antagonistic systems which are now in operation. In doing this it will not be necessary to descend into anything which can fairly be called detail, and the work will be substantially done when satisfactory and decisive answers are given to the following questions:—

1. Is a plaintiff to have the option either of commencing proceedings by a writ, to be followed after the defendant's appearance by a printed statement, or, if he prefers it, of serving both statement and writ in the first instance, and moving, it may be, for an injunction without an hour's delay? We can see no reason why it should not be open to a plaintiff to choose the one or the other method according to the nature of the case which he brings before the Court. But whichever way it is determined, the point ought to be settled by the schedule.

2. Are pleadings to be "open pleadings," that is, plain statements of fact, or are they to be "issuable pleadings" in the technical sense that they are to be framed so as necessarily to lead to definite specific issues, and to be subject to the old rules of special pleading by which this end is secured? This is a question of primary importance, and for many reasons we are satisfied that the Judicature Commission was right in deciding in favour of open pleading. The great value of it is that it ensures all the facts being before the Court, and almost excludes the possibility of a suitor's cause being lost by a slip on the part of his pleader. The objections urged against it are that it leads sometimes to prolixity, and that it does not produce ready-made issues for a jury to decide upon. The first of these defects may be readily cured by punishing undue prolixity with costs, and the other by adopting the practice which has answered so well in the Divorce Court, of always trying causes on specific issues prepared by the parties and settled in case of difference by the Court. On the other hand, the merit of "issuable pleading" is that it is thoroughly scientific, or rather was so before the Common Law Procedure Acts tampered with it, and that it does in theory at any rate necessarily lead to definite issues. Unfortunately, these issues are too often general issues, under which juries decide upon mixed facts and law, and the scientific precision of the method is only attained by the suppression of the real facts until the hour of trial, and by the consequent risk of failure either from surprise or from a pleader's want of skill. One more consideration which seems to us conclusive in favour of open pleadings followed by issues settled by the Court is that verdicts would then always resemble special verdicts, and we should escape the scandal of new trials for misdirection. It is very monstrous that when a Judge lays down the law wrongly at Nisi Prius there should in many cases be no way of correcting the error except by directing a new trial of facts which have been well and fairly tried before. So long as juries are allowed to find verdicts on general issues involving mixed fact and law, this scandal cannot be cured. With settled issues and special verdicts, the Judge and the jury severally perform their functions, and the error of each may be separately corrected.

3. Are defendants to be at liberty to impose on a plaintiff the costly obligation of proving facts which cannot honestly be disputed? This is done now habitually at Common Law by pleading a traverse of every material allegation. It could not be done if pleadings were verified by oath as Answers are in Chancery, and as all affirmative pleadings are in the Divorce Court. It seems to us that an affidavit verifying all pleadings would save much oppression and expense, and greatly simplify procedure by excluding false issues.

4. Are interrogatories to be used really for discovery, as they are in Chancery, or only for verification, as they are at Common Law? At present the jurisdiction is absolutely the same in all our Courts, but the practice has been so moulded that a party to an action seldom gets any substantial discovery, though he does often assist his case after issue joined, by forcing admissions from his adversary. In administering relief against fraud, and in other branches of Equity, the Court would be paralysed if the use of interrogatories were restricted, as it practically is at Law, and as the schedule seems designed to restrict it. And one other little amendment on the Chancery practice as to discovery would be of incalculable value. At present a plaintiff or defendant may be compelled to produce on oath all material documents; but his oath is by affidavit on which there is no cross-examination. The amount of falsehood, sometimes wilful, and more often careless, to which this immunity leads is quite frightful. Of all affidavits in the world, affidavits verifying schedules of documents most require the safeguard of cross-examination, and this ought to be provided for by the schedule.

We have indicated these as among the most important points to which the labours of the Committee will have to be directed—not at all as exhausting the subjects on which amendments may be called for. The whole subject of references, to which Mr. HENRY MATTHEWS specially directed attention, will need much care to prevent it from degenerating into a wholesale delegation of Judges' work to inferior hands such as we have witnessed in the Court of Bankruptcy. The provisions for local registries are also open to the objection that they will often only substitute provincial for metropolitan agencies, that they will localize just those steps—the filing of documents and the like—in which distance does not add to cost, and that they will sever the subordinate officers of the Court from the Judges, who ought always to be accessible to them. We have not, however, dwelt upon these matters, because there seems less fear of their being overlooked than there is of the schedule of procedure being turned out in an unworkable shape.

LORD RUSSELL ON THE GOVERNMENT OF IRELAND.

LORD RUSSELL'S Bill for the regeneration of Ireland is a little disappointing. Two years ago he propounded a remarkable scheme for the establishment of a Heptarchy, of which four component States were to correspond with the existing Irish Provinces. The plan was to be more fully explained in an intended pamphlet which Lord RUSSELL, on mature consideration, has either not written or not published. When he gave notice of a Bill for the improvement of the government of Ireland, it was naturally supposed that it would provide for the establishment of four little Parliaments which would administer a modified Home Rule under Imperial control. It was much better that a hasty project should be deliberately abandoned. Lord RUSSELL is not on a level with irresponsible politicians whose principal function is to raise an occasional laugh at their own expense. A nation which respects itself includes in its susceptibility to ridicule statesmen whom it has entrusted with power through a long series of years. The present Bill provokes a smile only as an anti-climax. Lord RUSSELL cannot be accused of exaggerating the difficulty of governing Ireland; but it is strange that he should anticipate any material improvement from the abolition of the office of Lord-Lieutenant. A Secretary of State for Ireland could scarcely exercise any functions which are not at present discharged by the Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant; and if it is intended that he should reside permanently in Ireland, he would only be a less ornamental Viceroy.

The opinion that periodical riots are discreditable to Belfast cannot be condemned as a paradox, but it is difficult to understand how the disturbances can be attributed to the viceregal form of government. As Lord KIMBERLEY remarked, local authorities, unless they are altogether superseded, will be sometimes supine or otherwise inefficient. As soon as it was found that the aid of the central authority was required at Belfast, no time was lost in providing a sufficient force for the suppression of the riots. The O'KEEFFE embarrassment seems to be still more remotely connected with the administration of Ireland through a Lord-Lieutenant. It has been thought fit to entrust the control of the system of education, as far as it is supported by public funds, to a separate body of Commissioners. A Committee of the House of Commons is now engaged in an inquiry into their conduct; and in the meantime popular opinion inclines to censure their supposed deference to the Roman Catholic hierarchy. If it were thought proper that the superintendence of schools should be transferred to a Cabinet Minister, Lord HARTINGTON might have the satisfaction of defending himself instead of apologizing for the Commissioners. The prevalence of agrarian crime is not the fault of the Lord-Lieutenant, and Parliament might, if it thought fit, dispense with the unanimity of Irish juries. Lord RUSSELL oddly limits his proposal that the verdict of two-thirds of the jury should be valid, by excepting from the operation of the new enactment all capital crimes. It is in cases of murder that juries are most dishonest and most obstinate, and hired assassins are not entitled to any exceptional chance of escape.

With a creditable and characteristic respect for precedent, Lord RUSSELL cites three high authorities in favour of his proposals, or in support of his arguments. Lord SOMERS held that the powers of the Scotch Privy Council ought not to be continued after the Union. Mr. BURKE concurred in other doctrines bearing on the enactments of the Bill; and, above all, Lord RUSSELL himself proposed the abolition of the Lord-Lieutenancy four-and-twenty years ago. The Privy Council to which Lord SOMERS objected was composed of Scotchmen, who would probably, if they had retained independent power, have thwarted the Imperial Government. Lord RUSSELL'S former proposal had, it appears, been supported by all the principal leaders of both parties, with the exception of Mr. DISRAELI; but the clamour with which the scheme was received in Ireland induced the Government to abandon the project. It would be highly imprudent to afford at present any new pretext for Irish agitation. If Dublin Castle were suppressed, it would be asserted that English jealousy had abolished the last remnant and shadow of Irish independence. There is no reason to suppose that the institution has at any time been unpopular with the community whom alone it concerns. The mock splendour of a delegated royalty may excite the contempt of the happier frequenters of genuine levées and drawing-rooms; but if the Irish gentry or citizens take pleasure in attending the receptions of the Lord-Lieutenant, there is no reason for grudging them a harmless amusement. In more practical matters a certain advantage attaches to the presence in Dublin of a local executive authority who is not visibly the mere delegate of the Imperial Government. When it becomes necessary to proclaim districts, or otherwise to use the powers of coercive Acts, the Lord-Lieutenant incurs less odium than a Secretary of State by issuing the proper orders. There is no question of a double or divided government, for the Lord-Lieutenant never affects in the smallest matter an independent position. Since the days of Lord ANGLESEY, who was summarily recalled because, as the Duke of WELLINGTON said, he appeared to have been bitten by a mad Papist, no English Minister has been encumbered with a contumacious representative in Ireland. It may be doubted whether Lord RUSSELL himself relies seriously on the efficacy of his proposed remedy for Irish evils. A great part of his speech would have been equally applicable to any other plan for the discouragement of Irish disorder. It is true that the arrogant and intolerant minority of Lord RUSSELL'S younger years now requires protection against the more intolerant and more arrogant majority; but it is impossible to redistribute political power which is unfortunately in a great part of Ireland divided between agitators and priests. The demagogues have of late been unusually passive, and there is no advantage in providing them with a fresh cause for clamour and disturbance. It would be far better to abolish an imitative and formal substitute for royalty than to establish legislative Assemblies in the four Provinces; but the two successive schemes proceed on diametrically opposite principles. It cannot be right both to decentralize the Executive Government and to convert it into a kind of Federation. Lord RUSSELL'S temper inclines him to the conclusion that he is capable of providing a remedy for any political evil which he may discern; but Irish perversity and disaffection would survive any administrative changes.

Lord KIMBERLEY answered Lord RUSSELL in the conventional language which was best suited to the occasion; and Lord GRANVILLE vied with his colleague in professions of respect for the promoter of the Bill, and of inability to form a hasty judgment on so important a proposal. There is no reason to fear that the Bill will be seriously prosecuted, for the late period of the Session would alone provide a sufficient excuse for abstaining from immediate legislation. Lord MONCK would have acted more prudently if he had refrained from any defence of the conduct of the Education Commissioners. His explanation of the reasons for dismissing Mr. O'KEEFFE from the management of the Callan school is both surprising and unsatisfactory. It had been supposed that the priest of every parish was either really or professedly an official manager, and that the apology for the Commissioners was their belief that after his suspension Mr. O'KEEFFE no longer possessed the necessary qualification. It is an error to suppose that the State compromises its own dignity or supremacy by recognizing certificates which are conferred by independent bodies. It is sometimes provided in Acts of Parliament that certain functionaries shall be nominated by the Royal Society, or perhaps by the President of the Institute of Civil Engineers. If the President were to be removed on a charge of having violated some rule of the Society, the Government would probably recognize his successor without inquiring into the reasons of his deposition. The Irish Education Commissioners had at least a plausible case when they declined to decide on the validity of Cardinal CULLEN'S Legatine authority. A *primâ facie* proof of suspension or removal might raise in their minds reasonable doubts of Mr. O'KEEFFE'S title to his office. Lord MONCK now explains that the Commissioners in the exercise of their discretion removed Mr. O'KEEFFE from the management, not because he had been suspended from his cure, but on the ground that his moral influence had been impaired by the suspension. It is a comparatively simple proposition that the Roman Catholic hierarchy are the proper interpreters of their own regulations; and it might be forcibly contended that every parish priest had covenanted to abide by the laws of his Church. If Lord MONCK'S statement is accurate, the Commissioners decided that Mr. O'KEEFFE'S character had been injuriously affected; while at the same time they declined to inquire into the justice of the sentence which conveyed the stigma. As Lord CAIRNS suggested, it would, on Lord MONCK'S showing, have been but equitable to allow Mr. O'KEEFFE to state his case before he was punished for a supposed loss of moral influence. It might be unnecessary to hear evidence on the undisputed fact of the suspension; but the Commissioners exercised a judgment of their own when they took into consideration the moral consequences of the sentence. Even if there has been in this case a miscarriage of justice, some part of the administration of Ireland must be exercised

by local functionaries, whether they are called Commissioners of Education or Lord-Lieutenants. There is little advantage in proving that the present government of Ireland is not ideally perfect.

MR. HARCOURT'S MOTION.

THE discussion of the Masters and Servants Act, and of the law of conspiracy, on Mr. VERNON HARCOURT's motion was singularly indefinite. It must be confessed that it is not easy to avoid confusion in treating of the necessarily vague law of conspiracy. As Mr. HARCOURT said, it is anomalous that several circumstances, each in itself lawful, should collectively constitute an unlawful act; but in this case the proceeding which is described as lawful means something which is supposed to be morally wrong, although it only becomes technically criminal when it has been concerted among several persons. Neither Mr. HARCOURT nor any other critic of the actual law had proposed to undertake any new legislation on the subject up to the time of the debate; but Mr. HARCOURT has since, on the invitation of Mr. GLADSTONE, introduced a Bill to amend the Law of Conspiracy as applied to Masters and Servants. In the meantime a heavy responsibility is thrown on the Courts which administer the law; and it is unfortunate that in one well known case an able and upright judge should have fallen into the error of passing an excessively severe sentence. Justice BRETT apparently considered that the conspiracy of which the gas-stokers had been convicted was extraordinarily culpable; but it was only by a far-fetched process of reasoning that the inconvenience which might have resulted from their combination could be regarded as the measure of their guilt. The workmen employed by the Gas Companies had contracted, not to light the streets of London, but to perform a certain kind and amount of labour, under the usual conditions of similar contracts. They were entitled to think that in refusing to continue their service they incurred at the utmost the statutable penalties for breach of service, and consultation or consent amongst themselves was necessarily incidental to the offence. The severity of the sentence can only be explained on the assumption that the workmen had themselves calculated on the extent of mischief which they were likely to cause as an instrument for the coercion of their employers; nor can it be doubted that the agitators who organized the strike trusted to their hold on the fears of the Gas Companies and of the community at large. It would nevertheless have been better to treat the refusal of the men to work as an ordinary case of breach of contract. Down to the date of the sentence the general feeling of indignation had rendered even the Unionist leaders unwilling to justify the outrageous conduct which had been instigated by some of their agents. From the time when the gas-stokers were condemned to imprisonment for a year the agitators have profited by a reaction in favour of the men.

Mr. HARCOURT would have been justified in defending judges and magistrates at the expense of the Legislature if the amount of punishment were not necessarily left in some degree to the discretion of the proper tribunals. It is impossible to define beforehand the moral culpability of any but the most distinct and simple crimes. A man who wilfully kills another without sufficient legal excuse incurs capital punishment. Some murders are undoubtedly more atrocious than others; but every murderer is supposed to deserve the highest penalty known to the law; and no severer sentence can be passed on the worst of criminals. No legislative wisdom can determine the guilt of an assault or of a threat; and even manslaughter may be justly punished with a day's imprisonment or with penal servitude for life. The judge is necessarily responsible for the apportionment of punishment to guilt; nor can he answer, as Mr. HARCOURT suggests, to the question why he passed too severe a sentence, that Parliament bade him do it. The law of conspiracy cannot be accurately said to be tolerable only because it is not executed. If Justice BRETT's direction to the jury was sound in law, it was still open to him to have sentenced the defendants to imprisonment for a month or six weeks, and not for a year. "The system of piling up misdemeanour on misdemeanour, "and crime upon crime," is unavoidable, if regulations necessary to the comfort and good order of society are to be enacted and enforced. Mr. HARCOURT, who is never tired of denouncing the penal legislation of the Parks, was shocked because the police summoned persons for skipping with a rope, for fishing for minnows in the Serpentine, or for using soap in bathing. To less zealous sticklers for constitutional liberty it seems not unreasonable that a piece of water in a public Park should be protected against pollution, or against any mode of user which interferes with the general enjoyment. Grown-up men and women who skip in public are scarcely entitled to the sympathy of the respectable part of the community. It is perfectly easy to comply with reasonable by-laws, which can only be enforced against perverse minorities by moderate fines with the alternative of imprisonment. Skipping in the Park is *malum in se*, and the use of soap is *malum prohibitum*.

The unlucky sentence on the feminine rioters of Chipping Norton was not justly described by Mr. HARCOURT as a natural consequence of rash and inconsiderate legislation. In any country where laws for the protection of person and property exist, threats of violence and menacing demonstrations interfering with freedom of action must be regarded as criminal, and seven days' imprisonment would be an unduly lenient minimum of punishment. In the particular case it would have been just and prudent to treat female rioters with an indulgence which can scarcely be provided by law; but there are occasions on which infuriated women are more savage than the worst of men. The THÉROIGNES of the first French Revolution were, if possible, more bloodthirsty and brutal than the male assassins with whose aid they regenerated society. The labourers' wives at Chipping Norton have happily not reached the same level of degradation, and they may even be excused for the probably apocryphal accounts of their sufferings which they have since furnished to sympathetic reporters. A hardworking village scold has seldom an opportunity of becoming a martyr and heroine. It was an odd circumstance that the debate should have mainly turned on a state of the law which has been unaffected by recent enactments. Lord ELCHO clearly showed that the Masters and Servants Act had greatly mitigated the severity of the law, and neither the Chipping Norton termagants nor the gas-stokers were convicted under the provisions of the Act. Mr. BRUCE answered the demands of the late Hyde Park meeting rather than the resolutions proposed by Mr. HARCOURT, when he announced that the Government was not at present prepared to alter the Masters and Servants Act. The relief which the new law affords to the working class is strikingly illustrated by the returns of convictions. Mr. BRUCE showed that in the year before the Act was passed, 7,557 persons were convicted of breach of contract of service, and that in 1872 the entire number of convictions was 742. It may be questioned whether unlimited license in the violation of contracts is beneficial to the workmen themselves. If debts were not recoverable at law, pecuniary accommodation would be generally withheld; and impediments to the conduct of business, caused by distrust of the fidelity of workmen, would not tend to raise wages or to increase the demand for labour. The policy and the justice of applying a severe scale of punishment when several workmen break their engagements in concert is more than questionable. In almost every case of desertion from service which occurs, the offence might be brought within the elastic definition of conspiracy. The Unionists are anxious, however, not only to be enabled to commit breaches of contract with impunity, but to be relieved from the penalties at present attached to the intimidation of their fellow-workmen. The nature of this demand is practically illustrated by a case which has just been tried by Baron PIGOTT, and in which three carpenters were sentenced to imprisonment, one for nine and the other two for six months, for combining to plague and worry a non-Unionist workman. The poor fellow was hooted at, pelted with pieces of wood, knocked down, knelt upon so as to be nearly suffocated, and beaten. His life was made intolerable, and he had to quit his employment. Baron PIGOTT very justly observed that, if there were no law to punish such outrages, the weak part of society would be exposed to the worst kinds of tyranny and oppression.

Some incidental suggestions made in the course of the debate were not unworthy of attention. Dr. BALL objected both to appeals from Courts of Law to Parliament, and to the supervision claimed by the Law Officers over the decisions of Judges. The practice had, according to Dr. BALL, first commenced in Ireland; and he added that vicious principles applied in Ireland invariably came home to England to roost. The SOLICITOR-GENERAL, in answer to the challenge, claimed a right of censuring the Courts, and with better reason he protested against the habit of paying personal compliments to judges. Mr. CHARLES BULLER used to say that, if he wished for an unqualified eulogy on his character, he would induce some member of the House of Commons to make a formal attack on his conduct, in the confidence that all his friends would immediately vie with each other in complimentary exaggera-

tion. In the opinion of the SOLICITOR-GENERAL, blame is the correlative to praise; and it would undoubtedly be inconvenient to engage in a Parliamentary discussion of the demerits of high legal functionaries. When the SOLICITOR-GENERAL becomes Master of the Rolls, it will be proper to remember his repugnance to any Parliamentary recognition of his judicial qualifications. The authority of criticisms passed by the Law Officers on judicial sentences will depend mainly on the personal qualifications of the respective parties. Justice BRETT once held the same office which is now adorned by Sir G. JESSEL; and any legal competence which he may formerly have possessed can scarcely have been deteriorated by judicial experience. Mr. HENRY JAMES justly condemned any expression of sentiment which might possibly be influenced by considerations relating to the future elections. From this time to the end of the present Parliament, measures and speeches will be more or less coloured by personal hopes and fears. Recent experience seems to show that members either believe their constituencies to be comparatively rational, or at least have convinced themselves that crotchets are chiefly held by insignificant knots of agitators. It would be especially undesirable that laws affecting capital and labour should be discussed with a view to popular favour. It was perhaps well to give the House of Commons an opportunity of intimating disapproval of an excessive sentence. No light was thrown on the state of the law or on the expediency of altering it, although both the Law Officers declared their disapproval of the charge of Justice BRETT, and their preference for a more recent exposition of the law by Justice LUSH. Mr. BRUCE's statement was the most satisfactory feature of the debate.

CANADIAN PROGRESS.

NOW that Prince Edward Island has resolved to throw in its lot with the Canadian Dominion, Newfoundland is the only British colony in North America which holds aloof from the Union; and the adhesion of Newfoundland may be regarded as only a question of time. It is true that Newfoundland has from the first been perfectly consistent in its sullen indifference and contempt for the whole scheme, and there is no immediate prospect of any change in this attitude. But consistency may be too dearly paid for, and Newfoundland will probably come to the conclusion that it is hardly worth while to go on sulking outside the Union now that all its neighbours have gone in. Besides, there is a sort of magnetic attraction in the larger body which has become more powerful as the process of agglomeration has gone on, and which it will be difficult for a single isolated particle to resist. Ever since the plan of confederation was first taken up in earnest, the malcontents have been gradually coming round. Some held off from pride, some from prejudice, and some perhaps because they thought their coyness would command its price. If this last consideration at all prevailed in the minds of the Prince Edward Island people, they are probably disposed to congratulate themselves on the success of their tactics. They have certainly got very good terms out of the Dominion, and much better than they would have been able to obtain a few years ago. They are to be entitled to run up liabilities at the rate of fifty dollars a head, and as they cannot be expected to do this all at once, they are to receive from the Government five per cent. on the difference between their actual and their authorized indebtedness. Among other advantages to be derived from the Union will also be the maintenance of an efficient steam service all the year round between the Island and the mainland of the Dominion at the expense of the "general Government." It cannot be said that the Dominion gains much by this transaction in the way of a substantial addition to its resources; but the new sea-board will be useful from a military as well as a commercial point of view, and of course it is well to carry out the policy of amalgamation thoroughly, and to bring every patch of British soil under the control of a single Government. Even if the process be a costly one, it will be more than repaid by the avoidance of future complications, as well as by the impulse which unity imparts to national vigour and productiveness. Now that Newfoundland alone is wanted to complete the Union, there will probably be a high bid for its adhesion. It is understood that the opposition to amalgamation is led by the Roman Catholic priesthood, but the religious difficulty ought not to be more formidable in Newfoundland than in Canada. Practical experience has disposed of most of the objections which were formerly urged to the centralization of affairs. No difficulty has been found in reconciling the superior authority of the general Government with the fullest exercise of local rights and liberties in all strictly local matters. At first sight there may appear to be something awkwardly, and even dangerously, complicated in a system of administration under which a series of semi-independent States, each with a Government of its own, is governed by a general colonial Parliament and Cabinet, which in turn are under the control of the Imperial Parliament and Government of the mother-country. But it is a peculiarity of English institutions that, though they sometimes look clumsy in theory, they work capitally in practice; and, tested in this way, the administration of the Dominion has already yielded satisfactory results.

It is now some ten years since the great project of confederation was first taken up in earnest, and, though we may hope that its completion is not far off, it is still incomplete. To some this may seem rather slow work, but it is necessary to remember the magnitude of the operation, and the difficulties which attended it. What had to be done was really nothing less than to build up into a great nation a number of detached, independent, jealous, and even, in some respects, antagonistic communities. It was clear enough that the plan, if it could be carried out, would be for the good of the colonies at large; but it was also clear that it would not altogether tend to the advantage of various interests, both of a personal and commercial kind, which had their root in local narrowness and isolation. For these confederation meant simply competition in a wider field, and the prospects of competition were disquieting. The smaller States were alarmed lest they should be swallowed up by the bigger ones, and all sorts of local notables and monopolists trembled for their privileges. Differences of race, religion, and politics, provincial jealousies and commercial rivalries all had to be overcome in welding the various groups together into a compact and homogeneous system. In one notorious instance an eager advocate of a partial confederation in which he had some chance of taking the lead, opposed the larger scheme in which his province would have occupied a less prominent position, and subsequently recanted again in favour of the Union when the fact of its accomplishment was brought under his notice by the offer of a governorship. Very little reflection is required to understand that a process of this kind must necessarily be somewhat tedious. But if the work has been slow, it has at least been sure. No member of the Confederation can complain of having been coerced or cajoled into joining; each entered after full deliberation and of its own free will; and happily there are now no symptoms of lingering resentment or repentance to disturb the harmony of the family. As far as any questions have been raised as to the original terms of Union, the Dominion Government and Parliament have shown the utmost readiness to deal with them in a liberal spirit. The Act which has just been passed, transferring to the Dominion a larger share of the provincial debts than was at first agreed upon, will tend to consolidate the Union, while the credit of the general Government will enable it easily to sustain the additional burden laid upon it.

It is too soon to attempt to estimate the full consequences of the Confederation policy, but it is at least evident that it has already had an important influence, not only on the character of the British North American communities, but on their relations with the mother-country and with the great nation with whom they share the continent. Instead of a group of weak and scattered settlements, all pulling different ways, prone to provocation and impotent for defence, there is now a compact, solid, powerful confederacy, conscious alike of its strength and of its responsibilities. Whether British North America is destined to set up as an independent State, or to remain, as it appears sincerely anxious to do, in loyal brotherhood with England, there can be no doubt about the fact that it has become a nation in itself; and it is well that this should be borne in mind. Measured even by New World standards of greatness, it is a great nation with a vast territory and immense resources. Lower Canada, a country as large as France; Upper Canada, considerably larger than Great Britain and Ireland; Nova Scotia, larger than Greece; New Brunswick, equal to a pair of Denmarks; British Columbia, as large as the Austrian Empire; and the North-West Territories, covering an area about half as large as the whole Continent of Europe—here are all the elements of a vigorous and mighty State. It is characteristic of the Dominion that it combines the steadiness of an old country with the freshness, elasticity, and golden opportunities of a new one. The climate, though severe in some regions, is, on the whole, equable; and the people display a sedate robustness which is in striking contrast to the feverish excitement of their

neighbours in the South. The statistics of the recent census show a remarkable development in almost every direction—in population, trade, fisheries, and agriculture. Yet the Dominion, strong and prosperous as it is, is only in its early manhood. It is now entering on a larger, fuller, and more ambitious life, with loftier aims and more serious responsibilities. It has a great work before it, but it will be arduous and trying work, which will test to the utmost the statesmanship of its Ministers, and the patriotism of the people, and which will certainly not be free from checks, disappointments, and delays. It is satisfactory to observe the spirit in which the Dominion appears to be settling to its task. The petty and rancorous attacks which have lately been made on the PRIME MINISTER have found no echo in the country, and all classes seem to be anxious to support the Government in carrying out the enterprises which are essential to the success of the Confederation. The prudent, moderate, and generous attitude of the Dominion during and after the *Alabama* negotiations supplies the strongest proof of its loyal attachment to the mother-country.

THE SHAH'S VISIT.

WE know pretty well what will be the general nature of the remarks suggested by the Shah's visit. A few men who happen really to know something about Eastern history and manners will rejoice for a brief period in the sudden accession of popular interest in their peculiar topics; and, if they are wise, they will make hay while the sun shines. Ministers will of necessity talk in the ordinary dialect of their class, and will assure our visitor, with more or less pompous circumlocution, that we are his only true and original friends. A hubbub of allusions to the *Arabian Nights* will prove once more the omniscience of writers in popular newspapers; and, after a short time, our interest will die away, and the birth of a new hippopotamus, or the breaking out of another revolution, will absorb our whole attention. These outbursts of excitement run their course as regularly as the symptoms of a common disease, and we know all about them beforehand. But it would be of some real interest if we could tell what impression they will make upon the mind of our distinguished visitor. If he could be induced to add one more name to the list of royal authors, and set down frankly and fairly just what he thinks about us, we might possibly gain a curious insight into our own as well as our neighbour's mind. We fear, indeed, that the chances are that even in that case we should be disappointed. Probably the Shah, like everybody else under similar circumstances, would see through the spectacles provided for him, and his observations would be little more than a confused reflection of leading articles, complimentary despatches, and formal conversations with official magnates. His independent comments would, we may guess, be simply an expansion of the remark made by the sheikh in *Eothen*:—"What a wonderful people! whirr, whirr, all by wheels! whizz, whizz, all by steam!" Railways, armour-clad ships, and the ordinary list of mechanical wonders are enough to occupy even a royal mind in the brief intervals between State ceremonials. He will not be allowed time to ask seriously what it all means, till he returns to his domestic comforts; and probably he will then be content to abandon the insoluble problem, retaining only some vague impression of the wonderful bustle and confusion which are everlastingly proceeding, luckily for him, at a considerable distance from Persia. We ought, in fact, to have provided our visitor with a judicious guide. He should have been accompanied by one of those rare teachers who can pierce through the confused surface of things to the essential forces which are working below, and distinguish between the permanent and the accidental. Such a man might tell him what is the real value of this strange and noisy phenomenon which we call civilization and progress; whether, on the whole, we are a nobler set of human beings than his own subjects, with larger faculties, superior beliefs, and in a healthier social state; or whether, after all, progress means nothing but a series of changes of rather questionable value.

It would indeed be difficult to determine upon the most suitable interpreter. If the distinguished stranger went to each of our recognized teachers in turn, he would be considerably bewildered by the end of the course. Which would be the true Daniel to expound his troubled dream? Should he listen to Mr. Carlyle, to Mr. Herbert Spencer, to Dr. Newman, to Mr. Frederic Harrison, to Dean Stanley, to Mr. Spurgeon, or to Mr. Bradlaugh? Each of those gentlemen would be happy to give him a clue to the strange labyrinth in which he will find himself; but it is to be feared that beyond a general impression that there is something or other not quite right in spite of telegraphs and steamboats, he would scarcely find any common element in their teaching. We certainly are not prepared at the present moment to say which out of a vast crowd of would-be prophets approximates most nearly to the truth. The solutions of the great problem offered for our acceptance are enough to reduce any ordinary intellect to hopeless perplexity, and we do not claim to be absolutely infallible. One reflection, indeed, which we may pretty safely attribute to an intelligent visitor from a different world is the commonplace about the love which Christians bear to each other. A Darwinian might put it into scientific shape for him. The struggle for existence goes on, he might say, in one form or another all over the world. Whether we fight in gloves or with naked fists, it makes little difference. We may knock you on the head summarily, or may civilly squeeze you out of existence by a decent and well-equalised pressure; but the result is the same in either case. The strongest races will conquer the world, and the weakest will have to clear the course for them. Our proper type is the ironclad steamboat to which you have been introduced. It is not a more beautiful object than those which it has supplanted; on the contrary, it is perhaps the ugliest and most grotesque piece of work that ever succeeded in keeping itself afloat since the days of the Ark. Compared with an ancient galley, or even with one of those modern ships of the line which are still floating in our harbours, it seems to be the very incarnation of deformity. But it has the one surpassing merit that it could in five minutes reduce to helpless wreck all the other fleets that preceded it. A tough skin, and a power of hitting hard anybody who hits you, are the great qualifications for success in this world, whether for individuals or races. The type which you, our visitor, represent has a great many merits which have entirely disappeared from amongst us. You have a delicate artistic sense, which may be easily estimated by comparing a Persian carpet with the discordant colours of our British products. It is doomed to disappear before our coarser work, as certainly as wild flowers with all their beauty are suppressed by the advance of cabbages and potato fields. You still possess the secret of courteous and dignified manners. An army of British bagmen will shove you to the wall, and teach you to be as coarse and pretentious as themselves, without being one whit less vicious than you are at present. If you ask for the secret of our superiority, we shall reply, as we are bound to do, that we have the true religion and you have a false one. To be honest, however, we must add that we possess the further secret of never allowing our religion to interfere with business. We have no uncomfortable scruples about cheating you when it pays us to do so, for we have discovered that adulteration is a legitimate form of competition. If you complain of this logic, we can support our reasoning by cannon-balls in as great numbers as may be required. In one sense you owe something to the same principle which is the source of our power. Natural selection has adapted you to a climate where we cannot as yet thrive and multiply; and therefore there is no danger of our just now treating you to the same civilizing influence which has been applied to the inhabitants of the American continent. Perhaps we may some day take the trouble to govern you, if we can see our way to making a paying concern of the business; but meanwhile we shall be content to treat you civilly so long as we have our own way in everything. There is, indeed, a prospect of some further developments of policy. One of our great philosophers has recently propounded a plan for washing the black stain out of Africa by turning on a stream of Chinese immigrants. When once the system is perfected, it is obviously capable of a wide application. We shall of course occupy ourselves all that part of the planet which suits our taste, and we shall plant the remainder with the races most likely to be convenient to us. It is highly probable that in such a case some of the existing breeds will turn out to be altogether superfluous; we shall get rid of them as we should give up Southdown sheep or shorthorn cattle if a more profitable breed could be introduced, and you had better prepare yourselves for such a contingency by adapting yourselves as much as possible to our model.

Some such sermon as this would be given by many people as embodying the ultimate lesson from our experience, and that which all our parade of civility is really intended to impress upon our guests. The world is to the strongest; we are the strongest; therefore be on our side. That is the pithy syllogism expressed by reviews, and displays of ironclads, and inspections of manufactories. And it is easy to draw a pathetic picture of the representative of an old-fashioned type of civilization, half-awakened from the dreamy East, and looking upon the modern world in something of the temper of Heine's gods in exile. He sees that the struggle is somehow going against him, but does not admit that he is being supplanted by his betters. There are plenty of quack doctors who will show him how to avoid his fate. With a few missionaries, a constitutional Government, compulsory education, and the introduction of the Prussian military system, he may become as good as his neighbours; for, with those remedies, all evils may be eradicated from the world. He feels, however, instinctively that it is not a mere question of mechanism, and that a European dress, however beautiful and convenient it may be in itself, does not change a Persian into an Englishman. He wraps himself in his fatalism, and resigns himself with as much dignity as he can muster to the inscrutable decrees of Providence. Sentimentalists have reproduced the same type in a great variety of forms. The noble savage watching the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, the Mexican confronted by the Spaniard, or the dignified Eastern staring in dumb amaze at the irrepressible European, have been described with a lavish expenditure of rhetoric. In each case we are supposed to see simplicity, nature, and good faith opposed to a form of civilization not intrinsically superior, but more thoroughly skilled in plausibly disguising Hobbes's cardinal virtues—force and fraud. The only comfort suggested is that their fate may be avenged at some distant period. When our civilization crumbles under its deeply seated corruption, some new barbarians may break up the

old order; and possibly some race which we now despise is already beginning to look upon us as the ancient Teutons once looked upon the wonders of the Roman Empire. And yet, easy as it is to indulge in the pathetic vein, and to win cheap credit for virtue by denouncing the wickedness of the contemporary world, we suspect that this is to beg the question in one sense as presumptuously as the vulgar panegyrists of progress beg it in the other. There is a certain fallacy in the mode of stating the argument. The statement that the strongest races survive is treated as identical with the statement that their survival is owing simply to brute force. All fine phrases about civilization, humanity, and brotherly love are therefore assumed to be a mere superficial varnish, covering as much brutality as has existed at any previous period. But it is plain enough that force thus used covers a great many qualities of undeniable excellence. The European races are the strongest, because they are the best disciplined and most intelligent, races in the world; and it is absurd to pretend to regret that they should occupy the world, even to the complete exclusion of some inferior populations. Nobody can be really sorry that great territories in America or Australia should support millions of decently comfortable white men instead of a few wandering tribes of naked savages, or even noble Indians of the pattern of Captain Jack and his Modocs. Nor is it of necessity lamentable that Englishmen should govern the weaker Eastern races. If our rule is founded simply on our strength, that is, so far as it goes, a very good foundation. "We are stronger than you, and therefore we will govern you," sounds brutal, because it is a formula generally employed to justify government for purely selfish purposes. But, if we add that we are stronger because we are wiser, and with a superior political and social organization, we make a statement which may be false or hypocritical, but which, if true, gives a real justification. It is desirable that the most highly developed races should govern, and strength is in a rough way the best available test of other virtues.

The real question comes at a further step in the argument, and is obviously far too complicated to admit of any simple answer. That Englishmen should be substituted for naked savages is almost a clear gain; but the means by which a desirable end is obtained may or may not involve wanton cruelty and a wasteful destruction of human beings for whom a useful though a subordinate position might possibly have been found. And in like manner, in our dealings with Eastern races, we are not to be condemned or approved simply because we choose to have our own way, but because it is a bad or a good way. The satire is generally directed against the wrong point, for the obvious reason that such satire demands no knowledge of the facts. Whether, on the whole, English influence in the East has been beneficial or injurious, whether we have destroyed more than we have replaced, or have wantonly crushed good things which might have been preserved by more tenderness, is a question on which only a very few people are qualified to express an opinion. But it is easy to denounce us as tyrannical for venturing to govern at all; which amounts to saying that we must be either tyrants or cowards. Such a mode of reading our obligations naturally implies that we are wolves in sheep's clothing; but it begins by assuming that all real government is wolfish. And yet, whatever may be said in our defence, it must be admitted that there remains much that is really sad in the process we are contemplating. Progress, whatever its value, implies loss as well as gain. Even the savage has some qualities which we cannot fully replace; and every imperfect race that goes under in the struggle for existence carries with it some charms which are henceforward mere matter of tradition. No method has yet been devised for saving all that is valuable from the wreck of ancient civilizations; and the efforts which we make so frequently in the present time to revive extinct forms of beauty in art or literature generally serve only to remind us how hopelessly dead they have become.

THE DANGERS OF THE MONEY MARKET.

ANYBODY who wishes to have a clear idea of the workings of what is called the Money Market should procure a little volume which Mr. Bagehot has just published under the title of *Lombard Street* (H. S. King & Co.), and he will there find the whole thing in a nut-shell. Mr. Bagehot contends that the Money Market is as real and concrete as anything else, and can be described in as plain words, and he has certainly given a very graphic and interesting account of it. The subject is one, it is almost needless to say, on which Mr. Bagehot writes with the authority of a man who combines practical experience with scientific study. Without attempting to follow him in his description of the various processes and agencies which go to make up the Money Market, we propose merely to bring into notice some of the dangers of the present system which have struck us very forcibly in reading his book. Within a comparatively brief period a great development, we might almost say a revolution, has taken place in the banking system of the country. In the first place, the old-fashioned private banks would seem to be gradually disappearing. In 1810 there were forty private banks in Lombard Street admitted to the Clearing-house; there are now only thirteen, although in the interval the business of banking has enormously increased. As the old banks die out, no new ones take their place. It is recognized as hopeless to try to set up a new private bank. The successful management of a bank requires qualities for the continued transmission of which from one generation to another there is no security; and a private banker who does not manage his own bank stands in a dangerous position. Moreover, the competition of the joint-stock banks is difficult to be withstood. It is perhaps idle to lament what cannot be helped; yet it is impossible to deny that the system of private banks furnished a certain guarantee of personal character which is almost necessarily wanting in all kinds of joint-stock companies. The directorial management of the latter is undoubtedly their weak point. A daring and unscrupulous general manager can do almost what he likes if the directors let him, and there is no security that the directors are capable either of seeing through his game or holding him in. Even if the directors are really honest and competent men, their supervision of the affairs of the company must, to a great extent, be extremely superficial. Apart, however, from the personal administration of banks, there is a serious danger in the system on which they are now conducted—we mean the system of cutting down reserves to the lowest point compatible with current payments over the counter, and trusting to the Bank of England to support them on an emergency. Mr. Weguelin, who was Governor of the Bank of England during the panic of 1857, brought this feature of modern banking under the notice of Sir G. C. Lewis; and Mr. Bagehot also gives an emphatic warning on the subject. "If," said Mr. Weguelin, "the amount of the reserve kept by the Bank of England be contrasted with the reserve kept by the joint-stock banks, a new and hitherto little considered source of danger to the credit of the country will present itself. The joint-stock banks of London, judging by their published accounts, have deposits to the amount of 30,000,000*l.* Their capital is not more than 3,000,000*l.*, and they have on an average 31,000,000*l.* invested in one way or another, leaving only 2,000,000*l.* as a reserve against all this mass of liabilities." In order to bring out the full extent of the evil, Mr. Weguelin should have added that, while bankers generally trusted to the Bank of England, the Bank deemed itself to be at liberty to dispose of the reserves deposited with it as it chose. Since 1857 this state of things has certainly not improved.

Mr. Bagehot describes Lombard Street as by far the greatest combination of economical power and economical delicacy which the world has ever seen; and he quotes a few figures which certainly give one a vivid and even startling impression of the largeness of the London loan-fund. The known deposits—that is, the deposits of banks which publish accounts—may be set down thus:—

London (December 31, 1872)	£120,000,000
Paris (February 27, 1873)	13,000,000
New York (February, 1873)	40,000,000
German Empire (January 31, 1873) . .	8,000,000

But the unknown deposits—the deposits concerning which no accounts are published—are also much greater in London than anywhere else. There is, in fact, more ready money available for employment in London at this moment than was ever before collected in the world. It is true, of course, as Mr. Bagehot remarks, that the deposits of bankers are not a strictly accurate measure of the resources of a Money Market. It is a matter of choice with people who have money where they will keep it, and in France and Germany, and other non-banking countries, there are vast sums which are privately hoarded up and not put in banks. But we are now speaking only of cash ready for investment, what Mr. Bagehot aptly calls "money-market money." The money which is not kept in banks is scattered about in small quantities in the hands of an infinite number of people. It is difficult to get at it at all, and it cannot be got at easily and quickly. But the English money is borrowable money, and may be had on the instant. It is only within a comparatively short time that the financial resources of London have reached this point, and they are still growing. In 1844 the liabilities of the four great London joint-stock banks were 10,637,000*l.*; they are now more than 60,000,000*l.* The private deposits of the Bank of England have increased in the same period from 9,000,000*l.* to 18,000,000*l.* The explanation of this remarkable growth is not far to seek. In the first place, domestic banking has developed greatly. Almost everybody who has an income of a few hundreds a year keeps a banking account nowadays. Every little shopkeeper has his banker. In the next place, the relation between the country banks and the London banks is closer and more intimate than it used to be. The country bankers are constantly receiving large sums, but they keep as little as possible in their own cellars. The bulk of it is sent up to London, and there is consequently a steady flow of country money into the metropolis. The effect of the Franco-German war has also been to pour money into London. Paris has now lost most of its financial importance; the Reds have frightened away the capitalists, and London has now become the great bank and settling-house of Europe. All exchange operations are centring more and more here; and though this pre-eminence has been partly gained through an external accident, it is founded on natural conditions, and will probably be maintained. The number of mercantile bills drawn upon London incalculably surpasses, as Mr. Bagehot remarks, those drawn on any other European city. "London is the place which receives more than any other place, and pays more than any other place," and therefore it is the natural clearing-house. It is probable, therefore, that the store of ready money in London will go on increasing rather than diminishing. The English have a far larger fund of this "money-market money," or loanable cash seeking investment than any other nation, and other nations find it convenient to send their reserves over here for employment. The English have a

particularly quick eye for the profitable uses of money. They may not have great foresight in this respect, but directly an opening is actually ready to be taken advantage of, they are pretty sure to see it. There could hardly be a more striking illustration of this than the trade of the Suez Canal. It was supposed that the Canal would restore the Oriental trade to the ports of Southern Europe; but in point of fact the English, who were to have been more or less ruined by it, have been the only people who have as yet got much good out of it. Up to the present time, the Canal has been mainly used by the English, for the simple reason that the English had not only the quickness to see, as soon as the thing was done, what use could be practically made of it, but the ready money at hand to build the only kind of vessels which can use the Canal profitably.

All this tends to make London enormously rich; but riches have their dangers, and we think that few people will be able to follow Mr. Bagehot in his account of the dangers which at present threaten the London Money Market with altogether an easy mind. The wealth of Lombard Street is borrowed wealth. By far the greater proportion of it is held by bankers or others on short notice or on demand, and it might all, or nearly all, be asked for any afternoon. If it were asked for in any considerable quantity, would the bankers be able to meet the demand? That is really the root-question, as the Germans would say, of the Money Market. And it is a question to which Mr. Bagehot certainly does not help us to any very hopeful or reassuring answer.

Lombard Street is, of course, an organization of credit, and it is important to observe how far credit is carried. The bankers receive the money of their customers, but they keep as little of it as possible lying by them. Bankers are both borrowers and lenders, and the money goes out almost as soon as it comes in. What money a bank cannot dispose of within its own sphere of operations, it passes on to some larger bank to be taken care of. The country bankers send their principal reserves to their London agents, and the London bankers send their reserves to the Bank of England. The custody of large sums in hard cash entails much care and some cost, and the same reasons which make it convenient for a private person to have a banker make it convenient for bankers to keep an account with another bank if they can. The country bankers keep in their tills only the minimum of cash necessary for their current every-day business. They send the rest to London, invest part of it in securities, and keep the balance with the London bankers and bill-brokers. What the London bankers and bill-brokers cannot turn to account they deposit in the Bank of England. "You always come back to the Bank of England at last," says Mr. Bagehot. But then the Bank of England is a bank too—not exactly like other banks, but still doing a banking business, and lending out much of the money that comes in. It is clear, therefore, that, if all the depositors in the country happened to take it into their heads to claim their deposits on the same day, they would not and could not get them on demand. The greater part of the money would be scattered about in the hands of people who had obtained advances from the banks, and this could not be got at in a hurry. But of course there is practically no need to provide for such a contingency as this. It may be taken for granted that everybody will not want his money at the same moment. It is enough that the banks should have at their command such an amount of ready money as would enable them on a reasonable calculation of probabilities to tide over an emergency of this kind. A panic is only a name for a sudden demand upon the bankers for hard cash. People take fright, distrust the credit of their agents, and ask to have their money given over into their own hands, so that they may see for themselves that it is really there. The question is what reserve of money is necessary in order to provide for a run of this kind. The country bankers trust to be able to get the money from London, and the London bankers trust to the Bank of England. In point of fact, however, the bankers' reserve funds are only in part to be found in the Bank of England. As soon as they are paid in there, the principal part of them at once goes out again into the hands of borrowers. "It may be broadly stated," says Mr. Bagehot, "that no bank in London or out of it holds any considerable sum in hard cash or legal tender (above what is wanted for its daily business) except the Banking Department of the Bank of England." And how much does the Bank of England hold? Not more on an average of years than some 40 per cent. of its liabilities. There is no fixed rule as to the amount of this reserve. It is just what the Directors of the Bank choose to make it. They are under no pledge or engagement as to how much it shall be, nor have they ever committed themselves by the disclosure of the principles on which they profess to deal with it. The Bank of England, as everybody knows, is limited as to the amount of notes which it can issue on Government securities, the rest of its issue being represented by actual bullion; but it is under no restraint or conditions as to the amount of its banking reserve. This reserve is the foundation of the whole credit system of the country; for the traders depend on the banks, and the banks on the Bank of England, and thus it depends on the discretion or indiscretion of the Directors of this one Joint-Stock Company for the time being whether the reserve shall be sufficient to meet the pressure of a panic, or, in other words, as Mr. Bagehot puts it, whether the country shall be solvent or insolvent. The Bank of England, it must be remembered, is a trading company, and the shareholders are by no means satisfied with their profits. The Bank of England earns only nine per cent., while the London and Westminster Bank earns twenty per cent.; but one of the reasons why the dividend of the former is lower is that it keeps a reserve of some forty per cent. of its deposits lying idle for the security of the latter, which thereupon cuts down its reserve to thirteen per cent.

It can hardly be denied that there is a real and serious danger in this state of things, but it is much easier to point out the evil than to devise a remedy. Mr. Bagehot seems to think that some sort of definite obligation should be imposed on the Bank in regard to the amount of its banking reserve, but he admits that he can suggest nothing more definite than an "apprehensive minimum" which cannot be defined. On the other hand, the Directors of the Bank of England would probably argue that it is rather hard to expect them to keep a large reserve lying idle, in order to enable their rivals in business to beat them in dividends; and that the natural solution of the difficulty is that the banks which deposit their reserves with the Bank of England should make it worth the while of the latter to keep the money on hand for them if they object to its being lent out. The public at large, however, has an interest in the matter, and it is obvious that at present the public interest is not protected as it should be. The Bank of England occupies, it is true, to some extent, an artificial position, and when the worst comes to the worst there is always an opening for the Government to come to the rescue. But an organization of credit which has to depend for its safety on the intervention of the Government cannot be said to be in a satisfactory condition.

OLD CATHOLICS AND ULTRAMONTANES IN GERMANY.

THE plot thickens in Germany, and Church affairs seem rapidly hastening to a crisis. On the one hand, Prince Bismarck and his opponents in the State Church are openly marshalling their forces in battle array; on the other hand, the Old Catholics are increasing their numbers and completing their organization by the appointment of a missionary Bishop. There is, of course, a close connexion between the two movements within and without the lines of the established hierarchy, but it will be convenient to take them separately in order to put our readers in possession of the leading incidents of the struggle during the last few weeks. First, however, we may say a word on the case of Baron Richthofen, Canon of Breslau, which appears to have created a considerable sensation in Germany, as well owing to his social and ecclesiastical standing as to the summary proceedings adopted by the Prince Bishop. It was already well known that anti-infallibilists were to be found among the members of many German Chapters, as *e.g.*, those of Trèves, Cologne, and Rottenburg, though in some instances they had maintained a discreet silence, while in others, as at Rottenburg, the Bishop shrank from enforcing dogmas to which he had himself reluctantly submitted. But when, last month, Canon Richthofen issued his formal protest "for truth and conscience sake," the infallibilists were much disconcerted at so unexpected a rebuff from such a quarter. The Canon, who is forty-one years old, was formerly parish priest at Hohenfriedeberg, but was last year named by the Emperor to a canonry at Breslau, and the Prince Bishop, though aware of his sentiments, confirmed the appointment. From the first he was looked on with suspicion by the Romanizing members of the Chapter, but when he refused to sign the address against the new Church laws, and induced his friend Dr. Künzer to withdraw his signature, their indignation could no longer be repressed, though his pious and blameless life and amiable character had endeared him to the clergy generally. In his public declaration he refers to the ill-disguised doubts and scepticism and dishonest reserves in the infallibilist camp, among those who have formally submitted to the Vatican decrees, and their intense bitterness against all who have had the courage to avow their convictions. Bishop Förster, of whom we shall have a word to say presently, did not let the grass grow under his feet; possibly he hoped by striking promptly to anticipate the action of the new laws. Be that as it may, he proceeded at once without any of the intermediate canonical processes of admonition, citation, and the like, to deprive and excommunicate the offending member of his cathedral Chaptor. Whether the Government will uphold him in his rights remains to be seen, but they can hardly escape the charge of manifest inconsistency if they fail to do so. And Prince Bismarck is not a man who would be willing to have it supposed that his bark is worse than his bite. It is clear at all events that, if he shows any sign of faltering, he will find the bishops more than a match for him.

We have before now given reasons for believing that there is not that entire unanimity in the German Episcopate which might appear on the surface, and that the public manifestoes issued periodically "from the tomb of St. Boniface" and elsewhere cannot safely be accepted as an adequate measure of the real sentiments of all who subscribe them. The memorial just addressed to the Government in the name of all the archbishops and bishops of Prussia requires therefore to be read with caution, and must await the interpretation of events. But, as far as words go, it is outspoken and uncompromising enough, and can only be viewed as an open declaration of war. The bishops announce with deep regret that "they are not in a position to co-operate in carrying out the laws promulgated on May 15," which violate the divine rights of the Church of God, and the recognized relations of Church and State from the days of Constantine to our own. They cannot acknowledge "the principle of the heathen State,"

which makes the civil authority supreme over the Church, without denying the divinity of Christ and the divine origin of Christianity, and they refuse to comply with those detailed provisions which are not in themselves objectionable, because they would by doing so recognize the competence of the State to regulate Church affairs by its own authority. Notwithstanding this very decided language, and the equally peremptory replies of the semi-official *Provincial Correspondenz*, it is still the prevalent impression in Germany that matters will not come to an open rupture at present, and that if the Government shows tact in the application of its own measures, the bishops will be found more compliant in act than they have ventured to show themselves on paper. There is probably an unavowed disposition on both sides to rest—if not very thankfully—till the results of the next Papal Conclave are made known.

The Old Catholics meanwhile have not been inactive. Their numbers at Cologne alone are reported to have reached four thousand, and a second priest is to be appointed there. But their great achievement was the election of a bishop, on June 4th, at Cologne, in the person of Dr. Reinkens, whose reluctance to accept the office has at length been overcome. He is a man of mature age, widely respected for his learning and piety, and has the somewhat rare merit of combining deep knowledge with fervent enthusiasm and great oratorical power. As Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Breslau he was naturally brought into close personal contact with the Prince Bishop Förster, who was at Rome a leading member of the Opposition. Their present relations may be judged of from a circumstance which comes to us on the best authority, and which strikingly illustrates the true position of parties in the Roman Catholic Church. On the Prince Bishop's return from Rome after the Council, Dr. Reinkens, who was on intimate terms with him, appealed to him to maintain the protest he had there made against the new doctrines, and was not a little startled at his reply. The Bishop said he was too old and feeble to carry on the contest, and therefore meant to make his formal submission; but he added that there was so much latent scepticism and indifference in the Church at the present day that a conscientious struggle against the Vatican innovations would not have a fair chance of success; Catholics, as a rule, cared too little what they professed to believe to be willing to put themselves out about the matter. And he therefore advised Reinkens to follow his example, acquiesce in the dominant teaching, and await better days. To which the Professor replied, that he could not conscientiously take that course, and felt the more bound to speak out as there was an impression current in Germany that Catholic priests were dishonest men who did not really believe what they professed, and he for one would do nothing to countenance it. This conversation, as was natural, brought all friendly intercourse between them to an end; and Reinkens has since, if we remember rightly, been suspended and excommunicated by his diocesan like his colleagues. He is the author of several works bearing on Church history, but is perhaps best known to the general public by his treatise on *Papal Infallibility*, published in 1870, and a little work, entitled *Die päpstliche Dekrete*, published the year after the Council, in 1871, and noticed at the time in our columns. It may be interesting at this moment to recall the position he there takes up, which is at once that of strict dogmatic Catholicism and of uncompromising rejection of what he regards as novel additions to the deposit of faith—*quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*—handed down from the first ages of the Church. He starts from the following as fundamental Catholic axioms:—

1. The revelation of Christian doctrine is summed up and completed for ever in Christ.

2. This doctrinal deposit is preserved from generation to generation exclusively and alone through the faith of the Universal Church (*Gesammtkirche*), under the assistance of the Holy Ghost.

3. On this rests the Catholic principle of tradition, according to which what has not been believed at all times and by the whole Church does not appertain to that doctrinal deposit, and therefore can never become a formal dogma.

4. What is demonstrably contrary to what was held in *any* Christian century—as, *e.g.* the sixth—in the Universal Church, cannot at this day be made a dogma by any authority in heaven or earth without fundamentally destroying the Catholic Church.

5. The value of truth is absolute, and consciously to contradict it is the sin against the Holy Ghost.

Having laid down these axioms, "which no Catholic can dispute," Dr. Reinkens thus describes the aim of his first essay on the Vatican decrees:—

The sole object of the following pages is to exhibit clearly the true nature of the doctrine of the universal episcopate of the Pope contained in the Bull *Pastor Æternus*, by comparing it with the doctrine of the Universal Church at the end of the sixth century, as sharply defined by Gregory the Great, that Father of the Church and competent witness of her doctrine, for the express purpose of guarding it from all attacks.

In the preface to the second part of his work he refers to his earlier volume on *Papal Infallibility*, and proposes to contrast the ancient and modern (Vatican) teaching on the subject. In the subsequent parts he treats of the irregular and illegitimate character of the Vatican Synod, and the conduct of the German bishops in "submitting" to the dogmas they had at first strenuously opposed, and seeking to enforce them on others.

The election of Dr. Reinkens, after the Mass of the Holy Ghost had been celebrated in St. Pantaleon's Church at Cologne, on June 4, appears to have been almost or quite unanimous. According to the "provisional ordinances" of the Old Catholic Commission, he is bound immediately after consecration to seek the recognition of the Prussian Government, and take the prescribed oath. He will also apply for State recognition in other countries where he desires to exercise jurisdiction, and will, till it is obtained, confine himself to the "functions of order," *i.e.*, sacramental and liturgical acts. In the government of the Old Catholic communities he will be assisted by a Council of four clerics and five laymen, to be annually chosen by the Synod, at whose meetings he will preside and have a casting vote. The Council for the present year is already formed, and includes Schulte, Reusch, and Knoodt. The Synod will assemble regularly in Whitsun week and at other times when it may be necessary; the first meeting to be held at Whitsuntide, 1874. It will consist of all the Catholic clergy and one lay delegate for each congregation of not less than one hundred or over two hundred members. Smaller congregations will unite to send a delegate, and those of over three hundred members may elect two. Congregations will elect their own pastors, who will be confirmed and instituted by the bishop.

There may possibly be some short delay in the consecration of Dr. Reinkens, as the death of Archbishop Loos, the venerable and venerated primate of the Church of Holland, was announced on the very day of his election. Our readers will remember that the Archbishop, who had held the see of Utrecht for fifteen years, has all along shown a warm and intelligent interest in the Old Catholic movement; he was present at the Cologne Congress last September, and one of his latest acts was to ordain two young students from Germany to the priesthood. The suffragan see of Haarlem happens also to be vacant, and it is therefore thought probable that Dr. Reinkens will be at once consecrated by the Bishop of Deventer, without waiting for the election of a new archbishop. It is rumoured that the Prussian Government intends to provide a salary, but we have seen no official intimation to that effect.

THE SCIENCE OF ADVERTISING.

NO doubt every form of human effort tends to culminate. In this belief exhibitions are held and prizes offered. One often hears of the very best joke, and of the finest baby. There is no artist or author whose friends cannot show him his greatest work, marking the zenith of his powers, toward which all previous efforts are seen to have been a painful struggle, and from which all subsequent attempts have betrayed a falling away; though this point is not to be dwelt on, but only confessed and regretted. Every one is told in childhood, as an item of knowledge which should be found in every well-instructed mind, that Solomon was the wisest man who ever lived; and although some may afterwards call this in question, it still remains the prevalent opinion, insomuch that few can deny it without a feeling not unlike that of looking over a precipice. Solomon, in fact, is for most people the embodiment of that ideal philosopher who, Kant assures us, haunts the mind of every man. On the other hand, Mr. Carlyle bids us consider that there exists somewhere the very foolishest person; and if this person has never been identified, it is perhaps by reason of the perplexing multitude of candidates for the distinction. Our present purpose is to commend the following advertisement as, if not the best that ever has been or will be issued (since it is impossible to set limits to the fecundity and force of nature), a fine specimen of its kind, and an instructive example to epic poets and other wordy persons how great merit may be attained in small compass. It runs thus:—

Some Extraordinary Tea

is now being sold by ———

——— & Co. have great pleasure in offering to the public some really choice Kyshow Congou of extraordinary quality—in fact, some of the finest tea ever imported into England.

——— & Co. in all their experience have seldom met with tea of such rare excellence.

Here it may be seen that tea, like other things, tends to culminate, and that there may be better and worse even in Kyshow Congou itself. But this by the way. Never that we are aware did any advertisement induce us to buy what we did not want; but this one came very near it. For some time it dwelt in our minds, working unobtrusively. Already in imagination we went to see what that tea was like. Its sweet idea wandered through our thoughts. In all our experience (to imitate what we admire) we have seldom met with an advertisement of such rare excellence, such effective rhetoric. So, remembering what authors tell us so frequently, that it is the part of a critic to praise as well as blame, we felt that it became a duty to extol this masterpiece. And, remembering again what we are sometimes told, that a critic should not be a mere empirical taster (like one who gives the palm to Kyshow Congou), but should be able to assign a reason for his judgment, we proceed to offer ours.

In attempting this, we are sensible of the disadvantage of being unable to refer to any authority on the subject. For, when Blair wrote, advertisements had not become such a considerable branch of literature as to entitle the art of composing them to particular notice in his ingenious Lectures; and none of his successors has yet made up the deficiency. Trusting to the light of nature, however, and checking *à priori* speculation by consulting the works of the great masters in this department (since here as elsewhere practice precedes reflection), it seems safe to say that the first requisite of an advertisement is that it should be striking—noticeable as a whole, and its important clauses especially salient. To the superficial thinker our masterpiece apparently fails to fulfil this first condition of excellence in

its kind. But meditation discovers a deeper conformity. We might have expected our attention to be challenged by a Chinese picture of a Mandarin standing near a river and handing a cup of Kyshow Congou to a damsel sitting in the fourth story of a pagoda on the opposite bank. Instead of this we have a simple decorous tablet bearing black letters on a white ground, not unsuitable for a tombstone. The reconciliation of the seeming discrepancy is that when the principle of salience has long been adhered to and followed in one direction, pictures and glaring colours become commonplace and tiresome, and modesty is conspicuous as a surprise and relief.

Moreover the principle of salience is controlled by other principles, particularly by that of relativity, which has two aspects. The complexion of advertisements must vary relatively to the persons addressed and to the thing advertised. It is not enough to strike, since some strokes are far from propitiatory. How often has a slap on the back destroyed the life of the friendship which it was meant to revive! An advertisement must not strike, as you strike a ball, to drive it away, but rather as you strike a trout, to draw it to you. To address free-born Britons in the peremptory tone—Buy your boots here or there—betrays gross ignorance of national character. It is very questionable whether any man could make a good boot who had so little discernment of the fitness of things. Again, impertinent interrogatories in vain appeal to a class whose interest is above trifles. In them the demand "Who is Williams?" only excites the response "Know thyself!" Evidently notes of exclamation repel the polite; whilst subtleties of finesse are thrown away upon the vulgar. Further, as has been said, the style appropriate to any advertisement depends on what is advertised. The following struck us the other day as gratuitously revolting—"A thousand heads wanted for a thousand hats!" It out-Herods Herodias; though there is nothing necessarily bloodthirsty about the business of a hatter. Or who would not shudder to see the advertisement of a library on sale printed in orange letters on a green ground, or headed with the picture of some painful person reading Herbert or Sidney as if to a mob at a fair? Rather should such signals of distress be bordered deep with mourning, as if the auctioneer himself consented to the separation with averted face; or they might present one black expanse of printer's ink with letters where his tears (the auctioneer's) had washed a dubious white.

On trying our masterpiece by these principles its extraordinary quality becomes indisputable. For tea, as De Quincey says, is the favourite beverage of the intellectual. Choice teas, too, and teas of rare excellence will only be bought by those to whom they afford a high gratification, or who are ready to pay a great price for a small one. We might say of any exceptional luxury that it was Kyshow Congou to the general. Moreover, regarded as a luxury, tea is rather an æsthetic than a sensual delight. Its preparation is the fine-art department of cookery. The celestial leaf is much out of place among the commodities of a grocery establishment. The druggist seems a more suitable vendor; an ancient bookseller or picture-dealer is still more to be preferred; but the herb (so its lovers name it, as smokers call tobacco the weed) is only worthily honoured at a store sacred to itself. Perfectly consonant with all this is the style of our masterpiece. Observe its plain candour and measured conscientiousness, as of men offering to trade in nectar with the gods—

> In regions mild of calm and serene air,
> Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot
> Which men call earth—

far beyond the reach of competition and the higgling of the market. No price is mentioned. It is not prompted by that propensity to truck and barter which the great forefather of English economists (*Adam* Smith, as they always piously call him) found to be inherent in human nature; but is conceived in a mingled spirit of scientific judgment and æsthetic ardour. Let us scrutinize it more closely; let us subject it to the analysis of a loving criticism, which it is well able to bear.

Of the chastity of its form and effects in the way of colour and printing enough has been said. We pass to matters more strictly literary, to what some would call the "choice of words"; though we object to that phrase as savouring of the age of mechanism, and ill expressing the spontaneous growth of such a flower of language. Consider the word "extraordinary"; pronounce it with unction, and mark the deliberate length and judicial calm of that second syllable. It lingers in the mind, and compels circumspection. If, whilst dwelling on it for half a minute, it should seem after all not to be the right vocable, there is still time to withdraw it and substitute a better. Note next that ——— & Co. have "great pleasure" in offering us their Kyshow Congou. They do not say they are "glad"—a business-like and unfeeling expression; nor that they are "honoured," for they stand in the position of benefactors, and it is not a time for servility. Fresh from tasting the foreign wonder, they have great pleasure alike in the remembrance of its unearthly fragrance, and in their confident anticipation of the customer's sympathy. Thus Eve approached our forefather with the fruit of that forbidden tree. Then the Miltonic placing of Kyshow Congou here! One seems to be caught away in a whirlwind from the smoke and stir of this dim spot, and set down amidst the ancient and leisurely industries of a Chinese tea plantation. What a resonance too in those words, not without onomatopœic merits, as if it were the banging of some prodigious kettle! And what mystery! they might be the burden of a witch's incantation droned to the accompaniment of her simmering cauldron. We think the firm must keep a tame poet. If so, the genius of that domesticated animal culminates in the last paragraph, beginning "——— & Co. in all their experience." Here we have a pensive strain. It seems never to have been meant to meet the public eye, but reads like a memorandum in a private diary, which a hypochondriac has entered with a sigh. "In all their experience"—think of the thousands and thousands of cups of tea which constitute the Firm's experience, and what a labour (of love perhaps) it must have been to confront a sample of this cargo with all its predecessors, before they could know that they had seldom met with tea of such rare excellence. We figure to ourselves the Firm assembled in a dim back parlour for the great consultation; brothers, and three in number—though on this point we have no knowledge, but it seems right, since three witches prepare the cauldron in *Macbeth*. The brew perfected, they sip together. The flavour takes its way into the recesses of their imagination, where the pale ghosts of departed samples rise up to welcome it; flavour on flavour piled about their heads like cloud on cloud. Then the work of comparison; the painstaking indifferently to administer justice, to give their due alike to new and old; not to let their judgment be overpowered by the greater vividness of the present impression, nor yet to allow too much for the effacements of time; not to be led astray by love of novelty, nor yet by superstitious reverence for antiquity. It is on account of this last consideration that the first brother says, with a faint notion that he is quoting Bacon, "This flavour is the true ancient," and is then glad to see that the others are too deeply absorbed to notice whether the allusion is apposite.

And now observe the public spirit of the advertisers. Having at last assured themselves of the rare excellence of this tea, there were three courses open to them. First, they might have kept it all to themselves, to serve as a sort of imperial standard to which the qualities of other teas might be referred, thus saving themselves for the future such labours of comparison by establishing and maintaining in their minds a pure and lofty idea of what a cup of tea should be like. Secondly, they might have given it away in Christmas presents to their old customers. And if it had been in the least less extraordinary than it is, it is just possible that their lower natures would have urged them to one of these courses. But Kyshow Congou, being such as it was, triumphed over every base impulse; and the Firm, in its enthusiasm, resolved on offering it to the public at large, merely putting a price on it to prevent its getting into the teapots of the unappreciative.

Still, with all its excellences, the advertisement contains one or two flaws. To say that this tea is "in fact some of the finest ever imported into England" is perhaps going beyond the evidence. For the experience of the Firm cannot reach so far back, unless by hereditary transmission. Again, why is this Kyshow Congou said to be "really choice"? If choice at all, it must, we conceive, be really so. "Really" seems here to be a mere expletive; a weak attempt to gain emphasis by redundancy of words. This is a rhetorical artifice unworthy of genius, and we hope to see the blemish removed in future editions.

MR. LOWE AND THE ZANZIBAR MAIL CONTRACT.

TWO important general principles are involved in the question which has been raised as to the contract for the conveyance of the mails between the Cape of Good Hope and Zanzibar. This contract was the result of a private agreement, and it is maintained that it ought to have been thrown open to public competition. Mr. Lowe not only disputes this position, but contends that matters of this kind ought to be left entirely to the Government, and that the House of Commons ought not to meddle with them at all. To transfer the responsibility of entering into such contracts from the Government to the House of Commons would, he argued, lead to personal solicitations, "lobbying," and other proceedings which he should be sorry to see introduced into this country. Most people will be disposed to agree with Mr. Lowe that it would be a great pity to have such practices introduced into the House of Commons; but, on the other hand, it can hardly be said that the Government should have absolute authority to enter into whatever contracts it chooses without check or supervision on the part of the House of Commons. Formerly the rule was that packet contracts made by the Government were binding unless disapproved by the House of Commons; but the present rule is that contracts are not binding until they have received Parliamentary endorsement. For this change the present Government, we believe, is responsible; and if Mr. Lowe does not like the system, he has his colleagues, and we suppose himself also, to blame for it. It is quite certain that no contract ever was or will be entered into to the satisfaction of everybody. Disappointed competitors are sure to find fault with the terms of a bargain in which their rivals have got the better of them, and there can never be much difficulty in discovering plausible reasons why the contract should in some respect or other have been different from what it is. In the present instance the object of the Government was to put down the slave trade on the East coast of Africa by means of a postal contract. This may seem rather a roundabout process, but there is something to be said for it. The Government had attempted to suppress this abominable traffic by armed force, and had not made much progress. It had spent a quarter of a million in this way in five years, and it was anxious to see whether some

more economical treatment could not be devised. After considering the matter, it came to the conclusion that it might be well to try the effect of pacific measures. It was thought that the cultivation of regular commerce would drive out the slave trade, and that the best way of cultivating commerce would be by establishing a line of steamers between Aden, Zanzibar, and the Cape. As an encouragement to the steamers a postal subsidy was proposed. Negotiations resulted in agreements with the Indian Steam Company to carry the Aden and Zanzibar mails for 10,000*l.*, and with the Union Steam Company to convey the mails between Zanzibar and the Cape for 15,000*l.* a year. It was further arranged with the latter Company that, if they reduced the length of the journey between England and the Cape from thirty-seven to thirty days, they should have an extension of their contract, which had four and a half years to run, for three and a half years more, at the rate of 26,000*l.* a year, instead of 29,000*l.* which they were then receiving. Subsequently it was decided to drop the latter part of the bargain—that as to the conveyance of mails between England and the Cape—and the Government then agreed to reopen the question as to the terms of the remaining service. It was held that the two contracts which had been entered into with the Union Steam Company were really parts of the same bargain, and must stand and fall together, since it was only on account of the advantages to be derived from the second contract that the Company had agreed to perform the first so cheaply. The end of fresh negotiations was that the Government consented to pay 26,000*l.* for the conveyance of the mails between the Cape and Zanzibar, which the Company had before agreed to do for 15,000*l.*

The particular question before the House of Commons on Monday night was whether there was any reason why the Government should pay the Union Steam Company 26,000*l.* for a service which the Company had been willing and eager to perform for 15,000*l.* a few months earlier. On what grounds was this bonus of 11,000*l.* given to the Company? The only explanation which Mr. Lowe offered was that in the first instance the contract for the mails between Zanzibar and the Cape, and the contract for the mails between the Cape and England, balanced each other, and that the Company could afford to accept very low terms for the former, in consequence of the advantages they would derive from the other part of the transaction. This, however, would seem to be only shifting the difficulty. Why should the terms for the conveyance of the mails from the Cape to England have been so high, and the terms for the Zanzibar and Cape mails so low? Since there were two contracts, it would surely have been reasonable to apportion the expenses of each service in accordance with its actual cost. If we take the Zanzibar and Cape contract by itself, 11,000*l.* is certainly a very considerable advance on a contract at the rate of 15,000*l.* But, says Mr. Lowe, this 11,000*l.* is compensation to the Company for the withdrawal of the other contract. And here we come upon another aspect of the matter. This second contract was for the conveyance of the English mails at a reduction of 3,000*l.* a year, with an accelerated speed. At first sight this might seem a very good bargain for the country, but if it was a good bargain, why has it been abandoned? And if it was really a bad bargain, so bad a bargain that it has been thought worth while to give the Company 11,000*l.* a year under another head to get out of it, what are we to think of the terms of the existing contract at the rate of 29,000*l.* a year? It must strike any one that this is not a business-like and straightforward way of making contracts. The two mail services were separate things, and they should have been each estimated at their natural value. It is, on the face of the transaction, childish to stick on 11,000*l.* to one contract in order to make another contract 11,000*l.* less. An addition of three-fourths to the terms of the first contract is a serious advance for which no adequate reason has been given, and on the whole we are led to the conclusion that the matter was carelessly or unskilfully managed by the Government. The most extraordinary part of the affair is that the Treasury should have been ignorant that the British India Steam Navigation Company had offered to perform the Zanzibar and Cape service for 16,315*l.* The offer was made to the Post Office, and it was known to the Colonial Office, for it is mentioned in one of Lord Kimberley's despatches; yet the Chancellor of the Exchequer never heard a whisper of it till Monday night, when it came upon him quite by surprise. It appears that the offer of the British India Steam Company in 1871 was not a formal tender for an independent service, but only a proposal to include the Zanzibar mails as part of the general Indian contract. Yet it is strange that the Chancellor of the Exchequer should never have heard of it.

As far as this particular transaction is concerned, we are disposed to think that the Government has been in fault, and that the contract is rather an extravagant one. It certainly looks very much as if the Chancellor of the Exchequer had discovered that the extension of the contract for the English mails was a mistake, and had found it necessary to offer a high figure for the Zanzibar and Cape contract in order to get out of the scrape. If Mr. Lowe had frankly confessed this—assuming it to be the fact—or if he had defended the contract on its own merits, he would no doubt have escaped from the humiliating position in which he was placed on Monday night. No Government is infallible, and mistakes will sometimes happen in regard to contracts as in regard to other things. When a mistake happens, if it is not a very serious one, there is no need to say too much about it. There can be no doubt, however, that Mr. Lowe fell into a characteristic error in beginning his explanation by scolding the members who asked for it, and accusing them of "lobbying." As a general rule, it is certainly not desirable that the House of Commons should meddle with such matters. It is much better that they should be dealt with by the Government on its own responsibility, and that members should hold aloof from interference with transactions of the merits of which they are extremely ill qualified to judge. It is not a pretty sight to see the House of Commons split up into factions over a trumpery contract, and wrangling and squabbling as to whether the job shall go to the client of one set of members or to the client of another. Mr. Lowe was wrong in using the word "lobbying," which carries with it the imputation of corruption; but it requires very little reflection to see that it is not good for members to be exposed to the sort of solicitation and pressure which would be brought to bear on them if it were to become a regular practice for the House of Commons to take upon itself the duty of distributing Government patronage. No doubt the Government will occasionally make mistakes, but the harm done by an occasional mistake of this kind is insignificant compared with the mischief which would arise from members mixing themselves up with candidates for contracts, and serving them as spokesmen and touters. The Government is a great buyer and seller; there is scarcely any trade with which it has not commercial relations in one way or another; and the only difference between a mail contract and an order for coals or iron is that the former probably involves a larger sum of money. But the House of Commons has just as much right to look into one as into the other, and it is easy to conceive what would happen if the House once gave way to an impulse of meddlesomeness in this direction. It is no doubt necessary that the House should reserve to itself the right of ultimate supervision over the making of contracts and other mercantile dealings of the Government, but it is obvious that this is a right which should be exercised with the greatest delicacy and caution, and as seldom as possible. A numerous and mixed assembly is quite unfit to sit in judgment on nice questions of commercial expediency, and its intervention should be reserved for very grave occasions. As to the question whether contracts should be made by open competition or private agreement, no absolute rule can be laid down. Sometimes one way will be better, and sometimes the other, and the choice may fairly be left to the discretion of the Executive. It is obvious, however, that private bargaining ought not to preclude inquiries as to the terms on which more than one firm or Company would be willing to undertake a contract.

THE DESTRUCTION OF ALEXANDRA PALACE.

THE destruction by fire of the Alexandra Palace is in every point of view lamentable. Without expressing any very warm sympathy with the undertaking, we may at least say that it was likely to do good and could not easily do harm. The opening on the 24th of May was the result of a heavy expenditure of money and a long and honourable perseverance under severe difficulties and discouragements. The site of the Palace was probably the best that could have been selected. The view from Muswell Hill is superb, and the park and fields around it are adorned with timber of rare beauty. Access to the Palace from the north of London was ready, and from other parts of London convenient, although rather slow. You could cross by railway from the Crystal Palace on the south to the rival institution on the north if you took time enough for your journey. From the high-level station of the Crystal Palace you would pass to Ludgate Hill, thence by Farringdon Street to the Great Northern Station at King's Cross, and thence to the station adjoining Alexandra Palace. In speaking on the 31st ult. of railway access to Alexandra Palace, we noticed that trains from Ludgate Hill and Farringdon Street to King's Cross "cross the line" of the Metropolitan Railway close to the King's Cross Station. This expression may have conveyed an erroneous idea. All these trains pass under the Metropolitan line, so that they cannot interfere with the traffic upon this line. This arrangement is indeed tolerably well understood, but still any possible misapprehension as to safety of transit might have tended to deter visitors from the Alexandra Palace. Unhappily, there is now no Palace to be visited; and the charms of grass and trees in the Park are deformed by the blackened ruins which it surrounds. We have one big building the less to exhibit to the Shah of Persia, but we can tell him, if we please, that the Palace which has been destroyed cost half a million sterling, and there is already talk of spending another half-million to rebuild it. The Metropolitan and suburban railways are not perhaps wonders of scientific engineering, for it has for some time appeared possible to make any railway for which money can be found; but they exemplify in a very distinct and striking manner the wealth and energy of London, and its need, or at least its determination, to have rapid and regular communication. At Farringdon Street a Great Northern train is on the left or near side of the Metropolitan line and on a level with it; at King's Cross the same train is on the right side of the same line and on a level with it. Thus the train has descended into the bowels of the earth and risen again from them. This sort of thing can hardly be seen except in London. It does not exist elsewhere, because the necessity for it does not exist. In countries where nobody is ever in a hurry level crossings are almost invariable. In England, or at least in London in the month of June, nobody

is ever at leisure. The demands of business are urgent, and those of pleasure are more urgent still. We block our streets with carts and carriages, and construct railways one under another to relieve our streets. A stranger who desired to estimate the resources of this country would do well to make a journey from Upper Norwood to Muswell Hill: He might not perhaps see much beauty, but he would be assisted to understand how an English Company became rulers of India.

Sudden and complete destruction has resulted from neglect of obvious precautions. A slight and readily inflammable structure was placed upon a hill where water supply would be difficult even if the best possible arrangements were made for it. The Palace was completed and opened in a hurry, and calamity occurred before measures had been taken to avert or mitigate it. When we lately remarked on the inconvenience of exhibiting pictures and other works of art on a hill six miles from London, it did not occur to us to consider the risk they incurred of an almost irreparable loss. The Fire Brigade sent a strong detachment as speedily as possible to the Palace, but, having an uphill journey of several miles, they did not reach their destination until ruin was almost complete. They found an indifferent supply of water. If there had been a good supply of water and steam fire-engines at hand from the first, the fire might have been kept within narrow limits. But in the absence of such provisions it was uncontrollable. A piece of charcoal let fall from a plumber's brazier "found its way between the papier-mâché and light timber lining of the roof." A building thus constructed must be in peril of destruction from every act of carelessness. Papier-mâché and light timber lining are perhaps inevitable in what is called a Palace; and, if so, the risk of exhibiting valuable pictures in a Palace must, under the most careful management, be considerable. The central dome burned vigorously. The flames spread all ways along the roof, and burning fragments began to fall upon the floor. The draperies of the Royal box, the fittings of the orchestra, the baskets of artificial flowers, are all mentioned as feeding and forwarding the flames. There was not much to burn, but everything was easily accessible. The spectacle of this conflagration, which was very grand while it lasted, finished in about two hours. Looking at the character of the building, it is not wonderful that the owners were unable to insure it and its contents to anything near their value. A fire may occur anywhere, but there are only few situations where a fire involves almost inevitably the destruction of property worth half a million. A report in the *Times* states that Captain Shaw expressed to the writer his astonishment "that any large building should ever have been erected on the summit of a hill without an adequate supply of water having been ensured in the beginning." It was the first condition of safety to provide adequate pumping power from the New River which is at the foot of Muswell Hill to the Palace on the top of it. If the light structure would not carry water-tanks in the roof, it ought to have been strengthened.

While the ruins of the Alexandra Palace were still smoking, the authorities of the Crystal Palace held a grand commemoration fête on the nineteenth anniversary of its opening by the Queen. Not having been present, we cannot tell how we might have been impressed; but looking merely at reports, we should say that the unveiling of a statue of Sir Joseph Paxton, even if it be called an inauguration, could not have been a very imposing or exhilarating ceremony. The oration of Mr. Scott Russell seems to have shared the fate of other vocal performances at Palaces—that hardly anybody could hear it except by taking a place long beforehand, which perhaps was scarcely worth while. The speaker is reported to have described his departed friend as having devoted his highest energies to securing the well-being and the moral and mental improvement of the people. This is, we suppose, a fine way of saying that he invented the Exhibition Building of 1851, and thereby ensured the success of the Exhibition of which "Her Majesty's Commissioners" are a relic that encumbers and afflicts the earth. At some distant time, when Cole C.B. shall have ceased his civilizing labours there will be statues of that eminent teacher and benefactor of his age to be unveiled and inaugurated, and the only question will be, where to find an orator competent to pronounce his eulogy. The day at the Crystal Palace was brought to a close by a "splendid display of fireworks," which must have been a tame affair compared with the fireworks of the day before, in which the Directors of the Alexandra Palace expended half a million of money. It is but a small matter to be unveiling a memorial of Sir Joseph Paxton at the Crystal Palace, when the managers of the International Exhibition have promised to produce the real live Shah of Persia at a fête. If we remember rightly, the Sultan of Turkey went to the Crystal Palace, but that was before a younger institution had appropriated official and Court patronage to itself. It is almost pathetic to read of the performance at the Crystal Palace of a "Commemorative Ode in memory of the Prince Consort." The Directors maintain an unequal contest. They are forced to rely upon the fact that the Queen opened the Crystal Palace nineteen years ago, whereas the Prince of Wales is at this moment a manager of the International Exhibition. The memory of the Prince Consort has become a valuable property of analogous nature to a trade-mark or trade-name; and we should not be surprised to hear that the Court of Chancery was engaged in determining a conflict between the genuine original old-established commemorators of the Prince Consort at Sydenham and the new and improved but piratical commemorators at South Kensington. It seems to be settled that the Shah of Persia is to be taken to the Western shop. We can only hope that he will not depart under the belief that the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh are shopkeepers.

The International Exhibitioners having built for themselves a permanent habitation, we are not liable to have any more Palaces wandering about the country and locating themselves on the tops of hills where there is a free current of air and a limited supply of water. It is a pity that the building of 1862 could not have been pulled to pieces and forgotten, as in that case the idea of this luckless Palace on Muswell Hill would never have been started. However, the Directors have declared their determination to rebuild, and Messrs. Bertram and Roberts announce that they have saved their wine and much of their other stock and plant, and that the business of supplying dinners will be carried on in the Park. Brave men contending with adverse fate furnish a sublime spectacle, and Britons may well be proud of Messrs. Kelk and Lucas standing amid the ruins of the building in which they were so largely interested, and declaring that the only thing to be done is to rebuild it. The architect whom they employ will doubtless be particularly careful to shut the stable-door now that the steed is stolen. They will adopt, or think that they have adopted, the most elaborate precautions against fire, and perhaps they may induce owners of pictures to allow them to be exhibited in their new building, and perhaps they may not. When we hear that a building has been made "fire-proof," we infer that certain dangers have been incurred in the hope of avoiding others. The tie-rods of the dome of the Alexandra Palace gave way, as such things always do, and the dome fell with a tremendous crash. These tie-rods were, we presume, of iron, which always gives way under such circumstances. Wood covered with plaster is safer than iron, but wood is generally unsuitable for the airy structure of a Palace. It has been often said of loan exhibitions that the pictures are at least as safe in a public gallery as in the owners' houses. But after the narrow escape of this week that assertion will not perhaps be so readily accepted as it used to be.

ORIENTALS AT VIENNA.

THE anticipations with regard to the appearance made by Orientals at Vienna will be realized to the full, and doubtless the contact between East and West will prove of mutual advantage. In fact, the peculiarly happy situation of the Austrian capital has not only given this Exhibition its distinctive character, but has developed its proportions in a degree that has falsified all the original calculations. It soon became evident that circumstances would take it out of the category of those which had preceded it; that it might open new markets which were practically limitless, and that it would throw new and valuable lights upon hackneyed and familiar subjects. It was seen that it would reproduce, on an immeasurably greater scale, such cosmopolitan gatherings of traders as assemble at the great fairs of Leipsic or Nizni Novgorod; that it would drag into open day the rarer contents of Oriental bazaars, and expose them side by side with the goods produced in Western manufactories and sold by Western shopkeepers. There would be unrivalled opportunities of making comparisons and drawing conclusions, of learning practical lessons and exploding antiquated prejudices. So it seems likely to prove; nor will either half of the world have much reason to triumph over the other. We need not advertise the wonders of our Western civilization. If we are not much in the way of boasting of them as against the benighted East, it is simply because we enjoy the serene self-complacency of indisputable superiority. To a certain extent we are justified by the results of a rapidly accelerating progress, which shows itself in the swift growth of our material prosperity. We work at the highest pressure; we invoke science to our assistance, and foster a restless rivalry that drives invention forward at express speed; we multiply labour by the introduction of mechanical improvements; and we supply our homes with luxuries that have become necessaries at extraordinarily economical rates. In short, we produce quickly and cheaply, and in all that relates to action we leave the dreamy East immeasurably behind, as the Easterns are ready enough to acknowledge, and, for the most part, rather with commiseration than envy. But, on the other hand, in much that is highest and most perfect in art we are the scholars and they the teachers. Our best-informed and most experienced technical and practical men are the most ready to acknowledge this. It is not wealthy connoisseurs and capricious *dilettanti* who lounge about the courts of Japan, China, and Turkey, cheapening the strangely attractive wares which are exposed by the merchants from those distant countries. It is the European manufacturers and tradesmen—especially the English—who rush into the Eastern departments, eagerly bidding against each other for everything that strikes their fancy. This is one of the most characteristic features of the Vienna Exhibition. On no previous occasion of the kind has there been such wholesale buying and selling in the very earliest days, and the traffic goes forward most briskly in the Oriental quarters. As yet Japan has not cleared her goods at the Custom-house; China has scarcely imported the better part of hers. Those countries cannot as yet pretend to set a price upon their wares, while the prices fixed by the Persians seem high enough in all conscience, and the Ottomans are following suit after the time-honoured fashion of Eastern dealers. Yet already the choicest of the

Persian prayer-carpets are snatched up at the high prices set upon them; the best of the Japanese porcelain, bronzes, *cloisonné* ware, and silks have been sold several times over, the charges being left to the conscience of the Commissioners, and the cards of the fortunate purchaser lying on the fragments of the torn tickets that had been affixed by rejected bidders; while even in Turkey and Tunis, which come far behind Japan and Persia in taste and quality of workmanship, many of the goods have changed owners already, the Prince of Wales being among the earliest and most considerable buyers.

The truth is, the more closely we look into the special productions of the East, the more we recognize its incontestable superiority in design and colour, and in perfection of form and finish. The Orientals have plenty of time no doubt, and do not grudge it; they can afford to work leisurely and carefully where we must economize labour by the rapidity of our processes and the multiplying power of our machinery. But then they have taste as well, and a taste which is older than schools of art, and seems nearly independent of technical education. Compare the graceful turbans and draperies of the Oriental with the stiff "chimney-pot," cutaway, and trousers of the Frank. The latter, although open to criticism even as convenient wear, doubtless look more like business. They give the idea of stripping easily for a hard day's work, and suggest readiness to answer the calls of any emergency. They are turned out comparatively cheaply to cut-and-dry patterns. The former are the signs of a languid yet not unfruitful existence. But they express the intuitive gracefulness of ideas evolved in a calm fulness of thought that will not be hurried; they show an originality and versatility of fancy whose inspirations may have been sought in the dreamy fumes of opium. Go to the remotest East of Asia, seek the Oriental on his own proper ground, and you seldom take him at a disadvantage. In his own unpretending way, the peasant who weaves mats of bamboo or moulds vessels of common clay in his retired village is as much of an artist as the skilled workman of Yeddo who lacquers cabinets in the most delicate plaques of veneer, or chases the bronze incense-burners that are to swing in the temples. When the Oriental breaks down is when he takes to imitating the European, as he has begun to do in these latter days. The Japanese sometimes turn from their own beautiful specimens of Kago and Satsuma porcelain to reproduce the fashions and colours of Parisian and English crockery, while the Turks back their clumsy machinery against the looms of Manchester in calicoes and cottons. Happily these follies of imitation are as yet rare; and probably the profits of this novel trade will not encourage the enterprising imitators to persevere. The East has much to learn from the West, and the lessons that will prove of most service to it go to the very groundwork of its society. It has yet to be enlightened as to the advantages of civil and religious liberty and education, the value of time, and the necessity of system and method. All this it is now learning, and in some matters of detail its education is going on only too rapidly. Doubtless sooner or later it will come to our markets for machinery which will enable it to make at home what it imports at present from abroad. But some of its tentative advances in this direction are premature and injudicious, to say the least, and, judging by certain samples of its imitative skill, it seems inclined to precipitate a competition whose unfortunate results in price and quality may cause it permanent discouragement.

However, it is not our purpose now to discuss the points on which we may teach the Orientals, but rather to glance at some of those where we are the scholars. There is a great deal in the Eastern departments of the Vienna Exhibition which is chiefly interesting as showing their relative backwardness. Some of them, for instance, send complete samples of their cereals and vegetable productions, and these are curious as illustrating the advantages of soil and climate which yield them, in spite of the most backward husbandry and the most primitive implements, returns of twenty, fifty, or a hundred fold. But only turn to their show in the arts, and some of them may almost set criticism at defiance. By general consent and beyond all comparison, the first place must be assigned to Japan. The Japanese does most things unlike the rest of the world. His method of handling his tools is precisely the opposite of ours. He draws his plane towards him, works his saw in the reverse direction, taps with the side of his queer hammer, and handles his quaintly chased graving tool in a way at which an English workman would stare. Yet, whether he is laying the shingles on the roof of a cottage or chasing one of those wonderfully elaborate caskets in metal-work, what English workman can approach him? His ideas discover an endless originality; individual impulse rather than education seems to inspire his fancy, although it may work according to received traditions of the quaint or beautiful; and, look where we will through a most miscellaneous collection, we can scarcely see a trace of servile repetition. In his pictorial art he can convey a world of expression and suggestion in the very smallest number of touches. Yet when it pleases him to finish, as when he is painting on his delicate porcelain, he is scarcely to be surpassed in harmonious minuteness. As for his colours, you may puzzle out his secret if you can; at least he shows you in an open case the chemicals which, as he professes, form his ingredients. All that can be said is that none of the numerous attempts at imitation have ever proved to be anything approaching a success. That strange superiority in colour, not only in the tints, but in their management, is to be remarked in every one of the Oriental Courts. The silks of China excel even those of Japan, in their bright blues and gorgeous crimsons; while for softened brilliancy and exquisite delicacy of blending the Persian carpets are confessedly unequalled. The invariably subdued beauty of these patterns argues something more than great mechanical perfection in the arts of colour-making and dyeing. It is proof of a general purity of taste on the part of the Oriental purchasers for whom the fabrics were originally intended; for, although many of the best may now be consigned to Europe, the manufacture precisely as we see it has been practised from time immemorial; there are carpets in the Exhibition called modern by comparison, although they may date back for a century or so, and these are of patterns exactly similar to the latest ones. In everything exhibited from China and Persia the work is almost invariably good, and the designs felicitous; although, except in certain specialities, they cannot vie with Japan, yet every now and then one stumbles upon something that is extremely beautiful in art. So much can hardly be said of Turkey. Turkey makes a very imposing display: the Sultan contributed 100,000*l.* towards forming the collection, and some of the great merchants in Constantinople, Smyrna, and elsewhere have apparently done their best to advertise themselves. There is a good deal shown in Turkey, as well as in Tunis, that would have attracted great admiration had there been no Japan and no China to provoke unfavourable comparison. The famous Turkey carpets can scarcely be said to be satisfactorily represented. The very best, beautiful as the texture is, fall far short even in that respect of the Persian; while the contrasts displayed in the body of the Turkish patterns are too often disagreeably violent. But for the most part the carpets exhibited are of a very ordinary class indeed. The inlaid marqueterie and cabinet-work seems rude in design and coarse in execution if we measure it against the Japanese standards. The carved olive-wood from Jerusalem recalls the pedlars' hawking goods made for sale at the doors of the Holy Sepulchre. Here and there are some exquisite arms among many that are inferior; but even the very best of them are excelled by the Persians. There are graceful shapes in the pottery, but they are not unfrequently marred by defects in the workmanship. There is a great collection of figures in the various national costumes, and the dresses strike one as being somewhat incongruous. On the whole, the only articles in which Turkey may be said to show to decided advantage are some extremely rich furniture stuffs, the choicest of which seem to have been already sold or removed, and the dyed morocco, which, in its vividness of colour, shames anything that can be shown by the West. It must be remembered, however, that the Turk gives almost as many months to the dyeing process as the European allows days. Taste apart, we may perhaps console ourselves for the inferiority which we must confess by repeating that facts like this deliberate process of dyeing furnish the key to much of the Oriental excellence. Time is of no value in the East, and patience and indefatigable perseverance have always been the willing handmaids of their arts and manufactures.

DIANE DE LYS.

THIS play, of which so much has been said, has been seen in London only enough to excite, rather than satisfy, curiosity. The first remark that we have to make upon it is to express our earnest hope that no manager will attempt or be permitted to produce an English version of that which is incapable of translation. Those who have seen *Frou Frou* on the English stage have seen enough of adaptation, or rather violation, of French plays. It is the duty of the Lord Chamberlain to draw the line somewhere, and he drew it, and for some time maintained it, between *Frou Frou* and *Diane de Lys*. It is not our business to examine into the nature or extent of the differences which exist in life and conversation between the two ladies who have been so admirably represented by Madlle. Desclée. The former part has been played by other French actresses in London, but the latter, although it has existed for twenty years, has only been performed within the last month. Both these plays may serve equally to show how wide is the gulf which separates English from French dramatic art. You may take scenes from either play and translate them literally into English, and thus produce grotesque effects where the authors intended to be serious and even solemn.

We will begin at the fifth act of *Diane de Lys*, which has a tragic ending, although many of the scenes are light and playful. The act opens in the studio of Paul, to whom enters Taupin with a carpet-bag, and afterwards Maximilian. Taupin recounts an adventure which has just happened to himself. "You know," he says to Paul, "Madame Taupin, and you know how often I have prayed to be delivered from her." "That," says Paul, "is true." Maximilian here interferes to inquire who is Madame Taupin, and is informed that she is the speaker's wife. He thanks Taupin, and adds, "C'était simplement pour m'intéresser aux personnages." Taupin replies that she is his wife, "une petite personne bien désagréable." His friend Paul confirms this statement. "Ceci posé," continues Taupin, "je reprends le cours de ma narration." Madame Taupin had lately become less unpleasant than usual, and her husband began to think that there must be some cause for her amiability. Two days ago he made this reflection as he mounted the stairs to his abode, when he heard a door open, and "deux bottes, deux bottes triomphantes, deux bottes d'aplomb, deux bottes de maître de

maison, résonnèrent sur le carré, puis un baiser glissa dans l'air." The voice of Madame Taupin is heard making an appointment for three o'clock next day, and the two boots begin to descend the stairs. Taupin discreetly hides himself, and sees "un homme de cinq pieds six pouces au moins, de trente-quatre à trente-cinq ans, décoré, militaire . . . . un homme superbe." He was singing the very air that Taupin himself was singing five minutes before, and doubtless Taupin's wife had taught it to him. Taupin allows the military gentleman to depart quietly, and then goes upstairs, says not a word of what he has heard, kisses Madame Taupin, calls her his "Loulou," makes himself a glass of grog, and goes to bed. Paul interjects, "C'est plein d'intérêt!" Next morning Taupin packs his carpet-bag, and tells his wife that he is going to Rouen. "I wonder," he says, "that since the opening of the railway all guilty wives do not shudder when their husbands tell them they are going to Rouen." A husband who wishes to detect his wife tells her that he is going to Rouen. His wife goes with him to the station, kisses him, and asks when he will be back. He answers, "In a week." He travels as far as Maisons, gets out, and takes the train back to Paris, "et vous devinez le reste." His friend Paul, recalling him from general principles to the particular example, inquires for "cette pauvre Madame Taupin." He explains that he had calculated to take the return train, which would reach Paris at three o'clock, so as to have comfortable time to walk to his dwelling and catch the military gentleman with the "chanson" of yesterday upon his lips. But, unfortunately, he took a walk and missed the train, and thus found no proof when he returned home. However, as he had prepared a scene, he chose to have it out. His wife defied him, told him that if he did not like her he should not have married her, reminded him that the premises and all upon them belonged to her, and turned him out of doors. "So," says he, "here I am, without a home, but also happily without a wife." Maximilian in turn tells his story. He fell in love with a dancer by whom he was half ruined, and for whose sake he was wounded in a duel. Taupin consoles him by remarking that the dancer might have ruined him altogether, and his rival might have killed him.

But it is now time to return to the hero of the play, Paul. His friend Maximilian asks him when he will be married. He puts off the answer, as he is still thinking of Diane de Lys and of the oath he has sworn to be revenged on her husband. Maximilian had given his friend prudent advice which he repeats. He should settle down to his work, return to his mother and his friends, forget a love which could not last, and above all thank Heaven that the whole of his life was not encumbered by a woman. As regards the Countess, he had nothing for which to blame himself. If they were separated, it was the fault of events, of circumstances, of the exigencies of society. But Paul would not listen to his friend. He persisted in following the Count, who travelled onward, keeping vigilant guard over his wife, but taking apparently not the slightest notice of the attendant Paul. At last that happened which might have been foreseen. The best pedestrian, even when he is in love, cannot keep up for ever with a postchaise. Paul's money was spent, and he was obliged to return to Paris, paint pictures, and sell them at half price to replenish his purse. Now, continues the sage Maximilian, there are men whom such a prank would have ruined, but it did Paul good rather than harm. The story just spread far enough to reach the ears of an elderly widow lady, "très-spirituelle," who desired that the hero of it might be presented to her. The widow lady had a daughter, who, instead of seeing the ridiculous side of Paul's adventure, only saw the romantic side of it. The young lady falls in love with Paul. She has a million by way of fortune, she is charming as an angel, and she declares that she will never marry any one except Paul. Her mamma approves. Paul visits at the house, and pays attentions, and when the moment comes for decision he hesitates, and rejects that occasion "qui se présente une fois dans la vie de l'homme, de faire son bonheur et d'assurer sa fortune." We must allow that Maximilian is not alone among mankind in enunciating principles which are superior to the practice which he confesses.

Nobody can help seeing and admiring the skill with which this fifth act is framed to bring about the catastrophe. The defect of it to English eyes and ears is that Paul and Diane fail to interest English minds in troubles which originate in disregard of the ordinary principle of morality. That which is done in France is done in England, but it is talked about, and we might almost say thought about, in a different way. But we can at least emphatically approve Taupin's reinforcement of the argument of Maximilian:—"Une famille, cinquante mille livres de rente, vous pourrez faire de l'art avec des pinceaux d'or. . . . Mariez-vous, mon cher, mariez-vous." Paul cannot listen to these discreet friends. Diane has promised to write to him, and he will continue to believe in her fidelity, at least, until she bids him cease to think of her. Maximilian answers, "Eh! mon cher, en amour il n'y a d'adieu éternel que celui qu'on ne dit pas." We do not care much for the sentiments of this play, but its maxims of worldly wisdom are beautiful. The same writer adds, with almost equal truth, that a woman who loves can always contrive to write. He begins to reproach Paul for allowing his proposed marriage with the romantic young lady of fortune to be talked about, but immediately he perceives Paul's true motive, which was that the report should reach the ears of Diane, and bring her back to him.—"C'est ce que nous appelons du galvanisme d'amour." However, he lectures Paul severely for trifling with a girl who loves him, and for the sake of a woman who does not. The Countess, he says, has changed her mind, and now loves the only person for loving whom Paul could not forgive her, to wit, her husband. Diane is a woman of originality. After being shut up for some time, she grew tired of tears, and merely for variety took to contemplating her gaoler-husband. To her surprise she found that he was "spirituel, élégant, beau garçon." She said to herself that she had been looking far for that which was close at hand, "et la voilà qui aime le compte." In proof of this statement he produces a genuine letter of Diane, in which she declares that peace is restored to her life, which she gives wholly to her husband. Paul believes, or seems to believe, this story, and declares his intention to go in for the heiress. "Come then," says Maximilian, "one has a deal of trouble to make you happy." Paul desires to be left alone that he may write to his mother. The experienced student of French plays is aware that the hero's mother always turns up in his thoughts when they become serious. But the real purpose of the friends' exit is that Paul may deliver a soliloquy. He turns out his drawers which contain letters of Diane and of Berthe, and perhaps of other ladies who are not specified. He is in a moral and self-judging mood of mind. Berthe loved him, and he made her suffer. He loved Diane, and she made him suffer. He will keep "un pieux souvenir" of Berthe, but of that other woman he will keep nothing. He tears up Diane's letters, and being partially tranquillized by this exercise, he proceeds to write to his mother. We shall best appreciate the difference between the French and English stage by conceiving an English actor reading aloud as he commits to paper a letter to his mother. It might be the fault of the actor or the audience, or both, but the inevitable result would be to throw ridicule on what is meant to be a solemn scene. "There is but one love which never deceives, and that is a mother's love." This sentiment, however beautiful, is, we think, out of place at the beginning of a letter which ends by announcing that the writer is going to be married. But small criticism should be hushed in presence of the actual catastrophe of the play. Diane enters softly, stands beside him, and calls him by his name. He receives her coldly and addresses her as Countess. She, with a just estimate of her lover's character, suggests that there is a woman on the premises. He assures her that they are alone, and copious explanation follows. Each disbelieves the explanation which the other gives. She becomes excited, and protests that her assurance of fidelity is that of a woman "qui n'a jamais menti à sa parole." Of course she forgets that a trifling exception to this statement exists as regards her marriage vow. He repeats his protestation, and adds, "Je vous le jure sur ma mère." We cannot help thinking that his mother has no call to appear in this conversation. However, each explains to the final satisfaction of the other. The lady's morality slightly confuses our ideas. Her father was dying, and it would have been wicked to quit his bedside, but it is apparently not wicked to quit her husband's house. She has made up her mind to go to Paul's mother, who after all has more to do with the affair than we had supposed. The mother will sympathize with one who loves her son. The two women will live together, and Paul will visit them. Thus they will lead quiet and happy lives—the world forgetting, by the world forgot. Unfortunately for this dream of bliss the door rattles, and the Count is heard forcing entrance. Paul demands, rather selfishly, as we think, a pledge from Diane that she will devote herself if he lives to his love, and if he dies to his memory; then he takes a last kiss, and exclaims, "Que la volonté de Dieu s'accomplisse!" He takes a pair of swords and advances towards the Count, expecting a fair duel. But the Count, having no chivalric nonsense in his head, shoots Paul while he has the chance. Paul exclaims, "Ma mère!" and falls dead. The friends enter at this moment and pose themselves while the Count explains that Paul was the lover of his wife, that he has done himself justice, and has killed Paul. It is only necessary to add that the best acting is needed to make this scene tolerable, even in French. The closest English translation is the most effectual burlesque of it. The part of Diane was performed by Madlle. Desclée "for the last time" on Saturday. We understand this to mean that arrangements had been made for the appearance of M. Brasseur in the present week; but there are likely to be other opportunities of seeing Madlle. Desclée as Diane, and perhaps as Frou Frou. But it is wise in a manager to give the public too little rather than too much of a good thing. English managers are too apt to do every play to death, and even to undesired resurrection.

THE GRAND PRIX AND ASCOT.

DONCASTER has met with the same fate at Paris which befel a far greater Derby winner, Blair Athol. The latter crossed the Channel to be beaten by Vermout, and a son of Vermont has this year trod in his sire's footsteps. There is no doubt that some horses stand the sea passage badly, and have not sufficient time after their journey to get round again. Moreover, the course at Longchamps is not one of the best in the world, and the turf is very different from that to which English horses are accustomed on their training grounds. Yet our horses have been successful on four occasions at Paris, and two Derby winners have added the Grand Prix to their Epsom triumph. The race, however, has never carried out its founder's idea of bringing together the best horses of both countries; and with Epsom just before it, and Ascot immediately following it, there is no wonder that English owners should be as a rule averse from exposing their representatives to the risks of such a tedious and fatiguing journey. There

was but a small field of seven last Sunday, to which we contributed two only, Doncaster and Chandos. Boiard, the winner of the French Derby, and Apollon, his stable companion, Flageolet, Franc-Tireur, and Louvigny made up the number. Mr. Merry had Marie Stuart engaged as well as Doncaster, but evidently thought that he had the race at his mercy with the Derby winner. According to the Two Thousand and Derby running he was quite justified in his opinion, for Boiard was a long way behind Kaiser and Gang Forward at Newmarket, and we all know how easily Doncaster defeated the latter pair at Epsom only a fortnight ago. No race, however, has been so fruitful in surprises, considering that it has only been established ten years, as the Grand Prix; and the easy defeat of Doncaster last Sunday is a repetition of the astonishing ill luck that in former years befell such horses as Lord Clifden and Blair Athol. No excuse can be made for Mr. Merry's horse on the score of condition, for we understand that he looked remarkably well, and showed no traces of having suffered from his long journey. Nor did he meet with any disappointment during the race. Apollon, as in the French Derby, made the running at a great pace, and when his mission was accomplished Boiard, Doncaster, and Flageolet were found lying well together. On the retirement of his stable companion Boiard assumed the lead, and for the last half-mile it was a real struggle which of the three could stay the longest. Doncaster tried vainly to wrest the lead from Boiard, but was never able to get fairly up to him, and the French Derby winner held his own to the end, and won by superior staying power, the victory being accomplished by a clear length. Flageolet finished with a rush, and just secured the second money, while Doncaster had to put up with the third place. Mr. Merry's horse was clearly beaten on his merits, for a more fairly ridden race could not be seen, and the winner honestly proved himself the better horse of the two. Boiard, it will be remembered, finished before Doncaster in the Two Thousand, but then the Derby showed that Doncaster had improved 21 lbs. since the Newmarket meeting, and now the Grand Prix shows that Boiard has improved still more. Flageolet, too, who so utterly disgraced himself in the Two Thousand, must have made astonishing improvement to beat the conqueror of Kaiser and Gang Forward over a mile and three-quarters course; and, altogether, the three-year-old running is more hopelessly complicated than ever. We cannot, however, jump to the conclusion that the English Derby was a mere chance victory, and that if Mr. Savile had sent Kaiser to Paris he would have secured the Grand Prix; but we regret that Mr. Merry did not send Marie Stuart to Paris, and keep Doncaster for the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot. He would have had to give 4 lbs. to Kaiser and Gang Forward, which, according to the Epsom running, he could well have done, and the question whether the Derby was a true-run race or not could have been settled at once and for all. Now the answer is indefinitely postponed, for it is not impossible that Marie Stuart will represent Mr. Merry in the St. Leger instead of Doncaster. We may add, that all we have heard of the running in the French Derby and the Grand Prix confirms us in our opinion that, had Apollon started in the English Derby, he would have proved a formidable antagonist to the winner.

The first day at Ascot was as usual rich in good racing. Large fields contested the first two events, the Trial Stakes, and the Maiden Plate for two-year-olds. The uncertain Moorlands was successful in the first, and a very promising son of that rising sire Saccharometer, Sugarcane, won the second. Sweet Note, who was only beaten a head, is also by Saccharometer. A poor field of nine came to the post for the rich Prince of Wales' Stakes, which would have been a tame affair indeed had not those gallant opponents Kaiser and Gang Forward met, for the third time this season, to struggle for supremacy. It was fortunate that each had to carry the same penalty, thus raising their weight to 9st. 1 lb., for they have proved themselves so inseparable that any advantage in the weights on one side or the other would quite spoil the interest of their encounters. Their seven opponents were of little account, even the allowances which most of them received not enabling them to cope with the first and second in the Two Thousand. Mr. Merry's representative, indeed, Highland Laddie, to whom Kaiser and Gang Forward had to give 12 lbs., attracted considerable attention, especially as it was rumoured that he was not such a very long way behind Doncaster. His performance by no means confirmed this flattering report; though a powerful colt, he shows but little quality, and his action is high, and not suited to a severe course. The remaining starters were Suleiman, The Preacher, Marquis Townshend, Miss Buckland, and Combat, from M. Lefèvre's stable, and Capuchin—a poor stamp of competitors for one of the greatest races of the year. It is sufficient to say that The Preacher showed considerable speed for a mile; that Highland Laddie's fighting action exhausted his strength before he reached the straight, and that from the distance the race resolved itself into a match between Kaiser and Gang Forward. Between them there was as punishing and determined a struggle as in the Two Thousand and Derby, and this time Kaiser just got the best of it, and beat his old opponent by a head. Each has now beaten the other by a head, and once the judge has been unable to separate them. Each has deservedly won one of the great prizes of the year, and in the greatest of all neither would take advantage of the other. We cannot call to mind another instance of two good horses maintaining their relative form with such exactitude in race after race. It is true that neither of the pair is a first-class horse; but first-class horses might envy the gameness, the resolution, the perseverance with which either fights out a battle to the best of his powers. There was a general opinion that Gang Forward was the better stayer of the two, and that he would be better served by the long ascent at the end of the race; but, on the contrary, he was more exhausted than his opponent towards the finish, and the long tiring hill troubled him more than Kaiser. Not from want of heart, but from sheer distress, Gang Forward swerved in the last hundred yards, while Kaiser ran on to the end with unflinching gameness. Horses cannot go on running such desperately close races, time after time, as if they were machines, and it would not be surprising if, at the next meeting of the pair, one of them were to play the coward. At present, however, they cannot be separated by the acutest handicapper; and whatever their relative reputation may be, as compared with the heroes of former years, there is no doubt that truer and more trusty horses never galloped on a race-course. Mr. Savile followed up his well-won victory in the Prince of Wales's Stakes by carrying off the Ascot Stakes, the principal handicap race of the meeting, and once the most important handicap race in England. Only nine runners contested it on this occasion; and Shannon, Vanderdecken, Falkland, Houghton, and Uhlan were the best of the nine. Shannon, however, is not the Shannon of 1871, or with her lenient weight she would have carried off this race in a canter. Vanderdecken is a vastly over-rated horse, and was fairly beaten by such a plater as Houghton; while Uhlan squandered his field in the last half-mile, and won in a walk. This race is now one of minor importance, though, like the Goodwood Stakes, its name has survived its reputation. The Queen's Stand Plate, once the T.Y.C., was a mere gift to Prince Charlie, as any other race, over the same distance, against any possible competitors, at weight for age, would be. Blenheim is a speedy horse, and Fordham rode him, but he could not make Prince Charlie gallop; and the two-year-olds, who have all the best of the weights at this race, and usually manage to secure it, could never get within sight of his tail. A select but good field started for the Gold Vase, Hannah, Struan, Cecilia, Thorn, Dutch Skater, and Lilian being among the runners. The wretched form of the three-year-old fillies was illustrated by the inability of Cecilia, the winner of the One Thousand Guineas, to get anywhere near the front; and the finish of the race was left to Hannah and Thorn, the latter, in the second division of the second-class three-year-olds, beating Baron Rothschild's mare by a neck. As far as quality went—estimating quality by the importance of the prizes won by the different competitors—this was the best field of the day, for it included a winner of the Oaks and St. Leger, two winners of the One Thousand Guineas, a winner of the Great Metropolitan, and of innumerable Queen's Plates, and such useful animals as Struan and Lilian. The victory of Thorn somewhat improves the form of this year's three-year-olds; yet he had some difficulty in shaking off Hannah, and Hannah, though a good mare, was neither an Achievement nor a Sunshine. The Biennial, for two-year-olds, was carried off by Lemnos, a son of Thunderbolt and Laura, who showed good form, inasmuch as among the beaten horses were Archduke and Birbeck, and the highly reputed Couronne de Fer had to put up with an indifferent third place.

On Wednesday Kaiser and Gang Forward had each a nice little exercise canter, and being relieved from the necessity of breaking one another's hearts, each won his little race—the value of each, by the way, was substantial—just as he pleased. Kaiser had only His Grace, King George, and John to beat, and won his six hundred sovereigns without having to go out of an easy gallop. Gang Forward's work was more difficult, for he had to give weight to Highland Laddie and Andred, but he was equal to the task, and won his race just as easily as Kaiser. Marie Stuart gave 7lbs. to Wild Myrtle and Silver Ring in the Coronation Stakes, and beat them in such fashion as to show what an absolute certainty the Oaks was for her. The Triennial, for two-year-olds, fell to Sugarcane, who beat his five opponents as readily as on the preceding day; and the Royal Hunt Cup was won by Winslow, who carried the top weight, from twenty-six opponents, by a splendid effort of horsemanship on the part of Fordham. Speed was well represented in this race, Laburnum, Helmet, Oxford Mixture, Alava, The Pearl, Soucar, and the highly-priced Lord Gough being among the runners. Winslow showed fair form as a two-year-old, and might have taken his own part in the Derby last year had he not met with an accident a day or two before the race which incapacitated him from starting. His victory on Wednesday was mainly due to his rider, for a hundred yards from home he looked quite out of the race, and Reine had such a clear lead that her defeat seemed impossible. Fordham brought up Winslow just at the last moment and won on the post—his knowledge of how to win on the post being one of the characteristics of his riding which we often have occasion to notice at Newmarket.

The Gold Cup dwindled down at last to very poor dimensions. The entry was not good to begin with. None of the crack three-year-olds were in it, Thorn and Flageolet being the best. A good race seemed probable between Cremorne and Favonius, but the scratching of Baron Rothschild's horse dashed those hopes to the ground. Soon after his withdrawal Wenlock also was struck out; and the race became on paper what it turned out to be on the day—a gift to Cremorne. Flageolet, who, like other French horses, seems not to mind travelling backwards and forwards between France and England in the least, appeared none the worse for his race last Sunday; but he could not fairly extend Cremorne, who was in perfect condition, and, in addition, was bound, on his merits, to beat any three-year-old at weight for age. It is known

that he is better than Kaiser at weight for age; and Kaiser is very nearly at the head of the three-year-olds. The failure of the Cup race is much to be regretted, for there are few contests of that class now remaining in England, and at Ascot hitherto their prestige has been tolerably maintained. A race between Cremorne and Favonius would indeed have been worth witnessing; but directly the pen was put through the name of Baron Rothschild's champion, it was certain that the Ascot Cup this year would practically be walked over for by Cremorne.

REVIEWS.

LIFE OF GEORGE GROTE.*

MRS. GROTE'S book is an excellent specimen of one of the two admissible kinds of biography. A perfect Life can only be written by a friend who is in a sufficiently independent position to criticize as well as to appreciate the subject of his narrative. Near relatives and wives are, as a general rule, disqualified both by their own natural feelings and by a sense of propriety from the task of depicting the characters of eminent men; but the next best likeness to a portrait taken by an artist is a photograph, or unconscious revelation of moral and intellectual features. Mrs. Grote's work is almost an autobiography of her husband; and probably he could not have himself composed it with equal fidelity and force. If he had ever thought of writing his own life, his narrative would have been a mere record of thoughts, of studies, and of literary and political designs. To the lifelong companion of his career he was a politician, a scholar, and a historian; but he was before and above all things himself. The sustained and admiring sympathy which is now and then varied by kindly impatience in the notice of trifling foibles, enables Mrs. Grote to tell her story like an autobiographer from within. When she first announced her intention, Mr. Grote declared that of his life there was absolutely nothing to tell; but he admitted the truth of the reply that his life would be the history of his mind. Even his original protest was not wholly well founded. Fifty or sixty years of earnest toil, of growing fame, and of uninterrupted prosperity, are not within the range of ordinary experience. His resolute persistence in severe study down to the end of his life, from the time when he was transferred from school to his father's banking-house, belongs perhaps to the history of his mind. The bank had been established by his grandfather, Andreas Grote, an emigrant from Holland, and the historian of Greece pleased himself with the fancy that he might perhaps be connected by blood with the famous Hugo Grotius. At the Charterhouse, where he received his only regular education, Grote was a schoolfellow of Bishop Thirlwall, of Havelock, and of the two Waddingtons, one afterwards Under-Secretary of State, the other Dean of Durham. Few events in literary history better deserve to be recorded than the generous enthusiasm with which the Bishop of St. David's welcomed the publication of a History of Greece which was in his judgment destined to supersede his own. Almost the only disturbance of the smooth course of his prosperous career was caused by the harshness of his father in delaying his marriage, and in enforcing strict attendance at the bank. His mother's narrow religious fanaticism probably accounted for his extreme and lasting antipathy to theological belief. Mr. Grote's temperament might, in different circumstances, have inclined him to the adoption of some austere religious creed. If he had been a contemporary of Milton, instead of being a disciple of Bentham and of the elder Mill, he would probably have been a leader among the Presbyterians or the Independents. One proof that his Republicanism was of the ancient and orthodox kind was furnished by his inclination to the cause of the South during the American Civil War. Constitutional rights asserted with heroic pertinacity were to him more sacred than philanthropic sentiments, and even than democratic commonplaces. In his personal character Mr. Grote resembled the type of the English Commonwealth rather than that of modern democracy. A Radical and a Republican, he maintained the stately bearing which might have become the friends of Hampden and Sidney. In his later years he was remarkable for a formal and gracious courtesy of demeanour, which accorded well with a handsome and dignified presence. Mrs. Grote is fully justified in applying to him the familiar passage in which Chaucer sums up the character of his perfect knight. It may readily be believed that in all his life Mr. Grote never treated a human being with contumely or arrogance. It may be collected from the letters which are published, and from the whole tenor of the biography, that, while he was simple and gentle, he was uniformly serious. His acuteness of intellect may perhaps have enabled him to understand humour and irony; but probably from youth to age he never uttered a joke. The only taste which he possessed which was not strictly intellectual seems to have been a wholesome love of horses. When he was at one time staying with Mrs. Grote in the neighbourhood of a trainer's establishment, they were in the habit of getting up early to see Blink Bonny and her stable companions taking their gallops. He also liked whist, which occupies an intermediate place between intellectual labour and recreation; but it was his greatest pleasure, when he was not reading or writing, to discuss classical and historical questions with Sir George Lewis, or metaphysics and political economy with Mr. Mill or Dr. Bain. Mrs. Grote, with sound judgment, shared the main current of his life in her unfailing attention to the progress of his great historical work.

In her own words, "Mrs. G. Grote was habitually studious, after her fashion, under the direction of her husband, who laid great stress upon her cultivating the ratiocinative vein of instruction, above all logic, metaphysics, and politics; and she accordingly strove to master these subjects, out of deference to his wish, and in order to qualify herself to be associated with his intellectual tastes and labours, as time wore on." Neither teacher nor pupil probably appreciated the great superiority of the gifts which are displayed in the present biography to any direct result of "the ratiocinative vein of instruction." The motive and the practical result of the lady's studies mattered more than her attainments in metaphysics. It was at her suggestion that Mr. Grote designed and commenced the *History of Greece*, about the year 1823. The progress of the work was afterwards interrupted by his entrance into political life, as member for the City of London in the first Reformed Parliament. He had previously become a principal leader in the small party then called the Philosophical Radicals, including Sir W. Molesworth, Mr. Roebuck, and Mr. Charles Buller. Mr. Grote took an active part in all the proceedings of the extreme Liberal party, and he introduced in several Sessions Bills for the establishment of vote by Ballot; but the country was with a sound instinct averse to further organic changes; and the progress of natural reaction reduced the handful of ultra-reformers to a powerless condition. It was without regret on his own part, and perhaps without loss to the country, that Mr. Grote retired from Parliament in 1841, to devote the rest of his life to the composition of his History and of his treatises on Greek philosophy. Thirty years later, when his early opinions were adopted by Mr. Gladstone's Government, the enthusiasm of Mr. Grote for the Ballot had sensibly cooled. "I confess," he said to Mrs. Grote, "that, since the wide expansion of the voting element, the value of the Ballot has sunk in my estimation." It may be remembered that at the same time the Minister, at a loss for a reason to justify his conversion, announced that his former preference for open voting had been removed "since the wide expansion of the voting element." The practical politician had reasons for conforming to the creed of the majority, while the veteran supporter of the Ballot had become less sanguine with advancing years. Prejudices, as well as political convictions, relaxed under the genial influence of time. Mrs. Grote naturally regretted the determination of her "somewhat intolerant partner," during the early years of their married life, to exclude himself and her from the aristocratic society to which she was attracted by taste and connexion. It seems strange that fifty years ago a refined scholar, possessed of an easy fortune, should have regarded the classes with which he might most suitably have associated with the dislike which Madame Roland and her friends entertained towards French princes and nobles in the days of the Revolution. In this respect Mr. Grote had been biassed by the precepts and example of Mr. James Mill, who cultivated the bitterest hatred against the classes which then governed England. No impartial observer of competent capacity and with suitable opportunities can doubt that the art of society attains its highest perfection among those who have time and inclination to make it their study, and means to adorn it with luxury and taste. When Mr. and Mrs. Grote visited Lord Lansdowne at Bowood in 1857, "the magnificence, order, elegant entertainment, and withal liberty of individual occupation which reigns in that establishment, struck both Mr. Grote and myself much." Two years before his death, Mr. Grote declined the offer of a peerage, which could not have been more suitably bestowed. In his letter to Mr. Gladstone he explained that "the honourable status and title" would at his age and "to his peculiar feelings be an unwelcome change"; but his main reason for refusing the honour was his unwillingness to undertake new and weighty duties, to which Mr. Gladstone had courteously referred. It is pleasant to find that, instead of despising the bauble which would formerly have roused his Republican indignation, "the incident was naturally productive of agreeable feelings, both to himself and to his intimate friends, and I will confess that it not seldom formed the subject of our quiet domestic talk." Although a seat in the House of Lords involves no necessary share in political or legislative business, it was not consistent with Mr. Grote's principles or habits to convert any office or dignity into a sinecure. To the last he was actively employed as a trustee of the British Museum, a member of the Council of University College, and Vice-Chancellor of the University of London.

Mrs. Grote wisely leaves to professed scholars the duty of estimating the value of her husband's contributions to literature and to history. Her function is to record the untiring labours which after the close of the short Parliamentary episode occupied the remainder of his life. Although he was deficient in grace and felicity of style, his History of Greece is not likely to be superseded. He has probably exhausted the limited stock of materials which can scarcely hereafter be enlarged; and future rivals will only be able to controvert some of his practical and political conclusions. Since the time of Mitford, the history of ancient Greece has been written with more or less of party spirit; and even the serene intellect of Thirlwall has not been unaffected by political prepossessions. Mr. Grote's admiration for the Athenian practice of secret voting, and his celebrated apology for Cleon, are not the result of purely dispassionate investigation; but a controversial interest in the events and persons of the distant past, if it some-

* *The Personal Life of George Grote.* By Mrs. Grote. London: John Murray. 1873.

times interferes with perfect impartiality, affords the best security against vagueness and unreality. Mr. Grote's Athenian statesmen and orators are living men whom he might have met in society or in the English Parliament, and not conventional shadows of the type which in the eighteenth century was indicated under the title of "the Anciente." Mr. Grote's merit as an historian who had also been a man of business engaged in public life was appreciated in the native land of profound book-learning. The ex-Prussian Minister Schön remarked, in a letter to Varnhagen von Ense, on

the false portraits which mere scholars have depicted for want of knowledge of the world. How greatly the death of Leonidas has been overrated; and, on the other hand, the scholars (*Philologen*) have not nearly done justice to Perikles. He is now to me the first of the Greeks. Lobeck, now the patriarch of scholarship at Königsberg, takes his hat off to Grote, and his colleague Lehrs bends his knee. I should like to know what Boeckh, Meineke, &c., say of the work of the London banker.

Although none but a politician can understand ancient or modern political life, Mr. Grote's industry and his absorption in his subject were rather German than English. His correspondence with Sir G. Lewis turned in great measure on questions of ancient history and philology; and, if he had left no fuller record of his studies, some of the letters would sufficiently prove the ripeness and soundness of his scholarship. An argument against a version in which Lewis and Waddington had concurred, of a phrase put by Thucydides into the mouth of Pericles, is an excellent example of the application to a verbal discussion of general considerations deduced from the character of the speaker and the audience. Sir G. Lewis was probably convinced by Mr. Grote's arguments that the boast of "cultivating the fine arts without needless expense" would neither have been pronounced by Pericles nor relished by his hearers:—

The ornamental outlay at Athens had been prodigiously great, and was also quite recent. Moreover it had been intentionally great, in order that the "visible splendour" of the city might become imposing. . . . The Athenians would think it the reverse of a compliment to be told that they had got the result at small cost. A marble statue of Athena might be as fine, artistically speaking, as one of ivory and gold. Nevertheless they thought the latter material more suitable, because it was more costly.

Mr. Grote's somewhat recondite interpretation of the passage recalls the contrast in Horace:—

> Privatus illis census erat brevis;
> Commune magnum.

The composition of the History furnished the writer for many years with congenial occupation; and the reception of the work from its commencement must have afforded him unqualified pleasure. It was not the smallest element of his happiness that his present biographer evinced the keenest interest in the History by minute criticism of every part as it was written. The chief drawback to a literary life is the intellectual solitude which is rather mitigated than relieved by mere domestic companionship. "Our History," as Mrs. Grote sometimes calls it, must have been far more interesting to the author than if he had been sole owner of the property which he had created. Mrs. Grote called a cottage which they had built at East Burnham out of the profits of the book, History Hut, and it was there that, at the end of 1855, the History was finally completed. On a corresponding occasion Gibbon paced his terrace looking over the Lake of Geneva. Mrs. Grote, not less appropriately, "had a little bowl of punch brewed at Christmas for our little household at History Hut, Grote himself sipping the delicious mixture with great satisfaction, while manifesting little emotion outwardly, though I could detect unmistakable signs of inward complacency, as I descanted upon the happiness of our living to see this day, and so forth." The void which might have been created by the loss of customary occupation was amply filled by the composition of the elaborate treatises on Plato and Aristotle. Fortunate in nearly all the circumstances of his life, Mr. Grote had measured for himself a task which nearly coincided with the time which remained at his disposal. He enjoyed with philosophic moderation the well-earned fame of his later years, taking especial pleasure in the respect and admiration of the younger race of students during a visit which he paid to the present Dean of Westminster, who then resided at Oxford, as Professor and Canon of Christchurch. He died after a short illness on the 18th of June, 1871, at the age of seventy-six, and he was buried in Westminster Abbey. Mrs. Grote has fully answered the doubt which he expressed whether there was anything in his life worth telling.

TODHUNTER'S CONFLICT OF STUDIES.*

THIS volume of essays is a very opportune contribution to the right understanding of some questions about which there has lately been a marked increase of general interest, and which are not likely to be left much longer without some attempt to deal with them on an extensive scale. Much as University education has been discussed, there is still much wanting to complete a satisfactory exchange of ideas (if we may so apply the convenient phrase of modern diplomatic cant) between the Universities and the public. The Universities have some difficulty in discovering what sort of provision for the higher education of English youth is desired, and the public, even when they know what they wish for, have apparently no very clear notion of what actually exists. We have here the statements and opinions of an eminent Cambridge teacher on various important points of the Cambridge system which are peculiarly within his own knowledge, and on which the judgment of an enlightened expert will be especially valuable for the purposes of any proposed new schemes. We do not know, indeed, that Mr. Todhunter's essays will be acceptable to the school of University reformers who want to reconstruct everything from the outside. For he proceeds throughout on the assumption that a man who has spent several of the best years of his life in administering an elaborate system may reasonably be expected to understand its strong and its weak points better than one who knows it only by report, or who has passed through its discipline but ceased to be familiar with it. And this assumption will no doubt appear unwarrantable to those who believe that re-organizing a University comes by nature, and that nothing stands in the way of its being done to-morrow but the prejudices and obstinacy of the existing authorities. Mr. Todhunter also speaks in a somewhat reserved, not to say sceptical, tone, of the results to be looked for from sundry untried experiments which are propounded by their advocates with an air of infallibility. Such advocates will regard Mr. Todhunter's guarded counsels as only an additional proof of the hopeless insensibility of the Cambridge mind to all new impulses. Again, those who wish to turn the Universities into large shops for selling useful knowledge at the lowest possible remunerative price will certainly find nothing whatever to their liking in these pages, as indeed we should be very sorry if they did.

The object of our Universities is not to be warehouses of information. What is aimed at is to give the best possible general training, and the best attainable means of cultivating special branches of knowledge, to those who will take advantage of them; and also, by whatever means we can, to induce those who cannot or will not do this to go through processes which will give them at least a tolerable tincture of mental and social discipline. The first of these objects is already attained in a very high degree in some departments of learning. Mr. Todhunter's vindication of what is done in his own seems very sufficient. And we see no reason to doubt that results of the same quality may be produced in other studies which are comparatively in their infancy when they have fairly taken root, so as to be pursued with proportionate energy and method. As to the second object, it would be absurd to deny that the success is in many cases very partial; but the failures are in great measure due to causes not under the control of the Universities or Colleges. University teachers are exhorted to devote themselves to original research, higher scientific culture, and so forth, while in fact their lecture-rooms have to be school-rooms where they attempt to make men learn the rudiments which ought to have been learnt at school. And why are they not learnt at school? Speaking on behalf of the much-abused college don, we might leave the schoolmaster to account for it. But we suspect it is not so much the schoolmaster's fault as the parent's. So long as English parents send their boys to school without really caring much whether they work or not, which undoubtedly is often the case, so long will many English boys take no particular trouble to learn anything at school, and go up scandalously unprepared to college. Thus the college has not a fair start, and the whole standard of University work is kept down far below what it ought to be, and what the Universities and Colleges would be only too glad to make it if the public would let them. If the parents would help the schoolmaster more in the beginning, they would not so often have reason to complain of the end.

We have mentioned a high special education for which a very elaborate machinery has been developed, and a very moderate general education, as the two distinct provisions made at Cambridge for different kinds of students. What becomes of those who want a high general education, but not a high special education; who wish to acquire a cultivated and scientific habit of mind, but do not aim at being experts in the utmost refinements of mathematics or scholarship? This question hits the point which seems to us the weakest in the Cambridge system. The present state of things as to mathematics is excellently described by Mr. Todhunter. He says:—

Our aim seems to be not so much to afford an adequate discipline to all our students, as to lavish superfluous care upon a few, with the view of creating professional mathematicians. . . . There are two classes of students of very different characters who are to be tried by the same tests. There are six or eight men in every year who are competing for the highest places and for the fellowships to which such honours lead; and these for the most part have such an amount of mathematical power that very difficult papers may be submitted to them, without any extravagant disproportion, at least in quality, between what they are required to do and what they really accomplish. Then we have on the other hand a large number of students who have no particular taste for mathematics, whose attainments are gained only by patient and laborious application; for this class the papers set are on the whole far too difficult. It would seem that the examination by which we endeavour to discover who are the best possible candidates for high mathematical appointments, and the examination by which we ascertain if students of moderate ability have gone through a salutary course of discipline with steady attention, are altogether different in their objects, and can scarcely take with advantage a common form.

The same remarks apply, with very little change, to the classical examinations. It is disheartening to think of the time consumed in Greek and Latin verse composition by men who might derive much profit from being made sound scholars up to a certain point, but who will never be accomplished enough to find either profit or pleasure in these refined exercises. But it is safer for examination purposes to produce average translation and average verse

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* *The Conflict of Studies, and other Essays on subjects connected with Education.* By I. Todhunter, M.A., F.R.S. London: Macmillan & Co. 1873.

composition than good translation and no verse composition. A paper of instructions used to be circulated at Eton warning beginners in Latin verse that "A few good verses are worth *much*; many good verses are worth *more*; but many bad verses are worth *nothing*." One result of the Cambridge Classical Tripos is a considerable crop of that which is worth nothing. And the recent additions of higher subjects to the examinations for both mathematical and classical honours all tend to aggravate this over-specialized character of the Triposes. Of course these subjects are important in themselves, and due provision should be made for their being learnt by those who really have time and aptitude for learning them. Especially as to Comparative Philology we must protest against a disparaging allusion of Mr. Todhunter's in his opening essay. We do not know whether it is a good subject for examinations, nor do we very much care; but certain it is that Comparative Philology has given us an instrument of research into the mental, and to no small extent the material, history of whole races of men whose power we are only beginning to know. In the study of language it makes all the difference between a mere registry of facts and an organized science, and the importance of its methods can fairly be compared to nothing less than that of a new calculus in mathematics. But it does not follow, as Mr. Todhunter elsewhere in the book justly observes, from the interest or importance of a novel subject, that the present universal remedy of putting it into an examination (or sometimes making a new one on purpose for it) is wisely applied. It is admitted that the present examinations are already too long. We venture to make a suggestion as worthy of attention, though not pledging ourselves to it, and admitting that it could not be adopted without entailing other changes, both in the University and in the College curriculum, which would have to be well considered. Might it not be a satisfactory way of attaining the desired end of a sufficient general discipline for all, and sufficient encouragement of special studies for the few, if the principle already adopted for ordinary degrees were to be extended to honour degrees? Let there be a general examination about a year earlier in the course than the Tripos now is, followed by optional special examinations. The Smith's Prizes and the Chancellor's Medals, which now have little or no independent significance, and only entail needless extra work on examiners and examined, might under such a scheme be utilized for the final special examinations in the higher branches of mathematics and scholarship respectively, and thus be restored to all their ancient dignity. Doubtless any one who made the suggestion at Cambridge would be vigorously opposed; amongst other things he would be accused of deserting the traditions of the place to copy the Oxford system of Moderations. For our own part, we do not see why the Universities should be above taking counsel from one another, and we think this matter one of those in which Cambridge has something to learn from Oxford. But we have unimpeachable Cambridge testimony on our side. The idea we have put forward is to be found in one of the earliest pages of Mr. Todhunter's book, though he does not pursue it to any consequences:—

> The excessive cultivation for examination purposes of one department of knowledge to the exclusion of others seems to me one of the great evils of our modern system of bribing students by great prizes and rewards to go through our competitive struggles. We are in danger of giving up all pretence of a general course of training for youth, and of allowing and even encouraging boys to select some special subject which they fancy they prefer, or rather perhaps which they least dislike. I should desire quite a contrary system; a scheme of study and examination should be drawn up after due deliberation, and all candidates be required to pass through this before the avenues to special distinction were opened. In theory perhaps this is still attempted; but in practice we seem to deviate from such a course more and more every year at Cambridge. For instance, students of classics are no longer compelled, as they formerly were, to pass a mathematical examination for their degree; and for the most part undergraduates in the colleges are excused from attendance at lectures on the subjects which they do not profess to cultivate. Even where an attempt is made to prescribe some general course the standard in each department is fixed so low as not to ensure more than the simplest rudiments of knowledge.

The general reflections suggested by these essays leave us little room to comment on their details. There is a minor point about fellowships on which we must differ from the author. He disapproves of examining for fellowships as a superfluous addition to the University course, and seems to assume that candidates for fellowships generally continue to read with a private tutor after taking their degrees. Only two Colleges do examine for fellowships at Cambridge so far as we know; and in that with which we are best acquainted—which, however, is not Mr. Todhunter's—it is not the practice for candidates to go on receiving special instruction; on the contrary, they generally begin to take pupils on their own account while they are waiting for their fellowships. The examination is also no mere vain repetition of the Tripos, but acts in some ways as a corrective.

As to the introduction of natural and experimental science into the University course, which is strenuously, and by some even violently, demanded, Mr. Todhunter fears, as a scientific mathetician, that science without mathematics may possibly be made an excuse for evading any exact discipline of the mind altogether. We think his suspicion of the indiscriminate cry for useful knowledge is by no means ill founded.

Those who take an interest either way in the fate of the conspiracy to depose Euclid which is being carried on in this country will find an able apology for him in the essay on "Elementary Geometry." Here again the writer suspects that some of the professed reformers want to substitute the mere imparting of facts for the training of the reason. But this controversy, as well as many other questions more or less debated in Mr. Todhunter's volume, we must leave to be settled by the ultimate verdict of the competent judges in such matters—if only the incompetent will allow them to settle it.

DOROTHY, COUNTESS OF SUNDERLAND.*

THE lovely and lively lady whom Waller's adoration in verse has made celebrated by the name of Sacharissa, the Lady Dorothy Sydney, was a daughter of Robert Earl of Leicester by Lady Dorothy Percy, daughter of the Earl of Northumberland. The famous Algernon Sydney was her brother. Her eldest brother, Lord Lisle, while her father lived, was an adherent of Cromwell, but a man of no political mark; as Earl of Leicester he survived the Revolution, and is the hero of one of Dryden's later adulatory dedications. Another brother, Robert Sydney, was, there is great reason to believe, the real father of the Duke of Monmouth, Charles II.'s putative son by Lucy Walters or Barlow. She had been first Algernon Sydney's mistress, then Robert Sydney's, and then Charles's. Yet another brother, the youngest—younger by three-and-twenty years than Dorothy—was Henry Sydney, an agreeable courtier and a man of pleasure, who in a diplomatic mission to the Hague acquired the friendship of the Prince of Orange, and, being deeply engaged in the counsels which brought about the Revolution, enjoyed the great favour of William III., who conferred on him various high employments, and created him Earl of Romney.

At the age of two-and-twenty Lady Dorothy was married to Henry Lord Spencer of Wormleighton. Their married life, while it lasted, was singularly happy. Her husband, having been created Earl of Sunderland, was slain, in September 1643, at Newbury, where he fought as a volunteer for the King. After four years of happy married life the Countess was a widow with a son and two daughters. The son, Robert Earl of Sunderland, grew up, and became a politician, and has left a worse than doubtful reputation as a leading Minister of Charles II. and James II. The eldest daughter married another Minister of those two reigns, the accomplished and brilliant George Savile, Lord Halifax. It may be added that Lord Shaftesbury married for his third and last wife a sister of Lady Sunderland's husband: he was, therefore, uncle of Sunderland and of Lady Halifax, and he was already the uncle of Halifax by his first marriage with a daughter of Lord Keeper Coventry. It may be further added that Lady Russell, the wife of Lord Shaftesbury's good political ally, was first cousin of the first Earl of Sunderland, the husband of Sacharissa, and of the third wife of Lord Shaftesbury. Thus Shaftesbury, Russell, Halifax, and Sunderland, greatly divided in politics, were a family party. If Monmouth were the son of Robert Sydney, he would be a notable reinforcement of the family party.

The news of the Earl of Sunderland's death at Newbury in September 1643 had reached the Earl of Leicester at Oxford, where he was with King Charles I., and he despatched a messenger to Penshurst, where Lady Sunderland was with her mother, to break to them the dreadful news. Lord Leicester's letter on this occasion to his bereaved daughter has long since been published in Collins's Sydney State Papers, and is a model of kindness and wisdom; it came from one who was reputed very learned and judicious. Mr. Blencowe has published in the appendix to Henry Sydney's Diary and Correspondence the report sent to Lord Leicester by his messenger of the way in which the news was broken to Lady Leicester and her daughter. It was a letter worth publishing; he had disquieted Lady Sunderland, but not told her all; he went to Lady Leicester and told her the fact; she swooned in excess of grief, but, when she came to, the messenger urged her to be firm, and go to her daughter to disclose the whole truth and to console her:—

> This I urged and pressed upon her as much as I could, till she had overcome her own passion, and then I waited on her to my Lady Sunderland's chamber, where, falling on her neck, she spoke such comfortable words to her, and in so affectionate a manner, as I am confident it was not possible for any divine or orator, with all their study and premeditation, to have been able in so short a time to have charmed so great a grief so well.

After nearly nine years of widowhood, Lady Sunderland was married, in July 1652, to a Kentish neighbour of her father's at Penshurst, Robert, eldest son of Sir John Smythe or Smith (as the name was variously spelt), and a relative of Viscount Strangford, who had married her sister, Lady Barbara Sydney. By this marriage she had a son, Robert Smythe, who was grandfather of Sir Sydney Stafford Smythe, Chief Baron of the Exchequer. Lady Sunderland survived her second husband, and died in 1684, the year in which her brother Algernon was executed.

There was no public proof of Lady Sunderland's talent and wit till the publication by Miss Berry, from the Duke of Devonshire's papers, of a small packet of her letters addressed in 1680 to her son-in-law Halifax. Since then some of her letters addressed to her brother Henry in 1679 and 1680 have been published by

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* *Some Account of the Life of Rachael Wriothesley, Lady Russell.* By the Editor of Madame du Deffand's Letters [Miss Berry], &c., &c. To which are added Eleven Letters from Dorothy Sydney, Countess of Sunderland, to George Savile, Marquis of Halifax, in the year 1680. Published from the Originals in the possession of His Grace the Duke of Devonshire. London. 1819.

Diary of the Times of Charles II. By the Hon. Henry Sydney (afterwards Earl of Romney), including his Correspondence with the Countess of Sunderland, &c., &c. Edited, with Notes, by R. W. Blencowe, Esq., A.M. 2 vols. London. 1843.

Mr. Blencowe. They are charmingly vivacious, pointed, and epigrammatic. They are full of political and personal gossip, and throw light on the political history of two important years of the reign of Charles II. Horace Walpole or Lady Mary Wortley Montagu did not write better letters. The Countess is in her sixty-second year in September 1679, when her extant correspondence begins. It ends in November 1680.

Old Waller, as she calls him, her poetical adorer in her youth, is now, in his seventy-fifth year, a frequent visitor in her drawing-room. Burnet says of him that at eighty he was the delight of the House of Commons. Her brother Algernon Sydney is often mentioned, never pleasantly. A lady friend, Lady Harvey, has told her that "she wonders nobody shoots him." There is a marriage in the family of a daughter of Lady Lucy Pelham, sister of the Countess and of Algernon, but Algernon will not go near his kinsfolk. "Mr. Algernon never goes to them, though they have sought him, so that I have wondered at it often." He is ill, and the Countess is respectfully civil to him:—"Our brother Algernon is very ill of a cough; he eats nothing but water-gruel; I do not see him, but I have sent to him twice." She is writing to their brother Henry, with whom Algernon is on bad terms. Her civil attention to Algernon brought him to see her, and she treats him as a wayward child:—"My brother Algernon, upon my sending to know how he did when he was ill, has come to me three times, and I believe will continue it, for he seems very well pleased with it. We have not said one word of any difference, and I never contradict him when he says such things as that Sir William Coventry is no more an able than a handsome man."

The martyr Algernon was privately morose, haughty, and quarrelsome. He had returned to England from a long political exile some two years before the Countess of Sunderland's correspondence begins, in time to see his wise and honoured father before the termination of his long life. He had endeavoured unsuccessfully to obtain a seat in the House of Commons for Guildford, at the general election of February 1679, and again for Amersham at the quickly following general election of September of the same year. He had done all he could, but without success, to thwart his brother Henry's election for Bramber, by supporting Sir Charles Wolseley, a Republican, against him. Algernon was for a Commonwealth. With this view, and hoping for support from France for a Republic in England if troubles came on the death of Charles, he gave himself up to the policy of the King of France, and worked hard among the English Republicans and sectaries to make opposition to the King's Administration and difficulties for the King. The Duke of Buckingham did the same. Algernon Sydney and Buckingham constantly frequented the French Ambassador, Barillon, received from him money presents, and were beggars for more. Ralph Montagu, the treacherous foe of Danby, was another of Barillon's paid emissaries; but Montagu was a zealous advocate of Monmouth's succession. Sydney and Montagu were nevertheless on friendly terms. Shaftesbury and Russell disliked Sydney. There is unfortunately no doubt, from Barillon's despatches, that the money given to Sydney was for his own use. This is by way of introduction to some of Lady Sunderland's chit-chat. She writes to Halifax, her son-in-law, July 8, 1680:—

> This I believe is true; my Lord Shaftesbury's and Mr. Algernon's quarrel, who has heard Shaftesbury say he is a French pensioner, and my Lord Sunderland's spy; he pays him again. This is likely to go as high as tongues can. . . . My brother is suspected to be in with the Duke of Buckingham; to-day he is with Wildman; how far that is a sign of it I know not. Mr. Montagu is not in any affair with them, it is thought, for he does not appear amongst them, and talks of going to France next month.

On July 19 she writes about the Whig triumph in the election of Bethell and Cornish as Sheriffs:—

> The news of yesterday every one in the street can send you, and better than I, my dear Lord; yet I must be scribbling. At the choosing of the sheriffs, which are the same again, a loud outcry, "No Yorkist! no Papist!" This by hundreds; and one proposed they beat, so that he is very ill, still crying, "A Yorkist, none of him!" My Lord Russell said he was sorry one of them was chosen, for he was as great a Commonwealth man as Algernon Sydney. I wonder what his Lordship is, if he is not so too, and goes so far towards it. . . . Mr. Algernon is busy, about what God knows. Last night he was called out of my chamber; I asked by whom, and my man said a Quaker. The Duke of Buckingham very lately pretended to have some trouble of conscience, and talked of it to some fanatics, and they said he appeared to be in a good mind, and they were to come to him again to finish the work. At a time appointed he could not be found; and afterwards they heard he was with a wench all that day.

Here is some lively gossip about Shaftesbury, the head of "the mutineers," as she calls his party:—

> Yesterday my brother Smith [brother of her second husband] dined at my Lord Shaftesbury's, and thought him pettish and out of humour extremely. Mr. Hampden [grandson of the celebrated John Hampden; member of Parliament for Buckinghamshire] came in before dinner, and said, "My Lord, have we a league with the Dutch?" "Yes," says my Lord. Says Hampden, "This will be all turned against us; we shall have the Prince of Orange with an army here." They are so mad, they know not what they say. He whispered to my Lord Shaftesbury, and Smith heard him say, "I am afraid this will fool the Parliament." These are good Englishmen and Protestants! I am never better pleased than when I am told these things will be done, that my Lord Halifax will approve, for then I am sure that is good for the nation, and my son [Sunderland] being for these ways too is a satisfaction to me (June 20).
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> My brother Spencer* was in town yesterday; he had a mind to see his sister [Lady Shaftesbury], and sent to her to meet him at Southampton House [Lord Russell's residence]. He would not go to my Lord Shaftesbury's, because of his proceedings against the Duke. My Lord Russell asked him why he would conceal his. He might have told him, "You are but a blind follower." . . . My Lord Shaftesbury makes love to my Lady Orrery†; she is so well pleased with it, that she is absolutely of his party, and my Lady Betty Felton too‡ (July 8).
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> There is one place of council I should never have suspected, my Lady Orrery's, till I did know that my Lord Shaftesbury, Duke of Monmouth, and my Lord Cavendish do meet and sup there, and Mrs. Nelly [Nell Gwyn], who the King had forbid letting the Duke of Monmouth come to her house (July 27).

It was a critical day, November 15, 1680, when the Exclusion Bill was rejected in the House of Lords by a majority of 33 (63 to 30), chiefly under the influence of the persuasive eloquence of Halifax. Sunderland voted for the Bill, led by the Duchess of Portsmouth, who had taken up Monmouth, and the King deprived him of his Secretaryship of State. Old Lady Sunderland sided with her son-in-law, Halifax, whom she idolized, and regretted her son's vote. Two days after the vote of the House of Lords, the Commons voted by 219 to 95 an Address to the King, which was moved by Ralph Montagu, to remove Halifax from His Majesty's presence and councils for ever. Lady Sunderland in her lively manner supplies some very interesting particulars in writing to Henry Sydney, November 19:—

> I am full of my Lord Halifax, and will tell what perhaps nobody else will—that a day or two before the Duke's Bill was carried to the Lords, one of the great actors came to him as a friend, I suppose, to tell him if he did speak against it he would be impeached by the House of Commons, or an Address made to remove him from his great place of Privy Councillor; he answered neither threatenings nor promises should hinder him from speaking his mind. How he did it, you who know may judge; on a point, he says, he has studied more than ever he did any, and would have been glad if he could have gone the popular and safe way. He had company enough with him, but my Lord of Shaftesbury and Mr. Montagu have singled him out of the herd of sixty-three that were of his mind, to desire to remove him from the King. . . . As he came out of the Lords' House, he was told that the House of Commons was on this debate, which was very long. He said he would go home to dinner. He did not speak with one man, because they should not say he was making friends, and so he did. In the afternoon his house was full of House of Commons' men. My son was there at one time—that is the thorn in my side, though in everything else they agree; but it cannot be as I would have it, so long as my son is well with Lord Shaftesbury. Halifax has desired the King to let him go; they will come much nearer to His Majesty's concerns than my Lord Halifax. My nephew Pelham‡ voted for him, Sir William Jones against him, but did not speak. In short, he says he will speak his mind, and not be hanged so long as there is law in England. I am not well; pardon this narrative. I were a beast if I were not concerned for so perfect and constant a good friend. You shall soon hear from me again. I love you with all my heart.—D. S.

In a letter written a few days after, November 25, Lady Sunderland corrects herself about Shaftesbury:—"My Lord Shaftesbury disowns having anything to do in it, and my Lord Russell. I heard 'twas Montagu and the two lawyers, Jones and Winnington, who show their profession."

We have given specimens enough to show the historical interest of these letters, and the lively and gushing character of the Countess's style. We should very gladly have more of her letters. Mr. Blencowe's two volumes, the contents of which came from the Earl of Chichester, lineal descendant of Thomas Pelham, Lady Sunderland's nephew, contain a much larger number of letters addressed to Henry Sydney by another Countess of Sunderland, wife of our Countess's son. These letters also are interesting for political gossip, but inferior in style to the mother-in-law's. This second Countess of Sunderland was a Digby, daughter of the Earl of Bristol, the brilliant political promise of whose youth had been destroyed by unstable character and great eccentricities. The lady's letters to Henry Sydney clearly show a sentiment of passion for her husband's handsome and susceptible uncle. There is a refulgent and voluptuous beauty in her portrait by Lely at Hampton Court. She had an intimate and pure friendship with Evelyn. But her character has been drawn in very dark colours in confidential letters of the Princess, afterwards Queen, Anne to Mary, Princess of Orange, afterwards Queen Mary, published by Sir John Dalrymple. Queen Anne's descriptions of her culminate in this invective:—"There never was a couple so well matched as she and her good husband; for as she is throughout in all her actions the greatest jade that ever was, so he is the subtlest, workingest [*sic*] villain that ever was on the earth."

THOMS'S HUMAN LONGEVITY.§

IF every man is sent into the world for a purpose, Mr. Thoms's purpose must be to protect the frontier of longevity from encroachments under false pretences. He may not succeed in strictly defining the boundary line, yet much will have been done by him towards straightening the fence; and that Mr. Thoms has special aptitudes for the task no reader of *Notes and Queries*, certainly no examiner of the list of claims to centenarian honours investigated

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* Robert Spencer, brother of Earl of Sunderland, her first husband, and brother of Lady Shaftesbury; made a Scotch peer, Viscount Teviot, by James II.

* Lady Mary Sackville, wife of second Earl of Orrery; she was now thirty-four; she was sister of the Earl of Dorset, the poet.

† A young beauty, twenty-five years of age. She was daughter of the Earl of Suffolk, and married to Mr. Felton, a Groom of the Bedchamber to Charles II. She died in the following year. Lord Cavendish was in love with her (Lady Sunderland's Letters, June 9, 1680).

‡ Thomas Pelham, son of Sir John and Lady Lucy Pelham, Lady Lucy being the Countess's sister. T. Pelham had married a daughter of Sir William Jones.

§ *Human Longevity: its Facts and Fictions; Illustrated by Examples.* By William J. Thoms, F.S.A., Deputy Librarian, House of Lords. London: John Murray. 1873.

in this volume, can doubt. Both from the nature of the case and according to the rule of law and common sense that the *onus probandi* lies with the affirmer and not the denier of a proposition, he is clearly in possession of a vantage-ground; though we are not sure that there is much to envy in a position so arduous, for it is one where he can expect but few backers, even the shade of Sir Cornewall Lewis hovering round him to counsel caution, and to admonish him of the untenableness of the centenary line which it was asserted at one time that none might overpass. One might draw a picture of Mr. Thoms's cynic tub on a lonely steep strewn with the demolished cases of Geeran of Brighton and Captain Lahrbusch of New York; but about its sides he must hang up tables and statistics of the ultra-centenarian lives of Mrs. Williams of Bridehead and Mrs. Duncombe Shafto, as well as of irrefragable examples in the other sex, to say nothing of a goodly number of instances which to other than very sceptical minds appear to rest on fairly good evidence. Yet though we may not envy, we must admire, his tenacity of purpose; and candour must admit that a vast deal of methodized information and light is thrown upon a deeply interesting subject by this volume on *Human Longevity*. Few but Mr. Thoms could have persevered against so many difficulties in the form of prejudice and defective information; and, whatever may come of it or after it, his book must remain a valuable contribution to the history and literature of his subject.

It is needless to say that physiologists and naturalists have, as a rule, declined to fix any such limit to human life as Mr. Thoms would draw. Haller held that it might be stretched to two hundred years; and much may be said for Buffon's argument that the "duration of life is regulated by duration of growth"—an argument which the French physiologist Flourens uses to justify the limit of fivescore, if not sixscore years. Even Professor Owen, a chivalrous ally of Mr. Thoms in this battle, admits that the conclusion of Flourens, "that a man may, under favourable circumstances, survive the procreative period (70 years) as long a term as it took to reach maturity and completeness of ossification (viz. 30 years)," is not unphysiological. Only such an age, he urges, is "the rare exception." But it is a fact which cannot be got rid of by imputations of incuriousness or prejudice, that the medical mind in this country and elsewhere not only hesitates to reject as impossible statements as to ultra-centenarian length of human life, but also, in the person of one of the most accomplished and venerable ornaments of the profession, Sir Henry Holland, makes no more demur to the possible prolongation of life to periods of from 110 to 140 years, than Harvey, in the reign of Charles I., did to old Parr's alleged span of 152. We confess our inability to see a satisfactory explanation of this in Mr. Thoms's theory, that "the habit of receiving, and properly receiving, without hesitation, the statements of their scientific brethren as to the results of experiments, the products of analyses, the details of operations and the effects of remedial agents; matters of fact coming within the personal knowledge of those who report them, and whose evidence therefore is all that can be required," accounts for medical men accepting without evidence and against experience statements of old age prolonged beyond the term of one hundred years. There must surely be some more solid ground for the disinclination of the faculty, in its most distinguished ranks, to pronounce for a hard and fast line which tradition disallows, and which experience, though undoubtedly in exceptional cases, is apt to relax. The difficulty of the question is indeed further illustrated by the hesitation of actuaries and insurance offices to meddle with it, although it is a curious fact, brought out most satisfactorily in the volume before us, that the sole *assured* life prolonged to beyond one hundred years is that of Mr. Jacob W. Luning, who died at Morden College, Blackheath, in 1870, at the age of 103, and who had been insured in the Equitable at the age of thirty-six.

One phase of the controversy consists in the question whether centenarians are to be looked for in the ranks of the rich and well-to-do, or rather of the poor, whose cases are less likely to attract notice. Sir George Lewis insisted upon the absence of authentic evidence of royal or even noble centenarians, and it is undeniable that the higher the social rank, the more likelihood there would be of family records and documentary evidence to check the tendency which old Fuller notes in old men of above seventy years to "set the clock of their age too fast." Actuaries, too, lay it down that the average mean duration of life is materially greater in the families of the peerage than with the general population; though, as Mr. Thoms put it, "more in number, not in proportion, of the humbler classes become centenarians," for the reason that the poor are to the rich as millions to tens of thousands. It should, however, we think, be remembered, that another point in favour of the "short and simple annals of the poor"—of course not the very poor—being likely to produce more numerous instances of longevity than the biographies of the rich, is the presumption that a calm life, without excessive brain work, luxury, and undue wear and tear of the vital forces, is favourable to length of days. The instances of centenarianism which Mr. Thoms considers to be proved most indisputably are taken from various grades—the baronetage, and the upper, middle, and lower middle classes; but we may reasonably credit all the four with a quiet tenor of existence which would naturally conduce to longevity. As to the theory that life was longer "in the good old times"—a poetic theory which Taylor, the water-poet and chronicler of old Parr's longevity, would work out *con amore*—Mr. Thoms very properly explodes it by the testimony of Sir Thomas Duffus Hardy that in the thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, seventy years was considered a great age, and men, high or low, rarely reached the age of eighty. Good drainage, he said, would tend to increase the average term of life.

Before we proceed to examine our author's criticism of what the assertors of abnormal longevity chiefly rely upon as evidence, we may mention one point in favour of the physiological probability that human life is capable of prolongation beyond the extreme term which Mr. Thoms would allow. It is this. As Flourens puts it, "most men die of disease, very few of mere old age." The reason why the female sex contributes so many more examples of centenarianism than the male is probably the home-keeping life which women lead, their less exposure to out-of-door accidents, their habit of comparative quietude, in short. Take the two most recent biographies we can call to mind. It cannot be doubted that Dean Alford, who died in his sixty-first year, might have lived much longer had he husbanded his vital resources, and not worn himself out with mental and bodily work. And though Mr. Grote lived to the respectable old age of seventy-seven years, it is impossible not to be struck, in the perusal of his widow's interesting memoir, with the little care he took to prolong his days, and with his disregard of the dictates of prudence when exposure to the cold and active exercise were likely to aggravate his disease. It is against the grain with man to submit to the conditions which, if complied with, might greatly prolong existence, and to which his gentler mate conforms more naturally and easily. Otherwise we might have far more numerous living contradictions to the doubts about centenarianism which the late Canon Harcourt's medical man, Mr. Page, likens to "the superstition of a London cowkeeper, who said he had kept 999 cows, but that it was impossible to keep a thousand."

Not but that such doubts will be sooner set at rest if it is clearly defined what is and what is not satisfactory evidence. The five-fold list of what passes for such is as follows:—1. Baptismal certificates. 2. Tombstone inscriptions. 3. Number of descendants. 4. The centenarian's reminiscences. 5. The evidence of those who knew the centenarian as old when they themselves were young. As to the first, a baptismal certificate is not worth much without corroborative facts. In the famous case of Mary Billinge, believed to be 112 years old, its value was sadly marred by the eventual discovery that there was a confusion between Mary Billinge, daughter of William and Lidia, born and baptized in 1751, and another Mary of the same neighbourhood, daughter of Charles and Margaret Billinge, born in 1772. The Mary Billinge whose years were so many wore a mourning ring in memory of her brother William. He had been presumed to be the son of William and Lidia. Dates and registers proved him to be the son of Charles and Margaret, and thus reduced Mary's age to 91. This, however, would have been a more perfect case could the first Mary Billinge's burial certificate be shown. Moreover, in examining cases of abnormal longevity, an inquirer should get up, before searching the register, such facts as prove the supposed centenarian to be the member of the same family, and the one among two or three in it of the same name, of whom the entry is required. It may turn out that the supposed centenarian is not John Nokes *primus*, but John Nokes *tertius*, whose baptismal entry proves him to be ten or fifteen years younger than the world believes. The case of Gibbon the historian, whose brothers were all baptized by the same patronymic, in order that "uno avulso non deficeret alter," is only one of many which Mr. Thoms cites to the point. Of course a formidable check upon false statements and exaggerations of age exists in the War Office Lists, the Chelsea Hospital Records, and the Admiralty Records. We are sorry to think that there have been many veterans who have set the clock of their age hugely too fast. Jonathan Reeves, an old Chelsea pensioner, who professed to have been born in 1764, and to have fought in the American war, was proved by a search into its records to have been only 80 years of age, when he was passing for 105. By a mistaken identity Joshua Miller passed for 111 till collateral evidence proved a confusion between Thomasine and Ann, both mothers of a Joshua Miller, and wives of a Robert Miller. In the much canvassed, but finally settled, case of Thomas Geeran, which bade fair for some time to become a perfect case, the utter silence of the public records and pay-lists first shook the credit of the self-styled veteran of Seringapatam and Corunna and Waterloo. His own contradictions and explanations made matters worse. According to his own account, he enlisted in the Glasgow (or 60th) Regiment in 1796. The regiment did not get that name till 1808. He averred that he sailed with it for Madras in 1797, and fought in it at Seringapatam in 1799. But the records of the regiment prove that in 1797 it embarked from Madras for England, and that it was in Stirling in 1799. In 1801 Geeran was, according to his own account, in Egypt under Sir Denis Packe, but Sir Denis Packe was not out of Great Britain from 1800 to 1805. So much for the light which public records sometimes throw on false or incorrect statements; to which we may add that, though at first Mr. Thoms's zeal overstepped discretion when he concluded that the Army Lists and War Office Gazette had "settled the hash" of "Captain Frederick Lahrbusch," yet the eventual discovery of his name in them proved that he served, not twenty-nine years, but nine, that he never was a captain, and that he did not sell out, as he alleged, for the simple reason that he was cashiered. Before leaving the question of registers, we may note that in the case of a supposed Wiltshire patriarch the defect of the baptismal register spoiled the scent. "It is said that a former incumbent, having gone to the church to marry a couple, accompanied by a favourite greyhound, the dog was shut up in

the vestry while the ceremony was being performed, and amused himself by tearing out several leaves of the register, among them the *one* on which Baden's baptism is supposed to have been entered" (p. 130). By the way, there can be no worse method of coming at the truth about centenarianism than triumphantly referring to records and registers, unless you are sure of their existence. An indignant D.D., writing to Mr. Thoms from Shrewsbury to rebuke his shearing "Old Parr" of his traditional excess of years, concluded with the sentence, "Alberbury adjoins Loton Hall, the seat of Sir Baldwin Leighton, and I have no doubt the particulars of Parr's penance may be found in the church records, to which I refer all sceptics." Unluckily no records whatever of Parr were to be found at Alberbury. Of lying slabs and tablets Mr. Thoms cites several amusing examples; and he shows by that of Macklin the actor that it is possible the coffin-lid may contradict the tombstone. On the walls of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, Macklin is said to have numbered one hundred and seven years. When the vaults were examined on closing the graveyard, his coffin-plate gave him ten years less. Neither is the number of descendants in the third and fourth generations, whom their progenitor lives to see, worth much as an argument. Mr. Thoms gives instances and supposes cases which we might cap by what we have seen recorded of Warren Hastings's sire and grandsire, each of whom married at sixteen or seventeen. Stories like that which Clarkson in his *History of Richmond* tacks to the name of Henry Jenkins (though it is plain that he had no descendants) of an aged son, a more aged father, and a most aged grandsire, living together in the same house, or like that of the old man seen crying because his father had beaten him for throwing stones at his grandfather, are not necessarily incredible as far as the number of years is concerned.

More fallible, however, than any other kind of alleged evidence, is the recollection of the old person himself; and Mr. Thoms accumulates curious instances of the tendency of people to put early hearsay for precocious memory. Not to mention the case of George Fletcher, a soldier in youth and a preacher in ultra-centenarian age (according to his own account, which is examined in pp. 164–70), who used to interlard his sermons with personal narratives of a battle fought before he was born, or the similar case of Lord Verulam's aunt (p. 61), which is a good commentary on such reminiscences, the author collects several instances of old men's memory going back to two years and three months, two years and two months, two years, seventeen months, and, if we read Mr. Edmund Lonthall Swift's letter (p. 58) aright, to *nine* months from birth. That Cooper the Chartist remembers being well nigh drowned in the Exe at two years old, we think quite conceivable; and a friend of our own, whose parents lived at Brussels at the time of the battle of Waterloo, when he was two and a quarter years old, writes to us that a wounded officer, very badly slashed in the arm, was received after the battle into his parents' house. "I can perfectly recollect," he writes, "that for a year or so after, I used to be terrified and run away at the sight of any man with his arm in a sling, as reminding me of this officer."

That Mr. Thoms has done much in this volume to clear away worthless cases—such as those of Adjutant Peacock, who, though he was adjutant of the 88th, eighty-five years ago, and retired on half-pay in 1783, and has ceased to draw pay for many years, still has his name on the Army Lists, and like the Wandering Jew still lives to the lovers of the marvellous, and of Richard Taylor, the drummer at Culloden, and divers others; that he has dealt candidly, though still with a strong leaven of scepticism, with such cases as that of Mrs. Martha Lawrence (see pp. 206–8), where to our mind the fact is as nearly proved as possible; and that he has so sifted the truth from the mythical element in the accounts of Jenkins, Parr, and the old Countess of Desmond, that they must hereafter cease to be stock examples of longevity, will, we think, be on all hands admitted. Nevertheless, even in the three last-named cases and that of Cornaro, which Mr. Thoms ignores probably as one from beyond the seas, there may remain, after all deductions, a claim to what we have called ultra-centenarian honours; and we do not see that he has at all proved that with favourable conditions—*e.g.*, birth from healthy parents, calm tenor of life, good husbandry of vital powers, and proper care in old age—a yet larger proportion of men and women than at present may not overstep the limit of a century.

CHRONOS.*

DR. WALLACE WOOD, the author of *Chronos*, "as he sat by the seashore on a warm evening last July," unfortunately made a very foolish remark. No less unfortunately the lady who sat by him was pleased with it, and "laughed again and again," and repeated it every time they met. This remark, he says, is the seed which, "watered" by the pleasure it gave, the laughter and the repetition, "has grown to its present proportions." What the remark was shall be given in his own words:—"We had discussed daisies, the cuttle fish, the immortality of the soul, and Platonic love; you became dreamy, and I remarked: 'It is an awfully funny world.'" If the lady were to give her version of the occurrence, we should not be surprised to find that for "dreamy" we should read "sleepy," and that she laughed, not with him, but at him. The result, however, is equally unfortunate, for the present proportions of the seed, in whatever way it was watered, are 334 closely printed pages. Warm evenings in July are close upon us. People will again be sitting on "a large rock by the seashore," and talking about what they do not understand. The gentleman of the party will in all probability say something foolish in itself, but doubly foolish from the slang in which it is expressed. But here let the resemblance stop. Let the lady, remembering *Chronos* and its present proportions, look grave, say that tea must be ready, that the dew is falling, and that it is time to go home, or, if she must stay, let her tell the story of King Canute and the waves. It is not, of course, the case that every foolish expression that is uttered, laughed at, and repeated grows into a book. Dr. Wood points out that "the plant is our fellow-creature and our brother," and we may fairly expect to find the same struggle for existence in foolish expressions as in the seeds of plants. It may be the case that only one thistle seed in a million meets with the circumstances which favour its growth into that plant which is the delight of the animal that feeds on it, and that only one foolish saying in a million meets with those circumstances which favour its swelling out into a volume which is the delight of such as those for whom Dr. Wood writes. But still, just as the careful farmer cuts down the thistles before they get into flower, so every one who has any forethought or common sense takes good care at all events not to water in any way the foolish and oracular utterances of his acquaintances. Dr. Wood is so well pleased with the wit and wisdom contained in his utterance of last July, that he more than once refers to it in the course of his book. In one place, after he has told us that "feeling, religion, and poetry should be the lath, plaster, and fresco-ing of our mental edifice," he goes on "to sum up the few truths of the new philosophy." The tenth of these truths, which, in utter ignorance of the meaning of the word dilemma, he calls the horn of the dilemma, is as follows:—

> Life is a strange thing. In other words, "this is an awfully funny world;" The fact is that it is funnel or trumpet shaped; the only difficulty is to find out toward which end we are tending.

We must do Dr. Wood the justice to admit that, in spite of all his great wisdom and originality, in spite of his being the inventor of the expression "an awfully funny world," he yet modestly looks upon himself as merely a kind of hodman to the coming poet. "Three grand ages," he tells us, "have found their expressions respectively in the works of Homer, the *Divine Comedy* of Dante, and *Paradise Lost*. It is thought by many that with the advent of Steam and Electricity, Music and the Novel, a new era has dawned." He goes on to add, "As past ages have produced the epics of Paganism, Catholicism, and Protestantism, so the present age may produce the epic of Evolution. I have aimed at gathering and arranging the materials; its construction will be the work of the coming poet." It is pleasing to picture to oneself the coming poet, the man who is to rank with Homer, Dante, and Milton, sitting down with his rhyming dictionary on one side of him and Dr. Wood's *Chronos* on the other to write his great work. How many more epics would his three great predecessors have written if each poet could have afforded to keep, as a mason has his labourer to gather and arrange his materials, a kind of hodman like Dr. Wood to do all his preliminary work for him! At what a rate would composition go on if the bard found every morning awaiting him after breakfast his day's work all carefully arranged, his subject prepared, his facts looked up, his similes and his metaphors lying beside his daily paper!

But we must not allow even Dr. Wood to lead us too far into the future, though in his great work he looks further into time than the Millennium, the close of the Psychological age, and tells us of that fourth and last age of "repose, death (*Concrescentia*), the great crystallization." Why, by the way, the second age *Crescentia* should be spelt with the *c* and the fourth age *Concrescentia* without the *c* we are not told. But Dr. Wood is, as we infer from his book, a citizen of the United States, and in the United States there has been, we have often noticed, as much freedom in changing the classical tongues as in changing everything else. Out of respect to Harmodius and Aristogiton, the elder and the younger Brutus, and one or two other ardent Republicans, they think it necessary to keep up a certain familiarity with the literature of Rome and Greece; but while they would have their young men able to turn the heroes of antiquity into good account on the 4th of July, or in abusing a Lord Chief Justice, they would not have them forget their Republicanism by a slavish adherence to rules. A citizen of the United States surely has as good a right as any king to break Priscian's head, and may equally claim the title of Supragrammaticus. We find accordingly in the book before us an account of Copernicus's work *De revolutionibus Orbium cœlestium* (*sic*). *Plasma* or *Protoplasm*, we are told, means "egg-white substance," and gives rise to a new science, "Protistology, Plastidology, or Histology." Sea-weeds are *algiæ*, while "the compound stem of the zoophyte is composed of polypes (zooids, animals), living an associated life." But what are such trifling errors as these compared with the amazing statement that "we pass from Rameses to Socrates," and that "to the social beginnings of the Orient succeeds *Latin civilization*." (the italics are the author's). No wonder, he says, "an immense power lies wrapped in the expression." Immense indeed, we are ready to allow, when he thus sets forth all that is included under *Latin civilization*:—

> What volumes of poetry rise in the mind at the words, Greece, Italy, Athens, Rome, Venice, Parthenon, Pantheon, Colosseum—those fruits of the Mediterranean flower. Homer, Aristotle, Phideas (*sic*)—the *Poet*, the

* *Chronos: Mother Earth's Biography.* A Romance of the New School. By Wallace Wood, M.D. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

Philosopher, the *Artist!* These rise upon the vision to supplant the place of the god-king, and the patriarch, with his numerous family.

Later on we find that Aristotle and Plato were philosophers of Greece and Rome, and that Socrates remarked to Cato, "Country is more than father or mother." If Dr. Wood, now that he has got hold of enough classical names to furnish him out as a Yankee orator, would study that chapter in Grote's *History of Greece* where it is shown how Socrates exposed the conceit of knowledge without the reality, he might in time perhaps become heartily ashamed of *Chronos*. Meantime, as a matter of curiosity, we should be glad if he would take occasion to inform us whether it was to the elder or the younger Cato that Socrates made his remark. The one was born, to be sure, about one hundred and forty years after the other, but happily, so far as Socrates is concerned, such a slight difference of time is altogether unimportant.

We are altogether puzzled to guess from what sources Dr. Wood derives his historical knowledge. We have seen in our time a great many silly histories, but we have never seen even a manual or a book for cramming which could have supplied him with all the ignorance of which he can boast. He is not satisfied with the ordinary "division of historic time," but divides it in the following way:—

> Thus, the two thousand years B.C. would be called the Ægyptian age; the succeeding one, the Greco-Roman. Instead of the dark ages we have the Arabian. The sixteenth century is emphatically an Italian age, for during that period this people gave a tone to all Europe; while the seventeenth and first half of the eighteenth—the age of the grand Louis and of Voltaire—is most thoroughly French. The following seventy-five years bear no less clearly the impress of the Germanic spirit. At all events, each society and each nation must stand by itself. A state of society is a flower born by its own peculiar plant, and by no means a link of a chain. Our career of "humanity," therefore, becomes instead, a Semitic, a Latin, and a Germanic career.

Why the Greek age begins after Christ, and why the Germanic career begins in 1750 and ends in 1825, is left unexplained. This new division of time is introduced and justified by the remark that, "when you contemplate successively the epics of Homer and Virgil, and then those of Dante, and Milton, and Pollock" (this rival of Dante and Milton, by the way, like Dr. Wood's *Concrewntia*, generally has his name spelt without the *c*), "you are not sailing down a stream, you are jumping from one shrub to another." Whether we are sailing or jumping we do not much care, but we must really insist, in either process, on sticking to our Dictionary of Dates. There has, we believe, been nothing to compare with this learned Doctor's statement of historical facts since the days—long ago gone by—of a celebrated hairdresser in Threadneedle Street. His advertisements used to run as follows:—"Cicero and Demosthenes were the pride of Greece. The Horatii and the Curiatii were the boast of Rome. But Macalpine gives his votaries a gloss that Greek nor Roman never knew." In chronological exactness Dr. Wood might also be likened to the guard of one of the Birmingham coaches, who, when asked about the memorial of the battle set up at Barnet, replied, as the story ran, "It is in memory of a battle fought between Guy, Earl of Warwick, and Oliver Crummle, in the time of the Romans." But the hairdresser and the guard had only history to blunder over. Dr. Wood, who is a Doctor of Medicine, has the advantage over them, for he can blunder over science also. In one place he writes that Plasm or Protoplasm is brought up from "the very bottom of the Atlantic, 2,500 feet below the surface, where the cold, and pressure, and darkness is (*sic*) greatest"; while three pages further on he says that "a pressure of three miles depth of salt water" is necessary for the production of this same substance. Perhaps in the United States, with their go-ahead theories, they study Socrates and Cato, "Phideas" and Rameses before the table of long-measure, and so Dr. Wood may imagine that three miles and 2,500 feet are the same. But what shall we say of a scientific writer who pretends to have studied Darwinism, and maintains that, "as both American and British subjects might claim Alfred and Horse as their fathers, even so the Protosaurian is as much the father of the turkey as of the crocodile"? "Pericles," as he tells us in one of his finest passages, "might have glanced with contempt at the colony of Stoics" (this is Dr. Wood's fine way of describing Rome) "on the neighbouring boot-shaped peninsula" (this is Dr. Wood's fine way of describing Italy). Perhaps, without venturing to decide where or how Pericles would have glanced, we may be allowed to assert that, however respectfully the coming poet may regard the preparations that have been made for him, all men of science and of sense will glance with contempt on such a work as this. There is this comfort to be found whenever "the knell of the universal cataclysm" sounds, about which Dr. Wood writes so much, that the flood of words will be lost in the flood of water. There will be an end of writers who string "Horace Greeley, Isaac Newton, and Socrates" together, and who tell us that "a rule that works in the digestive Archæus will work in the Psyche." There will be an end of historians who tell us that "Rome was settled by a few people—history says two—in a few thousand years their descendants covered the civilized world." Can it be the case, by the way, that Dr. Wood is somewhat confused in his mind between Romulus and Remus on the one hand and Adam and Eve on the other? It may be possible that, in anticipation of the universal cataclysm that will visit the human race, a special cataclysm has swept over Dr. Wood's mind, and thrown into utter confusion the facts which his memory retained. "The world," he tells us, "grows humbler as it grows wiser." It would seem to follow from this that any part of the world that does not grow humbler does not grow wiser. If this is true, we cannot say very much for the growth of wisdom either in the United States in general or in its citizen, Dr. Wallace Wood, in particular. At the same time, as we had not the pleasure of Dr. Wood's acquaintance in his early years, it is quite possible that he may have grown humbler. He himself says, "There is no heat, however ardent, but that it might be conceived hotter." We might likewise say there is no conceit, however offensive, but that it might be conceived more offensive. "The child," he tells us, "believes that the cradle it lies in, and the spoon that feeds it, are the fixed order of all things." If Dr. Wood in his cradle when eating his pap believed in the fixed order of all things, we can readily believe that he may have grown humbler and therefore wiser.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF PRINCIPAL FORBES.*

THE same disadvantage to which we had occasion to refer in noticing the recent Life of Humboldt is unfortunately to be encountered in the case of that of the late Principal Forbes. The tripartite distribution of the work is equally in this instance, and indeed must be from the nature of the case, fatal to the unity of effect which such a record should produce upon the reader's mind, if not to the absolute consistency and harmony which the portraiture should have in itself. It is by no means easy to admit the plea put forth in the preface to the work before us, that no one person was to be found competent to describe the various aspects of Forbes's life and work. It says little for the width or depth of the culture of the day if neither in his own half of the island nor in that to which his work, if not his personal influence, scarcely less extended, there was no single writer willing or fitted for the task. Of those who have undertaken the several aspects or portions of their friend's life it were needless to say more than that none fitter could be chosen, nor can any fault be found with the manner in which each separately has discharged his task. There was Forbes's work as a scientific investigator and discoverer, with his work as an Alpine explorer; indeed, as his biographer from a scientific point of view is entitled to call him "the father, so far as Great Britain is concerned, of Alpine adventure." There is also his professional work as an academic teacher and University reformer, added to which, lastly, there is his character as a man, and his portraiture in private life, in which respect he was no less worthy of regard than in his other and more public capacities. The account of his early life, his professoriate, and his later years—in fact, the whole biographical portion, in the stricter sense—has devolved upon his successor, as Principal of the United College in the University of St. Andrews, Professor J. C. Shairp. Chapters xiv. and xv., which treat more formally of his scientific work, with especial reference to glaciers, have been contributed by Professor Tait of Edinburgh; and chapters viii., ix., and x., containing two tours from home, 1826–1839, and particularly among the Alps, 1841–1851, are written by Mr. Adams Reilly, whose well known gifts and achievements as an Alpine traveller were the means of drawing him and Forbes together into the heartiest communion and fellowship, as the manifold letters from the one to the other amply testify. The scientific portions have had, moreover, the advantage of having been previously discussed in full and revised with care by Sir William Thomson, of Glasgow University, Professor Tait's able coadjutor in more than one of the leading scientific works of the day.

Although he had not personally known Forbes before his entrance upon office as Principal of St. Andrews, Professor Shairp's intimacy with the scenes and with many of the persons that surrounded his friend in his earlier life enables him to speak as no mere stranger could of those years which preceded their intimate acquaintance. The copious letters and journals left by Forbes himself, from which selections and extracts have been made by the unremitting and judicious labour of his widow, as well as from the vast and methodically kept correspondence of friends, have contributed a mass of interesting facts and traits of character, fully attesting to the world at large the high estimate of his worth in which James David Forbes was held in the more limited circle of personal friendship. He came of a good old Scottish line, and of parents in many ways remarkable. His father, Sir William Forbes of Pitaligo, a man of energy and ability, by his skilful management of the bank which he had founded in Parliament Square, Edinburgh, restored the fallen fortunes of his family. An intimate and valued friend of Scott's, he was forward, at severe cost to himself, in measures for the relief of the poet in his distress, in whose correspondence he is spoken of as having borne part from youth "in desperate and almost bloody affrays, rivalries, deep drinking matches"; their bond of brotherhood remained unbroken even when Forbes carried off her for whom Scott is believed to have cherished through life a deep and romantic regard, Wilhelmina Belches, sole child and heiress of a gentleman of the old stock of Invermay, afterwards Sir John Stuart of Fettercairn. Visiting St. Andrews thirty years later, Scott writes, "I remembered the name I had once carved in Runic characters beside the castle gate, and asked why it should still agitate my heart." Lady Forbes had then been long dead. A model of womanly gifts and qualities, inspiring the poet, as it has been more than hinted by Keble, with those conceptions of purity and elevation which so mark throughout Scott's types of female character, she only survived a year and a half the birth of her youngest child, James David, who was born

* *Life and Letters of James David Forbes, F.R.S., D.C.L., LL.D., late Principal of the United College in the University of St. Andrews, &c.* By John Campbell Shairp, LL.D., Peter Guthrie Tait, M.A., and A. Adams Reilly, F.R.G.S. London: Macmillan & Co. 1873.

at Edinburgh, April 20, 1809. Idolized by his father as the precious legacy of a beloved wife, cherished by his two sisters and three elder brothers as the Benjamin of the family, the bright young spirit of the boy seemed like a sunbeam in the old family seat, Colinton House, four miles from the Scottish capital. A love of nature and a turn for mechanics marked his bent of character from the first. Making miniature waterfalls, damming burns, and leaping brooks or drains hardly less formidable in proportion to his size than the glacier crevasses of his later years, were the recreations of his boyhood. The changes of the thermometer and barometer were kept ceaselessly under watch, and the almanack went by the name of "James's red brother." His father had fitted up for the boy a room with chemical apparatus, an electrical machine, and an air-pump. With James the latent taste for natural science soon became a passion, the strength of which disconcerted the family hopes for his success at the Bar. "Bring me a telescope, papa," was the child's reply, when Sir William put the question round the nursery what he should bring back from London. "Ah, Jemmy," was the reply, "you'll never make salt to your porridge." The boy had not the benefit of any school, being trained at home under the village schoolmaster and his sisters' governess until the age of sixteen, his weak health making his father nervous for him. Beyond the usual rudiments, what little of mathematics he carried to St. Andrew's College in 1825 he picked up for himself. From the age of ten he composed lectures, made mechanical models and astronomical instruments, and wrote sermons. An enthusiastic wish for the service of the English Church was set aside in deference to his father's bias for the Bar.

At college the tastes of the young physicist rapidly developed themselves. A series of contributions to Brewster's Philosophical Journal upon astronomical and other subjects, begun anonymously, before the close of his first year, was kept up for a couple of years without the faintest idea on the part of the veteran in science as to who A might be; and great therefore was his surprise at the youth of his correspondent, who, during a tour of nearly a year with his father upon the Continent, had kept up a continuous fire of notes and observations upon heat and cold, the climate of Naples, the eclipse of November 29, 1826, solar spots, the eruption of Vesuvius, &c. Sir David's enthusiastic recommendation gained for the youth the unprecedented honour of admission, while yet a minor, to the Royal Society of Edinburgh. Under Leslie, Hope, and Bell he sedulously pushed on his studies in chemistry and natural philosophy, together with Scottish law, from the pursuit of which, however, he felt himself freed by the death of his father, in October 1829. Instead of either a Cambridge career, for which his faint inclination for mathematics discouraged him, or "racing" at the Bar for a Sheriffship," he announced to his uncle, Lord Medwyn, his resolve, much against Brewster's advice, to qualify himself for a Professor's chair as the day dream of his life. A tour to the South, which brought him into intimacy with the heads of the scientific world at Cambridge, London, and Oxford, served to assign him at once a place among the brotherhood of physics. On the foundation of the British Association of Science on the model of that of Germany, he took rank amongst its foremost supporters, forming one of a powerful Scottish contingent to York in September 1831. In June the year following he was elected into the Royal Society of London. Recalled from a projected scientific tour abroad by the death of Sir John Leslie, Forbes offered himself for the Chair of Natural Philosophy thereby vacant. Though dismayed to have Brewster unexpectedly as a rival, he was induced to persevere in his candidature, which was crowned with success January 30, 1833, mainly owing to the very high testimonials of Whewell, Airy, Peacock, Buckland, Chalmers, Hamilton of Dublin, and a host of scientific names; Herschel, in particular, speaking of Forbes as "marked by nature for scientific distinction, if he should continue to aim at its attainment." How amply the youthful Professor fulfilled the anticipations of those who thus recognized his early promise may be seen not only in the grateful testimony of his numerous class of pupils, and in the high position accorded to him amongst men of science abroad and at home, but in the number and variety of his writings, a list of which is appended to his Life. Scarcely a department of physics but is touched by his untiring energy, and lighted up by his original genius. The discovery of the polarization of radiant heat, with approaches to a demonstration of the undulatory theory as equally applicable to heat with light, deserves to rank among the most splendid of recent advances in special science. Weak health, first developed in a violent attack of fever during a tour abroad shortly after his marriage in 1844, made gradual inroads upon his powers of continuous work, without lessening the elasticity or the ardour of his spirit. His letters and journals teem with proofs of his versatility of mind, and of the energy with which he combated physical weakness in the cause of truth. After having had more than once to depute to a substitute his winter's course of lectures while seeking health in a milder climate than that of North Britain, he hailed with satisfaction the comparative relief and repose of the Principalship of St. Andrews, to which he was nominated on the recommendation of the Home Secretary, Sir Cornewall Lewis, December 2, 1859, on the removal of Sir D. Brewster to the like post at the University of Edinburgh. Here Forbes's energies found scope in measures of academical reform, in retrieving the financial position of the University, and in the restoration of the fine chapel and collegiate buildings. The foundation of the College Hall, in emulation of the English system, was with the Principal a wished and successful work. Dividing his terms of residence at first with his chosen picturesque cottage, at Pitlochrie, in the Scottish Highlands, he was at length driven at more rapidly recurring intervals to Clifton, or to the South of France. Reaching Clifton with difficulty from Hyères in May 1868, he sank from exhaustion, yet with consciousness unimpaired to the close, on the last day of that year.

The special work by which Forbes made his impression upon the science of the day lay in his study of ice and glacial action. A peculiar interest was excited in scientific circles towards the close of his life by the circumstance that parts of his theory, as well as much of his claim to originality, had been challenged by more recent observers and theorists. Of his power to meet every imputation of this kind he never admitted the least misgiving, and it is the firm belief of his biographers that the papers left by him contain in themselves ample stores of fact and reasoning for the refutation of all gainsayers. The valuable papers from Forbes's pen, reprinted in the appendix, will probably satisfy all impartial judges that his theory of glacier motion was thoroughly independent of that of Rendu, even though the theory of the Savoyard bishop may, as a happy suggestion and in a crude form, have been enunciated at an earlier date. The observations of Rendu in 1838 upon the movement of masses of rock on the surface of the glacier bore no comparison with the mathematically taken measurements of Forbes in 1842 through reference to three co-ordinates by means of the theodolite. Nor is it easy on the side of Agassiz to set aside Forbes's positive assertion that it was at his suggestion, and by methods specifically indicated by him in 1841, that the measurements of Agassiz were made, it being well known that no such observations had been undertaken by the Swiss naturalist until after Forbes's visit to the glacier of the Aar. Of the value of the observations either of Agassiz or Hugi, some notion may be formed from the estimate of glacier motion having been with Hugi 244 feet per annum, and with Agassiz as much as 733 —the mean arrived at by Professor Tyndall, with whom Forbes himself is in fair agreement, being from 140 to 150 feet. Another disputed point is the first observation of the lamellar structure of glacier ice. So obvious would seem to be the vertical veining or striation which runs across all ice structure as almost to preclude the question of priority at all. That it may have struck Agassiz, as that gentleman has asserted, as early as 1838, it must be hard to disprove. Professor Forbes declares himself, however, to have had much difficulty in convincing his companion that what he termed a vertical stratification traversed the whole mass of the glacier, and was no mere superficial marking induced since his last visit. Letters from Professor Studer, Mr. Robertson of Newton, and Mr. Heath strongly support this statement of Forbes.

More open to controversy is the priority of announcement, together with the scientific value, of the plastic or viscous theory of glaciers. Immense confusion has been here introduced by the imperfection or inadequacy of the physical analogies pressed into the theory. Doubtless many observers before M. Rendu had been struck with the resemblance in certain properties between the motion of glaciers and that of other bodies more or less short of fluidity. But he was the first writer, it may be conceded, to insist upon the plasticity of ice, as shown by its moulding itself to the endlessly varying form and section of its bed, the centre of the ice stream moving faster than the sides and lower bed, impeded as these were by the friction of its rocky trough. He seems to have conceived it as a ductile plastic mass, much as Forbes saw in it a sluggish river or a lava stream, likening the Rhone glacier to a "pailful of thickish mortar spreading itself out in its bed." There is in all this, as clearly pointed out in Thomson and Tait's *Natural Philosophy*, no physical theory, or true cause in nature, but just the opening out of a phenomenon verified by his scientific observations, together with his geodetic and other measurements. Forbes's ideas, as definitely summed up in his Travels (1843), and since known as the viscous theory, were that a glacier is "an imperfect fluid or a viscous body, which is urged down slopes of a certain inclination by the mutual pressure of its parts." The single property which ice has in common with the substances cited by him—mud (homogeneous), mortar (heterogeneous), pitch (homogeneous), water (homogeneous), to which may be added honey and wax—is that of changing shape indefinitely and continuously under the action of continued stress. The property of resistance to tension possessed by all these bodies save water, and that most commonly implied in the idea of viscosity, is one in which ice is essentially the most wanting. The infinite brittleness of ice as shown by the simple fact of its cleavage by a mere needle point is, as Professor Tyndall remarks, conclusive of this question. If ice possessed one modicum of the power of stretching, crevasses could not be formed. It is to the intermediate state of *névé* that viscosity in the truest sense applies. The substance which falls in the delicate crystal of the feathery flake, crushed and squeezed together by the accumulating snowy mass, the air pressed out as its filmy particles lose their crystalline form, passes through this intermediate plastic state to its ultimate form, that of true ice, after regelation and recrystallization. A snowball goes through the self-same process. It is to Faraday's theory of regelation, coupled with James Thomson's discovery of the lowering of the freezing point by pressure, far more than to Forbes's idea of viscosity, that physicists will look in future for the true solution of glacier action and growth. There is nevertheless in the approach made by Forbes towards grappling with and solving the mystery, as well as in the experiments and observations made by him on the way, a gain to science which it were thankless now

to dispute. If he was misled in part by a somewhat imperfect analogy, he was beyond doubt the first to clear the subject from the rubbish of pre-existent fancies or dogmas, laying a basis of fact in place of one of *à priori* assumption. If not the Newton of glacial science, he must be allowed the credit claimed for him by his biographer of having been the Copernicus or the Kepler.

THE PARLIAMENT OF 1625.*

MR. GARDINER is still at work at his own special period, though, as is but natural, he is gradually getting on towards times somewhat later than those with which he first set out. He now gives us an original record of the first Parliament of Charles the First, a short-lived body, which met on June 18 and was dissolved on August 12, to say nothing of an adjournment from July 11 to August 1, followed by a translation from Westminster to Oxford. The book is a report of the debates in the Commons during that Parliament, printed from a manuscript belonging to Sir Rainald Knightley at Fawsley, to which Mr. Gardiner has added an Appendix of several other contemporary papers, among them another report of the Oxford debates. The main point of Mr. Gardiner's inquiry is to show that the famous speech which is commonly thought to have been spoken by Sir John Eliot in the debate of August 10 was, like some still more famous speeches of Cicero, never really spoken at all. It is found, though not with his own name, in Eliot's own account of the proceedings; and Mr. Gardiner's view of the matter, if we rightly understand it, is that Eliot made the speech afterwards, from notes of Sir Robert Cotton's. In Mr. Gardiner's words,

> The most probable explanation is that the speech was prepared by Cotton; that Cotton shrunk from making use of it, and that Eliot, catching it up, breathed into it the fire of his own magnificent imagination, and converted the result of the antiquary's laborious investigation into words inspired with life.

The question is more than one of mere curiosity as to the authorship of a particular speech. This Parliament, as every one knows, was dissolved by the King in order to save his favourite Buckingham from impeachment. Had Eliot a hand in this first great attack on the Duke? Mr. Gardiner thinks, on several grounds, that he had not, and that his first open opposition to Buckingham dates, not from 1625, but from 1626. Of the two reports which Mr. Gardiner now gives us that in the Appendix contains only the debates of some of the days after the adjournment to Oxford; but what it gives at all it gives more at length. In this fuller report the proceedings of August 10 are lost; in the shorter report which forms Mr. Gardiner's text Eliot does not appear as a speaker on that day. But on August 6 we find in the shorter report "Sir Jo. Eliot to take of all faults from my Lo. Admirall." In the fuller version this grows into a speech in which Eliot speaks against any further immediate grant of money, and "moveth that wee should peticion to debate these things at winter," and in which he uses language about Buckingham which quite bears out the words of the shorter report:—

> But I dare, in my conscience, cleare and vindicate that noble Lord who hath had some aspersions layd upon him; and that if there hath been any abuse in the fleete it is not his fault, for there is a commission for the furnishing of this Navy, which is nee new thing. It was graunted, or intended to be graunted, in the last Lord Admirall's time; and therefore the Commissioners, if any, faultie.

It would certainly be remarkable if, four days after this, Eliot delivered what Mr. Gardiner calls a "tremendous personal attack upon Buckingham." Still it might be so; for between the 6th and the 10th came the declaration made by Buckingham to the meeting of the Committees of both Houses on the 8th, which was reported to the House of Commons on the 9th. This declaration led to the final breach between the favourite and the Commons. In the debate of the following day the place assigned to Eliot's great speech is given to one by Sir Francis Seymour—*Seymor* it is in the book; nobody then thought of writing *Saint Maur*. Seymour's speech must have been annoying enough to the King, to Buckingham, or to any courtier. But it is Seymour's speech and not Eliot's. It was followed by a speech from the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Richard Weston, and it is Seymour's speech and not Eliot's which Weston answers. This seems conclusive. Mr. Gardiner further shows, from private matters which happened between the Parliaments of 1625 and 1626, that there was no breach between Eliot and the Court in that interval. In Mr. Gardiner's words,

> He came to the front of the battle far more slowly than Philips and Seymour. But he did not show himself any the less earnest in the cause for that.

Mr. Gardiner, in his Preface, discusses at length the history of this Parliament in both parts of its Session at Westminster and at Oxford. He does not acquit either King or Parliament of blame, but he holds that the Commons had good ground for refusing the further grant after Buckingham's speech. He holds that Charles and Buckingham were thoroughly in earnest about the war for the Palatinate. But his general view of the Oxford Session comes to this:—

> The summons of the Houses to meet at Oxford was a resource which from the first had hardly a chance of being successful. What the Commons wanted was evidently to refuse the King's demands without showing disrespect to his person. And now that the full extent of those demands were known, they were unavoidably led to question the soundness of advice under which he had acted, and to assail the minister by whom the advice had been given. Charles too made his proposal in a form most likely to arouse the gravest suspicion. Retaining all the scaffolding of the Continental war, he contented himself with asking for a mere 40,000*l.* to finish the preparation of the fleet. He made no sign of any intention to relinquish his pledges to Mansfeld and the King of Denmark. But neither did he make any sign of pressing upon the Commons the necessity of enabling him to fulfil his pledges. Such a position was altogether untenable. He must want more than he asked for, unless he had abandoned his designs. That he was acting without proper counsel was the obvious inference.

When we read through these debates, many things, both great and small, strike us. They are mostly points which are obvious enough in the general history of the time, but they come more and more home to us whenever we read any part of its history in detail. It is very hard to get over the shock which we cannot help feeling at the contrast between the liberal and constitutional principles of the patriotic party in political matters and the religious intolerance which breathes in almost every speech. It jars upon our notion of things when we find Sir Robert Philips—nobody then seems to have taken any pains to spell him *Phelips*—on August 5th, in a great speech in four parts, in which he complains that the Protestant cause was not going on so well as could be wished in what was to prove a Thirty Years' War, winds up with a practical piece of advice, that "the best way to secure ourself is to suppress the Papists here." No doubt something tending to a suppression of Papists is just now going on both in Germany and in Switzerland; but we suppose that most Englishmen are inclined to look on with somewhat of amazement, and to wonder that other nations have not found out that there is no policy so bad as that of making martyrs. But the whole mind of the age was religious, and not only religious but theological. The first business which the House undertook after requesting the King, among other things, "for the restraint of priests and Jesuits by proclamation," was to bring in a Bill "for preventing abuses upon the *Sabaoth*"—the seeming confusion between *Sabbath* and *Saboath* was no bad punishment for talking about *Sabbath* at all—and we hear more about fasts, communions, sermons, and the prosecution of the great matter of Montague's book than either about grievances at home or about the recovery of the Palatinate. The thing comes to its height when, at the Oxford meeting on August the 2nd,

> Sir Robart More argued the question at large, touchinge the fallibility of grace accordinge to the distinction of the schooles of the antecedent and consequent will of God.

After which it sounds more practical when we get even such a fragmentary report of a speech of Sir John Eliot's as this:—

> Not to send for a man that by intendment should be in custody, but to comand the Sergeant to bringe him forth at his perill.

Whole days are taken up at Westminster with Montague's business and with articles concerning religion, which means for the most part the persecuting of Papists. It is, however, a certain relief to find the House looking forward to a Bill for the restraint of non-residences, pluralities, and commendams, and to another Bill for the increase of benefices out of the fruits of the spoil made upon them, first by the monks, and then by Henry the Eighth:—

> To the end that learned ministers able to instruct the people may be planted over all the realme in the severall Parishes therof, which cannot bee without raysinge the livinge to a convenient proportion, it is desired that the House be pleased to take the same into speciall consideracion, and (if they think fit) to pray a conferrence with the Lords for the better effectinge therof, and that a Bill be drawen to enable everye man that is owner of an impropriation by deed enrolled to make the same presentative, or to charge it with an annuitye for the mayntenance of the minister, and that the Bill against simony bee speedely proceeded with.

All this, however, is distinctly the spirit of the age, and it is not confined to any particular country or party. When all Europe was divided by a religious war, and when it was held everywhere and by all parties that whoever dissented from the established religion was necessarily disaffected to the State, it could hardly be expected that the House should shrink from what we now call Ecclesiastical Wednesdays, or rather from spreading its Ecclesiastical Wednesdays over the greater part of a Session. And perhaps this religious turn of the House is really only a part of the general character of Parliamentary matters in those days, which in some points forms the greatest contrast to the way of doing things in our own time. It is plain that Parliamentary debates were of a graver and more sober kind than they often are now. Nobody went into the House to crack jokes or to cut capers. The whole thing is solemn and serious, even to the extent of being sometimes formal and pedantic. The speeches, both of legal and other members, are crowded with legal and historical precedents, many of them going many centuries back, for there was then no date like the glorious Revolution which men could seize upon to draw a definite line at. Sir Robert Philips on the 10th of August quotes a great number of examples of what our ancestors had done in like cases; he enlarges on the safety of keeping to precedents, and with good reason in days when he could say with truth, "We are the last monarchy in Christendom that retain our original rights and constitution." Precedents are not without their weight now, but they are commonly precedents not so far back as when Philips referred to the days "when the Black Prince took the French King." He, however, laid himself open to the answer of Sir Humphrey May:—

> Let no men despise ancient president[s]; no man adore them. Examples are powerfull arguments, if they be proper, but tyme[s] alter; every Parliament must be wise with his owne wisdome: hee valewes more a dram of wisdome fit for the present, than a mountaine of wisdom that was fitted for 500 yeares past.

Another point is that in those days Parliaments neither met so regularly, nor, when they met, sat so long as they do now. Par-

* *Debates of the House of Commons in 1625.* Edited by Samuel Rawson Gardiner. Printed for the Camden Society. 1873.

Rament met for business and for business only. Its time of meeting had nothing to do with any London season, nor could any one have spoken of the House of Commons as an agreeable club. Then again, when there were no newspapers and no reporters save such as we deal with in this volume, there could be very little temptation to speaking to Bunkum. We doubt whether there is anything to be called a joke in the whole collection, and very little can be meant for any purpose except really to appeal to the reason of the House. There are indeed some fine strokes of sarcasm, as might be expected in the seventeenth century, and now and then a little quaintness. As when Sir Edward Coke argues:—

By the statute of 4 Henry 4 noe man ought to begg any thinge of the Crowne till the King bee out of debt; this statute is called Braynewn, which is Welch for a white crowe; they were like a crowe, ever cravenge, and for theire fuenes they are white. In the tyme of want and dearth (as now it is) costly apparell, diet, and lady vanitye is to bee abandoned.

Besides the reports of debates, the Appendix contains several letters addressed to Sir Dudley Carlton in the year 1626, and a draft of the same year in the handwriting of a clerk of Secretary Conway, called a Narrative of the Course of Public Affairs in England, which almost rises to be a narrative of the state of public affairs in Europe. And, lastly, we have Pym's report of the same year about Montague's books. With all reverence for Pym, we cannot help being glad that the House of Commons no longer concerns itself whether the Pope is Antichrist and whether the Church of Rome is a true Church or not.

PRUSSIAN OFFICIAL HISTORY OF THE WAR OF 1866.*

THE War Office, through its energetic Topographical Section, has lately offered to English readers the means of reading in their own language all that the Prussian General Staff has told the world of the great military problem of 1866. The solution of this problem involves that search for the true causes of the wonderful and unexpected success of Prussia which was the last work that occupied the ever active mind of General Jomini at the close of his long life. The veteran of military criticism who brought to bear on the study as much acuteness as the approach of the ninetieth year ever left the human mind, rejected absolutely the theory, which at first was popular enough, of the victory being decided by the superior education of the conquerors. Even their special training as marksmen seemed to him very properly no sufficient cause for the success of the Prussians at Koeniggratz, where, as he forcibly put it, twenty thousand of the best shots from the Tyrol would have helped the Austrians little when they left their centre open and unguarded. In short, though provided with but very inferior means of information, since he wrote very soon after the close of hostilities, Jomini unhesitatingly ascribed the advantage gained by Prussia to the combination of a superior organization, wielded by superior strategy, and carried out with superior weapons, rather than to any one of these three advantages individually. And although he wrote thus six years since, time has done little, whilst enlarging the materials for judgment, but confirm the accuracy of this general view. Countless works have shown how splendid the arrangements were which enabled the Prussians to collect eight-ninths of their army, as soon as mobilized, ready for the march into Bohemia. The Austrian Official History has explained how backward were the counter-preparations, how hurried the march into the decisive theatre of hostility in Bohemia, and how ill supplied with means were the Imperial forces in that kingdom for the strategic object of defence. The same honestly written narrative explains, with a clearness which no Prussian writer can outdo, how Benedek and his staff were perplexed and outmanœuvred by the double attack upon their front, and how order followed by counter-order spread confusion through their scattered corps, and left the generals to be caught unsupported one by one, and so beaten in detail by their more enterprising foes. Lastly, all histories worth the name, notably Captain Hozier's own *Seven Weeks' War*, do full justice to the fatal effect of the breechloader on the Austrian *morale* in the first encounters. If it be not strictly true, as some critics have alleged, that this effect was so terrible that no strategy could have possibly saved Benedek from ruin, inasmuch as his troops were sure to be crushed at the points of collision, it is at least true that the single victory of the Austrians at Trautenau was only won at so terrible a sacrifice as to leave Gablenz's corps hardly in a state to follow up its fleeting triumph. None of these causes of success can, therefore, be properly overlooked. Nor can any of them be fully weighed without reading carefully what the best trained and best organised staff in the world has to tell us of the deeds of the chiefs whom it serves, and of the army which it guides, as well as of the springs of the great operations in which they at their first essay made such marvellous use of their powers.

But we are not now about to follow the translators seriatim through their task. It would be undesirable at this date to review the course of the war in detail, inasmuch as the original work of the Prussian staff has been long before the public, and the outlines of the strategy, as well as the chief events of the actions, have been largely studied from this and from other sources and are generally known. There are some interesting criticisms however made by the Prussian writer, which have been hitherto little noticed, on that imperfect conduct of the operations on the other side which gave Von Moltke so much advantage for his combinations. And it is in speaking of these that we find it our duty to comment on what seems an obvious want in the present volume—its failure to supplement the original by the many later sources of information available for the use of the translators. It is true we have before us an official version of an official work; but there could surely have been no objection to making such additions by way of note as would not have interfered with the sense of the original, whilst they would have enabled the English reader to know where it needed addition or correction. Moreover, the Prussian history is severely brief in some parts, and the point of the writer is in such places apt to escape those who are not so learned as he in the technicalities of the subject. The strategic comments of the opening portion contain notable examples of this in their criticisms of the mistakes made by Moltke's opponents.

Chief among those errors lies that which led the Austrians to concentrate so far from the Bohemian frontier as Olmütz. This has been declared, we are told, by Austrian writers to have "held Prussia in doubt, and compelled her to divide her forces." It had, as the Prussian author shows, just the opposite effect; for when it was known that the enemy were not collecting in Bohemia at all, all the first natural fear vanished of a sudden advance from the projecting angle of that kingdom northward on Berlin, such as might well have suggested itself to so bold a leader as Benedek. The Austrians were plainly either going to take altogether a defensive line, or they were preparing to invade Southern Silesia, the nearest portion of the Prussian territory to them. As Moltke had resolved to use the five lines of railroad open to him whereby to attack Bohemia, one wing of his forces—the Second Army, in fact, under the Crown Prince—would naturally move from the Silesian side: and if Silesia were invaded first, this would be sufficient for the moment to check any rapid advance of even the whole of Benedek's army. "Every doubt vanished," as the translators justly render the terse expression of the original, which, however, hardly explains itself to the general reader. "An invasion of Prussian territory could not be directed against Silesia. Corresponding measures were taken, and no care was hereafter requisite for the security of Berlin."

Few as the words are, they remind us forcibly of the vast change of opinion as to Prussian military power which has come about in a short seven years not only among outsiders, but among Prussians themselves. We have vivid recollections of a certain number of *Kladderadatsch* much gazed at by peaceful citizens in the days of which we speak, wherein the immediate consequences of the unnecessary and dangerous hostilities into which "the man of blood and iron" was hurrying an unfortunate nation were portrayed in a cartoon representing the plunder of the Northern capital by the ferocious and invincible cavalry from the plains of the Danube. Alas for the prophecies of political caricaturists! He of *Kladderadatsch* was not more correct in his forecast than poor Leech when he, about the same time, threw ridicule on the first mention of the Alabama Claims as a mere piece of Yankee impudence, laughable, but not seriously to be thought of in any shape. Only the Berliner who still keeps his back numbers may look over them with more pleasant feelings than we can possibly nowadays entertain, if we recall, by a similar process, our delusions as to what lay before us in our dealings with America.

Another point which concerns the opening strategy of the campaign, and is here treated so briefly as is hardly consistent with clearness, is the change of plan which turned the Saxons from operating with the Bavarians on the flank of the Prussian invasion of Bohemia. It would have been well, as before observed, if the translators had aided the reader at such points as those. If we read the Berlin historian aright, he thinks that this combination might have seriously threatened Moltke's communications, since the Prussians could not afford to leave troops enough behind to hold Saxony against it. But the fact is that the Bavarians were not only rather unwilling to go so far from their own country, and leave it open to the enemy's enterprise, but they were altogether too behindhand for any such daring combination. In fact, they now paid the penalty of their inferior peace organization, for they were only able to move at all, and that with a much smaller force than had been estimated, when the Hanoverians who had counted on their aid were disarmed on the one side, and the Prussians had poured into Bohemia on the other. Hence the change of the first bold design, and their subsequent isolation, whilst the Saxons were not only unable to attempt to hold or recover their little kingdom, but became a mere unit in the hurried and disorderly combinations with which Benedek in vain strove to ward off Moltke's well-aimed and decisive attack.

Whilst we are on this subject of the opening strategy, it is well to add that another point which might with advantage have been more brought to light is the preponderating effect that a superior railroad system gave to the Prussian design. It is true that the Berlin writer notices this very briefly, in order to say that it counteracted the "important advantage Austria had gained in preparation." But the translators had the Austrian official narrative available, and it could not have been beside their work to show that this supposed advantage never really existed at all. Or, if this were omitted in deference to Prussian authority, a note—and notes have not been altogether avoided—would have been well bestowed in making clear to the lay reader the extraordinary disadvantage which was entailed on the Austrians in the defence of Bohemia by the fact that they had provided but a single railroad to Prague from Vienna, and that carried so

* *The Campaign of 1866 in Germany.* Compiled by the Department of Military History of the Prussian Staff. Translated by Colonel von Wright and Captain E. M. Hozier for the War Office.

near to the frontier as to be hardly available with safety. Never perhaps, in the case of so warlike a Power as Austria, with so natural, so certain an enemy to contend with, has there been such a striking instance of the want of proper forethought. It damaged her chances from the very first; for, on account of this deficiency, a point of concentration near Vienna had to be chosen, and the defence of Bohemia left until it was attacked; whereupon Benedek's army was hurried up to the scene, and brought into action by detachments without full preparation or even proper time to develop its front in its new position. This defective supply of railroads, in fact, weighted Austria from the very first, as Prussia's splendid system gave her chiefs the means ready to hand of selecting and carrying out the most decisive and brilliant strategy that could be devised.

If the military details of the history which Colonel Wright and Captain Hozier have done service by translating needed some such elucidation as these instances seem to show, the political portion at the opening cannot by any such aid be made of value. A staff officer writing in the War Office of a great and victorious military Power about the causes which first forced his country to take up arms must excuse us if we do not follow him in his historical views. The time has not yet come when any member of his profession could afford to state the simple truth that the whole of the Schleswig-Holstein complication, with the quarrel with Austria which grew out of it, was merely a drama of puppets in which the master-hand of Bismarck was never off the strings. No doubt nothing in such a case succeeds like success; and the success of the great Minister has converted the most unwilling of the former opponents of his daring policy. Yet the fact remains that in his own land, before victory popularized the War of 1866, its real author was both openly named and openly condemned by the mass of his countrymen, who had measured with less certain eye than his the forces that were coming into conflict, and dreaded the results as possibly the ruin of themselves and their kingdom. In truth, the English reader may well skip all that portion of the book which treats of Austrian conduct, as of no more value than the estimate of a Ministerial measure by a steady Opposition journal. The great facts remain in any case, that the collision had been coming on for a century or more, and that all that man could do was to retard or hasten it. Bismarck thought the time favourable to Prussian chances, and he therefore chose to do the latter, and thus to solve the long vexed question of the supremacy of Germany.

As we part from our translators we must add that their work, except it be in the too close adherence to a now old text, is ably and fairly done. There are some minor slips, however, which are less excusable in scholars of standing than in the newspaper writers who occasionally would almost seem to have been followed instead of corrected. We notice especially that the misleading title of "Feldzeugmeister" which vexed the souls of so many Special Correspondents during the war, still cleaves to Benedek, although the translators should surely be aware that it is the mere equivalent of our "full" general, and should be so rendered. The Austrian *Feldmarschall Lieutenant* is but a lieutenant-general, and should not appear in a translation worthy of the name as "lieutenant field-marshal." Nor are such decided Germanicisms as the "Commanding General of the Corps" at all desirable additions to our military nomenclature, whilst they here and there give a needless stiffness to what is on the whole a faithful and spirited version of a very valuable work. The new War Office volume, though certainly not perfect, should find a place in every library in which military men have an interest. We may add that the admirable atlas of plans which accompanies it, taken from that prepared by the Prussian Engineers for their own government, is of itself a temptation to every student of the war to possess himself of this masterly history of it.

ROBERT ORD'S ATONEMENT.*

IF *Robert Ord's Atonement* had been stronger in tone and less sickly sweet in handling, it would have been a noteworthy book. It has a good central idea which might have been wrought into a striking plot; but, though not wanting in a tender kind of pre-Raffaellite beauty, it is spoilt by its overflowing sentimentalism, and by a certain silliness of treatment irresistibly suggestive of a boarding-school young Miss in her teens. The book is of the kind which thinks to make women interesting by describing how they slide their little hands into the bigger palms of men, not their brothers or husbands, when they want to coax and soften them, as women with self-respect never do; how their rosy lips quiver or pout, dimple into smiles or "come down at the corners like a child's" when they are distressed or delighted—and they always are being distressed or delighted in a bubbling, unresting way fatiguing even to read of; how their big eyes fill up with tears upon small provocation or no provocation at all, self-control being a virtue not much cultivated in these romantic regions; how they sob themselves to sleep over their miseries, with the infallible result of swollen noses and puffy eyelids, which, however, are results never catalogued; and how they accept all that happens to them in a frail, tottering infantile way that shall ensure men's compassion and attention, and that is for the most part met by a strong arm wound round a slender waist, a golden head nestled into a broad chest, a vocabulary of tender epithets, and more kissing than careful mothers would deem wholesome for their daughters. That is, it is of the kind which has no more to do with common sense than it has with algebra, and which describes a society made up of beings as little like the everyday men and women of Great Britain and Ireland as the fairies of Mr. Gilbert's *Wicked World* are like the girls of the period in the real one.

That a crabbed old woman should resent the surly pride of an ill-tempered nephew, and cancel the will which had made him her heir in favour of a lady companion, all honey and butter, is by no means an impossible proceeding. Crabbed old women have done such things before now and will again; and Rotha Maturin is not the first lady companion who has played cuckoo, voluntarily or involuntarily, in a family nest. That the dispossessed family should feel generally aggrieved and be disposed to resent their wrongs on the cuckoo is natural; and that the designated heir, who had been waiting for his inheritance to marry, and who now finds himself deprived of both money and wife, should feel himself specially defrauded, and with greater wrongs to resent than any one else, is also natural. We will concede, too, that the lady companion who, by the terms of the will, is forced to live at the very gates of the angry family, should do all in her power to repair the injustice of her benefactress, and to conciliate her wrathful neighbours. But that a man fond of calling himself perpetually a gentleman should have proved himself such a boor as Robert Ord, and that a woman should have met his brutality with such unwearied patience as did Rotha Maturin—that the one should have been so ruffianly, the other so saintly—is as much beyond the limits of ordinary good-breeding on the one side as of ordinary human nature on the other. This excess of Griselda-like virtue, coupled with a certain cloying sweetness of impersonation, renders Rotha one of the most wearisome, if estimable, young women we have met with in that unreal world of fiction where everything gets its representative but nature.

The story is told chiefly in conversations founded on insignificant events. The plot indeed is as slender as a hair, and the very simplicity of material employed renders the book both confusing and soporific. When the interest has to be kept awake by nothing more exciting than an elaborate description of a country tea party given by one of the dispossessed to the cuckoo as *his* atonement, or a day's shopping when the heiress plays the part of a good fairy and buys clothes for the vicar's family, the reader may be forgiven if he skips half the talk and goes to sleep over the other half. And yet, in spite of its silliness and dulness of treatment, the book has the merit of an idea which ought to have been strong enough to ensure success. Rotha Maturin would have been a real heroine had she been a woman made of flesh and blood, and not merely an alabaster Madonna or wax-work saint. A stronger and as sweet a natured woman would also, like herself, have done her best to make friends with the angry family, and to lighten their disappointment in every way possible to her. But she would have had a little more fibre and mental dignity in her method than Rotha shows. She would not have been so like a large kitten in her manners; not so fond of sitting on the floor at folks' feet, nor have been so often taken into people's arms as if she had been a baby or a doll. She would not have been always creeping here, or drawing herself up there, with a self-consciousness that never sleeps; she would not have cried so often, have kissed so much, or have made such ceaseless play with her eyes and lips; she would have won esteem by the quiet dignity and native force of her character, and she would not have coaxed herself into forgiveness and belief so much as she would have earned respect, and through respect the "atonement" which came at last. As it is, if anything could have justified the Ord family in their enmity, founded on their very natural suspicion that the lady companion had been an *intrigante*, and had got round the old termagant for her own purposes, it would have been the seraphic superhumanity of the reluctant heiress when she comes into possession, the pains she takes to prove that she could not have manœuvred for a legacy of which she does not make half the personal use she might, and her last naive confession that she is saving all for *him*—him being Robert Ord, her bitter and unforgiving enemy.

The Ord family themselves are well drawn; but, just as the conversations remind us, at a great distance, of Mr. Trollope, so do the men who play such an important part in Rotha Maturin's life bring to us a far-off and subdued echo of Mr. Henry Kingsley. Fortunately for the author of this book the echo is both far-off and subdued, but it is there. The heavy-shouldered, ponderous vicar, with his small stipend and growing boys, a trifle stupid in worldly wisdom, if good and hard working and properly "high," is a figure that has vitality, and can be realized. Garton is perhaps less vivid, because more complex in intention. The queer shambling "half boy, half monk," who had no ambition but to become a priest and his brother's curate, living in a cottage with "Rube"—who is a village boy afflicted with a drunken father, and Garton's special pet and favourite—and lame Johnnie Forbes, who is another village boy, scarcely prepares one for the passionate lover into which he is transformed by the power of Rotha's charms—and offer. For Rotha, to carry out the line of child-likeness on which she is constructed, will not let Garton go away from Bryn when he has the chance, but says, "Don't go, Garton; I want you," and so keeps him for a brief season as her affianced lover. And, by way of showing young ladies with money how they can persuade young gentlemen without to take the manage-

* *Robert Ord's Atonement.* A Novel. By the Author of "Barbara Heathcote's Trial," "Woe Wilfe," &c. 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1873.

ment of it, and of themselves, we will extract the scene; it may be useful:—

"Why should you go?" faltered Rotha. How pale her face was!

"Hush, you must not tempt me; how can you, knowing what you know now. Of course I must go away; how can I bear to live on here, and see you every day, and know," and his voice trembled, "and know you are not for me." He paused, and then went on, "You must not be sorry now I have told you this. I could not help it. I could not indeed. God bless you, dear, for your noble thought, as I shall bid God bless you in my prayers when I am far away."

The little hand trembled out to him again from the folds of the grey dress; there were tears in the bright kind eyes; the sweet face was covered with blushes.

"Don't go, Garton; I want you." And then in a voice of intense feeling, "I was a poor girl, without a friend but Meg in the world, till all these good things came to me; but what are they worth—what is anything worth—unless I may share them with those I love?"

Could he mistake those brave tender words? The strong man trembled like a child when he heard them.

"Rotha, do you mean me?" he whispered; and Rotha, looking up with a smile and a blush said, "Yes."

Unfortunately, however, Rotha's good intentions are defeated, and she does not marry Garton after all; but, when they have "passed over two graves" to get to each other, her old unbelieving enemy Robert. Robert is the most hazy of the three brothers. One would not know whether he is intended to be a fine fellow with a bad temper, or a bad fellow with the potentiality of good, unless we were instructed by the author; but we find that we are to accept him as the former, though he certainly has a vile temper, and forgets, not only his gentlehood, but his manliness more than once. However, he makes all due atonement at the end by loving the pretty cuckoo with almost more passion than his youngest brother had shown. It was a mercy in disguise, all things considered, that his aunt made the will she did. By it he was prevented from marrying Belle; and Belle in consequence conveniently dies, when he gets Rotha. He did not love poor Belle; they did not suit each other; and her temper was in its own way as bad as his. His gradual love for Rotha under the guise of hate is well described, so far as it is described at all; but it might have been made of more interest. This gradual growth of feeling is an excellent instrument in the hands of an author, and always fascinates a reader, because affording room for speculation as to how it will turn out, and what it all means. But we scarcely like the transfer of Rotha's affections so decidedly. Her love for Garton was too passionate in its grief when she hears that he has gone down with the vessel, for her to have been able to have loved Robert as she does; even after five years. The only consolation we have is that she could not have loved Garton so much as the author says. She might have liked him as her brother, and been fond of his society, and have missed him when he went, and have felt all that vague affectionateness which is half instinct and half propinquity; but she would have had misgivings, and in her passion she would have had discretion. As it is, the affair is managed with needless and somewhat uncomfortable complication; and we cannot help feeling that Rotha's innocence has a look of paint somehow, and that she is on the whole too much like a shepherdess after Watteau.

The author has committed the great mistake of opening the nursery door too often. We are overcrowded with boys, and little Arty especially is a nuisance. So indeed is "Rube," the Jonathan to Garton's David, round whose ragged shoulders the vicar's brother is always laying his arm; and so are all the young Ords whenever they appear, which is much too often. Of Meg or Mrs. Carruthers we have very little in proportion to the promise; but enough as it turns out. For, though she is begun with a firm touch enough, the portrait fades off into the prevailing indistinctness of over-sweetness; and the woman who first appeared before us as almost rugged with strength and self-control ends with being as hysterical and fond of gush as the rest. We would earnestly counsel the author of *Robert Ord's Atonement* to be on her guard against her sentimental tendencies. A certain amount of sentiment refines a story, but too much weakens it; and to have to bear company to such a weeping, emotional, kissing, and blushing set of people as those of this book for three long volumes is trying, to say the least of it. Also we would suggest that "to chatter nineteen to the dozen" is not an elegant mode of saying that a girl talks too much; and that Rotha is not charming when she says that she'd "as lief take a bull by the horns" as ask Robert Ord to let her take Belle to Ventnor. And will the author tell us what special pathos or passion she sees in the reduplication of the name in conversation? and why, when Robert and Rotha are half-wrangling together, "Robert—Robert Ord," and "Rotha—Rotha Maturin" should be considered more effective than "Mr. Ord" and "Miss Maturin," which would have been the natural style of address?

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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Lord Russell on the Government of Ireland. Mr. Harcourt's Motion.
Canadian Progress.

The Shah's Visit. The Dangers of the Money Market.
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London: Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—PARTICULAR ATTRACTIONS.
THIS DAY and NEXT WEEK.
Saturday (June 14). Special Opera, "Il Trovatore," at 3; Out-door Sports Rounds, at 6.
Tuesday. Great National Dog Show; Opera, at 3.
Wednesday.—Dog Show.
Thursday. Dog Show; Opera, at 3.
Friday.—Last Day of Dog Show.
Saturday.—Fifth Grand Summer Concert, "Acis and Galatea," at 3.
The Fine Art Courts and Collections, including the Picture Gallery (the Works on Sale), the Technological and Natural History Collections, all the various Illustrations of Art, Science, and Nature, and the Gardens and Park always open. Music and Fountains daily.
Admission to the Palace, Monday to Friday, 1s.; Saturdays, 2s.; or by Ticket purchased before the day, 2s 6d; or by Guinea Season Ticket.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The NATIONAL DOG SHOW, organized by the Kennel Club, Tuesday, June 17, till Friday, June 20.—Admission to the Show on the First day to witness the Judging, from Twelve till Three, 5s.; after Three, 2s. 6d. Other days, 1s. Season Ticket holders each day, 1s. Admission to the Palace, 1s; or by Guinea Season Ticket.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The GREAT NATIONAL ROSE SHOW, Saturday, June 28. FÊTE of the GERMAN GYMNASTIC SOCIETY takes place same day. Admission, 5s.; or by Ticket purchased before the day, 2s. 6d.; or by Guinea Season Ticket.

MUSICAL UNION.—JAELL and AUER, expressly from Paris and St. Petersburg, next Tuesday, will play Rubinstein's Grand Sonata, Op. 19, for Piano and Violin; Quartet, C Minor, Beethoven; and Quintet in C, Schubert; and Solos included in Programme. J. ELLA, 9 Victoria Square.

DRAMATIC READING, with Musical Illustrations, in AID of the SAILORS' HOME, Holyhead. Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square, Saturday Evening, June 21, at Half-past Eight o'clock, Mrs. STIRLING will read (for the first time) Thomas Brigstocke's Historical Play, "Eustace de St. Pierre," with the Author's Incidental Music, performed by the following eminent Artists:—Miss Edith Wynne, Mr. Lewis Thomas, Mr. John Thomas (Harpist to Her Majesty the Queen), and a Select Choir.—Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; Unreserved, 5s. and 2s. 6d. Tickets may be obtained of Lamborn Cock, 63 New Bond Street; Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 84 New Bond Street; usual Agents; and at the Hanover Square Rooms.

THE SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER-COLOURS.—The SIXTY-NINTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION is now OPEN, 5 Pall Mall East, from Nine till Seven.—Admittance, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.
ALFRED D. FRIPP, *Secretary.*

DORÉ'S GREAT PICTURE of "CHRIST LEAVING the PRÆTORIUM," with "Triumph of Christianity," "Christian Martyrs," "Francesca da Rimini," "Neophyte," "Andromeda," &c., at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35 New Bond Street. Ten to Six.—Admission, 1s.

ELIJAH WALTON.—EXHIBITION, including "A Storm on the Sea" and "A Sand Storm in the Desert," and many new and important Drawings, Alpine and Eastern, NOW OPEN at Burlington Gallery, 191 Piccadilly. Ten to Six.—Admission, with Catalogue, 1s.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION for the ADVANCEMENT of SCIENCE,
22 Albemarle Street, London, W.
The next ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING will be held at BRADFORD, commencing on Wednesday, September 17.
President Elect.—J. PRESCOTT JOULE, D.C.L., LL.D., F.R.S.
NOTICE to CONTRIBUTORS of MEMOIRS.—Authors are reminded that, under an arrangement dating from 1871, the acceptance of Memoirs, and the days on which they are to be read, are now, as far as possible, determined by Organizing Committees for the several Sections before the beginning of the Meeting. It has therefore become necessary, in order to give an opportunity to the Committees of doing justice to the several communications, that each Author should prepare an Abstract of his Memoir, of a length suitable for insertion in the published Transactions of the Association, and that he should send it, together with the original Memoir, by book-post, on or before September 1, addressed thus: "Dr. ——, General Committee, British Association, 22 Albemarle Street, London, W." For Section..... If it should be inconvenient to the Author that his Paper should be read on any particular day, he is requested to send information thereof to the Secretaries in a separate note.
Information about local arrangements may be obtained by application to the Local Secretaries, Bradford.
G. GRIFFITHS, M.A., *Assistant General Secretary, Harrow.*

CHRISTIAN EVIDENCE SOCIETY.—EVIDENTIAL DISCOURSES at ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham Place. On Monday Evening next, June 16, an ADDRESS will be given by the Rev. SAMUEL GARRATT, M.A., Vicar of St. Margaret's, Ipswich. Subject: "Objections to Revealed Religion an Evidence of its Truth." The Chair will be taken at Eight P.M. by ROBERT BAXTER, Esq., Advocate. The Subsequent Discourses as follows: June 23, Rev. J. BALDWIN BROWN, B.A., "The Policies of Times"; June 30, Rev. WILLIAM SANDAY, M.A., "Literary Criticism and Christian Belief"; July 7, Lord Bishop of GLOUCESTER and BRISTOL, "The Present Aspect of Christian Evidences."
7 Duke Street, Adelphi, W.C., June 1873. F. BARKER, M.A., *Secretary.*

THE

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OF

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THE VISIT OF THE SHAH.

THE long-expected SHAH has come, and the successor of DARIUS is quartered in the palace of Queen VICTORIA. Everything that labour, ingenuity, and expenditure could do has been done to give him a reception of the handsomest kind. He came over from Brussels with a brilliant naval escort, he was welcomed at Dover and Charing Cross by enthusiastic multitudes, and the Royal Family has exerted itself to the utmost in worthily representing the nation of which the SHAH is the guest. Now that he is come he is to be shown everything we have to show him, and every moment of his time is to be occupied. He is to see ironclads and troops, operas and banks, docks and balls, and as much in the way of pleasure or business as London can show him, while the princely hospitality of the Duke of SUTHERLAND is to afford him an opportunity of visiting the chief seats of manufacturing industry in the country. Princes, like other people, have turns of ill or good luck, and it must be owned that the SHAH has had a piece of exceptional good fortune. He happens to come at a time when there is nothing and no one else to think of, when a capital steeped in wealth is burning for any sort of unusual amusement, and when there is no cause, political or financial, or in the circumstances of the Royal Family, to check the general thirst for some special sort of entertainment. Consequently the SHAH seems as if he were now the one object of human interest. To see him is bliss, to stand behind the umbrellas of a crowd near which he will pass is at least something. Fashion decides that the SHAH must be made much of in every way, and fashion in England rules supreme. In any case the Shah of PERSIA was sure to be received properly, and every one is glad that there should be no shabbiness or neglect in his reception; but it is perhaps somewhat accidental that there should be all this fervour and fuss about him. No one can grudge him the advantage. He has come a long way to us, and civilized life no doubt subjects him to many irksome restraints. If he is rewarded by more enthusiasm being excited about him than could have been reasonably expected, if he figures as a very big lion instead of a moderate-sized lion, and if a people whose pockets are bursting and whose heart is sad with ennui has gone what has been termed "SHAH-mad," we can only congratulate him on his good fortune, and those who welcome him on having a Shah to go mad about.

But in England we never allow that we amuse ourselves for amusement's sake. We set before ourselves other objects, and are glad to give matters a moral or political turn. If the SHAH takes the trouble to read the different exponents of English opinion, he cannot fail to be aware that, while we show him our most splendid sights, we desire, in the first place, to instruct him, and, in the second place, to convince him that England is the real ally whose friendship is worth having. He seems quite ready to fall in with our humour; he has had the courtesy to state that to see the rest of the world was much to him, but that to see England was more than all the rest. He overcame his dislike of punctuality in our favour, and was ready to begin his trip to London at four o'clock in the morning. He is making the heroic sacrifice of dropping for the moment his Oriental habits, which in a place so comparatively unimportant to him as Berlin he saw no reason for foregoing; and when he landed at Dover he was ready, through Sir HENRY RAWLINSON, with a speech to the municipal authorities, which must have recalled to many readers the inimitable scene of the interpreter in *Eothen*. Of course it is all very hard work for him, and it is difficult not to sympathize with a bailiff of Dundee, who, when it was proposed that the Town Council should do something for the SHAH, and that he should have the freedom of the city given him, and the Provost should go up to London in his full robes, stated that he wished to ask the Provost whether he did not think that all this might possibly bore the SHAH. Of course the SHAH is bored, and there must be moments when he heartily longs that he had followed the example of his predecessors, and remained in the quiet Eastern countries to which he was accustomed, where life flows on so easily, and where at any moment he can order a hookah or an execution. But then he is being instructed. He is every day taught some new lesson about England, how well we make guns and ironclads and railways, how excellent is our system of government, and how quiet and orderly are our crowds under the rule of half-a-dozen policemen. The finest sight, we are daily assured, that a foreigner can see is a million honest English faces lighted up with the delight of looking at him. The SHAH will reflect on the spectacle, he will ponder over it, and will try to estimate how much must have gone before in order to make possible the gathering of so vast, comfortable, and well-behaved an assemblage. At any rate, if he does not think of this, but silently asks himself whose dog is he that he should wear himself out with moral and intellectual calculation, we have done our best for him. We have given him the opportunity, and that is all we could do. Nor is it only that he is at least put in the way of thus educating himself. He can now measure what it would be to have England for a friend or an enemy in war. There is a general feeling that we ought to seize on this golden occasion of securing an ally on comparatively easy terms. We want the SHAH to be our man in the East, to turn a deaf ear to the blandishments of Russia, to baffle all the intrigues of our various Oriental enemies, and to bar firmly the passage of an intending invader of India through his dominions. Now is the time to make an impression on him. He will see our ironclads, our military manœuvres, our Bank of England, our thickly populated cities, our hives of industry, and thus he will know what England really is, and will think twice before he fails to place himself at the disposal of so pugnacious, so powerful, and so rich a country. Peshawur will thus be guarded at Guildhall, and we shall have done an excellent stroke of business by the keen pursuit of pleasure.

But the SHAH also has come here with an eye to business. He has been pleased to farm out his whole country to Baron DE REUTER, who is to form a series of companies in London with the object of changing the entire state of things in Persia, and giving it railways, canals, mines in working, a flourishing commerce, and, generally speaking, peace, plenty, and civilization. The SHAH certainly has not done the thing by halves. Baron DE REUTER and those claiming under him are to make any railways in Persia they please, and for seventy years no one else is to be allowed to make any. With the exception of mines of gold, silver, and precious stones, this great contractor is to be allowed to work all Government mines on paying 15 per cent. of the profit to the State. He may require the owners of private mines to hand them over to him unless they have worked those mines within five years. If he discovers a mine, he is to pay nothing for it but the mere price of the surface. Forests and canals are handed over to him on very similar terms. The Government guarantees him six millions sterling to help him in his various enterprises, and for twenty-five years he is to receive all the Customs dues of the kingdom, giving the SHAH a progressive bonus on his present revenue. No one else is to be allowed to execute any works for the material improvement of the country, or to set up any bank or credit establishment, until Baron DE REUTER has had the opportunity of considering whether he would like to oust the projector and take up the scheme for himself. And lastly, the SHAH undertakes to provide the necessary labour

at current prices; and the history of the Suez Canal shows how valuable this stipulation is if censorious people do not interfere. At present Persia is one of the poorest, most backward, and most thinly populated countries in the world. But it is to be transformed wholesale, and Baron de Reuter, with the aid of London Companies, has undertaken to transform it. The visit of the Shah is obviously the best advertisement which this gigantic scheme could have. It will make him and his country familiar names in every English household. His jewels, his magnificence, and the enormous trouble and expense involved in the reception accorded him, will seem so many pledges of the magnificent prospects of his country, and it will be hard if his coming here does not at least serve the purpose which was supposed, in the great days of Limited Companies, to be served by the introduction of the well-known nobleman into the list of directors in a prospectus. This is quite fair. Business is business, but it is not all business. As a grave matter of business the British investor would have to consider many things. He would have to ask himself where all these railways could go, and how they could possibly pay with only a sparse population in a desert and mountainous country to keep them alive, how the necessary labour was to be procured unless a considerable amount of force was used to obtain it, and how long a foreigner could keep many of the main resources of the State in his hands without political agitation being excited. The splendid history of the East India Company has been cited as an encouraging parallel, but no parallel could be more unfortunate. For, in the first place, there is all the difference in the world between the chances of easy gains in poor, sterile, uninhabited Persia, and in rich, fertile, and densely populated India; and, in the next place, the East India Company, in order to secure itself, had to seize on as much of India as it could get, and rule it on its own account; and this is not a very pleasant memory to recall to the minds of either Persians or Englishmen. But, on the other hand, the future has infinite possibilities. Population may spring up, as by magic, on the lines of railway; crowds of willing labourers may come forward; the Persians may like foreigners collecting their Customs dues, and having the preference over them in every industrial enterprise. This is the bright side of the scheme, and it is the one on which the Shah naturally looks; and if by coming here and showing himself, and enabling us to realize the fact of his existence, he can teach us also to look on it, he may have done good work, and may return home with the happy conviction that, if he suffered much while in England, he suffered for the good of his country.

LOCAL TAXATION.

Mr. STANSFELD has probably learned for the first time during the recent debates the difficulty of readjusting taxation, whether it is local or general. Sir G. Jenkinson, who revived the obsolete proposal of taxing personal property, was not a formidable antagonist. The House was apparently not greatly impressed by the case of a wealthy ironmaster who, receiving many thousands a year from property in the funds, paid rates, like his neighbours, only on the premises which he occupied. As the National Debt has no local habitation, it would not seem at first sight that a particular parish has any exclusive claim on a fundholder who may happen to live within its boundaries. A landowner in Berkshire, who made his fortune in Wales, and invested a part of it in Consols, would confer an unmerited and gratuitous boon on the place of his residence if he paid rates to the Union or the parish on the whole of his income. If the recipient of 1,000*l.* a year, secured by mortgage on land in Yorkshire, happened to occupy a villa in Kent, there seems to be no reason why land in one county should bear the burden of local expenditure at the other end of the kingdom. The mortgagor of the Yorkshire estate would have had to pay a higher rate of interest for the loan if the mortgagee had been rateable on his income, and consequently the Yorkshire land would have been charged both with the local rates and with the rates of the parish in Kent. The old theory, which was never applied in practice, of rating visible stock-in-trade was intelligible and plausible. In simpler times the great majority of parishioners made their money where they spent it; and their collective possessions constituted the property of the parish. The practical objections to a local Income-tax would be conclusive if they were not altogether superfluous. Rates ought to be imposed not on the reservoirs of wealth, but as far as possible on its sources. The owner of millions owes a proportional contribution not to the parish fund, but to the national treasury. The returns of property within the parish boundary are the proper subject of local taxation. As might have been expected, Sir George Jenkinson had not taken the trouble to work out his theory in detail; and the members of his party, with many complimentary expressions, unanimously entreated him to withdraw an inconvenient motion. It is evident that if the House had entertained the project of rating personal property, the arguments for a State contribution in aid of the rates would have been weakened or destroyed. Sir Massey Lopes has contrived to furnish the Government with a pretext for imposing additional burdens on land; but he hopes in some degree to repair the mischief which he has done by transferring a portion of local burdens to the Imperial revenue. Sir G. Jenkinson, with still greater simplicity, demands an extension of the area of local taxation which would inevitably lead to a large increase of the total charge. Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Stansfeld are fortunate in the blindness of opponents who constantly play into their hands. Landowners who have within the last ten years thought it possible to reduce the taxation on land must, to say the least, be extremely sanguine.

The discussion of the various methods of bringing growing timber within the area of taxation disclosed the embarrassing nature of a question which had probably in the first instance seemed simple and easy. The difficulties which arise from artificial complications of tenure may properly be disregarded. It is not because life-tenants have limited estates that the property which is distributed between themselves and their successors ought to be relieved from its due share of public burdens, and a competent actuary could probably devise an equitable method of dividing the charge between a life-tenant and a reversioner. On the other hand it must be remembered that a prudent owner in fee-simple would abstain for perhaps the whole of his term of possession from cutting immature timber; and a rate assessed on the deferred value of the property would not be easily calculated. Mr. Stansfeld ultimately accepted a proposal which seems approximately just. No other crop except saleable underwood is at present rated; and in every other case the assessment is founded on the estimated value of the land. Over the greater part of the country, and especially in hill districts, which have in modern times been most extensively planted, the least valuable land has been appropriated to the growth of wood. Steep ravines and hill-sides, of which an acre would scarcely depasture a mountain sheep, will often grow tolerably good larch or even oak. It is fair, if any change is to be made, that the land which has hitherto escaped from taxation should be rated according to its capabilities of producing profit. The liability of saleable underwoods imposed by the Act of Elizabeth seems to have been an accidental anomaly. The proposal that the whole matter should be relegated to the discretion of the Assessment Commissioners was highly objectionable. The Bill will for the first time introduce a conflict of interests between owners and occupiers; and the tenant-farmers control the Board of Guardians which appoint the Assessment Commissioners. As long as the rates were chargeable on the tenants, there was no reason why the justices and the elected Guardians should not act together harmoniously on all questions of assessment; but woods are almost universally retained in the hands of the owner, and the tenant-farmers will be anxious to strain every point against the landowners. Representative bodies are never to be trusted with the care of any interest which is protected only by a permanent minority. It is highly probable that the Assessment Commissioners will, under the provisions of the Bill, place too high a charge on woodlands; and they might have been still more strongly tempted to commit injustice if no rule had been prescribed for their guidance. Some members objected to any plan for rating woods, on the ground that by discouraging the process of planting the rate might ultimately diminish the rainfall, and injuriously affect the general climate. There is reason to suppose that both on the Continent of Europe and in India some effect of the kind has followed from the denudation of mountains; but the facts and the natural laws are but imperfectly understood, and the extent of English woods which might be cleared to escape a rate must be within a moderate compass. Long before the time of rates, when a great part of the island was covered by forests, the climate is not supposed to have been more genial than at the present day. It is creditable to the landowners that they offered no invidious opposition to a new tax on their estates. For this and heavier burdens which may hereafter be imposed on their property they owe a debt of gratitude to Sir Massey Lopes. In this and in other cases the large proprietors will suffer no ultimate loss, because the rate on their woodlands

will operate in relief of the charge on the rest of their property; and from time to time they will be able, if they think fit, to increase their rents in proportion. Smaller proprietors who have less control over their tenants will seldom be able to shift the incidence of the rate.

There is great risk of unfairness in the assessment of game, though in principle the extension of the rate is perfectly reasonable. It has often been pointed out that an occupying farmer who pays an additional rent for the right of sporting is already subject to the rate; but where the game is reserved by the landlord, or where it is separately let to a shooting tenant, the rate is only levied on the farm rent. It is perfectly right that an owner who makes a profit by his game should indirectly pay a rate, especially as there is a presumption that the farm rent has been proportionally reduced; but where, in consequence of reliance on his moderation in preserving, the full value of the land is paid as rent by the tenant, it is unjust that the owner should be taxed on the amount for which the right of shooting might be let to a stranger. Few persons rent shooting except with the intention of preserving strictly; and the rent which might be paid would be calculated, not on the number of pheasants and hares actually on the land, but on the head of game which it might be made to bear. The non-preserving owner might therefore be charged at the same time on a full rack rent and on an imaginary game rent which he could only obtain by making a deduction from the rent of his farms. In this case, even more than in the taxation of woodlands, all the bias of the Assessment Commissioners would be against the landlord; and it would not be for the public interest if he were induced to recoup himself for the additional charge by letting his shooting to a preserving stranger. The true rule of assessment is the value of the land let with the shooting, however the actual tenancy might be combined or divided. The case of fisheries is simpler, because the water is not let, like certain lands, to two different tenants at the same time. Perhaps the most serious injustice which could be perpetrated by a rating Bill would be the imposition of an excessive charge on mansion houses, which, as a general rule, are not lucrative possessions. A man who is overhoused already suffers serious inconvenience, and in many parts of the country he would find it impossible to let his house at a rent proportionate to its size. It is well known that in sales of estates beyond a certain acreage the house is commonly thrown into the bargain. The wise men who live in houses built by fools ought not to be punished by an excessive tax. The difficult question of metal-bearing mines was settled, at least for the time, with little discussion. The withdrawal of the exemption of scientific and literary societies follows almost necessarily upon the surrender of the exemption of Government property, and in the latter case provision has been made for arbitration in the event of a disagreement between the Treasury and the Assessment Commissioners. Mr. CAWLEY's sweeping amendment for the exemption of all machinery, except that by which motive power is generated or transmitted, is naturally supported by the manufacturing interest, and may perhaps give some trouble to the Government.

M. RANC AND THE ASSEMBLY.

THE French Assembly has given leave to the Governor of Paris to prosecute M. RANC for alleged participation in the acts of the Commune. The report of the Committee which recommended that this should be done sets out the charges against him with more moderation than could have been expected. That M. RANC was a member of the Commune is admitted; that the Commune was an insurrectionary Government, arming the citizens against the legal Government, is admitted; and it is on these uncontroverted facts that the Committee ground their recommendation. The public interest demands, they say, that justice should be equal for all, and that after thousands of the rank and file of an insurrection have been severely punished, the leaders should not be allowed to escape. It is true that the military authorities have remained inactive for two years, but this does not affect the fact that they are inactive no longer. The Assembly is not concerned with the cause of their silence; it has only to inquire whether there is a *primâ facie* cause for their speaking as they now speak.

As regards the policy of the resolution taken by the Assembly two questions may be asked—Is it wise now? and would it have been wise at any time? The first question may be best answered by assuming that there has been a miscarriage of justice up to this time, owing to the unwillingness of M. THIERS to offend the Radicals. From this premiss the Right infer that it is the business of the Assembly, now that M. THIERS has been taken out of the way, to help General LADMIRAULT in discharging the duty which only M. THIERS's intervention prevented him from discharging in the autumn of 1871. In a matter of this kind, they say, the Assembly knows nothing of policy; its one desire is to render equal justice to all. M. RANC was a member of the Commune, therefore he must submit to the same treatment as other members of the Commune. The plea that the Assembly ought not to consider the policy of a step which cannot be taken without its consent may at once be dismissed. If the mere fact that M. RANC is charged with an offence against the penal code makes it a thing of course that the Assembly shall allow him to be brought to trial, what becomes of the inviolability which attaches to the person of a deputy? It is because there may be reasons why a member of the Legislature should not be prosecuted, though he may be technically liable to prosecution, that the option of allowing or forbidding proceedings to be taken against him has been given to the Assembly. It is impossible, therefore, not to take the policy of the prosecution into account, and from this point of view there is, we think, an overpowering weight of argument against it. The continuity which necessarily exists between successive Executives makes the acts of one Administration morally binding on its successors. The prosecution of M. RANC was not omitted by an oversight. On the 20th of September, 1871, M. RAOUL DUVAL raised the question in the Chamber, and the Assembly supported the Government in its determination to leave M. RANC alone. Even if it be granted that this determination was mistaken, and that the Assembly was made an accomplice in it by the unworthy arts of M. THIERS, M. RANC may fairly plead that such a course was equivalent to an admission that the evidence then before the public was not enough to sustain a prosecution. The reasons which warrant the exemption of an accused person from being twice tried for the same offence hold equally good against his being once tried after the Executive has decided not to indict him, and its decision has been challenged and sustained. The change in M. RANC's position since his prosecution was last under discussion is a further reason against going on with it. He has just been returned to the National Assembly by an enormous majority as member for Lyons. The very fact that his election is distasteful to the dominant party in the Assembly ought, if that party had any wisdom, to have secured him against the present attack. The readiness of the Assembly to untie General LADMIRAULT's hands will be regarded as showing a determination to retaliate upon the Lyons Radicals in the person of their representative. It will be said that, if M. RANC had not been elected, he would have been left unmolested, and that it is his popularity which has made his prosecution a certainty. It is natural, perhaps, that the Government of Combat should seize the first occasion that offers itself of justifying its self-chosen title. But imprudence does not cease to be imprudence because there is a strong temptation to commit it. It is pleasant no doubt to tell the electors of Lyons that the representative they have chosen to send to Versailles is no better than a criminal who has hitherto succeeded in evading justice. But the Government would have done better to remember that the partisans of the Commune are not likely to be disheartened by the discovery that the great majority of the people of Lyons think that association with it confers a claim to their confidence. It may be said that the mere fact of M. RANC's return would have taught them this, but it will be brought home to them with much greater vividness by the appearance of the deputy for Lyons in the dock. M. RANC's connexion with the Commune might have been forgotten if the new Government had not chosen to revive the recollection of it. No responsibility could have attached to the Duke of BROGLIE or his colleagues for any undue supineness in the matter, since they could honestly have pleaded that the policy of prosecuting M. RANC had been considered by their predecessors, and that, whatever their opinion of that policy might be, it was now too late to raise the question again.

By the side of the rashness which has led the Government to undertake this prosecution now, the rashness involved in undertaking it at any time may seem a small matter. We are convinced, however, that on this point M. THIERS showed more prudence than ordinarily characterized his policy towards the Communists. M. RANC's connexion with the Commune lasted but a short time; he was not involved in any of its most guilty acts; and his withdrawal gives colour to his own statement that his object in uniting himself with

it was to effect a reconciliation with the Government. It is an open question, to say the least, whether a good citizen finding himself elected almost unanimously to represent his arrondissement in the Commune ought not to have acted much as M. Ranc acted. The conflict with the army of Versailles had not then begun, and it was still possible that by timely submission on the part of the Parisians it might be altogether averted. M. Ranc believed that he had influence with the insurgents, and he maintains that he took the only course which offered any chance of making this influence felt in the direction of peace. The fact that he continued a member of the Commune for little more than a week, and gave in his resignation as soon as the deaths of Duval and Flourens convinced him that the contest had become inevitable, is consistent with the truth of his declaration. There were only two motives that could lead a man to become a member of the Commune—the wish to prevent it from going to extremities, and the wish to urge it to extremities. M. Ranc's election on the 26th of March might be explained on either hypothesis; his resignation on the 5th of April seems only compatible with the latter. It is quite possible that it is the moderation to which M. Ranc lays claim that constitutes his worst crime in the eyes of the new Government. Their object is to include all their opponents in one common condemnation. They do not wish to give any countenance to the notion that the guilt of the members of the Commune depended on their acts in that capacity; they prefer to assume that it consisted in serving in that capacity at all. It is the usual policy of extreme parties to treat those who are not with them as though they were against them. In France this policy has been pushed to greater lengths than in most other countries, and there is a special reason for adopting it at the present moment. The main chance which the majority in the Assembly have of commanding a majority in the country lies in the confounding together of all subordinate distinctions among their opponents. If they could once get it recognized that every man who votes with the Left is an enemy to public and social order, to the security of property, and to the sanctities of family life, they would have gone a long way towards controlling the elections even without the aid of M. Beulé. If it is expedient that no fine distinctions should be drawn between Radicals and Republicans, still more is it expedient that none should be drawn between extreme Communists and moderate Communists. To allow M. Ranc's motives to shield him from prosecution would be to imply that men of opposite political opinions may live harmoniously together under a Government which commands the assent, if not the enthusiasm, of all alike. The wish of the Right is that men of opposite opinions to their own should be forced to live quietly under a Government which commands the enthusiasm of the stronger party, and the detestation of the weaker. If they do not gain their end by prosecuting M. Ranc, they will at least make it unmistakably evident what that end is.

THE STATE PURCHASE OF RAILWAYS.

Lord Derby, at a late meeting of the Society of Arts opposed with his usual good sense the scheme of a State purchase of railways. Having in the House of Commons acquired much experience as a Chairman of Committees on Private Bills, Lord Derby had the advantage, rarely possessed by railway theorists, of knowing something of the subject which he discussed. He was a member of the Joint Committee on the Amalgamation Bills of last year, which extended its inquiries into all parts of the railway system, and he concurred with the Report in which the Committee declined to consider the remote contingency of purchase. The author of the paper which was the immediate subject of discussion included among the grievances inflicted by Railway Companies the supposed inequality of their charges to some districts as compared with others. No better illustration could be furnished of the inconvenience of public and official management. The varieties of rates which are imposed result exclusively from commercial reasons, which obviously ought to regulate the comparative cost of conveyance between different places. The quantity and character of the traffic, the existence of sea-carriage between the same terminal points, and many other conditions of the trade are considered by railway managers, and, although they are necessarily liable to mistakes, the interests of the Companies on the whole correspond with approximate accuracy to the public wants. The number of separate rates charged by the Companies in the United Kingdom cannot be less than twelve millions; and every item has been fixed on deliberate calculation. A Government Board would aim, both on its own account and under external pressure, at an impracticable uniformity of charge. The Joint Committee of last year, after full investigation, rejected all schemes for an artificial adjustment or equalization of rates, as unnecessary and unjust. The complexity of great commercial undertakings scarcely admits of relief by legislative or administrative interference. Equal mileage rates, or rates fixed in proportion to outlay of capital, would offer insuperable impediments to the elasticity which is essential to all the arrangements of trade; yet the worst fixed rate which could be adopted would be preferable to the exercise of Parliamentary interference. Competing markets, competing coal-fields, and competing manufacturing districts are much safer in the hands of rival Railway Companies than in the hands of political parties.

The smallest of the objections to the scheme of purchase is the financial difficulty. It would not be necessary to provide any capital for the debenture debt and the preference dividends; and the value of the ordinary stock, including a premium, would scarcely exceed 300,000,000*l.* As the whole capital of all descriptions now yields a return of more than four per cent., the Treasury would probably suffer no immediate loss; and if the prosperity of the country continues to increase, the transaction might eventually be rather profitable than burdensome; yet Lord Derby is right in calling attention to the possible alternative of a decline in the receipts, and to the consequent necessity of covering a deficiency by taxation. Railway proprietors are speculators in a promising commercial adventure; but the State ought to abstain from speculation, because it involves a possibility of loss. A far more mischievous consequence of the proposed transfer would be the termination of the constant and rapid process of improvement. New branches, new stations, accelerated trains, would be seldom or never attainable when a State Railway Department was bent on producing a safe and satisfactory budget. If the Government had taken over the railways five-and-twenty years ago, the mileage would not by this time have reached half its actual amount, and probably the speed of trains would scarcely have been increased. During that time the service of goods trains in France has not been in the smallest degree improved; and consequently the transit of goods is there three or four times slower than in England. One of the great English Companies has within six years spent 14,000,000*l.* of capital, and increased its gross annual receipts by 2,000,000*l.* It is absurd to suppose that the Government would have expended so large a sum on a thousand or twelve hundred miles of railway, even if its officers had thought that the investment would be highly profitable. Before the risk could be incurred, it would have been necessary to obtain a certainty of success which could only result from experience, and it would have been also proper to compare the demands and the prospects of all the other districts which might require increased accommodation. As a general rule, a Railway Board would determine that all new lines competing with existing railways were undesirable. The Board of Trade, in Lord Dalhousie's time, condemned the project of the Great Northern Railway, and assuredly no Government would have constructed the highly profitable line of the Midland, from Bedford to London.

It would be an error to suppose that the popular opinion which would be reflected in Parliament, and consequently in the public offices, is favourable to efficient railway administration. For some years after the disasters of 1866, journalists with few exceptions protested loudly against the construction of additional railways, and an idle clamour for closing capital accounts overpowered the protests of competent authorities. In a great majority of cases, Directors and managers were wiser and more provident than their shareholders, and yet the proprietaries, under the influence of their legitimate advisers, resisted to a great extent the noisy fallacies of volunteers and amateurs. Instead of closing their capital accounts, the principal Companies have in the interval spent forty or fifty millions in extensions and improvements, to the great increase of their own revenues, and with still greater advantage to the community. The opposite policy would have been certainly adopted by a public Board, with the full sanction of the House of Commons, and the general approval of the newspapers. Until lately it would have been thought a self-evident truism that the hope of profit was the only sufficient motive for the successful conduct of a commercial undertaking. Only communistic theorists have imagined a society which should submit to its governing body the whole conduct of sales and exchanges, or of other

modes of distribution. It is not thought that the Admiralty could be beneficially entrusted with the management of the commercial marine, or the Board of Trade with the direction of the iron trade or the cotton manufacture. The State, as trustee for the consumers and also for the producers, would find its duties strangely complicated between the attempts to secure commercial profits and the provision of cheap commodities. The promoters of the comparatively modest scheme of purchasing the Irish Railways have never been able to make up their minds whether they should describe the property as a good investment, or the acquisition of the lines as an opportunity for reducing rates and taxes for the benefit of passengers and freighters.

The rejection of the Bill for the amalgamation of the London and North-Western with the Lancashire and Yorkshire offers a discouragement to the advocates of State purchase. The Joint Committee seems to have been satisfied that the economy which might perhaps have resulted from unity of management furnished no adequate equivalent for the inconvenience of a monopoly extending over a large and important district. If the great Companies had been allowed to form lateral amalgamations, their condition would have approximated to that of public and privileged bodies; and it is probable that sooner or later they would have been superseded by the State. It is absurd to suppose that the traffic could be conducted with equal efficiency, and at the same time more cheaply, if the railway managers and their subordinates were responsible to the State department rather than to their respective Boards. The same men would do the same work; and although the stimulus of competition would be withdrawn, their traditions would sustain the character of the service during the present generation. Their successors would be trained up under a system of routine; and the professional ambition which has prompted innumerable improvements would become less directly operative. The policy of railways would no longer be guided by the impulses which actuate great manufacturers and enterprising merchants. It is also worth while to remember that the State means the Parliament, and that the House of Commons is a fluctuating body. Ten or twenty years hence the progress of democracy may have entirely changed the character of the House, and all administrative and economical conditions may have become largely modified. It is true that property in railways might be endangered, even in private hands, by the prevalence of novel theories; but the possibility of a deterioration in the character of the governing body may be considered as an argument against the extension of official functions. Unless strong reasons for the change can be adduced, the mere disturbance of investments by a compulsory purchase ought not to be wantonly effected. The capital of the ordinary railway stock belongs to owners who are not satisfied with a low fixed income; and therefore it would be diverted into other employments if an annuity or a capital sum were substituted for a dividend. It is not the duty of Parliament to provide investments, but it is a hardship to force capital into new employments.

THE NEIGHBOURS OF FRANCE.

ALTHOUGH the days are gone by when France affected to give the law to Europe, and when French opinions and French taste ruled a large part of the modern world, yet it is impossible that the countries most nearly in contact with France should not be affected by, and interested in, the varied events of French history, or that France herself should not in return be influenced by what is being thought and done in the countries most nearly bordering on her. The *Times* has lately published a curious account of the conversation of one of its Correspondents with a leading member of the present Ministry; and the frankness which this official personage displayed and invited furnished a striking proof of the respect entertained by at least a portion of French society for English opinion. The Orleanists have moulded their political creed in a great measure on an English basis, and to imitate English Parliamentary government has been their peculiar mission. They, above all persons, are therefore naturally anxious to be thought well of here, and to give the best possible colouring to the movement by which they have, at the cost of so many glaring aberrations from their principles, obtained a share of power. But the important point to notice is that, although an anxiety about English opinion is principally manifested by the Orleanists, yet it is shared in some strange way by all parties. The French naturally feel profoundly mortified at the censure passed in England on their conduct in provoking a war with Germany, and they are anxious [illegible] what is said and thought of them on this side of the Channel. How they know what English opinion is with regard to France is mysterious enough, for they very seldom read English newspapers or books, and the kind of Englishmen who go to Paris and enjoy themselves there are the worst representatives of English opinion possible, as it is their simple creed that it is the main duty of Frenchmen to keep Paris quiet and gay, and that the French, being fit for nothing else, ought to have no higher aspirations. Still, somehow or other, English opinion filters into France, and produces results, slight perhaps, but nevertheless incontestable. On such an occasion as the *Coup d'état* of 1851 English opinion is as powerless as every other description of moral influence. When a man has made up his mind to shoot down the necessary number of his fellow-countrymen in order that the rest may submit quietly to his dictation, he is not likely to be deterred from carrying out what he has begun by leading articles in foreign journals. The Commune, again, and the Assembly at Versailles in its moments of excitement, never troubled their heads about English or any other opinions, except perhaps the opinions of German military men. But in quieter times, when something like order is being preserved, and men cannot help asking themselves whether the course they are pursuing is one likely to lead to permanent prosperity and security, the judgment of England, far more than that of any other nation, gains in a manner which cannot be traced or explained a hold over the minds of the rulers of France. So keenly have the members of the present Government felt the stings of English criticism that a report was started that the entrance of the *Times* into France was to be forbidden; and although any serious intention to take so foolish a step was immediately repudiated by the Government, yet the report could hardly have been set on foot unless the annoyance felt in high quarters had been very great. The judgment of England may sometimes be wrong, and the adulation poured on the EMPEROR by a large number of Englishmen in the latter days of his reign may have been one of the causes that blinded him to his real position. We cannot say that ours is the still small voice of wisdom to which the French in their better moments give heed. Still, on the whole, English opinion as to France is independent and sensible, and based on better information than any other foreign opinion to which the French can listen, and it seems evident that it does affect France, although no one can pretend to say to what extent or in what precise mode this happens.

England in return feels the effect of what is going on in France. The literature of France has indeed lately lost much of its hold on England, partly because there is a natural tendency to disbelieve the conclusions at which unsuccessful people arrive, and partly because this literature itself has lost its force and spring, and is in a state of temporary decadence. But the political history of France never ceases to interest Englishmen. No one can doubt that the excesses and detestable outrages of the Communists powerfully aided domestic causes to diminish the prestige and influence of the GLADSTONE Government. If this was what liberty came to, many timid or thoughtful Englishmen said, it would perhaps be better to put a little check on our own ardent efforts in that direction. People began to dislike change, and looked with dread on a Ministry that was always meditating some new and startling innovation. The triumph of English public opinion, stimulated by the contemplation of France, has been complete in this direction, and the bold innovating Government of Mr. GLADSTONE has now become one of the meekest and most do-nothing Administrations of modern times. The distance between the present House of Commons when debating the clauses of the two great Irish Bills, and its attitude this week, when it spent the whole business part of a day in vainly endeavouring to decide how woodlands should be rated, is beyond the power of words to express. On Wednesday it was seriously proposed to interrupt the whole business of the country because some one whispered that the Snipe had come. The languor of the most languid Vestry could scarcely go further than this. Nor is it only the Commune that has contributed to produce this growth of English Conservatism. Englishmen think that France is in a state of perpetual confusion, and that this confusion is due to the perverse mode in which all French parties act. The chief impression produced on the average Englishman by the long telegrams he reads from Paris is that of thankfulness that he does not live in France. Had M. THIERS succeeded in consolidating the Republic, and got together a sensible and moderate Assembly supporting a straightforward and modest Ministry, Englishmen would pro-

bably have come round to the conclusion that liberty had not done so very much harm in France after all. But the counter revolution got up by a coalition of men with the most discordant aims and beliefs has reawakened the suspicion that France can never go straight, and that the use of France is, like that of the drunken Helot, to show virtuous foreigners what to avoid. It is by no means impossible that if the dissolution in England is delayed till next year, events in France may exercise an appreciable influence on its results. Nothing could be more unfortunate for Liberal candidates in England than any sudden change of things in France which should bring the extreme section of Radical politicians into power, and, so far, the intrigue by which M. THIERS was ousted from power may prove to be of service to the supporters of Mr. GLADSTONE. On the other hand, if during the next twelve months the French Conservatives abuse their power, and are guilty of glaring acts of tyranny, or copy the worst acts of the old Imperial Government, the effect may be to produce a reaction in England and to awaken a sympathy for French Liberals which will aid the Liberal party here. But if nothing particular happens in France, if the Conservatives just manage to live on and do some good things like recurring to Free-trade, and some bad things like bullying editors and prefects, the probable effect on English parties will be favourable to the Conservatives here; for they represent those feelings of Englishmen which prompt them to believe that Frenchmen are always making mistakes, and that the best way to avoid their errors is to stick to all that we call specially our own.

France and Germany are at present too deeply and avowedly hostile for either to attend much to what the other chooses to think or say. The pressure of the occupation is still acutely felt, and Frenchmen dare not give expression to any criticism which might offend those who still are quartered as conquerors on French soil. In Germany French politics are regarded with unblushing frankness only from the point of view of German interests. German critics express themselves as rather pleased than otherwise at the advent of the new French Government to power, because they choose to see in it a guarantee that there will be continued in France the system of preserving a Republic without Republicanism, which they, perhaps rightly, consider to be the system most likely to keep France perpetually weak, as it has neither the strength of concentrated authority nor the support of popular enthusiasm. The fear of France being led into the championship of the Papacy has determined all the recent policy of Germany and Italy; and nothing could have been more unfortunate for the Papacy than that two of the neighbours of France should have been roused, by the apprehension of French interference, to strong and active measures against the clerical party; while France probably has not the will, and certainly has not the power, to interfere on the part of the Papacy at all. There can be no doubt that the present attitude of Germany and Italy has deeply modified the foreign policy of the present French Government, many of the leading members of which are inclined to do all in their power to help the POPE; and it is only because Germany, and Italy under the shelter of Germany, insist positively on having their own way, that the Duke of BROGLIE recognizes the necessity of succumbing. Still it is not Italy or Germany, nor even England, but Spain, that at the present moment most affects and is affected by France. It was in a great measure the existence of the French Republic that made the reign of AMADEO a failure; and it was the example of France that made many Spaniards acquiesce in the conclusion that when Monarchists are without any Monarch whose reign is possible, a Republic without Republicans is the best solution of the difficulty. The same causes too which prevent France from interfering generally on behalf of the Papacy operate to prevent its interfering, as many members of the present French Government would no doubt gladly see it do, on behalf of the Carlists. Setting aside the direct action of the Communist party in both countries, which, however, is not an inconsiderable cause of the present anarchy in Spain, the number of indirect modes in which different events in France have helped to produce this anarchy is remarkable. On the other hand, the anarchy of Spain is highly useful to the Conservative party in France, as it warns Frenchmen of the utter folly of allowing the conduct of public affairs to fall into the hands of men who are destitute of every quality requisite for conducting them properly; and the weakness and incoherence of the new Federal Republic affords a salutary lesson to those Frenchmen who have nourished a belief that things would go on better in France if its great component districts were invested with something approaching to independence.

THE EDUCATION ACT AND THE DISSENTERS.

THE most important clause of Mr. FORSTER'S new Bill is the 3rd, which repeals DENISON'S Act and the 25th Clause of the Education Act. Threatened men live long, and the proverb seems likely to be made good in the case of the latter of these provisions. For two years all the wrath of the Dissenting community has been poured out on it. That a man who is too poor to pay for his children's schooling should be allowed to choose where they shall be taught reading, writing, and arithmetic, has called forth as much vituperation as ever fell to the share of the Established Churches of England, Scotland, and Ireland. Yet, in spite of all this, the 25th Clause is substantially re-enacted in the 3rd Clause of the new Bill. There are important changes in the form of the clause, but none that affect its spirit. The school fees are no longer to be paid by the School Boards; the inability of the parent will only constitute a reason for their being paid where a by-law requiring children to attend school is in force, and the allowance made to the parent to enable him to pay the school fees is not to exceed one farthing for each attendance, amounting at the outside to about 2½*d.* a week. But the liberty of the parent to choose to what school his child shall be sent, provided that there are more than one, is retained; and though the limitation of the fee to a farthing for each attendance makes it clear that no portion of it can go to subsidize religious teaching, yet the whole ten farthings may go to subsidize schools in which religious teaching is given. Mr. DIXON is perhaps no longer able to look at this question with the calmness becoming a Christian philosopher, but if he should by any chance be still open to reason, we should like to ask him how he thinks proposals similar to his own would have been received at the hands of the Government. No doubt, when Mr. FORSTER sat down after moving for leave to bring in a Bill to set up School Boards everywhere, to make all School Board schools secular, and to compel all parents who cannot afford to pay their children's school fees to send them to School Board schools, there would have been a little chorus of praise. The representatives of the Nonconformist interest would have got up one after another to congratulate the Government on having at length—"at length" would have been markedly accentuated—approached the subject in a statesmanlike spirit. But when the statesmanlike measure had gone to a division, what would have been its chance of success; and if by some inconceivable series of accidents it had passed through Parliament, what would have been its reception in the country? Mr. DIXON may say that it is not his business to answer these questions. But he will admit that the responsibility of the Government in matters of this kind is greater than the responsibility of a private member. Mr. DIXON has done all that is required of him when he has thrown his pledges to his constituents into the form of a Bill, and done his best to whip up the ninety odd members who usually follow him into the lobby. But this is not the way in which a Minister of the Crown can deal with the subject of National Education. He has to think of something more than the empty enunciation of barren principles. It rests with him to see that, so far as Parliament and the Executive can ensure it, the people shall be educated, and if he does not see his way to reaching this end by one road, he is bound to try to reach it by another. Mr. DIXON cannot judge the Government fairly on this question, because he has somehow persuaded himself that it might easily be dealt with in the way he suggests. He does not find fault with them for not at once proposing to disestablish the Church of England. If there are any fiery spirits among his supporters who wish him to go the length of voting against Ministers at every opportunity because they will not adopt Mr. MIALL'S motion, he probably does his best to soothe them with assurances that public men must not be too far ahead of their time, and that there is a great deal of work to be done in the constituencies and in Parliament before disestablishment can fairly be forced down a Minister's throat. Yet it is probable that to disestablish the Church of England would be an easier matter than to force any number of English parents to send their children to secular schools, or to insist upon rural ratepayers setting up schools of their own when the educational wants of the parish are amply satisfied by a voluntary school maintained at the expense of the parson and the squire. If impossibilities are not to be demanded even of a Liberal Government as regards disestablishment, why should impossibilities be demanded of them as regards elementary education?

It may be asked why, if the 25th Clause, or something tantamount to the 25th Clause, is so indispensable to educational

progress, it should be altered from its original form. There are reasons which need not now be repeated why the substitution of Poor Law Guardians for School Boards as the authority charged with the payment of school fees in the case of parents too poor to pay them themselves, is to be regarded quite apart from religious considerations as a substantial improvement in the Education Act. On this point the only doubt is whether the Bill might not have advantageously gone further in the same direction. But even as regards the religious difficulty the 3rd Clause of the amending Bill promises to be an improvement on the 25th Clause of the Act. It may seem a mere matter of words whether the 2½*d.* which is the most that can be paid for any one child is paid by the School Board to the managers of a voluntary school, or by the Guardians to the parents of the child. The rigid Nonconformist may say that in theory one process is as bad as another; that if it goes against his principles to allow his money to support, however indirectly, a school in which somebody else's religion is taught to somebody else's children at somebody else's expense, the wrong done to his conscience is equally great whether the payment be called poor-rate or education-rate. In practice, we suspect the wrong will seem very much less. The analogy which has so often been quoted of paupers dealing at Denominationalist grocers' or cheesemongers' will again be useful by way of explanation. If, instead of giving outdoor relief in money, it had been the custom for the Guardians to pay the bills contracted by outdoor paupers at certain shops, great objection would probably have been taken to the paupers being allowed to choose these shops for themselves. The Guardians would have seen the name of the shopkeeper at the head of every bill sent in, and some among them might easily have been troubled with a sense of personal responsibility for the pauper's selection. As it is, the money spent in outdoor relief is paid to the individual pauper, and beyond taking care that it is not, at the outside, more than enough to keep body and soul together, the Guardians have no further concern about it. Still more will this distinction hold good in the case of educational relief. Under the 25th Clause the payments are in a manner ticketed. They are made, not by the individual ratepayers, but by the rating authority, and they are made to the School Boards. A Town Council or the overseers of a parish are under much greater temptation to come forward as martyrs than the individual ratepayer is, and they have far more direct notice when the occasion presents itself. Under the 3rd Clause of the present Bill there will be no such field for cheap heroism as was afforded at Birmingham the other day. There is very much less glory about a solitary ratepayer refusing to pay his poor-rate than there is about a whole Town Council refusing to honour a precept of the School Board. The one is easily confounded with the mass of defaulters, and unless he can contrive to make himself especially conspicuous, he may be supposed not to have the means of paying the rate, instead of having a spirit above paying it. Here and there perhaps an effort will be made to screw some well-known personage up to the point of overt resistance, but even then it will be only an act of individual obstinacy, and as such it will be very much less striking than the official protest of a whole Town Council or even of a brace of overseers. There is a fair probability therefore that the proposal of the Government, though it will not silence the Dissenters, will at all events deprive them of the means they have hitherto enjoyed of making their grievances look larger than life. To transfer the controversy about the 25th Clause from the rating authorities to the ratepayer is like turning a noisy man out of doors. He may shout as loudly as ever, but the atmospheric conditions will be less favourable to his shouts annoying his neighbours.

AMENDMENTS TO THE JUDICATURE BILL.

AS might have been anticipated, the notice papers are rapidly filling with amendments on the Judicature Bill. Of those which have appeared at present, by far the most important are Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN'S and Mr. FOWLER'S. The main object of Mr. MORGAN'S amendments appears to be to fix in the clauses of the Bill the concessions which the ATTORNEY-GENERAL offered on the second reading. One of these was that every Common Law Division should have the aid of at least one Equity-trained Judge. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL very reasonably objected to the introduction of a clause which should specify the qualification of the Judges to be appointed, by reference to the sectional distinctions which it is the object of the Bill to obliterate, and we are glad to see that Mr. MORGAN has paid due regard to Sir JOHN COLERIDGE'S scruples. He proposes to enact, not that a Judge defined as an Equity Judge should be attached to each Common Law Division, but that one newly appointed Judge should be added, assuming that the selection will be made, as no doubt it will be, in accordance with the Government pledge. It is not improbable that a vacancy may occur in each Court before the new system comes into operation, but if it should not, it is not the less important that the Common Law Judges should, at starting, have the support which they have asked for, and that the appointment of the new Judge should not be delayed for want of a vacancy. Mr. MORGAN accordingly proposes that the new Judge in each Court shall be appointed in any event, and that if this should happen to lead to an excess beyond the intended strength of the Court, the quorum should be reduced to five on the occurrence of the next vacancy. This is clearly better than leaving the efficiency of the Courts at the commencement of the Act to depend on chance, and it is not at all likely that the redundancy of strength, if it occurs, at all, will last more than a very short time. After the principle has been so frankly conceded, it is not to be supposed that any opposition will be offered to this mode of giving effect to what everybody seems to desire.

Another important amendment proposed by Mr. MORGAN relates to the constitution of the Court of Appeal. On this point, as on the other, the ATTORNEY-GENERAL entirely agreed with Mr. MORGAN'S view. Under the Bill as it stands the nine ordinary Judges of the Appeal Court would have comprised only two Equity Judges, one of them being at least as much a representative of Common Law as of Equity. To remedy this, the ATTORNEY-GENERAL suggested that, instead of transferring as proposed three Common Law Judges to that Court, three new Judges versed in Equity should be put into it. This proposal was welcomed with general approval, and has been embodied in Mr. MORGAN'S amendment.

A more serious question is raised by the amendments of which Mr. FOWLER has given notice. It has been admitted on all hands, throughout the controversy to which the Bill has given rise, that, if the procedure of the Court of Chancery is to be reformed by the substitution of *viva voce* for affidavit evidence on contested issues, as proposed by the Bill, by the resumption by the Chief Judge in Bankruptcy of his own duties, now delegated to Registrars, and by remedying the justly denounced practice of handing over Judges' work to Chief Clerks without any adequate check from superior authority, a considerable increase of judicial strength will be required. Parliament has before it a choice between two things. Either it may make a paper reform in the Court of Chancery by directing four Judges of First Instance to do in a workmanlike way the work of eight, with the full knowledge that the direction must be simply disobeyed as an impossibility, or it may supply the means of performing its behests, and tell the Court of Chancery that it shall no longer be allowed to get through its business in the hurried and slovenly fashion which has hitherto prevailed, and shall be supplied with just so much numerical strength as it really requires, and no more. No one doubts that the House of Commons means this great reform to be a reality, and that it would not knowingly suffer it to be converted into a sham for want of the requisite strength in any of the Courts; but one of the difficulties incidental to a discussion of such details in Committee of the whole House is that only a few members are practically acquainted with the necessities of the case, and that most of those are deterred by feelings of personal delicacy from introducing proposals which might very probably lead to their own advancement. We are very glad, therefore, that the subject has been taken up by a member who, though in former times familiar with Equity practice, has long ceased to have any professional interest of his own to promote. Mr. FOWLER indicated his views with great clearness in his speech upon the second reading. He pointed out that the Court of Chancery, with only the same number of four Judges of First Instance which it had more than thirty years ago, is now doing an enormously increased amount of work; that the existing arrears, though they may have been somewhat exaggerated, are at any rate enough to show that the Judges are strained to the utmost and yet unable to keep pace with their duties, and consequently that any additional labour thrown upon them must be met by additional strength. The only question is how large the addition should be, and we have seen no attempt to impugn Mr. FOWLER'S calculation.

Mr. FOWLER says that, if the Bankruptcy work now done by deputy is thrown upon the Court, as the Bill rightly proposes, the entire time of one additional Judge will be required for that purpose. In point of fact, it is more common to see two

Registrars than one sitting in the place of the Chief Judge, and no one conversant with the Court of Bankruptcy will say that one additional Judge would not be fully occupied with that business alone. To deal with the abuses of the Judges' Chambers in Equity is a still more formidable business. Only the suitors in Chancery—happily a small section of the community—and their professional advisers know the extent of the mischief. The Chief Clerks are so loaded with judicial work, which they were never meant to do, that their own work in taking accounts and the like gets hopelessly in arrear, and all the delays of the old Masters' offices are reproduced and aggravated. The Judges, with only stolen hours to give to it, are wholly unable to cope with their share of the Chamber business. What comes to them is hurried through or thrust aside in a manner neither satisfactory to themselves nor to the suitors, and nine-tenths of what ought to go to them stops short with their subordinates, because it is known that the Judges have no opportunity of attending to it. It is the same with more serious questions arising in Chambers, which require a full discussion. Summonses are adjourned for argument into Court, and appear week after week in the paper without being reached, until a brief on an adjourned summons has come to be regarded as an intermittent amusement for months. As a natural consequence suitors commonly put up with Chief Clerks' decisions rather than encounter the law's delay, and the result is that the right to have an adjudication on all important points by the Court is *de facto* denied to Chancery suitors. Mr. FOWLER will, we are sure, be backed up by every one who has any experience in the matter in saying that each Judge requires from one to two days a week to dispose of the Chamber business properly belonging to him, which is now shunted on to his clerks. The most moderate allowance that can be made on this account is one Judge added to the strength of the Court.

But these calls upon the Judges' time are small in comparison with that which the duty of hearing witnesses instead of reading affidavits and depositions will impose upon them. Ever since 1852 attempts have been made to remedy this abuse. They have all failed because the Judges, seeing that they had no time to sit as at Nisi Prius, showed very little inclination to encourage *viva voce* examination. Other reasons contributed to the miscarriage. One (not the least important) which this Bill will remove was, that cross-examination in Chancery lost half its value by coming too late to afford opportunity for contradiction. Witnesses know that what they said on cross-examination could not be displaced by counter-evidence, and they adhered with proportionate tenacity to what they had sworn in their affidavits. All this is to be remedied now. The Chancery Division is to have real examination and cross-examination of witnesses whenever necessary, and the work now either left undone or done out of Court by a number of examiners is henceforth to be done by the Judges themselves. It is a common thing now to hear depositions, which have occupied an examiner days to take, read in Court in an hour; and if the change in the practice is to be anything but nominal, a vast increase of judicial time must be bestowed upon the hearing of every case involving a contest of facts. Any one who pleases may be able to form an estimate of the extent of this tax on the time of the Court by reading one of the daily reports of the TICHBORNE trial. He will probably find that he can digest over his breakfast all that it has taken the Court a whole day to extract, and this will give a fair measure of the additional burden which will be thrown upon the Equity Judges by requiring them to hear witnesses instead of reading their evidence. Mr. FOWLER, we are satisfied, rather underrates the additional strength which will be called for on this account when he puts it at two Judges; but even with this modest estimate added to the requirements of Bankruptcy and Chamber business, he is driven to the conclusion that nothing less than a staff of eight Judges of First Instance will suffice to keep down the work of the Chancery Division. He accordingly proposes to add three Judges to the five (other than the Lord Chancellor, who will not sit as a Judge of First Instance) who form the quorum as the Bill stands. If it could be shown that this is an excessive demand, there would be reason to reject it; but in truth it will be much more difficult to prove its sufficiency; and if it is not conceded the Bill will simply break down, and the Chancery Judges will have to bear the reproach of not giving effect to directions in an Act of Parliament which it will be a physical impossibility for them to comply with. If the Government are in earnest in supporting the ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S denunciation of higgling parsimony in such a matter, there can be no opposition to the proposal. The effect, no doubt, will be to add a little to the cost of the Courts. If the scheme is adopted there will be twenty-five Judges of First Instance, of whom four will be sometimes occupied in the Court of Appeal. The present establishment is twenty-four Judges of First Instance, and the addition of one certainly seems moderate enough when the extra work thrown upon the Courts is taken into consideration.

In a thoroughly statesmanlike spirit, Mr. FOWLER proposes further to utilize the increased strength of the Court by remedying incidentally another not unimportant defect in the Bill. At present it provides that points of law may be reserved for, and errors of single Judges corrected by, Divisional Courts, as is done now by the Common Law Courts in Banc. In terms these clauses extend to the Chancery Division, but they would be utterly inoperative there, because no Divisional Court could sit without paralysing the business of the Division. As regards the Chancery Court, the quasi-appeal to the Divisional Court is a paper provision only. The Lords Justices, who have hitherto fulfilled somewhat the same function in Chancery which the Courts in Banc do at Common Law, are no longer to sit for that purpose; and the result is, that while suitors at Law in the most trifling action would have the protection of an intermediate hearing, suitors in Equity in the gravest cases would be forced to go direct from a single Judge to the ultimate irreversible Court of Appeal. One of two things is certain; either the jurisdiction of the Courts in Banc which the Bill preserves is a mistake, or else the practical denial of a similar appeal in Equity is a wrong, and we think Mr. FOWLER has hit upon the right way of curing this patent defect in the Bill. He proposes to group his eight Equity Judges in four subdivisions of two each, giving to them jointly powers analogous to those exercised by Common Law Divisions, and entrusting to the Lord Chancellor the duty of regulating by General Orders the nature of the business which shall come to these subdivisional Courts. The working of his scheme would therefore be, that for the bulk of the business, such as the hearing of witnesses, the conduct of Chamber business, the disposal of motions and petitions, and the like, the two Judges of each subdivision would sit separately; while for the hearing of reserved points and other matters of equivalent importance they would form a Court of two, like the Court of the Lords Justices, to which suitors have become accustomed. This, if not an absolutely perfect arrangement, is, we believe, by far the best which can be easily worked into the frame of the present Bill; and all who desire to give full effect to the principle of the Government measure, without party prejudice or petty and pernicious economy, should, we think, give Mr. FOWLER their hearty support.

ANNEXATION OF THE FIJI ISLANDS.

THE question of adding the Fiji Islands to the Colonial Empire of Great Britain is not unattended with difficulty. When the project was first suggested a dozen years ago, it was regarded with favour by the Duke of NEWCASTLE, then Colonial Secretary, but on the earnest opposition of Mr. GLADSTONE it was disapproved by Lord PALMERSTON'S Cabinet. The reasons against the assumption of additional responsibilities of government are obvious and urgent; yet it would appear that Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues have at least considered the annexation, or perhaps the protection, of the Islands as worthy of serious inquiry. From the list of their probable motives any desire for an extension of territory may be confidently excluded. The feeling of the country on these questions has been altered or reversed since the beginning of the century; and the present Government is especially averse to any scheme which in a different state of opinion might be possibly suggested by national vanity. Some of the supporters of annexation dwell on the convenience of acquiring a coaling station in the South Seas, and they point out that the circuit of British dominion is interrupted by a gap of many thousand miles between New Zealand and British Columbia. It is also urged that the United States may probably soon acquire formal possession of the Sandwich Islands, which may be already regarded as an American dependency; but the jealousy which has sometimes prompted European States to claim compensation at the expense of third parties for the aggrandizement of their neighbours has happily become obsolete as a motive of English policy. At one time some uneasiness was excited in Australia by the supposed designs of the French; but there can now be little doubt that the English language is destined by some process to

prevail in the Fiji Islands. The Government of the United States might in some possible contingencies acquire the protectorate of the Islands; but the formation of an American colonial system has as yet scarcely commenced; and it will require, if it should hereafter be established, important changes in the Federal Constitution. The advantages which might accrue to the Royal or mercantile marine from the acquisition of the group of islands will certainly not determine the action of the Government or of Parliament. It might probably be practical, if it should be found expedient, to form a coal depôt in a port of Fiji without assuming the sovereignty of the country.

The reasons which have to a certain extent modified Mr. GLADSTONE'S distaste for annexation are of a different order. At the antipodes, as at home, the Government is compelled to follow rather than to direct the tendencies of the population. The Fiji Islands are in a genial climate, within reach of the great Australian settlements, and not far from the ordinary track of navigators. Wherever there is money to be made, or even a free and lawless life to be enjoyed, English and foreign adventurers are certain to congregate, although their presence may probably be unwelcome to the natives. Seamen and roving traders have settled on parts of the coast; and within a few years they have contrived to establish an anomalous form of government under a native King, directed by white advisers under the name of Ministers. It is out of the question to recognize as a civilized Government an anomalous authority which has probably no claim to represent the great majority of the population. At the same time it is not desirable to interfere with an organization which may possibly contain some rudimentary elements of law and order. For the present, it would seem that the majority of the white inhabitants are English; and it is for many reasons necessary that subjects should not in those regions be allowed at pleasure to cast off both Imperial and colonial allegiance. Any vicious practices which may take root in Fiji with the concurrence and connivance of the European residents will be attributed to the laxity of the English Government; and probably it would be thought necessary, if they provoked a reaction on the part of the natives, to protect them against the dangers with which they might be threatened. The old legal maxim that allegiance is indissoluble has of late years been relaxed both in practice and by express convention; but it is still true that an Englishman remains a subject as long as he is not naturalized in some other civilized country. The white population is apparently not unwilling to recognize English sovereignty; and Mr. M'ARTHUR undertook to present at some future time a petition or memorial to the QUEEN praying for the annexation of the Islands. If the application proves to be genuine, and if it has been properly authorized, full consideration ought to be given to the question before the offer is positively rejected. Naval officers have on some occasions, and perhaps justifiably, assumed an authority over English settlers, and even over native tribes, which may possibly foreshadow formal annexation. One captain of a ship, in the exercise of his discretion, ordered the inhabitants of a maritime district to abstain from defending themselves against the neighbouring savages, and to rely exclusively on the so-called Government for protection. The consequence was that the barbarous assailants, who are unluckily also cannibals, were encouraged to commit further outrages; and it will not be surprising if the duty of chastising them ultimately devolves on a detachment of sailors and marines. Power always imposes obligations; and a Government must, if possible, afford protection even to its less deserving subjects.

The difficulty of leaving the Islands to themselves is increased by the facilities which they afford for the prosecution of a system of kidnapping which is scarcely distinguishable from a regular slave trade. The disinterested efforts which have been made for more than half a century to suppress the slave trade in all parts of the world form a singular and honourable exception to the general principles of English policy. Doctrines of non-interference have been habitually neglected or overruled when there was a question of putting down a nefarious practice which had become especially obnoxious to English feeling. Treaties were made with several European States for the purpose of enabling English cruisers to capture slave ships under foreign flags; and squadrons were maintained on the African coast, at a great expense of life and money, for the purpose of preventing the transport of negroes from Africa to the Spanish and Portuguese settlements. On more than one occasion the energy of the English Government, directed by a succession of statesmen who shared the popular enthusiasm, involved the country in the risk of a war; and down to the time of the Southern secession, the favourite pretext for American hostility to England was the officious interference of philanthropists with the beneficent institution of slavery. The negro slave trade has happily come almost to an end, in consequence of the diminution of the demand for slaves in Brazil and Cuba. It would be intolerable that English subjects within reach of English men-of-war should be allowed to seize and sell the unoffending natives of the South Sea Islands. It is true that there is no market open for nominal slaves, but the scarcity of labour in some of the Australian colonies creates a demand for immigration which is sometimes gratified by unscrupulous traders who profess only to import free settlers. It is not easy to distinguish in the case of a poor and speechless barbarian between the statements of the agent who may have captured or cajoled him and the facts of the case. There is no doubt that the trade in human beings is of all other pursuits the most demoralizing, and frightful cases of cruelty and fraud have been proved against some of the kidnappers. They have sometimes hoisted flags used by missionaries to decoy natives on board, and it was in revenge of similar misfortunes that Bishop PATTESON was killed by a body of natives. In the Fiji Islands themselves there is no sufficient security against the direct establishment of slavery. The Government has little power, especially over settlers at a distance, nor is it always certain that the members of an irregular and accidental body may not be connected with the practices which it is their duty to suppress. The antipathy of the English nation to the slave trade, though it may of late years have become less zealous in default of immediate provocation, is still strong enough to force upon the Government the duty of suppressing any system approximating to a trade in slaves which may have been established within reach of the Australian colonies. It may probably be found that the simplest and cheapest way of eradicating the crime is to assume the duty of governing both the native people of Fiji and the European settlers. The difficulties and objections which were suggested by Mr. GLADSTONE undoubtedly deserve serious consideration. It would probably become necessary to conquer as well as to govern the indigenous tribes; and modern opinion is adverse to the employment of Imperial troops in colonial wars. On the other hand, a white population can generally protect itself if it is not taught to rely on the assistance of regular forces. Before the next Session the Government will probably have arrived at some final determination.

ELECTION EXPENSES.

THE large majority against Mr. FAWCETT'S Bill for throwing the expenses of Parliamentary elections on the ratepayers was probably due in some measure to the disinclination of the House of Commons to introduce piecemeal changes into the system of local taxation. On the ground of principle a plausible case may be made out in favour of relieving candidates from the heavy costs to which they are now subjected. A man who undertakes to represent a constituency in Parliament may be regarded as rendering an important public service for which he should not be called upon to pay. Reasoning of this kind, however, is open to the remark that it may easily be carried a step further. On the same ground on which it is contended that members should be exempted from the tax of election expenses, it might be argued that they should also be paid for their labours. It is certainly not desirable that admission to the House of Commons should be limited exclusively to wealthy men, and it can hardly be denied that the tendency of recent changes has been to fill it with a large proportion of members whose only qualification for the position is the length of their purses. The *Times* very justly observes that the abundance of such representatives, involving as it must a comparative scarcity of men of other types, threatens us with at least one danger, and that is a falling off in the raw material of statesmanship. It would be hopeless to think of training the middle-aged soap-boiler to administrative work. He naturally regards his return to Parliament as the crown of his career, not as the beginning of an apprenticeship to new duties. Even if he had any of the requisite qualities, his age and personal tastes would be against him. He wants to enjoy an easy dignity, not to assume fresh labours and responsibilities. When we look beyond the front benches on each side, the prospect is certainly somewhat depressing, and it is difficult to conjecture, if things go on in this way, where our future statesmen are to come from. A strong case would

have been made out for Professor FAWCETT's Bill if it could have been shown that there was any likelihood that it would lead to the introduction into the House of Commons of young and able men who are at present kept out by the expenses of elections. In this country it is usual to attach more importance to considerations of practical expediency than to *doctrinaire* logic, and the weak point of Professor FAWCETT's position was his inability to show that the change which he proposed would be attended with any practical advantages, or, indeed, with much result of any kind. Election expenses may be divided into two heads. There are, first, the official expenses, which may be prescribed and regulated, and there are the voluntary expenses which a candidate may choose to incur, and which are of a kind with which it is impossible to interfere by Act of Parliament. At the last general election, for example, the total expenses have been returned at 1,500,000*l.*; but only 90,000*l.* of this sum, or one sixteenth, came under the head of official expenses. Poor men are not likely to be much assisted by being relieved of a trifle like this, while the other fifteen-sixteenths of the tax still press on them. It cannot be doubted that one effect of Professor FAWCETT's measure would be to multiply the number of contested elections. Men of small means or of no means at all would be tempted to come forward as candidates, and rich men would naturally resort to still more lavish expenditure in order to get the better of opponents who could not afford to go beyond the regular expenses which would fall on the ratepayers. A great deal more money would be spent on elections, and poor candidates would still find it impossible to compete on equal terms with wealthy ones. The class who would suffer most would probably be men of moderate means and moderate opinions, who would be unable to keep pace with the reckless outlay of the millionaires, or the still more reckless pledges of the demagogues.

The practical question which was raised by Professor FAWCETT's Bill was simply whether it was worth while to introduce a change of this kind for the purpose of affording a trifling and almost illusory relief to poor candidates. If the measure were acceptable on other grounds, we do not think much could be said against making the constituencies pay. The burden which would be thrown on them would be very light—not more, it is calculated, than three-halfpence in three years from each ten-pound householder—and this would be a very small price to pay for a really beneficial change. But would the change be beneficial? Professor FAWCETT has himself foreseen the danger of men of straw setting up as candidates, but he thinks he has provided for it by a clause declaring that every unsuccessful candidate who has not polled one-fifth of the total number of electors voting at an election shall, with his mover and seconder, be liable for his share of the expenses, lawfully incurred, for the provision of presiding officers, poll-clerks, polling-booths or rooms, and other requisites for the conduct of the election, and shall be bound to pay the same to the local authorities, so as to diminish the amount payable out of the rates. There is no provision, however, for requiring a deposit from a candidate beforehand, and the local authorities might have some difficulty in recovering election expenses from men who have no money at all. It is obvious that there would be a considerable temptation to persons of this stamp to come forward. They might be put up in order to divide a party, or they might be anxious to be bought off. Tricks of this kind are not unknown at present, and they would be greatly facilitated and encouraged by the plan of making constituencies responsible for election expenses. Candidates would always have a chance of getting the proportion of votes which would entitle them to have their expenses paid for them, or if they fell below it, and could not find backers to help them, they would simply have to go through the Bankruptcy Court, and leave the local authorities to whistle for their money. Professor FAWCETT argued that, if the ratepayers were to bear the costs of elections, they would have an interest in keeping them as low as possible, and this would be a great counter-check to the army of printers, bill-posters, advertisers, solicitors, and other tradesmen and professional agents who now prey upon candidates; but the greater part of these expenses would still continue to fall on candidates, and it may be doubted whether there is really much margin for reduction in the regular official expenditure. Moreover experience does not encourage us to hope for much from ratepayers in the way of promoting economy. The helplessness of ratepayers to regulate the expenditure of their funds is one of the notorious difficulties of local taxation, and we should rather expect to find expenses increase than diminish under the new system. It is tolerably certain at least that the tendency of the change would be to increase what may be called the voluntary expenditure of candidates, since rich men, in order to maintain their relative superiority in this respect, would be led to spend their money more freely.

It was stated that one of the objects of the Bill was to promote the crotchet of working-men members. Mr. TREVELYAN, it appears, has no confidence in a House of Commons in which there is not a single member who has dug drains or trimmed hedges. Whether any great accession of political wisdom would be likely to result from active employment in these operations may possibly be doubted, but Mr. MORRISON candidly explained that the advantage of bringing working-men into the House would be to show how very silly they would look when they attempted to reduce their theories into the form of practical legislation. It need hardly be said that the notion that every class of the community should be directly represented in Parliament by actual members of its own order is founded on an absurd misconception of the objects of such an assembly. Hedgers and ditchers may be able to give valuable evidence on various matters, but their evidence can be obtained without making them members; and it does not follow that, because they are intimately acquainted with the details of certain grievances, they are therefore capable of devising a remedy for them. It is obviously hopeless to attempt to preserve a real labouring man in the House of Commons, for the simple reason that he must cease to labour if he is to attend to his Parliamentary duties. We are not aware that any actual working-man has ever offered himself as a candidate. The so-called representative working-men are only artisans who have found it more profitable to abandon their original trades for that of political agitation. It is possible that, as Mr. MORRISON suggested, if Mr. ODGER or Mr. BRADLAUGH were to attempt to put their ideas of social regeneration into a form in which they could be submitted to the House of Commons, they would look extremely ridiculous; but it may be questioned whether it is worth while to make an important change in our electoral system on the chance of producing an exhibition of this kind. Election expenses are not the only reason why the House of Commons is chiefly composed of men of means. As a rule, only a man with some sort of competence can afford to give up so large a share of his time as is required for Parliamentary duties. It is quite certain that, if it is thought to be necessary to have hedgers and ditchers in the House of Commons, it will be necessary to compensate them for giving up their regular occupations.

THE PERSIAN LANGUAGE.

WHILE jewellers are discussing the probable value of the regalia of the Shah, and financiers are doubting about the prosperity of a State that has no public debt, a few words may not be out of place regarding the polished language which is spoken by the King and his subjects. A good deal has been revealed to us from the inscriptions at Murghab and Behistan, and we have every reason to connect the most ancient form of Persian with the Sanskrit or the Indo-Germanic; but posterity might have expected from the ancient connexion between Greece and Persia more than it has actually got. From Spartan intrigues, Macedonian conquests, and Roman expeditions, we ought to have obtained something beyond incidental notices of Oriental customs on which travellers have thrown doubts, and scraps of dialects over which philologists have wrangled. Indeed, a distinct fragment has come down to us of another language spoken by a nation which succumbed to force and has been razed out of history. Plautus, in his play of the *Pœnulus*, has transmitted to us a specimen of the Punic language of sixteen lines in length, such as it was when spoken by Hannibal; and Semitic scholars have felt no insurmountable difficulty in deciphering at least ten lines of its purport from the cognate Hebrew. Yet, at one period, Persian was in all probability as familiar a sound in some of the bazaars of Asia Minor as ever Carthaginian could have been in the forum of Rome; and the jewels and brocades of Persian deputies in Greek colonies doubtless excited as much attention as the Punic wares of Hanno, which Macaulay characteristically places near the shambles of Volero the flesher, in the "Lay of Virginia." Themistocles was presented by the Great King with the revenue of three cities; in other words, he obtained what would now be termed either a *jaghir* or an assignment for his personal support. Grote, following Thucydides in preference to the exaggerations of Nepos, tells us that the Athenian general learnt in a year so much of "the Persian language and customs as to be able personally to communicate with the King, and to acquire his confidence." And we all know that the apostles, after they had received the gift of tongues, were heard to speak in their own vernacular by "Parthians, Medes, and Elamites." But, for all this, no such thing as an edict, a set of current phrases, or a distinct sentence of the spoken language of Elam has come down to us in its

original shape, through Greek or Roman writers, as far as we can discover. Aristophanes introduces into one of his comedies a pseudo-Persian, who, as might be imagined, talks a gibberish akin to the *thromuldo boskos* which mystified Parolles. We have, however, some words like *parasang* or *farsang*, which fell on the ears of the Ten Thousand with wearying iteration; and there are proper names which, in spite of Laconian brevity or Athenian amplification, can be tracked to their sources. Sir W. Jones, it is true, talks about "learned trifling," and sets little value on the catalogue. But, as can easily be seen, Alexander and Xenophon must have heard names pronounced which are surprisingly similar to modern Persian. Roxana is Roshan, or Roshana. Parysatis can be nothing else but Pari-zadi, or Fairy-born. Statira is the Persian Sitara, the Star. The distance between Darius and Dara or Darab is nothing. Xerxes, though derived by divines and Orientalists from Khshayarsha, is marvellously like Shir-Shah; and Artaxerxes, if Artakshasta in the cuneiform character, is at this day, with the Parsees of Western India, Ardeshir, or the Strong Lion.

Our business, however, is with the modern Persian, and its origin and history are somewhat as follows. If the arrow-headed Persian was like Sanskrit, the former certainly contrived to get rid of all grammatical complications and subtleties, for nothing can be simpler than declensions and conjugations in the modern tongue. The story runs that the Sassanian dynasty, about the third century of our era, patronized literature, and set the fashion of a pure and elegant dialect. There were, about that time, two forms of Persian—Farsi, that of Persia proper, and the Pehlevi or Pahlavi, rough and uncourtly, and peculiar to Mazanderan and the mountainous parts of the Empire. This latter variety was discountenanced, and the best or most elegant form of Farsi was eventually known as the *Zabani Dari*, or language of the Court. Not long after this period came Mahomet and his successors, and carried everything before them. Religions, manners, and language were either swept away or modified by the victorious Khalifs, and though Firdusi composed his great epic mainly in the old unadulterated Persian, the language was enriched and adorned by a copious infusion of Arabic words and phrases. What took place has been remarked on other occasions in the formation or development of mixed or composite languages; in England, when Norman French came in contact with Old-English; in India, when the rustic Hindi was expanded by the aid of Persian into Urdu, the language of the camp, commonly called Hindustani. Persian, already copious and abounding in compound epithets, was swelled by a torrent of Arabic. The framework of the language remained in all its simple solidity. The grammar, with its verbs and nouns, or as Oriental lexicographers put it, with its words for *actions* and for *names*, modified neither conjugation nor declension; and the familiar and common expressions for animals, natural objects, and things in daily use held their ground. But an enormous addition was made to the power of expression possessed by educated and literary men, and, with the change of religion, even the colloquial use of many Arabic words and phrases was gradually adopted. The result is that a Persian writer, poet, historian, philosopher, or divine, can at will vary his style, and express his meaning by recourse to profuse and seemingly inexhaustible stores. The Persian and Arabic Dictionary of Richardson now before us, is a bulky volume of more than seventeen hundred pages, with two columns to each page. Taking the number of words in each column, on the average, to be twenty, we have a total of nearly seventy thousand for the combined forces of these two great tongues. An eminent Orientalist has calculated the total at eighty thousand. English students need not, however, imagine that, to become a fair Persian scholar, familiarity with one-quarter or even one-tenth of these is imperative. If we are correctly informed that fifteen hundred words supply the materials for a long evening's debate in the House of Commons, it will be soon understood that a foreigner with a good ear and an aptitude for languages may, by the mastery of a few thousand words, say from five thousand to ten thousand, appreciate Sadi, dictate a letter in Persian, and discourse fluently with merchants and officials at Tabriz and Teheran. The main difficulties are encountered at the outset. An Englishman may be inclined to think other nations barbarians because they put words on paper from the right hand to the left, because they only express some three vowels, and because they have ruled that there is a certain sound inherent in each consonant which need not be otherwise written. We write *sun*, *bud*, and *milk*. A Persian contents himself with *sn*, *bd*, and *mlk*, which to him signify, respectively, "a year," the adjective "bad," and the legal term "property." It must be admitted, for all this, that Persian caligraphy is a stumbling-block and a sore trial to the temper. Oriental penmen have three styles. The first is termed Nishki, is nearly upright, and must be learnt before any man can read a simple sentence in a book. The second is Talik, and though words, especially at the end of a line, are in this form written slantingly, one above another, this particular department must be studied by all who aspire to become fair Persian scholars. In the third, called *Shikastah* or *broken*, diacritical points are nobly disregarded, many letters are run into those that follow them, and the result is a cross between an expanded shorthand and those hieroglyphics which Sydney Smith declined to decipher twenty-four hours after he had put them on paper. The *Shikastah* is to all appearance a series of deterrent strokes and intemperate flourishes; but consummate practice enables a class of clerks and accountants to read it off with a certainty and a celerity absolutely marvellous. This running-hand, with other legacies, was bequeathed to the British Government in India by its Mussulman predecessor; and it is a proof of the versatility and suppleness of the Hindu character, that natives of the older religion, accustomed to a language and a literature written from left to right, were able to master the intricacies of the Persian character, and as penmen or readers to compete with, and even distance, Mahometans on their own ground. A Hindu has often been seen to get at the purport of a mass of papers discoloured by age, mildewed by damp, and pierced by the *insectes finses*, while a Mussulman has looked on hopelessly, like the Bohemian in *Quentin Durward* at the scroll presented to him by Toison d'Or. When an Englishman, however, has mastered the easiest form of the letters, he is struck at once by the similarity between his own language and Persian, though the likeness is not in sound or sense. Genders may be said to be unknown. Inanimate things are neuter, and living things of the two sexes either have different names or are distinguished by the affixes *nar* male, and *madah* female. The declension of nouns causes no perplexity. There is a short sign for the genitive, and an extra syllable for dative and accusative; two terminations distinguish the plural, with occasionally a third specially borrowed from the Arabic. The rules for degrees of comparison are simplicity itself; and verbs, instead of being erratic, defective, irregular, traceable to two or three roots, divisible under four or five conjugations, are, for all practical purposes, conjugated according to one method, and have three changes of tense. Then the auxiliary verbs *to be*, *to become*, and *to be willing*, are called in for supplementary tenses, or to form the passive voice. Now and then a Persian imperative is referred to some obsolete verb, and no polished language is wholly without some grammatical vagary, or some eccentric deviation from rule; but history may be fairly challenged to produce any vehicle of thought and expression which combines equal regularity of construction, equal simplicity of syntax, and equal wealth of phrase.

Persian, too, is not merely adapted to the development of a great national literature; to the subtleties of the casuist, to the flowing narrative of the historian, to the raptures of the sonneteer. Writers of original talent have excelled in all these departments, and others have embellished history with memoirs and correspondence teeming with personal anecdotes and picturesque details. But Persian, in a large portion of the East, has monopolized the field of State, diplomacy, and social affairs. For these latter purposes it is unquestionably superior to Arabic, and it distances Sanskrit and its numerous derivatives. It has not unjustly been styled the French of the East. A Persian diplomatist or petitioner can command every variety and degree, from extravagant and highflown metaphors to short and perspicuous phrases. A Viceroy can publish an edict, can promulgate a set of rules, can prescribe duties and threaten penalties in a fashion to be comprehended at a glance by nomads and rustics. Or, if so minded, he can, in controversy, resort to "less accurate language," and veil his purpose in profuse sentences where no diplomatist can be certain of a meaning, and no grammarian detect a flaw. We really could conceive Mr. Gladstone laying down "a choice of three courses" in correct and flowery Persian, of harmonious cadence, so as to bewilder the House; and we fancy that we could see our way to transmuting a polished epigram by Mr. Disraeli into a distich which would be appreciated in the bazaars of Shiraz. Indeed, so copious and diversified is the language, that it is possible to go even further, and to imagine the Chief Commissioner of Public Works crushing a subordinate and a savant, or rebuking a deputation, in the style of the "Life of Tamerlane," known to Persian scholars as the Zafar-namah, or "Book of Victory." It is curious that the great Arabian lawgiver is credited with a saying that Persian ought to be spoken in Paradise, and to this day unanimous testimony to its praise and honour is borne by diplomatists who have conducted affairs in Iran, by residents and travellers who have made any progress in speaking it, and by Indian officials who have either studied it on the frontiers of the Punjab, or who were familiar with that less perfect and pure form which was once in use, as the exponent of law and justice, in the courts and tribunals of a large portion of India. It is admirably suited to repartee, proverbs, pithy sayings, and polished reproof; and a language must have possessed a wonderful strength and simplicity of its own to have enabled those who spoke it to resist successfully all great or substantial changes at the hands of conquering Tartars and fiery and zealous Arabs. Few languages have passed through such an ordeal, or have survived such a strain.

We must, however, candidly admit that its poetical and even its prose works are too ornate, florid, and metaphorical to disarm a rigid censor or to suit a classical taste. The supremacy of Horace is in no danger from the odes of Hafiz. Zuleikha will never speak and smile as sweetly as Lalage; and we are soon wearied with verses crammed full of jasmines and violets, thorns and roses, lovers like moths perishing in the flame of the candle, Shirin pouting with the lips of the tulip, and Leila distinguished by the stature of the cypress and the cheek of the rose. We may therefore rest assured that, in spite of the Shah's visit, our obvious interest in the integrity and independence of his dominions, and its own intrinsic merits, Persian will not be heaped up on the curriculum of our schools and colleges, nor will it add a new terror to competitive ordeals. It will probably remain what it has been hitherto; a vast field of which the harvest is occasionally reaped by eminent linguists, or by servants of the Foreign Office, or by members of the Indian Staff who have found time for study in the monotony of the hot season, or have heard the dialect spoken in the cantonments of Peshawur or the

Derajat. But there has not been a time since the days of Hadji Baba, now more than half a century ago, in which Persia and its inhabitants have so justly claimed a share of public notice; and we have some satisfaction in thus briefly drawing attention to the antiquity, gradual improvement, and sterling merits of that elegant language; to its copiousness and comprehensiveness, which enable writers to condense thought into an epigram, or to spread it out over a page; to the exquisite simplicity of its grammatical rules; to its splendid specimens of caligraphy; to its historical and poetical legacies; and to its merits as a medium of communication, whereby, whether in the Court, the Council, the tribunal of justice, the counting-house, or the mart of commerce, it is emphatically the dialect of articulate-speaking men. We have endeavoured as much as possible in this paper to avoid the use of Oriental phraseology; but we may be pardoned for concluding with one specimen of Persian, the point of which it requires no great Eastern learning to catch. We are often told that in this world there are two kinds of folly; one which is aware of its own deficiency and is modest and retiring, and the other which is the reverse. A Persian sage has expressed this in the following couplet, neat and probably unsurpassed for terseness:—

Jáhil-i-basit ún ast, keh dánad na dánad,
Jábil-i-murakkab ún ast, keh na dánad na dánad.

In English, "the simple (basit) fool is he who knows (dánad) that he does not know. The compound (murakkab) fool is he who does *not* know that he does *not* know." Let us devoutly hope that the "Great King" during his visit may be so fenced against unconscious stupidity and jaunty impertinence as seldom to be led to meditate on the applicability of the above epigram to any of the countrymen of Palmerston and Peel.

THE MODERN TEUTON IN ROME.

THE roving habits now prevailing among certain classes of a few modern nations are apt to offer to an observant eye many quaint juxtapositions of racial peculiarity. It would seem difficult indeed at present to light on a distinct variety of costume, manners, and style of life without finding these characters sharply defined by the proximity of the familiar Northern type. The eager push of English-speaking nations carries them in appreciable numbers into all the more attractive cities of Europe; and groups of prying tourists have to be allowed for as one pictorial feature of Egypt and Athens, Naples and Madrid. Nowhere perhaps is this imported element in city life more conspicuous than at Rome. Indeed the tastes of modern travellers would appear to have secured for that city something of the motley appearance with which the conquests of the ancient Republic and Empire must have invested it. In mere point of dress and superficial manners the contrast between [illegible] of the Augustan age and his rude captive—such a one as we may still see represented among the statues of the city—must have been more striking than any possible amount of unlikeness among peoples clothed approximately according to one code of fashion and sharing so many of the conventional rules of life. On the other hand, the foreign ingredient of the modern capital is probably much more impressive in quantity than that of the classic city even in its most cosmopolitan days. Three of the most advanced Teutonic nations appear to emulate each other in taking possession of the Sacred City, and it would be difficult probably to say whether Great Britain, the United States of America, or Germany is just now most numerously represented in that attractive metropolis.

The force of this foreign factor of Roman society is seen not only in its quantity, but also in its obtrusive self-assertion. The most casual visitor to the city can scarcely fail to observe the confident air of its tourist world. If he walks on the Pincio or in the Villa Borghese, he may easily note the English dandy who has learnt to stroll through those luminous and odorous spaces as familiarly as in St. James's Park. Or he may notice perhaps, among the ruins of the forum, inquisitive Germans energetically expatiating on their several features, with all the courage of long and undisputed possession. Nor is he likely to overlook the frequently recurring type of forewarned and unimpressible American moving rigidly erect across a background of soft marble shapes, who meets the voluble descriptions of his *valet de place* with the monosyllabic note of infinitesimal surprise. Nor is this happy assurance of manner confined to one sex among the *forestieri*. Perhaps the most striking illustration of the completeness of this new invasion of Rome is to be found in the troops of English and American women to whom the grand solemnity of the city forms, to use the recent words of George Eliot, "a background for the brilliant picnic of Anglo-foreign society." These ensconce themselves in the city with a sense of home comfort, just because of all the little social pleasures and diversions which they are able to import with them. Plenty of society, charming excursions to Tivoli and Frascati, so productive of passing flirtations, even a yearly horse-race and an occasional scamper behind the hounds on the Campagna—these are a few of the little solaces which our fair exiles are permitted to enjoy. A short walk through the streets of the strangers' quarter will easily show the extent of this new colonization. Jewelry and all the other little trifles so enticing to women are everywhere advertised in the plainest English. The amiable English papa is likely to be distracted by the choice of rival English local papers, while the solicitous mamma may be reassured by discovering the proximity of English church and curate, doctor and chemist. These and many other signs easily betray how completely the stranger has modified his new environment in conformity with his habits.

A too sensitive observer might well be a little puzzled at seeing such a degree of domestic freedom among the visitors to the august capital. In particular, he could hardly fail to notice the absence of everything like reverential quiet in the behaviour of most of these Northern tourists. Their exceedingly free and even jaunty bearing would probably strike such a one as better fitted for their own sandy shores than for the majestic surroundings of the ancient metropolis. And the want of harmony in this mode of behaviour would be rendered still more conspicuous by its unlikeness to the native style of the modern Romans. In contrast to the more demonstrative Neapolitan, the citizen of Rome commonly maintains a considerable degree of quiet dignity. Although during the brief reign of King Pasquale he shows himself capable of all the harmless riotings of mirth, he is for the most part moderate and self-controlling, even in his amusements. This attribute is strikingly illustrated in the orderly quiet of the vast and dense crowds who yearly collect to witness the illumination of the ruins on the *festa natale* of ancient Rome. In like manner, during their promenades in the Corso or on the Pincio the Roman *bourgeoisie* have a slowness of pace and stillness of bearing which inclines one to think that they are conscious of the dignity of their citizenship. In what sharp, not to say harsh, contrast to this graceful repose the bearing of tourists presents itself, is known probably to every appreciative visitor to the Italian capital. Nor is it to be doubted that the Romans themselves are fully alive to the incongruity. Indeed one may easily overhear quiet remarks, called forth now by the boisterous talk of a group of Germans, now by the stiff lines of bulky English skirts, which show that Roman ladies, however little intellectual in other respects, are fully competent to criticize some of the *gaucheries* of their lady visitors. The reflection "Sono Inglesi!" "Sono Tedesche!" seems to these quiet observers a ready solvent to the momentary wonder excited by much that they witness. No doubt it would be impossible for our energetic pedestrian ladies to assume the easy grace which is so closely linked with the indolent habits of the South. Nor could the sense of unfitness in a fastidious observer be wholly removed so long as some of the Teutonic languages, as at present spoken, oppose so many guttural and nasal elements to the mellifluous tones of the Italian. Still one might not unreasonably perhaps look for some slight recognition of this artistic inappropriateness among the self-styled cultivated who flock from North and West to the great centre of æsthetic life. If only English girls were a little less obtrusive in their jollity, or German Fräuleins less noisy in their enthusiasm, or American ladies of a less fierce and keenly critical attitude, modern Rome would probably be far more delightful to every worshipper of "sweetness and light." As it is, he is very apt to find his ears assailed with extraneous and unmusical speech, and he may even discover that he is destined to encounter at more than one venerable historical spot the noisy and too discriminating troops of English travellers who avail themselves of the wing of Mr. Cook. Amid these discordant surroundings he will not improbably regret that he was not privileged to visit Rome before the institution of Italian railways and excursion tickets. He will draw perhaps a melancholy comfort from trying to reconstruct in fancy the sublime monuments of the city before they were overrun by troops of the *nouveaux riches* from the new world, when the few English visitors to be seen might be presumed to have culture, at least that part of it that belongs to good breeding, and when the still smaller group of German sojourners were men who had been impelled towards the city by some of that passion for nature and art which breathes in the *Elegien* of Goethe or the *Reisebriefe* of Mendelssohn.

While in these ways the brusqueness of the North and the absence of refined culture frequently produce in Rome odd effects of contrast between the tourist and his environment, there are other amusing aspects of stranger life which seem due to quite opposite causes. The presence of so many of the ruder sort of travellers appears, not unnaturally, to drive the few more sensitive strangers to an opposite extreme of behaviour. That is to say, they seek to isolate themselves as much as possible from the tumult of fugitive tourists, and to assimilate themselves to the native style of manners. Thus English or American women who come to Rome for the sake of its art frequently seek to adopt the Italian language, and pride themselves perhaps on effecting this with all the ease and grace of a Roman woman. In like manner they assume the long flowing dress of the native population, and abandon in consequence the energetic mode of English locomotion. Very likely they affect a disparaging tone towards everything not Roman, and while they are ever ready to expatiate on Roman politics, art, and archæology, cannot disguise their contempt for the vulgar and graceless aspects of commercial England. Sometimes this process of readjustment to new conditions of life is incomplete, and then the effect is very curious. For example, the semi-Romanized English lady commonly accepts a compromise between the English and the Continental Sunday. She may be seen on a Sunday morning issuing in all her accustomed brilliancy of costume from the Porta del Popolo, on her way to the English church; but in the afternoon she does not hesitate to drive round the gardens of the Pincio, and draw up with the rest of the equipages before the military band.

Still more curious than these anomalies of imperfect re-adapta-

tion to change of habitat are the excessive demonstrations of reverent sentiment into which this same class of visitors is so often betrayed. For not unfrequently the English or American lady who adopts Rome as her home very far surpasses the Italians themselves in magnifying "res Romanas." Indeed it is hardly to be wondered at that in a city so rich in antique splendour and artistic creation a fashion of pretty æsthetic talk should spring up among the foreign society which ostensibly assembles there in the interests of culture. Only it seems a pity that this talk should often be a pure affectation not thick enough to veil the real ignorance beneath. And, being so often nothing but a fashion, it is exceedingly likely to be paraded on every occasion. One can scarcely pass through the galleries of the Vatican without overhearing the same kind of silly counterfeit of criticism to which every intelligent frequenter of Burlington House has to accustom himself. The mania for studying art at Rome is at times almost terrible to witness. We have been more than once quite abashed by the sight of young ladies, scarcely arrived at their teens, solemnly conning the bulky volumes of Hare before an antique marble or in the murky vaults of a subterranean basilica. At other times the outpourings of enthusiasm are apt to become exceedingly touching. In the vast oval of the Colosseum, for example, one is pretty certain to see on a fair moonlight evening some ardent German ladies with souls *ganz vertieft* in the long softened vista of imposing arches. With a quite painful violence of gushing emotion they expatiate on every poetic element of the scene, and threaten to exhaust their wealthy language of every tender and revering epithet. American ladies are probably even more skilful in assuming these pretty sentimentalities. It is really too affecting to see a trio of fair young girls, impatient of male escort, listening to the choral music in St. Peter's, or watching a sunset from the Pincio. They pose themselves with a seeming artlessness in the most graceful attitudes, and betray by every variety of soft movement the successive influences of the hour. It obviously requires a mind of singular hardness to detect underneath so charming an exhibition of natural sentiment the element of studied publicity so prettily disguised.

One form of these professions of sentiment in Rome deserves perhaps a special notice. We refer to the very common display of religious reverence, chiefly on the part of English visitors. The German is not much given to the externals of religion at any time, and the American for the most part shares a little of Mr. Spurgeon's Puritan horror at Popish rites. But to the average English mind the proximity of Vatican and Pope, colleges and imposing churches, seems to possess a peculiar fascination. It is possible, indeed, that practices with which they are not quite unfamiliar at home may have prepared some of our English matrons and maidens for the form of ritual existing at Rome. However this may be, it seems clear that a large number of English visitors pay an ostentatious tribute of respect to the religious formalities of the place. This may be occasionally seen in the interior of the churches, where the impressible Englishwoman easily slides into the prevailing attitude of the Catholic worshippers. Some excess in this direction is certainly better than the offensive display of irreverence which was, and still is, the fashion with too many Protestant visitors to Rome; but perhaps the reaction against a very odious form of vulgarity is sometimes carried a little too far. A still more conspicuous instance of this conformity to the *religio loci* is to be found in the well acknowledged custom among a class of Protestant visitors, chiefly female, of presenting themselves to the Pope in act of dutiful reverence. During the late season one rarely issued from the rooms of the Vatican at the closing hour of eleven without meeting a number of ladies elegantly attired in black veils and rosaries (conveniently sold at the entrance of the palace) proceeding to the paternal reception. Their fair hair and brilliant complexions pretty certainly betray the nationality of a large proportion of these quasi-faithful. The idea of kneeling to so distinguished and venerable a personage in a highly effective costume is naturally grateful to the sentimental mind, and Englishwomen do not require much besides a little opportunity for personal display in any new law of fashion they are willing to submit to. Were they a little more reflecting they might recognize the ironical aspect of the august Papa having to solace himself with these fugitive reverences from pretty heretics, while the vast majority of his nominal children among the Italians themselves do not care to disguise their indifference.

These are only a few of the modes in which the Northern tourist renders himself quaintly conspicuous in Rome. Some, through lack of sentiment, strike an observer as rude and harsh amid their polished surroundings. Others, having too much sentiment and proportionately less common sense, run into ridiculous excesses of another kind. A man who really wants to see and to enjoy Rome, its classic antiquities and its picturesque modern life, might very likely wish both these extraneous and somewhat discordant elements removed from the picture. Yet, if he be deeply interested as well in the study of human character, he will scarcely be inclined to reject so good an opportunity of noting the endless varieties of race and temperament as they are here exhibited in such sharp contrast, and of smiling at the numerous grotesque caricatures which appear to accompany almost every worthy activity of the human mind.

THE PLEA OF CONSCIENCE.

WE have commented elsewhere on Mr. Forster's proposed amendment of the Education Act, but there is one point in the Dissenting agitation against it to which it may be worth while to call attention here, as it has an interest of its own over and above the particular occasion which suggests it. The too famous 25th Clause is to be so far modified that henceforth payments for indigent children are not to be made by the School Boards to the schools, Denominational or other, which they attend, but by the Poor Law Guardians to those parents who are unable to pay for the education of their children, and who may then send them to any duly certified school they prefer. And these payments, we may observe parenthetically, so far from including any extra remuneration for religious teaching, are to be a halfpenny below the lowest average of weekly payment in poor schools. However, it is obvious enough that a good deal of the money so paid is likely to find its way to the pockets of the managers of Church of England and Roman Catholic schools, for the simple reason that a large number of the parents requiring the proffered aid happen to belong to one or other of those communions. This is the intolerable grievance to the Nonconformist conscience. Yet it is equally obvious that, if there is to be any compulsion in the matter, direct or indirect—and to that the Dissenters are so far from objecting that Mr. Dixon insists on its being made universal—the only alternative is to send all children whose education is paid out of the rates to purely secular schools, whether their parents approve of it or not. On a *primâ facie* view of the case the latter arrangement does seem to involve a serious interference with freedom of conscience, and we can easily understand the indignant resistance to its adoption. For unless the State undertakes to decide, either by its own unaided judgment or with the help of an infallible Church, which is the true religion, and to enforce conformity on all its subjects, one hardly sees how it can consistently compel them to bring up their children in any particular form of religion or irreligion to which they conscientiously object. But the Dissenting conscience, like the heart of kings, is unsearchable, though, as we shall presently have occasion to point out, it is by no means destitute of precedents, both in ancient and modern times. There is a story told of Cardinal Beaton, when Archbishop of Glasgow, that on occasion of a feud between the Hamiltons and Douglases, he had put on armour under his episcopal robes, intending to take a leading part in a treacherous attack by the former on the latter clan. Bishop Douglas of Dunkeld, who had received some intimation of the design, was sent to the Archbishop to remonstrate and urge him to exert his influence as a Churchman in the cause of peace. "I assure you *on my conscience*," replied his Grace—and he emphasized the assurance by laying his hand on his heart—"that I am innocent in this matter." The gesture was an imprudent one, and elicited the prompt retort, "Methinks, my Lord, your Grace's conscience *clatters*." Our Nonconformist friends are probably as little in the habit of wearing steel breastplates as of donning episcopal rochets, but we cannot help thinking that their consciences, like Cardinal Beaton's, are apt to "clatter," in a manner at once noisy and indicative rather of attack than of defence. When they insisted on a conscience clause for the protection of Dissenting children at Church schools, they deserved and obtained the support of all reasonable men. But the demand for a conscience clause to prevent Church of England children from being educated in Church of England schools is not equally intelligible. It has just the same sort of reason or unreason as the pertinacious opposition of a certain section of Protestant agitators to the payment of Roman Catholic prison chaplains, and in either case it is the merest sophistry to obtrude the vexed question of religious endowments, which has really nothing at all to do with the matter. No doubt, in the first instance a certain infinitesimal percentage of the public money goes into the hands of Roman Catholic clergymen, and in the second into the hands of Roman Catholic and Anglican school-teachers, just as a certain percentage of public money expended on charitable relief finds its way eventually into the hands of Anglican or Roman Catholic butchers and bakers. If mental, like bodily, food is to be considered a necessary of life—and modern legislation is rapidly moving in that direction—this must inevitably follow, unless certain forms of religion, such as the Roman Catholic, are to be virtually proscribed altogether. We are quite aware that there are those who would frankly accept that conclusion, and therefore we said just now that the Dissenting claim of freedom of conscience, peculiar as it is, and exclusively directed against the freedom of other people's consciences, is not unprecedented, and may even appeal to high living authorities. It is on that account only that it challenges a theoretical interest to which intrinsically, and in the sphere of practical politics, it certainly cannot pretend.

The apostles of the Education League would perhaps be very much surprised to learn that, in their pious zeal against Roman Catholic schooling, they are but emulating the most objectionable antecedents of the religion they are so anxious to proscribe. The difference between preventing parents from educating their children in their own faith and preventing them from professing and practising it themselves is one of degree, not of kind. No doubt there are many intermediate stages between Mr. Dixon and Torquemada, but the principle is the same, and the soundest Protestants, like Calvin and Cranmer, have been quite as ready to burn their erring brothers for conscience sake as the most benighted believers in Transubstantiation and the Seven

Sacraments. But unfortunately our conscientious Dissenters need not appeal to historical examples of intolerance, whether Papist or Protestant, in vindicating their principles. It is too true that some of the leading writers of the day, men who would be popularly identified with the extreme Liberal school, have shown, as it has been not unjustly said, that "the two things they hate most are civil and religious liberty." We are not now referring to the very liberal gentleman who has avowed his preference for leaving our young street Arabs uneducated to having them educated in Denominational schools. But we will take examples entirely removed from this particular controversy, though for that very reason the more conspicuously illustrating it. Thus one writer, whom we have often had occasion to criticize, but whose rare mastery of his mother-tongue would alone secure him a hearing, informs us that "true liberty means the being governed by just laws," by whomsoever made, and that, as "the consent of man was not asked when he was born into the world, and will not be asked when his time comes to die, as little has his consent to do with the laws which, while he lives, he is bound to obey." The analogy strikes one as failing in one little point, for the issues of life and death are usually believed, and apparently believed by this author, to rest in the hands of a Power at once Omniscient and All-good, and the most enthusiastic partisan, whether of monarchical or democratic institutions, would hardly venture to claim as much for any form of human government. No doubt the just laws in obedience to which lies the true secret of liberty are explained to mean "laws in harmony with the will of the Master and Maker of the world." But how, except under a theocracy, is this harmony to be surely ascertained? Our author, to do *him* justice, is ready with a reply. "The superior part," he tells us, "has a natural right to govern, the inferior part has a natural right to be governed; and a rude but adequate test of superiority and inferiority is provided in the *relative strength* of the different orders of human beings." And he adds, with a happy *naïveté*, "there is no disputing against strength." In other words, might is right, and the same principle which leads Mr. Carlyle to canonize Frederick the Great and Mr. Froude to canonize Henry VIII.—two of the most unscrupulous tyrants the world has ever seen—is no doubt abundantly sufficient to cover Mr. Dixon's conscientious plea for keeping Roman Catholic children out of Roman Catholic schools. Indeed Mr. Froude will expressly tell him that "the mass it was not legitimate only, but necessary, to interdict in Ireland"; just as when the unfortunate Mary Stuart introduced the old worship into the Chapel of Holyrood, all the Presbyterian pulpits in Edinburgh rang with the angry cry, "Shall the idol, the mass, be set up again in Scotland? *It shall not.*" The mistake was that, through the culpable weakness of the English Government, the mass and its ministers were not thoroughly exterminated in Ireland. All Popish education was, however, rigorously suppressed, and our conscientious Leaguers may be interested to learn, on the same high authority already quoted, that the education in the Charter Schools, where Catholic children were taught the Bible and the three R's, and sedulously removed from their relations, "to avoid the danger of their relapsing into Popery," was "probably the very best that has ever been devised in modern times." To be sure, some of the money for supporting these model schools must have come out of the pockets of the Catholic taxpayers whose children were being proselytized in them. But still the education, though exceedingly anti-Catholic, was more secular than denominational, so nobody's conscience could be injured. This, at all events, according to Mr. Froude, is the true idea of liberty, which does not consist in "the sacred rights of conscience to choose its own religion, and in its own wisdom to believe in whatever theories of divine things it happens to prefer." But then whose wisdom is to decide?

We turn to a very different writer from Mr. Froude, but, like him, a high authority with the so-called Liberal press, and he informs us that liberty is not "a simple principle," but liberty and compulsion are good or bad according to circumstances. He does not indeed adopt Mr. Froude's "rude but adequate test" of rightful authority, and the upshot of the theory is therefore somewhat less clear. We are, however, distinctly told that compulsion is good when the end is good and the means employed for attaining it are not either inadequate or such as involve a greater cost than it is worth. On which triple rule, two, if not three, questions of considerable difficulty at once suggest themselves. Even supposing that we can be certain beforehand of the adequacy of the means, which the long history of religious persecutions shows to be almost impossible, by what standard is the goodness of the end, whether absolutely or relatively to the inconveniences incurred in attaining it, to be measured? Would the extermination of Popery in Ireland, assuming it to be in itself desirable, have been too dearly purchased by a consistent and persevering application of the Cromwellian policy, whose abandonment Mr. Froude so bitterly deplores? Or was the Catholic orthodoxy of Spain on an opposite assumption too dearly purchased by the horrors of the Inquisition? It is obvious that if once the three rules of legitimate compulsion are admitted as stated above, these questions will be differently answered according to our estimate of the facts. There is a good deal to be said for Mr. Froude, and a good deal to be said for Torquemada, though it is quite conceivable that an honest advocate of the principle of compulsion—that is, of persecution—might still come to the conclusion that the price was too high, or the result insufficiently secured. What is certain is that the principle itself can only be consistently maintained by an Ultramontane, and we were therefore as little surprised to find it cordially accepted the other day in a review of the very essay to which we are referring in the *Tablet* as to find the essayist himself expressly admitting that he thinks the Ultramontane view of the relations between Church and State the true one. He is indeed so far conscious of the weak point of his own system that he is obliged to be content with maintaining the obligation of Governments to act on such moral and religious principles "as they may from time to time regard as *most likely* to be true." The qualification is a very serious one. To burn people for denying what, like the old inquisitors, you feel quite sure is true, seems to us sufficiently barbarous; but to burn or otherwise coerce them into accepting principles which you for the time regard as "most likely to be true," is a refinement of cruelty as odious as it is irrational. Yet it is only another, and very obvious, application of the same principle to prohibit or thwart the education of children in doctrines which you deem most likely to be false, but which their parents, whose consciences may be quite as sensitive on the subject, think likely or certain to be true. The plea of conscience, when urged in defence of personal rights and convictions, is always to be listened to with respect; but when it is put forward with a view of curtailing the rights and liberty of others, it must ever have a most suspicious sound, whether in the mouth of a mediæval inquisitor or a modern Liberal. For it has been the standing plea of persecutors in every age.

VERY LITTLE STORIES FOR VERY LITTLE GIRLS.

THE supposed necessity of combining sound advice with amusement has induced a lady to put forth a small volume of precepts for the behaviour of girls, accompanied with shocking examples of the consequences of naughtiness. We find in turning over the pages of this book a story of Alpine travel which will surely be interesting at the commencement of another tourists' season. The story is intended to enforce on young ladies the duty of punctuality, and before beginning it the author mentions some illustrious characters by whom, as she says, this duty was conspicuously practised. "The well-known exclamation of Lord Nelson was, that he owed all his success in life to his habit of punctuality." It is perhaps our misfortune or fault never to have heard before of this well-known exclamation of Lord Nelson. But when the author adds Wellington to her list of great men noted for punctuality, we must mention that we remember to have read that Wellington in the Peninsula would sometimes lie in bed late in the morning and ride hard to make up for lost time. Another celebrated general, Luxemburg, was, we believe, actually in bed when the battle of Steenkirke, in which he defeated King William III., began. However, let us leave these departed warriors in peace, and proceed to the example of Kate Fortescue, who caused her father's death by coming down late to breakfast. This young lady, like several others whom we have had the pleasure to meet in these pages, had been educated at an imaginary school of which Madame Recherchée was the principal. As the only surviving child of wealthy parents, she had been indulged, but not spoiled. She was clever and "particularly sensible," but she had an inveterate habit of procrastination. She had won various prizes easily; but there was a prize for general good conduct which, through her unfortunate propensity for being too late, she had always missed. Her unpunctuality became at length "a real cause for anxiety" to her parents, who made themselves, as we think, needlessly unhappy on this account. If Kate was pretty as well as clever and rich, her parents might easily have found her a husband who would have taken her with all her faults and been contented with his bargain. Perhaps she would have adapted her habits to his, and perhaps he would have adapted his habits to hers; and at any rate a pretty face and a good fortune might have compensated for sometimes having to wait dinner. It is something to be sure of always having dinner throughout life, and the certainty of its appearance might make up for occasional delay. The author will doubtless say that these are vicious principles, and that we are sapping the foundations of morality, of which punctuality is an important part. But to return to Kate, we read that scoldings and task-lessons, rewards and remonstrances, seemed alike of no avail, until at length Kate's mamma and Madame Recherchée contrived an ingenious method of correcting this dangerous habit of unpunctuality. Kate was very anxious to leave school at Midsummer, and it was determined that she should be told that she must remain till Christmas unless she gained this prize for good conduct which she had missed so frequently. The father hesitated; but "he was too much of a man of the world not to be aware what a serious evil unpunctuality is," and so he consented to his wife's plan, adding that if his daughter got the prize, he would add to it a watch and chain. Another man of the world might perhaps think that it was useless to attempt to keep a daughter at school until she could be turned out a faultless example of all virtues and accomplishments. However, Kate started on the race for this treble prize, and her schoolfellows for the most part good-naturedly assisted her to win it. But nevertheless she was beaten on the post by a head; or, in other words, she came down late for prayers on the last morning, and the prize was adjudged to Miss Jones, who, we feel certain, must have been a most objectionable young person, deserving, if she had been a boy, to have her head punched as a sneak. However, Kate saw with disap-

pointment and regret the prize adjudged to what we must be permitted to call the insufferable regularity of Miss Jones's habits; and it would have been fortunate, says the author, if these feelings had been allowed to sink deep into her heart. The author would have kept a grown-up girl at school learning child's lessons for half a year because she had come down late for prayers one morning. It is needless to say that the blind partiality of Mr. Fortescue for his daughter interfered to relax the bonds of discipline and contemn the principles of virtue. He, with a man's insensibility to small distinctions, persuaded his wife that so very nearly winning the prize was as good as quite winning it; so Kate left school at Midsummer, and had her watch and chain, and was taken by her parents on a Continental tour.

And now begins the tragic end of Kate's story. They had added an aunt and a cousin of Kate's to the party, and they had arrived at Martigny, and projected a visit to the hospice of St. Bernard. They engaged two guides and a mule for each of the four ladies, and Mr. Fortescue undertook to walk. They were to breakfast at half-past six, and start at seven, and Mr. Fortescue overnight begged his daughter to be ready in good time. She declared her intention to be first downstairs, but unfortunately when the others assembled for breakfast she was still in bed fast asleep. Then ensued various difficulties, which the combined efforts of Kate and her cousin Mary vainly strove to overcome. Kate's hair was tangled, a string broke, her "things" would not go into her portmanteau—which is a way "things" have on such occasions—and her travelling dress was in disrepair. It took these two young ladies an hour and a quarter to get one of them dressed and packed, and perhaps if the opinions of men were taken, they would say that slowness in getting up was a worse fault than lying in bed. We might ask why mamma and aunt, to say nothing of the chambermaid, were not summoned to give assistance. Even papa could have jumped upon the "things," and thus improved his appetite for breakfast. At last the party was ready to start, but they now discovered that one of the guides had "consented to engage himself to some Americans." Another guide had to be fetched from a distance, and the party finally started at half-past nine. It occurs to us that papa, if he could not be useful upstairs, might at least have occupied himself in keeping the guide to his engagement or finding another promptly on the breach of it. The journey proceeded for some time as usual. But in the afternoon a storm began to brew, and Mr. Fortescue, whose wind, like that of some other papas in Switzerland, was shorter than his purse, found the increased speed on a continually ascending pathway begin to tell upon him considerably. Kate, who was "a fine strong girl and a capital walker," gave up her mule for a time to her father, and so "got on famously." But their route lay at the edge of a precipice, as routes frequently do in Switzerland, and the guides said it was not a fit place for a girl to walk, "for if the wind caught any portion of her dress, she would inevitably be lost." The simple expedient of a rope, or even two or three handkerchiefs joined together, does not seem to have occurred to any of the party. Then came snow and thunder; a bridge was swept away by a torrent, and the party had to go five miles round. Mr. Fortescue, "a large, heavily-made man," could now neither walk nor sit upon a mule, so they left him and his wife behind, pushed on for the hospice, and sent assistance as soon as possible. When it arrived the wife was insensible and the husband was dead. We must pause here to ask why he did not take a drop of brandy? They must be very little girls who can be imposed upon by the very little artifice of this "bogie" story. It is monstrously unfair to lay the blame of the father's death upon the daughter, and we emphatically protest against "a fine strong girl and a capital walker" being compelled to stagger through life under an undeserved burden of remorse. It is obvious that, if the hour of starting was too late, the party could have stayed where they were, with no more consequence than a dull day at Martigny. Even the severe justice administered at Madame Recherchée's establishment for young ladies might have been satisfied by compelling Kate to pay for the guide and mules out of her pocket-money. On no principle of justice known to man could Kate be held responsible because her father over-estimated his power of walking, or omitted to fill his brandy-flask before starting.

It really is a serious thing to contemplate the possibility of the education of girls being entrusted to a lady who is capable of conducting this story of Kate Fortescue through all its trivial details to its tragic close. Heartfelt sorrow came too late. Earnest reformation came too late. Lifelong repentance came too late. The inexpiable offence was that Kate took another nap instead of getting up when called. This melancholy chapter is headed by a familiar proverb which, like some other proverbs, is the silliness of many and the words of one. Through the want of a nail the shoe was lost, and then the horse, the rider, and the kingdom. But where was the Mr. Cardwell of the period to take care that another horse should be forthcoming when the first broke down? Perhaps the Mr. Lowe of the period struck that second horse out of the estimates. There is another equally silly story in the same book about a young lady, "Coulon's favourite pupil," who desired to display her grace as a dancer in blue satin boots at a garden party. It seems to be the function of papa in all these stories to make remarks which, even if sensible, which they seldom are, receive from mamma and daughter only contempt. In this instance papa's suggestion of thick boots and warnings of damp grass were disregarded. Ella had learned "*an exquisite pas seul for Ella*," very like what one sees at the Opera, only altered a little for private dancing, and intended to perform it on this occasion. The author seems to have forgotten that grass, damp or dry, would be wholly unsuitable for the display of any quality in the dancer except strength and perseverance. However, let the march of tragedy proceed. The elders occupied the marquee; the juveniles danced upon the lawn. We are not informed what became of the exquisite *pas seul*, but the blue satin boots got wet through, as any possible boots would have done by dancing on a damp lawn, and Ella caught cold, which caused consumption and death. This author, with her "words in season" for spring-time, reminds us that we once heard of a person, in greasy black clothes and a white tie, who got into an omnibus and handed to his fellow-travellers a tract bearing the inspiriting title, "Are you aware that you are going to Hell?" However, we observe that all the stories are not equally dismal, and some of the remarks may be practically useful. Dancing, we are glad to hear, is an innocent recreation, and youth is "decidedly" the right season for its enjoyment; but some girls appear to think that the sole cause for which elderly ladies are permitted to live is "to chaperon them to these Terpsichorean festivities." Mammas must indeed take their daughters to parties as inevitably as this author must use big words where little words would adequately express her meaning. But it is selfish in a girl to forget that mamma is tired and sleepy, and also, if the girl is pretty, to monopolize all the partners. It seems to us that a girl can hardly be blamed for dancing when she is asked. When a book of very little stories is written for very little boys, perhaps it will inculcate, by precept and example, the duty of dancing with plain girls.

STONYHURST.

THE accidental connexion of Stonyhurst College with a remarkable law-suit and criminal trial has procured for that institution a sort of spurious fame. It is possible that Stonyhurst may continue to be chiefly known to newspaper readers as the place where Roger Tichborne was educated, and many persons may be disposed to take an interest in it on that ground who would not have given two thoughts to it on any other. Yet it is a place which has a genuine interest and importance of its own. It has not certainly a very ancient or brilliant history, but it is one of the chief educational establishments of the Jesuits, who exercise a controlling influence over the education of an important section of our own countrymen. Both priests and laymen are educated at Stonyhurst, and the laymen belong, for the most part, to an influential class. In its way Stonyhurst is quite as important as Eton or Rugby, and it is worth while therefore to know something about its internal organization and methods of work. The evidence which has been given in the course of the Tichborne case, and a local History of the College which was published two or three years ago, furnish us with some information on these points, which we will try to put together.

The origin of Stonyhurst as a Jesuit establishment dates only from the close of the last century. In 1762 the Jesuit College at St. Omer was broken up and dispersed, and the fathers fled with their pupils and such goods as they could carry with them to Liège. But there they found but a brief respite from trouble. The revolutionary wave quickly followed them, and in 1794 they were once more swept out of house and home and cast loose upon the world. They turned to England as their last hope of refuge. It seemed as if the French armies were destined to overrun the Continent, and wherever they went they were known to be ruthless in their hostility to all religious corporations, and especially to the Jesuits. The somewhat contemptuous indifference of the English people promised the fugitives a safer asylum, and the fact that they had just been the victims of revolutionary persecution might almost be expected to tell in their favour. Mr. Thomas Weld, the head of a well-known Roman Catholic family, whose son was afterwards a cardinal, offered them the use of an old mansion in Lancashire, which they gladly accepted. And this was their introduction to Stonyhurst. They brought thither the small remnant of their once flourishing seminary, and in the course of time it has grown to be one of the largest and most important of the Jesuit colleges—certainly the most important in this country. The building in which the Fathers thus found shelter was of ancient date, and in rather a decayed condition. It was the family mansion of the Sherburns, who had lived there almost from time immemorial, but it had been restored at intervals according to the means and inclinations of the various possessors. Sir Richard de Sherburn appears to have started the process of restoration at the end of the sixteenth century. Mr. Baines, in his History of Lancashire, speaks of Sir Richard as a staunch Roman Catholic, who was nevertheless in great favour with the Queen, and as a mark of this favour enjoyed the privilege of having his chapel and priest at Stonyhurst. His name, however, has been found in the list of Commissioners for the dissolution of monasteries, and during Elizabeth's reign he was one of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners for the North who were charged, among other things, with preserving the Church from the contamination of Popery. He also took a prominent part about the Armada time in defending the Crown from "Popish conspiracies" and the "intolerance and insolence" of Rome. It would appear that these circumstances have rather detracted from the respect with which Sir Richard's memory is regarded at Stonyhurst, and there is a disposition to regard the story of *his*

"chapel and priest" as a myth. Yet he was probably a fair specimen of the Roman Catholic gentleman of the period, who was an Englishman first and a Roman Catholic afterwards, and who had a strong objection to England being made a Spanish province merely to please the Pope. In 1754 the house and estates passed into the hands of the Welds of Lulworth in Dorsetshire, a branch of the Sherburn family. The place was at first assigned to the Jesuits for a peppercorn rent, but afterwards Mr. Weld made them a gift of a considerable part of the property. The building, to which additions have been made in recent years, presents the familiar aspect of an old Tudor mansion, with a massive castellated gateway and towers rising in the midst of trees and meadows, and approached by a fine avenue. The surrounding country is rich and picturesque. It is well wooded and broken up into romantic variety by hill and dale, and is watered by the Hodder and the Ribble, streams which are more romantic and agreeable in their middle course than when they get nearer the sea. The College itself stands on an elevated plateau at a good height above the sea, and in a fresh, open, breezy situation. It is the very ideal of an old English mansion, and, though built at different periods, and clumsy and awkward in parts, presents as a whole a dignified and impressive appearance.

Perhaps the best way to obtain a general idea of the place is to follow our local guide through some of the principal rooms. First we take a peep into the room where the students learn to box, fence, and to practise other exercises of a similar kind. It is well supplied with gloves, sword-sticks, dumb-bells, Indian clubs, &c., and it would seem that there is every facility for students becoming expert in the use of those implements. There are a couple of music rooms, filled with pianos separated by partitions of glass and wood, so that the simultaneous performers may not utterly confound each other. Along the adjoining corridor there are seven or eight school-rooms, fitted up in the usual way, and three play-rooms, hung round with paintings and engravings, and, at the end, a large school-room and a drawing-class-room. Further on we reach the covered playground—a large, airy, glass-roofed hall, in which foot-ball, hand-ball, cricket, and other games are played in bad weather. By an arrangement of nets fastened in parallel lines from above, and firmly secured below, several games of cricket can be carried on at the same time. At the end of the playground is a gymnasium. Next we come to bath-rooms, and workshops for the shoemakers, nine or ten of whom are attached to the College and kept in constant work. The importance of being well shod appears to be one of the first principles of the establishment, and the Father who has charge of the younger children attributes their good health to their invariably keeping their feet dry. Three rooms fitted up with scientific apparatus of all kinds are used for lectures and experiments. The lavatory, large, clean, and orderly, and the room in which the students breakfast and sup, are next passed. The refectory of the community, where the Fathers sit at table, is a commodious and rather grave-looking apartment, with plain, old-fashioned furniture, while that of the "philosophers" is fitted up in a brighter and more ornamental fashion. The students' dining-room is the old dining-room of the Sherburns—a grand old hall of ample dimensions, with a lofty roof decorated with embossed squares and diamonds and relieved with colours, and a floor of white marble. A gallery of dark oak, studded with projecting antlers, and a huge arched fireplace big enough for the roasting of an ox, complete the baronial aspect of the hall. An old oak table is pointed out as having been slept upon by Oliver Cromwell. Cromwell was certainly once at Stonyhurst, for he spent a night there in 1641, after holding a council of war on Hodder Old Bridge, and next day moved southwards; but it is scarcely possible that he should have been unable to procure a more comfortable couch. The general study-room, and the Academy-room, in which the periodical examinations take place, are also large and lofty. At the upper end of the latter, and separated by folding-doors, is the theatre, a semi-circular gallery, capable of accommodating between three and four hundred persons. When performances are to be given, the folding-doors are closed, and a stage is erected on the inner side, facing the audience. Going onwards, we reach the general dormitories. They seem to run in rows in all directions in a perfect maze. Each sleeping place is separated from the next by a wooden partition with curtains at the front and open at the top. There is of course only one bed in each compartment, and every boy has his own bed. The boys are encouraged to decorate their little sleeping places with crucifixes, sacred pictures, &c. Each bed is numbered, so that it may be found at once. Three prefects are posted in charge of the sleepers, one at each end, and one in the centre. At night the strictest discipline is enforced; no talking is allowed, and when once the students close their curtains absolute silence must prevail. As might be supposed, there is no lack of facilities for devotional exercises. There is the Chapel of the Angels, where mass is said every morning; the Sodality Chapel, rich with gold and colours, which is used at intervals by a certain number of students, between fifty and sixty, while saying their offices; and the Community Chapel, with room for a couple of hundred persons, where the students attend service every morning. There is also a church which is open to the public as well as to students. Religious figures and emblems are scattered throughout the building, and pictures are found in all parts of it, in the rooms and corridors, and along the staircases. The hospital corridor, it might perhaps be thought, has sufficiently depressing associations of its own without being furnished with a series of vivid illustrations of the principal forms of torture to which Catholics who preferred the Pope to the King were subjected in Henry VIII.'s time, including thumb-pulling, pricking, racking, hanging, burning, stoning, &c. The museum is a singularly miscellaneous collection, comprising ancient weapons, illuminated manuscripts, black-letter books, Roman mosaics, Court dresses, bear-skins, carved bamboos, and all sorts of odds and ends. Among other things, visitors are shown the seals, pouncet-box, skull-cap, and old black felt hat of Sir Thomas More; a manuscript copy of the Gospel of St. John said to be of the seventh century, and to have been found in the tomb of St. Cuthbert at Durham; Cardinal York's napkin, bearing in the centre the royal arms of England; clasps cut from French officers' cloaks at Waterloo; bullets extracted from Irish soldiers after the storming of Sebastopol; a fragment of Sir Isaac Newton's apple-tree; silver cups presented to several of the Fathers for short-horn bulls, and "winter feeding the greatest number of cattle on turnips and straw"; the Prayer-book of Mary, Queen of Scots, and a great many other oddly mixed articles of more or less curiosity. In the library, along with other treasures, is a complete set of "Bollandists," containing the lives of about thirty thousand saints. The vestment-room contains a magnificent collection of gorgeous robes, stiff with golden embroidery, and rough with precious stones; and the most precious possessions of the community—the relics—are also kept in the same chamber. There privileged visitors may see one of the eyes of Father Oldcorn, who was put to death in the reign of Elizabeth; the thumb of the Rev. Robert Sutton, who also suffered about the same time; some hairs from the head of St. Francis Xavier, and the cord by which Father Campian was bound at his execution.

It will be seen that the educational system of Stonyhurst is distinctly religious. Religious pictures and emblems arrest attention on every side, and the religious services of the College are frequent and pretty strictly enforced. Another important part of the system is the personal supervision of the students. They are closely watched, and a constant effort is made, not merely to instruct them in different kinds of knowledge, but to discipline them in manners and ideas. One or two characteristic touches of Jesuit policy came out in the recent evidence. The sudden and absolute surrender of the prohibition against smoking in Roger Tichborne's time, when it was found impossible to prevent the philosophers from puffing their pipes in some part or other of the grounds, may perhaps recall some bitter passages in Pascal as to the cheerful acquiescence of the Order in vices or irregularities which they found to be too strong for them. The revision of the plays which the students act is another curious trait. The text is carefully gone over beforehand, and everything referring to love, or thought to be of an exciting or disturbing character for young men, is struck out. The *dramatis personæ* are sometimes rudely curtailed by all the female characters being cut out, which makes it necessary that all the male characters who are enamoured of them should be cut out too. If the acting or reading of plays were forbidden, or if special plays were compiled conveying such views of life as the Fathers might think desirable, nobody would be surprised. But there is something very odd in ordinary plays being chosen in order to be doctored in this violent manner, under the impression that the students will not detect the changes which have been made. We gather from the local guide that great attention is paid to the physical comfort of the students, and that a good deal of pains is taken to amuse them, and generally to make things pleasant. Field sports occupy a prominent place in the course of training, as in other English schools, and it would certainly seem that the discipline of study in other things is far from being severe. The philosophers are the parlour boarders of the establishment, with private rooms, a snug dining-room, and a luxurious drawing-room of their own, and they are left pretty much to themselves. If they choose to learn, they will be taught; if they don't choose, they have only to let it alone. The ordinary students probably enjoy less freedom in this respect, but there is no reason to suppose that they are overworked. The odd ignorance of some of the Stonyhurst men who have appeared in the witness-box has had a tendency to create a prejudice against the educational efficiency of the establishment, but it may be doubted whether an equal number of not less ignorant Eton men could not be found without much difficulty. On the whole, however, it may perhaps be assumed that, as a rule, Jesuit fathers are more anxious to turn out good Catholics than deep scholars.

MR. PLIMSOLL AND THE *LIVONIA*.

THE first of the actions against Mr. Plimsoll has resulted in a qualified victory for the defendant. The Court of Queen's Bench held that Mr. Plimsoll had undoubtedly made improper and unwarrantable assertions against Mr. Norwood, but that his statement that the *Livonia* was overloaded, and that the overloading led to the loss of the ship, was substantially true. Mr. Norwood has therefore been refused a rule for a criminal information, but Mr. Plimsoll will have to pay his own costs, and is still liable to a civil action. Mr. Justice Blackburn explained very clearly the principles on which the Court had formed its judgment. It was laid down that a person who applies for a rule for a criminal information must himself be free from blame, and that, even though the charges against him may not be altogether true, yet if they are partly true, he will not be entitled to the assistance of the Court in punishing his assailant. The Court

eliminated at the outset the passages in which Mr. Plimsoll accused Mr. Norwood of using his influence as a member of Parliament for the purpose of preventing legislation against unseaworthy ships. It was held that the House of Commons was quite strong enough to take care of itself in this respect, and that there was no necessity for the intervention of the ordinary tribunals. We need not go over all the details of the evidence. It is enough to say that the *Livonia* was built by contract to carry 1,800 tons dead weight, that she had made several voyages with nearly 1,800 tons of cargo on board, and that when she went down in the winter of 1869 she was carrying 1,600 tons of iron and coals. She was spar-decked, but she was much stronger than ordinary vessels of that class, and it was contended by Mr. Norwood's counsel that she ought to be reckoned a main-deck ship. It was maintained on behalf of the plaintiff that the vessel was not overloaded, and that she was lost, first, through the breaking down of the engines, which made her roll in the trough of the sea, and next, by the iron in the ship breaking loose, which caused her to sink almost immediately. It was also asserted that the weather was tempestuous. The Judges did not accept this version of the matter. They came to the conclusion that the weather was by no means so bad as was alleged, that the breaking down of the engines ought not to have made the ship unmanageable, and that, in point of fact, it was the excessive weight of cargo which produced that result. Mr. Justice Blackburn observed very truly that "when a steamer is despatched on a voyage the owners must contemplate the possibility that the engines may be disabled, and if that be so, she must not be so loaded that the weight will be so much that the vessel will become unmanageable in the event of any accident arising to the engines." The *Livonia* had sails as well as engines, but according to the evidence of some of the sailors, when the sails were set, she was not under command, and would not rise to the waves. It was shown that she went out of Sunderland Dock drawing not less than twenty-one feet of water on an even keel, and she was therefore one foot three inches deeper than she should have been according to the evidence of the witness on whom Mr. Norwood relied on this point. Two experienced stevedores who loaded the vessel expressed their opinion that she carried too much, and one of them declared that he would not have sailed three miles in her if he had been promised a gift of the ship and cargo. The engineer also said the ship would not carry her load ten miles from land if the weather continued as it was; and yet the weather does not appear to have been much more severe than might fairly be expected in November. It may be asked why the stevedores and engineer, if they thought the ship dangerously loaded, did not remonstrate with the owners, but the answer is perhaps sufficiently obvious.

It seems to us that this case is a very good illustration both of the defects of Mr. Plimsoll's indictment and the faults of the shipowners. It is important to observe in what sense the word "unseaworthy" may be used in this case. The *Livonia*, loaded to a depth which must be considered imprudent, with a particularly dangerous kind of dead weight, was sent on a winter voyage to the Baltic. It is probable that, if the engines had not broken down, she might have reached her destination in safety; and it may be plausibly argued that the chances were that the engines would not break down. This is not a common occurrence on board well-appointed ships, and the *Livonia* appears to have come up to a good standard in that respect. Again, it was quite on the cards that the weather might be calm. Winter passages are often rough, but they are not always so. If one had been making a book on the subject, it would perhaps have been tolerably safe to lay five to one in favour of her making a safe voyage. There was a chance that the engines might be disabled by some accident, but, on the whole, the chances were rather against this happening. On the other hand, the chances were that in November there would be boisterous weather, but then there was just a chance that there would not. Mr. Norwood's mistake seems to have been that he backed a ship with men's lives at stake on the chances which would be deemed not unreasonable on the race-course. We attach no importance to the fact that Mr. Norwood was, when the ship sailed, at Suez. He accepted the charter-party before he started, and it must be assumed that, with his experience as a shipowner, he knew the peculiar dangers of a cargo of iron and a November voyage. There is no reason to suppose that he would in any case have personally superintended the loading of the vessel, and if an *alibi* of this kind were to be allowed, certain shipowners would possibly find it convenient to spend a good deal of time abroad. It appears, however, that Mr. Norwood possessed only a comparatively small interest in the ship, and that, in so far as he was insured, he was mainly his own insurer. We gather, however, that the other owners were insured. Perhaps the best way to discuss this case is to put Mr. Norwood out of it, and speak merely of the proprietary. Whether the proprietary were fully insured or not, they might still find it a profitable speculation to take the chance of a ship being lost. An owner who gets one or more voyages a year out of a ship more than other people, or loads her deeper in the water than the average practice, earns large extra profits, and has a considerable margin to come and go upon in case of casualties. The point upon which Mr. Justice Blackburn laid the strongest emphasis—and it was really the gist of the whole case—was whether it could be considered a fair, reasonable, and legitimate risk that a ship should be sent to sea in such a condition that, if an accident happened to the machinery, she would become unmanageable, and in imminent danger of being lost. It is quite clear that the *Livonia* should have been manageable under sail as well as under steam, but it was the tremendous dead weight in her hold which prevented her from rising to the waves, and getting out of the trough in which she was rolling about. It is difficult to say whether the iron really broke loose; the captain asserts that it did, but several of the sailors deny this, and the stevedores assert that it was securely packed. The latter also affirm that the iron was not packed open throughout so as to diminish the pressure on the square inch, but that there was so much of it that, when they came to within three feet of the beams of the main deck, it had to be stacked in a solid mass. Anybody who knows what a solid mass of iron is in the hold of a ship will hardly be surprised at the disaster which befel the *Livonia*.

We come then to this—that, taking the case of the *Livonia* as a sample case, shipowners are not, as Mr. Plimsoll alleges, in the habit of sending out absolutely unseaworthy vessels, trusting on the one hand to luck, and on the other to insurance; but that, in considering the conditions of safety, they cut everything so fine that ships are really sent to sea on the chance that, if there is serene weather and no accidents, and all things go well, the ships will get safely to their destination, but if the least thing goes wrong, then the ships will almost certainly be lost. It is altogether a fair-weather calculation; and it is surely not unreasonable to insist that when human life is at stake this sort of speculation should be discouraged. Before the *Livonia* sailed on her last voyage, she had made a number of successful voyages with nearly 1,800 tons of dead weight on board; but in those cases the weather probably turned out fine, and the machinery did not break down. The old proverb about the pitcher going often to the well helps to point the moral of the final catastrophe. We must say that this case does not tend to raise our opinion of Board of Trade inquiries, as they have hitherto been conducted. The agents of the Board did not take evidence in this case, but they looked at the papers which the captain and owners put before them, and came to the conclusion that the ship was not overloaded. It is true, as Mr. Justice Blackburn remarked, that they were not in possession of all the evidence placed before the Court of Queen's Bench; but then the question is why they failed to get possession of it. The reason appears to have been the extremely simple one that they did not take the trouble to seek for it. It is not difficult, we think, to see the direction in which a remedy should be sought. In point of fact, shipowners and underwriters have a comparatively small interest in the safety of the vessels with which they are connected. There is no reason to suppose that unseaworthy ships are sent out deliberately, but there is a dangerously wide estimate of inevitable losses at sea. A brisk business, with heavy risks, pays very well. The captain, like the crew, has a personal interest in the safety of the ship, but he is pretty well paid for his perils, and is very much under the owner's control. It is the sailors who have most interest in saving their own lives, for they have no other interest; and it is the sailors, consequently, who may be trusted to be most jealous and suspicious as to the soundness of the vessel. It would be worth while to strengthen their hands in this respect. No doubt sailors are not a perfect class; they often grumble without cause, and they sometimes try to take advantage of their employers by a strike at a critical moment. It must not be assumed that sailors are always in the right when they refuse to go in a ship; but they sometimes are, and it is necessary to provide them with every facility for getting questions of this kind fairly tried. Hard and fast rules such as Mr. Plimsoll advocates are open to the obvious objection that ships are built in a great many different ways, and that what would be fair in one case would be unfair in another. Each ship must be taken by itself; but there ought not to be much difficulty in laying down certain general rules as to the proportion between the cargo and the dimensions of a ship, and in marking the ship so as to supply materials for arriving at a conclusion as to whether she is or is not too deep in the water.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

VI.

LANDSCAPE having this year assumed a prominence and an importance wholly without precedent in the practice of the Academy, we shall devote an entire paper to the consideration of the phases which the English school of landscape-painting now presents. Perhaps the first thought suggested by the survey of the exhibition is the variety of styles, the diversity of manners; each painter treads in a path peculiar to himself, and approaches nature from the side which appears good in his own eyes. Nature herself therefore appears on these walls less in her unity than in her variety; thus the scenes respectively depicted by Mr. Poole, Mr. Vicat Cole, Mr. Peter Graham, Mr. Hook, Mr. Alfred Hunt, Mr. Henry Moore, and Mr. Brett, might almost belong to as many separate continents or worlds. The result is that, while each artist is circumscribed, the collective art is wide and comprehensive. One painter sees in nature breadth and power, another detail and subtlety, a third seeks for form, a fourth for colour. Some artists look at nature with the eye of Poussin, others follow in the wake of Constable, and a few seek to realize visions which haunted the frenzied fancy of Turner. We shall proceed to illustrate these varied modes of study by examples.

Mr. Poole, R.A., is Poussinesque; "A Lion in the Path" (28) presents an imposing composition of rocks, trees, and figure, deep,

in shadow, solemn in colour, grandly negligent of minor details which might militate against breadth and power. The manner intrudes as a not unwelcome anachronism into the midst of our modern art; it is as shadow falling among sunshine, or as tragedy darkening the light-hearted joy of life. We may here remark that this dramatic interpretation of nature belongs all but exclusively to figure-painters; thus it dates back to the times of Titian, Nicolas Poussin, and Salvator Rosa. The older poets, too, had an analogous way of looking at nature through the coloured medium of imagination, and even so placid and comparatively prosaic a writer as Wordsworth saw sadness in a sunset after watching o'er humanity. There are yet others of our landscape-painters, who, though too naturalistic to fall under the influence of historic styles, come to nature with preconceived ideas of what is essential to grandeur of motive. Mr. Peter Graham almost impersonates the elements when, under the title of "Wind" (64), he throws a storm across a pine forest, fills a wild sky with gusty rain, and makes the swollen torrent tear headlong over its rocky bed. This artist is never so great as when inspired by his own early work, "The Spate in the Highlands"; the idea of the present composition comes as a logical sequence to the prior conception; and thus we again see how each painter has his limits, while landscape art as a whole is year by year extending its sphere and comprising within its enlarged circuit new aspects of nature. Mr. MacWhirter is another Scotch artist inspired by Scotch mists. "The Fisherman's Haven" (669) is one of those pictures which seem to call for greatcoats and umbrellas, and yet the wind is so fierce that an umbrella would be blown away. The worst of this sort of art is that, like certain creeds, it deals in negations: light is blotted from the sky and colour erased from the earth; an inkpot rather than a colour-box is the companion of these painters. A black cloud is to a Scotch artist what a white horse was to Wouvermann—he cannot get on without it. We fear it is useless to look for either colour or daylight north of the Tweed. At all events "Morning on Loch Awe" (1052), by Sir George Harvey, President of the Royal Scottish Academy, is as absolutely colourless as chalk and water.

Some landscape-painters, as we have seen, strive how much they can leave out; others, on the contrary, study how much they can put in. Mr. Vicat Cole, A.R.A., the only exclusively landscape-painter within the pale of the Academy, has endeavoured this year as heretofore to throw into "Hay-time" (114) the fulness of "fresh verdure," the pretty fancy of "unnumbered flowers." He at the same time reconciles a detail which is perplexing and even trivial in the foreground with a sweep of wide-stretching woodland in the middle distance; there has seldom been seen a picture more accurate in detail of most parts; from grassy meadow to the distance of the hills on the verge of the horizon the range is amazing, while scope and altitude are given to the cloudy canopy of sky. And yet the picture has less of the spontaneity of genius than of the dull deadness of taskwork; the painter's execution has become muzzy and uncertain. Mr. Birket Foster's "In the Isle of Wight" (122) shows him less successful on the large scale of oils than on the small scale of water-colours. Mr. Redgrave, R.A., is another painter whose aim has been to compass the multitudinous detail of nature, and yet "The Fading Year" (147) is to art what a spelling-book is to literature; such styles belong to the infantile period of learning the letters. Neither does Mr. Leader grow stronger, though he has tried to give befitting breadth and power to the "Mountain's Solitude" (379). Hills, as delineated by Mr. Hering at "Borrowdale" (677), show a delicacy of tone and a refinement of sentiment which have gone out of fashion since the days of Danby. Sir Robert Collier deserves to be named as an amateur and something more; "Morning Light in a Swiss Valley" (1028) is marked by a detail and thoroughness denied to other public men who take to art as a pastime. Mr. Cooke, R.A., is an example of how far it is possible for an artist with little imagination or emotion to reach the true aspects of nature simply by means of a shrewd intellect. "Steeple Rock (of Serpentine), Kynance Cove, Cornwall" (419), is one of the very few studies which satisfy the scientific mind. The fractures in the stone, and the play of yellows and reds into greys, approach to the literal transcript of a diagram. And yet we here come upon the impassable barriers which divide science from art. The work, judged by art standards, is hard, mechanical, and colourless; it is photographic and little more—yet perfect of its kind. In such facsimile portraiture of angular rocks the artist gives as it were the anatomy, the backbone, of nature; landscape art is thus absolutely denuded. Mr. Brett, in "A Morning amongst the Granite Boulders" (681), a picture commanding by its unswerving truth a central position on the line, in like manner stops short at the point where even the best anatomical articulations in landscape art necessarily end. The spectator remains unmoved, or at most the sensation experienced is that of amazement, as when the eye gazes aghast on a petrifaction. The forms chosen are singular rather than beautiful—a constant and fatal mistake with these stern realists. Mr. Brett, however, has occasionally surrendered himself to beauty; the atmospheric conditions he chooses often present some of those startling but transient phenomena of the heavens which it is the province of the landscape-painter to place permanently on record.

The Academy is no longer conspicuous as in the days of Stanfield for marine pictures; in fact, our artists seem afraid to get out of sight of shore into mid ocean. Hence, while coast scenes abound, sea-pieces are scarce. Some of the best studies of coast and sea come from the easel of Mr. C. Hunter. Thus "Trawlers Waiting for Darkness" (386) may be commended for the grey hazy atmosphere which hangs over our English coasts; but the execution is almost as woolly as worsted-work; nowhere in this student's work do we meet the crispness of a swelling wave taken at its curl ere it breaks. One reason, no doubt, why large marine pictures are no longer produced is because "the wooden walls of England" are superseded by unpaintable ironclads, also because sails flying before the wind are giving place to smoky funnels and black paddle-boxes. All the products and appliances that pertain to the science of engineering are hostile to art. For analogous reasons architecture is less painted than formerly; some buildings are too new, others too fine, and our historic monuments labour under the disadvantage of being put in good repair. At all events since the time of David Roberts the deliberate painting of architecture has fallen into disuse. An additional reason why our artists have turned their talents to simple landscape, undisturbed save by a cow or a cottage, may be that the cathedrals, castles, Hôtels de Ville, bridges, &c., in England and on the Continent have been so often drawn that the public grow a little weary. But nature never wearies; a tree and a stream, a mountain and a sky, cannot pall on the mind, however oft repainted. Egypt, though about the most monotonous of lands, whether for architectural form or atmospheric effect, seems to be one of the last of countries to be used up. Mr. MacCallum, in "The Vocal Memnon" (676), presents figures as familiar as the statue of the Duke of Wellington on the Arch; and yet, though these colossi have again and again been seen in exhibitions under all possible effects, the painter startles us with a new surprise by more than accustomed effulgence reflected from the rising sun. The treatment is trite; the striking contrast between the bright light of morning and the cool shade of night, as the sun rising above the horizon illumines the tops of these two giants standing in the plain with the summits of the hill-cut tombs of the kings beyond, is an effect which nine painters out of ten would have chosen as the most obvious. Still a scenic display has seldom been forced up by such strong footlights. With more subtle gradation of shade and colour Mr. Dillon has depicted the "Tombs of the Memlooks" (22). The refined qualities of this well-considered composition suffer from injudicious hanging. Yet another well-known structure on the banks of the Nile remains to be noticed, "The Temple of Kom Ombos" (1016), by Mr. Tilton, an American painter long resident in Rome. The picture having won by desert a place on the line, its peculiar technique can be closely examined. In years past we have observed in Rome this anomalous and not very pleasing mode of manipulation. Mr. Tilton committed himself to the theorizing of Mr. Page; the one was a landscape, the other a figure painter. They proclaimed that they had discovered the secret of Titian; they held that by an endless succession of glazings they could imprison upon canvas sunbeams and prismatic colours, so that light was said to shine somehow from the back of the picture. Thus, when visitors entered studios where such products were present, it was usual to draw down all the curtains so that the work, like one of the heavenly bodies, might shine by its own light. We regret to add that no such effect takes place within the Academy; indeed the picture has been so toned down that little light is left in it.

Cattle, sheep, and goats have of late years in English art been growing wooden and Dutch-built; indeed the Academy boasts a show of animals in what may be termed the Noah's Ark style. We need only refer to the bovine productions of Mr. Cooper, R.A., and of Mr. Ansdell, R.A., in proof of the inevitable fate of artists who for half a century paint carcasses and skins, and little more. In contrast Mr. Davis, the newly elected Associate, endows with life, movement, and intelligence a fine group of cattle enjoying a "Summer Afternoon" (453). The modelling is soft yet firm, the hair turns up fresh facets with the undulations of surface as in the best studies of Paul Potter; each head, too, is an intelligent portraiture of character. The artist has formed an independent style, different from, yet scarcely inferior to, contemporary modes in Belgium and France, as may be seen by comparison with a cattle piece by M. Auguste Bonheur (1032). Beasts as painted by Mr. H. Hardy (129), and by Mr. Basil Bradley (1057), are simply monstrous and repulsive.

Reverting once more to simple landscape, the styles present in the Academy, though, as we have said, individually circumscribed, are collectively extended and varied. Sometimes an old manner is revived, as when Mr. Drabble, in "Passing Gleams" (196), and Mr. Anthony, in a churchyard (662), call Constable once more to witness the solemn solidity of his native earth. A more chaotic view of nature is taken by Mr. Oakes; "A Scottish Stream" (599) might seem to bear out the idea held by the older geologists that creation was but a succession of catastrophes. We must not pass over Mr. Wade's "Spring Ploughing" (534); this conscientious study is from the sober, stern, and shadowy side of nature. A stormy sunset (987), by Mr. Henry Moore, is also specially commendable for unity of motive.

The highest phase of landscape art is that which unites form, colour, and expression. Mr. J. Linnell, who now stands as a father among our English painters, contributes "A Coming Storm" (78), wherein he reconciles in good degree these all but incompatible qualities. This venerable artist has long settled into a grand mannerism, suggestive of Rubens, which his two sons seek to perpetuate. Yet Mr. W. Linnell in chromatic arrangements is more intricate and decorative; he paints "The Heath" (447) as if the earth were a tapestry of purple and gold; and he introduces

huntsmen and gipsies as if the first and final use of humanity were to illumine a landscape with radiant colour. Mr. C. P. Knight, in a composition of blue sea and golden headlands (107), has also gone far to solve the difficult problem of how colour may be supreme without the surrender of form. The same perplexing puzzle has been solved by Mr. Alfred Hunt in "A Mountain Joyous with Leaves and Streams" (1026). Light is here gained almost without the intrusion of shadow, and form preserved, though outlines are merged. To pronounce form and at the same time to maintain the due relation of tone and colour in the midst of dazzling sunlight, is a great feat in landscape art. Mr. Raven is more bold and less successful when he places a bonfire between the spectator and the moonlight sky; yet, though he challenges failure, he is always thoughtful, and therefore awakens thought in others. Mr. Raven is one of the few artists whose mature manner is due in part to the training they passed through during the period of "Præ-Raffaellitism." Indeed, he and others already named have conceived the thought of working the literal detail of the so-called Præ-Raffaellites into Turneresque systems of colour and effects of atmosphere. Thus it may yet prove possible to unite into one landscape the utmost realism and the most ultra-idealism known in modern art. In a year's time, when we next recur to the Academy, we shall hope to encounter some of the new combinations thus made possible to the school of the future.

MADAME RISTORI AS ELIZABETH.

THE public was lately in danger of being overdone with theatrical imprecation. The performance of *Medea* by Madame Ristori at one house and by Miss Bateman at another would perhaps have been too much of a good thing, and we are therefore glad that the Italian lady has temporarily relinquished the cursing business to the American, and has appeared in parts less familiar than Medea. The play of *Elizabeth* presents to us not only the Queen of England, but her courtiers. Lord Burleigh, Sir Francis Drake, and many other remarkable characters appear upon the stage, and conduct themselves in a very remarkable way. Lord Burleigh has become Chancellor instead of Treasurer, and he does not maintain that silence which is so impressive in the *Critic*. Indeed he talks so much that when he complains that the Queen keeps her secrets from him we feel more persuaded of the Queen's wisdom than of his. The Queen does not curse her enemies like Medea, but she swears roundly in conversation "Death of my life" and other oaths like the true daughter of King Henry VIII. The Envoy Extraordinary of the King of Poland made a disrespectful remark in her presence, imagining that she did not understand Latin. "By the soul of Tully," says the Queen to the Earl of Essex, "I well brushed up my classics." She bangs the table with her hand, and would have broken it if it were not made of bronze. "This is the second time to-day," says Lord Burleigh, "that your Majesty has been in a passion." "Yes," answers the Queen, "and my doctor only allows me to go into a passion once a day." She is very angry with Shakspeare for presuming to bring her father and mother on the stage, but she is pacified by Bacon, who reads the lines in which she is introduced as a babe, and the glories of her reign are prophesied by Cranmer. Soon afterwards the Spanish Ambassador arrives, and the Queen speaks her mind as to his master without reserve. The Earl of Essex entreats her to be calm. The Queen answers, "Outbreaks like these do me much good; I am certain that I have this day prolonged my life by ten years." The ladies of the Court swear according to their degree, but of course less violently than Her Majesty. Lady Sarah, one of the most meek and mild of women, wishes that, if she speaks not truth, her mother's soul may burn eternally. The English translator of the play appears, like the authors of some of the conversation-books which are sold to travellers in Germany, to have suffered under the disadvantage of a foreign printer. The translator doubtless wrote "May my mother's soul continue in ——!" But the printer merely puts a full stop after "in," and thus the daughter's wish has apparent reference to the last antecedent, which is the Tower of London, and not to any warmer place. The play is constructed merely to exhibit the character of the Queen, and we need not therefore complain that the other characters are insignificant. The acting of the male parts is about equal to that of well-drilled supernumeraries of the opera. Lord Burleigh, Sir Bacone, Francesco Drak, Il Conte d'Essex, and Giacomo VI., all walk in and walk out. The young King of Scotland, in red breeches and red-topped boots, makes a slightly grotesque figure, and we decidedly object to the theatrical tailor's version of "vestito semplicemente," which is given as a stage direction. Another and greater absurdity is the attempt to mark the progress of time by putting Sir Bacone in the fifth act into a grey wig, and the Queen into wrinkles, while there is nothing in the play to show that the action is not continuous.

The interest of the play begins with a scene between the Queen and the Earl of Essex in the second act, in which, by a compliment to red hair and other flatteries, the Earl leads the Queen to show herself momentarily a woman. She gives him a ring, which he is to send to her if ever he should lose her favour, and she pledges her word that, on seeing it, she will pardon him. This is part of the same scene in which the Queen had "let out" against the Spanish Ambassador, and had told Essex that it did her good. At the end of the scene she resolves that Mary Stuart shall die, perhaps that very day. She signs Mary's death-warrant, and leaves it on the table and retires to her room. Sir Davinson takes it away. Giacomo VI. arrives to beg his mother's life. The Queen pretends that she will grant his prayer; but at this moment Sir Davinson returns and announces that execution has been done upon Mary. The Queen flies into a violent rage with Sir Davinson, and sends him to the Tower; and this explosion, besides being good for her health, enables her to maintain before Giacomo VI. and her courtiers the fiction that Mary's head has been cut off by an unfortunate mistake. Giacomo VI. makes a hasty exit out of the Queen's court, which he evidently thinks is getting too hot for him. The Queen either feels or feigns remorse for Mary's death, which, however, vanishes on the arrival of Drake with news of the Armada. The author has done full justice to the warlike spirit of the Queen. She declares her delight at learning the true destination of the Armada, rallies Lord Burleigh on his fears, and says that if many Englishmen are like him the lions must be struck out of England's shield. The Spanish Ambassador enters, and she asks him whether he is come to tell her once more that the Spanish fleet is destined against the Turks; and then she takes down her father's sword, draws it, and enacts a grand defiance of the power of Spain. It is not the fault either of the author or actress that Queen Elizabeth in this scene reminds us slightly of another potentate, the Grand Duchess of Gerolstein. As Mr. Puff says in the *Critic*, two persons happened to hit on the same thought, and one of them published it before the other—that is all. However, "the sword of my father" brings the curtain down with great applause. The next act shows us rejoicings in the palace for the defeat of the Armada. The description of the Queen's share in these rejoicings rather conflicts with our idea of her demeanour. "She runs from hall to hall like a young gazelle." The jewels which she wears would buy an earldom. This is not a very strong expression, as, at least under Queen Elizabeth's successor, the market price of an earldom was not extravagant. The Queen enters. She announces that in consideration of the victory she has pardoned Sir Davinson, and he must pray for the soul of Mary Stuart, put to death through his fault. The Queen has been playing on the harp so as to draw after her, says Davinson, even the beasts of prey. "Yes," answers the Queen, "I was surrounded by my courtiers." The next incident is the appearance of a young woman whose husband had died of grief at the execution of Mary Stuart, and who has entered the garden of the palace with intent to assassinate the Queen. The young woman is pardoned. The Queen then "takes her state," as the old dramatists would say, and receives the conquerors of the Armada. She rewards all but Essex, who has disobeyed orders. He breaks out into complaint of injustice, and challenges Lord Howard. She bids him take up his gage, and raises her hand to strike him, and he grasps his sword. He is seized by her order and carried to the Tower, exclaiming, "My head will add one more to those which the Angel of Justice will hold up before you in your dying hour." In the next act we are to understand that Essex is lying in the Tower under sentence of death; that the Queen will take no step herself to pardon him, but hopes that he will send to her the ring she gave him. She forbids her attendant to go to the Tower, but hopes that the attendant will perceive that, although her lips forbade, yet her heart entreated her to go. But the attendant, a worthy lady, is rather stupid. Presently Lady Sarah, the wife of Lord Howard and lover of Essex, arrives. She has been to the Tower and received the ring from Essex, but on her return her husband took the ring from her and locked her up. She escaped, and hurried to the Queen, but at this moment a cannon is heard, which is the signal that Essex has lost his head. Then grief and horror possess the Queen entirely. She reproaches Bacon with having contrived the death of Essex, drives him and the other courtiers from the room, and falls upon her knees "alone with her remorse and God." Here the power of the actress fully appears. We know now that we are looking upon an artist worthy to be named with Siddons and Rachel.

In the fifth act the Queen and some of her courtiers bear marks of age, while the King of Scotland, who has come to London to take care of his succession, looks as youthful as before. The death of Essex is said to have broken the Queen's heart, and as there is nothing to indicate any great lapse of time since this event occurred, we infer that the Queen's wrinkles are caused by sorrow, and Bacon's grey hair and baldness by hard work in his profession. The Queen, despite her sickness, has gone down to the House of Parliament, and is rating the Commons soundly for trenching on her prerogative. Lord Burleigh and King James seize the opportunity to discuss the future. The expectant sovereign of these kingdoms ventilates a little clap-trap about basing his rule upon a king's duty and his subjects' love. The Queen's return perturbs this discourse, and the King is stowed with some loss of dignity into a side room, where, says Bacon, he may think over his coronation speech. The Queen enters in her mantle and crown. Her features are contracted, and her head bowed down, but she raises herself with an effort and tries to appear stronger than she is. The struggle of a firm will against weakness and death is finely represented by Madame Ristori. "Like to a ripe ear of corn she is compelled to bow the head." It would be well, we think, if the cushions on which she reclines were placed on some kind of raised platform, as it is difficult to preserve dignity or solemnity while lying on the ground. She labours under the same difficulty in this respect as Mr. Irving when

he dies in *Eugene Aram*. We should not forget that Shakespeare makes Constance seat herself on the ground exclaiming, "Here I and sorrow sit. Here is my throne." The mingled emotions of the Queen are forcibly portrayed. She grieves for Essex; she feels that her popularity has departed. This morning, when she traversed the streets, one might have thought that her litter was a bier. Is she then so very old? She looks in her glass and sees deep wrinkles, but hardly any trace of silver in her golden hair. Yet she feels that her frame is wasting. Her limbs grow icy cold; her sight fails, darkness grows upon her, and amid the gloom advance tall spectres, and trunkless heads fall at her feet. She sinks back upon the cushions; King James approaches, thinking she is dead; she starts up in horror, exclaiming that it is the Stuart's son, and that he bears in his hand his mother's head. Perceiving her delusion, she exclaims that she is better. Drake now enters, announcing the pacification of Ireland. Growing again worse, she names James her successor, but is disturbed at the moment by shouts from outside of "Long live King James!" She is still Queen, and will keep the crown while living. James may take it from her head when she is dead. It is no blame to the author to suppose that he had in his mind the dying hours of King Henry IV. when he wrote these lines. Two things she commends to her successor—her Bible and her father's sword. With the one he will defend the other. Then she calls on the soul of her beloved Essex to meet her in Heaven, and expires.

The author has done his work quite as well as could be expected. He has produced an article suited to the English market, and we do not see how he could have improved it. If Madame Ristori desired to assume the character of Queen Catherine, a translation might be made for her by the same hand of those scenes of Shakspeare in which the wife of King Henry VIII. appears; but this could hardly be done well without one or two strong actors to support her.

THE ITALIAN OPERAS.

OUR musical readers may have felt some surprise that up to this time no account has been given of the operatic doings at Covent Garden and Drury Lane. Herr Richard Wagner once wrote about a great composer, whom we shall not name, that, "with little or nothing to say, he said it in an elegant manner." We cannot boast of the peculiar faculty attributed by the author of the *Nibelungen* Trilogy to the composer in question. With very little indeed to say, we preferred remaining silent until something fresh might turn up.

Although Mr. Gye opened the doors of the Royal Italian Opera as far back as the 1st of April, and Mr. Mapleson those of Her Majesty's Opera only a fortnight later, not a single novelty has yet been produced at either house—unless *Ernani*, first heard about a quarter of a century past at Her Majesty's Theatre when under Mr. Lumley's memorable direction, and since frequently repeated, not only in the Haymarket, but occasionally in Bow Street (1852, for instance, with Angiolina Bosio as Elvira), can be styled a "novelty." *Ernani* was produced in 1844 at the Scala, Milan, one year later than *I Lombardi*, and two years after *Nabucco*, Verdi's first decidedly successful work. It was last performed here in 1866, at Her Majesty's Theatre, under the direction of Mr. Mapleson, the leading parts being assigned to Madlle. Tietjens, Signor Tasca, M. Gassier, and Mr. Santley. Mr. Gye in his prospectus fairly announced it as a "revival." Such will be also the same composer's *Luisa Miller* (founded upon the *Kabale und Liebe* of Schiller), presented at Her Majesty's Theatre in 1858, the chief characters being sustained by Piccolomini, Alboni, Giuglini, Beneventano, and Violetti; and such again Rossini's glorious *Mosè in Egitto*, the French amplification of his *Maometto Secondo*, brought out, two years later, with great magnificence, at Covent Garden, under the strange and unbiblical title of *Zora*—but, seeing how early it was abandoned, with scarcely proportionate success. To the revival of these Mr. Gye pledges himself: as also to the reproduction of *Il Guarany*, by Señor Gomez, about which nobody affected to care very seriously last year. Of the two *bond fide* novelties mentioned in the prospectus, Auber's charming comic opera, *Les Diamans de la Couronne*, for the first time (here at least) in an Italian dress, with Madame Adelina Patti as the heroine, offers unquestionably the strongest attraction. But this, like Herr Wagner's *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*, has been talked of more than once; and we shall wait and see, notwithstanding the general belief that it is positively in rehearsal. About the new opera (not so very new by the way), *I Promessi Sposi*, founded upon the celebrated romance of the late Manzoni, with music by Signor Ponchielli, or Punchielli—for it seems, like the "Je m'en vais, ou Je m'en vas," of the moribund French grammarian, that "*les deux se disent*"—nothing has been heard since its announcement. We are already advanced more than half way into the season, and just about toppling over to the other side. As, however, *I Promessi Sposi* is unreservedly promised, no doubt ought reasonably to be entertained that it will be forthcoming. At the same time many people would doubtless have preferred hearing an opera by Signor Petrella, composer of *Ione*, Verdi's fiercest and most uncompromising disciple—certainly his most furious imitator. Signor Petrella is reputed to have been dubbed by Verdi, "The last of the Romans"—the very epithet bestowed by Rossini, in good-natured irony, upon Verdi himself. To whom Signor Petrella, in his turn, will award that enviable distinction remains to be known. He may possibly retain it exclusively for himself, having, as it is said, no leaven of irony in his nature.

The foregoing remarks explain all to which the long experienced manager of the Royal Italian Opera has pledged himself in the way of novelty, or *quasi*-novelty. For the rest he has relied, and relies, unconditionally, not altogether without judgment, on the repertory of well-known works, the performance of which, year after year, has earned for his theatre a European fame. Upon these, from the beginning of the season, he has drawn without stint. His company is strong in all departments, and he has been able to employ it to excellent purpose in the popular operas which he has immediately at command. Pending the arrival of Madame Adelina Patti, for many years Mr. Gye's most cherished prima donna, and, now that Madame Pauline Lucca seems determined upon making America her future home, without an equal, several artists previously unknown to England have rendered more or less valuable service. The majority, as might have been expected, are unlikely to gain a position of any consequence; but two or three have made some mark. One of the most promising, Madlle. Anna D'Angeri, came forward on the first night of the season. The opera chosen for her *début* was the *Africaine* of Meyerbeer. This choice was rather a serious obstacle to complete success—and no wonder. It is not easy for any singer to come after Pauline Lucca in the part of Selika, expressly intended for her by Meyerbeer, who wished her to undertake it in Paris, but did not live to see her play it even at Berlin. Nevertheless, Madlle. D'Angeri possesses excellent qualities both of voice and intelligence, which, being young, she may, with diligent study, ripen, if not into perfection, at least into something near it. She comes from Mantua, and may probably go back to Mantua; but that is no reason why she should not at some future period return to London—not, however, to impersonate Leonora, in the *Favorita*, or Valentine, the heroine of the *Huguenots*, her most recent and least successful efforts, neither character lying within her capabilities, mental or physical. The successor to Madlle. D'Angeri was Madlle. Amalia Fossa, about whom the most that can be said is that she was indulgently received by the audience. The opera, either selected by the lady herself, or selected for her, was the *Traviata;* but more is demanded for an adequate embodiment of Violetta than belongs to Madlle. Fossa, who, though apparently endowed with a certain amount of instinctive talent, has little power of expression. Habitual frequenters of our Italian Operas have seen and applauded so many "Traviatas," from Piccolomini and Bosio (in 1856) down to Patti and Nilsson, that they are indisposed to regard with much leniency any ordinary portrayal of the character; and that Madlle. Fossa's portrayal is little beyond the ordinary must be allowed. In her subsequent essay, as the heroine of M. Gounod's *Faust e Margherita*, Madlle. Fossa risked still further and more perilous comparisons. How many Gretchens have we not seen and admired, from Tietjens, first at Her Majesty's Theatre, Miolan Carvalho, first at the Royal Italian Opera, and passing over Désirée Artôt, &c., down to Lucca, Patti, and Nilsson! It was at least indiscreet to put a young and inexperienced artist through such an ordeal.

A third new comer, Madame Paoli, whose name had not been advertised in the prospectus, made her first appearance as Leonora, in the *Favorita;* but, though possessing undeniable ability, a voice both agreeable and telling, and a *mezza voce* extremely well managed, if sometimes too subdued, she failed to create anything like a powerful impression. Madame Paoli is one of those who by trying to do too much generally achieve too little. Her best scene was the last; but even in this there was a great deal to desire, well as she was supported by Signor Nicolini. Here, again, the audience could not possibly help going back to old reminiscences; and among these reminiscences were Grisi and Lucca. At the second performance of *La Favorita* Madlle. D'Angeri took the part of Leonora, *vice* Madame Paoli; but, to speak the truth, there was nothing gained by the substitution. Mr. Gye's recent discoveries in the way of vocalists of the other sex, with two exceptions, have not afforded unqualified satisfaction. Signor Oliva Pavani, for example, a tenor who made his first appearance in *Lucia di Lammermoor*, as Edgardo, with the engaging young Canadian, Madlle. Emma Albani, as Lucia, is doubtless an artist of considerable culture; but he ought to have arrived here twenty years earlier. Signor Pavani has the advantage of being able to hold on sustained notes without recourse to the so-called "tremolo," which, as we have said more than once, is not so much a want of taste as a physical imperfection. He also sings and acts with intelligence; but of charm he is destitute. Signor Montanaro, another new tenor, possesses the gift, now belonging to very few, of mastering without effort the earlier music of Rossini—music written long before Rossini was the Rossini of *Guillaume Tell*. By this alone he won the hearty approval of connoisseurs on the occasion of his *début*, when he played Almaviva to the Rosina of that clever Hungarian singer, Madlle. Smeroschi. Signor Montanaro is also thoroughly well versed in the "*recitativo parlante*," which he renders intelligibly and with emphasis never exaggerated. Moreover, in the little he has been commissioned to undertake Signor Montanaro proved himself as much at home in the histrionic as in the vocal requirements of his art. If he had only the appearance and physical qualifications of a Mario, or even of a Giuglini, he would be, even now, a model Almaviva; but unfortunately he is wanting in both. How far these are apt to influence public opinion and excite public sympathy need scarcely be insisted on. Both Signor Pavani and Signor Montanaro have appeared

in other operas—Signor Pavani, for example, as the Duke, in *Un Ballo in Maschera*, Signor Montanaro as Carlo, in *Linda di Chamouni*. On Thursday, moreover, Signor Pavani undertook one of the most trying and arduous of tenor parts—that of Arturo in *I Puritani*, the Elvira being Madame Trisolini. Passing by one or two nonentities—such as Signor Edardi, a light (very light) tenor—we may name Signor Nannetti and Signor Maurel as the remaining two of Mr. Gye's more or less noticeable late acquisitions. Signor Nannetti, a barytone-bass, in so far as we may be permitted to judge by his representation of Mephistopheles, though by no means a Faure, to whom the character by prerogative of genius belongs, can boast of certain qualifications not to be despised—a fair voice, for instance, and a fair amount of dramatic talent; but there can be little hope of his attaining anything higher than a modest place. He is, in fact, one of the so-termed "respectables." Signor Nannetti played Mephistopheles, to the Margaret of Madlle. Smeroschi (another Margaret—happy M. Gounod!), who is no more the Margaret we have a right to expect at the Royal Italian Opera than was Madlle. Fossa before her, Madlle. Berini some years ago, and others who might be named. M. Maurel, just referred to, also a barytone-bass, is likely to render the Covent Garden director more essential service than any other of his recent acquisitions. This gentleman is an artist *pur sang*, and though a Frenchman has acquired considerable proficiency in the Italian tongue. He has a handsome person, a graceful and manly stage demeanour, a fine and well-trained voice, together with real dramatic intelligence. He made his *début* as Renato, in the *Ballo in Maschera*, one of Verdi's best operas, despite its inferiority to Auber's *Gustav III.* from which the libretto (by Scribe) was borrowed. It is reported that M. Maurel was recommended by M. Faure, whom he has to thank also for friendly counsel. If that be the case, it exhibits M. Faure in the most favourable light as an artist, with few precedents, wholly ungeotistical and devoid of jealousy. Without being absolutely his equal, no one that we know of approaches so nearly as M. Maurel to the excellence of M. Faure; and this was proved by his respective impersonations of Guillaume Tell and Hoel (in Meyerbeer's *Dinorah*), two of the characters upon which M. Faure has long ago put his stamp, and in the latter of which he has never found a rival, except it be our English barytone, Santley.

We have now enumerated all the additions to the Covent Garden company, Madame Elvira Trisolini, who made her first appearance on Thursday night, as Elvira, in Bellini's *I Puritani*, excepted. About this lady we must take another opportunity of speaking. If we are unable to credit Mr. Gye with entire success in his new discoveries, it is only just to credit him with praiseworthy enterprise. Of course the old favourites of last year, some, indeed, of many preceding years, are back again, with one reservation, a reservation much to be deplored—that of Madame Lucca, who in her way stands alone. First at her post was Madlle. Emma Albani, who earned such general applause last season, and to whose future career every amateur looks forward with interest. We may say at once that Madlle. Albani, as the heroine of *Lucia di Lammermoor*, gave convincing proofs that she had been studying with earnestness. Her progress is unmistakable; and, with youth and attractive personal gifts in her favour, there is no reason why she should not reach the highest position. Her voice is one of charming quality, more particularly in the extreme notes of its register, and these notes she uses with consummate art. Madlle. Albani has also reappeared in *La Sonnambula*, *Martha*, *Linda di Chamouni*, and *Rigoletto*, in every one of which operas the same marked improvement was recognized. Her last character was Ophelia, in the *Hamlet* of M. Ambroise Thomas—a bold essay, with Madame Christine Nilsson so near at hand, but, notwithstanding that, on the whole deservedly successful. The scene with Hamlet, and the scene at the end of the opera, when Ophelia, bereft of reason, drowns herself in the stream, after warbling the pathetic Swedish melody which M. Thomas has turned to as good account as M. Flotow has turned the "Last Rose of Summer" (the "Groves of Blarney") in his *Martha*, alone sufficed to persuade every one that Madlle. Albani had not merely improved as a vocalist, but equally so as an actress. The greatest hopes may fairly be entertained of this interesting young Canadian.

What is there more to say about Madlle. Adelina Patti, who made her first appearance as Rosina, in the *Barbiere*, and, "*dulce subridens*," acknowledged the enthusiastic applause of the audience when showing herself at the balcony of Dr. Bartolo's house—afterwards singing the familiar "Una voce poco fa" as she alone can now sing it, and in fact sustaining the whole part as she alone can now sustain it? To criticize her performances of Rosina, Amina, Dinorah, Zerlina (*Don Giovanni*), Leonora, in the *Trovatore*, which she plays too seldom (though we confess to having heard more than enough of the opera), and other characters in which she is familiar, would be superfluous. Enough that she remains, and is likely to remain, *facile princeps* in her peculiar line, and for versatility may be regarded as another Malibran. Witness, for example, her impersonation, the other night, of Elvira, the unhappy heroine of Verdi's *Ernani*. Her execution of the music was perfect, and her acting was such as to encourage a belief that, even without music, her natural language, she could allow Victor Hugo to speak as eloquently as if Verdi had nothing to do with it. This assertion, however, will astonish no one who believes, as we do, that the Hugo of the opera is the composer we have named.

What the other artists of Mr. Gye's company have done need scarcely be told. To name them, indeed, will almost suffice. Signor Nicolini, who improves every season, is, though a Frenchman, becoming more and more Italian; and (Signor Bettini not being a "star" in the effulgent sense of the term), until Signor Mongini left Drury Lane to go to Covent Garden, had most of the great tenor parts to himself. Of course Signor Nicolini could not vie with Signor Mongini in such parts as Otello and Arnold. That, in spite of M. Maurel, M. Faure, his compatriot, has been the foremost bass-barytone of the company will be no less readily understood than that his impersonations of Don Giovanni and Hamlet are, as they have ever been, in their way incomparable. Madlle. Scalchi—Madame Trebelli-Bettini (perhaps) excepted—is the best singing contralto, with the richest and mellowest voice at present to be heard on the Italian stage; and this has been demonstrated over and over again. Signor Graziani preserves that charm of voice which, though limited in register, still exercises, his artificial style of phrasing notwithstanding, a potent sway. Signor Cotogni, a clever and versatile artist, has been competent and acceptable in almost every part assigned to him; but he would do wisely to dispense with Rigoletto, for, though by no means so divertingly grotesque as Signor Graziani, he has not the subtle dramatic requisites to enable him to adequately pourtray the character. The true delineation of the unlucky Court Jestor, indeed, seems to have accompanied Giorgio Ronconi to America. Anything more, except a word to recognize, not for the first time, the valuable services of that ever ready artist Madame Sinico, who has especially distinguished herself this year as the Queen in *Hamlet*, is unnecessary. Madlle. Corsi, Signors Ciampi, Bagagiolo, Capponi, Tagliafico, &c., maintain their positions as indispensable members of the Covent Garden "old guard," and deserve all the consideration they have hitherto received; but we must persist in asserting that Signor Ciampi is more noisy and loquacious than comic, and that Signor Bagagiolo, considering the small progress he has made, is still *vox et præterea nihil*. That the company, however, is more or less efficient in each department, and indeed, has well shown its efficiency, cannot be denied. No less than twenty operas have already been performed, viz:—*L'Africaine*, *La Favorita*, *Lucia*, *Un Ballo in Maschera*, *Faust e Margherita*, the *Sonnambula*, *Guillaume Tell*, *Martha*, *Linda di Chamouni*, *Masaniello*, the *Barbiere*, *Don Giovanni*, *Rigoletto*, *Dinorah*, the *Trovatore*, *Hamlet*, *Otello*, the *Huguenots*, *Ernani*, and the *Puritani*. Meanwhile every subscriber is longing for the *Diamans de la Couronne*, with Madame Patti as the Queen of Portugal.

Mr. Gye persists in his system of maintaining two conductors, which it may be presumed he finds advantageous. No doubt Signori Vianesi and Bevignani are able musicians; but each having his own individual manner of directing, it is fair to suppose that the members of the orchestra may, now and then, be more or less perplexed. If not, so much the better. The orchestra, with our great English violinist, Mr. Carrodus, as "*chef d'attaque*," is numerous and powerful, and the chorus very good. Mr. Gye has sustained a grave loss by the unexpected death of Mr. Augustus Harris, so long his diligent and indefatigable stage manager. What Mr. Harris did, however, must for a long time be beneficial to the theatre.

In our next number we hope to give an account of what has been going on at Her Majesty's Opera since Mr. Mapleson reopened the doors of "Old Drury." Time was when the public heard as much of musical drama at Drury Lane Theatre as of drama without music; but now amateurs must depend exclusively upon the short season of Italian Opera.

RACING AT ASCOT.

WINSLOW'S victory in the Royal Hunt Cup race was secured against considerable disadvantages, and stamps him as one of the best milers of his year, Prince Charlie always excepted. He was giving a stone all but a pound to Reine, a One Thousand and Oaks winner, and 1 lb. to Laburnum, who once ran Prince Charlie to a head. He was also giving weight to every one of the remaining competitors; and moreover he had to suffer from the numerous false starts and delays that invariably attend races of this description, and that so often destroy the chances of the top-weights before the flag falls. However, when the signal was given, Fordham was first off with Winslow, and though of course he did not attempt to force the running, yet he got a clear course for his horse, and thereby avoided that risk, so common in large fields, of being shut in and prevented from getting near the front. Freed from such impediments, quality is sure to tell at the finish; and though Reine had so much the best of the weights, and so much the best of the position, too, opposite the stand, yet a well-timed rush of Fordham's enabled him to secure the handsome prize for Winslow. The most gratifying circumstance of the race was that the foremost places were gained by animals of fair racing merit, Winslow, Reine, and Oxford Mixture; and that highly-bred rubbish, four-year-olds like Lord Gough, with 6 st. 7 lbs., and Wolfhall, with 6 st. 10 lbs., were never formidable for a moment. It would be indeed unfortunate if there were many repetitions of Valuer's victory in 1871, when a wretched six-year-old, favoured by a feather weight, managed to struggle home in front of horses much better entitled to carry off one of the few prizes of the year worthy of a sportsman's ambition. Winslow could hardly hope to follow up his Hunt Cup success by winning the Windsor Handicap on the following day, for he

had to give no less than 10 lbs. to Drummond, and that, too, over a six-furlong course, so well suited to the powers of M. Lefèvre's speedy horse; and it was no disgrace to him to be defeated by only three-quarters of a length. Fordham, by the way, was riding Drummond; but Custance did all that could be done with Winslow, and at even weights it would have been a very close struggle between the pair. We must not take leave of Wednesday's racing without mentioning that Miss Toto carried off the Fernhill Stakes for two- and three-year-olds, beating The Colonel easily over his own distance at weight for age, and giving M. Lefèvre a line for estimating the prowess of another youngster from his stable who, on the following day, was to astonish the world. Last year the result of the Fernhill was very different, for M. Lefèvre's smart two-year-old, Trombone, could get nowhere near Prince Charlie.

We briefly noticed last week the Cup race on the Thursday; and we may now add that the field consisted of three five-year-olds, Hannah, Corisande, and Eole II., two four-year-olds, Cremorne and Revigny, and two three-year-olds, Flageolet and Thorn. Thus it will be seen that there was nothing in the race sufficiently good to test the real merits of Cremorne as a stayer; for both Hannah and Corisande have probably seen their best day, and Thorn and Flageolet—however much the latter may have improved since the Two Thousand—cannot be considered first-class three-year-olds. However, the pace was better than is usual in long-distance races; in fact, it was so good that six out of the seven were effectually beaten at the end of two miles, and Cremorne, who was so full of running as almost to overpower his rider, came away by himself, and won as he pleased. On the same day, just as on the day before, Gang Forward and Kaiser each won a valuable race, but Gang Forward's task was far the easiest. On the Wednesday he had given Highland Laddie 12 lbs. and defeated him easily; on the Thursday he had to give Mr. Merry's horse 7 lbs. only, and therefore it is not surprising that he won more easily than before. Kaiser had to meet Chopette, and to carry a 12 lbs. penalty; and it was only the distance—a mile, too far for Chopette—that saved him from a reverse. As it was, she reached Kaiser's head opposite the Stand, and he had to be vigorously roused, but the mare dying away, according to her wont, in the last few strides, Mr. Savile's horse won by a neck. This was the best race run during the week by any of Baron Rothschild's representatives, who have been extraordinarily unfortunate of late. In the All-Aged Stakes Drummond tried conclusions, at even weights, with Prince Charlie; but his magnificent opponent treated him as he treats all others over short courses, and left him as if he were standing still. How good Prince Charlie is this year over a six-furlong course we have no means of knowing, with such extraordinary ease has he won his races; and we must more than ever regret the infirmity which debars so splendid a horse from taking part in the Cup contests of the year. In the Biennial for two and three-year-olds, Sugarcane was, for the third time in succession, a conqueror, and beat The Colonel about as far as Miss Toto did on the previous day. But the real two-year-old event of the day, we might perhaps add of the week, was the New Stakes, which brought out a good field of eleven, including many public runners—Kidbrooke with 5 lbs. extra, and the unhappy Mr. Winkle, with 9 lbs. extra, and among the dark horses, a half brother to The Druid, by Blair Athol out of Coimbra's dam, and one of the high-priced colts of last year's Middle Park sale, named Ecossais, by Blair Athol out of Margery Daw. No secret was made of the great superiority of the last named to his stable companion, Miss Toto, and no mistake was made in the assertion; for he took the lead immediately the flag fell, was never approached, and won by six lengths in a canter. This is of course by far the best form that has been shown this year, as may be seen by an examination of Kidbrooke's performances; but Ecossais, though a colt of wonderful power and substance, and well topped, has very queer-looking forelegs, which will probably occasion his trainer a great deal of anxiety. So fine a galloper, however, has not been seen this season, not even Marsworth, who apparently is the most formidable antagonist to Ecossais, so far as we can judge from public running.

The new race on the last day of the meeting, the Ascot Plate, obtained a good entry, and the same number of starters as last year, when it was run for the first time, came to the post. Reine, handicapped at 9 st. 7 lbs., won cleverly from Barmston, Hannah, Dalnacardoch—who ran second to Khedive last year—Drumstick, and eight others, and showed what a gift the Royal Hunt Cup must have been for her, with only 7 st. 10 lbs. to carry, and what a piece of ill luck it was for her just to be beaten in the last stride. The Alexandra Plate, on the other hand, dwindled down to a match, and is evidently becoming a more decided failure year by year. Horses are not bred nowadays to run three-mile races; and neither the addition of one thousand nor of ten thousand sovereigns will alter the constitution of the modern racehorse, or will induce breeders to introduce another kind of animal into the market, seeing that for those which they already supply there seems to be as much money forthcoming as ever. Besides, added money appears so little thought of that there was no competition for the two hundred sovereigns given to the second horse in the Plate, which, in default of opposition, the half-trained Vanderdecken placed to his owner's credit. The race was of course, under these circumstances, an utter farce, as Cremorne and Vanderdecken alternately trotted and cantered for four-fifths of the distance, and when Cremorne was let out in the last half-mile, Vanderdecken, so far from attempting to go in pursuit, was pulled up, and cantered in at his leisure behind his opponent. This performance occupied little less than ten minutes—regular Queen's Plate time—and we put it to the authorities whether they cannot appropriate more advantageously, and to the greater amusement of the spectators, the thousand pounds at present thrown away in a vain attempt to revive a class of race which is confessedly obsolete. Ascot is already so rich in racing that it is difficult to suggest how the money saved by the abolition of the Alexandra Plate might be applied; but the Royal Hunt Cup might perhaps be increased to the value of five hundred pounds, and a like amount might be added to the New Stakes, and to one of the Biennials for two- and three-year-olds. It is really distressing to see a nominally great race, like the Alexandra Plate, degraded to a burlesque; especially as after it, in addition to it, and on the same afternoon there comes a Queen's Plate. The Queen's Plate last week was positively quite refreshing after the more ambitiously designed event which preceded it; for though there was only the customary pair of competitors, one of whom was of course a French horse, they did not walk or trot any part of the way, and for two miles out of the three they galloped at a fair pace. In the end Eole II. was easily defeated, and must have lost much of his old form to have to succumb to so moderate an opponent as The Preacher, whose previous running, moreover, during the week makes him out gifted with speed rather than with staying power. Still, as Queen's Plates are run nowadays, a very infinitesimal portion of staying power is all that is needed.

The general results of the week were satisfactory, and the more so because so many of the principal prizes fell to two such excellent sportsmen as M. Lefèvre and Mr. Savile, the latter of whom especially deserved a turn of favourable luck. It must be additionally gratifying to him also to find himself the owner of a four-year-old so brilliant as Cremorne, and a three-year-old so honest as Kaiser, and to feel that the races they have won for him have not been gained by luck or lenient handicapping, but by their sterling merits. Mr. Savile has not as yet introduced us to any two-year-old likely to tread in the steps of his representatives for the past two years; but M. Lefèvre's extraordinary enterprise and liberality bid fair to meet with an ample reward. It is a sign of the times that there has not been as yet a single published quotation for the Derby of 1874; but, on the other hand, if people care less about betting, they seem as ready as ever to give high prices for racing stock. The average at the Cobham stud sale last Saturday has only once been exceeded in the annals of the Middle Park sales; and a purchaser was found willing to put down two thousand guineas for a son of Blair Athol and Coimbra. All experience hitherto has rather gone to show that the highest priced yearlings turn out the most worthless horses for racing purposes; but good looks and a winning strain of blood are irresistible attractions to an enthusiastic buyer. We may notice in conclusion that Mr. Hughes has introduced a short Bill for extending the Betting Houses Act to Scotland, and that it has been read a first time. We shall be curious to see whether it will meet with any opposition, and what course the Government will take towards it, if it should be opposed. At a time when those who have money to throw away are more and more giving up betting, it is hardly necessary to suffer encouragements to betting to be placed in the way of those who have little or nothing to spare for such a purpose.

REVIEWS.

RAWLINSON'S PARTHIA.*

WE are glad that Mr. Rawlinson's series of Eastern histories closes with a volume almost, if not wholly, free from the sins and offences of his earlier books on the Chaldæan, Assyrian, Babylonian, Median, and Persian Empires. The diligence of the Camden Professor has never been called into question; and in point of quantity he has done an amount of work which might suffice to occupy the longest life; but, except to those who share his peculiar views about historical evidence and the methods of dealing with it, his career as an historian must appear one of the greatest calamities that could in an age like the present have befallen the study of history. Slowly, but surely, those border lands which lie between the period of genuine contemporary history and that of epical tradition were being explored; slowly, but surely, we were learning that statements, however plausible and even likely, are not to be admitted as facts, apart from adequate reasons for accepting them; and this conviction had fatally shaken the reconstructed fabric of Roman polity on which Niebuhr looked with legitimate pride and affection. A real improvement was discernible even in books written for boys and girls, who were told that no real knowledge could be gained by taking one out of a number of inconsistent traditions for which no direct contemporary testimony is forthcoming, and accepting that tradition as fact; and that they must be content to confess their ignorance of the true history even of such events as the Roman Decemvirate or the Latin and Samnite wars. A real injury—we trust not a lasting one—was therefore done to the cause of historical science when

* *The Sixth Great Oriental Monarchy; or, the Geography, History, and Antiquities of Parthia.* By George Rawlinson, M.A., Camden Professor of Ancient History in the University of Oxford, and Canon of Canterbury. London: Longmans & Co. 1873.

Mr. Rawlinson began to put forth his reconstructions of Oriental history. Unreasonable in his faith, unreasonable in his scepticism, he left to his readers no alternative but to submit themselves implicitly to his guidance, or to verify every one of his statements and question every one of his conclusions. The infirmity and laziness of human nature would lead most of them to shrink from the wearisome toil of the latter task; nor are there wanting many who feel a pleasant excitement in ranging over the annals of milleniums and filling up at will, or leaping over, yawning gaps of centuries. To yield once to this temptation is practically to crush the growth of the historical sense; and for unwary students Mr. Rawlinson was a leader under whose guidance this temptation would become irresistible. He could invent and put in his place in Assyrian chronology a second Tiglathi-Nin, merely because one Tiglathi-Nin had gone before Tiglath-pileser; because Asshuridannipal speaks of some monuments set up by Tiglath-pileser and Tiglathi-Nin; and because it is not to be supposed that Asshuridannipal would be so inaccurate as to invert the order of two of the Kings who had reigned before him. He could tell us of the works of Urukh or Orkham and of Shamas-vul, and yet reject the Euechios and Chomasbelos of Berosos because their names look "mythic rather than real," and "can scarcely have been borne by men," although they are in fact identical with the names of the Urukhs and Shamas-vuls in which he believes as firmly as Hekataios believed in the god from whom he was descended. He could insist on the credibility of the impostor Berosos, while he poured out the vials of his wrath on the unfortunate Ktesias, who assuredly copied his lies from the royal parchments in the archives of Sousa. Nor was this all. The history of a series of despots ruling over a nation of slaves, for whom political growth was impossible, is of very secondary interest or importance; but the case is altered when we turn to countries of which it is better to know nothing than to carry away false or distorted conceptions. We need not here cite again the assumptions and mis-statements, the guesses and inferences, at least as delusive as they are ingenious, which abound in Mr. Rawlinson's *Manual of Ancient History* even more, if such a thing be possible, than in his more ponderous histories of the great Asiatic Empires. We have said something about them already*, and we refer to them now only as they show that the improvement in his volume on Parthia is the result rather of happy accident than of a real reformation.

The Parthians, whatever they may have been, were a people of whose early history we know nothing at all. They took part in the revolt of the Magian Smerdis, and were subdued by Darius; and they served in the armies of Xerxes. But they had, it would seem, no chronicles which traced the line of their kings through a long series of centuries until they were absorbed in the vast empire created by the conquests of Cyrus; nor had they a priestly line or caste to whom might be ascribed the mysterious character of the Chaldæans, and whose history it was necessary to reconstruct by the convenient methods of ingenious conjecture. Of their language, happily, nothing is known. Of two words only is there any reason for thinking that they were really understood by the Parthians in the sense assigned to them. Of these two one is not Parthian, and probably represents the Persian *garda* or fortress; and thus in the present volume no additions are made to the melancholy philology which fathered the English *dame* and *lady* on the Phrygian *dav* and *lada*, which connected the Cushite *ar*, a river, with the Greek *ῥέων*, and saw in the name of the god Nergal a compound of the Greek *ἀνὴρ* with the Chaldæan *gula*, a word which might by the same method be identified with the Greek *μεγάλα*. Happily also there is not much to be said about Parthian ethnology. The people, we are told by some, called themselves Parni or Aparni, while by others they were said to belong to a Scythian horde known as Dahæ, a name found with but little modification in many other countries. Mr. Rawlinson thinks that the scattered tribes so called could not all really be the same people. He is probably right, although the wide dispersion of the Lokrian, Ligurian, and Lloegrian name may make us cautious in speaking positively. It is more likely that the word Dahæ, or Daoi, was no geographical name, but a term by which Aryan tribes spoke of their enemies, whether conquered or independent, and that we find it in *Laios*, *δάϊος*, and *despot*, *dasapati*, the lord of the *dasyus* or enemies. On the whole, Mr. Rawlinson decides that they were not Aryan, although the mere circumstance of their being commonly called Scythian would not of itself prove the fact. This conclusion seems to be supported by many of the Parthian names of which Mr. Rawlinson, somewhat oddly, speaks as affecting the termination *ac* or *ak* which characterizes the Basque and other Turanian languages. It seems rather out of place to ascribe to fashion or to voluntary choice the result of agglutination which necessarily made the pronoun a suffix. But he further insists that there is nothing about the people to give them a claim to be considered Aryans, while they manifestly belong to the stock which produced the Huns and Bulgarians, the Kalmucks, Ouigurs, and Usbegs.

The political history of this people is confined within limits which to an historian accustomed, as Mr. Rawlinson has been, to deal rather with milleniums than with centuries, must appear narrow indeed. It began practically with the revolt of Arsaces against the Seleukid Antiochos, and it came to an end when the ancient kingdom of Persia was revived by the energy of the Sassanid Artaxerxes. During this period it followed the usual course of Oriental empires. A time of aggression and of conquest which spread beyond the Euphrates to the West, and the Oxus to the East, and from the Caspian Sea to the Persian Gulf, was at last checked by the greater military science and the vast resources of Rome, and the attitude of attack was abandoned for that of defence. Later still, Roman Emperors take up the cause of exiled Parthian princes; but this interference in the concerns of courts could end only in the substitution of one ruler for another, and prepare the way for the first vigorous resistance which might be made to their power nearer home. It was well that the history of this monarchy should be written in detail; but the interest which Gibbon has imparted to the vigorous picture drawn in a few sentences must evaporate in the longer chronicle of the wars of despots from whose doings few lessons can be gathered, and of the fortunes of a people who in the history of the human mind count for little or for nothing. We admit readily that for this people Mr. Rawlinson has advanced no claim which is not borne out by facts. He allows that their art was singularly meagre and unprogressive, that their manners and social life were pretty much those of nomadic hordes generally, and that the fluctuations of their religious faith are shown in the change from the worship of fire to the use of fire for the burning of the dead. All that he asserts is that there was at all times a second power, civilized or semi-civilized, which balanced the power of Rome, which must always be considered, and in which they who wished to escape from the inquisitorial despotism of the Roman Emperors might find a refuge; and that for three hundred years this balancing power was the Parthian Empire. Mr. Rawlinson may possibly make a little too much of this counterpoise or check; but, although he has done very rightly in laying stress on a fact of some importance, his conclusion perhaps does not much affect the picture which Ovid draws of his miseries, and the comments which Gibbon makes upon it. The Powers which in our day counterbalance Russia are nearer at hand than the Parthian borders were to the subjects of the Roman Emperor; yet it is not easy for Siberian exiles to find their way to lands where they would be out of their master's reach. But Mr. Rawlinson has brought out clearly the part which the Parthian Kings played in the conflict between the East and the West, and has probably done all that can be done to throw a clear light on a somewhat dull and dreary history. If his pages are not likely to excite enthusiasm in his readers, the failure must be ascribed to the nature of his subject; but assuredly they will learn much here which they will be the better for knowing, while they will find little or nothing to lead them astray. They will not find here the strange assurance which ascribed to the Assyrians a civilization which "equalled that of almost any ancient country," or the monstrous theory that even "the intellectual life" of the Greeks was derived directly from Babylon. But they will find the Parthians rated at what they are worth; and they will be rewarded by geographical descriptions equal to those which formed a redeeming feature in the volumes devoted to the reconstruction of Assyrian chronology and the succession of Babylonian Kings.

* *Saturday Review*, March 26, 1870.

MEMOIR OF SIR JAMES SIMPSON.*

THE boon of anæsthesia, as an established adjunct to surgery and medicine, is of itself enough to make the name of Sir James Simpson live for ever in the memory of mankind. To have been the first to introduce into one great province at least of medical practice the means of numbing pain, and, by dint of his own energy and repute, to have beaten down the stupid but powerful prejudices which stood in the way of its adoption, is in itself a glory such as few physicians, whether of old or modern time, can show. Crude as the original application of sulphuric ether may appear in the light of more advanced observation and treatment, there can be no question as to the value of the first stride effected thereby in obstetric science, not to speak of what was done by Simpson to extend to surgical and medical cases in general this priceless gift to suffering humanity. As a benefactor to his race he deserves to have his name and fame kept in remembrance. But beyond this the life of Sir James Simpson has value and interest as that of a man of wide and varied usefulness, of extensive culture, of great mental energy, and of thorough manliness of character. His love of study and greed of knowledge were not less marked, as his biographer is at pains to show, than his high professional ideal. Of his manifold attainments, he owed more to severe and sustained effort of the will than to native brilliancy of genius. The concentrative faculty which enabled him when a boy to read without distraction amid the bustle of his father's bake-house was rightly regarded by him as the cause which raised him from his original low estate, and it was the quality of which he most strenuously urged the cultivation upon those within his influence. The son of a small baker at Bathgate in Linlithgowshire, yet sprung of an old Scottish line of the farming class, striving and independent, he was enabled, with few advantages at starting, to raise himself to the foremost ranks in professional and intellectual eminence. A kindly warmth of heart, with a power of winning and imparting confidence, was a moral gift which stood him in

* *Memoir of Sir James Y. Simpson, Bart., M.D., D.C.L. Oxon; one of Her Majesty's Physicians for Scotland; Professor of Medicine and Midwifery in the University of Edinburgh, &c.* By J. Duns, D.D., F.R.S.E., Professor of Natural Science, New College, Edinburgh. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas. 1873.

good stead, both with patients and in society. To his biographer it may be that professional bias has seemed to point to a still more prominent feature in his character which Dr. Duns felt constrained even to keep in the background, through fear of its being presented "in any such way as to repel fellow-workers in science, or men of general culture." Into this "birth of the spirit and sacrifice of reasonable service" it was Simpson's own object to lead others without ostentation, and we must say that few have ever exercised an influence in this direction at once with the same earnestness and zeal, and the same freedom from egotism and cant. The working of the same spirit in the case of his biographer has, we fear, been the means of shedding over the record of his life a certain dulness in regard to style, together with a sermonizing tone of address, which has little in common with Simpson's own blithesome spirit and frank utterance of soul.

The neighbourhood of Simpson's birthplace is of a kind to develop in an active and eager mind a love and study of nature in all her forms. Hill and valley, cultivated fields and wild morass, rich meadow and old plantations thick with under-growth, are favourable to a varied fauna and flora. Birds, wild animals, and plants, ordinarily rare, are there met with in nature, while not a few are thought to have found their way from the Physick Garden, founded by Sir B. Sibbald, not far from Kipps. The geological features of the district have awakened the scientific interest of Edward Forbes and other visitants. Nor is it less full of material for study and research to the archæologist. A Cistercian monastery founded by David I., the site of the old castle of Bathket, the marriage portion of Bruce's daughter Marjory; Wallace's cave, the hero's traditionary hiding-place after Falkirk, with the "King's Knowe," where Bruce is said to have halted on his way to Bannockburn, are among the objects with which local history feeds the tastes of the archæologist. Of earlier date, or more mythical origin, the circular camp on Cairnpapple and the numerous Celtic names of places around went doubtless a great way towards rousing that interest in prehistoric antiquity which bore fruit in the series of papers the chief of which have since his death been given to the public in the two volumes of Archæological Essays. Conspicuous amongst these relics of the past is the mysterious "Catstane," to which the youth's attention was early directed, and concerning which he propounded those wondrous theories to which we adverted in our notice of the work. Nor were the classical tastes for which the youth of Bathgate at that time had a name less influential in moulding the mind and wideuing the sympathies of the scholar and professor that was to be. Books were at all times preferred by him to play. And of books the Bible and Shakspeare were with him the best. Next to these the greatest prize was Oliver and Boyd's Almanac. From the parish school he went at the age of fourteen to Edinburgh University in 1825, striking his friends and schoolmates with awe at the metamorphosis from the rough country schoolboy into the sharpish college student, wearing an actual long-tailed coat and sporting a small cane. What little pride in his attainments he brought from home and school was humbled, yet wholesomely stimulated, by contact with city-bred and city-trained competitors in the classes of Humanity and Greek, under Professors Dunbar and Pillans, those of Natural Philosophy under Leslie, and Moral Philosophy under Wilson. In the Arts classes he first got a glimpse of those wide fields of culture which, lying as they do outside the pale of professional study or practice, give nevertheless a higher fitness for each profession, and set a richer crown upon mere technical pursuits. A college bursary or scholarship in the second year rewarded Simpson's industry and came in aid of his slender means.

It soon became apparent that neither in classics, mathematics, nor moral philosophy was his reputation to be won. The companionship and example of a special college friend, John Reid, did much to confirm his growing preference for medicine as a profession. Reid's medical books and demonstrations helped him forward, and so did Knox's lectures, to which his friend took him as a special favour. As a medical student he was not long in making rapid progress under Liston, whose certificates spoke highly of his good qualities and promise. His sensitiveness to the sight of suffering was such as from the first well nigh to unfit him for the work of a surgeon. After witnessing the terrible agony of a poor Highland woman under amputation of the breast, he left the class-room and went straight to the Parliament House to seek work as a writer's clerk. But on second thoughts he returned to the study of medicine, saying, "Can anything be done to make operations less painful?" Herein was struck the keynote of Simpson's career. Rapidly as he rose to eminence in practice, and proud as he might well feel at the high price set upon his professional skill, all was clearly subordinated in his mind to what he was the first to achieve for the alleviation of human suffering. A member of the Edinburgh Royal College of Surgeons before he was nineteen, he made, in the interval before he was qualified for the M.D. degree, choice of obstetric medicine as his special department of medical science. His earliest paper on the Diseases of the Placenta won him the attention of eminent men both in his own country and abroad. It was translated into German, Italian, and French. A journey south brought him into contact and friendship with the heads of the profession in London, whence he made a rapid trip to Paris, his letters speaking of meetings with Arago and Milne Edwards, clinical visits with Littré, Dubois, and Larrey, and a round of Charenton Asylum under Esquirol. Oxford, Birmingham, and Liverpool formed successive halting places on his way back; the last of these greatly influenced his after-life, an evening with Mr. Grindlay and his family giving him an introduction which was followed four years later by one of the daughters of the house becoming his wife. A difficulty in the way of his obtaining the midwifery chair being done away by his marriage, he found himself in 1839 seated in that coveted place after a sharp struggle which had its consequences in more than one squabble with his brother professors or colleagues in the medical faculty. For the first time in the history of the University the midwifery class soon became the best attended of all. A rival professor who had changed his lecture hour to Simpson's, with the idea of cutting him out, had next to nobody. "Don't he deserve it?" writes Simpson in high glee. "He has broken his own head, and missed mine." His genial bearing, the forcible and lucid style of his prelections, the breadth of his teaching, and the sallies of humour which relieved the dryness of exposition, carried his class along with him, while his archæological tastes drew around him a not less enthusiastic audience of a more general kind. An early paper of his, entitled "Antiquarian Notices of Leprosy and Leper Houses in Scotland and England," showed immense research and knowledge. His appointment to lecture on General Pathology, the chair of which it had been in contemplation to suppress, gave him a further welcome opportunity of doing away with the invidious reproach of sundry of his colleagues that Simpson might know midwifery well enough, "as many old women throughout the country do," but that his knowledge of medical science and its literature was meagre. The extracts given by his biographer from his inaugural address show how little his special culture of one branch of practice had done to narrow his view of the general bearings of medical science or to impair his estimate of philosophical method. With the public at large it was his growing repute as a specialist that brought him in fame and fees. We find him called to London professionally in the autumn of 1845, and writing as of a scene in fairyland among the glories of Stafford House. It is only fair to him to say that the bad taste which dictated many of the details of his visit is far surpassed by that of his biographer in putting them into print. We may well conceive his amazing rise to the height of a fashionable accoucheur to have been too much at first for Simpson's head. Nor were his habits of business or his ideas of punctuality at all on a par with the demands of his new position. Grievous complaints of appointments forgotten, of letters from patients or professional brethren left unanswered, poured thickly in upon him. A serious albeit friendly letter of remonstrance upon these faults was addressed to him by an eminent London physician. Anyhow it could not be said that over-heed to fees was among the points which called for blame. There is a story of his being roused during a boisterous night, and stopping the rattling of the window frame with a bit of paper hastily drawn from his pocket, which Mrs. Simpson found in the morning to be a 10*l.* note; this very note having been the subject of more than one angry letter from a wealthy patient, who ought really to have paid 100*l.*, and felt indignant that his 10*l.* had never been acknowledged. Not a few of the letters which led to such outbursts of wrath or spleen were from that class of trivial or fanciful patients who form the plague of every physician's life.

In January 1847 Dr. Simpson was appointed one of Her Majesty's physicians for Scotland under circumstances peculiarly flattering; yet something more gratifying was behind. "Flattery from the Queen," he writes to his favourite brother, "is perhaps not common flattery, but I am less interested in it than in having delivered a woman this week without any pain while inhaling sulphuric ether. I can think of nought else." The proud mission of the physician is, he lays it down, twofold—namely, to alleviate human suffering as well as to preserve human life. A revolution in medical practice dates from Simpson's bold experiment. Not that the primary idea of employing ether as an anæsthetic in surgical operations is to be assigned to him. He was far from claiming it himself. To his friend Dr. J. B. Fleming in India he writes, March 9, 1847, "We do not yet know who was the original suggestor—Mr. Hickman, Mr. Wells, Dr. Jackson, or Dr. Merton. But it is a 'great thought,' if ever there was one." On the 21st of December, 1846, Liston had amputated a thigh, and removed by evulsion both sides of the great toe-nail, while the patients were under ether. It was in the practice of midwifery that no one, Simpson could assert, had ventured to test its applicability. The substitution of chloroform, nitrous oxide, and other agents, cannot in fairness be taken to detract from his right to priority in securing this boon to womankind, as upon him fell the brunt of the controversy, moral and theological even more than pathological, which greeted the innovation. Valuable notes of his own, touching the nature and history of anæsthetics, accompany this portion of his life. Abroad his reputation spread rapidly and widely, strengthened as it was by personal contact with the leading physicians of France, Germany, Holland, and Belgium during a Continental tour enforced upon him in 1850 for the recovery of health after a perilous risk from blood-poisoning. Three years later he received the exceptional honour of being nominated by acclamation a foreign associate of the Paris Academy of Medicine, followed in 1856 by the Monthyon prize for most important benefits done to humanity. Honours from across the Atlantic crowded thick upon him. All this while he was indefatigable with his pen no less than in the lecture-room or by the sick-bed. Nothing can be more delicious in its way than his short and easy method with the spiritists, or his piquant exposure, in the

latest years of his life, of the pyramid craze of John Taylor and Professor Piazzi Smyth. Unfailing temper and infinite *bonhomie* left, however, no sting in the wounds inflicted by his satirical logic. Light and playful as was his mood at seasons of this kind, he could show himself serious and unbending enough as the Free Kirk elder, or as the champion of the Bible in co-ordination with science. The record of his last days, as told by Dr. Duns, is marked by almost childlike simplicity of trust. Without claiming to be a deep or original thinker, Sir James Simpson had powers of concentration, analysis, and logical grasp which, added to a fearless sense of truth, led him to discoveries of no common order. In his professional writings, the most important of which have been republished since his death, there remains a monument to the energy, the breadth, and the subtlety of his mind. Able as he showed himself in general culture, in archæology, and in philanthropy, he was above all a physician. In him were to be recognized John Bell's four ideals of the perfect Esculapius—the brain of an Apollo, the eye of an eagle, the heart of a lion, and the hand of a lady. To these must be added the humility of genius and the tenderness of perfect manhood.

THE GAOL CRADLE.*

TO this little book we are quite ready to give the credit of good intentions. We may also admit that it contains some pathetic stories which are not altogether badly told, although their effect, considered from a purely literary point of view, is a good deal injured by an excessive indulgence in rhetorical language, which sometimes make them unintelligible and generally to some extent incredible. The book itself, as the title implies, is a variation upon the fruitful theme of *Ginx's Baby;* and the author fears that, like his brother author, he will be accused "of a weak sentimentalism and the like." To this he simply replies, "Be it so"; and adds that he can bear the censure if his book is the means of arousing a kindlier feeling towards our social outcasts. Sentimentalism is a term which has been much abused, like all others which become part of the popular vocabulary of praise and blame. It is a name for an excess of sentiment; and as there is no definite test for deciding what amount of sentiment may be fairly imported into any discussion, the blame which it connotes may frequently be undeserved. However, as we certainly do feel disposed to accuse the author of sentimentalism on the present occasion, we will endeavour to define our meaning a little more accurately. In the first place, then, we fully admit that it would be difficult for anybody to feel too strong an emotion in regard to many of the evils which are here described. We certainly should envy no one who could think without lively regret of the fate which dooms to criminal lives large masses of our fellow-creatures who, under a healthier state of things, might be converted into useful citizens. Statesmen and philanthropists, and all persons of religious feeling, may well be profoundly mortified when they reflect upon the immensity of the evil and the futility of many attempts to diminish it. The point, however, at which a right sentiment passes into sentimentalism may be defined as the point at which a man allows his judgment to be prejudiced by his feelings. In proportion to the magnitude of the evil is the necessity of coolly examining the remedies by which it may be most effectually encountered. The most palpable of all causes of failure is the utter want of system in our operations. Millions of pounds are annually thrown away, and a vast amount of devoted service is wasted, simply because we have no definite principles, and are so anxious to purchase immediate relief from disagreeable sights that we will not take time to examine into the causes of the evil. When a man writes in such a passion as to be often unintelligible, when he vehemently asserts that whole classes are foolish, selfish, and tyrannical, when he sees facts through the medium of his indignation, and proposes vague remedies without caring to work them out into a practical form, we begin to doubt whether he will do much good. He has relieved his own feelings, he has a complacent sense that he is a great orator and philanthropist, but he has not really contributed to the elucidation of the question. Such declamations are often so mischievous, and they are now so common, that we will say a few words upon a book whose intrinsic merits scarcely deserve much notice.

The author's theory is in one sense pretty simple. There is, it appears, a concrete object called the State, which he is always abusing as hopelessly stupid and brutal. The State, with its magistrates and policemen and Poor Law officials, does its best to demoralise and degrade the poor. It catches the youth of the lowest classes, sends them to gaol with callous injustice, and there makes them tenfold worse than they were before. The State is a Giant Blunderboro, locking up Englishmen in its dungeons and converting them into food for the gallows. On the other side is the neglected street boy who is the victim of this foul ogre. He is, in many cases at least, a really noble animal. He has the most generous impulses and the proudest spirit of independence. An accidental ebullition of animal vivacity or righteous indignation brings him into conflict with the strong arm of his monstrous oppressor. From that moment he is doomed, and by a shorter or a longer road is driven helplessly downwards as the game are driven into a pitfall by a savage tribe. This is a brief account of the writer's general theory, which is enforced by a number of special instances. One boy out of a batch of six, whose history is given to us, happened to see a garden door open and a rabbit running about within. He caught and sold it. He stole because he had nothing else to do. Should we consider him to be hopelessly bad? A second, being neglected by his mother, and nearly starving, stole a few coals from a yard to warm himself. Was he an abandoned wretch? A third, being in difficulties with his rent, took a few empty wine bottles and paid his landlady with the proceeds. Was he an utter villain? A fourth took a brooch out of a shop window to give it to the young woman with whom he was in love. Was he irredeemably bad? A fifth stole from hunger. Was he incurably vicious? The sixth punished a small tradesman who had been cruel to a servant-girl by stealing a board of advertisements from the shop. Was he utterly depraved? To such questions as these the first obvious reply is, We don't know. The anonymous writer professes to have "investigated" these and other cases in which crime has been caused by generous feeling or sheer want rather than general depravity. What does he mean by investigation? It is a very indefinite word, to which few people attach much meaning. Possibly he asked the boys their own story; or he may have inquired of their friends, when they had any; or have spoken to a policeman; or have talked to the clergy and the district visitors. We are left utterly in the dark as to the means employed, and cannot tell the value of the results. We only know that there never yet was a criminal who, on his own showing, was not wrongfully condemned, and did not owe his misfortunes to the brutality of the police. It is at least conceivable, however, that the young gentlemen in question had stolen a good many more rabbits and brooches than those which finally brought them to grief; and, for anything we can say to the contrary, every one of them may have been an accomplished young reprobate. We notice this, not by way of opposing the apparent inference—of which, on the contrary, we highly approve—that efforts should be made to reform youthful criminals; but because this method of reasoning puts the whole question on an utterly false ground. The author has fallen in love with his clients to such an extent that he holds them in every case to be injured innocents. As well, he says in one place, imprison an angel as one of these boys. When an angel takes to stealing jewelry we shall be in a very awkward position; but meanwhile we deny the angelic nature of our existing street population. The real evil is not that spotless lads are made into habitual criminals by law—though such cases may occur—but that the conditions under which many boys are brought up prevent them from being spotless. The author talks very truly about the many temptations to which London children are subjected. Brought up on the verge of starvation, amidst pickpockets and prostitutes, it is no wonder if they develop into prostitutes and pickpockets themselves in their riper years. The attempt to prove that they are all excellent children till the policeman gets hold of them would, if successful, prove only that our social condition is much better than we have any right to believe. "God help the heedless chivalry of the streets!" exclaims the writer. "Every day the State is busy, by vast machinery and lavish expenditure, capturing and cursing it"; and he proceeds to ask what would have become of "the noble, the daring, the rash, the generous soul" of himself and many of his readers "had they fought their indignation fights against cowards and sneaks under the resistless and undiscriminating dominion which sways its sceptre over the enthusiastic child of the street." The lawless chivalry of an enthusiastic child of the streets may be occasionally a reality; far be it from us to deny the possession of many good qualities even amongst the most neglected; but to ask us to accept these statements as an accurate account of the average state of things is to make too extensive a demand upon our credulity. "Weak sentimentalism" naturally believes that everybody it wishes to help is an innocent martyr, but such assertions only provoke disbelief and lead to disappointment.

Meanwhile, be the children of the streets angels or criminals, we quite agree that it is eminently desirable that they should be brought up to better ways. The more criminal, in fact, the greater the need of an improved system of education. What then are the practical suggestions of this advocate of the weaker classes? Unfortunately it is just here that we are most puzzled by the rhetorical haze which prevents him from speaking plainly. One proposal, which is thrown out only to disappear in a mass of declamation, is for a "new tribunal," to be composed of "citizens whose functions should be magisterial, whose legal qualifications should be their ability to read the living literature of English children, whose Act of Parliament should be their moral instincts, with the domestic powers of a *habeas corpus ad satisfaciendum;* above all who had committed and not forgotten the appetitive and pugnacious follies of youth, and could laugh them o'er again." That is, the State which is now diabolical is to become, for this purpose, angelical, and to provide good fathers and mothers for all the bad children. We need hardly observe that people who make their moral instincts into Acts of Parliament are apt to be the most tyrannical of legislators. Then the Ragged School Union is solemnly adjured "by ten thousand lives, pending between labour and the treadmill," to—do what? to "change its name"! It is to call itself the "Labour School Union," and then ragged rascals will probably disappear. Compulsory education is a good thing; but reading and writing, as has been frequently remarked, do not of necessity make children honest and industrious. They are therefore to be made industrious by a "compulsory labour law." Provision must be made for labour "wherever the normal condition of commerce does

* *The Gaol Cradle: who Rocks it?* London: Strahan & Co. 1871.

not supply it, and attendance at labour must be enforced—at the public school or in the ordinary shop—somewhere the boy must be compelled to labour." We will venture to add a corollary on our own account. It is plainly useless to teach boys to labour unless you provide a demand for the products of their labour where they have been taught. Therefore the State must provide national workshops—an expedient which has not been as yet found to answer. However, the author tells us that "interference to be efficient must be State interference." It is a general principle that whenever a man begins by abusing the State as the embodiment of all evil, he ends by proposing that the State should be a terrestrial providence for the cure of all misery. The Poor-law, of course, is to be retained and even extended, though, equally of course, the evil of the present system is to be destroyed by changing the name. The poor-house is to be retained for "sturdy vagabonds and noxious profligates," but the honest people are to be helped without being humiliated. The obvious remark that this would demoralize the whole nation at one stroke is evaded by a statement that the State is to act as a national club. We are all to form a gigantic Friendly Society. If this merely means that the State is to take charge of savings, and to allow people to buy annuities or to insure their lives, the thing is already done. If it is to force everybody to subscribe, we have merely a poor rate over again, and we do not see that any radical change will be effected by making the new organization a "department of the Board of Trade" instead of a part of the old Poor Law Board. However, in some way or other, the wicked State is to order everybody to be prudent and to lay by for old age. If some wretched agricultural labourer says that he is too poor to spare the money, we presume that the State will pay it for him, and then it won't matter whether he is prudent or not.

If the weak sentimentalism begins by perverting the facts, it certainly ends by proposing the most impracticable remedies, and we will venture to suggest to the author that a little more is required than sympathy and good will to the wretched before he can either detect the true sources of pauperism or suggest useful remedies. It is a real misfortune that everybody who dislikes to see people ragged and starving thinks himself qualified to pronounce offhand on these complex questions, and to call everybody else who suggests different remedies cold-hearted and cynical.

A TRUE REFORMER.*

ONE may fairly suppose, on the first reading of this remarkable work, that the author's intention has been above all to use his great powers over fiction and satire to win readers for his proposals for army reform. Such has been the view generally taken of it by the writers who have commented on it as it appeared in instalments. To us it seems just as probable that the design of making political life in high places the groundwork of a story of fiction was the real one, and that army reform has been introduced as the main subject of debate because it was already thoroughly mastered as a study by the anonymous author, and was but lately the first question of the day, and therefore offered a fair groundwork for his imagined political crisis. For ourselves, we have found that as we have read its lighter portions, and felt ourselves dwelling among the lights and shadows of Indian life, or admired the skilful touches which make us inmates of an old maid's home in an English country town, another and simpler solution of the threefold nature of the work flashed over us. The True Reformer would create again his own past experiences in the form of a tale, and, whilst doing this, the brilliant visions of youth, which were once as present as the events of the life he shared in, have rushed in upon him and become woven into its threads. He becomes—as he may once have dreamed of becoming—the companion, the equal, the guide of the leaders of the land. And what so likely to bring these visions within the scope of reason as the supposed crisis abroad which would make the War Minister of the day the most important functionary we possessed, and the profoundest thinker on military matters the most fitting War Minister? And since to invent lay figures of politicians to fill this act of the drama would be as tedious a process as uninteresting, what more natural than that those who are now before the world should each bear their parts as in real life they would bear them if the crisis came? Be the foundation of the tale what it may, no one who studies it can wholly separate either of the three purposes from the rest. The author has contrived to write a story as remarkable for its pathos as for the fine natural touches of description and humour with which it abounds. He has grafted on these a series of political portraits, so true, so sharply sketched, and yet so pleasantly withal, that, as none can mistake the originals, so none should take offence at the introduction of their counterparts. Finally, he makes both story and sketches contribute to the development of a thorough and complete scheme of army reorganization which has but the single fault that it is altogether beyond and above our unpractical ways and our faltering legislation, unless it be granted that there might come such a crisis to be faced as the tale supposes. For we are of those who believe that there lies hid among Englishmen a fund of patriotism not far behind that which the heathens of extinct empires could boast. A real scheme of army reform which should disregard or leap over all the petty jealousies, class interests, and personal views that now mar a necessary work, looking only to the desired end of an organization at once amply sufficient to ward off present peril and yet based on certain future economy no less than on efficiency—this we believe not to be wholly impossible to carry through among ourselves as we are, and that within the lives of living statesmen. It would be possible enough, if this slow-moving, divided, and often uncertain nation of ours once became vividly conscious of a league formed deliberately to crush our power, or at least to blot us out of our fair place in the confederacy of the world. It would be perfectly possible, in short, if it were put plainly before Englishmen as the needful and proper alternative to the misery and disgrace of a Battle of Dorking. And as such an alternative it is very happily pictured in the story of the True Reformer.

But to examine this scheme as it deserves would far more than exhaust our limits. We can at present only commend the task to all who have the reform of the army at heart. Here they have food for study indeed—study that must go to the very root of the work before them. And lest they should faint at the magnitude of the interests to be overcome, we would remind them of what one of the greatest of Continental writers, himself a soldier in the army of a peaceful, prosperous, and commercial country, has said on this very subject:—"It is the task of the military writer to smooth the way for the politician, and by judicious advancing of the proper reforms, and true delineation of their proportions in time of quietude, to put into the statesman's hands the means of executing them, when danger from political combinations abroad, or the restlessness of a powerful neighbour, shall suddenly strengthen the demand for their necessity." What is true of Belgium and her perils, and of the Belgian fortresses and army, is tenfold truer of England with her many complicated interests, and of her various means of defence.

Of the two remaining threads of the True Reformer's tale, we are unwilling to pass wholly from the sketches used to develop the plot itself to the political episodes which to many must seem the highest feats of the versatile author. It is no wonder that his name is connected with India by all who have perused the opening chapters; for surely Anglo-Indian life was never before so reflected to readers at home as in these inimitable sketches. Take from the opening chapter, as a chance example, the description of the arrival of the native letter-carrier at the camp of the party of "pig-stickers," and see how it places an English reader at once in the scene described! For other phases of Anglo-Indian life, which are portrayed with a lightness of touch as well as truthfulness which must strike those who know the East no less than stayers at home, we would go to the wedding at Sirmoori (for under the thin veil of that name our chief hill settlement figures), or the garden party at the Viceroy's. But to those who must spend the best years of their lives in the torrid land that makes England truly an empire in the world's eyes, it is more important to know the trials they may have to bear than the pleasures they may possibly share. And what an East Indian journey in the midst of the hot season is, even in these days of railroads, has never been described before as the hero describes his with the gentle bride whom he is hurrying home in pursuit of his schemes of ambition. Here are parts of the second and third day's journeys:—

> And now the day goes wearily on, marked only by the change in the sun's shadow, the rising of the day wind and its accompaniment of dust, and the ever-increasing heat. The country is everywhere the same—a perfectly flat, desert-looking plain of reddish-brown hue, with here and there a village, its walls of the same colour. It looks a desert, for there are no signs of crops, which were reaped two months ago, and no hedgerows, but perhaps here and there an acacia-tree. Not a traveller is stirring on the road, not a soul to be seen in the fields, but an occasional stunted bullock is standing in such shade as the thin trees afford. At about every ten miles a station is reached, each exactly like the previous one and the next following, and with the same set of expectant travellers crowding the platform, each with his bundle on the end of a staff, converted by the arrival of the train into the same excited, noisy, belaboured seekers for room as the travellers of the night. At twelve o'clock the thermometer in the carriage rose to 110°; at three it stood at 114°. At the Shahjehanabad Junction we stopped for an hour and found a meal prepared of sudden cutlets and curry, with a decoction of tea, the whole plentifully garnished with flies; but Eva was past taking anything but soda-water and biscuits, and I was not much more hungry myself, so the tempting viands were put away to serve for the passengers by the next day's train. At the Akbarabad Junction there was another halt and the same bill of fare. Gradually the sun went down, and the wind and the dust subsided, and another stifling night succeeded, with uneasy slumbers, broken by the ever-recurring hubbub of the half-hourly stoppages. But the short summer night is soon ended, and the fiery enemy makes his appearance again, this time on the left; we have passed the Prág Junction in the night, and the train has now changed its course and is working across the peninsula to the western coast. Now followed another long day much the same as the previous one, except that the thermometer showed a little less degree of heat; that the carriage, the seats, and everything within, were rather more dusty than before; and that, instead of the everlasting plain, hills can be seen on either side in the distance through the haze. But if the heat was less, the fair traveller was less able to bear it. All this day she was hot and feverish, and lay almost speechless on the couch I had made of the seat. Wet towels hung up to the windows made the carriage a little cooler, but it was difficult to keep them moist under the rapid evaporation caused by our motion through the parching air. Happily we had plenty of ice, otherwise I think Eva would not have lived through the day, so utterly prostrated did she seem by the heat.

We pass from the Indian sketches to the political, omitting, for lack of space, the scenes at Leatherby, which the reader can fit to any country town he knows that happens to return its two members, so true are they, with their light and but scarcely cynical humour, to such phases of English life as our Little Peddlingtons show. As we enter with him the Commons, the War Office, the Cabinet, we know that the author can hardly have lived through the scenes he

* *A True Reformer.* Originally published in "Blackwood's Magazine." 3 vols. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1873.

depicts; yet we feel, as he gives the Parliamentary experience of his hero's first successful speech on the true principles of army reform—delivered of course before the foreign crisis came—that if such sentiments were indeed delivered to such an auditory, so forcibly and so clearly, their reception would probably be just what follows. And if the introduction here of the two leaders of parties seems too satirical, the satire is softened into pleasantry as the story passes on:—

It was sufficient proof of the impression made by this speech that not only did Mr. Braham, later in the evening, refer to it in complimentary terms, congratulating the House, as he put it, on the accession to their discussions of the honourable and gallant and ingenuous young member, but Mr. Merrifield himself replied to it at some length, and was indeed somewhat vehement and very discursive. War was a detestable thing, and it was to be hoped the nations of the world would come to see its iniquity in course of time. Meanwhile our insular position gave us an immunity from the dangers of war which other nations did not possess, and therefore the analogy from the condition of Continental Powers did not apply to ourselves. At the same time, it might be freely admitted that no Government would deserve the confidence of the House or the country which was not prepared to maintain the national honour, and to carry out any engagements which the sense of the country should declare ought to be fulfilled, but which it would be quite time to provide for when each particular case arose. Finally, he hoped the House would accept these assurances, and not be led away by specious appeals to the imagination, or temptations to indulge in the luxury of passion. All which, pronounced in a splendid, clear, ringing voice, with a good deal of emphasis, a copious flow of words, and an abundance of illustration and amplification, sounded highly impressive; but yet it was not quite plain what it all meant—whether the great speaker intended to imply that we ought to be satisfied with trusting in Providence, or that we could afford to be independent of that aid. In fact, it was the inconclusiveness of the speech which brought up Mr. Braham, who was quite in his best style of sarcasm and repartee while pointing out what he termed the political effeminacy and flabbiness of his right honourable opponent, although at the same time leaving it quite an open question which way his own opinions tended.

Into those mysteries of the Cabinet which he himself terms his Eleusis we dare not follow the author, nor guess how far his inner consciousness has created a true picture of the way in which business is done at such sacred assemblies. But if we forbear to quote largely from the triumphant debate on the new army measures, when Mr. Merrifield, head of the great Constitutional Coalescence (to use Mr. Braham's phrase) of the two parties, has been converted to views going beyond even the True Reformer's, it is because the one passage we are about to give, the great Minister's closing words, are so true to life—that is, to the life that would be if our country were indeed pressed upon by real danger—that it speaks for itself of the reality of the whole:—

When, therefore, Mr. Merrifield said that the Bill which had just been passed was defective, in his opinion, only because it did not go far enough, those who would have opposed it on the score of its sweeping character were left stranded by the tide of public opinion passing beyond them.

"I am free to confess," said the orator, "that in my poor judgment the assumption involved in the Bill, that the citizens of a free state like ours, while all in their several degrees liable for their share of the various obligations implied in the condition of citizenship, should yet be absolved from the highest and most important of all obligations—the call to bear arms in defence of their country—such a narrow view of the duties of citizenship appears, to my humble apprehension, perfectly indefensible on any grounds of morals or justice; that any man should not only deny the duty, but should desire to evade it, is a supposition almost too monstrous for the mind to conceive. Our Bill must therefore be regarded, as my right honourable friend has put it, in the light of a compromise of sense and justice with expediency."

That the wisest of public reformers should have an ill-managed household; that the greatest of public triumphs should touch on the deepest of private sorrows; that a Minister powerful in the country may fail to keep the one heart's affection which a nation's gratitude could not repay him for losing; that the sun of political success may be dimmed to blackness by the shadow of domestic grief: these, too, are truths familiar to those who study human nature as it lies around us. The touching contrast drawn between the brilliancy and smoothness of the hero's public success, and the darkness that overtakes his private life, is delineated with such mastery over the intoxicating and the tender phases of an imagined career as gives fresh proof of the power that has woven for us in the *True Reformer* at once a romance, a treatise, and a gallery of portraiture, each admirable in its way, as each is necessary to the completeness of the author's task.

LETTERS AND PAPERS OF THE REIGN OF HENRY VIII.*

(Second Notice.)

WITH the exception of the two documents referred to in a previous article, there is no letter or paper of any kind in this volume which alludes in any way to the first motions for the divorce. It was perhaps scarcely likely that any paper on the subject should have found its way into the State Paper Office, when the subject itself was for many months spoken of as "the secret matter," and nothing was divulged about it till it accidentally came to the Queen's knowledge that a systematic investigation into the validity of her marriage was taking place. One of these documents proves what was not known before, that Clerk, Bishop of Bath and Wells, had been taken into confidence; and the other furnishes us with the date and circumstances of the earliest step taken in the matter which can be described as being at all of a public nature. We had ourselves seen the record of the judicial proceedings at Westminster on May 17 and the following days at Wolsey's house, but are quite unable to account for the entire ignorance of all historians of its very existence. Its great length and the technical nature of its details furnish the reason, and perhaps also the excuse, for its omission from the *Records of the Reformation* recently published at Oxford; but no doubt it will be fully described by the editor of those volumes whenever the promised history of the period to which they refer shall make its appearance. It contains the first act of the farce which the King was playing, pretending scruples of conscience about his marriage, and alleging his earnest desire to keep Catharine as his wife if it were lawful so to do. Whether Mr. Froude was really in earnest, or whether he was trying to pass off a joke upon his readers, when he maintained that Henry was acting in good faith, we shall not attempt here to determine. In neither case are we likely to hear any more of the theory of the King sacrificing himself for the benefit of his people, which had been sufficiently exposed before this and similar documents ever came to light.

The proceedings of May 17, 1527, are a clue to all the subsequent history. Wolsey asks the King's leave to exercise his jurisdiction as Papal Legate in the trial of the case, and the King replies as defendant, asking to be allowed to appear by means of a proctor, and to allege all that can be said in his defence at a subsequent day. Accordingly on the 20th the King's proctor appears, and proceedings are continued till the 31st, when the document abruptly terminates with the mention of the names of the Bishops of Rochester, Lincoln, and London, whose opinions on the theological and legal questions involved are to be asked. Fisher's opinion was procured in writing, and sent to the King on June 2, enclosed in a letter of Wolsey's, and this letter, and that written on the preceding day by Wolsey to the King, assuring Henry of his zeal in the secret matter, and his conjecture that the thing had come to the Queen's knowledge, are the earliest documents relating to the divorce that had been printed before the appearance of Mr. Brewer's volume. There are some other letters of some importance which refer to the subject, which were written during this same month, one of which appeared first in the *Records of the Reformation*. It is the letter of Sampson to Wolsey, written from the Court, explaining that things were going on as regarded "the secret matter" in good train and without suspicion. This is of the 25th of July, and on the first day of the next month the Cardinal of York wrote to Spain denying to the Ambassadors that there was any foundation for the rumours about the divorce, but wishing them to ascertain how far the Emperor had been informed on the subject, and how he appeared to take it.

Before this, Mr. Brewer has inserted four of the celebrated seventeen Vatican love-letters addressed by Henry to Anne Boleyn. They are undated, and cannot of course all belong to the 1st of July; but, in placing them here, he has arranged them in a more probable order than we have ever seen them placed before. He numbers them 4, 10, 3, 1; but they correspond to the arrangement in Tierney's edition of *Dod's Church History* as 3, 4, 7, 1. Mr. Tierney has placed No. 7 as between June 9 and September 13. These four are all written in French, some of the others being in English. As they stand in their place in Mr. Brewer's volume, they draw out in full relief the duplicity of the King, who in the first of them professes to have been a whole year in love with Anne Boleyn, though probably the idea of making her his queen had not yet either entered his head or caused even a momentary suspicion on Wolsey's part. The next two letters, also written in French, are placed by Mr. Brewer at the beginning of August 1527; and if he is right in arranging them as Nos. 5 and 6, instead of 5 and 2, as they were formerly placed, they seem to imply that the King's illicit offers of love had been repulsed by the lady, and that Henry, in apologizing for any offence he had given her, does not give up all hopes of obtaining her on some terms or other. He now asserts that he esteems her more than any woman in the world, and as he says that he prays God daily that his body may be devoted to her as his heart already is, we may suppose that he had already determined that the divorce from Catharine should issue in a marriage with Anne Boleyn. This theory admirably fits these letters in with the other papers; for it is plain that, whilst Wolsey was absent—that is, between July and September of this year—the King had quite made up his mind on the subject, and for the first time in his life perhaps he wrote a despatch to Rome of the contents of which Wolsey was ignorant. The Cardinal was at the French Court, fully bent on marrying his master to a French princess. The next letter in the collection, which is placed by Canon Tierney as between September and December 1528, Mr. Brewer has calendared (p. 1772) as belonging to February of that year. It is in English, and was probably the first that was written after the King had resolved to make Anne Boleyn queen. The allusions in the remaining letters render it more easy to fix their dates, so we need say no more about them, but take our leave of them with the notice that the last, No. 17, contains a kind of apology for the non-introduction of the Papal Legate, Campeggio, to the future Queen, grounded on "the unfeigned sickness of this well-willing Legate."

But Mr. Brewer's volume contains one of the most interesting additions to the history of the earlier period of the negotiations for the divorce, in a letter of the 29th of July, written from Valla-

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* *Letters and Papers, Foreign and Domestic, of the Reign of Henry VIII.* Preserved in the Public Record Office, the British Museum, and elsewhere in England. Arranged and Catalogued by J. S. Brewer, M.A. Under the Direction of the Master of the Rolls, and with the Sanction of her Majesty's Secretaries of State. Vol. IV., Part II. London: Longmans & Co., and Trübner & Co., Paternoster Row. 1872.

dolid by the Emperor himself to Don Inigo de Mendoza, his Ambassador in England. The letter has indeed no business to appear where it does, for it belongs to the Simancas Records, and will of course appear in the next volume of Spanish Papers, which will be published by Don Pascual de Gayangos. Nevertheless we are glad that the Spanish editor has suffered it to appear in Mr. Brewer's volume, for it fits in with English papers which were already in print, and gives us the account of the first intimation of the probability of a divorce reaching the Emperor's ears. The matter was kept so quiet in England that we do not know how the Queen first became acquainted with the project; but we know that early in July 1527 Catharine despatched a secret messenger to the Emperor informing him of the proceedings which were being instituted. The plan adopted was that one of her servants, a Spaniard named Francis Phillipp, should apply for the King's leave to go into Spain, and that the Queen should appear unwilling to part with him. The King saw through the device, for a previous messenger had gone on the same errand. Ferdinand, her physician, had gone a few days earlier; but whether he ever reached Valladolid does not appear. So, in order to disarm the Queen's suspicions, Henry allowed him to go, but sent strict orders to Wolsey, who was then on his embassy to Francis, to detain him if he passed that way, to inform Ghinucci of the probability of his arrival in Spain, and to arrest him. The Spaniard left England before the middle of July, and, as the letter informs us, had reached Valladolid in less than a fortnight, having eluded all those who were instructed to detain him. Wolsey, writing from Compiègne September 5, had just heard that the Emperor was aware of the project for the divorce, which he had learned partly by the report of English merchants, and probably also from Francis Phillipp, who had arrived and held communication with the Emperor for a whole day (p. 1539). Accordingly the Emperor sent an autograph letter in cipher to Henry, remonstrating with him on the subject, and enclosed it in another, in which he instructed Don Inigo de Mendoza how he was to act in the matter. The pretence of conscience did not for a moment deceive Charles. But he thought proper to write with moderation, and promised to keep the matter entirely secret for the present, no one being made cognizant of it except the English Ambassador, the Viceroy of Naples, and the Pope, to whom he also wrote entreating him to revoke Wolsey's legatine authority in England, hinting very significantly that the affair originated with the Cardinal, who had ill will towards the Queen, his aunt. The letter, which was sent by the same messenger to the Cardinal, has unfortunately been lost; but in all probability it would not have added much to the light which has been thrown upon the matter by this interesting despatch. The news of the intended divorce seems to have spread wonderfully quickly, the very next despatch in the volume showing that the Lady Margaret had also heard of it and fully believed it. But Wolsey had not ventured to disclose it to the French King on August 16, when, as he told the King, he proposed to do so, "in so cloudy and dark a sort that he shall not know your utter determination."

This volume contains another important document from Simancas. The negotiations between France and England so alarmed the Emperor that on the 30th of September he wrote to Mendoza urging him to do all he could to bring over Wolsey to his interest, offering to pay up 45,000 ducats of pension which were in arrears, with the offer of the first bishopric that should fall vacant in his dominions, and a marquisate in the Duchy of Milan of 15,000 ducats annual rent.

And now we reach the end of the year 1527, that agonizing time for Wolsey, when it became necessary for him, upon his return from his embassy to France, to throw himself unreservedly into the King's plan for the marriage with Anne Boleyn. Till now he had fondly hoped for a divorce which should have enabled him to marry the King to a French princess and cement the alliance of the two nations; but before the end of the year he saw that Henry's determination was fixed, and that, if he was to retain his influence over him, he must be on good terms with the King's new mistress, who was too cunning to be had on the easy terms to which her elder sister Mary had consented. She played for a high stake and she won the game. Mr. Brewer has produced one additional draft of the dispensation which eventually found its way to Rome for the Pope to sign; and even if Mr. Froude affects any longer to doubt that the celebrated conditional dispensation was drawn up to meet the particular circumstances of Anne Boleyn's case, the first of the three drafts will probably convince him that Anne was connected with the King in the first degree of affinity by the illicit intercourse with her elder sister. The new draft, which we see for the first time analysed in this volume—and, considering how obstinately the point has been disputed, we wish Mr. Brewer had printed it at length, with all its interlineations and corrections—contains the additional proviso, which was afterwards omitted, allowing the King to marry one who had been within seven years previously contracted in marriage, supposing only the marriage had not been consummated. This case exactly applies to the circumstances of Anne Boleyn's pre-contract with the son of the Earl of Ormond, in 1520. The insertion of the words *in septennio* in the original draft prove how carefully worded it was with the view of excluding all possible objection to the intended marriage of the King with Anne Boleyn. Their omission by the corrector of the draft was owing to the fact that the person who overlooked it saw that it was unnecessary to specify the time, it being sufficient that *any clandestine* marriage should be declared to be no impediment to the King's desires. And what is still more remarkable about the corrected draft is that the original provided only for the case of affinity contracted by illicit intercourse in the general, whereas the corrected copy expressly excepts such intercourse as creates affinity in the first degree—the general exception not being thought sufficiently explicit for the case of the King's connexion with Mary Boleyn. That connexion was in canon law precisely the same impediment as if the parties had been lawfully joined together in marriage, and required special mention because of the extreme rarity of the case; there being at the most not more than two or three instances on record where a king had been allowed to marry his deceased wife's sister; and even then the case was not quite parallel, for Mary Boleyn was still living.

There are, of course, many other documents bearing on this subject, but we shall reserve our comment upon them till after the publication of the third part of the fourth volume, which we suppose may be expected in the course of the present year. In conclusion, we may observe that we are disappointed that the originals of so many documents which have found their way into print have not been discovered. It is possible they may yet be found by the exertions of the Historical Commission. We should have been glad also if the very imperfect documents printed in Le Grand had been sent to Paris to be corrected from the originals in the National Library. In some cases Mr. Brewer himself has been at a loss to explain passages in these letters. As to the skill with which he has arranged letters without date, and corrected important mistakes made by the most able of those who have preceded him over the same ground, that is entirely beyond our praise; but we think the records at St. Paul's, which apparently have not been consulted, would have afforded useful information additional to the extracts from them which appear in Fox and Strype, and which have been duly analysed and calendared in these volumes.

SONGS OF THE SUNLANDS.*

SOME short while ago the critics were all busied in settling Mr. Joaquin Miller's claim to the style and title of a poet. A completely new man, who had in a sense dropped from the clouds, he tells us that, until he thus took London by surprise, he had been nothing but

> a tender of herds
> And of horse on the ultimate Oregon shore.

And to some it seemed as if the clear-voiced lyre of early civilization had been taken in hand once more. The general verdict, though less enthusiastic than this, was nevertheless a very kindly one. Few strangers have ever received attentive notice from so many of the leading journals and reviews; and few indeed have had such liberal recognition granted to their merits, or such bountiful indulgence to their weaknesses. It was pretty unanimously agreed that Mr. Miller *is* a poet: that he "sings because he must"; that his offences and defects are outweighed by his acknowledged gift of spontaneity, and by what Mr. Swinburne calls the "excellence of sincerity and strength."

The present volume leaves this estimate of Mr. Miller's powers and of the literary work which he has done pretty much where it was. There can be no doubt that he has in past years, spent for the most part on the outside confines of civilization, if not beyond them, become enamoured of the natural beauties of the Western Continent in a manner only possible to a man gifted with the genuine poetical temperament, or, in other words, with that peculiar strength and subtlety of sensuous perception which makes such a man a keener and more passionate observer than his fellows. By some means or other, he was impelled to attempt the expression of himself in a literary form; and his success, within certain well-marked limits, has been, as we have said, undoubted. The limits to which we refer, the adverse considerations which seem to us to show that he would be wise to rest content with what he has already done, and really to act upon his own declaration at the close of the poem called "By the Sundown Seas," where he tells us that

> the minstrel's zest
> For fame is broken here, and here he pleads for rest,

are chiefly these. First, it is no detraction from his real merits to say that his genius is somewhat narrow; we feel that its true scope is nature, and the freedom of a purely natural life, regarded in a strong light of imagination, but with a certain simplicity that does not seem capable of much expansion. To use his own words:—

> The passionate sun and the resolute seas,
> These were my masters and only these.

Exactly so; and when these, and the splendid mountains, and forests, and plains, with which their disciple has become familiar, have been sung, the song may be looked upon as finished. For the only basis of further singing would have to be supplied in a knowledge of men and an experience of culture. With culture Mr. Miller owns, here and there rather defiantly, that he has not had any familiarity; and it may be readily observed that his human beings are all of one type, the mere passionate embodiment of those influences of sea and sky and mountain which are his true staple. And, further, we see no evidence in the volume before us that the grave defects in Mr. Miller's style are likely to be re-

* *Songs of the Sunlands.* By Joaquin Miller, Author of "Songs of the Sierras." London: Longmans & Co. 1873.

moved, or even to be materially modified. That he was able to write as well as he has done amidst the peculiar circumstances of his life is surprising; some of the earlier work in the *Arazonian*, and *With Walker in Nicaragua*, was thoroughly remarkable, and occasionally admirable; nor is the present series of poems deficient in worthy parallels to it. But what is excellent in Mr. Miller, in point of style, comes to us damaged with a very large portion of alloy, in the shape either of the falsetto of rant, or the capriccios of an untrained and ungoverned fancy. These, then, are two considerations which, to our own view, seem to make it clear that the poet of the Sierras would be well advised in reposing on the laurels which he has already won; the first being that his genius, though powerful and distinct, is confined within narrow boundaries; and the second, that his style, which is overlaid with many vicious characteristics, does not show signs of growth and improvement, nor can it very well be expected to do so. There is still a third point for remark, which presents to us an additional reason for desiring that Mr. Miller's muse may not be too prolific; and on that we will offer a few comments before we conclude.

It is always fortunate when a series of poems happens to present what are called salient features; and this is the case here. The opening poem, "By the Sundown Seas," a long rhapsodical tale called "Isles of the Amazons," and a collection of short pieces called "Olive Leaves"—these are of the essence of the volume, and to examine them is to examine it. "By the Sundown Seas" is written in the Spenserian stanza; it is closely moulded on the style of *Childe Harold*, the author clearly keeping his great hero Byron perpetually in mind; and it consists of three parts—the first descriptive of the coast scenery in Western North America; the second, commemorative of the early disastrous exploring expedition in search of California; and the third, a reminiscence of Mr. Miller's sojourn in England. These, that is to say, are the bare threads on which he has hung some of the best writing in the volume, and writing (we are bound to say) of very conspicuous merit indeed, taken as a whole. The author cannot speak of his familiar haunts without an energy of passion which it is no small achievement to have curbed even so far as he has been able to curb it. "See Naples and die" is transmuted by Mr. Miller into

> See once Columbia's scenes, then roam no more.

And it must be admitted that he strongly stimulates the desire to see them. His pictures of mountain and cloud are often excellent:—

> Here lifts the land of clouds! The mantle forms,
> Made white with everlasting snow, look down
> Through mists of many cañons, and the storms
> That stretch from Autumn time until they drown
> The yellow hem of Spring. The cedars frown,
> Dark-brow'd, through banner'd clouds that stretch and stream
> Above the sea from snowy mountain crown.
> The heavens roll, and all things drift or seem
> To drift about and drive like some majestic dream.

A second passage has equal force:—

> Lo! the clouds came driving in with morn
> Toward the sea, as fleeing from the day.
> The valleys fill'd with curly clouds. They lay
> Below, a levell'd sea that reach'd and roll'd
> And broke like breakers of a stormy bay
> Against the grassy shingle fold on fold,
> So like a splendid ocean, snowy white and cold.

And the following brief but strong touches, on one of the lofty ranges of Western mountains, are a good specimen of the poet's descriptive manner at its best:—

> The mounts make fellowship and dwell at home
> In snowy brotherhood beneath their purpled dome.
>
> The flight
> Of time is underneath their untopp'd towers.
> They seem to push aside the moon at night,
> To jostle and to loose the stars. The flowers
> Of heaven fall about their brows in shining showers.

The reminiscences of London and of England are disfigured by some crudities, but they possess merits which induce the wish that their author had bestowed more pains upon them, and made altogether more of them:—

> The Abbey broods beside the turbid Thames;
> Her mother heart is fill'd with memories;
> * * * * * *
> And stain'd in storms of grander days all things appear.

This is so well said that we think, had Mr. Miller spent the time and taken the trouble to become really well informed on what he was writing about, he might have commemorated the Abbey in a poem which would have been a worthier and more durable composition than any which he has yet produced. Hucknall Church, where Byron is buried, was a natural object of pilgrimage to his Transatlantic follower; and the few lines which follow are as good as anything that Westminster drew from their writer:—

> Lo! dust indeed to dust. The mould is set
> Above thee and the ancient walls are wet,
> And drip all day in dank and silent gloom,
> As if the cold grey stones could not forget
> Thy great estate shrunk to this sombre room,
> But learn to weep perpetual tears above thy tomb.

A composition called "From Sea to Sea" intervenes between this opening poem and "Isles of the Amazons." It purports to convey in words something of the impression created by a journey on the Pacific Railway, but it is sadly screechy, and bears about the same relation to poetical art that a railroad whistle does to music.

The "Isles of the Amazons" tells a wild and purely mythical story of a young Castilian knight, who in the early days of the Spanish conquest grew weary of bloodshed, and after a series of terrible conflicts and hairbreadth escapes managed to reach the isles of the Incas, and to join a splendid *corps d'armée* of genuine man-hating Amazons. He is fair and slim enough to be taken by them and tended as a woman, and then, *mutatis mutandis*, things move forward to a conclusion resembling the close of the *Princess*, as the knight marries the Amazon Queen, and a host of invaders arrive in time to induce the Queen's female warriors to follow her example, and to fuse with themselves into one nation. The whole poem is written in a melodious anapæstic measure, of which these lines from the Castilian knight's song of farewell to his old life are a good example:—

> And the years may come and the years may go,
> And men make war, may slay and be slain,
> But I not care, for I never shall know
> Of man, or of aught that is man's again.
>
> The waves may battle, the winds may blow,
> The mellow rich moons may ripen and fall,
> The seasons of gold they may gather or go,
> The mono may chatter, the parroquet call,
>
> And who shall take heed, take note, or shall know
> If Fates befriend, or if ill befall. . . .

And the Amazonian warriors, with their manners and customs, are treated with a delicacy of taste that might not be unworthy the attention of certain Cis-Atlantic writers. Still there is a monotony about every canto, a suggestion that the tale is nothing and the descriptions everything, which ought to make the author pause before he resolves to produce much more on the same model. The magnificent "scenes of Columbia" may be thought to deserve what is called luscious description, but the poet of the tropics should recollect that of luscious description there may soon come satiety.

The set of short pieces called "Olive Leaves" is taken up with the treatment of sacred subjects, chiefly from the New Testament. It is here that the limitations of Mr. Miller's genius, and his grave deficiencies of judgment, come into prominent view. He has a lyric on the "Woman Taken in Adultery"; and, though we are unwilling to drag forward blemishes where one would rather be on the look-out for subjects of commendation, yet we must not pass over this kind of raving without some remark. It is a well-recognized fact that the writing on the ground, mentioned in the Evangelist's narrative, may have been no more than a symbolical act; whether or not, that is to say, any words were actually written, must be left in uncertainty. But the writer of "Olive Leaves" decides that words were written, and that all the works of Homer and Milton would be a small price to pay for the inscription. We will confine our quotation to the following singular lines:—

> O better the Scian uncherish'd
> Had died ere a note or device
> Of battle was fashion'd, than perish'd
> This only line written by Christ.

The rhyme in the second and fourth lines is one which we will abstain from characterizing, and "Scian"—which occurs once again in the volume—is a completely original various reading for "Chian." But these slips are as nothing beside the general tone and inspiration of rant underlying the whole composition. It is the same with another lyric, in which the author speculates on what sort of "hymn" was sung by the Apostles on the eve of the Passion; the same again with some verses on the presentation of the Infants. We should have thought that Mr. Miller had enough strength of understanding, if not enough literary instinct, to see that the more sacred a narrative has been held by a long consent of humanity, the more easily it may have a maudlin turn given to it; and that to treat sentimentally what was never meant to rest on a basis of sentiment at all is less a desecration of records which cannot be reached by such strange handling than a plunging of oneself into a hopeless bathos.

We have reserved for the last a further consideration, besides those already mentioned, on the strength of which we venture to hope that Mr. Miller may abstain from writing further, at any rate for some while to come. This may be stated in very few words. At different periods of our literature groups of poets have arisen to whom, from some common characteristic, it has been possible with more or less accuracy to give some common name. We have thus had the "Metaphysical Poets," the "Correct Poets," the "Poets of the Reason," and so forth. Just at present we incline to think that several names might be placed together in a group to which the title of "Egotistical Poets" might not unfairly be given. The writers of whom we speak appear to be for ever concerned about their own poetry, and their reputation and claims as poets; and the sense of this sort of egotism becomes tedious and wearisome to readers who are not unversed in more vigorous composition and in healthier epochs. To this school, though probably with a better excuse than other members of it, Mr. Joaquin Miller belongs. And for this and other reasons we urge him now to wait; he has had ample recognition given to the powers which he really possesses; he should now abide a fuller experience and a maturer stage of culture.

PICTON'S MEMORIALS OF LIVERPOOL.*

IS the well-known collocation of men's cities and men's way of thinking in the third line of the Odyssey, after all, only a tautology? Might the Homeric Greeks in general, instead of putting their famous string of questions to strangers, "Who are you? where do you come from?" &c., have condensed them into the single query, "Which is your native city"? In other words, is there such an individuality about towns, modern as well as ancient, as to warrant our dividing our fellow-creatures, not only according to the laws of craniology or the distinctions of religious denominations, but also as cockneys, Liverpudlians, Manchester men in the strict sense of the term, and Boltonites according to the only generally intelligible application of the word? Such a problem can hardly fail to suggest itself after a perusal, however unconscientious, of the thirteen hundred pages in which Mr. Picton has detailed the *memorabilia* of an all but endless series of δικαιώματα (which etymology of Dickey Sam, "the local appellation for one born within the sound of the parish bells" of Liverpool, though rejected by our author, strikes us as too bad to be lost), all of whom, with few exceptions, bear an odd family likeness to one another. These exceptions, it is true, are the one or two men of genius whom Liverpool has produced; but even a *rara avis* like the late Mr. Roscoe, and a phœnix pure and simple like Mr. Gladstone, have in their plumage some feathers of the local hue; and to have been born and bred on the Mersey is apparently a possession, as it is a joy, for ever.

Mr. Picton's substantial volumes have, as he very modestly avows in his preface, not been compiled in the expectation of attracting a large circle of readers. He is aware that "provincial history and topography"—why does he use the absurd and degrading adjective, absurd and degrading, *i.e.* when applied in an improper sense?—have few charms for the general reader; and he pleads guilty to having, as was inevitable from the plan of his work, introduced a large number of trivialities into his pages. At the same time he fairly urges that the history of Liverpool possesses a typical as well as a general interest; and he might have added that it depends only on the manner of treatment whether the history of any town which is not merely of yesterday can be rendered instructive as well as entertaining. No apology whatever was needed for his design; and the way in which he has executed it is such as to entitle him to the gratitude of all to whom the streets of Liverpool speak of the past as well as of the present. We, however, as treating his work from a more general point of view, may be excused from following him into the details which he has accumulated with so indefatigable a zeal. The day may come when the histories of our principal English cities will be placed side by side with the same systematic care as that which the Munich Commission is now expending on the cities of Germany; in that day Mr. Picton's volumes will furnish valuable materials for a trained historian, who will have little difficulty in excluding the delectable rubbish which Mr. Picton has quite judiciously included in his pages. For his aim was not scientific, and the general bearings of the history of Liverpool upon the national history at large he has only discussed incidentally. His object has been to array annalistically the materials for a history of the commercial growth and social progress of the second mercantile town in England, and then (without fear of occasionally repeating himself) to act as a faithful guide through its streets and suburbs, making every house or site which has a tale to tell tell it with all the circumstance of genial communicativeness. And, wisely judging that a history of Liverpool unaccompanied by a special narrative of the origin and growth of the Dock Estate would resemble a history of Athens without an account of the Laurian mines, he has added to his first volume a sketch of the history of the famous six miles which so "astonished and astounded" the great orator with a quotation from whom this satisfactory summary is appropriately concluded.

From an author whose aims are at once so modest and so comprehensive it would perhaps be unfair to demand those graces of style which are, not indeed irreconcilable with, but not specially necessary in, a work of this description. We therefore cheerfully turn the first page, in which we were at first sight alarmed by three stale quotations in a single paragraph, and acknowledge that Mr. Picton has, as a rule, contrived to be decorous without being dull, and to avoid that breathless flippancy which "metropolitan" are wont to share with "provincial" topographers. He tells a good story, when he has to tell it, without spoiling it; and, after he has exhausted his stock of familiar quotations, generally abstains from wearying the reader's patience by recurring to them.

We wonder whether many of Mr. Picton's local readers will turn with special interest to the earlier pages of his first volume. Yet it is here that some of the most curious information contained in his book will be found. The commercial progress of Liverpool in the days of her prosperity is a familiar tale; the opening of the railway from Liverpool to Manchester, together with the disastrous incident which accompanied it, has been narrated a thousand times over; the humours of contested elections, on which Mr. Picton dwells with peculiar fondness, are after all capable of pulling upon the purified conscience of our own day; and Mr. Gladstone's speech at the opening of the Liverpool College, if it deserves to be remembered, deserves this fate less emphatically than his recent speech in the same walls deserves to be forgotten. But, as in the life of a great man whose latter days have been uniformly prosperous, the mind is apt to dwell with peculiar interest upon the brief records of his early struggles and difficulties, so, in the history of a great town like Liverpool, which, for good and for evil, has during recent generations played so important a part in the development of our national life, we turn with something more than curiosity to the long and weary years when it was, so to speak, striving for bare existence. To follow the course of the history of such a town from its beginnings to its turning-point is to us at least as interesting as to watch the wonderful rapidity of its progress, when that progress had once become an established certainty.

Whatever the origin may be of the "primæval relics" of Liverpool, and whether or not the "Calder stones" are a structure originally erected by what, for want of a better name, Mr. Picton is pleased to call a "Turanian" race, the history of the port, which is the history of the town, of Liverpool, may be said to have begun with the formation of the harbour itself. As the Roman geographers make no mention of that estuary, it is assumed with much probability that, in the Roman times, "the broad sheet of water from the Sloyne up to Runcorn was" still "a freshwater lake, the overflow of which found its way to the sea by a comparatively small outlet through low marshy lands, and that either by the subsidence of the coast line, or from some other natural cause, the sea broke in and formed the present narrow portion of the estuary. If this were so, as there would be no harbour, the insignificant stream might well be overlooked by the Roman geographers." The incursion of the sea which determined the future of Liverpool may thus very likely have been about contemporaneous with the cessation of the Roman dominion over Britain and the period of the English Conquest. In any case, the earliest mention of the river Mersey itself falls as late as the reign of Æthelred the Unready, though there are traces in the names of *Low* and Brown*low* hills of settlements belonging to a much earlier, *i.e.* pagan, date. But the real founder of the borough and port of Liverpool was King John, who, after confirming his father's grant of Liverpool and other lands to Henry Fitzwarine before his own accession to the throne, after his accession exchanged Liverpool, and himself entered into possession of it, at the same time causing the first so-called "charter" constituting the borough to be executed (1207). Mr. Picton facetiously expresses his esteem for King John's unhappy memory by a reference to Burns's "Address to the Deil"; but he also more appropriately points out the probable reason why John's attention was directed to the port, which had become a necessity for the North-West of England after the partial conquest of Ireland. We may take the opportunity of pointing out that when another admirer of King John, Bishop Bale, was in his play of *Kyng Johan* racking his loyal brain to discover all that could be discovered in favour of his hero, yet could find little to say except that

> In hys dayes the brydge the cytizens did contryve,
> Though he be now dead, hys noble actes are alyve,
> Hys zele is declared as towchynge Christes religyon,
> In that he exyled the Jews out of this region—

he would probably have welcomed even so small a mercy as the fact of King John's foundation of the borough of Liverpool, had Liverpool in the early Tudor period already emerged from its obscurity. For its progress, though it began prosperously, was anything but rapid. Under Henry III. the borough was incorporated, and received a charter proper, granting to its burgesses a mercatorial guild with a *hanse* and other liberties; and this appears to be the time of the origin of its so-called "common" seal (the original of which was lost in 1644), bearing the inscription "*Sigill. communæ Borgesid*" (*i.e. communæ Borgensium de*) *Liverpool*, and the figure of a "liver," or cormorant, which we learn was intended to represent "the symbolic eagle of St. John the Evangelist, to whom the inscription on the seal, *Johis*, a contraction for Johannis, referred." On the etymology of "Lever," or "Liver," we can give no opinion. Baines, we observe, rejects "the fanciful derivation from the heraldic bird," and seems to incline to lide pol, or the gentle lake, whence the more ancient orthography Litherpool; but it is cheering to know that there are forty variations of the spelling of the name.

The privileges of the Royal charters were freely violated under the Plantagenets by Edmund Earl of Lancaster and his successors, who treated the freedom of the borough with lordly contempt, and levied the tolls on their own behalf; but Liverpool was of sufficient importance to be represented in that Parliament of Edward I. from which, as is well known, the continuity of our present Parliamentary system properly dates. Its population was then probably under a thousand, and it was still a quite insignificant port. The Scottish wars of the next reigns interfered with its progress; yet its traders were forced to contribute both money and ships for the needs of Edward III. Nor was its prosperity advanced in the reign of Henry IV. (when we meet with the first mention of a connexion between the Stanley family and Liverpool), or in those of his successors; and, partaking in the general decay of national progress during the Wars of the Roses, it seems even to have suffered a diminution of population. The accession of Henry VII. brought to Liverpool, which he of course appropriated together with the rest of the possessions of the Duchy of Lancaster, little but a characteristic, though in this case futile, attempt at royal extortion; and the economical changes of the reign of his successor could not but, so far as they affected Liverpool at all, affect it disastrously. Thus in 1544 Liverpool is included in the list of decayed towns set forth in an Act of

* *Memorials of Liverpool, Historical and Topographical, including a History of the Dock Estate.* By J. A. Picton, F.S.A. 2 vols. London: Longmans & Co. 1873.

Parliament, and Leland, whose *Itinerary* was composed about the same time, describes it very briefly, though not altogether hopelessly, thus:—

> Lyrpole, alias Lyverpoole, a pavid Towne, hath but a chapel, Walton a iil miles off, not far from the Se is a Paroche church. The King hath a Castelet there, and the Erle of Darbe a Stone Howse there. Irisch Marchauntes cum much thither, as to a good Haven.

"In the margin he remarks:—'At Lyrpole is a smaule costome-payid that causeth marchantes to resorte.' Again:—'Good Marchandis at Lyrpole, moch Irisch yarn that Manchester men do by ther.'" The latter part of Henry VIII.'s time is also noteworthy in the annals of Liverpool as having first placed in the hands of the Molyneux family, whose time-honoured connexion with the town is all but cooval with its existence, the lease of the Crown rights, and as having restored to the borough the right of sending representatives to Parliament, which had been suspended for more than two centuries.

The evil days of Edward VI. and of his successor dragged on; the plague decimated—perhaps more than decimated—the thin population of the decaying, but still promising, town; and, finally, in 1561, a hurricane destroyed the breakwater of the old haven. But, at the very lowest of their fortunes, the burgesses gave proof of the spirit which must be native to the place. Mr. Mayor (his name was Robert Corbett) called together the whole town, to resolve on the construction of a new haven; "of his own free will gave a pistole of gold towards the beginning, which that day was good and current all England through for 5*s.* 10*d.*, although after, in a few days, it was not so; but by proclamation in London, by the Queen's Majesty, was prohibited and not current. Also, the same day, Mr. Sekerston did give, also the rest of the congregation did give, so that in the whole was gathered that present day the whole sum of 13*s.* 9*d.* current," with which sum the work was begun by these brave men; and we will gladly on this occasion absolve Mr. Picton for enthusiastically quoting a passage from the prophet Nehemiah as a parallel. Corbett and Sekerston (whose adroit management of the Earl of Derby as the proper person to nominate a burgess in Parliament we must pass by) are justly remembered for their services to their native town; and the latter boldly brought its grievances before Queen Elizabeth herself, praying her to "relieve us like a mother." His saying, "Save me and mine, and the good town of Liverpool and theirs, and then let the nobles kill whom they please," may not savour of a very advanced species of patriotism; but patriotism, like charity, begins at home, and the spirit of Sekerston's prayer is that which has made small towns great, and great towns powerful, in other ages and countries as well as his own. From this period the trade of Liverpool (which now boasted seven streets) went steadily, though still at first slowly, forward. Forms of government have little influence on prosperity at such a stage of development; and the establishment in Elizabeth's reign of a Common Council, which was to fill up its own vacancies, as well as the gradual supersession of the burgage tenants by the freemen as common burgesses, acquired no vital significance for the history of the town till a much later date. It may be mentioned that from 1588 to 1592 Liverpool was represented in the House of Commons by Bacon, a fact which, according to Mr. Picton, is noted by none of Bacon's biographers.

It is unnecessary to follow the fortunes of the town through the Civil War, which are exceptionally well known. Mr. Picton says that the trenches cut in the rock by Prince Rupert during his siege of Liverpool, after it had been taken by the Parliamentary forces, are still visible in Lime Street. Finally, the place was recovered by the Parliament, and, in spite of much suffering from war and plague, survived through these, as through previous troubles, for the advent of a brighter day. With the Restoration at last begins a visible increase of trade and prosperity. After the Plague and the Great Fire of London it appears that "several ingenious men settled in Liverpool, which originated the trade of the port to the plantations and other places. This so enlarged the trade of the port that, from scarcely paying the salaries of the officers of customs, Liverpool before the close of the century possessed the third part of the trade of the country, and paid the King upwards of 50,000*l.* a year in customs." This statement, extracted from the case laid before Parliament in 1699, on the application for an Act to constitute Liverpool a separate parish, Mr. Picton characterizes as "no doubt exaggerated"; but it shows how the tide had at last set in. It was the beginning of the West India trade, supported by a considerable influx of capital from London, which laid the foundation of Liverpool's commercial prosperity. By the end of the seventeenth century Liverpool numbered over five thousand inhabitants; and the number of vessels in the year 1699 was 102, with a tonnage of 8,619.

We must at this point break off our survey, which we intended to restrict to the less familiar part of the history of Liverpool. The various trades (one of them we need not particularize) in which Liverpool successively and simultaneously engaged, and the gradual extension of her shipping and of the appliances to meet its necessities, are all discussed by Mr. Picton; but, except in the history of the Dock Estate, the annalistic method which he has from the nature of his plan pursued makes the bulk of his work more suitable for reference than for consecutive reading. This method at the same time leads him to enumerate events great and small with the same degree of conscientiousness, and to give as much space to the starting of the first stage-coach out of Liverpool as to the completion of the Bridgwater Canal, which latter event, in point of fact, may be said to open the second epoch in the history of Liverpool's commercial prosperity. But, as we have said, Mr. Picton does not profess to be a scientific historian.

Leaving then all these facts, important and unimportant, omitting also all notice of the tremendous Parliamentary contests of the good old times, when Brougham might make immortal speeches though General Gascoyne was sure to be returned, but when Canning's name also shed lustre on the Parliamentary annals, not otherwise of high national interest, of Liverpool—we may, in conclusion, advert to one pleasant and encouraging fact to be gathered from the records of this great commercial town. Liverpool may, as Mr. Picton is not unwilling to admit, "love a lord"; but when it has once become conscious of owning a genius, it is as true to its veneration for him as to its native devotion to a Molyneux or a Stanley. To minds innocent of cotton, there is no name which connects itself so inseparably with Liverpool as that of William Roscoe; and it is pleasant to find this name pervading both the volumes of Mr. Picton's loyal records. Roscoe's politics, like his poetry, may belong to a past age; and in the progress of historical study and historical criticism even the work upon which his lasting fame is based may fail to satisfy in many respects the severer tests applied by a better trained and more sternly inclined generation of students. But, after this has been admitted, it must remain incontestable that not only is his career an instance of self-help of a more elevated description than that which enables a man to die a millionaire and leave half a dozen munificent bequests to half a dozen exemplary institutions, but that it furnishes signal proof of the power of genius to control circumstances, instead of being controlled by them. It would not be incorrect to describe Roscoe as the refuge of art and literature in what was, comparatively speaking, a wilderness of counting-houses; but he did what is infinitely more than encourage by kindness—he stimulated by example; and if there is nothing more pleasing in the recent progress of Lancashire than the evidence of its becoming alive to other demands than those of mere material advancement, no small share of the influence which has contributed to that result is due to the career of one whom every true son of Liverpool will long continue to remember among her foremost worthies. Roscoe once spoke, in reference to his own exertions, of the "perversity of disposition which delights to be employed in anything but what it ought to be." If his native county would at times similarly forget itself, life in it, at the risk of being a little more varied, would lose nothing of its activity, and would gain something in its influence upon the current of national progress.

BY AND BY.*

IF the late Lord Lytton could have foreseen the number of imitators which his unfortunate squib, the *Coming Race*, has produced, it is possible that he might never have given it to the public. It was a novelty in its way, and it was marked, or rather the earlier chapters were marked, by originality and ability of a certain order. People read the book and talked about it. A mild form of literature dealing with an imaginary future seemed acceptable, and the inventive genius of writers like the authors of *Erewhon* and *Colymbia* was stimulated to make capital out of this newly developed taste. Nor is the vein yet exhausted. There is a lower deep even in prophetic literature; and until Mr. Edward Maitland produces another work of fiction of the same character, that place of honour must be assigned to *By and By*. It is difficult to reproduce the past effectively, and even an attempt to do so requires some reading and some historical knowledge. The present is cramped and fettered by the unwisdom of antiquity, and any treatment of it is exposed to the rude assaults of a commonplace and unappreciative criticism. A great soul like that of Mr. Edward Maitland is weary of the stale treatment of everyday life with its dogmas and conventionalities, and little feminine decorums. His spirit pants for the boundless prairies of an illimitable future, where human nature goes about without even a moral figleaf to cover its nakedness. In the vastness of the future the spirit may "evolve." It may dream dreams wilder than any that are dreamed in Hanwell. It may rid itself of all conventionality, and reconstitute society according to its own divine dogmas. The part is an easy one to play now that Lord Lytton has suggested it. You have only to go far enough into the future, and treat of it with adequate incoherence, and the greater nonsense you write the more successful your book is likely to be.

Mr. Maitland has followed Lord Lytton's lead in this spirit. In justice, however, to the *Coming Race*, we must say that his book can hardly be called an imitation. The general framework was probably suggested by it, but the treatment of what for courtesy we may call the design of the book is entirely the author's own. He has the courage of such convictions as he has the capacity to form, and it would be unfair to him, and cruel to Lord Lytton's memory, to offer any suggestion which might seem to deprive Mr. Maitland of any credit he may derive therefrom. The life represented in the book is supposed to be that of many centuries hence, and the scenes in which this future life is portrayed are carried on mostly in the air. The hero is called "Christmas Carol," Christmas being—we were going to say his Christian name, but Mr. Maitland would repudiate such an interpretation as savouring of dogma—his first name,

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* *By and By.* An Historical Romance of the Future. By Edward Maitland, Author of "The Pilgrim and the Shrine," "Higher Law," &c. 3 vols. London: Bentley & Son. 1873.

and Carol his surname. There is no particular reason, unless it be for euphony, why the order of the names should not be reversed, or indeed why he should have had any name at all, considering the exceptional circumstances of his birth and upbringing. But the author has called him Christmas Carol, "and never," it appears, "did name and nature more closely correspond." He was born in a balloon upon an iceberg near the North Pole; he lived his life in a balloon; he loved the poetry of balloons, of which the following is a stave:—

Balloon! Balloon! Balloon!
Go up and hunt the sky;
Then come and tell us soon
What you have found on high.
* * *
Balloon! Balloon! Balloon!
Tell us of what the stars are made,
What are their children like?
We're always told they're good as gold,
And never sulk or strike.
But arn't they often giddy found,
With always rolling round and round?

He was brought up with a childlike faith in the "Holy Trinity of the Excellencies," Goodness, Beauty, and Use, impersonated by three guardians, "each of whom was an exponent of a different yet co-ordinate factor in the sum of triune perfection."

He married two wives. The first was "reared in tropical Africa, and possessed a temperament so ardent and impulsive that she found it impossible to tone herself down to civilization point." She was also (we are quoting the style of the future, and cannot be held responsible for it) "regarded as the most perfect specimen of simple womanhood for the potency of her instinct of monopoly, and the absolute concentration of all the faculties of her being in the main function of her sex." By this wife our hero had a daughter who was "the due resultant of the compounded natures of her parents"—a person of "a rich and roomy nature, who required all the larger brain she had derived from her father to balance the mighty impulses of her heart." The second Mrs. Christmas Carol was of a different type. "She had the aspect of one from whose veins all the blood has been drawn, and whose vitality is nourished only by a cold colourless lymph." She was "an ingrained liar" (we are again quoting the language of the future), who had the perversity, in her husband's eyes, to be faithful to him, and uncharitable towards people of ambiguous character:—

"Hear me," he said sternly, "and lay to heart what I say. It is no matter for boasting to have the physical characteristic you call purity, when every thought and word is an outrage against every virtue of the soul. Infinitely better is the ardour of the fire than the chastity of the iceberg, for with warmth there is a possibility of life; whereas, of the disposition you evince, there can come nought but utter death. My whole moral nature rises in revolt against the insincerity and hardness you seem to delight in exhibiting. Unless you amend, we must dwell apart."

"Every nerve," we are told, "in Mr. Carol's moral nature quivered with indignation" as he administered this well-merited rebuke to his "lymph-nourished" partner. Between these opposite types of the matrimonial temperament the hero of the romance had a hard time of it when he was out of his balloon. It is not therefore surprising that he spent most of his spare time in it, and that at the end of the third volume he died, as a gentleman should, in his own balloon:—

Born in a balloon, I verily believe [says the narrator of this incident] that by his own choice, through the action of some divine instinct, he is also buried in a balloon. Buried, as Bertie will says, not to moulder in damp dark earth, but far above the corroding influences of our lower atmosphere; far above the lightning ranges; far above the breezes such as we know them; even in those blue depths of air whence he was wont in life to seek his inspirations. Let us rather envy him his euthanasia.

These incidents seem but slender threads on which to weave so great a web as *By and By*. And it may be that they hardly give an adequate impression of the full-blown splendour of the book. Though the modest title-page describes the work simply as "an Historical Romance of the Future," it contains, like the Scotchman's sheep's-head, "a dale of fine confused feeding in t'ill't." To the uninstructed, indeed, it is only a grotesque conglomeration of foolish and impure imaginings, but to the disciples whom Mr. Maitland has called around him, the "Romance of the Future" is another name for a Divine Revelation. Two chapters of this new Evangel have already, it appears, been given to the public. But nobody seems to have been aware that they were a revelation at all. In this the third chapter now presented to us, the author has taken pity on poor humanity, and expounded their hidden purpose in the following words:—

In the *Pilgrim and the Shrine* was represented a youth escaping from the trammels of traditional belief, and laying himself wholly open to the influences of the living Universe, so as to allow his entire system of religious faith to evolve itself freely from the contact of external nature with his own soul.

In *Higher Law* a similar method was applied to Morals.

Having endeavoured in these two books to exhibit the evolution of Religion and Morals out of the contact of the world with the human consciousness, the author cherishes the hope of being able some day to complete the series by a third.

It is hard upon a man to have to explain his jokes; but to call upon a prophet to translate into popular language the inner meaning of a revelation many years after even his disciples had forgotten all about it, is almost unprecedented in the history of creeds. But the worst of it is that the riddle is still unsolved. "What the general intention of the series now completed may be," Mr. Maitland says, "as well, of course, as how far that intention finds its fulfilment in *By and By*, the reader is left to determine for himself." If any reader thinks it worth his while to determine anything about either this chapter of the series or any other, he had better get the book and try. We have wasted some time upon it, far more than such a worthless book deserves, and we have failed to form any idea whatever as to the general intention of all or any of the lot. They seem to us to contain little else than some shreds and patches of crude philosophies picked up at public lectures and places where smatterings of great subjects are easily acquired, and a great deal of unpleasant folly about the relations of the sexes. We cannot, therefore, offer any assistance in the solution of this grand enigma. But, in default, we can direct attention to some of the more striking characteristics of the future as they are pictured in *By and By*.

The great feature is the effect upon posterity of what the author calls the "Victorian Emancipation," "a movement which constituted the crown and completion of the Reformation." Before this great moral event the world, like the Wiffle-waffle of the Desert with its beak in the sand, was sitting on an "inverted pyramid." Three causes were supreme in turning the Pyramid upside down, or downside up, and so putting it all right again. These were, Mr. Edward Maitland, "the Maids' Revolt," or the "woman's movement," and what, with a keen appreciation of the humour of the future, Mr. Maitland calls "the *drat*atory clauses of the Athanasian Creed." The face of the world was changed when Mr. Maitland proclaimed the Emancipation. All dogmas, and especially the "dogma of marriage," were abolished, and men and women—more particularly women—lived and moved and had their being in a moral (or an immoral) state of nature. The religion of the Emancipation was the worship of the "Holy Trinity of the Excellencies"; and "the essence of the Emancipation was to follow our individual temperaments," as is beautifully illustrated by the following description of the character of Susanna Avenil, daughter of one of "the exponents of a different yet co-ordinate factor in the sum of triune perfection":—

Inheriting the strongly marked independence of character belonging to her race, Susanna Avenil was one of those women who valued liberty above love, and placed her own individuality and work before her affections. She felt that as a woman she had a right to complete herself, and she regarded no human being as complete until he or she had become a parent. In her own case, it was a duty owed to the race, as well as to herself; a duty from which, had she been weakly in body or brain, she would have considered herself exempt; or, rather, her duty would have lain the other way. The lowest types and worst specimens of humanity, she argued, are sure to breed; so that if the best abstain, the world will soon be given up to the worst, and the struggle for existence will end in the survival of the least fit.

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It was without a particle of vanity that she regarded her own noble development of constitution and form. She had inherited them, and it was no merit of hers to have them. But the inheritance brought a duty with it. Having inherited, she must transmit them. It was only by repaying to posterity the debt owed to her ancestry, that she would deserve well of her kind.

The old-fashioned domestic life had no charm for her. She deemed it fatal to independence and individuality; and scorned, as an oriental extravagance, the notion that it is a woman's chief end to minister to the comfort of a man. She scorned also the man who wanted such comfort. People had said that although so fine a creature, she was of a hard nature. But a time came when she appeared to them to soften. She had experienced a grief, a mortification, and for some time held her head less high than had been her wont. Had she been crossed in love? No; the man with whom she had entered into matrimonial partnership had exhibited no symptom of indifference to her. He was a noble fellow, but she had failed to become a mother, and the failure was to her a bitter sorrow. She feared that, after all, she was not to be a complete woman, and at this thought her stately head drooped. The terms of her contract made a severance easy, even had the Legislature not regarded childlessness as a valid plea. Their compact had been one into which but little of sentiment, as commonly understood, entered. Mingling with his feeling of profound respect for her nobility of character, was a regret on the score of the too business-like nature of her disposition. Her temperature could not rise to the level of such love as was likely to prove creative.

At least, such was his theory. As for himself, he soon married again, and then came a new mortification for Susanna. It did not consist in that which ordinarily constitutes a humiliation for women. She knew not how to be jealous. But in his new association her late husband became a father.

At length she gathered courage to try again. This time, to her joy and pride, she had the success for which she pined.

After this illustration of what our descendants are destined to achieve, it may be unnecessary to mar the effect by any further quotations. There is much to be learned of the future in these pages, and some very choice specimens of both the humour and the poetry of posterity may be found sprinkled about. These may, it is true, disappoint the sanguine, but they are quite as good as either the philosophy or the prose.

The most interesting point connected with the book is, strange to say, to be found in the advertisements attached to the third volume. They are but an illustration of the trite old saying (to which we may presume in Mr. Maitland's presence to borrow from a familiar Book of Dogmas) that a prophet has no honour in his own country. It is in Brooklyn, U.S., and in Chicago that the New Revelation comes like words of glad tidings. "Amidst the barren verbiage, the arid fruitless waste, which constitutes the plane (*sic*) of ordinary fictitious literature, this remarkable book," says the *Chicago Times*, "is a sparkling oasis, where the thoughtful reader can satisfy the demands of both brain and heart. . . . Among the few notable examples in the region of fiction, in which it requires genius at white heat to triumph over all difficulties, are Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister* and the *Elective Affinities;* Richter's *Flower, Fruit, and Thorn* pieces, and *Titan;* Hawthorne's *Marble Faun;* and George Eliot's *Romola*. *Higher Law*" (a former work of Mr. Maitland's, one of the series) "is equal to any of

these in eloquence and depth of insight, and in the art of construction superior to all except the last two." Happy Chicago! we now know the pastures from which the Prophet of the Emancipation leads his silly sheep.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

Of all Oriental countries, Egypt* is undoubtedly that in which the inoculation of European ideas has been most complete, and perhaps it may be further described as the only one whose rulers have embraced these ideas as a matter of genuine preference, and without any suspicion of *arrière-pensée*. The Shah of Persia may possibly regard his European journey as a necessity imposed upon him by the hardness of the times; but the Khedive is unquestionably as alive as any European to the advantages of railways, banks, newspapers, and other appliances of Occidental civilization. The great questions, how far this revolution is being accomplished in an enlightened spirit, and whether it does not merely graze the surface of society, leaving the innermost core unaffected, are discussed in a somewhat desponding spirit by Herr Moritz Lüttke, a German clergyman, recently of Alexandria, whose long residence in Egypt unquestionably gives him a *primâ facie* claim to attention. If we are unable to repose implicit confidence in his observations and deductions, it is not from distrust of his veracity, or from overlooking the optimistic illusions to which those are exposed who seek to estimate the progress of an Oriental country from a European point of view, but from the writer's obvious deficiencies in sympathy, sagacity, and intellectual power. It is apparent that he has merely viewed Egyptian society from the outside, and that he has not been able so to identify himself with its spirit as to judge it from the point of view of the natives themselves. We are told much that must be perfectly obvious to every foreign resident, and with which, by dint of constant repetition, we ourselves had become pretty well acquainted; but, had we only Herr Lüttke for a guide, we should be at a loss to understand how this defective society still manages to subsist, how every kind of public extravagance, corruption, and malversation is still compatible with national prosperity and actual progress. For an answer to the latter class of questions we must resort to the excellent, if somewhat too favourable, work of Herr Stephan; for an answer to the former, so far as the Fellah is concerned, to Lady Duff Gordon; as relates to the Levantines, to Mr. Bayle St. John. These writers, cordial, genial, unshackled by prejudices, and domesticated among the classes of whom they respectively treat, attained a comprehension of their ideas and feelings which must, we fear, be denied in any case to a foreign clergyman, whose profession marks him out as an alien, and who has need of much discretion to escape being regarded as an enemy. Without imputing intolerance to Herr Lüttke, it is still manifest that he has never been able to free himself from the conception of Mohammedanism as something to be put down, and that he can only tell us how it appears to a respectable Lutheran pastor. This is not exactly what we want to know, and the same remark applies in a less degree to his account of the native Christians. In treating of the European element he is more at home, and his volumes contain much useful information with reference to the progress and prospects of schools and missions. The Roman Church, he says, spares no pains to increase her influence in the country. The religious and educational chapters are the most distinguishing features of his volumes. On all questions of administration and statistics he is far inferior to Herr Stephan. It is interesting, however, to learn his opinion of the present Government, which is by no means favourable. Little, he thinks, can be expected from its egotistic innovations, but the superposition of a thin varnish of refinement upon the indigenous barbarism; and he directly accuses it of conniving at the slave trade for the sake of the tax upon the transit of slave merchandise up the Nile. We can easily believe that the Khedive's government is very far from disinterested or truly enlightened, but the consequences which may arise from the disturbance, from whatever motives, of the inveterate stagnation of Egyptian society, require to be estimated by reasoners of a different calibre from Herr Lüttke.

The fallen reputation of Spain is in no way retrieved by the observations of the latest traveller, Professor Geppert†, which indeed seem calculated to bereave that unfortunate country of the last one illusions that still cling to her. It must be considered in fairness, however, that Professor Geppert had more to try his temper than is likely to befall the generality of travellers. He visited the country with a view to literary research, and his adventures on this quest were little but a long series of disappointments. At Madrid he found no edition of a classical author less than a century old; at Toledo he had to inform the librarian of the existence of his own catalogue, of which that functionary himself was profoundly unconscious; at Seville he ascertained the existence of two important Roman inscriptions only to learn that he would not be allowed to copy them until they should have been edited by a gentleman unacquainted with Latin. A still greater disqualification for a cheerful view of Spanish affairs is the Professor's morbid disinclination to be robbed, or even cheated—incidents which the traveller [illegible] as things of course. We can imagine that his tour might have worn a very different aspect to him had he been a younger man, endowed with a keener sense of the beauties of nature and art, negligent of books in a country where nobody reads, and less sensitive on the theme of his abstracted clothes-brush and misappropriated boots. His entire inability to bring himself down to the Spanish level—a great descent from the German level, it must be owned—tinges his narrative with a more pronounced air of querulousness than properly belongs to it; for the expression of his grievances, even when he feels himself most aggrieved, is moderate enough. On political matters he has little to say, but remarks, as others have remarked, that the one institution in the country with any vitality is the army, and that in the last resort everything will depend upon the action of its leading chiefs. The possibility of the total dissolution of this last representative of the principle of authority had evidently not presented itself to him. He sensibly observes that the evils of Spain are principally due to moral and social causes, and is fully impressed with the paramount duty of the Government to remedy before all things that which he has found especially detrimental to himself—the circulation of counterfeit money.

With the exception of an old version of the "Leviathan," the rendering of Hobbes's treatise "De Cive"*, now before us, is the first translation of any of his writings into German. The compliment to our countryman is somewhat impaired by the fact that, with every acknowledgment of his acuteness and his position as a representative of a leading school of philosophic thought, he is still apparently exhibited as an example of what his translator considers a pernicious method in philosophy. The philosophy of ethics, politics, and jurisprudence is not, he says, sufficiently inductive; it pays too little attention to the actual experience of human nature. The *ought*, as he expresses it, is already inherent in the *is*, and should be deduced from it, instead of *vice versâ*. This does not seem so very different from Hobbes's own practical conclusions; but it contradicts the theory on which they are based, of a social contract, which becomes superfluous. This and other points of difference are discussed with much ability in a copious, but not diffuse, commentary, which also furnishes useful explanations of the text. The translation is very perspicuous and readable. The translator is as much of a Conservative in political matters as his author; and his work must be considered as an indirect contribution to the support of the existing order of things in Germany. He carries the same feeling into religion, and bestows on Hobbes a much higher character for orthodoxy than general repute has usually allowed him.

A. Spir's *Thought and Reality*† is a remarkable work, both on account of its acuteness and (the abstruse nature of the subject considered) its lucidity, as well as for the exceptional situation of the author and of the intellectual position assumed by him. He is, we believe, a Russian, and it is probably owing to this circumstance that the English school of empirical philosophy has received a much larger measure of attention at his hands than is usually vouchsafed to it in Germany. At the same time M. Spir is by no means a follower of this school, in so far as its sensationalism is concerned; though he approaches it nearly in maintaining that our cognizance, which can never be a cognition, of the Absolute must be based on the actual observation of facts. A system of metaphysics is consequently impossible, and he devotes much space to a caustic criticism of the contradictions in which metaphysicians have, as he considers, involved themselves. At the same time he is a strong advocate for the actual existence of causality, as distinguished from the mere observation of sequences of phenomena; and in general his conclusions seem to differ little from those which common sense is wont to reach without the aid of a process of philosophical reasoning. Deriving so much from various schools of thought, his vigorous individuality insures him against mere eclecticism, and the character of his work as an independent criticism on our national school of philosophy and its chief antagonists should procure it a considerable degree of attention in England.

The proposals of Herr Fabri‡ for the reorganization of the Protestant Church in Germany, commented upon in an anonymous work showing considerable acquaintance with the subject, appear to contemplate the disendowment of the Church, but at the same time her maintenance in a condition of subservience to the State, without, as it would seem, the offer of any fair equivalent on the part of the latter. Two great practical difficulties beset the project—that of inducing the Lutheran and Reformed Churches to remain united, and that of prevailing upon the laity, who, according to Herr Fabri's theory, ought to come forward and supply the want of direct State control, to give themselves the least concern about the matter. Disestablishment under such circumstances could only increase the influence of the clergy, a result so antagonistic to the genius of Prussian policy that the question will no doubt be allowed to rest for the present.

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* *Aegyptens Neue Zeit.* Von Moritz Lüttke. 2 Bde. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Kolckmann.

† *Reiseeindrücke aus Spanien im Winter 1871–72.* Von E. E. Geppert. Berlin: Schneider. London: Williams & Norgate.

* *Thomas Hobbes' Abhandlung Ueber den Bürger.* Aus dem Lateinischen übersetzt und mit sachlichen und kritischen Erläuterungen versehen von J. H. von Kirchmann. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Asher & Co.

† *Denken und Wirklichkeit. Versuch einer Erneuerung der kritischen Philosophie.* Von A. Spir. Leipzig: Findel. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Der Preussische Staat und die kirchliche Frage, mit besonderer Berücksichtigung der Fabrischen Vorschläge für Verfassung der evangelischen Kirche in Preussen.* Oldenburg: Schulze. London: Nutt.

Herr T. Büdiker* apprehends that an endeavour may be made to introduce the English system of local taxation into Germany. He has accordingly investigated blue-books and similar documents with the view of establishing its inequitableness and cumbrousness, and the disrespect in which it is held within the four seas. The multiplicity of our local authorities, the indefiniteness of their jurisdiction, and the difficulty of putting their ordinances into execution, afford ample material for his disparaging criticisms.

A supplement to Dr. Walcker's Manual of Political Economy† contains much sensible and genial, perhaps too optimistic, criticism, on the leading modern schools of the science. The author's own position is perhaps best described by the epithet which he applies in a spirit of disparagement to Stuart Mill; he is an eclectic, and his eclecticism is chiefly evinced in his anxiety to combine the views of the Manchester school with those of the "academic socialism" which, while respecting the rights of property, invokes the intervention of the State with a view to its equitable distribution. Could the acquisition of land in small parcels be facilitated, we should, he thinks, hear no more of socialism. He entirely concurs with the hostility of the Manchester school to protective duties, while reminding them that they have for the most part abandoned their other cardinal principle of *laissez-faire* by assenting to the control of education by the State. The book also contains a number of interesting remarks on miscellaneous practical matters, especially the practicability of the introduction of an Income-tax into Germany, a measure congenial to each of the schools of thought whose reconciliation the writer is endeavouring to effect.

The strict application of the maxim "Amicus Plato sed magis amica veritas" threatens to deprive Plato of biographers for the future, or to restrict their operations within the narrowest compass. The last of these amicable beings, the late Karl Steinhart‡, a Platonic scholar of established repute, and author of a series of valuable introductions to the several Dialogues in the version of Hieronymus Müller, appears to have felt some doubts whether any adequate materials existed for the accomplishment of his task, and much of his book is directly or indirectly occupied with establishing its right to existence. As must inevitably be the case, it is rather a dissertation on the circumstances of Plato's time than a narrative of his career; but the subject is in itself so interesting that we are not tempted to inquire too curiously into the strict relevances of all Herr Steinhart's details to his professed subject. One of the most useful parts of his book is the introductory conspectus of what has been already effected for Plato's biography, whether in the department of authentic tradition, legendary accretion, or modern criticism. He would have strengthened his case considerably if he could have seen his way to accepting Mr. Grote's views as to the genuineness of the Platonic Epistles, which, however, he rejects with something like contempt, declaring Grote's work a decided retrogression on the path of critical inquiry. We hope it is not an article in the modern critical creed that any ancient writing on whose genuineness suspicion has once been thrown is to be incapable of vindication ever afterwards.

The second volume of Dr. E. Buchholz's§ learned and agreeable work on the Homeric world treats of Homer's acquaintance with the three great natural kingdoms, including the physical constitution of man. Homer is clearly shown to have, like Dante and Shakspeare, known all on these subjects that his age could teach him, and to have probably far surpassed the average standard of its knowledge. It may be added that the general uniformity of natural knowledge displayed throughout the Homeric poems is a strong argument on behalf of their substantial unity of authorship. The question of Homer's feeling for scenery is also discussed, and he is shown to have possessed it as thoroughly as was compatible with the simple objectivity of an age which had not yet learned to associate natural objects with spiritual ideas. The latter part of the volume is devoted to the frequently difficult task of the identification of the animals, plants, and minerals mentioned by Homer.

Dr. von Mauck‖ claims to have solved the problem of the origin of the Etruscans. His solution will afford satisfaction on the Sister Island, if nowhere else. The Etruscans were Irish. We must leave his hypothesis to the judgment of comparative philologists, with the observation that it is not recommended to us by the production of such notoriously borrowed words as the Irish equivalents of *myrtus* and *fabula* in support of it. The existence of a Celtic element in Latin is no new discovery, but we do not see how this helps the case with reference to the Etruscans.

Selinus¶, a Dorian colony in Sicily, was founded about B.C. 628, and flourished until its destruction by the Carthaginians in 409. Its six magnificent temples long survived its destruction, and, protected like those of Pæstum by their seclusion, remain like these to this day comparatively exempt from injuries, except-ing of the weather. They were first accurately examined and delineated by Angell and Harris in 1823; subsequently by Hittorff in his (unfinished) work on the ancient architecture of Sicily (1827); once more in the Duke di Serradifalco's great treatise on Sicilian antiquities (1834). The present Italian Government has caused excavations to be resumed under the superintendence of Signor Cavallari, by whom much has already been effected. The work before us contains excellent tinted lithographs of the extant metopes of three of the temples, with an illustrative text by Otto Benndorf, penned with great elegance and perspicuity, and embodying the latest results of archæological science. The great interest of these remains arises from their chronological succession, presenting within a narrow compass a complete view of the progress of Dorian sculpture from a condition of extreme rudeness to one of almost perfect mastery. Architecture had evidently obtained a high degree of development ere the plastic art had emerged from the most primitive stage. The oldest metope, representing Perseus despatching Medusa, is almost as grotesque as a Mexican carving, and powerfully illustrates the affiliation of Greek to Oriental art. Yet, as Herr Benndorf well observes, with all the rudeness of the design, it is surprising how much is conveyed by it; and, if technically inferior to most Assyrian sculptures, it bears the palpable germ of higher things than Assyrian art was ever able to attain. From this point progress is continually apparent, and the last two metopes, representing the amorous scene in the Iliad between Zeus and Hera, and the catastrophe of Actæon, are wrought in a most poetical style, and are singularly impressive. Herr Benndorf's volume deserves to be most cordially commended to the attention of archæologists.

The question of the development of a taste for the romantic in scenery is investigated in an essay by Professor Friedländer*, who arrives at the usual conclusion that, up to the eighteenth century, pleasurable associations with scenery usually had more reference to its agreeableness or suggestiveness of physical comfort than to its picturesqueness, and that the name chiefly to be connected with the revolution of modern ideas on this point is that of Rousseau. The term "romantic," he says, is of English origin, and was first employed by Addison, but received its present application from Thomson.

Unlike the other posthumous publications of his works, Rückert's poems on the death of his infant children†, written in 1834, fully maintain his reputation. Though occasionally over-minute and with a tendency to triviality, they still display the deep feeling and the simple grace, the copious imagery and fluent melody, of the best of his poems on domestic subjects.

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* *Die Kommunal-Besteuerung in England und Wales.* Von T. Büdiker. Berlin: Kortkampf. London: Trübner.

† *Die sociale Frage, mit besonderer Berücksichtigung landwirthschaftlicher Reformen und der Decentralisation der Bevölkerung.* Von Dr. C. Walcker. Berlin: Springer. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Platon's Leben.* Von Karl Steinhart. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Morgate.

§ *Die Homerischen Realien.* Von Dr. E. Buchholz. Bd. 1. Abth. 2. Leipzig: Engelmann. London: Williams & Norgate.

‖ *Die Entzifferung des Etruskischen, etc.* Von Dr. P. H. K. von Mauck. Hamburg: Meissner. London: Nutt.

¶ *Die Metopen von Selinunt. Mit Untersuchungen über die Geschichte, die Topographie und die Tempel von Selinunt.* Von Otto Benndorf. Berlin: Guttenberg. London: Nutt.

* *Ueber die Entstehung und Entwickelung des Gefühls für das Romantische in der Natur.* Von L. Friedländer. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Kindertodtenlieder.* Von F. Rückert. Frankfort: Sauerländer. London: Asher & Co.

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RUSSIA.

KHIVA, it is stated, has fallen, and thus the success of the Russian expedition is assured. The mode in which this difficult undertaking has been carried out reflects the greatest credit on the commanders and troops employed. So severe were the trials to which the men were exposed that one detachment was forced to abandon the enterprise; and the soldiers, worn out with the difficulties against which they had to contend, declined to proceed further, and made the best of their way back to a place of refuge. But the general endurance of the troops, and the skill with which the combinations of the commanders were formed and carried out, were admirable. M. VAMBÉRY, who hates and fears the Russians, behaves like a generous enemy, and bears his ungrudging testimony to the qualities of mind and body which must have been displayed in order to effect in so short a time the union of several detachments, each marching through districts which it seemed scarcely possible to traverse. He describes the region through which the detachment that ultimately turned back attempted to pass as one where a well-seasoned caravan can advance only with inexpressible difficulty and contempt of death, and where he himself, who was never ill in his life, sat for days half senseless on the camels. Nor were the routes taken by the detachments which arrived at their destination full of obstacles much less trying. The vicissitudes of climate which the soldiers of all the detachments had to undergo may be judged by the fact that when the troops moving from Orenburg reached the northern end of the Sea of Aral, they found it a sheet of ice, while they had afterwards to march through sands the surface of which to a depth of four or five fingers' length glows like an oven. The little water that can be found in the steppes is brackish, and it was discovered that some at least of the wells had been poisoned by the Khivans. The difficulty was to get to Khiva, not to take it; for the Khan could not, it is said, get his subjects to fight, and the mercenaries he scraped together were hardly armed at all, and were totally unequal to resisting disciplined troops. The outlying posts on the Oxus were captured after a very slight resistance, and the capture of Khiva appears to have caused the Russians absolutely no difficulty. The Russian success has therefore not only been complete, but it is of a character to impress in the highest degree the barbarous tribes over whom Russia seeks to establish either a sovereignty or a protectorate, as it was precisely because they thought that nature had interposed an insurmountable barrier against a Russian expedition that they were inclined to defy the power of the CZAR. The Russian Government in the course of the negotiations of last autumn compared their expedition against Khiva with the English expedition into Abyssinia, and the points of comparison are numerous and obvious, more especially as we can now add that both were rewarded with a brilliant success. The cause of war was in each case the same—the ill-treatment of captives; the physical difficulties in both cases formed the only real obstacle to be overcome; and in both the nicest calculations were necessary in order to enable the troops to march forward effectively. Lord NAPIER, however, had one great difficulty which did not present itself in the case of Khiva. He had not to avenge captives so much as to get captives out of the clutches of a savage, and it was his skilful diplomacy, quite as much as the military qualities he displayed, that commanded admiration. On the other hand, the Russian troops appear to have had to endure sufferings far beyond anything that the English were called on to undergo in Abyssinia. M. VAMBÉRY goes so far as to say that the task they have accomplished throws quite into the shade the campaigns of HANNIBAL and NAPOLEON. Whether this is so, history will pronounce; although here, as usual, history will have to pronounce without having any very complete materials for coming to a decision. But at any rate the Russians have done something of which they may be most justly proud, and which will no doubt be highly satisfactory to them at a time when the great triumphs of the Germans have seemed to throw other armies, and the Russian army amongst others, into a kind of obscurity.

The Russian Government proposed last autumn that the expeditions to Abyssinia and to Khiva should also resemble each other in another point of importance—namely, that they should both end with the retirement of the conqueror from the scene of conquest. The Russian public, so far as it has or ventures to express an opinion on such a point, appears to have regretted that its Government should have given any such undertaking; and the portion of the Russian press which is thought the most patriotic has been constantly explaining for months past that if the English think that Khiva, when conquered, will be abandoned, they are very much mistaken. If the Russian Government wished to slip out of its engagement, it might perhaps find a loophole for doing so; but it would be incontestably breaking an engagement which it has chosen to make. For reasons of its own, it chose to promise that Khiva should not be permanently occupied, and it cannot be doubted that one of the chief motives from which it acted was the wish to make a difficult task somewhat easier by appeasing any jealousy that England might be inclined to entertain. The Khan of BOKHARA, who is a dependent of Russia, made himself very useful to the expeditionary forces, furnishing them more especially with extra boats for the passage of the Oxus; and it is not at all impossible that, if he had had reason to suppose that England would like to see the Russians fail, he might have been more lukewarm in giving the invaders aid. But we have not to do with the motives of the Russian Government. All we have to consider is that it has chosen to make us a promise, to break which would be an act of bad faith which would not in all probability lead to war, but which would make the relations of the two Powers in the East in the highest degree unpleasant. But we can neither expect Russia to withdraw her troops from Khiva at once—for it is said to be physically impossible that the soldiers should accomplish their journey home so long as the intense heats of summer last—nor can we interfere with the terms which Russia may choose to impose on the barbarians she has conquered; and if she thinks it worth while, she may easily manage to make Khiva practically dependent on her, without subjecting it to the direct rule which a permanent occupation would involve. Nothing can deprive Russia of what is the main part of her success—the conviction she has brought home to the KHAN and his people that she can get at them whenever she likes. Nor will it be necessary hereafter to surmount the difficulties which she has now had to overcome. The experience of the Khirgiz steppes shows that labour and patience can make a route practicable which presents the greatest obstacles when troops have to take it for the first time. Khiva can never be an easy place to get to, but it may be made a much easier place to get to than it now is; and Russia may be expected to insist that, for the sake of trade or under some other pretext, the communication between Khiva and the Russian frontier shall be made much less difficult than it is now. What are the real projects of Russia in Central Asia, no one out of a very limited circle of Russian officials knows, and it may even be doubted whether any Russian has any clearly defined plan. But the conquest of Khiva, and the establishment of ready means of communicating with it, will do so very much to ensure whatever objects Russia may have in Central Asia being gained, that it can scarcely be worth while for Russia to arrange at once for the

permanent occupation of the country in the teeth of the promise which she thought proper to make to England before the expedition was undertaken.

The same portion of the Russian press that has got excited about Khiva has also been moved to anger and scorn by the accounts received of the splendid reception given to the SHAH in England. It is apprehended that so much is being done for him in England that it may tempt him to forget how much was done for him at St. Petersburg. An indignant Russian paper recalls to his treacherous memory, not only how well he was received in Russia, but how dangerous a friend England is, and how much harm we have already done to Persia. It invites him to notice the hidden growls of the perfidious and cruel English tiger amid all the siren strains of English diplomatists and journalists. How can a wise SHAH really like being friends with a tiger or a siren, when there is kind, honest, peaceable Russia always ready to support and assist him? England, he should understand, is desperately wicked, having got up the Indian Mutiny of 1857 for its own private ends, and at the same time completely impotent, as its ironclads cannot guard the Indian frontier. To argue with such disputants is mere waste of time, nor would it be easy to explain to him the real meaning and causes of the enormous fuss that has been made here about the SHAH. Perhaps if we could bring a foreigner to understand that in this country twenty thousand people will go miles in densely packed third-class carriages to assist at a Foresters' fête, he might be put in the frame of mind which would make the excitement about the SHAH seem not wholly unnatural. Every one in England has apparently time and money to go to see anything anywhere, and every one likes to see the things or persons most eminent in their own circle made the centre of attraction to strangers. The Scotch are much disappointed that the SHAH has not made a round of the Scotch burghs, and has wilfully avoided an opportunity of seeing Provost after Provost in his full robes. As every one wants to see everything, and to show off something, an illustrious stranger has had a good many sights to get through, and is himself a sight to innumerable thousands. There is, too, no doubt some sort of wish felt even beyond official circles that the SHAH should take home a high notion of English power. No very great result is produced by the impressions which public spectacles convey; but still the SHAH may realize, better than he could otherwise have done, that England, although a long way off from him, is not to be forgotten as a friend or an enemy. The position of Persia as regards Russia and England is very simple. Russia can do Persia much the most harm, and England can do Persia the most good. England wishes him to be independent, and will perhaps lend him some money. As fear or hope preponderates he will turn to the one country or the other, and, so far as he may be guided by personal sympathies rather than by considerations of policy, he will probably retain a sufficiently pleasant recollection of what was done for him in England, greatly as he must have suffered under it at the time, to make him doubt whether a siren-voiced tiger is an accurate description of the nation he has been visiting.

THE CRISIS OF THE JUDICATURE BILL.

WE deeply regret to see that the Government has adopted a course which, if persisted in, is almost certain to prove fatal to the hope of legislation during the present Session on the great subject to which so much effort has been directed. If the important amendments which have been proposed are to be bitterly contested, there is little chance of bringing the debates to a satisfactory, or indeed to any, conclusion; but the statesmanlike breadth of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL's speech had warranted the expectation that the acknowledged defects of the Bill would be frankly remedied, and that all valid objections would be met in a conciliatory spirit. This, however, is not the temper indicated by the amendments of which notice has been given in the name of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL. We do not like to call them the ATTORNEY-GENERAL's amendments, for it is difficult to suppose that the hand which drew them could have been guided by the mind which dictated Sir JOHN COLERIDGE's speech. There is no congruity between the rough hand of ESAU and the silky voice of JACOB.

On all sides it has been admitted that the Court of Chancery has not the numerical strength which its work requires. Common Law men and Equity men are agreed on this point, and if the *Times* may be taken, as we think it may, as a fair exponent of public opinion on the subject, the country is more anxious that the Courts should be made efficient than that a few thousands a year should be saved. Now let us see how this desire is responded to on the part of the Government. The present judicial establishment—so far as Judges of First Instance are concerned—is eighteen Common Law Judges, four Chancery Judges, one Divorce, and one Admiralty Judge, in all twenty-four. The Bill as it now stands proposes to reduce this staff to twenty-two, by making five instead of six the number of each Common Law Court, and by adding a new Equity Judge to compensate for the interruptions which the Appellate duties thrown upon the Master of the Rolls will occasion. These twenty-two Judges would have to do all that is done now by twenty-four Judges, and also all that is done by deputy in the Bankruptcy Court and in the Equity Chambers, and all that is done by a number of official and special examiners who now waste their time in the idle occupation of taking depositions out of Court. More work to be done by fewer Judges was so far the Government programme, and it was not surprising that Mr. FOWLER's proposal to bring the strength of the Equity Courts up to the level of their new duties should have been welcomed as warmly as it has been. It was imagined that the Government would meet Mr. FOWLER with a disposition to discuss fairly the real requirements of the case, and to yield to his proposals so far as he might sustain them. They have taken a diametrically opposite course. Their amendments propose that the strength of the Courts shall be diminished instead of being increased; that is to say, that there shall be only twenty-one Judges of the High Court besides the Lord Chancellor, who will not be a Judge of First Instance. Mr. FOWLER, as the exponent of the really unanimous opinion out of doors, asked for more judicial strength, and the retort is that he and the public shall be punished for their presumption by having that which the Bill provides still further reduced.

The form of the Government amendments indicates the line of argument which they mean to adopt. One additional Judge, said Mr. FOWLER, is wanted to do the Judge's work now delegated to Bankruptcy Registrars. This cannot be and evidently will not be denied; but the Government propose to meet the difficulty by transferring Bankruptcy administration to the Court of Exchequer. It matters very little what Court does the work if there is strength to do it well; but this amendment assumes that the Court of Exchequer, hitherto manned by six Judges, can do its work with four—one being absolutely cut off by the Bill, and one other having his whole time absorbed in Bankruptcy, according to this amendment. If this is really possible, the original Bill must have been very improvidently drawn. But this is not the only difficulty. One principle paraded on the face of the Bill, and dwelt upon in the LORD CHANCELLOR's speeches, was that all administrative business should go to the Chancery Division because it had the requisite administrative organization. Bankruptcy law is incidentally applied both at Common Law and in Equity, but the Appellate tribunals in Bankruptcy administration have always been the Chancellor, the Lords Justices, and a selected Vice-Chancellor, the present Chief Judge having been specially designated for the post by Act of Parliament on account of his exceptional mastery over the subject. But the principle of constituting one great Administrative Division is thrown over without hesitation, in order to save, in appearance only, the necessity for another Judge, by shifting his duties upon a Court to which a full share of duty was already assigned.

Another of the Government amendments shows still more clearly how recklessly the vital principles of the measure can be sacrificed in order to effect a petty saving. It is proposed to restore to the Chancery Division the power which modern legislation has taken away of directing an action at law in aid of Chancery proceedings. It needs a little explanation to convey to the lay mind the full meaning of this retrograde proposal. Years ago it was the practice of the Court of Chancery to decline to decide for itself a variety of questions of law and fact, and to suspend bills before it until the result of an action at Law was ascertained. This was by far the most flagrant form of that "bandying" of the suitor from Court to Court, the prevention of which has been put forward as the crying necessity which called for a sweeping reform. Another form of this "bandying" which has been more talked of, though it is much less real, arises when a suitor having a good case at Law, and at Law only, is foolish enough to file a Bill in Equity, or the converse; but we are within the mark in saying that there have probably not been twenty such cases in the last twenty years. Suitors are generally too well advised to make such blunders, and the cases in which they seem to occur are almost always cases in

which the plaintiff's chances are desperate in either Court, and he chooses what seems the least hazardous of two forlorn hopes. But the delay and cost of "bandying" when the Court of Chancery used to direct actions at Law was a very grave mischief indeed. This has been remedied for years by enactments that in such cases the Court of Chancery shall decide its own cases, and now by an amendment in a Bill, which was specially aimed at abolishing the little remnant of such abuses, the Ministry cynically propose to restore in all its old flagrancy the very mischief which they have so loudly denounced. And why? Simply as an excuse for saying that they will thereby relieve the Court of Chancery of a large measure of its business, and so render it unnecessary to increase or even to keep up its strength.

The amendments, translated into simple language, say just this:—"It is admitted that the Chancery Division, if it is to do "its own work, will need to be strengthened in some such way as "Mr. FOWLER has proposed, but instead of doubling its strength, "we will halve its duties by transferring them to Common Law "Courts, which we have already weakened in the ratio of six "Judges to five. To do this, it is true, will compel us to disregard the principle that the Chancery Division shall be the "Court of Administration, and to aggravate the serious evil "of bandying suitors from Court to Court, which originally "inspired us with so much indignation. But, if we sacrifice "principle, we save money; and, while we throw upon the "Judges of First Instance a largely-increased aggregate of "work, we shall reduce their numbers from twenty-four to "twenty-one, and save the public 15,000*l.* a year. Is not "that a clever bargain, and will not a frugal people applaud "us for what we have done? Carping critics may say that, "if you put upon the Judges more work than men can do, "some of it will be left undone, but we cannot help that. "We shall have done our duty by enacting that it shall be "done, and if the scheme breaks down in practice, that is no "affair of ours."

Some such argument as this is all that can be urged in favour of the amendments, and Parliament will be able to judge whether it is a sound and statesmanlike contention.

SPAIN.

THE homogeneous and unanimous Cortes of Spain have already submitted to the laws of Parliamentary nature by spontaneously distributing themselves into parties. It is not easy at a distance to distinguish between the Right and the Left, nor even to ascertain which denomination includes the present Ministry. Señor PI Y MARGALL, in one of his recent speeches, denounced the Unitarian Republicans as reactionists; but it is not quite certain that any member of the Cortes professes the Unitarian doctrines which would a year or two since have been thought revolutionary. No Cabinet and no majority since the meeting of the Cortes has hitherto lasted for a fortnight. PI Y MARGALL himself, though he has during the interval been almost uninterruptedly Prime Minister, has held his office by three or four different titles, at the head of several successive Cabinets. He was first elected on the nomination of FIGUERAS and CASTELAR; then he returned after a temporary resignation, while all his colleagues were separately chosen. The next change was to give him the power of appointing the other Ministers; and possibly some still more recent combination may have been by this time devised. On one occasion PI Y MARGALL dwelt strongly on the necessity of concentrating all power in the orthodox hands of the Federal Republicans. The other political parties having taken no part in the elections, were not represented in the Cortes; and, as the Minister truly observed, abstention is in Spain almost synonymous with conspiracy. It may undoubtedly be assumed that all the Monarchists, the Progressists, and even those who were lately moderate Republicans, are thoroughly disaffected to the rule of the dominant minority; yet the conciliatory language of the President of the Cortes was less unstatesmanlike than the factious declamation of the President of the Council of Ministers. Señor SALMERON, elected by the same majority and at the same time with Señor PI Y MARGALL, urged the Cortes to consider themselves as the representatives of the whole nation, although they had only been returned by the Republicans. CASTELAR also, whose recent conduct has justified the general faith in his political integrity, constantly warns the intolerant Republicans that the chief danger to which they are exposed is caused by their own violence and dissensions. It is not surprising that the eloquent enthusiast should be slow to recognize the disenchantment which must have been produced by recent experience. It is probable that there are no longer a dozen genuine Republicans in Spain outside the ranks of the extreme or Socialist faction. The unworthy retreat of FIGUERAS indicates the collapse of theoretical or sentimental Republicanism.

The Committee which has already begun to elaborate a new Constitution is as seriously occupied as a child planting a full-blown flower which it will probably dig up to-morrow to see how it grows. For sixty years Constitutions have been the staple product of Spanish revolutions; and it would have been difficult for the present projectors to devise any novel contrivance beyond the abolition of royalty, but for the new-fangled doctrine of Federal subdivision. It now appears that Spain and the Colonies are to be parcelled out into a dozen provinces, which are then again to coalesce into a single Republic. It is not yet known whether each State will, as in the American Union, enjoy the principal attributes of domestic sovereignty, and especially the exclusive control of civil and criminal justice. Some complication might arise if property were abolished in Catalonia or Andalusia, while it was still maintained in less advanced portions of the Federation. Conflicts are likely to arise between the little Parliaments of the component provinces and the Cortes which must necessarily receive some share of legislative and administrative power. It is scarcely worth while to discuss constitutional dreams which will in all probability not attain a real existence. The Ministers are already approaching the familiar revolutionary stage in which nominal liberty can no longer be secured except by a restriction of civil rights. PI Y MARGALL has plainly intimated his opinion that extraordinary powers must be conferred on the Government; and some members have even proposed an adjournment of the Cortes while the Committee on the Constitution is prosecuting its labours. A much more important matter than a paper Constitution is the question whether the Government will be able and willing to suppress street revolts. As the Republicans are a minority in the country, the uncompromising faction are a minority in the Cortes; but they have repeatedly prevailed over their adversaries, for the simple reason that their partisans are ready to fight. The respectable inhabitants of Madrid and the bulk of the Spanish nation would be delighted with any chastisement which might be inflicted on the insolent rabble of Madrid; but the volunteer battalions which might be inclined to support the cause of order are unfriendly to the Government, and probably they are not a match in resolution for their anarchical opponents. The regular troops in the capital are few in number, and the Ministers can scarcely trust them. No interest can attach to the deliberations of an Assembly which is from day to day subject to the dictation of an armed revolutionary mob. The rhetoric which was in former days an effective weapon against established institutions is utterly powerless to repress the excesses of the sovereign people.

The latest demand of the Uncompromising faction is intelligible and candid. A Club at Barcelona, which had previously attempted without immediate success to assume the character of a Committee of Public Safety, objects to the execution of the mutineers who lately murdered their commanding officer, Colonel LLAGOSTERA. With perfect consistency the Club requires that capital punishment shall no longer be inflicted on soldiers guilty of military insubordination. It is not likely that the proposal will find favour with the Ministers, for all Governments, whatever may be their origin, have a leaning in favour of obedience; but it is not certain that orders from Madrid will be obeyed in cities which are about to become capitals of the States of the Federation. When the Republicans were successfully exerting themselves to undermine the discipline of the army, they perhaps overlooked the possibility that they might themselves at some time have to govern the country. If the Socialists and Internationalists of Barcelona succeeded in emancipating themselves from the control of superior authority, they would in their turn require the aid of a military force to compel obedience to their commands. The MINISTER of WAR, an obscure deserter, lately spoke with levity of the possible occurrence of shooting a General, and it is impossible that his ephemeral tenure of office can insure him the willing obedience of the army. Anarchy itself, when it has dissolved society into its elements, tends to reproduce some form of organization. For a certain time Spain is perhaps destined to exist under a system which, not having yet received a technical name, may with approximate accuracy be described as the Government of the Worst. The Jacobins of 1794, though they almost exhausted the possibilities of wickedness and folly, have partially redeemed themselves from the contempt

history by their vigorous prosecution of foreign war. The army was always popular in France, though several of its chiefs were judicially assassinated during the Reign of Terror. The Spanish Republic seem incapable of repressing the Carlist insurrection, which is much less considerable or respectable than the war of Vendée. In consequence of recent changes in the condition and policy of Europe, the Republic has no foreign enemy to fear; but the country has succumbed to declamatory cant, and it has not energy enough to recover the control of its own affairs. Respectable and patriotic Spaniards must look back with regret to the days of AMADEO or of PRIM, and even to the unsatisfactory reign of ISABELLA II. Whatever might be the proceedings of the Court or the Cortes, the ordinary laws were then enforced; public order was maintained; and property was not called in question. Neither O'DONNELL nor PRIM would have listened to any discussion whether soldiers who had killed their officers ought to be shot.

The financial condition of the Republic is, as might be expected, almost hopeless. Two or three Finance Ministers, respectively holding office for less than a week at a time, have proposed extemporaneous Budgets which have been disallowed by the Cortes. Spanish credit, never highly esteemed, is now non-existent; and the Government will at the same time find itself impeded in the collection of taxes, and unable to borrow. PI Y MARGALL, though he may perhaps now be considered Conservative and reactionary, first acquired a literary reputation by translating into Spanish the Communistic writings of PROUDHON. He will scarcely be able to obtain the aid of any Finance Minister who will command confidence at home or abroad; yet it would be a lighter task to administer the Spanish Exchequer than to manage or reorganize the army. The majority of the soldiers in the ranks have but a short term of service remaining; and they have no disposition during the remainder of their military career to expose themselves to hardship or danger. The Republicans, in the days of the Monarchy, with characteristic disregard for the public interests, pledged themselves to the abolition of the conscription; and they have not yet discovered any alternative mode of raising or maintaining a regular military force. The officers regard with contemptuous disgust the upstarts who have spread mutiny throughout the army; but any disposition to revolt would be checked by the fear that the soldiers would refuse to follow their chiefs. It would have seemed strange to a political student of a century ago that a Republican form of government should in modern Europe be either impossible or intolerable. The French Jacobins were primarily responsible for the discreditable associations which have ever since attached to the cause of Republicanism. Their imitators at the present day have reproduced the vices of democracy in the most repulsive form. When every enemy of society is a professed Republican, it is not surprising that the converse proposition should be believed, even when it is only partially true. The respectable character and great ability of CASTELAR himself fail to compensate for his alliance with the most desperate and mischievous faction of his country and time.

MR. LOWE'S BANK BILL.

THE objections from opposite quarters to the new Government Bank Bill might answer one another, if it were certain that legislation was necessary. Sir JOHN LUBBOCK and other advocates of relaxation show that the conditions imposed in Mr. LOWE's Bill might probably not be satisfied at the moment when the interference of Government would, in their opinion, be most urgently required. The exchanges might not be favourable when the domestic pressure for money was most severe; and they were in fact adverse when the last suspension of the Bank Act occurred in 1866. Sir JOHN LUBBOCK also holds that a rate of ten per cent. is sufficiently high to justify an extension of paper currency. The difference between ten and twelve per cent. is perhaps of little practical importance, because the money-dealers would in case of need soon advance the rate to the point which would enable the Treasury to interfere. Those who object to the principle of the Bill contend, not that the conditions of extraordinary aid are too easy, but that the most effective check on imprudent and culpable speculation consists in the ruinous consequences which the Bill is intended partially to avert. There is a legend to the effect that a great capitalist, who was also an economist of the most rigid type, asserted on the occasion of one of the panics that, but for the suspension of the Act, every firm in London but a dozen or a score would have stopped payment the next day, and that such a result would have been highly conducive to the future stability of trade. Less extreme theorists maintain that debtors ought in all cases to meet their liabilities, or to incur the penalties of failure. When the supply of money is artificially increased, its value diminishes in proportion; and the creditor may in some instances be deprived to a limited extent of the reward which would have been due to his foresight and prudence. Even if it were universally admitted that the restrictions on the amount of paper currency ought to be relaxed in times of panic, the expediency of providing for such emergencies by law might still be disputed. The anomaly of permitting foreseen irregularities appears to have been considered by the Government as a strong reason for legislation; but if the object is to render interference difficult, and yet not impossible, the responsibility incurred by a Chancellor of the Exchequer who suspends the Act offers perhaps a better security against undue interference than the severest conditions established beforehand.

The most plausible argument in favour of the Bill is contained in the enactment by which the Treasury is to be satisfied "that a large portion of the existing amount of Bank "of England and other banknotes in circulation is rendered "ineffective for its ordinary purpose by reason of internal "panic." The implied and well-founded assumption that banknotes are likely to be demanded and hoarded in times of panic, is the best illustration of the soundness of the paper currency of England. A run for gold appears not to be contemplated by the authors of the Bill as a distinct and separate risk against which it is necessary to guard. All modern panics have taken the form of an apprehension that discount would be unattainable, not that notes would cease to be convertible. While bankers and other traders are increasing their stock of gold and of notes, the available amount of currency which remains is necessarily smaller. The most conspicuous effect of an occasional suspension of the Bank Act is to allay the general alarm, and consequently to disperse the accumulations which have been made in anticipation of danger. In 1857 the announcement that the Bank was authorized to issue additional notes sufficed to terminate the panic without producing any actual expansion of the currency. In 1866, when there was a simultaneous demand for money at home and abroad, an additional issue of notes failed during several weeks to diminish in any great degree the scarcity of money. The rate of discount remained at ten per cent., and perhaps it might have been raised still higher with advantage. No solid trader would be seriously injured by almost any price which could be temporarily paid for the use of money, if only he could be assured of obtaining ample accommodation. The best remedy for domestic scarcity is to attract money from abroad, which can only be effected by raising the rate of interest so as to make the transmission profitable to capitalists. Mr. LOWE has made the suspension of the Bank Act conditional on the previous contingency of a flow of gold setting towards England. If it is in any case desirable to relax the ordinary rule, it can scarcely be contended that the worst panics should be excluded from the hope of remedy; yet it is true that a measure which tends to lower the rate of discount, or to check its increase, tends to discourage the influx of bullion.

The stipulation that the profit of an extended issue shall accrue to the Treasury is unobjectionable, although captious critics might suggest that the Government or the State ought not to have a pecuniary interest in relaxing the ordinary law. It is not to be supposed that any Finance Minister would be biassed in the exercise of his discretion by the prospect of making ten per cent. for a few weeks on bills discounted with notes issued for the express purpose. The alternative of allowing the Bank of England to retain the profit would have been both less equitable and more invidious. As it is possible that a crisis might have been produced or aggravated by errors in the policy of the Bank, it is not desirable that the shareholders should derive a benefit from the misfortune of the trading community. The two per cent. which is to be allowed to the Bank for expenses and risk is certainly not excessive. The extraordinary issue is, like the permanent excess of notes over bullion, to be guaranteed by a corresponding amount of Government securities. It is scarcely possible that the operation should endanger the solvency of the Bank; but it is difficult to reconcile a process equivalent to a temporary deterioration of the coinage with sound financial principle. When the amount of banknotes in circulation is said to be rendered unavailable for commercial purposes, the framers of the Bill mean that money is hoarded by the actual holders, as corn or cotton or any other commodity is with-

held from the market when the supply is insufficient to meet the demand. In all instances dearth is the corrective, as well as the immediate result, of scarcity. It is singular that during three successive panics within a quarter of a century the experiment of a higher rate of discount than ten per cent. has never been tried. A demand for accommodation at fifteen or twenty per cent. would, unless it increased the panic, probably tempt lenders who had not been accessible to more moderate offers. Mr. LOWE, by his adoption of twelve per cent. as the point at which exceptional interference may become necessary, shows that he considers the suspension of the Act by his predecessors to have been more or less premature. It is true that the immediate cause of suspension was not the high rate of discount, but the apprehended exhaustion of the fund on which traders rely for the fulfilment of their engagements. A year or two ago the American Secretary of the Treasury reissued, in violation, as it was thought, of the letter and spirit of the law, a large amount of Government notes previously withdrawn from circulation, for the avowed purpose of mowing the crops, or, in other words, of conferring a boon on the Western farmers at the expense of the rest of the community. The new Bank Bill renders legal a proceeding which is evidently irregular and partial, though the maintenance of the solvency of the mass of traders in times of crisis may possibly be an object sufficiently important to justify the anomaly. The balance of authority, if not of argument, perhaps inclines in favour either of legal or of arbitrary interference, and in questions of this kind special knowledge perhaps affords safer guidance than abstract reasoning. It would seem that Mr. LOWE and Mr. GLADSTONE waver between two opinions; for the Bill would in some respects increase the stringency of the existing practice, although it admits the contingent expediency of relaxation. In 1866 the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER authorized the suspension of the Bank Act when two out of three conditions imposed for the future by Mr. LOWE had not been satisfied. If the Bill were passed, Governments would in future properly refuse to incur the responsibility of suspending a law which had been recently modified by Parliament for the express purpose of rendering irregularities unnecessary. Bankers and traders would consequently in their utmost need be compelled to wait till the rate of discount rose to an unprecedented height; and even when they were willing to pay twelve per cent., they would be at the mercy of foreign operators, who might perhaps have rendered the exchanges unfavourable to England. It may be forcibly contended that a safety-valve should be adapted to the escape of steam which had been before dangerously confined. On the other hand, Sir J. LUBBOCK's amendment seems to offer excessive facilities for an expansion of the currency. It by no means follows from the existence of a ten per cent. rate of discount that a serious panic is to be apprehended; but when money is unusually dear there is always a certain amount of apprehension, and the circulation is diminished by hoarding. On the whole, it would perhaps be better to tolerate for the present the possible or periodical recurrence of an administrative anomaly. A Minister is likely to be cautious when he is consciously breaking the law.

THE BATH ELECTION.

THE Bath election will now have given occasion to nothing but a contest of the most pleasant and amicable kind between the Conservative candidate Lord GREY DE WILTON and the Liberal candidate Captain HAYTER. These candidates fought for their respective causes with energy, but with the utmost moderation. They had been at school together and wished each other well, and they do not appear to be divided by any but the most nominal differences of political opinion. In the place where an election is held, each party naturally likes to win, and the Liberals at Bath have been stimulated to some kind of excitement by the desire to retrieve their recent defeat. But from the point of view of general politics it appears to be of no more importance which candidate wins than if the contest had been a cricket-match. The present Government can confessedly do nothing. It just manages to remind the world that it is in existence by affording such matters of controversy as the Zanzibar Contract, and by offering such astonishing instances of official indiscretion as the recent order of the War Office that men accepted as recruits below the standard of measurement should, for the purpose of a Parliamentary return, be described as having attained the standard. The Government lives on, doing nothing, and a new Liberal member for Bath would only help the Government to do nothing, while a new Conservative member would only add to the number of the party which watches the Government doing nothing. Captain HAYTER, in addressing his Bath friends, naturally referred to the great services and distinguished career of Mr. GLADSTONE, and every one who thinks Mr. GLADSTONE's Irish measures substantially good must allow that this personal argument has great weight. Mr. GLADSTONE is entitled to some reward; but then what is the personal object that, as he himself has declared, he has most at heart? It is rest; he wants to be allowed to go out of office and recruit his strength and spirits. Lord GREY DE WILTON is therefore perhaps more likely to help Mr. GLADSTONE to reach his wished-for goal than Captain HAYTER. The return of the latter would be the greater immediate compliment to Mr. GLADSTONE, the return of the former may do Mr. GLADSTONE the most real good. The result of the Bath election is accordingly of no great moment, but there are one or two points in the history of the struggle which are worth noticing. The Liberals appeared throughout the contest to be in very good spirits. It was evident that something had happened to cheer and elate them. They spoke as men who had been lately defeated, but who had now a certain promise of victory. The secret of their cheerfulness was this. They had secured the great beer interest. At the last election their man had foolishly defied beer, and was ignominiously beaten. But they had been wise enough to take the lesson to heart. They secured in Captain HAYTER a candidate after the publicans' heart. He adored beer and every one who sold it. He scorned the base Permissive Bill as an attack on the first principles of drink. He lauded the publicans to the skies. They had behaved in the most noble, the most gallant manner, and presented the finest example of heroic public spirit. What Captain HAYTER meant was that the Liberal publicans, having found that the Liberal candidate was thoroughly sound on the beer question, had seen no reason why they should desert their party, and would condescend to vote for him. There is nothing whatever to blame in Captain HAYTER's conduct in the matter. He has already sat in Parliament, where he gave many indications of sense and capacity, and he was not at all likely to be misled by the nonsensical crotchet of the Permissive Bill. But nothing could mark more strongly the difference between the early and the latter days of the present Parliament than that, instead of the furious excitement and discussion of blazing questions of 1868, there should now be a languor so intense that the Liberal candidate announces to his supporters as the crown of his triumph, that his humble efforts have received the blessing of the publicans.

But at one time things did not promise to go on at Bath with the smoothness with which they began and ended. Into this happy political arena, where two schoolfellows, arrayed in their respective appropriate colours, were playing a quiet gentlemanly match for a seat, down came, like a thunderbolt, Mr. COX, of the National Education League. The object of this gentleman's mission was not to get a seat for himself in Parliament, but to punish the Government for not having done with regard to education all that Mr. DIXON desired they should do. The Liberal party was to be divided, and the Liberal candidate to be defeated, in order that Mr. GLADSTONE's Government might see what angry Nonconformists could do. Unnumbered woes were to illustrate the wrath of the League, and then perhaps it would get its way. The advent of Mr. COX spread dismay and consternation into the Liberal ranks. Victory seemed to be snatched from them just when it appeared so certain, and they had worked so hard to secure it. It was agonizing to think that even the publicans might have been pleased in vain. Some irritation was natural under the circumstances; but unfortunately the irritation that was awakened showed itself in the form of a most dastardly outrage. Mr. COX had arranged to address the electors in the Guildhall, and was coming up the staircase to the platform with two friends when he found himself in the midst of an excited crowd, which at first proposed to get rid of his candidature altogether by throwing him out of the window. This was, however, thought to be going rather too far, so the rioters contented themselves with throwing cayenne pepper into his eyes and the eyes of his friends, and temporarily blinding them. They then proceeded to push their victim downstairs; but, as the local papers put it, "luckily, when "Mr. COX had fallen some distance, he was caught round the "waist by two policemen." The rioters are said to have been well dressed and their names must have been known to many people; yet no one was taken up, the policemen did not interfere, and although Mr. COX offered a reward for in-

he offered it in vain. Captain HAYTER at once denounced the proceeding as it deserved, repudiated all connexion with it or approbation of it, and expressed the greatest sympathy with Mr. COX. There was not, therefore, any shadow of reason for making Captain HAYTER responsible for the mischievous folly of his friends; and no one apparently, except one lady who spoke at a meeting on the highest possible principles, thought of suggesting a calumny against Captain HAYTER. But the disgraceful fact remained, that mere political differences could in a great and orderly town like Bath lead to an act of brutal violence and blackguard ferocity, and that the perpetrators were by no means men of the humblest social rank. The fact also remains that it was tacitly agreed to pardon this disgraceful conduct on the old plea that it will not do to be too censorious at election times. The plea is as wretched as the act was disgraceful, but we may hope that this was a mere survival of the habits of old times, and that gradually, as the memory of former elections with their riots and nomination days dies away, such a scene as has occurred at Bath will become impossible.

Mr. Cox ultimately retired, but it must be owned that he had not altogether lost his time. He got a small, though inadequate, return for the cayenne pepper in his eyes and for his descent into the arms of the policemen. He managed to make Captain HAYTER adopt his educational programme, and issue a statement that he was in favour of compulsory education and of School Boards being set up everywhere, and that he did not consider the proposal to transfer the payment of school fees to the Guardians a satisfactory one. It makes no difference in real life whether Captain HAYTER takes this view of the educational question or not, as the party with which he has thus associated himself is powerless in Parliament. But one of the greatest of the obstacles that deter men of principle and character from standing for boroughs is the number of pledges which they find themselves obliged to give; and although most candidates in his position would have done what Captain HAYTER did, it is to be regretted that men of standing and promise should thus find or think themselves obliged to forfeit a portion of their political independence. It is necessary both for the candidates and the electors that a firm stand should be made against the dictation of crotchet-mongers. On the whole, Bath has set a good example on this head. Mr. COX was the idol of all the forlorn people who had got a crotchet to air. He was of course for the repeal of the Contagious Diseases Acts, for Women's Suffrage, and the Permissive Bill, and he thus secured the support and advocacy of a Miss ASHWORTH, who addressed a public meeting on his behalf, and vowed that she considered principle above everything, and assumed to speak on behalf of her sex generally in declaring that the first thing women have to do is to see that a candidate is dead against the Acts on which rampant ladies love to dilate, and she believed that an inundation of female voters is exactly what the constituencies want to make them perfect. But Miss ASHWORTH apparently addressed a whole audience of GALLIOS, and no one seemed to care much for her or her opinions. Captain HAYTER was also enabled to assure his friends that, although he had conciliated the publicans, yet many temperance men were going to vote for him, which, it must be said, was highly creditable to the temperance men, as they knew that they had been the cause of the defeat of the Liberal candidate at the last election, and that it was the support of the beer interest on which Captain HAYTER mainly grounded his hopes of success. The chief lesson to be drawn from the Bath election is that, provided the publicans are satisfied, the opposition of other special interests is not very formidable. It would be a great deal more satisfactory if a Liberal candidate could hold himself independent of the publicans as well as of the temperance people; but it is something that, with their support, a decently honest man may hope to escape having to descend into the slough of abjuring the conclusions of common sense in order to secure the good will of a variety of petty and fanatical cliques.

THE FUNERAL QUESTION AT LYONS.

FORTUNE has not shown herself implacable even to M. BEULÉ. His speech in defence of the decree regulating civil burials lately issued by the Prefect of the Rhône was arranged with much skill, and probably did a good deal towards securing a majority for the Government. The Prefect of the Rhône has ordered that every notice of death shall be accompanied by a statement whether the funeral will be of the period by a minister of any of the religions recognized by the State; that in the event of its being proposed that no such minister shall attend the body to the grave, the funeral must take place at six in the morning during the six summer months, and at seven in the morning during the six winter months; that the funeral procession shall pass through the least frequented streets, or by a special route to be ordered by the Prefect; and that no collections shall be made in the cemetery. Before the Minister rose it seemed impossible that anything could be said in defence, or even in palliation, of this monstrous decree. If men are to be left free during their lives to profess any religion or no religion, to attend any form of worship or none, to decide whether they will be married in church or be content with the civil ceremony, whether they will have their children baptized or merely insert their names in a civil register—and on all these points even the Right in the French Assembly would hardly venture to restrict individual liberty, however keenly they may wish to do so—why should this liberty be suspended in the single case of burials? From an ecclesiastical point of view it is of much less moment that a corpse should receive Christian burial than that a child should receive Christian baptism, that a man should set the seal to the convictions of a life which is past by rejecting the priest at the grave, than that a man and woman should give an anti-religious tone to the lives which they have yet to lead by repudiating the priest at marriage. From any other point of view it seems impossible to draw any distinction between one act and another. Liberty of conscience means that each man is to be free to profess and practise as much or as little as he believes, without being the worse for his choice in any of the secular relations of life. Conscience is not free if those who do not belong to the religion recognized by the State are compelled to carry their dead friends to the grave, or to be themselves carried there, at inconvenient hours and by inconvenient routes. It is as much a penalty on wrong belief as if Protestants were only allowed to hold their services at night, and forced to build their churches outside the city walls. The inconsistency of the Prefect's decree is all the more conspicuous because the Roman Catholic Church, in whose interest it may be supposed to be framed, is by no means over-ready to bury persons with whose conduct in life it is dissatisfied. The Paris Correspondent of the *Times* yesterday mentioned a case in which a priest positively refused to attend a corpse to the grave because he had arrived too late to administer the last sacraments. If a Protestant minister had not consented to take his place, there would have been no choice left to the family but to have a civil burial. On grounds, therefore, of abstract principle, of ecclesiastical consistency, and of the action of the Catholic clergy themselves, the decree of the Prefect of the Rhône is altogether indefensible; and yet it was this decree that M. BEULÉ, already discredited in the Assembly by his circular on the press, was obliged to defend on Tuesday.

He began by treating the question as having exclusive reference to Lyons. Speaking generally, he declared that burials without religious rites ought to be, and by French law were, as free as burials with religious rites. But at Lyons civil burials imply much more than the mere absence of a priest; they are part of an aggressive organization which stops at nothing which is necessary to its purpose. For the last two years they have been under the management of an association called the Society of Free-Thinkers, which takes for its motto "No priest at birth, no priest at marriage, no priest at death." The funds of the Society go to defray any expenses to which its members may be put in avoiding ecclesiastical ministrations at these times. It declares that its object is to increase by every means in its power the number of persons who prove their independence of theological superstitions by limiting themselves to civil ceremonials, and every member of the Association and of its allied Societies is bound under pain of fine to attend every civil funeral of which he has notice. It is clear that death is the only one of the three occasions mentioned in the Society's motto in which this general concourse of members can be of much use. There would be a certain want of point in making a party to see a child not christened, and as the civil ceremony at marriage always takes place whether there is or is not a marriage in church, there would be no means of making it evident that the couple at whose civil union the Society had just been assisting might not be meditating a marriage in church the next day. Only a funeral combines the two essential requisites—a necessary ceremonial of some kind, and an unmistakable exclusion of the religious element; and consequently it is to the multiplica-

tion of civil burials that the Society of Free-Thinkers address all their efforts. The first requisite of a civil burial, as the Minister justly observed, is something to bury; and if M. Beulé's statements are exact, the Lyons Free-Thinkers are not scrupulous as to the means taken to satisfy this indispensable condition. Their object is to impress the public with the belief that they are a far more numerous body than they really are, and they achieve this by bribing persons who are themselves careless on the subject to give up to the Society the bodies of their dead relatives. In most cases poverty is the motive of the bargain; widows are tempted to sell the bodies of their husbands, orphans the bodies of their parents. In other cases the motive is the absence of any strong affection, as when parents sell the bodies of their new-born children. In a great number of cases, says M. Beulé, the persons thus buried have lived religious lives, and have even declared their horror of being buried without a priest. Two children are specially mentioned as having made their first communion shortly before death, and having then been buried at the wish of their fathers without any religious ceremony. One of them, a boy of eleven, was followed to the grave by more than four thousand Free-Thinkers. It is further stated, on the authority of the Lyons police, that they are often appealed to by the families of dead persons for protection against annoyances offered to them by the Free-Thinkers on the ground of their refusal to have their relatives buried by the Association. Reinforced by these means, the civil funerals at Lyons have reached the number of 107 during the two last months, so that once or twice every day public order has been disturbed, and the feelings of the Catholic population outraged, by the passage of these irreligious processions. The most busy hour of the day is chosen, the body is carried through the most crowded streets, and the attendants at religious funerals are often insulted when they accidentally meet one of the civil funerals.

Some allowance must probably be made for convenient exaggerations; but we are inclined to believe that M. Beulé's account of the state of things in Lyons is substantially true. Here in England we have little knowledge of the furious and unscrupulous hatred of which religion in every form is the object in some Continental countries. It may be that the fact is in a great measure accounted for by the political action of the Roman Catholic Church; but that it is a fact of which Governments have to take account, and which may at times justify measures of unusual severity, hardly admits of doubt. M. Beulé is best answered, not by denying the right of the Prefect of the Rhône to subject civil burials to exceptional regulations, but by denying that the particular regulations put forth by him are those best suited to the object he professes to have in view. M. de Pressensé, who spoke next after M. Beulé, expressed as great an abhorrence of the proceedings of the Society of Free-Thinkers as the Minister himself, but he insisted that their misdeeds ought to be punished without the liberty of burying their dead at whatever hour they liked being denied them. Under the Prefect's decree no man who is not a Christian can be buried except at an hour which seems to convey a sort of censure on the opinions he held during life. Why should a man about whose desire to be buried without religious rites there can be no question be made to suffer for the sins of a Society with which he may have had no connexion? It is possible that M. Beulé might reply that the action of the Society is so secret that there is no means of defeating it except by depriving civil burials of the publicity with which the Free-Thinkers seek to invest them. But his own evidence seems to prove the contrary. If the police are often invoked to protect families against the intrusion of Free-Thinkers who wish to undertake the burial of some dead relation, why cannot the intruders be punished as well as defeated? And even granting that M. Beulé is right, to confine civil funerals to particular and inconvenient hours is not the proper way to deal with the evil. Such a restriction is too sweeping as regards the persons affected by it, and not sufficiently efficacious as regards the manifestations which it is directed to check. It applies to all persons who wish to be buried without the intervention of the ministers of a religion in which they had no faith during their lives, as well as to those who wish to make their funeral an occasion of propagating their opinions; and instead of preventing a crowd from collecting, it only makes its collection the more remarkable from the fact that those who compose it have had to attend at the cost of some personal inconvenience. A better plan would have been to limit the number of persons allowed to follow the funeral procession through the streets or to accompany the body into the cemetery. Probably, however, a decree of this sort would have been far less popular with the majority in the Assembly than the decree actually issued by the Prefect. The Right are not satisfied with insulting those who insult them; they are equally anxious to insult those whose only offence is that they hold opinions which the Right do not hold.

MR. HARCOURT'S CONSPIRACY BILL.

Mr. Harcourt's Bill for the amendment of the law of conspiracy as applied to Masters and Servants will scarcely become law in the present Session, or in the form in which it has been drawn. A part of the first clause would of itself accomplish Mr. Harcourt's main object, and perhaps it might be just or expedient that no person should be prosecuted for a trade conspiracy unless the contested acts were in themselves offences indictable or punishable. It is a more questionable provision that the punishment for such a conspiracy should not be greater than the punishment for the act itself, and there seems to be no reason for requiring the consent of the Law Officers of the Crown to a prosecution for trade conspiracies. There is at present no officer invested with the functions of a public prosecutor; and there is a difference of opinion on the question whether the right of the party injured to seek redress might not be preserved even after the establishment of a prosecuting department. The consent of the Attorney and Solicitor General to a prosecution is required by various statutes, where the propriety of enforcing the law depends on considerations of general expediency rather than on the duty of protecting private persons from injury. But the offences which are committed by workmen against their employers and their comrades are among the most direct and formidable attacks on liberty and property. If the law declares that it is criminal to use threats or violence against those who resist the dictates of Trade Unions, no official functionaries ought to have the power of depriving the injured person of his right to protection or to compensation. Although it is improbable that any Attorney-General would be guilty of private partiality, successive incumbents of the office would be liable to the influence of special theories and of political prejudices. Some might incline to a stringent interpretation of the law, and others to absolute non-interference; and even if the Law Officers were at any time entirely free from bias, the rules which they might adopt would be regarded by prosecutors and defendants with jealousy and suspicion. The Bill itself, in its present form, indicates a leaning to the cause of the accused, which might, if it were adopted, be regarded as a legislative direction to discourage prosecutions. The preamble would have accurately expressed the occasion and object of the Bill if it had included a recital that one of the Judges had passed an unduly severe sentence against workmen indicted for conspiracy, and that it was expedient to prevent similar excesses of severity in the future. It has been often and truly said that hard cases make bad law; and though Mr. Harcourt's intervention was not officious nor unnecessary, he has been tempted into the opposite extreme of undue laxity.

During recent discussions of the question it has been generally agreed both that the English law of conspiracy is anomalous and vague, and that it cannot with safety be summarily abolished. Mr. Harcourt himself proposes to except from the protection afforded by his Bill persons guilty of combination for a mutinous or seditious purpose. It is doubtful whether mutiny is a crime of which civilians are capable; and there can be no objection to exceptional legislation for the case of soldiers or sailors who are subject to military discipline. In excluding seditious conspiracies from the purview of his Bill, Mr. Harcourt admits the principle that a combination for the purpose of committing an act may sometimes deserve a heavier punishment than that which would be awarded for the act itself. He therefore concurs with the apologists for the general law of conspiracy, although he proposes to establish a different measure of guilt in the case of conspiracies for interference with trade. There is no necessary inconsistency in special legislation for exceptional cases; but the burden of proving that the distinction ought to be made undoubtedly lies on the advocate of particular and limited exemptions. Nothing can be clearer than that a seditious conspiracy may be a graver offence than an isolated act of sedition. If a multitude casually assembled is tempted by a sudden provocation to resist lawful authority, even the ringleaders may comparatively excusable. The deliberate promoters or irregular assemblage for the purpose of in deliberations of Parliament, or of intimid

justice, are guilty of a crime which ought never to be lightly regarded, though it is sometimes condoned through factious motives. In cases of seditious conspiracy, the acts contemplated are punishable either at common law or by statute; but the guilt of those who commit the offence is confessedly aggravated by previous concert. The establishment of an opposite rule in the case of trade offences seems arbitrary and partial. That Unionists are for the moment more likely to conspire than political agitators is scarcely a reason for extraordinary leniency.

The various exhibitions of trade malignity which have acquired special names are in themselves sufficiently odious; but rattening and picketing are far more deeply culpable when they are arranged by a secret combination or by the Council of a Trade Union than when they are perpetrated without the sanction of an extra-legal authority. To a certain extent such offences are almost always the result of conspiracy; but there are various degrees of moral guilt in different kinds of criminal combination. The actual offender is seldom one of the principal promoters of the conspiracy; and it may well be that his instigators ought to incur a heavier penalty than that which would be appropriate to a simple violation of the law. The artificial equality which Mr. HARCOURT seeks to establish between parties to a conspiracy and actual offenders is not essential to his principal object. Plausible arguments may be urged in favour of the proposal that trade conspiracies shall only be punishable when they are intended to promote the commission of indictable offences. Many cases may be suggested in which conspiracies are justly deemed criminal although the object of the combination may be only morally culpable. The clubs which have in former times been actually or according to popular belief established for the encouragement of various immoral but not illegal practices, would properly have rendered their members liable to indictment and severe punishment. On the other hand, the acts of trade combinations, when they are not in themselves legally punishable, ought perhaps to be tolerated by law. Mr. HARCOURT's Bill will not provide an exemption for workmen who conspire to use threats, or violence, or molestation; but there seems to be no reason for the provision that the offence must have been created by statute. If men conspire for a purpose which is indictable at common law, they ought to be liable to prosecution. It would be advisable to remove, as far as possible, all disputable matter from the Bill, if it is to have even a remote chance of passing the House of Commons during the present Session. Even in a Bill which occupies little more than a folio page, Mr. HARCOURT has not deviated from the curious practice of legislating by reference to previous Acts. Nothing contained in the Act is to affect prosecutions under two enumerated sections of two recited Acts.

Mr. GLADSTONE's invitation to Mr. HARCOURT to undertake the amendment of the existing law was not highly encouraging. A Government which professes its inability to legislate for any particular object can only recommend a private member to remedy its shortcomings in a spirit of irony. It was not thought prudent absolutely to reject the demands of the Trade Unions, but it is convenient to remind their leaders that concessions will not be easily extorted from Parliament. Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. BRUCE, if they approve Mr. HARCOURT's Bill, ought themselves to have introduced a similar measure. The complaints which associated workmen have urged against the present state of the law are perfectly sincere, though they may be perhaps unfounded, as they are certainly exaggerated. To the uninstructed and prejudiced mind the principle on which the entire law of conspiracy rests is not likely to commend itself as obviously just. It is doubtful whether Mr. BRUCE or the majority of the House of Commons were aware, at the time of the last amendment of the law, of the extent of the power which still remained to criminal tribunals. It has for some time past been admitted on all hands that combinations to raise wages or to regulate the hours of labour could no longer be regarded as criminal, or even culpable, for the simple reason that it was impossible to prevent them. The acts which render a workman liable to prosecution are few and are plainly specified. The malcontents would perhaps be satisfied if the guilt of a trade conspiracy were defined exclusively by reference to its object. Even Unionists would acknowledge that it ought to be illegal to conspire for a purpose in itself illegal. It is unnecessary to apply the same rigid standard to the measure of punishment. If a man conspires to perform an act which will be criminal if it be consummated, his liability to punishment ought to depend on the character of his conduct, and on the motives and circumstances of the case, and not on the nature of the actual offence. Parliament ought never to forget that, in facilitating the action of trade combinations, it necessarily diminishes the liberty and security of the majority of workmen which still remains outside the trade combinations.

PARLIAMENTARY PICNICS.

WHEN it was first announced that the SHAH was soon to arrive in this country, nothing could exceed the tender and affectionate solicitude which was displayed by many members of Parliament on HIS MAJESTY'S behalf. It was insisted that no expense must be spared in receiving our distinguished guest, and that all sorts of grand entertainments must be got up in his honour. Every afternoon the Treasury Bench was overwhelmed with questions and suggestions; and it was quite beautiful to see how hard-working legislators, even in the midst of their most wearisome drudgery, could still find time to think of the expected visitor, and to plan arrangements for his pleasure and amusement. Presently, however, it turned out that all this enthusiastic hospitality was not entirely disinterested, and that members, in speaking one word for the SHAH, were speaking two for themselves. Their thoughtful consideration for HIS MAJESTY assumed a less romantic aspect when it was discovered that it was only another name for consideration for themselves. It appeared that the entertainments to the SHAH were to be also entertainments to the House of Commons, and the members of that assembly soon made it quite clear that what they were most anxious about was the accommodation to be provided for themselves and their families on these occasions. It must have struck many persons that the way in which the Government was badgered on this subject day after day last week was simply indecent. Would there be a ship for members at Spithead? would there be a gallery for them at Windsor? would there be room for their wives and daughters? would trains be provided for them? and how about refreshments? Every afternoon there was a shower of these inquiries. One member, a descendant of WALLACE, grumbled because the Government would not throw in a railway ticket with the rest. Fancy a descendant of WALLACE balancing his patriotism against his pocket-money, and hesitating whether he should avail himself of a treat provided for him at the public expense because it was offered on the hard condition that he should pay his own railway fare. The next thing, we suppose, will be that members will expect to have carriages sent round to pick them up at their houses and take them to the railway station. Altogether the petty greed and vulgar rapacity exhibited by some members of the House of Commons in connexion with this matter have certainly not tended to exalt the reputation of that body. This miserable grabbing at gratuitous treats is the familiar vice of the lowest sort of vestrymen, and it is anything but pleasant to find it breaking out so violently in an assembly which ought to set an example to all other public bodies in the country. There is no particular reason, as far as we are aware, why the Houses of Parliament should be present in their official capacity at either naval or military reviews; and peers and members who have a fancy for these amusements may reasonably be left to indulge their tastes, as other people do, at their own expense.

We do not happen to remember exactly when the practice of making special provision for members of Parliament at public displays of this kind first began; but we have a notion that it is of quite recent introduction, and it would seem to be developing in a way that demands attention. In the first instance, various privileges are conceded to members as a casual favour; the next step in the process is that they are claimed as a permanent right; and then members use their influence to manufacture occasions on which they can be enjoyed, and endeavour to get them stretched so as to include their wives and families. Members seem to think that their own title to have special accommodation provided for them at public displays is clear enough, but the provision to be made for their wives and families is still an open question. Some members have no wives, and the Government has refused to allow them to take other people's; but it would seem that unmarried members resent the married ones having an advantage of this kind unless they have an equivalent.

We shall perhaps be told that this is a very small matter, and not worth making a fuss about. Our legislators, it will be said, go through a great deal of hard work for the public benefit, to say nothing of what they spend on their seats; surely they are entitled to a little relaxation, and a

trip to sea, with lunch on board ship, does not cost a great deal. It is only once in a way that these things happen, and it is churlish and shabby to grudge a cheap treat to such a deserving body. There is an obvious answer to arguments of this kind. In the first place, members of Parliament voluntarily renounce all remuneration for their services, and even insist upon paying their own election expenses. Whether this is a good system or a bad system need not be debated here; it is the system which exists, and, while it exists, it should be carried out thoroughly and scrupulously. If members are going to vote themselves treats and jollifications whenever they choose, it will be better to consider at once whether it would not be more satisfactory to give them salaries at a rate to be settled beforehand. It is also necessary to consider how far this principle of standing treat out of the public funds, if once established in the case of the House of Commons, is likely to be carried in the case of other public bodies. Last year the Metropolitan Board of Works took upon itself to erect stands in order that the members of the Board and their friends might see the QUEEN and PRINCE of WALES drive past on Thanksgiving Day. They paid the expenses out of the rates, but the auditor struck out the item as illegal, and the members of the Board have since had to refund the misappropriated money. It will be difficult to convince Boards of Works and other local Boards that it is wrong to spend a little money on an occasional treat to themselves if the House of Commons is to set the example of treating itself at the public expense. Just at the present moment all beadledom is in more or less open revolt at the efforts which are being made to cut off traditional perquisites and pickings. Vestrymen and guardians are no longer allowed to feast at the cost of the ratepayers, and find it difficult to realize the fact that they must themselves pay even for a modest biscuit and glass of sherry. The School Boards have also been warned that, if they have a mind to go in for any celebration that costs money, they must be prepared to put their hands in their own pockets, and that no expenditure of this kind will be allowed from the public funds at their disposal. It is impossible, however, that these restrictions can be maintained if the House of Commons is to get into the way of voting itself a bit of fun at the expense of the country whenever it has a fancy. There is no auditor over the House of Commons; it is, in fact, the auditor over the Government; and when we find the auditor using all his influence to force the spending body to spend money in giving him a treat, we have clearly got upon dangerous ground.

The argument that it costs comparatively little to give members of Parliament with their wives and daughters a little trip in a man-of-war, with lunch or dinner to make them comfortable, is of course no argument at all. The question is, or should be, one of principle, not of amount. Nobody would accept as a justification for a breach of the self-denying ordinance which is imposed on members the plea that there was no harm in accepting a Government contract for a small figure. It is obvious that the rule must be applied absolutely, and that it would soon be frittered away altogether if there were once to be a question of the more or less. It seems to us that the House of Commons ought, for the sake of its own honour and self-respect, to impose upon itself a similar rule in regard to spending public money on its private pleasure and amusement. It is impossible to shut our eyes to the fact that these things, when once started, have an awkward tendency to grow. In the present instance, we have seen members, not content with accommodation for themselves, demand as a matter of course accommodation for their families as well; while some of them have got to such a point that they think they are very ill-used because they cannot enjoy the jollification provided for them without paying their own railway fares. This time the House of Commons is content to share the entertainment prepared for the SHAH; but the presence of a Shah is not an indispensable circumstance, and there is nothing to prevent members from voting themselves a holiday on any other pretext. It might have been expected that, in a House elected on a cry for economy, and under a Government which boasts of its thrift, some sort of protest would have been raised against a practice which is not only improper in itself, but dangerous in its growth. As yet, indeed, no great harm has been done. All that the Government has spent on Parliament on this occasion is an insignificant trifle, but the mischief lies in the danger of the precedent, and in the probability—almost the certainty—that, if once fairly established, it will be gradually widened. It is well that abuses of this kind should be nipped in the bud, if only because it saves further trouble. Observers who are disposed to believe that more depends on the spirit in which institutions are worked than on the form of the institutions themselves, have perhaps some reason to be disquieted by various symptoms of a gradual lowering of the tone of the House of Commons. For a senate it has already, perhaps, too many of the attributes of a vestry, and it is impossible to view without alarm the spreading taint of the vestryman's worst vice. It is right and fitting that when a great country entertains a distinguished stranger, it should do so with appropriate magnificence, and nothing can be more contemptible than the hesitation of the Paris Municipality to vote any funds for the SHAH'S reception. One of the most splendid entertainments of the present week was given by a member of the Government entirely at his own expense, but the charges of public hospitality may fairly be left to the public purse. It would be well, however, that our public men should be careful to avoid incurring the suspicion that they are treating themselves in the name of their guest.

THE ARCHBISHOPS AND THE SIXTY THOUSAND.

EPISCOPAL answers to petitions for the forcible suppression of the High Church party are usually characterized by an obvious desire to bark so as to impress the petitioners with the belief that this time the bishops are really going to bite. It is the consciousness perhaps that this belief can no longer be created which has moved the two Archbishops to reply with unusual candour to the memorial against Romish teaching in the Church of England lately presented to them at Lambeth. You must not doubt, they say in effect, that we are anxious to do our duty in this matter. So far as lies in our power, illegal ceremonies and practices shall be suppressed, superstitious ornaments shall be banished from churches, and candidates who teach doctrines subversive of the principles of the Reformation shall be excluded from Holy Orders. But you must remember that our power in these matters is very small. If we were to make every complaint of violating the rubrics or teaching unsound doctrine the subject of proceedings in a court of law, the Church would be harassed by endless contests. Before the laity blame us for our supineness they ought to show a little more energy in their own behalf. They have their natural protectors in their churchwardens, and if there are to be public prosecutors in ecclesiastical matters, the churchwardens are the right persons to undertake the office. We do not believe, however, that more frequent prosecutions will bring about the result you desire. You had much better allow us to use our personal influence in our own families and neighbourhoods, and to dissuade the clergy from error by sound arguments and telling appeals to their loyalty. And even if these expedients should fail, perhaps no great harm will be done. It is true that efforts are being made to subvert the principles of the Reformation, and that the position of the Church of England as the established religion of the country is seriously imperilled by them. But superstition is not the only evil we have to fear. Infidelity is very objectionable, and indifference is very objectionable, and which of the three is the worst is more than we can undertake to say. On the whole, therefore, our advice is that you should wait upon Providence. Nothing goes on for ever, and you may be sure that this will prove as true of Ritualism as of everything else. It is an unpleasant visitation while it lasts, but, after all, where can the cause of Divine truth be so safely left as in the hands of its Author? Heaven, we feel sure, will ultimately help you, and in the meantime we see no objection to your helping yourselves. The one thing that you ought not to do is to ask us to help you.

There is not much dignity in this mode of stating the case, but for all that it expresses the facts with very fair accuracy. The "principles of the Reformation," at all events as they are understood by the two Archbishops, are not held in much favour by one of the three parties which make up the Church of England. Further, the party which dislikes these principles is very zealous and very indiscreet, and zeal without discretion is always a dangerous quality in an Established Church. On the other hand, considering that the Established Church is attacked with a great show of zeal, it is well that there should be zeal inside as well as outside, and it is by no means easy to ensure that zeal shall always be alloyed with the proper percentage of prudence. You must be content to take it as you find it. No doubt there is some point at which the two elements are blended in the precise proportions in which they most help and benefit each other, but the difficulty is to keep a zealous man in this happy state of equilibrium. Ordinarily speaking, he has hardly

he has gone beyond it in the opposite direction, and become such a specimen of pure prudence that he is only fit to be a bishop. The Sixty Thousand meet this state of things with a proposal that zeal after their fashion shall be encouraged, and all other forms of zeal forbidden. But the archbishops are wiser in their generation, and know perfectly well how impossible it would be to keep the Church of England going with no clergy but such as sympathize with the Sixty Thousand. They would be willing enough to discourage extreme Ritualists—the discouragement of extremes of all kinds is a function specially suited to the Episcopal character as it is understood in this Church and Realm—but there are a number of clergymen who, without being extreme Ritualists, are quite capable of being made so by any sustained attempt to narrow the existing boundaries of the Church of England. And then, at bottom, the bishops have as little sympathy with the Sixty Thousand as with the persons against whom the memorial is directed. In their secret hearts they probably think that the Church would be well rid of both of them. This is not the frame of mind which makes men blind to difficulties, and bent upon carrying out their views without thought or care of consequences.

In this juncture the *Times* comes forward with advice which shows even more than its ordinary ignorance of ecclesiastical politics. It is all nonsense, it says, for the bishops to deprecate endless prosecutions in matters of opinion. No one wants them to prosecute clergymen for heresy; all they are required to do is to prosecute clergymen for disobedience to the law as declared by the Privy Council on plain matters of practice, such as the position of the priest at the time of the consecration of the elements. It is possible, of course, that if the bishops showed themselves determined to enforce the judgment of the Judicial Committee in the PURCHAS case, the Ritualist clergy would surrender at discretion. But supposing they did not—supposing that they allowed themselves one after another to be deprived of their benefices, rather than abandon a practice to which they attach special significance, how long would the process be allowed to go on? How long would it be before the point was re-argued on some pretext or other, and a judgment leaving the question open delivered by the Privy Council? Or, if this expectation proved unfounded, and the expelled clergy remained out in the cold, what would be the effect of the spectacle on the fortunes of the Established Church? It stands now by virtue of its comprehensiveness. No one of its roots may be very strong in itself, but there are so many of them that they strengthen one another. The expulsion of the Ritualists would supply no new root, for the days of comprehension of Dissenters are over, and the opposition of Nonconformists is directed not against the composition of the Established Church, but against the principle of Established Churches. They would agitate against the Church of England just as actively if it consisted of only two parties as they do now when it consists of three. The only difference would be that the object of their hostility would have lost a large number of its clergy, and be harassed by all the furious controversies to which such a loss would certainly give rise. The *Times* is prepared, however, with suggestions of a less drastic character. "If the bishops have so great a dread of "prosecutions, there are other means of influence open to "them." They need not preach or confirm in Ritualist churches; they need not encourage Ritualist incumbents by allowing them the services of Ritualist curates; they may refuse to accept the services of men who have become notorious when applying for admission into their dioceses The expectation that the refusal of a bishop to preach or confirm in a Ritualist church would induce the incumbent to change either his opinions or his practices displays a curious innocence as to the relations usually existing between a Ritualist clergyman and his bishop. The main desire of the former for the most part is to give the bishop as wide a berth as possible. Inside his own church an incumbent, provided that his congregation go with him, is master of all he surveys. He stands as he likes, he lights his candles when he likes, he burns his incense where he likes. It is only when the bishop pays a visit to the church that he has to reduce his ritual to a level which will not provoke the bishop to startle, and perhaps corrupt, the congregation by some conspicuous act of disapproval. A church hermetically sealed against the bishop would usually be a church in which the practices which the bishop disapproves would flourish in especial luxuriance. The refusal of the [illegible] Ritualist curates on the nomination of Ritualist [illegible] London is open to more than one objection. It is a mean [illegible]ay of doing in part what the bishops are afraid [illegible]altogether. If the practices objected to are illegal, they ought not to be passed over in the beneficed clergy; if they are not illegal, they ought not to be punished in curates. Supposing again that a parish is worked with great energy and self-devotion by a Ritualist incumbent and three curates of the same way of thinking, and that the licences of the three curates are suddenly withdrawn, what is likely to be the effect on the influential parishioners? They see all the good works going on in the parish suddenly suspended or mutilated, and the work which has been almost too much for four men left to be done, or not done, by one. If the parishioners in question are included in the Sixty Thousand, they will no doubt view this state of things with pious satisfaction. If they are themselves extreme Ritualists, we will assume that they have no influence with the bishop. But far more often they will be neither. They will be men who, without strong opinions of their own, can yet appreciate good work, by whomsoever done, and regret when its progress is interfered with merely to gratify excited partisanship. No sensible bishop will care to excite the displeasure of men of this stamp. They are the real strength of the Established Church, and rather than offend them he will in the end license forty curates, if need be, instead of four. The third suggestion offered by the *Times* on the assumption that the bishops are afraid of prosecutions would simply result in making the bishop the defendant in a suit instead of the prosecutor. Instead of a series of PURCHAS Cases we should be plagued with a series of GORHAM Cases.* Clergymen usually "apply for admission" into a diocese when they have been presented to a living. The *Times* must have peculiar notions, both of presentees and of patrons, if it supposes that either would submit to be deprived of their legal rights without taking the opinion of a court of law.

ARCHITECTURAL WORKS IN OXFORD.

THE man who should undertake to keep a record of the architectural changes in the University of Oxford would undertake a task almost as heavy as he who should undertake to keep a record of the contemporary statutory changes. As the constitutional state of things is ever changing, so the outward face of things in stone and lime is ever changing also. As far as great public works go, the legislators have perhaps the advantage of speed over the builders. A whole system of studies or of examinations can be pulled to pieces and put together again a good many times during the time that it takes to pull down and build up again one large building, like a college or a museum. Law-making is a very easy business. As soon as some young and active legislator has a new thought, the system which was set up by acclamation a term before can be at once altered again according to the last lights. Nothing is needed for the purpose but a little talk and a little printing; no great expenditure of money is needed; as for reflection and experience, those are things which it has long since been found out have nothing whatever to do with the matter. It would be more serious if, as soon as a hall or a gate-way-tower was built, or perhaps while it was still building, it had to be pulled down because some ardent devotee of culture had hit upon something prettier than the last design. Thus great buildings of this kind are somewhat slower in their growth than statutes, and they are less easy to be got rid of when they have once grown up. But, if we may take in private buildings as well as public, we suspect that the works of the architect grow up yet faster than the works of the legislator. A generation back the academical population of Oxford consisted mainly of Fellows and undergraduates, who lived mainly within the walls of the colleges, save those few graduates and senior undergraduates who lodged in the houses of the citizens. The married graduates consisted mainly of Heads and Canons, who had, in defiance of Queen Elizabeth, contrived to find places for their wives and children within the college walls. A few married Professors here and there contrived to find houses for themselves in the older parts of the city. But now that Fellows of colleges live everywhere except in Oxford, while all kinds of people live in Oxford except Fellows of colleges, the growth of private houses has become the great feature of the place. New suburbs are springing up, each consisting of new and elegant houses, each of which thinks it a duty to be built in a style different from the style of any of its neighbours. Now a single house, unlike a great public building, may be put together in as short a time, and with as little thought, as a statuté itself. And, as there is but one Legislature while there are many builders, more houses than statutes can be going on at the same time. Thus, if we take public and private buildings together, we may say that architectural change and legislative change go on at pretty nearly the same pace. Far be it from us to attempt to criticize, or even to chronicle, all the works of either. But here and there something happens or does not happen, something gets built or fails to be built, which can hardly be passed by without notice by any one who professes to keep any kind of eye upon Oxford matters. We will pick out two specimens of what has been and of what has not been done. And as, in the order of nature, nothing comes before some-

thing, as chaos is more ancient, and therefore, we suppose, more honourable, than Kosmos, we will say what we have to say about that which has not been built before we rise to the harder task of speaking of that which has been built.

Every visitor to Oxford for some time past must have remarked that a large part of the High Street has been fenced off with a wooden wall, the object and merits of which are less clear than the objects and merits of the older wooden walls either of Athens or of England. Such a wooden rampart commonly marks the place where something is being built. Here it marks the site of a building about which all that is as yet settled is that it is not to be built. No one has yet begun to lengthen the cords and strengthen the stakes of any great building on that spot. All that has as yet arisen on the famous "Angel site," a site which has filled so great a place in the dreams of many an architect and amateur, is a crop of yellow flowers which might cheer the heart of a Liberal candidate in these days of reaction, which might afford materials for a field day for the Professor of Botany, but which may be thought a poor substitute for the great academical building which has been so long talked of as about to arise on the spot. New Schools were to have been built there; but all that has as yet been done towards building them has been for Convocation to throw out the design which its own Delegacy proposed to it. Perhaps indeed it may not be too late to go back to first principles, and to ask whether, in these days of progress, so antiquated and forsaken a region as the High Street is a fit place for academical buildings at all. Such a site might have been all very well a thousand years back, when King Alfred stopped out of his own realm to found a college on another man's territory, when doubtless at the same time he designed the two gateways and the many gables which show how, in his material buildings as well as in the nature of his foundation, he hit upon ideas which so strangely found no imitators for so many ages. But we have got beyond this stage. Oxford is no longer pent up in the cloistered seclusion of colleges, or imprisoned within the streets of a mediæval city. The real University, its teachers, its society, its amusements, all that distinguishes the Oxford of to-day from the Oxford of thirty years back, have taken flight far beyond the ramparts of Robert of Oily and William of Wykeham. It may be fairly questioned whether, for the general convenience, new Schools or new public buildings of any kind should not follow the tide and set themselves up in the newer and more fashionable quarter. But, letting this question pass, a word or two may well be said as to the design which was recommended by a Delegacy, but which was thrown out by a small meeting of Convocation. The design had its faults, but it also had its merits; and it would be well to know whether it was on account of its faults or on account of its merits that it was cast aside. Without going more into detail, it is enough to say that the street front was not a front but a side. A front should consist of a gable, a tower, more than one gable or more than one tower, and the entrance, as in the old colleges, should be made the main feature. In the design for the new Schools the face to the street consisted, not of a gable or a tower, but of a ridge, like that of a hall or a chapel looked at from the side. And the doorway was not made the chief feature, but looked rather like an afterthought. The main building would have had a noble effect as one internal side of a college quadrangle; but it was not suited to be the street front of a great public building. On the other hand, the adoption of the design would, in the present state of Oxford architecture, have been a wholesome step backwards. The design was English; it was straightforward. It would have been better still if it had more strictly followed the forms of a somewhat later date, when English secular architecture reached its highest point of splendour at Westminster, at Eltham, at Thornbury, in Oxford itself. Still it contained some parts fit to range with the very best pieces of English secular architecture, though as a whole the air of the building would have been too ecclesiastical. Notwithstanding all this, for a public building to have been raised in Oxford, purely English in style and distinguished by no crotchets or queernesses, would have been a vast gain after the mass of foreign vagaries under which the University has suffered for the last five-and-twenty years. Now we greatly wish to know whether the design was rejected because of its real faults, or because of what in many eyes would be the greatest of all faults, the unpardonable crime of Englishry. We have hardly any means of knowing which it was. Convocation was taken by surprise, as it not uncommonly is. On the very eve of the voting, when it was wholly impossible for any one not on the spot to do anything in the matter, a paper came out signed by three sets of initials which to most people gave no idea, and one of which, it was rumoured, represented a gentleman who is not a member of Convocation at all. The objections to the design were set forth in that mysterious dialect which is perhaps intelligible to the votaries of culture, but which left ordinary minds uncertain what the grounds of the rejection were. Convocation met; Mr. Rogers made a speech which won him a place in *Punch*; but the real question was not discussed; there was no time for anybody to be there to discuss it.

Now what is to come of this? If the design has been thrown out on account of its faults, if its rejection is likely to lead to the choice of some other design, as strictly English in style, but allowing a larger quadrangle and making the street front more truly a front, we shall be the last to grumble. But if it is thrown out, simply for being English, if it is sacrificed to the strange foreign taste of the day, if it is thrown out in order to bring in something like new Merton or new Christ Church, then every Oxford man who values the architectural reputation of his University should be on his guard that Convocation may not be surprised a second time.

From what has not been done we turn to what has been done. Every one who has lately been in Oxford, every one who has had much talk with those who have been there, must have heard something about the "meat-safe" and the "tunnel." All the wits of the place have had their fling at them, while we have not heard that any one has been so hardy as to say a word on their behalf. Both of these great works are connected with the late restoration of the cathedral. It has been found expedient to take away the bells out of the central tower, where in truth they ought never to have been put, and some other place had to be found for them. A detached bell-tower was the obvious thing; but a tower like Pisa, or even like Chichester, cannot be built in a day, and some temporary place had to be found. But even a temporary tower need not be absolutely hideous, and surely something better could have been done than to stick up the monstrous wooden box at which all Oxford has been laughing ever since by the name of the "meat-safe." Of all places in the world, this ugly box is set on the top of that noble staircase which stands unique both at Oxford and elsewhere, and which shows what English architects could do even so late as 1640. To such a building as this we can hardly complain that a part even of the old cloister was sacrificed; and surely it deserves some better treatment than to be crowned by a capping at which every one who passes under the great gateway points the finger of scorn. Rumour, to be sure, says that it is to be only temporary; but rumour also adds that this temporary work has cost 2,000*l*. Rumour also adds, what is more wonderful still, that, when the temporary period shall have passed by, the four walls of the staircase are to be carried up so as themselves to grow into the bell-tower. We tremble when we hear of such a scheme, lest the only result should be to bring down that exquisite roof and central pillar which is the one great ornament of the college as distinct from the older monastery. But, if no such ill luck should happen, let us try and enlarge our faculties to conceive what would be the size of a tower carried up from such a basement, with anything like the reasonable proportions of a tower. Beside such a tower, Wymondham, Boston, Ely, San Zeno itself, would be trifles; it would be almost entitled to rank next to the Great Pyramid. The comparison is stale, but it irresistibly reminds one of the first of all attempts at tower building, the "donjon" of Sir David Lindsay, whose top was to reach to heaven. Perhaps indeed that may be the object. Tradition says that a former Dean of Christ Church defined the advantages of learning to be, that "it not only enabled us to look down with contempt on our inferiors, but often led to places of very considerable emolument, even in this life." Should the emoluments of the deanery of Christ Church ever be made less considerable, the contemplated tower would supply a means of going up to seek for those still more valuable rewards of learning which it would seem that the author of the saying we have just quoted expected to find in another world.

So much for the "meat-safe"; now for a word as to the "tunnel." Every one who knows Oxford knows that the nave of St. Frideswide's church, which afterwards became the cathedral of the diocese, was cut short by Cardinal Wolsey to make the great quadrangle of his college. The minster has therefore a very inadequate nave, and no west front at all. The place where the west front ought to be is occupied by part of the quadrangle till lately forming one of the canons' houses. In such a case there are two alternatives. The thing may be left as it is, as a piece of destruction for which the present age is not responsible, and the blame of which must rest on the great Cardinal. Or, on the other hand, the work of Wolsey may be thoroughly undone. The uniformity of the quadrangle may be sacrificed to the perfection of the minster; the nave may be carried out to its original length, and finished with a fitting west front. For either of these courses there is a good deal to be said. But there is surely nothing to be said for the course which has actually been followed. The nave has been prolonged westward, but only so far as to make a half arch, abutting on the back of the quadrangle. Two holes have been bored in the other wall of the quadrangle, leading into a vaulted space which again opens into the church to the east. This space is popularly, and very naturally, known as the "tunnel." Such a compromise as this is simply a case of doing things nohow. The regularity of the quadrangle is broken in upon, without providing the church with a west front or with a worthy approach of any kind. No one would expect to find the way into St. Frideswide's minster through two doorways just so much bigger than the other doorways of the quadrangle as to make every one ask what they mean, and which have the domestic windows of the college carried over them. Perhaps, like the "meat-safe," the thing is only temporary. The new half-arch indeed suggests the idea that the nave may some day be carried on further, but the "tunnel" itself is done in a way which looks very much as if it were meant to be permanent. Perhaps, after all, what the authorities of Christ Church meant to do was to give an architectural illustration of the famous definition of a dilemma, that it is "when a man attempts to prove two things, and proves neither." If this be so, they certainly succeeded beyond fear of rivalry.

SOCIAL ANATOMY OF THE SECOND EMPIRE.

IN its time the *Daily Telegraph* has certainly had some very wonderful Correspondents, and perhaps none of them have been more wonderful in their way than the gentleman who was until lately its representative in Paris. Originality has not always been the strong point of Correspondents of that journal, but at least this one was original. There never was anything like him before, and there has never been anything like him since. His successor or successors have been only a weak imitation of the original article, and the recent spasmodic effort of one of them to distinguish himself by telegraphing in breathless haste a long and detailed narrative of a particularly confidential interview with a too celebrated lady who had just been requested to relieve Paris from her presence was almost a confession of despair. It has been thought worth while to reprint a collection of the great Correspondent's letters, under the title of *Court and Social Life in France under Napoleon the Third* (Tinsley Brothers), and it must be said of them that they constitute a worthy monument both of the *Daily Telegraph* and of the Second Empire. From the preface we learn that the Correspondent had had some personal acquaintance with the Emperor in the devious bypaths of his shady exile, and this won for him "peculiar social advantages" at Paris. We are also assured that his "style was peculiarly his own." It would certainly appear that, by a rare combination of remarkable qualities, he was peculiarly fitted not only to represent the *Telegraph*, but to be the chronicler of the Empire. The friend of royalty, the confidant of chamberlains and statesmen, the cherished darling of aristocratic coteries, descended to common earth when he sat down to describe the doings of Olympus. He had a happy way of writing history in the racy language of the Turf and the smoking-room. His letters had all the charm of that free and easy conversation which is associated with unbuttoned waistcoats, seltzer and brandy, and short black pipes; and an unbuttoned Correspondent was obviously an appropriate historian of a *débraillé* Empire. The writer of the preface assures us that, although the letters may seem at first sight scattered and incoherent, there will be found running through them "a distinct idea, steadily gathering consistency and strength," and this is certainly true. The volumes have really an historical value, for they illustrate in a very striking way the peculiar social characteristics of the Second Empire, and enable us to understand the sort of loathing and contempt with which the Bonapartist Court was regarded by all decent people in France.

The truth is, that down to its last hours the Empire could not shake off the evil taint of its origin. The political crime of the *coup d'état* most Frenchmen would have been ready to forgive, and probably had forgiven. It was the social surroundings of the Court which ruined it. All at once a little knot of men who until a short time before had been living from hand to mouth as mere adventurers, swindling tradesmen, bilking landladies, punting in low hells, and otherwise exercising their wits in the pursuit of a precarious livelihood, suddenly found themselves the masters of one of the richest countries of the world. The transition might have been too much even for a more austere virtue than was represented in a circle to which the creator of Vautrin could alone have done justice. As it was, the result was inevitable. The *filoutage* of Mazarin and Fouquet was revived by the conspirators of December. Never perhaps before in the history of the world was so much hungry scoundrelism suddenly put in the way of helping itself to what it wanted. The leader of the set had to tolerate his companions, and found when too late that they would not submit to the prudent restraints which, for their own sake as well as for his own, he would have liked to impose. If he had been a very great man he would possibly have got rid of troublesome associates by banishing or shooting them; but then he was not a very great man, but easy, kindly, and generous in his private friendships. And besides, unless he had done it very boldly, it might have been dangerous for him to break with his former confederates. It is the penalty of all conspiracies that, however excellent may be the motives with which they are undertaken, they cannot be accomplished except by the aid of persons whom it is difficult afterwards to shake off, and with whom contact is pollution. The plunder of the State, suspected rather than known, did less harm to the new Empire perhaps than the inherent Bohemianism of its tone and manners. The Emperor himself never emancipated himself from the loose, free and easy habits of the confirmed man about town; but his position imposed on him a certain regard for appearances which was disregarded by the Fleurys and Mornys. There was a taint in the atmosphere of the Court which corrupted all who were brought within its influence, and repelled both virtue and honour. We are not speaking now so much of actual vice, but rather of that good-humoured, easy tolerance of vice, and disposition to smile at it and make light of it, which is so destructive to the moral sense. Very scandalous persons came and went at the Imperial Court, and left a bad whiff in the air. This is the society into the midst of which the great Correspondent introduces us. The *Daily Telegraph* went in strong for the Empire in those days, though it has had its little kick at the dead lion since, and it was the Correspondent's business to glorify it and sing its praises. And [illegible] be a chaises are full of historical significance. What they come to is [illegible] proves much this—that the Bonapartes knew how to keep a good [illegible] Rifray gave no end of parties, with floods of champagne [illegible] is open, and did all they could to make their guests feel [illegible] my of us. Everybody knows the sort of house in [illegible] altoge[illegible]

private life which corresponds to this, where the family antecedents are shady and will not bear looking into, and guests are baited for by lavish feasts and freedom from the restraints of rigid etiquette, with something more than a touch of fastness in the freedom. There can be no doubt that the Tuileries in the Emperor's time was a very jolly sort of house to go to, and the popularity of the Empire with a certain section of English society and with travelling Americans had its root in this free and easy hospitality. The burlesque of the *Grand Duchess of Gerolstein*, which is said to have driven the Queen of Spain from her throne, also supplied a bitter commentary on the social aspects of the Empire, which, like the Grand Duchess, had all the vulgar looseness of a common *grisette*, and every now and then kicked out its fine clothes with a sudden fling.

The Correspondent's letters begin at the end of 1864 and end in the summer of 1870. All at once we are plunged into a whirl of dancing and late suppers. We are at a ball at the Foreign Office, and the Emperor and Empress are pointed out to us under their masks and dominos. Princess Metternich gives a masked ball in Lent, the great feature of which is a party of penitents from a convent, who glide in two and two in spectral robes and hoods, and, by way of a practical joke, as it is a fasting season, the company are sent off without supper, to seek refreshment in the adjoining taverns. The Emperor and Empress are here too, but disguised so that nobody knows them. The Union and the Jockey Club give a ball at the Trois Frères, at which all the ladies are dressed as *grisettes*. M. Dupin delivers his great speech against the unbridled extravagance of women, but it has very little effect. The joke of the day is the butler coming up to tell a lady who has just taken her seat in the drawing-room that her dress is shut in the carriage-door. "You can't handicap Paris and London," we are told, "as to vice; London has been pulling for years to get well in, but Paris can still give two stone of iniquity." We go to a party in the Rue de la Victoire—"no crinoline, long dresses cut very low, and made on what is called the *tirez le cordon et parlez au concierge* model, and the hair arranged in wonderful horns; add paint and patches to taste, and you have a lady of the First Empire, as she reproduces herself in the Second." The dancing is somewhat eccentric. "I confess that a middle-aged gentleman with spectacles, turning heels over head while he is doing *cavalier seul*, his partner the while sitting on the floor and gesticulating—nay, even the *vis-à-vis*, when his turn comes, advancing like a crayfish—are novelties in the graceful art of quadrille dancing. What then? We must change sometimes." Here is a paragraph that reads strangely by the light of subsequent events:—

> Monday, Oct. 30.
>
> To-day the Prussians marched on St. Cloud and effected a lodgment. Fortunately it was only to play music to the Court. The 34th Regt. of Herr von Bismarck's Line is come to delight the musical ear of Paris, and it played last night at the Cirque de l'Impératrice. Why Prussia should favour France with "a few friends and a little music," I cannot imagine.

At a fancy ball at the Tuileries the Emperor does the honours in a mantle of white *moiré*, "apparently in the highest possible spirits," the Prince Imperial appears as Masaniello, the Empress in a gorgeous Louis XVI. costume of ruby velvet trimmed with fur, the hair raised to a vast powdered tower, profusely decorated with diamonds, and the Marquise de G—— as the Angel Gabriel with a flaming sword. At one of the Ministers' parties, the Empire, "pure and simple," was represented by a lady whose "head was like a golden glory, no waist to speak of, and as for crinoline, not a hoop, not a hair, not a spare petticoat; her clothes clung to her like—what shall I say? Well, like a tight fit." A tasteful article in jewelry is next presented to our notice—a necklace with twelve lockets hanging from it of exquisite workmanship, emblazoned with the devices of the best and oldest families in France, and containing portraits of the "well-wishers of the golden-haired daughter of dissipation," who wore the ornament. Then we have a flattering account of the appearance of Madlle. Cora Pearl as Cupid at the Bouffes. At a masked ball at the Foreign Office—every other night there seems to be a ball, masked or plain, at one of the Ministries, or the Hôtel de Ville, or the Tuileries—Cæsar is detected coming out of a private supper-room, intriguing one of his fair subjects, and then returning to the room laughing. At 4·35 A.M. there are still piles upon piles of truffles, and waiters are coming in with fresh asparagus, and this is the 3rd of March. There is a ball at the Hotel of the War Minister, where you step out of a hot and crowded ballroom into a cool and shady grot, with a cascade falling over rocks into a valley of exotic plants; and a few nights after another ball at the Ministry of Marine, flowers growing everywhere, and sailors with drawn cutlasses standing at attention in a line from the carriages to the reception-room. In the summer of 1867 the King of Prussia, with Moltke and Bismarck, pays his memorable visit to Paris, and a party of military students from St. Cyr at a dinner-party drink to their meeting next year at Berlin. Some of the invitation cards of the period are characteristic. Madame de A. receives on such a night, and *on sautera sans cérémonie*. Madame de B. gives a *bal intime*, ladies going to which must be dressed as nurses and the men as conscripts. The Correspondent is obliged to admit that very odd sort of people get admission to the State balls. At one he heard a countryman of his exclaim, "I say, this is d——d bad wine, not so good as Pinard's," which shocked him very much, "for really," he adds, "the Tuileries is the only place where the champagne is not as sweet as sugar and iced to death." At these grand festivals

gallant warriors struggle at the buffets for hot punch and coffee ices, champagne flows in rivers, and a little pheasant *au bois*, a few truffles *en serviette*, a little salad *à la paradis*, some pine-apple, a few sweet cakes, and an ice are reckoned a light supper. It is mentioned incidentally that an Imperial salad was an artistic compound of potatoes, asparagus, peas, beans, and truffles, dressed with oil, vinegar, and salad. It is pretty clear that the Emperor, who had in the first instance won over the army with champagne and sausages, baited for society in pretty much the same way. Entertainments of this kind were constantly being given, and the chief duty of the army of Paris was to serve as decorations for balls and supper parties. Life in the Cent Gardes must have been rather exhausting about this time; and what went on in the capital was repeated in various degrees throughout the country. Prefects and sub-prefects kept open house at the expense of the State, and the Empire, in short, was a grand system of wholesale treating. The gay and hospitable Prefect of Rouen who was pulled up by M. Thiers for his defalcations was only a type of the system.

This aspect of the Empire is sympathetically depicted by the Correspondent of the *Telegraph*. At the Tuileries there is open house for all comers; balls, routs, supper parties follow each other in rapid succession, and there is always something going on. Aristocracy and *cocotterie* are oddly confounded; fine Court ladies copy the dresses of the *demi-monde*, and sometimes import, as an excellent jest, the slang and manners of the original wearers. It must have been evident to many of the revellers that this Bohemian paradise could hardly last; and the closing chapters of the correspondence are full of the shadows of coming events, although the writer tries to explain them away as only passing clouds. There is street rioting in Paris, and the Correspondent, like a good Bonapartist, from the snug window of his restaurant, longs for "one good volley, and one good charge of cavalry." The general discontent is shown in the disposition to turn the shooting of Victor Noir against the Emperor, who of course had nothing whatever to do with it; in the elevation of Rochefort into the hero of the hour; and the political emphasis given to passages in Victor Hugo's play of *Lucretia Borgia*. Respect for, and confidence in, the Emperor had fallen so low that in his own palace he was mobbed by deputies, each anxious to put him up to his only chance of safety. Looking back, we can see now how the failure of the *plébiscite* and the Ollivier Ministry to restore confidence drove the Emperor into the gulf of a disastrous war. But the Correspondent breaks off before that period, and we take leave of the Emperor and Empress "supping beneath the shadow of the most gorgeous plateau ever seen—a perfect village of dead silver, representing Victory, Triumph, and Success." All that has happened since imparts a somewhat ghastly effect to this retrospect of the junketings and merrymakings of a defunct Empire, but it has an historical meaning which should not be missed.

THE PRINCIPLES OF THE REFORMATION.

WE have before now taken occasion to remark on the matter of course way in which some persons are apt to talk of "the Reformation," as if, like the Commonwealth or Catholic Emancipation or the first Reform Act, it were a definite event, occurring at a certain fixed date on which everybody could in a moment lay his finger. To any one who has the most moderate apprehension of what Germans would call "the historical sense," such language is sufficiently trying. It betrays an utter incapacity or obstinate refusal to look beyond the most superficial, and therefore misleading, aspects of the gravest phenomena of history. But, absurd as is such a method of speaking of the Reformation, there is a double absurdity in the popular fashion of appealing to "the principles of the Reformation." The Reformation is at least an historical fact, though it is a very wide and complex fact, and not to be disposed of in an oratorical flourish or made the middle term of an argument without some explanation of the meaning intended to be conveyed. But "the principles of the Reformation" is about as intelligible a phrase as the principles of Christianity, or the principles of justice, or—to take a favourite French "idea"—"the principles of '89"; indeed it is a good deal less intelligible than this last formula, which must necessarily bear a pretty definitely democratic sense, whatever further details it may be supposed to include. But just as orthodoxy was defined by Warburton to be "my doxy," the principles of the Reformation usually mean in the mouth of a Protestant, of whatever school or communion, "my principles," and in the mouth of a Roman Catholic, the "principles I abhor." What the aforesaid principles are depends in either case on the opinions held by the speaker, and can only be measured by our knowledge of his personal belief. In Ireland a Protestant means a member of the Episcopal, now the disestablished, Church; at one period of our history the term was used in political circles to designate the opponents of Catholic Emancipation; in ordinary parlance it is applied to all professing Christians of whatever creed who are neither Roman Catholics nor members of the Greek Church. And if the word Protestant is thus fatally vague, the principles of the Reformation is a formula vaguer still. Dr. Pusey and Dr. Cumming, Archbishop Laud and Prynne, Hengstenberg and Strauss, could appeal with equal sincerity, but with the most widely diverse intention, to these hardly worked "principles," which seem somehow or other to form a common bond among them all.

Thus we could not help being a little amused, though we were not at all surprised, to see "the principles of the Reformation" loudly invoked in the Church Association memorial presented last month to the Archbishops of Canterbury and York. And we were quite prepared to find the reply returned, after six weeks' incubation, by the Most Reverend prelates beginning with a solemn censure of a large body of clergy and laity who "desire to subvert the principles of the Reformation," and ending with an assurance that the bishops will not be found wanting in maintaining "the real principles of the Reformation." But will the members of the Church Association or the Archbishops kindly explain to us what those "real principles" really are? They have not done so yet, and in the absence of explanation a very wide field is left open to conjecture. For, sooth to say, we have been unable to discover, after our best endeavours, that the archiepiscopal manifesto throws any fresh light on the subject. But it would be a manifest libel on such high authorities to suppose that they used words without any definite meaning, or that they did not know what their meaning was. And we can well conceive one of the sixty thousand memorialists, if any such should deign to cast an eye on these columns, indignantly exclaiming, "Why every one, or as Lord Macaulay would say, every schoolboy, knows perfectly well, what the principles of the Reformation mean, and therefore, of course, the Archbishops and the members of the Association know what is meant." Well, it is very humiliating to confess oneself more ignorant than every schoolboy; so we will make an attempt, albeit with no very sanguine anticipations of success, to see our way out of the difficulty. Now surely if there is one principle of the Reformation acknowledged by friend and foe alike—if it be not indeed the fundamental principle—it is the right of private judgment. There are whole libraries of controversial divinity on the subject; Catholicism, it has been repeated to weariness on all sides, is based on authority, Protestantism on private judgment. And yet it is difficult to understand how this can be the principle, or one of the principles, invoked in the present instance. For the unrestricted exercise of their private judgment, in a direction unpleasing to the Association, is the very crime charged against the Ritualists who "desire to subvert the principles of the Reformation," and the Archbishops are expressly urged to put fresh restrictions on its exercise. And with that request their Graces on the whole express themselves anxious to comply, though they have cautiously added a remark about moral influence being a more suitable instrument than authority in a Protestant Church, which looks as if they felt some hesitation about the matter. At all events, it is clearly the memorialists rather than the Ritualists who are in this instance seeking to "subvert" the principle of private judgment; so it cannot be to that principle they are appealing. What is more to our present purpose—for we are not now engaged in discussing the merits of the lay memorial or the episcopal reply—it would be very hard indeed to show by any historical process of proof that private judgment is, except in a sense wholly abhorrent to the mind of Church Associations or Archbishops, a principle of the Reformation at all. It would be much nearer the truth to say that it is a principle of the Reformation to coerce private judgment; only the Reformers can hardly claim exclusive credit for a system which had long before been extensively professed and acted upon by the class of religionists whom they were, in many cases, anxious to reform off the face of the earth altogether. We are fully aware of the outcry which such a statement may call forth, nor will we pledge ourselves to the assurance that every schoolboy knows its truth. But we have asserted nothing which cannot be proved by the most abundant evidence. To abridge a mere tithe of that evidence would be far to outrun our present limits, but a few illustrations ought to suffice to shake, if not to convince, the most sceptical.

The opinions of almost all the leading Reformers, British or foreign, on the sacred duty of persecution, and their perfectly consistent practice, whenever the opportunity occurred, are notorious. Luther, it is true, was condemned by Leo X. for maintaining that heretics ought not to be burnt; but it would not perhaps be unfair to assume that he was chiefly thinking of his own followers, who were the heretics most likely to incur fire and faggot just then; and, at all events, his view of toleration, if he ever held it, underwent considerable change after the Anabaptist revolt. As to other Reforming leaders, the mere mention of Calvin, Cranmer, and Knox will at once serve to remind any reader of average information how they dealt with heretical pravity. But it may be worth while to point out that these principles have been no barren theories with the children any more than with the authors of the Reformation. We will not dwell now on the fierce religious code of the Pilgrim Fathers, or on the penal laws in Ireland. Let us keep to Great Britain and to times nearer our own. Scotland will be allowed to be a sound Protestant country, if there ever was such; Mr. Buckle says it is, or was, shockingly "priest-ridden," but still the priests were of John Knox's kind. Now in 1712 there was a Bill introduced into Parliament, and eventually passed, not for interfering with the establishment or prerogatives of the Presbyterian Church, but for relaxing somewhat the severity of the existing penal laws against members of the Episcopal communion; the "Episcopal Dissenters" were to be permitted to assemble for public worship and the celebration of sacraments without molestation. That was [illegible] the General Assembly took alarm, and in the [illegible] winded "Representation to the Queen's [illegible] herself an Episcopalian, "cannot b[illegible]

"their astonishing surprise and deep affliction to hear of such a Bill, offered for such a *large and almost boundless* toleration, not only threatening the overthrow of the Church, but giving a large license *almost to all errors and blasphemies* [*i.e.* the teaching of the Anglican Prayer-book], and throwing up all good discipline, to the dishonour of God, and the scandal and ruin of the true Christian religion, and the infallible disturbance of the quiet, and to the confusion of this Church and nation," &c. &c. Clearly the Presbyterian Church, the special depositary of the traditions of Calvin and John Knox, was by no means favourable to the principle of private judgment, unless of course it was the private judgment of orthodox Presbyterians. Let us pass from Scotland to England about half a century later, when it was first proposed to relax the penal laws against Roman Catholics. The Protestant Association of the day, with an English nobleman at its head, put out in 1779 an "Appeal to the People of England," the tenor of which may be gathered from the following extract:—

> To tolerate Popery is to be instrumental in the perdition of immortal souls and of millions that only exist in the prescience of God, and is the direct way to provoke the vengeance of a holy and jealous God against our fleets and armies. Popery is not only high treason against the King and the State, but also high treason against God.

Here again the principle of private judgment seems to be subjected to considerable restriction. And if we come down a little later, and listen to the opinions, not of Presbyterian General Assemblies, or impassioned mob orators, but of grave and learned prelates, who were privately consulted by the Government of the day about Catholic Emancipation, the result will be much the same. The Bishop of Winchester (Dr. Sumner) was indeed in favour of making some concessions, but only because he thought that in the existing state of Ireland such a course would tend to promote the interests of Protestantism. He begins his memorandum with the observation, "As a conscientious Protestant I could not make any concessions to the Roman Catholics, however they might seem to be required by political expediency, as long as I believed that such concessions would injure the Protestant *or strengthen the Roman Catholic religion*." And he goes on to explain that "*as matters now stand*, to remove the political disabilities would be the surest method of *promoting the Reformation*." His brother, the Bishop of Chester, afterwards Archbishop, was on similar grounds opposed to the proposed measure. "Its safety," he observes, "depends very much on the presumption that the Papal cause is a declining one, and will become so more and more. But such a recognition of the Roman Catholic priesthood is calculated to give them a new footing," &c. Toleration, according to both prelates, is only so far admissible as it may be expected in fact to undermine the tolerated cause. We are very far from saying, be it remembered, that these intolerant views—and we could cite abundance of similar evidence—are peculiar to Protestant authorities. We only say that the alleged testimony of every schoolboy as to private judgment being a principle, or the principle, of the Reformation must be received with much reserve.

There is, indeed, a sense in which it may be plausibly maintained, as Roman Catholic and other writers have often insisted, that private judgment is a first principle of the Reformation. The Reformation, it is argued, broke down the principle of authority, and thereby gave full scope to the most unrestricted license of belief. Voltaire was the lineal descendant of Luther; Deism, Pantheism, Darwinism, and all the other advanced theological "isms" of the day are the natural varieties of Protestantism, and the common spawn of the Reformation. There is a good deal of force in the argument. The protest of Luther and his allies did certainly give a shock to the idea of authority such as it had not felt for centuries; it was not surprising that men who had broken loose from the great international Church which had hitherto dominated Europe should find their disciples breaking off, in course of time, from the lesser local communities substituted in its place, and innovating further on the doctrinal novelties which they had been bidden to accept. So far our modern "isms" may fairly be considered the natural outbirth of the Reformation; only it must be borne in mind that the parentage is a wholly unconscious one. The Reformers, one and all, would have cursed their spiritual progeny, had they ever heard of it, as heartily as ever the Pope cursed Luther. And when we remember the anathema pronounced not many years ago from the platform of Exeter Hall on a recent work of doubtful orthodoxy, as the vilest poison ever "vomited from the jaws of hell," we need not doubt that here the Church Association would quite agree with the Reformers. In the only sense in which private judgment can be called a principle of the Reformation, it is a principle which they too execrate.

This point has detained us so long that we can but touch very cursorily on one or two other possible interpretations of the principles supposed to be at stake. It is highly probable that, in talking of principles, the memorialists and the Archbishops were thinking of doctrines; and about the doctrines of the Reformation many people who are even better informed than our ideal schoolboy will at once exclaim that there can be no mistake. At the risk of being considered captious or paradoxical, we are obliged to interpose with an inquiry as to what are the doctrines of the Reformation? One such doctrine, and one only, is prominently [illegible] two Archbishops. The head and front of the [illegible] appears to be their encouragement of [illegible] altogether. Far be it from us to meddle with so [illegible] the less called upon to pronounce [illegible] disagree. All we could gather from the debate the other day in the Upper House of Convocation on the subject was that one bishop thought confession an excellent thing for young gentlemen but very dangerous for young ladies, while another bishop appeared to think it might be useful to both sexes, and several more that it ought to be summarily abolished; and since then all sorts of writers have been starting all sorts of views about it in the *Guardian*. Such matters are too high for us. But, without pronouncing any opinion on the merits or demerits of the confessional, whether Anglican or Roman, we may be permitted to observe that its rejection cannot with historical accuracy be described as a doctrine of the Reformation. If the Reformation generally be intended, Luther retained the ordinance, and it survived, we believe, for many generations in theory, if not in practice, in the Lutheran Church. If the English Reformation be intended, no syllable of condemnation of this "Romish doctrine" is to be found in the Thirty-nine Articles, and the old form of absolution was retained in the Prayer-book. We are still therefore no nearer to a discovery of the doctrines of the Reformation.

The fact we take to be pretty much this, though we must content ourselves here with stating it. There was scarcely a point on which the Reformers were sufficiently agreed for it to be entitled a "principle of the Reformation," except of course what their position inevitably involved, the principle of resisting Rome; and there was scarcely a single doctrine which, for the same reason, can be correctly designated a doctrine of the Reformation, except one. There is, if we mistake not, an almost universal *consensus* among the leading Reformers, British and Foreign, and a highly respectable *catena* of standard Anglican divines from the Reformation downwards, to avouch the doctrine that the Pope is Antichrist. There are obvious considerations of controversial and practical convenience to account for this, but we are just now simply concerned with the fact. That the Pope is Antichrist may not unreasonably be called a doctrine, or even the doctrine, of the Reformation, and we much doubt if any second doctrine can lay claim to such high authority. That it is still widely held among members of the Church Association is also not improbable, but neither the memorialists nor the Archbishops have once alluded to it, nor was it greatly to their purpose to do so. On the one hand, the doctrine has no place in the Thirty-nine Articles; and, on the other hand, whatever be the sins of the Ritualists, an excessive deference for papal authority is generally believed to be precisely the "Romish error" which they are least eager to adopt. Indeed Dr. Cumming has of late years stood almost alone in vindicating this very genuine principle of the Reformation, which is fast growing obsolete among educated men. Yet when once we get beyond it, we search vainly for some detail of doctrine or ritual on which the Reformers were not divided, except it be the duty of repressing error by the secular arm. And we suspect that a good many of those who in this day appeal most confidently to the principles of the Reformation would have been treated by the Reformers as Calvin treated Servetus. It is no new thing, after all, for the sepulchres of the prophets to be built by the sons of those who slew them.

REPORT OF THE ENDOWED SCHOOLS COMMITTEE.

THE Select Committee of the House of Commons on the operation of the Endowed Schools Act has made its report, and printed its minutes, but the evidence, which promises to make a more than usually amusing blue-book, is still to follow. The upshot of the document tends to confirm the general feeling of impartial bystanders that, however much our Endowed Schools may have wanted reform, and whatever may have been the real nature of the Dissenters' grievance which had undoubtedly much to do with the movement, and which had not yet grown under Mr. Miall's, Mr. Osborn Morgan's, and Mr. Dixon's nursing into being in itself everybody else's grievance, still the Act in itself, and as explained by its incidents, was a grave blunder. It was a measure of the widest powers, served up by its promoters with the sweet sauce of minimizing explanations, before such a miscellaneous assemblage of guests as the first Session of a first Parliament after a drastic Reform Bill was likely to bring together. It was accordingly passed amid what an Irishman would call a universal chorus of harmonious misunderstanding. The smaller knot of doctrinaire school reformers appreciated the arbitrary powers which its clauses conferred on the future Commissioners, and wisely held their tongues upon details. The larger body of quiet people who thought a great deal more about Mr. Forster's assurances than about the interpretation of a long Act of Parliament, comforted themselves with the belief that those powers were only intended for the bad schools, and that when one was found to do its work satisfactorily, it would be merely cleaned up and mended, and not pulled down to be constructed afresh. They were somewhat startled when a list of Commissioners and Secretary appeared, all belonging to one political party, and when they remembered what some of those gentlemen had said: still Lord Lyttelton's was a name which carried with it assurances of judicial impartiality, and they did not cease to hope for the best. Which section proved the better prophet may be gathered from the draft of the Report which Mr. Forster has laid on the table of the House of Commons, and followed up by the Bill which he brought in upon Thursday night. The Committee sat upon an Act passed by the Government still in office, and the Minister who

passed it was in the chair, while its composition according to Parliamentary precedent, showed a majority of one for the Ministerial majority of the House of Commons itself. So, if the Government had had a good case, and if the measure under review had secured general confidence, a Report would have undoubtedly appeared, blessing them and their Act and their Commissioners altogether, by however small a majority. What happened was that Mr. Forster proposed a Report of that character, and that two members of the minority prepared their Reports, couched in very different terms, and that, although the Chairman's draft was adopted, yet in its progress it suffered sufficient change to give it a colouring far from comforting to the out-and-out partisans of the Endowed Schools Commissioners. The divisions were naturally numerous and close, and sometimes the friends of the Commission and sometimes their critics gained the advantage, but on the sum total a remarkable document has come to the birth.

The Commissioners are tersely summed up in the first paragraph:—

> After careful consideration of this evidence, your Committee recommend that the powers of making and approving schemes, which, by the last section of the Act, expire at the end of this year, shall be continued, with some important modifications. The published opinions of some of the Commissioners on the subject of endowments have caused alarm, and have, in some cases, seriously impeded the harmonious action which might otherwise have been secured between them and the Governing Bodies of the Charities with which they have to deal. Their own experience, as they state, in attempting to work the Act, has convinced them that the country was hardly prepared for its reception; and it is to be regretted that some of the changes proposed by them, especially in the cases of certain good schools, should have been such as to hinder the hearty co-operation of those who had heretofore worked to render them efficient.

It was only to be expected that the blows thus given were salved by the after-acknowledgment that "much sound and good work" has "been done," "many schools received new life," and so forth. Every one knows that it was almost physically impossible for any Commission on all the Endowed Schools of the country not to do some—and even extensive—good by a general course of remodelling, exercised over a wide area of subjects. The remarkable thing is that the Minister who evoked Bill and Commission should be driven to make himself the mouthpiece of a judgment so decisive on the words and deeds of his own nominees, concluding with the promise of "more clearly defined powers," or, in plain language, that their wings are for the future to be clipped. This part of the Report, at all events, shows that those sections of society who were alarmed or alienated by the policy of the Commissioners were neither fanatics, reactionaries, nor abettors of proved corruption. The Committee goes on to propose certain modifications in the working details of the Bill, involving powers to the Commissioners or the Educational Department of amending schemes on the representation of interested persons, which, strange to say, found no place in the Act. At the same time, the period during which any scheme is to be before Parliament is enlarged from forty days to two months, "and that such period shall be within the same Session." It is also recommended that no scheme should be laid before Parliament unless a petition should have been laid before the department to that effect from the governing body, the municipal corporation, or twenty ratepayers. A proposal to secure the attention of Parliament, by throwing upon the executive the responsibility of moving the schemes, was lost by the Chairman's casting vote.

The Report continues to recommend an extension of the 3rd sub-section of the 8th section of the Act, which "excludes from the Act all endowed schools, not being grammar schools, in receipt of the Parliamentary Grant for Elementary Education," and in compliance with the 75th section of the Elementary Education Act of 1870, which "provides that schemes may be made by the Education Department for such schools, on the initiative of their Governing Bodies"—

> That the same procedure shall be applied to all elementary endowments, not being grammar schools, of which the annual income does not exceed £——. And your Committee would further recommend that the Education Department should undertake the inspection of such schools, though not in receipt of any Parliamentary Grant, and that power should at once be given to the Governing Bodies to charge such fees as may be approved by the Education Department.

The Committee further recommends that

> the words of Sect. 11 of the Act should, in any amending measure, be understood to provide that, in any scheme relating to any endowment, due regard shall be paid to the educational interests of persons of the same class in life as that of the persons who, at the commencement of the Endowed Schools Act, 1869, were benefited thereby.

And that

> The Commissioners should be enabled to retain an ecclesiastical officer as *ex officio* Governor, if such an appointment is directed by the original instrument of foundation.

The Committee then reaches the knotty question of the preservation of Denominational education in schools which were clearly set up by their founders or legislators with a specific religious character which has continued unrepealed and in practice. The 19th section of the Act was at the time presumed to meet the equity of the case, and no doubt it has done so in the opinion of the more advanced schools; but interpreted as its terms were by the legal authorities on whom the Commission relied, it has been considered by the persons most directly affected to have failed in that which they at all events supposed it to have meant.

No candid critic can now say that this powerful class has not a justification for its complaint after the Committee has proposed to amend the section by the insertion of the words—

> "Any educational endowment originally given to charitable uses since the passing of the Act 1 Will. & Mary, c. 18, commonly called the Toleration Act, if by the express terms of the original instrument of foundation or of the statutes or regulations made by the founder, or under his authority, in his lifetime, or within 50 years after his death (which terms have been observed down to the commencement of the Act), it is required that the majority of the Governing Body, or the majority of the persons electing the Governing Body of such endowment, or that the principal teacher employed in the school, or the scholars educated by the endowment, shall be members of a particular church, sect, or denomination."

Other amendments more strongly embodying the grievance felt in the working of this clause had been lost by the Chairman's casting vote, after which Mr. Forster himself moved the words which we have quoted, and then the Committee rejected further amendments framed in a more decidedly Denominational spirit. We are not concerned with these, except to observe that we think Sir Michael Hicks Beach had something to say for himself in his motion to omit the limitation of the Toleration Act. It may be said that before that Act no man would have endowed a school on any other terms except conformity with the Established Church. But, on the other hand, no one would have endowed a school at all except with the desire that the doctrines of that Church should flourish. The money of Nonconformists, we make no doubt, went to institutions now represented by the flourishing colleges of which the Dissenters are so justly proud, while the funds poured by Roman Catholics into Douay and St. Omer have been repaid with interest by the State in the shape of Maynooth. No one can doubt the equity of further mitigation of the 19th section contained in the following provision:—

> The attention of your Committee has been drawn to the incidence of Sect. 25 upon cases in which, while the terms of the original Foundation fail to bring the endowment within Sect. 19 of the Act, recent endowments of at least equal value in the form of buildings or other property, have been added, in the belief that the endowment was attached to a particular denomination. In these cases your Committee think that the scheme should provide for the continuance of the religious instruction of the scholars belonging to such denomination.

The Report, after further regulating the jurisdiction of the Charity Commissioners, and defining that appeals under Section 39 should be to a purely legal tribunal, hits another blot in the recommendation that

> By the schemes of the Commissioners powers are given to Governing Bodies to alter from time to time, as they think fit, the religious instruction. It appears undesirable and unfair to the scholars and their parents that the character of it should be changed without full and ample notice: and your Committee recommend that after it shall have been once laid down by the Governing Body, no change, in substance, shall be made without a year's notice.

The Committee declined to commit itself to the wish that the House should take up the dropped portion of the Bill of 1869 touching inspection, examination, and a Central Council, and wound up its report with the recommendation to continue the powers of the Commissioners for three years, with power to the Privy Council to add one or two more. We regret and are surprised to see that a paragraph moved by Mr. Powell—that

> "It is inexpedient that members of Governing Bodies of grammar schools, or schools of equivalent rank, more devoted to modern science or technical instruction, be chosen by direct vote of the ratepayers; and where any members are so elected the principle of cumulative voting ought to be adopted, as in the case of school boards"—

should have been lost by the Chairman's casting vote on a strictly party division, which mustered Mr. Forster, Sir T. Acland, Mr. Kay Shuttleworth, Dr. Lyon Playfair, and Mr. Trevelyan among the Noes. Another division, which swept two of the Opposition into the Government ranks, rejected a recommendation moved by Mr. Welby, to refer to a Select Committee next year the question which has really created the fundamental difference between the Act of 1869 and the scheme of the previous Inquiry Commission—namely, the desirability of local Boards to bring specific knowledge of facts to bear upon the rigorous action of abstract theory.

The Bill which Mr. Forster has brought in in consequence of this Report will of course be the *reflex* of its recommendations. Whatever may be the changes to which it may be subjected during its progress through the two Houses, we may be certain that they will not be in the direction of letting the Commission off on more easy terms than those to which they find themselves subjected by a Committee of the House of Commons, appointed on the motion of their own nominator.

THE NAVAL REVIEW.

IT is satisfactory to know that we have at least got a fleet which is capable of being looked at by a foreign visitor on a fine day at the anchorage of Spithead. Perhaps, one might say the newest, and in design the most powerful, of our ships were hardly be discernible by an unpractised eye. The great [illegible] the naval review seems to have been, as it used to [illegible] The five-masted ironclads are superior to older ships [illegible] for this kind of decoration, but the flag that [illegible] years the battle and the breeze must have [illegible] formidable difficulty in displaying itself [illegible] ship. Beauty is a conventional [illegible]

been so far educated that reporters of the naval review are able to find "picturesqueness" in the *Agincourt* and *Northumberland*, although they are eloquently silent as regards the personal appearance of the *Devastation*. The Shah cannot have any preconceived ideas as to naval architecture, and therefore he may have been able to judge the fleet at Spithead on the principle of handsome is that handsome does. He could at least appreciate the strength of the sides and power of the guns of the ships which he visited, and he would probably think that capability for attack and defence is more important in a war-ship than a talent for looking pretty on a holiday. Yet, although the guest may have been content with what he saw, the hosts inevitably measure the present by the past. The turret-ships have not even yards that can be manned, and they are about as useless at a review as a gentleman of eminent scientific or literary attainments who cannot dance is at a ball. If only we could be quite sure that the turret-ships would under all circumstances be useful, we should not so much mind confessing that they are not ornamental. There was a saying of a famous man that he could not fiddle, but could make of a small city a great nation, and it pleases many Englishmen to say, or rather to think, something like this of themselves. But if we despise amenities, and take our stand on practical utility, it would be satisfactory to feel sure that our turret-ships can not only fight but swim. An "old woman's cruise" between Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight, however agreeable to the feelings of landsmen, is not much of a test of the sea-going qualities of a fleet.

We have still a wooden fleet which can fire salutes and dress itself in bunting, and the ships which first welcomed the Shah bear names which will be remembered even when every timber of those ships has perished. The *Asia* is a two-decked ship pierced for eighty-four guns. She carried the flag of Admiral Codrington when that "untoward event" the battle of Navarino was brought off. Being chosen for flagship in the Mediterranean, we may presume that she was considered a fine specimen of her class in the year 1827, when a combined fleet of English, French, and Russian ships did their best to destroy that Turkish navy which in later years England has done her best to re-establish. The history of this battle of Navarino is not altogether encouraging to naval officers. Admiral Codrington and his men did what they considered to be a good day's work. A report went home to the Duke of Clarence, who was at that time Lord High Admiral, and he being only a plain sailor, was vastly pleased with what he read, and he went immediately to King George IV., told him that Admiral Codrington had behaved like a Trafalgar captain as he was, and his crew had behaved like British seamen, and obtained from His Majesty promotions and decorations and sent them off to the Mediterranean squadron without delay. But then the politicians took the matter up; a change of Ministry occurred, and after considerable discussion it was concluded that the King in his speech to Parliament should describe the battle of Navarino as an "untoward event." Shortly afterwards a pretext was found for recalling Sir Edward Codrington from his command. However, it was generally felt that he had been badly treated; and naval officers may at least draw from his case the inference that the country, although it may be temporarily misled for party purposes, will in the long run do them justice. Thus the *Asia* is a relic of a time when England and Russia fought together against Turkey. The *Duke of Wellington*, a much younger ship, will be best remembered as having carried the flag of Sir Charles Napier when England and Turkey fought together against Russia. This ship was one of the finest specimens of the class of screw three-deckers, and she exemplifies a style of shipbuilding which was superseded at the moment when it seemed to have attained perfection. The *Donegal* is an equally fine specimen of the class of screw two-deckers, and she, like the *Duke of Wellington*, became useless, except for ornamental purposes, while still a new and splendid ship. She inherits her name from one of the numerous prizes of the French war. The original *Donegal* was called while Frenchmen owned her *Hoche*. She carried the pendant of a squadron destined to land troops in Ireland in 1798, and she was captured in the Bay of Donegal by Sir John Warren. She did good service to her captors under her new name, and when she was worn out that name was given to a new ship, in order to remind Englishmen that their fathers contended successfully against Irish rebellion, backed by French hostility. The other ships which first saluted the Shah were the *St. Vincent*, a sailing three-decker, whose name commemorates at once a skilful seaman and his principal exploit, and the *Victory*. It may not perhaps be unseasonable to quote from a book lately published a new version of a familiar story. Sir Edward Codrington, as we have said, was a Trafalgar captain, and, being married, he of course wrote to his wife an account of what he saw and what he did at sea:—

> I suppose no man ever before saw such a sight so clearly as I did, or rather as we did, for I called all my lieutenants up to see it. After passing [illegible] *Santa Anna* dismasted, and her opponent the *Royal Sovereign* little better, [illegible] larboard side, besides three of our ships and some of those of the [illegible] we lumped together on our starboard bow, we passed close to the [illegible] Rit*exptable* (French), *Timtraire*, and *Bucentaure* (French), all [illegible] each other, each firing her broadside and boarding the [illegible] is open. In this situation the two French ships were soon [illegible] way of [illegible] the only ship thereabout not firing, we were the [illegible] altogether a distinct uninterrupted view of that grand [illegible]ion nine days after the battle

which he describes. His account of the bad weather which followed the battle is even more impressive. He was, with his disabled ship, in charge of still more disabled prizes, which he was endeavouring to save, while it was difficult enough to save his own ship in the tremendous gales. For a succession of days they had seen neither sun nor moon nor stars, when suddenly a small break in the sky revealed a few stars, heralding that partial shift of wind which just enabled the *Orion* to creep out from the near danger of the lee shore. Those stars were Orion's belt.

So much for the navy of the past. The navy of the present continues the salute with monster guns, protected by massive walls of iron. The *Royal Sovereign*, one of the earliest turret-ships, bears a name which was made illustrious at Trafalgar. She could alone have destroyed the allied fleet in that battle, and perhaps she could have saved herself in the bad weather which followed it, and perhaps she could not. Anyhow we would rather fight in her than cruise in her. The *Glatton* embodies one great improvement in naval warfare, and she preserves the memory of another. The original *Glatton* had been an East Indiaman; she was bought into the Royal Navy, and was, we believe, the first ship armed to any considerable extent with carronades, which at the outbreak of hostilities with France were a new and valuable invention. The carronade was a short gun of large bore, which threw a heavier shot than the long gun, without being itself so heavy. It was of course only useful at close quarters, and the *Glatton*, being a small ship of modest demeanour, tempted a squadron of French frigates to come within her range, and mauled them terribly before they could get away. It will be well if the new *Glatton* answers the expectations of her designers equally well. The difficulty of modern shipbuilders lies in the attempt to combine qualities which are almost incompatible. A reporter eloquently says that the "harbour ironclads" at Spithead are about the ugliest things that were ever built, but also the most to be dreaded. Although ill favoured, they are the most satisfactory sight that can be seen at Spithead, because they are thoroughly fitted for the work they have to do. The problem of building sea-going men-of-war still presents great difficulties, but it has for some time been manifest that we could not do wrong in building turret-ships for coast defence. The progress of the rival arts of shipbuilding and gun-making is, indeed, inconveniently fast. Already the *Vanguard*, which is named after Nelson's flag-ship at the Nile, has fallen into the rear. The *Agincourt* may in a few years be as completely superseded as the armour of the soldiers who fought with King Henry V. on St. Crispin's day, and for nearly the same reason. When once it appears that armour cannot keep out shot, the progress is likely to be short towards abolishing armour altogether. At present, however, we are endeavouring to make our armour stronger, and the *Devastation* represents the furthest point in this direction that has been attained. It is said that a ship which was built for the Prussians could sink any ship in the world except the *Devastation*, which could sink her. Among the strongest of the broadside ironclads is one which we have called the *Sultan*, as a partial atonement to the Turks for the "untoward event" of Navarino. Among the weakest is the *Zealous*, a wooden ship, iron-plated, whose name recalls a characteristic incident. Just before the battle of the Nile, Nelson hailed Captain Hood of the original *Zealous*, and asked him whether he thought there was water to pass inside the French line. "I don't know, sir," was the answer, "but with your permission I'll stand in and try." The combined skill and daring of captains like Hood enabled admirals like Nelson to perform what a few years before would have been deemed impossibilities. After all, when we have done our utmost in ships and guns, we must come back to the only sure ground of trust, which is the quality of our men. We are spending money liberally, and, speaking generally, it is spent judiciously. We are obliged to keep abreast of the world, or, if possible, rather before it, even in a line of progress which may not be distinct improvement. We are sure at any rate to do right in increasing the number and power of our guns and the speed of our ships, and in giving the best possible training to our seamen. The more we study our naval history, the more clearly we shall see that victories have been chiefly due to the skill gained by constant practice upon the sea. So much is certain; and for the rest we must trust our country's fortune, remembering that in her darkest hours the clouds have broken and the stars have shone.

ZANZIBAR AND BLOOMSBURY.

AMONG the Parliamentary papers of the week we have come across one which seems to us to deserve notice, not only on its own account, but as a remarkable illustration of the strange confusion of mind under which the Government seems to labour in regard to questions of economical administration. A familiar proverb warns us that parsimony and wastefulness may be found together, and we have here a striking instance of the combination. On the one hand we have the Zanzibar Mail contract, upon which the Chancellor of the Exchequer insists upon throwing away 11,000*l.* a year in order to get himself or some of his subordinates out of a foolish scrape. On the other, we have the answer of the Treasury to a recommendation of the Trustees of the British Museum. It appears that an application has lately been made to the Trustees by the different classes of officials in the Museum for an increase of salaries. Everybody is painfully aware that of late

thought that she attempted it some years too late, it is pleasant to record that she achieved a complete success, and that her third Leonora—and last, unless she takes it into her head to impersonate the Leonora of Paer—is in every respect worthy her first and second. No three parts could be more unlike each other than the Leonora of *Fidelio*, the Leonora of *Il Trovatore*, and the Leonora of *La Favorita*; and the mere fact that Madlle. Tietjens supports the three with equal power and equal dramatic expression would be a proof, if proof were wanting, not only of her cultivated talent, but of her genius as a lyric artist. Madlle. Christine Nilsson has given us nothing new. She has played Marguerite, in *Faust*, Violetta, in the *Traviata*, Lucia de Lammermoor, and Mignon, in the well-known opera of Ambroise Thomas. She has played all these before, and there is really not a word to add to what has already been written about them. Her Mignon, a refined and exquisite performance, was the most welcome because the least familiar. In Lucia Madlle. Nilsson is surpassed both by Madlle. di Murska and Madame Patti; in Marguerite she has known formidable rivals (Patti and Lucca for example); in Violetta also; but in Mignon, up to the present time, she has met—here at least—with no competitor. At the same time it would be agreeable to hear her, if only for once, in something new. People are well nigh tired of the Margueritas, Lucias, Violettas, &c., and would gladly welcome a change, even for some inferior opera, if only the heroine were suited to the musical voice and charming personality of Madlle. Nilsson.

Madlle. Ilma di Murska, who in her peculiar way stands alone, has been allowed very few opportunities of distinction this year. She was announced to play Dinorah; but the announcement, like the scene of the "shadow," turned out to be mere moonshine—and yet no amateur can refuse to admit that the Dinorah of Madlle. di Murska more nearly approaches the poetic creation of Meyerbeer than any other Dinorah we have seen. Signor Campanini, the new tenor, regarded with such curiosity last season, as the veritable Italian bold enough to undertake the part of the hero in Wagner's *Lohengrin*, when that famous work was produced at Bologna, has maintained his position, and ranks with Madame Trebelli-Bettini among the most valuable members of the company.

KING JOHN AT THE QUEEN'S THEATRE.

THE revival of *King John* at the Queen's Theatre belongs to that class of enterprises which deserve rather than command success. The lady who performs Constance is a beginner, and needs a little experience before she can be expected to do her best; and in this point of view we may regard the performances of the present week as mere rehearsals which may be followed by something better when the public has leisure to attend to it. Whether it was worth while to bring together a company of veterans for the sake of a recruit may be doubtful, but it certainly was worth while to do this for the sake of the veterans themselves. If the end does not justify the means, still the means go far to justify the end. It is no reproach, nor ought it to be a disappointment, to the lady who has undertaken the part of Constance, that her success is less manifest and indisputable than that of Mr. Creswick in King John, or of Mr. G. Rignold in Faulconbridge, or of Mr. Ryder in Hubert. It is a long time since three parts in the same play of Shakspeare have been so well performed as these, which happen to be specially suitable to the actors who undertake them. A considerable approach is thus made towards that completeness of representation which has been of late years so much desired and so little hoped for on the English stage. We could wish that this laudable experiment were more promising than at the height of summer and of the London season it appears to be. But at any rate there is the play, and the loss will be to the public if they do not go to see it. At this moment we are all busy in exhibiting the England of the present to a foreign guest, and we have therefore little leisure to contemplate the England of the past. Yet the picture which this play offers of what England was, may, if we choose to look at it, please us equally with any picture that can be painted even by laudatory newspapers of what England is. The qualities which make nations great were largely possessed by the barons whom Shakespeare imagined under Elizabeth and ascribed to the reign of John. The contemporaries of Shakspeare, the knightly adventurers who robbed Spain of her ill-got wealth, and avenged the wrongs of the native Americans on their oppressors, were of the same type as Faulconbridge, "lord of his presence and no land beside." The bluff good-humour, the "large composition," the valour and fidelity of Faulconbridge, make up a character which Englishmen still delight to think is national. The Bastard's vindication of his mother's fault still commands a certain sympathy. In spite of philosophers, moralists, and other intellectual people, it is to be feared that bodily strength and beauty are still the most popular of all qualities. It is not the gallery alone that applauds the sentiment of Faulconbridge:—

> Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose—
> Subjected tribute to commanding love—
> Against whose fury and unmatched force
> The aweless lion could not wage the fight,
> Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.
> He that perforce robs lions of their hearts
> May easily win a woman's.

The gallant bearer of the English lions under the bar sinister is a true-born Englishman, and it would be difficult to find upon the stage a better representative of the Bastard than Mr. G. Rignold, whose well-earned popularity at the Queen's Theatre will be largely increased by this performance. The part of Hubert is admirably suited to Mr. Ryder, and indeed this has become by general consent his part. It would be difficult to speak too highly of the scenes between Mr. Creswick as the King and Mr Ryder as Hubert, and a clever performance of the part of the little Prince Arthur adds much to the interest which his sad fate necessarily excites. There are few more impressive passages of dramatic poetry than those in which the King first hints to Hubert to murder the Prince, and then reproaches him for acting, as he thinks he has, upon the hint:—

> I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;
> And thou, to be endeared to a king,
> Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

It would be difficult, again, to surpass the scene where the English nobles find the fair boy who is their rightful king lying dead beneath the walls of the castle from which he endeavoured to escape. The first feeling is sorrow for the dead, and the next is rage against his supposed murderer. The intervention of the Bastard between Lord Salisbury and Hubert exalts the idea already formed of the personal prowess of King Richard's son, and then the nobles depart, and Hubert bears off the dead prince in his arms, while the Bastard speaks the beautiful lines beginning

> How easy dost thou take all England up!

The last act is necessarily abridged, and some of the omitted lines are among the finest of the play. The Bastard's exhortation to the King to make no treaty with an invader is perhaps unsuitable to an age which is governed by a Ministry of three courses. But the Bastard's delight when he hears that the invader will make no treaty is heartily relished by the gallery:—

> By all the blood that ever fury breathed,
> The youth says well.

The Pope long ago invented the plan of international arbitration, but in spite of the exhortations of his legates, the English were generally of the Bastard's way of thinking, and preferred to settle their differences with the French by the Bastard's method. With an enemy encamped quietly on English soil,

> Mocking the air with colours idly spread,

the Bastard could see only one course open to an English king. His unswerving loyalty to that King becomes more conspicuous in disaster. The King's fortune and his health fail together. He is brought to Swinstead Abbey, and his son Prince Henry sees that the end is near. The pathetic lines which Shakspeare has given to the Prince are mostly omitted, either to save time or to avoid overtasking the performer. The King is brought on a couch into the orchard, and utters his complaint—

> Poisoned,—ill fare—dead, forsook, cast off.

The Bastard enters at the conclusion of the speech, as if in answer to this affecting appeal for help and sympathy. Then the King dies, and the Bastard exclaims that his soul shall soon wait on his master in heaven,

> As it on earth hath been thy servant still.

The repentant nobles vow allegiance to Prince Henry, and the curtain falls as the Bastard speaks the familiar lines—

> Nought shall make us rue,
> If England to itself do rest but true.

It is not good manners to keep a lady waiting, but in order to exhibit the wonderful wealth of poetry in this play, we have dwelt first upon the scenes of it in which only men appear. But it is emphatically a woman's play, for as long as Constance is in the eye or mind of the audience, every other character is subordinate to that of the widowed mother of Prince Arthur. The debate between the Kings of France and England is well sustained, and we must particularly commend Mr. Creswick's dignity of demeanour as King of England in these early scenes. But it is quite true, as Constance says, this is her throne and kings must bow to it. From the moment that she first speaks—

> Oh take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks—

until her last despairing lamentation for her lost son—

> My widow-comfort and my sorrow's cure—

she is the sovereign of all hearts. It is probably a true instinct of managers that causes them to bring down the curtain immediately after Constance has spoken her final words. The marriage between Lewis of France and the Princess Blanche has been immediately followed by separation, and he feels as a young man might under such circumstances. He thinks that nobody was ever so miserable as himself; and although Shakespeare has allotted the supremacy of grief to Constance, yet out of his illimitable treasury of language he has provided Lewis with exquisitely beautiful and appropriate words to express his sorrow. We all know the lines which many of us may in some moods have thought the most pathetic of all complaints that have been uttered by disappointed love:—

> Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
> Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.

But at this moment our sympathy is so absorbed [illegible] that we have none to spare for Lewis, and perh[illegible] pression that we have about him is that h[illegible] who might be useful at tea parties, and

pick up the head-gear of Constance when she tears it off and throws it on the ground. We shall do no injustice to Miss Clive, who has undertaken the part of Constance, if we say that her success in it is less manifest than that of the three actors whom we have named in their respective parts. She has been well trained, and she acts carefully and intelligently, and when she feels confident, as she may safely do, that she is not likely to make mistakes, she will do well to endeavour to forget herself in her part more completely than she now does. To use a vulgar expression, she wants to "let out" rather more; not, of course, to rant, but to leave her arms and hands to take care of themselves, and to think only of the son who is taken from her and carried to a prison which is likely to be his tomb. An actress of good physical gifts and careful training, who could act Constance in the natural way that is ascribed to the elder Kean in Othello, would easily make herself the mistress of all hearts as Shakspeare intended that she should be. We must not be understood to speak in depreciation or discouragement of Miss Clive's efforts. She had at any rate a reputation good enough to induce the assembling around her of a company which plays Shakspeare with more complete success than has been accomplished in recent years. Sometimes she was very good indeed. The lines—

> I am not mad—I would to heaven I were!
> For then 'tis like I should forget myself;
> O, if I could, what grief should I forget—

were spoken with an earnest feeling that could hardly fail to be contagious. In other passages the audience paid her the highest compliment of anxiously suppressing a disposition to interrupt by applauding. In other passages again she seemed to be thinking of the lessons she had received, instead of abandoning herself to the impulses of a passion which should shake the world.

It is probably too much to expect that this most national of all plays should receive support from the wealth and rank that are now congregated in London. There are Italian and French and American actresses to be patronized, besides answering the transcendent claims of the stars of opera, and therefore of course a mere aspirant to the honours of indigenous drama must remain unnoticed. It is Miss Clive's own fault perhaps for appearing at this inconvenient time. Mr. Gladstone set an example of attending a performance of *King John*, which we fear has not been generally imitated in the upper circles of society. However, if there are any persons in London who care to see Shakspeare acted, they had better go to the Queen's Theatre. Taken as a whole, the performance there is as good as in the present condition of the stage is likely to be seen.

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE MATCH.

At one time the University match bade fair to end as it did three years ago, when a victory that seemed already won was wrested from Oxford in the very last moment in a scene of excitement which will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. Three men had to go in to get two runs; and Mr. Cobden sent them back with three successive balls. This year three men were left to go in to get one run; and, curiously enough, Mr. Butler, as in 1870, was the first of the three. There the parallel ends; for this year, instead of falling to the first ball, Mr. Butler hit it and won the match. A second termination to the University match, such as happened in 1870, would have been infinitely more wonderful than a double dead heat in racing; yet the supporters of Oxford must have felt their hearts in their mouths last Tuesday, when Mr. Butler went in to make the winning run.

Apart from this remarkable coincidence, the match was distinguished this year by its surprises and by its constant contradiction of preconceived ideas and established precedents. First of all, public form was utterly upset; for, according to public form, Oxford, which has won every match of importance this season, ought to have found an easy victim in Cambridge, which has not been successful once. We are no great believers, for our own part, in public form at cricket. The chances of racing are often talked about; but racing, as compared with cricket, is a downright certainty. There are so many contingencies by which an innings may be brought to a premature end, or prolonged almost indefinitely, and by which a bowler may get rid of his opponents with ease or be baulked of his prey, that they defy calculation. Yet, year after year we find good judges attempting to make exact calculations of the chances of the respective sides, and grumbling and complaining in no measured terms if they are not duly fulfilled. If there is one truth more than another which long observation must have impressed on the minds of old cricketers, it is, we should have thought, that which is expressed in the maxim—never lay odds on a cricket-match. Yet, in the face of many warnings, partly from enthusiasm, partly from an involuntary adherence to the bugbear of public form, men continue to lay odds, and suffer accordingly. It is hardly credible that as much as five to two and three to one was laid on Oxford before the match commenced last Monday, solely because, as we have said, Oxford had got so far through the season without a defeat, and her two bowlers—there is no human being less to be depended on than a cricket bowler—had scattered the wickets of the Marylebone Club, Mr. Yardley's among them, only a week ago. And, London is open to odds, if Mr. Yardley could not play the Oxford Eleven will not be able to make [illegible] way of getting a heart, and laid yet a point more. As altogether

we are already digressing, we may go on to make a remark or two on the general question of betting. We are sorry to say that there appears to be a very large and increasing amount of betting on the University match; in fact, as much money changes hands over it as over the boat-race. It is a great pity that it should be so, but there is no getting rid of the unpleasant fact. Men will back their opinions with their money; and when there is a certainty of a fair contest, of the absence of all those disgraceful intrigues and chicaneries without which, it appears, modern racing could not exist, there is, of course, an additional inducement to speculate. Then no invitations are held out, as in racing, to take half-a-crown and return five pounds. At present happily there are no professional cricket prophets, tipsters, or commission agents. Equal meets equal in fair field, and offers or takes the odds at his pleasure. Much also of the betting that takes place is nominal. A winner over the University match cannot reckon on paying in a sum of money to his banker's account within a few days. There is a tacit understanding that these sorts of obligations are settled when convenient. Perhaps this partly accounts for the extreme liberality of prices. In the morning of hope the layers of odds offer them like wealthy men who care not what they give; in the evening of disappointment the prudent takers discover that the fruits of their forethought cannot be garnered in for a twelvemonth perhaps—or, perhaps, for all time. Little ill-feeling is created on the whole; for, when beggars play at being rich people, the sport soon becomes of necessity harmless. Occasionally some blustering swaggerer who twenty years ago was a second-rate coverpoint, and has since depended on the University or the Eton and Harrow matches for a pitiful income, may bully a poor lad whom he has wheedled out of a ten-pound note; and, book and pencil in hand, all the world like a Bromley betting-man, may demand immediate payment; but such instances are rare. To the credit of those concerned, it may be said that many a thousand pounds lost over the University match and remaining unpaid has never been asked for, and that there has been no diminution of friendship between winner and loser. Evil will be the day when two young fellows, who have no business to risk a sixpence, shall take advantage of a piece of good or bad luck to treat one another like a couple of Jew bill-brokers.

To return, however, to the point from which we have wandered. Public form was altogether upset by the issue of the University match; and this was one of its many surprises. Oxford, to go back no further than the matches played on metropolitan grounds, had beaten not only the Marylebone Club, assisted by its professional bowlers, but also the county of Middlesex; and Middlesex brooks few superiors. Cambridge, on the other hand, had been well beaten by the Marylebone Club, and had also suffered defeat at the hands of the comparatively weak county of Surrey. Nor could there be two opinions about the Cambridge bowling. It was essentially weak. On the contrary, the Oxford bowling was effective; it had proved itself to be so; and one of the two fast bowlers had in 1871 accomplished the feat of taking every Cambridge wicket at Lord's. What had been would be again; and therefore, even admitting that Cambridge had some good batting, there could be no doubt about the result; on the contrary, the result hung on the balance up to the last, and the verdict, as finally announced on the telegraph board, was so doubtful that many of the prominent supporters of Oxford must have lost their appetites for dinner, while many of the hangers-on—tidewaiters on fortune—threaded their way (to use the correct expression) through the crowd, and were seen of men and takers of odds no more. Then, as to the contradiction of established precedents at this match. Experience has shown that one fast bowler, on one side or another, nearly always comes off. Last year Mr. Powys for Cambridge, the year before Mr. Butler for Oxford, in former years Mr. Fellowes, Mr. Teape, and others whose name is legion, have borne the brunt of the battle, and have confirmed the theory that Lord's is essentially a bowler's ground, and still more essentially a fast bowler's, if he has a little luck on his side. This year the two fast bowlers of Oxford, Mr. Butler and Mr. Boyle, did but little good, and never established a panic for a moment, while Mr. Sims, the Cambridge fast bowler, was absolutely useless. Mr. Jeffery, a slow bowler, or thrower, or whatever critics may please to designate him, got rid of the powerful Oxford Eleven in their first innings; and Mr. Ridley and Mr. Maude disposed of Cambridge in their second innings. Then again, the fielding is always considered one of the great points of the University match. Men are just at their best for fielding then. To the quickness and agility acquired at school is added the strength obtained in increasing years; and, with very few exceptions, an amateur's fielding wanes year by year after he leaves college till it becomes so ineffective as to neutralize that batting power which deserts a cricketer last of all. This week the fielding shown by the two Elevens would have been more suited to a Lords and Commons match—and wonderfully stiff in the back our hereditary and elected legislators are. Let us hope that their principles are equally rigid. There was an absence of that lissomness, that power of sudden dash and quick recovery, for which we are so in the habit of looking from young men of twenty to twenty-two years of age. The return of the ball also, and the throwing generally, were unprecise and irregular. There was a strange want of life and spirit about the fielding, which was, for the most part, dull and heavy. It was essentially, from beginning to end, a batting contest, a struggle of power, patience, and perseverance, between two Elevens of batsmen. And, as such, it was deserving

of high commendation, as well as remarkable as a novelty in University matches. There was no very brilliant or very difficult bowling on either side, and no very dashing fielding; there was of course a certain number of straight balls, requiring to be met with a straight bat; and the question was, on which side would there be shown the greatest amount of steady resistance. In effect, there was very little to choose between the two sides; for each had excellent batting, and with one or two exceptions the best men on each side fully sustained their reputations. The Cambridge captain had bad luck; but, to counterbalance that, Mr. Wallroth, one of the most dangerous men on the other side, was not allowed by fortune any opportunity of distinguishing himself. If the palm of merit is to be bestowed, it must be awarded to Mr. Ottaway, whose unrivalled steadiness would have been sufficient to break the hearts of any bowlers. As a captain also it must be said that he shone conspicuously, the management of the Cambridge Eleven being in many respects very faulty. In fact, the last chance of Cambridge was wantonly thrown away on Tuesday by no long stop being put to Mr. Jeffery's bowling.

We must add, in conclusion, that very little can be said in favour of the wickets provided for this great match. There has not been a single good wicket at Lord's as yet this season; and experience tells us that when once the Eton and Harrow match is over, the ground is left pretty much to take care of itself. This sort of management will not pay in the long run. The great and well-deserved popularity of the present Secretary of the Marylebone Club may enable matters to be carried on at Lord's during his tenure of office on the principle of getting as much as possible out of the pockets of members and the public, and doing as little as possible for one or the other; but such a state of affairs will not continue for ever. It is almost an insult to common sense to suppose that a club with an income of ten thousand a year cannot find the means of covering half-a-dozen acres with turf adapted to the game of cricket; yet we dare say the Committee of the Marylebone Club would plead that they spend plenty of money, and yet that the grass will not grow. They had better then shut up the gates of their ground, because there are other clubs in London whose Committees do not spend so much money, and yet can make the grass grow, and who can provide wickets for any number of great matches, on which cricketers may play without any fear of their teeth being knocked down their throats, or their arms being disabled.

REVIEWS.

BEESLY'S SKETCH OF GREEK AND ROMAN HISTORY.*

WE always note with interest the kind of food which is provided for the boys of our great schools, especially when the food is really home-made and not got up by speculators outside. A book written in a school, for the boys of that school, by one of the masters of that school, is worth infinitely more as evidence, and it is really likely to be worth more in itself, than any number of Student's Humes and rubbish of that kind, got up to order by some drudging editor or some enterprising publisher. The gap between the real scholar and the schoolmaster is commonly rather a wide one; but a genuine schoolmaster's book helps us to see how wide it really is, and whether anything is doing towards bridging it over. Mr. Beesly's little book, dictated to, and written down by, the Marlborough boys, helps us to see, most likely what the Marlborough boys are learning, at any rate what Mr. Beesly is teaching them. We see that they are taught a great deal of Mommsen and a little of Curtius; and we see that some faint notions of the relations of Greek and Roman history to the general history of the world are beginning to make their way, if not into the minds of the boys, at least into the mind of their teacher. Perhaps those notions are as yet too faint to get far beyond the mind of their teacher; still it is a wholesome and needful stage that they should be getting there at all. Anything that is really wanted to be remembered, especially if it sounds at all novel and paradoxical, should be put forth very clearly and boldly, and it is no harm to put it forth a good many more times than once. In teaching Greek and Roman history we should remember, from the very first moment, to take care of the two ends. The teacher should make the lads feel from the very first moment that Greeks and Romans were not only real men—it is something to get as far as that—but that they were also men akin to ourselves, that their language, their mythology, their institutions, were all part of the same primæval stock as our own. This kind of thing should not be kept as a piece of esoteric knowledge for higher forms or anything of that sort; it should be well put into the boy's head from the first moment that he hears of a Greek or a Roman at all. It is the old story, which we are not ashamed to preach again for the ten-thousandth time, that what seems hard to the teacher who has to unlearn is not hard to the learner who has only to learn. Mr. Beesly clearly knows something about these things himself—that he is a little behindhand is shown by his using the obsolete word "Indo-Germanic"—but he is half afraid to put them out to his boys. He says something about them, in a rather feeble and halting way, when he gets to the beginning of his Roman story; but he begins Greece by talking about "four great Asiatic Empires," as if he were afraid of Professor Rawlinson, as if he wished to do something for the so-als' health of his boys by talking to them about Nebuchadnezzar. So, at the other end, Mr. Beesly clearly has glimmerings that the Roman Empire did not altogether come to an end in 476; he lets out, as it were, that something of the kind went on, that it lingered almost to our own day, that it had a great effect on men's minds, and that, alongside of all this, the actual unbroken Eastern Empire went on for a long time without interruption. Mr. Beesly has clearly heard of all these things; but either he has not yet learned that they are the central facts round which all history gathers, or else he thinks them too strong meat to be good food for the Marlborough boys. So he tells them that the Empire came to an end in 476, and at the same time gives them a kind of hint that it did not. Let us assure him that all these things, instead of being strong meat at all, are the merest milk for babes, if only the babes have not got hold of some kind of Godfrey's Cordial before they are helped to the milk. When the thing is once grasped, there is really nothing mysterious in the fact that Justinian and Heraclius ruled from the Ocean to the Euphrates. Still, with all this, it is something to find masters in our great schools so much as feeling their way towards clear and scientific notions of history. Mr. Beesly is still only in the court of the Gentiles; but it is something to be even there. It is something to have even set foot in the right path, and to have left outer darkness behind.

Mr. Beesly shows himself far more at home in the Roman than in the Greek part of his story. That is to say, a great part of the Roman sketch is really a summary of Mommsen, while in the Greek part we only see a few touches from Curtius. And we are glad to see from the Preface that the great writers of our own tongue are not wholly forgotten in Mr. Beesly's teaching. For besides "Mommsen's Portraits of the great Roman Leaders," the boys are recommended to read "Arnold's account of Trasimene" and "Grote's account of the battle of Syracuse." The Greek part is very short compared with the Roman, and it has apparently been slurred over and done in a hurried way. For instance, Mr. Beesly should not say that "there was the legend of the Trojan war, which has been commemorated in the Iliad," and directly afterwards that "at the time of the Trojan war Argos was the chief State." Such a way of talking as this cannot lead to any clear understanding of the difference between history and legend, and it must leave the boys rather puzzled to know whether Mr. Beesly looks on the Trojan war as a real event or not. But still less should he teach them that "at the time of the Trojan war Argos was the chief State." It is the most remarkable thing in the Homeric politics, a thing which Thucydides remarked long ago, even if Mr. Beesly has not, that "at the time of the Trojan war"—that is, during the state of things which Homer describes, whether there was a real Trojan war or not—the chief power of Greece was not Argos, but Mykênê. This is just one of the things in which the mythical story cannot be wrong, and which therefore ought specially to be impressed on the learner's mind. Mr. Beesly should surely be able, when the Marlborough boys construe the line which tells them that Agamemnon reigned over many islands and all Argos, to teach them that Argos here is not merely the city so called, but all Peloponnesus at the least. Then again, in the next page, Mr. Beesly has got hold of Mr. Grote's striking comparison between Greece and Switzerland; but he tells us that "it was broken up as Switzerland is broken up now, and the ties which connected it were much the same sort of ties which now connect Switzerland." Now in the page before he had said, very truly, that the only bonds of union among the Greeks were, "a common origin, a common religion, a common mythology, common oracles." Does Mr. Beesly really think that the Swiss cantons are now bound together, or even that they were bound together up till 1798, by no closer ties than these? Does he not know that the lack of a common origin and a common religion is just the thing which keeps them separate, so far as they are kept separate? Mr. Beesly probably means what Mr. Grote meant—namely, that Greece was then, and that Switzerland is now, the chief example of a system of small States; but Mr. Grote took care not to express himself in the confused and inaccurate way in which Mr. Beesly has done. Directly afterwards we get a glimmering of Curtius; "As to the inhabitants of Greece, some say that Greece was peopled from what are called Greek colonies of Asia, others say that these were really Greek colonies of the Greek towns." We see no reason at all to adopt Curtius's view on this head, but if the matter was to be mentioned, the two doctrines should have been put forth a little more clearly. Then we read:—

> In Greece proper the chief Ionian state was Athens, the chief Dorian state was Sparta. The great lawgiver of Sparta was Lycurgus. By victories over the Messenians and Argives Sparta acquired the headship of the Peloponnesus, and when the Persian war broke out was the chief state of Greece. The rural inhabitants of Laconia were called Perioeci, the slaves were called Helots. The Spartans themselves were the descendants of conquering Dorian immigrants. The Perioeci were the descendants of the race those immigrants conquered.

Now, whatever we think of the historical truth of the details of the Dorian invasion, surely the great change which made the geography of historical Greece so different from the Greece of the Homeric catalogue ought to be spoken of directly in its place, and not to be thrust in a corner in this way. Nor is it accurate to say that Kleisthenes "expelled the tyrant," though of course it is better to think so than to think he expelled by Harmodios and Aristogeiton; Kleisthenes had a hand in bringing about the expulsion

* *A Sketch of Greek and Roman History.* In Four Chapters. By A. H. Beesly. For the use of Marlborough College. Rivingtons: London, Oxford, and Cambridge. 1873.

surely Kleomenes and his Spartans who actually expelled him. Mr. Beesly's book is certainly on a very small scale, but, on the one hand, he has sadly starved the Greek part of his little book, in order, as it would seem, to put forward some particular notions about Roman imperialism, and moreover an accurate statement does not necessarily take up more room than an inaccurate one.

Mr. Beesly gives a picture good in itself, but rather disproportioned to the scale of the Greek part of his book, of Athens in her glory under Perikles. But all the later part, even the struggle against Philip is sadly cut short, and, both here and in the Roman part, we get the exploded notion about Achaia becoming a Roman province in B.C. 146 about its being the last Greek State which the Romans annexed, and so forth. All this wipes out the fact, so characteristic of the Roman policy, that Achaia itself was not made a province all at once, and that several free Greek States lived on to be annexed by Vespasian. Their freedom was of course only held by sufferance, as the freedom of San Marino is now; but it is an important part of the history both of Greece and Rome that States in this relation were systematically allowed to go on till a very late time. On the whole, Mr. Beesly's sketch of Grecian history is very slight, and is by no means so accurate as the work of a teacher of youth ought to be.

The Roman part takes up a much larger proportion of the book, and it is much more carefully done. It is, as we have said, mainly a summary of Mommsen. In page 49 we even find a whole passage of Mommsen, a very true and eloquent passage certainly, embedded bodily in Mr. Beesly's text. But towards the beginning there are touches from Mr. Seeley; and Mr. Beesly tells us that, in dictating the Fourth Chapter, he constantly referred to Mr. Congreve's *Roman Empire of the West*. Some people, it seems, do not know when they are killed; we had thought that Mr. Goldwin Smith had made an end of Mr. Congreve long ago. When we say that Mr. Beesly gives us chiefly a summary of Mommsen, we are pretty well relieved from criticizing Mr. Beesly in any detail. Whatever people think of Mommsen, they will think the same of Mr. Beesly. At the same time, we wonder that Mr. Beesly has given so little space to the earliest parts of Mommsen's theories, his inquiries into the ante-Roman state of Italy, which to our mind are worth far more than any of his political talk. But, whether Mommsen speaks with his own mouth or employs Mr. Beesly as his prophet, we wonder more and more at the notion that Caius Gracchus ought to be looked upon as a King or one striving to be a King. We are more concerned with the winding up, where, as we said, Mr. Beesly has got some glimmerings, but only glimmerings, of the connexion between Roman and universal history. Let us see Mr. Beesly's notion of Odoacer:—

> Ricimer was one of the barbarian defenders of the empire. He made his creatures emperors one after the other, preferring to be himself a "mayor of the palace." Odoacer succeeded to his position, but he was sick of the fiction of an emperor, and setting aside the puppet-emperor Augustulus (it is not without significance that the first emperor was called *Augustus* and the last Augustulus) sent the insignia of royalty to the emperor of the East at Constantinople, and made the senate of Rome acknowledge that the visible power had passed for ever from the Eternal City. . . . . Odoacer only substituted the regal for the imperial title, and imitated as far as he could the old régime. The same may be said of Theodoric and, in France, of Clovis. There was in fact no other system to take as a model, and there was still before men's eyes the surviving Eastern empire to keep alive the old faith in imperial institutions.

Mr. Beesly here shows that he has some kind of notion that the Empire went on at Constantinople, but, if Odoacer was "sick of the phantom of an Emperor," he showed his sickness in a very odd way by receiving from the phantom the rank of patrician and the government of Italy. Theoderic, passed over in half a line, put on a level with Chlodwig, and quartered, along with the West-Goth Theoderic, in *France*, show us that Mr. Beesly has a good deal to learn before he will have reached the stage at which he can do much in the way of teaching others. But we believe that he has really set out, though he has as yet not got on very far, in the right way; so we wish him all good luck in his future studies.

LONGMAN'S THREE CATHEDRALS OF ST. PAUL'S.*

IT was a timely thought on the part of Mr. William Longman, whose services on behalf of the completion of St. Paul's as Chairman of its Finance Committee cannot be over-estimated, to enlist popular interest in Wren's great work by a volume of miscellaneous information, pleasantly strung together and charmingly illustrated, on the Cathedral of London. No doubt the history of St. Paul's had recently been told in classical and stately diction by the eloquent pen of Milman; but the late Dean's standard work is not a volume likely to engage the easy studies of that miscellaneous multitude of readers who require to be reminded at this moment, not only that there is a St. Paul's which they are bound to respect, but a St. Paul's which they are bound to assist in making still more worthy of the care and admiration of future generations. We wish that, instead of its somewhat lengthy title, Mr. Longman had called his book "Old and New St. Paul's," for the actual title-page not only leads the reader to expect a variety of information which no archæologist is fully competent to supply, but, as we believe, it also involves an assumption which it would be impossible for any one to justify. We do not find Ritu[illegible] indeed [illegible] is open [illegible] "of the Three Cathedrals dedicated to St. Paul in London, [illegible] to their Structure and Architecture, and the Sources [illegible] way of [illegible] which were derived. By William Longman, F.S.A. [illegible] altogether. 1873.

complain that the author passes away from the first of his "three" Cathedrals on the second page; for it is our conviction that this first Cathedral, as the first of three churches of St. Paul's, never had a distinctive existence. The case stands thus: a fire, as to the date of which there has been some uncertainty, but which Mr. Longman assigns to the year 1087, consumed the then Cathedral of St. Paul's. Four hundred and ninety years before this date Mellitus, one of St. Augustine's companions, himself the first English Bishop of London, and subsequently Archbishop of Canterbury, procured the foundation, by the Bretwalda Ethelbert, in the city over which he presided, of a monastic church, dedicated in honour of St. Paul, and serving as the Cathedral. Mr. Longman's assumption, unsupported by evidence, is that the building consumed at the end of the eleventh century could claim an architectural identity with the one constructed at the end of the sixth, after having endured through five centuries of changing customs, ebbing and flowing civilization, civil turmoils, Danish invasions, and unrecorded conflagrations. Accordingly, he assumes the continuance during this time of as distinctive a first Cathedral as the building constructed by Wren, and now ruled by Dean Church, is on the same theory the third. We simply record, upon the credit of our architectural experience, that we hold this continuity to be next to impossible. If there were any building of the early middle ages of which the continuous identity might seem undoubted, it would be the pre-Norman Cathedral of Canterbury, regarding which there is a succession of authorities, including such writers as Bede, Osbern, Eadmer, and Gervase, whose accumulated evidence all supposes that the Roman Church restored by St. Augustine existed with many alterations until its ruins were razed to make way for his own nobler structure by Lanfranc. Yet Professor Willis, in his *Architectural History of Canterbury Cathedral*, after mustering their collective statements, is driven, in speaking of the Church as enlarged by Archbishop Odo between 940 and 960, to ask "who can tell" whether "this was the ancient Roman Christian building, or whether Augustine or one of his successors might not have rebuilt it?" He continues:—

> It was part of the policy of Augustine, acting under the advice of Pope Gregory, not to destroy the heathen temples, but only the idols therein, and to consecrate these buildings to Christianity, that the people might the more readily be induced to worship according to the new doctrines, because the buildings were familiar to them as houses of prayer; similar motives would operate much more strongly in favour of preserving the old Christian Church; and I do not therefore think it probable that it was rebuilt by Augustine, whatever his successors might have done during the three centuries which separated him from Odo.

Accordingly we may well argue, *a fortiori*, first, that the monastery in the then subordinate city of London was probably a very different pile from Canterbury Cathedral, always metropolitical, if not originally a relic of Roman grandeur; and, secondly, that the inland capital of Kent enjoyed an immunity from the northern marauders which was not the lot of the riparian city on the Thames.

With many alterations for better or worse, the church which existed between 1087 and 1666 continued to preserve a substantive identity, just as the actual Cathedral of Canterbury may claim to be the one which was planned by the two Williams, and might have almost claimed to represent Lanfranc's church, until the stupidity of the Chapter of 1832 destroyed his still remaining tower. Mr. Longman has invested the portion of his book which deals with Old St. Paul's with a peculiar value by his judicious selection of illustrations. As all ecclesiologists know, our chief knowledge of this very noble minster is derived from Dugdale's *History of St. Paul's*, first published in 1658, with illustrations by Hollar, and subsequently reprinted in 1716, and again in 1818 by Sir Henry Ellis. The artists of Hollar's days were unable and unwilling to master or reproduce the details of mediæval architecture, and consequently his plates, judged by the modern standard, are audacious examples of pictorial inaccuracy; besides which, they show St. Paul's as it stood in the first half of the seventeenth century, with its spire destroyed, and the fabric itself disguised by Elizabethan patchings, and Inigo Jones's Italianizing restorations. Still [illegible] are particular enough to give his clue to the architect [illegible] should set to work to re-create Old St. Paul's by modern lights, and so a few years since the Institute of British Architects proposed that work as one of its annual prizes, which was won by a remarkable set of drawings done by the son of the well-known architect, Mr. Ferrey. These designs, which have hitherto remained unpublished, are now given to the world on a reduced scale by Mr. Longman in a series of beautifully executed steel plates, representing the Cathedral as it stood in 1540, which may be taken as the date of its matured perfection. We do not hesitate to say that this resurrection of one of the noblest, as well as the most spacious, of mediæval fanes is an epoch in the history of Gothic architecture. Had Dean Milman seen these designs, we are convinced that he never could have penned that depreciatory judgment of the old church which stands out in his *Annals of St. Paul's* in strange contrast to the usual fairness of his critical estimates:—

> Of England's more glorious Cathedrals, it seems to me, I confess, none could be so well spared. It must have been a gloomy, ponderous pile. The nave and choir were of different ages (that was common), but ill formed, ill adjusted together, with disproportioned aisles and transepts, and a low, square, somewhat clumsy tower, out of which once rose a spire, tall indeed, but merely built of woodwork and lead. London would at least have been forced to bow its head before the Cathedrals of many of our provincial cities, &c.

The truth is, we suppose, that Dean Milman—a strong partisan

years prices have risen, and the value of money has diminished, and many of the salaries in the British Museum were fixed at their present scale as far back as 1837. Great changes have taken place in the course of a quarter of a century. The cost of living has greatly increased, and in almost all ranks of life wages and salaries have gone up too; and it is only natural that the officials of the Museum should feel the pinch. They have always been indifferently paid, considering the qualifications required from them, and their position contrasts unfavourably in this respect with that of clerks in other Government offices. The Trustees referred the memorials of the different sets of officials to a Sub-Committee consisting of the Duke of Somerset, Lord Derby, Lord Stanhope, Lord H. Lennox, Lord Acton, Mr. Walpole, and Mr. Disraeli. The Sub-Committee state that they were informed that, "owing to the insufficiency of the salaries, the slowness of their progressive rise, and the lowness of their maximum," the Museum was losing and would continue to lose its best men. Several valuable and promising officials were mentioned who had found better paid employment elsewhere, or who were known to be seeking it, and it was added that others were only held back by the hope that some improvement might be made in their position. These assistants were anxious to retain their connexion with the Museum, but they felt it impossible that they could remain on such poor salaries as were at present assigned to them. These representations appear to have made a strong impression on the Sub-Committee, and they came to the conclusion that the evil was really a grave one, and that the only remedy would be to establish "a scale of remuneration which will not only induce well-qualified men to enter the Museum, but will hold out such a prospect for the future as may induce them to remain in the service of the Trustees." They go on to explain in detail the importance of having a competent and experienced staff. The duties of assistants vary according to the departments to which they are attached, but they must all be men who have received a liberal education, and who know several languages in addition to their special departmental qualifications. The work of the Museum is of such a nature that it is important to have the superior grades filled by men who have been trained in the establishment. The keepers of departments have to discharge arduous and responsible duties. They have the care and custody of the collections, and have to see that they are kept abreast of the scientific researches of the day, and that the objects in the collections are properly described, classified, and preserved. It is obvious that work of this kind demands high scientific attainments; but the keepers must be something more than men of science. They must be men of business also. They have a great many administrative functions to perform, and assistants and attendants to look after. It will be understood, therefore, that men possessing the necessary qualifications for these offices are not to be picked up every day. Accordingly the Sub-Committee recommended additions to the salaries of the officials of the Museum amounting in all to some 2,700*l.* a year to begin with, and reaching at the end of a few years a maximum of 5,700*l.*

The Report of the Sub-Committee was unanimously adopted by a general meeting of the Trustees, with a supplemental recommendation that 200*l.* should be added to the joint salary of the Principal Librarian and Secretary. These resolutions were forwarded to the Treasury, who returned a curt reply that "My Lords" regretted that they "would not feel warranted in acceding to any alteration in the present scale of salaries." It will be observed that the answer of the Treasury sweeps aside *en bloc* all the recommendations of the Trustees. There is no attempt at discriminating between the different sets of officials, no partial concession of their claims, nor even the faintest hint that at any future time those claims will be more favourably considered. The officers of the Museum are given to understand that the present scale of salaries, some of which were fixed more than thirty-five years ago, must remain unchanged, and that if they desire advancement they must seek it beyond the walls of the Museum. In order fully to appreciate the reply of the Treasury, it is necessary to bear in mind the authority of a proposal endorsed by the Trustees of the Museum, the governing body of the institution, who are responsible for the care and management of the collections, and are best fitted to form an opinion on such a question as this. In making their recommendations the Trustees do not speak vaguely or at random. They point out the demoralizing influence exercised on the officers of the Museum by the insufficiency of their salaries. "Men," they observe, "cannot do their work satisfactorily if they are watching for the chances of preferment elsewhere. The interests of the Museum have suffered and will continue to suffer from this cause until the Trustees are in a position to offer such remuneration as will secure and retain the services of the most efficient men." It seems to us that, coming from such a quarter, this is a very serious warning. The governing body of the Museum, consisting of distinguished public men who, it must be assumed, have weighed their words, and who have the best opportunities of knowing the truth of what they assert, intimate that the interests of the establishment are suffering in consequence of the inadequate scale of salaries now in force. Yet the Treasury pass this by as if of no consequence whatever. It is quite clear that if the Trustees are fit to manage the Museum, they are fit to form a judgment on a question of this kind; and the rejection of their proposal by the Treasury is tantamount to a declaration of want of confidence in the managers of that institution. Nobody, of course, would suggest that the Treasury should have no choice as to adopting recommendations proceeding from the Trustees. It is indispensable that the Treasury should have supreme control over the items of the Estimates; but it might at least be expected that this control would be exercised with some regard to the deliberate opinions of those who are immediately responsible for the administration of a great national establishment. The Treasury does not enter into any discussion of the question with the Trustees, or offer any compromise. It settles the whole affair offhand with a sharp and peremptory No. We venture to think that neither the Trustees nor the officers of the Museum deserve to be treated in this way, and the effect which has already been produced on that institution is on every ground to be regretted.

For our own part, we have no sympathy with those who think that the Government of a great country should always make a point of being particularly free and open-handed with its money, and should not look too narrowly into items of expenditure. It is undoubtedly one of the first duties of a Government to keep jealous watch over expenditure, and to study economy in every department. Even the richest country contains a vast number of poor people who have to contribute to its revenues, and who suffer from even a slight increase of taxation. There is no analogy between the liberality of a private person and the liberality of a State, for the obvious reason that in the one case a man is spending his own money, while in the other case the Government is spending the money of other people. Consequently, what might be generosity in an individual becomes extravagance in a Ministry. There is only one justification for spending public money, and that is that an adequate return is obtained for it. This is the test to which we would reduce every item of national expenditure. There is no earthly reason why the State should buy things which it does not want, or keep up establishments which are of no use to it, or why it should pay more than a fair market price either for goods or services. There is nothing shabby in looking into expenditure and seeing that for every sixpence laid out there is value received. In the present instance the Chancellor of the Exchequer is quite entitled to insist that economy shall be observed in the management of the British Museum; indeed he is bound to do so. But then comes the old question, What is economy? In defending his pet Zanzibar contract, Mr. Lowe remarked that a liberal policy was the wisest and truest policy, and accordingly he gave the Union Company 11,000*l.* a year more than they had first bargained for. But the real test is whether this is the lowest rate at which the Government could secure the efficient performance of the contract; and this is the question which the Select Committee will have to examine. The same test may be applied to the state of affairs in Bloomsbury. Can an efficient staff be obtained at the present scale of salaries? The Trustees assert that it cannot, that good men are constantly being drawn away from them, that those who remain are dissatisfied and unsettled, and looking out for chances elsewhere, and that the whole establishment is gradually becoming demoralized. It is quite clear that the sort of men who are wanted for the Museum are not to be found in abundance, and that even if men could be found at low salaries to discharge the mere routine duties of the place, it would in the end be more profitable to pay a little more in order to secure the services of men who are capable of rising above routine work, and of promoting the interests of learning and science. The British Museum is an establishment by itself. Its officers belong to a peculiar class, possessing special qualifications, and it is difficult to imagine any public department to which it would be more unwise to apply a grudging and pinching parsimony. If it should turn out that the Government have 11,000*l.* to spare on the Zanzibar contract, they will be in a position to grant the application of the Trustees of the British Museum for a small fraction of that sum.

THE ITALIAN OPERAS.

EXACTLY the same story might be told about the proceedings at Drury Lane up to this moment as about those at Covent Garden, narrated in our last number. Not a single new or unfamiliar work has hitherto been given at Her Majesty's Opera; but in compensation various singers have appeared, who, although unknown here even by name, have, with more or less good reason, acquired some sort of distinction abroad. Mr. Mapleson was less liberal in his early promises than Mr. Gye. Three out of four "novelties" advertised in his prospectus are no novelties at all, unless well-worn operas become novelties on account of the simple fact that certain of the *dramatis personæ* are to be newly cast. *La Favorita* has been familiar here ever since it was produced by Mr. Lumley at Her Majesty's Theatre in 1847, on the first night in the first year of the opposition at Covent Garden—when Signor Gardoni made his *début* in London as Fernando, and Madlle. Sanchioli, also a stranger, was the Leonora. How thoroughly amateurs are acquainted with every scene and phrase of *Dinorah* (*Le Pardon de Ploërmel*) need scarcely be told. Brought out in its Italian dress, and with its new title, at the Royal Italian Opera (1859), under the superintendence of Meyerbeer himself, who took an active part in the rehearsals, it has ever been one of the popular, as it is undoubtedly one of the most original, of Meyerbeer's lyric dramas, holding its own even against *Il Trovatore*, a composition of a very different order, and its composer's masterpiece. Nor has the *Mignon* of M[illegible] always acceptable when Madlle. Christ[illegible] of the heroine—so unlike in some

to the real Mignon of Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*—any more claim to be styled a "novelty" than the other pieces enumerated. The only absolute novelty spoken of by the director of Her Majesty's Opera is a posthumous work by Balfe. The libretto is founded upon one of Walter Scott's *Tales of the Crusaders*, which Mr. Mapleson announces with a conglomerate title in two languages—"*Il Talismano; or, the Knight of the Leopard.*" That Balfe, who, from the *Siege of Rochelle* (1835), the *Maid of Artois* (1836), founded on the *Manon Lescaut* of Abbé Prevost, the first and only opera composed by an English musician for the celebrated Malibran, down to the *Bohemian Girl*, the *Rose of Castille*, and their somewhat less vigorous successors, played for many years the part which, according to the expression of Jules Janin, Alexandre Dumas (*père*) played in another way—that of "*le grand amuseur*"—had nearly finished an opera upon which he set great price, was widely rumoured in musical circles. If Sir Michael Costa has consented, as is stated, to supply everything wanting to complete the work, it will be doubly welcome; for though Balfe was by no means a great composer, he unquestionably held his place, even when Vincent Wallace came to contest it—not to speak of Sir Julius Benedict and Mr. G. A. Macfarren, more gifted musicians than either of them. It is hoped then that Mr. Mapleson may be enabled to redeem his pledge, and that the *Talismano* will positively be forthcoming, more especially as Madlle. Christine Nilsson is to sustain the chief character—Edith Plantagenet. The final clause in the prospectus, referring to *Les deux Journées* ("*Le due Giornate*," or the "*Wasserträger*," as the Germans call it)—"the production of which, last season, created so much satisfaction in musical circles as to induce the director to repeat the opera, if the other important arrangements will permit"—is amusing. The compliment to Cherubini, and to those who hold with Beethoven that Cherubini was one of the greatest of dramatic composers, is doubtful. And then it may be asked, what are "the other important arrangements"?

To more than these promises Mr. Mapleson has not committed himself, but, like Mr. Gye, in default of novelty, is content to fall back upon the repertory conveniently at hand. This, although, through circumstances unnecessary to explain, not so varied as that of Mr. Gye, who for many years has been supreme controller of one particular theatre, is sufficiently large, and on the whole up to the present moment good use has been made of it. Mr. Mapleson, it must be admitted, possesses a company efficient at all points, a fine orchestra, an excellent chorus, and in Sir Michael Costa the most skilful and experienced of operatic conductors. It would be difficult to imagine anything more satisfactory than the *ensemble* (to use a French word for which we have no English equivalent), obtained by the sagacity and scrupulous vigilance of this admirable chief, who seems to know every opera by heart, and is watchful over the minutest details. The phrase "*facile princeps*" may unhesitatingly be applied to Sir Michael Costa, who has earned his right to it by long perseverance and rare natural endowments, combined with that rigid enforcement of discipline which is no less indispensable to the command of a body of musicians than to that of a regiment of soldiers.

From the list of Mr. Mapleson's principal singers this year we miss the name of Madlle. Marie Marimon, who, on her first appearance, created an impression so extraordinary that it is difficult to account for its weakening and weakening as time went on. That such was the case, however, is not to be denied, and we can only attribute it to a strongly pronounced mannerism, which, attached to all her performances, made one performance appear so like another that, despite her singular ability in a special direction, even those who at the first were her warmest admirers became more and more indifferent. "Very clever and brilliant," everybody said—but really, at last, no one cared much about it. The other acknowledged favourites of Her Majesty's Opera—including among the ladies Madlle. Tietjens, Madame Christine Nilsson, Madame Trebelli-Bettini, and last, not least, Madlle. Ilma di Murska (absent last year); among the gentlemen, Signors Mongini, Campanini, Fancelli, Rinaldini, Ilota, Mendioroz, Agnesi, Borella, not to name the minor satellites—have all appeared. In addition to these, Mr. Mapleson, like the director of the rival theatre in Bow Street, has tried experiments with strange singers, or at least singers strange to this country; and, on the whole, with proportionate success. In his prospectus the Drury Lane manager assures us that the merits of the new artists he has engaged "justify him in confidently subjecting them to the severe ordeal" of "being presented to the patrons of Her Majesty's Opera." This, at first sight, would not, in the eyes of connoisseurs, signify a great deal, seeing that, for the most part, frequenters of the Italian Opera are not universally regarded as over-subtle judges. The talk about a "double company," moreover, is somewhat grandiloquent; while that about the "production of this great work," referring to the *Talismano* of Balfe, of which no one, Sir Michael Costa perhaps excepted, just now knows anything, seems a trifle overstrained.

Mr. Mapleson may be congratulated on more than one of his new acquisitions. Signor Medini, who appeared on the first night of the season as the Duke of Ferrara, in *Lucrezia Borgia*, has a fine bass voice, and is an actor of considerable intelligence. There is, however, a tendency to force his voice, and thus [illegible] his intonation. This was not only remarked [illegible] Ritual [illegible] hat in other operas. Madlle. Ostave Torriani [illegible] is open [illegible] youth and a prepossessing appearance; [illegible] way of doing [illegible] to do entire justice to the part of [illegible] altogether. [illegible] which we have seen so many distinguished artists, from Madame Bosio to Madame Adelina Patti and Madlle. Emma Albani. Madlle. Torriani is at present inexperienced as an actress, while as a singer, though her voice is young and fresh, she has much to learn and as much to unlearn. In the same opera, and on the same occasion, another stranger, Signor Del Puente, a barytone, appeared. The character assigned to him was Rigoletto. His voice possesses a certain marked individuality, but his method of delivery is not always precisely legitimate, and therefore not always precisely agreeable. Nevertheless, though far from being a Ronconi (the Rigoletto *par excellence*), Signor Del Puente has unquestionable ability; and notwithstanding his wont to make more than is demanded out of every situation and position, there is enough in all he does to encourage the belief that one day he may achieve excellence, both in the histrionic and vocal departments of his calling. Another newcomer, Madlle. Justine Macvitz, with a pleasing *contralto* voice, looks pretty, sings very well, and acts with liveliness—in short, is a more than acceptable Maddalena. Last and least, a Signor Pro impersonates the *spadassin* Sparafucile, in a manner to cause regret for the absence of Signor Foli—not to name the Sparafucile of Sparafucile, Signor Tagliafico. Madlle. Macvitz shortly afterwards, Madame Trebelli being indisposed, was cast for Azucena in the *Trovatore*, and Signor Del Puente for the incomprehensible Conte di Luna—both making a step in advance, augurring well for their future career.

Another newcomer, Madlle. Alwina Valeria, an Englishwoman, (or at least an American), we believe, who studied first at the Royal Academy of Music under Mr. Wallworth, and then took lessons from Signor Arditi, made her first appearance on our Anglo-Italian stage, as the Lady Enrichetta of Flotow's terribly hackneyed *Martha*. Madlle. Valeria, notwithstanding the manifest disadvantage of coming immediately after Madlle. Ilma di Muraka in the same part, achieved a fair success, and won the stereotyped encore in "Qui sola vergin rosa," for which she substituted, in accordance with prevalent custom, Moore's "Last Rose of Summer." A sillier custom, when Italian opera is in question, could scarcely be imagined. We are aware that Madame Adelina Patti set the example by introducing "Home, Sweet Home" after the encore which usually follows whatever other irrelevant piece she may happen to sing in the Lesson scene of the *Barbiere*; but great artists should be copied in their perfect achievements, not in their unaccountable eccentricities. Madlle. Valeria, who has been in Italy, and has sung at concerts in England, was a *debutante* on the London operatic boards. More credit is therefore due to her for the favourable impression she created. Her voice is good in the higher tones of its register, and is in a certain degree flexible; but it still lacks cultivation, which, so far as we are able to judge, only the most diligent and methodical study can bring. The first representation of *La Favorita*, besides introducing Madlle. Tietjens in a part she had never previously essayed in London, brought forward a new tenor, Signor Antonio Aramburo, who, if we may believe the official prospectus, has already made the tour of Italy, Sicily, and Spain. A new tenor, supposing him possessed of voice and capabilities, is *a rara avis*; and, like a new soprano, has always the chance, to employ the language of operatic critics, of "taking the town by storm." Signor Aramburo, however, took nothing "by storm." That he has a good voice is undeniable, and that he has in a great measure learned how to use it is equally beyond question; and this was shown by his delivery of the famous air, "Angiol d'amore," in the last act. Wherever dramatic energy or dramatic expression is required Signor Aramburo was sadly deficient; and the great scene in which Fernando reproaches the King with the indignity thrust upon him under the simulated form of honour left him powerless. It was, in truth, entirely beyond his capacity. Whether the fact of Mario, among all representatives of Fernando incomparable, being in the house to a great degree intimidated Signor Aramburo it is not easy to say; but that he is capable of much better things than he achieved on the evening to which we refer has been exemplified on more than one occasion, and on none more convincingly than the other night, when he appeared as Pollio (to the Norma of Madlle. Tietjens), by his manly bearing and vigorous though unexaggerated singing, like Tamberlik before him, almost rendering that most insipid of dramatic personages acceptable. Signor Castelmary, another new barytone-basso, who made his first appearance as Mephistopheles, in *Faust*, did not create a very lively impression. He gave a more than usually grotesque delineation of the character, and sang in a style hardly less grotesque. Nevertheless this gentleman has unquestionable ability, as was subsequently evinced by his impersonation of Lothario in *Mignon*. Of the other new comers—Signors Cantoni, Collini, and Catalani, the last of whom appeared on Saturday as Mephistopheles—we prefer speaking on another occasion. With these the list of Mr. Mapleson's most recent engagements closes. He has not been quite so fortunate as Mr. Gye, who at least can boast of M. Maurel.

There are no more remarks to offer about Mr. Mapleson's new singers, and we have merely to add that the old ones have, as usual, done good service to his establishment. About Madlle. Tietjens as Lucrezia Borgia, Semiramide, Leonora (*Il Trovatore*), Valentine (*Les Huguenots*), and Norma, it will suffice to say that now, as of recent years, she maintains her position as the legitimate successor of Giulia Grisi. This great artist has added another character to her already extensive repertory—namely, that of Leonora in Donizetti's *Favorita*; and though it might have been

at all times of classical and renaissance art—holding, as he did, the brief for new St. Paul's, was led to take the misguiding lineaments of Hollar's prints as exhibiting the actual structure. As unravelled by Mr. Ferrey, Old St. Paul's claims the verdicts (however differing) of those who accept and those who reject mediæval architecture as one of the most stately, and in parts the richest, minsters which the world has ever possessed. We shall not attempt the description of its long-drawn Norman nave and aisles of twelve bays, flanked to the south by the adjacent Church of St. Gregory, and by the smaller cloister enclosing the exquisite Gothic Chapter House, of its central steeple, its transepts of five bays, with both eastern and western aisles, and its aisled eastern limb (including choir and Lady Chapel) also of the unusual dimension of twelve bays—the transepts and eastern portion being of the finest architecture of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries—the whole extending, as Mr. Ferrey contends, to the enormous length of 596 feet (76 longer than Winchester Cathedral), not of 690 as (apparently by a misprint) Dugdale's text asserts, with proportionate breadth and height; while the tower itself, after the loss of the spire, burnt by lightning in Elizabeth's reign, so far from being, as Milman asserts, "low, square, and somewhat clumsy," absolutely rose to the aerial elevation of 285 feet from the ground, while the superimposed spire so long as it existed shot up 208 feet, of which four were hidden by the tower parapet. In a preceding chapter Mr. Longman accepted a calculation of Wren's making the combined height of tower and spire 460 feet, and he omits to reconcile the discrepancy. The actual Cathedral—its genesis, construction, and future adornment—being very clearly the object for which Mr. Longman mainly writes, he rather sets himself to discourse pleasantly round the old church than systematically to work out the description of it in its architectural, monumental, and ritual character. He has probably judged wisely for the taste of the general public, whose interest in the pending decorations he desires to conciliate; but still we cannot help regretting that, after he had for the first time enriched the world with accurate representations of the mediæval Cathedral, he should not have accompanied Mr. Ferrey's illustrations by correspondingly scientific letterpress. However, Mr. Ferrey's plates are still available for future use, and as neither Dugdale, Milman, nor as yet Mr. Longman has given to the world that which in the present state of ecclesiological knowledge can be accepted as the adequate description of Old St. Paul's, we very earnestly exhort Mr. Longman at some not very distant season to make himself again a public benefactor by launching such a volume.

We observe that Mr. Longman assumes (pp. 8 and 9) that a certain "casing" of the Norman piles and walls of the nave, which by a quotation given by himself in a later page Wren strongly reprobates, was an afterwork of the thirteenth century; but the context of Wren's report shows that he was referring to the original structure, and merely describing in language natural to an architect of his views that defective system of building habitual to the Norman age, which has in our day led to the downfall of Chichester spire, rashly reared by Gothic architects upon supports left by their Romanesque predecessors. Mr. Longman, of course, refers to that famous external pulpit, St. Paul's Cross—more commonly docked of its "St."—but he forgets to tell us where it stood relatively to the Cathedral. However, we learn from Dugdale that it was situated on the north side towards the East-end, and in truth it may be descried in that position in the background of the bird's-eye view of Old St. Paul's and its surroundings which Mr. Longman had compiled from Mr. Ferrey's drawings. But Mr. Longman also gives a woodcut of St. Paul's Cross as it appeared on a certain Sunday in 1620, when Bishop King was preaching before James I. and the then Lord Mayor, for the restoration of the Cathedral, "from, an original picture in the possession of the Society of Antiquaries, London, which is engraved in Wilkinson's *Londina Illustrata*, 1814." There was something so puzzling about the woodcut as it appears in the book, that we compared it both with Wilkinson's engraving and with the original picture at the Society of Antiquaries. The latter is in the form of a diptych, of which the right wing gives the representation in question, that to the left bearing a very curious conventionalized bird's-eye view of St. Paul's, with the central tower capped by a kind of Italian spire or campanile profusely gilt and guarded by floating angels, obviously intended to represent the result which the pious painter anticipated from the appeal depicted on the other wing. This painting (very correctly reproduced by Wilkinson) is also a bird's-eye view of St. Paul's, and like the other wing exhibits an heroic contempt of facts. The nave, which, as we have read, was really of twelve bays' length, is shrunk almost to the dimensions of a big porch, while the choir, also of twelve bays, is given as of four; and, in defiance of perspective, the east end is forced to put in an appearance round the corner. The architectural details are of the most barbarous character, and, after all allowances for the mutilations of time, must be absolutely false. The tracery of the rose window at the east end looks as if it were of cast iron; the arcaded windows underneath are reduced to a modern round-headed type, and there are some unintelligible indications of ruined arcading on the ground story, while the tracery of the windows in the aisles and clerestory is impossibly barbarous. Such was the design which passed into the hands of Mr. Longman's artist, who, as we must conclude, worked from Wilkinson's print, and not from the original. We regret that he should have thought it necessary to reduce the panel by cutting off the right hand portion which included the conventionalized nave, and thereby destroyed the key to the local distribution of parts. Had he been, however, contented to reproduce what was left as he found it, we should not have so much complained. But, instead of so doing, he has set himself to conjecture with some strange results. The four bays of the clerestory in his hands became five, and the barbarous tracery is reduced to something which pretends to be a restoration of mediæval work. Worse than that, the eastern rose assumes fancy tracery; the row of windows underneath is neatly framed with First Pointed shafts and mouldings, and the rudimental ground arcade becomes a door. The designer has obviously been working with the plan of Old St. Paul's before him, and in ignorance of the true locale of Paul's Cross; so he has taken upon himself (1) to discard the nave, believing it to be a transept; (2) to treat what was really the east face of the north transept as if it was the north face of the nave; (3) to convert the conventionalized symbol of the choir into a restoration of the north transept; (4) to furnish out this imaginary transept with an end door at a point which the painter really intended to be the centre of the east end, or just behind the Lady Altar; and (5) thus to shift St. Paul's Cross from the angle made between the east face of the north transept and the north face of the Choir to that made between the north face of the nave and the west face of the north transept. After these extraordinary flights of fancy, it was not much that the playful artist should have converted the grim figures of King and courtiers, Lord Mayor and Aldermen sitting in rows in a two-storied gallery, along the face of the (really) choir, like Easter Island idols, into graceful figures posing as the artist of the *Illustrated London News* is no doubt representing royalties and Corporation as they received the Shah at Guildhall. Mr. Longman is too genuine an antiquary to tamper willingly with any such landmark of history, and we have no doubt that, owing to a too general recollection of the original and a too implicit confidence in the artist, he allowed the cooked design to pass as it is bound, out of regard to historical accuracy, to replace in a future edition by a facsimile of the real diptych.

When Mr. Longman reaches New St. Paul's his [illegible] his native heath. He gives a narrative of the gradual [illegible] of the actual Cathedral from the germinal central cupola [illegible] which Wren was planning still further to transmute the old minster at the instant when that grim "great fire" reduced it to a condition of ruin which justified the men of the seventeenth century in overturning it with gunpowder and battering-ram, but which would have merely stirred up some Committee of our generation to undertake a spirited restoration. Mr. Longman has too much sense to join in the lamentation which it was the fashion of a now obsolete school of critics to pour over the rejection of that first design of Wren's (preserved in the model at present in South Kensington), which, with all its capricious cleverness and very picturesque effects of internal grouping, would have been in dignity, in size, and in internal arrangement totally unfitted for its special destination. He quotes some remarks, which are much to the point, on the exterior by Mr. Fergusson, who is himself too indulgent to the interior. Mr. Longman brings out with much clearness the curious and too often overlooked fact that the present church was not the immediate result of the rejection of the first project. Wren, in fact, entered into a brisk competition with himself (well illustrated by the suggestive selections from his designs at All Souls' College, which Mr. Longman has published), until the strange final result was attained of a design being definitively approved by Charles II. on May 14, 1675, as "very artificial, proper, and useful," as to which Mr. Longman truly observes, that the engraving of it which he gives "will excite astonishment at the possibility of Wren making so poor and tawdry a design, and evidently so unsatisfactory to himself." The Royal approbation was accompanied by the permission given to Wren to make "some variations rather Ornamental, than Essential," of which leave he liberally availed himself, by gradually transmuting the design into the very different building which actually exists. It was happy for his own fame and the glory of London that he should have been thus audacious, but in face of this procedure the boldest practice of modern architects shrinks into tame subservience. Mr. Longman is justly indignant at the pitiful treatment, at once mean and spiteful, to which the great surveyor was subjected by the Commissioners of the work, but he omits to consider how far the architect's obvious independence of official restraint may have begotten the suspicions of those narrow-minded precisionists. We shall not attempt to recapitulate the actual description of the building which Mr. Longman gives, partly in his own words and partly in copious extracts from accredited authorities, from the *Parentalia* of Wren's grandson down to Mr. Fergusson, and to a somewhat pedantic Mr. Wightwick, who seems hardly worthy of the prominence given to his lucubrations.

We think that Mr. Longman rather too easily accepts the adverse criticisms which have been offered upon the flanking chapels which add so much breadth and picturesque effect to the nave. If there is any truth in the grandson's gossiping assertion that Wren adopted these features with sorrow, we believe that it must rather have been because he dreaded a tiff[illegible] row in those days of Godfrey and Oates than because [illegible] that the proportions of his building would be marred. [illegible] man recalls the controversy on the admissibility [illegible] story with which Wren externally masks [illegible] of clerestory and flying buttresses [illegible]

abstractedly a sham, and therefore inadmissible. Practically, however, we must recollect that the construction, if openly displayed would have been in the ponderous forms inseparable from the Italian translation of the flying buttress, and we may well be thankful that Wren had recourse to that which we do not scruple to call, under all the circumstances, an architectural white lie. There is a much stronger justification for the adoption of the double cupola, and we regret to find reason to believe, if the grandson is to be credited, that the elongated form of the external dome was adopted contrary to Wren's favourite wishes.

Mr. Longman's concluding chapter on the Future of St. Paul's deals with the question of its decoration in so judicious a manner that we shall take leave to extract somewhat freely from it, in the hope that the designs on which Mr. Burges is engaged will be found to have been constructed on analogous principles:—

> How colour should be given is the next point. It can be given by transmitted light; by external application in the shape of painting or gilding; and by material. Transmitted light is obviously an important means of giving colour, but can be of only limited application, and, as it has already been considered in a previous chapter, it is unnecessary to enlarge upon it here. Painting, in the form of pictures on walls, according to our modern experience, is, at least in the present instance, unsuited to our climate. Even as an imitation of marble, notwithstanding Sir Christopher Wren's use of paint for this purpose, his example would now find but few followers; and the only way in which paint can be applied to stones seems to be as a coloured wash, in certain positions, where any other mode of obtaining the effect of colour is difficult. Gilding in certain parts of the building is obviously indispensable; but, from the foregoing considerations, it seems to follow that, in our climate colour must, with some small exceptions, be given mainly by material. Here again the question for consideration does not appear difficult to answer, for the only possible coloured materials are marble, mosaic work, and majolica, and of these some are suited to one condition and others to another. That the use of mosaic is essential can readily be a matter of dispute, for the application of marble to concave surfaces is by no means easy, and probably would be comparatively inoperative at any considerable height from the eye. It seems clear, therefore, that the dome and the cupolas of the side aisles, to say nothing of what are parts, should be treated in mosaic. . . . The other mode of producing colour by material, namely, by marble, has now to be considered. It may probably be taken as an axiom that no architect would make use of marble, at any rate internally, were marble equally available; and that the beauty of colour consequently arises from the use of stone. But the entire substitution of one material for the other is not necessary. A surface of marble may be substituted for a surface of stone, and the cost be thereby greatly lessened. The extent to which this substitution should be carried is also a question for the architect. The terrifying spectre of "sprawling saints" and emblematic figures thus entirely vanishes, for it is obvious that, as a general rule, it is only in mosaics that figures can be introduced. It is true that the designs for the mosaics, whether in the dome, the cupolas, or the spandrels, will require artistic skill of the highest excellence for their production; but it is equally clear that they will not easily give room for extravagances representing peculiar ideas as to worship or doctrine.

BRESSANT.*

We are glad to find that Mr. Julian Hawthorne's first work has a sufficient character of its own to mark it off from the writings of that most original of American authors, his father. We were, we must confess, a little alarmed lest we should find in *Bressant* some feeble echo of the *Scarlet Letter*, or of the *House of Seven Gables*. There is indeed a considerable resemblance, but a resemblance that may well come from inheritance, and not from imitation. Generally speaking, a great writer should allow his children to range at freedom through the whole of literature, if only they would consent to allow their father's writings to be to them a sealed book. For if, at the age when everything that a father does is invested with a sanctity of its own, his books are read, the chances are that his faults as a writer will be acquired by his children, and will be reproduced with all the feebleness of imitation, should any of them in their turn take to literature. Whether Mr. Julian Hawthorne did not read his father's stories till his judgment was formed, or whether, though he did read them, he had a mind vigorous enough to keep his own individuality, the result at all events is that, to a greater extent than we should have expected, he stands before us on his own ground and on his own merits. Had we read his first novel without knowing the author's name, we should have been struck by its power, nor should we have found it more wanting in originality than the best of the novels that come before us. While we freely concede great merit to *Bressant*, we must at the same time admit that its faults are still greater. The admirable promise of the first volume is not fulfilled in the second; a pleasant story of homely country life degenerates into a morbid love story of a peculiarly offensive kind, while a superstitious element of what we may may call magnetico-mesmerico-spiritualism is introduced, which, to our mind, is very silly. It is here that we trace the chief resemblance to his father's writings—a resemblance, however, that is sadly marred. The elder Hawthorne's mysticism was so hidden, as it were, by the poetry with which he clothed it, that, like the mysticism of a *Midsummer Night's Dream* or the *Tempest*, it never shocked one by its nakedness. If he believed that the earth hath bubbles as the water has, it was not, at all events, the earth of railway-cars and conductors. His spirits when they left the body for a chair-person did not get into trains where "the breakman came in, took [illegible] and opened the stove door with it, peeped into the red-[illegible] Kitunan—a moment, grasped a solid chunk of wood from the [illegible] is open [illegible] it in cleverly." He would have been shocked [illegible] many of doings altogether.

* Bressant. By Julian Hawthorne. 2 vols. London: [illegible]

with the want of harmony when the spirit of the dying heroine, travelling after the hero for miles, found him in a railway-car with his feet up, resting on the seat in front of him that he had "reversed," and "leaving the telegraph wires to scud and dodge unnoticed." His exquisite taste too would have kept him from dealing in premonitions and presentiments so freely as his son, and whenever he dealt at all in the supernatural he would have taken care to cast such a haze over it as to leave it in doubt whether after all there might not be in each case some natural explanation. But we must leave our comparison between the father and the son, and turn to the story itself.

The plot of the story is, if a little complicated, at all events original, while for those who like a secret there is a secret kept up till nearly the end. We hesitate whether to begin our explanation with the hero Bressant, or with the father of the two heroines—for two there are—Professor Valeyon. It will perhaps be most convenient to follow the rule of *seniores priores*. The Professor then, who is by far the pleasantest and most natural character in the book, had in his early days a friend and a mistress. It was the old story. The friend proved false, and, by the help of falsehoods, convincing the girl—the daughter of a rich Southerner—that Valeyon was unfaithful to her, won her for his own bride. After a few years of wedded life she ran away from her husband, leaving with him their only child—a sickly boy. All her property had been settled upon her, and "it was only the event of her death intestate that could have given her husband the right to will it away at all." She made, however, no claim to it, but supported herself by keeping a boarding-house in a village, where many years later her former lover, now Professor Valeyon, who had also married, came to settle in his widowhood with his two daughters. The faithless friend had been doubly false, for he had been himself engaged at the very time that he robbed Valeyon of his love. He meets his old flame a few years after his marriage, and it is a suspicion of an intimacy existing between the two that chiefly led to his wife leaving him. This woman afterwards marries, we must add, "a wealthy old Knickerbocker" of the name of Vanderplanck. All these events are but briefly told, as they are supposed to have happened some twenty years or so before the story opens.

The first scene of the story, as indeed most of the scenes, are laid in Professor Valeyon's parsonage. We have the Professor himself thus pleasantly and humorously introduced to us:—

> Opposite the table stood a chair, straight-backed and severe, in which Professor Valeyon always sat when at work. He had a theory that it was not well to be too much at bodily ease when intellectually occupied. Directly behind the chair, upon the shelf of a book-case, stood a plaster cast of Shakespeare's face, the nose of which was most unaccountably darkened and polished. It is doubtful whether even the Professor himself could have cleared up the mystery of this deepened colour in the immortal bard's nose. But whoever, during those hours set apart by the old gentleman for solitary labour and meditation, had happened to peep in at the window, would ten to one have beheld him tilted thoughtfully back in his chair, abstractedly tweaking with the forefinger and thumb of his right hand the sacred feature in question. He had done it every day for many years past, and never once found himself out; and doubtless the great poet was by far too broad-minded ever to think of resenting the liberty, especially as it was only in his most thoughtful moments that the Professor meddled with him.

He has just received a letter from Mrs. Vanderplanck, in which she states that the faithless friend—if we knew his name it would save us from the charge of an almost Homeric use of epithets—has bequeathed to him the care of his only son. Treacherously though he had treated the Professor, yet he knew the generosity of his nature, and was sure, it would seem, that he could not but "feel a vital interest in the boy" as the son of his former friend and his old love. Following close upon the letter arrived the son, Bressant, the hero of the tale, "a very tall and broadly built young man, with a close brown beard and quick comprehensive eyes." The Professor, and the reader too, as soon as he gets any insight into the story, are convinced that he is the son of the faithless friend and of his wife, the present lodging-house keeper. About her name too, by the way, there is a mystery, and also indeed about the hero's. She is always called Abbie, as he is called Bressant, but whether Abbie and Bressant are Christian names or surnames, or a mixture of the two, as is once hinted, we never learn. Abbie, as soon as she sees Bressant, is convinced, from his strong likeness to his father, that he is her son, but for some reasons that we do not understand she does not speak out. Bressant's is a strange character, though we hardly like to say an unnatural character. "There was," as the Professor said,

> an uncertainty, in talking and associating with him, as to what he would do or say; an ignorance of what might be his principles and points of view; an impossibility of supposing him governed by common laws.

He was at first apparently utterly devoid of all sympathy, and, though he soon proved a too apt pupil, was ignorant of even a suspicion of love. He was ambitious, he was deaf, and he was a muscular Christian. He longed for the renown of a St. Paul or a Luther, and at first he seemed to have his body completely under the mastery of his mind. But the Professor had two daughters—one a perfect saint, the other by no means imperfect as a sinner. The Professor in his simplicity hopes that Bressant may learn gentleness from his daughters; the saint Sophie burns to guide him on the path to heaven, little suspecting that he may guide her on the path to love; while Cornelia, pure and innocent though she was when the story opens, is found to have a nature as capable of unrestrained passion as of treachery. Sophie, on Bressant's arrival, is confined to her room

by illness, and does not see him till after her elder sister Cornelia had left home on her first visit to New York and the great world. She does not in the least suspect that, utterly ignorant as Bressant and Cornelia had before been of love, and short though the time was that they were together, they had both taught and learnt a good deal. Had there been no Sophie, Bressant would have learnt a lesson of tenderness from Cornelia, and would have made a model husband and a good—perhaps a great—man. Had there been no Cornelia, Bressant would have learnt much the same lesson from Sophie, with much the same result. Unhappily, he does not see both the sisters at the same time; but having partly fallen in love with Cornelia, and made her wholly fall in love with him, he partly falls in love with Sophie, and makes her also wholly fall in love with him. In Cornelia's absence in the fashionable world he becomes Sophie's accepted lover, and the elder sister returns to find the marriage close at hand. But she does not return the same girl that she went, and in this sudden change there is much that is as disagreeable as it is, we believe, untrue to nature. The talk of society in New York and the literature which society reads must be indeed of a peculiarly vile and seductive kind, if a young girl of nineteen, of an innocent nature, brought up in a quiet parsonage, could get so quickly corrupted. She—who had been her sister's bosom friend—on her return home at once sets about seducing her sister's betrothed, and succeeds so well that a few days before the marriage is to take place an elopement between the two is arranged. Bressant meanwhile had found out that he was not Abbie's son, but that he was the child of shame, and that, though his father was her husband, his mother was her rival. He had not, therefore, any claim whatever to Abbie's money. He seems utterly corrupted, however, and means to run away with it at the same time as with Cornelia. A night or two before the day fixed for the wedding, there was a ball given. Sophie, who was not well enough to go to it, as it was winter and the snow was lying very deep, had sat up in her room trying on her wedding-dress. But as she walked up and down a "loose board creaked dismally." She sat down again, but here the author shall speak for himself, as, when we come to ominous creaks, we feel that we are on a subject where we are by no means at home:—

> She sat quite still, and perhaps fell into a light, half-waking slumber. A while afterwards, she suddenly started in her chair, her head raised, as if listening. The fire burnt as warmly as ever, but Sophie was trembling incontrollably, and her heart was beating most unmercifully. She walked quickly and blindly, with outstretched hands, to the window. This time the ominous board forbore to creak. Its omen was fulfilled.

She runs out in the snow in her wedding-dress and pursues her faithless lover. Sinking with fatigue, she calls out, "Bressant, Bressant!" "Either he had actually heard a faint echo of that unearthly cry" (and yet we must remember that he was very hard of hearing), "or his spiritual ear had taken cognisance of the call of Sophie's soul." He turns about and soon finds her, lying apparently lifeless in the snow. She is carried home, and is brought back to life only to leave it once more. Cornelia is stricken with remorse, and asks Sophie to tell her father all her cruel treachery and to ask for his forgiveness. Bressant disappears. He takes the train for New York, intending to go over to Europe with his money, and there, forgetting that he had "a mind, or a heart, or a soul," to live the life of a hog. Happily for him, he falls into a deep sleep, and Sophie into a trance. She wakes up with the knowledge that he will be back by noon. There were enormous difficulties in his way, for he was short of money, could not pay his railway fare, and had "to travel on foot and through the snow seventy-five miles of unknown roads." Besides this he had to start on an empty stomach, and could get nothing to eat on his way. But Sophie's spirit had made him a Christian, and he had made himself long ago muscular. He set off at a run, was taken a short cut over the fields by the spirit, and arrived as the clock struck twelve and Sophie passed away. Then the story closes, but Cornelia no doubt marries him.

Of all this folly about magnetism, or spiritualism, or mesmerism, as we find it variously termed, there is a great deal of clever and original description and good writing. We should not have been so greatly irritated with the second volume had it not been that the Cornelia and the Sophie of the first volume were too well drawn to make us view with any complacency the process of spoiling through which they were put. The Professor happily remains to the end the same simple and noble-minded man that he was in the beginning. Mr. Hawthorne must give us a story free from all presentiments and premonitions. In a dramatic point of view it is far more effective when a loss, like a thunderstorm, breaks on one without any warning. Surely we are much more affected when Romeo says, "My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne," than when Cornelia in the sudden stopping of a watch given her by her lover sees—and with good reason too—something portentous. Mr. Hawthorne must learn a distrust too of big words. "Inception" and "predicate" and "imperatively necessary" and "mucilage" and "delegated" are all very well in their proper places, though they are a little awkward where they occur. As for "finer intuitions", with their "precision paralysed," or "an electric pulsation that seemed to pass through Cornelia's blood imbuing it with a powerful ichor," or "the infinitely elusive quality which is the very secret and necessity of its existence," the less we have of them the better. There are certain Yankeeisms also which might have been dropped in the English edition. Such phrases as "she don't know" and "don't it make" occur too frequently in the talk of people who are meant to be highly educated. In spite of all these drawbacks, there is still enough to make us hopeful that we shall once more have reason to rejoice whenever we hear that a new work is coming out written by one who bears the honoured name of Hawthorne.

THE OFFICIAL HISTORY OF THE LATE WAR.—THIRD SECTION.*

THE 6th of August was beyond all doubt by far the most important day of the great war which gave its birth to the new German Empire and its deathblow to the Empire of France. There was no critic in this or any other neutral country whose opinion was respected, that ventured to predict speedy, continuous, and complete success to either side before the news of the great events of that day were flashed over the world by the telegraph. Those among ourselves who had studied and admired the Prussian successes of 1866 were yet uncertain how far the loose, though ready, tactics which had then triumphed over the veteran leaders of Austria, commanding armies that knew nothing of the breechloader, could be relied on when opposed to a foe noted for victories won by loose order in days gone by, and now armed with a weapon which, by common report as well as in fact, might be rated above the needle-gun. The most hazardous prediction that was offered here was the remark that the French, if rushing into war with their old foes, would find in the Prussians of to-day rather the traditions of Leipzic and Waterloo than those of Auerstadt and Jena. As to Continental lookers-on, the general feeling of uncertainty as to the result of the coming conflict may be fairly summed up in the words attributed to Baron Kuhn when pressed for his opinion:—"If I must choose, I would prefer to be behind the French army of the two; but I had much rather keep out of the war altogether."

All such doubts, however well grounded before, vanished when the 6th of August had come and gone. To say that MacMahon had been terribly defeated by superior numbers at Woerth, what was it but to acknowledge, in other words, that the German strategy had shown its superiority of conception at the very outset of the campaign? To state that Frossard's corps had been attacked and forced from a position of chosen strength near Forbach by troops which, even in the first hasty reports, were plainly but detachments of the three German corps nearest to him, what was it but a proof that neither the new weapon of the French, nor their supposed tactical readiness for sudden action, was proof against the vehement yet well-directed attacks in flank which had proved so fatal to the Austrians four years before? And the world knew beforehand that the third great military element, the power of organization, had been already developed by Prussia to such an extent as to make her rival for military fame deeply conscious of inferiority in this respect. Marshal Niel's half-abortive measures of reform, and the legislative debates in which they had been criticized and emasculated, had brought this fact prominently forward, as acknowledged by France herself. There was nothing left that could reverse the verdict delivered simultaneously at Woerth and Forbach. Admirers of Germany could only wonder where her new career of victory would stop. Friends of France could at the most re-echo the Emperor's own desponding words, "All may yet be saved." The great events of this day deserve therefore ample treatment in their record; and we need not wonder that the new part of Count Moltke's story is devoted absolutely to them.

Woerth has the place of honour in the volume; possibly because the heir to the new throne of Germany there first led the contingents of her States into united action. Not for its greater magnitude certainly; for, although the chapters on the two battles divide the Part almost exactly, the two odd pages are given to Forbach (or, as the victors have named it, Spicheren), which indeed was the more complicated action, on the German side at least, though so much less in dimensions than that fought by the Crown Prince. Following the same order, we shall look at the latter first, not with a view to pursuing the official writer throughout his tale, but rather to glean from it such new light as the greater opportunities and comparatively late date of the Official History throw over its phases.

The first important point for notice is the clear evidence that the battle was not premeditated—for that day at least—by the German Staff. This has been long known positively of Spicheren; but, though stated also of Woerth, it is only now that definite grounds can be given for the assertion. These we have at the opening page, where the orders issued on the evening before by the Crown Prince to his commanders of corps are repeated in detail, and show that nothing beyond a change of front was designed. Indeed the V^th^ Corps and II^nd^ Bavarian, as well as the 4th Cavalry Division (the 2nd had not yet joined the army), were directed to remain stationary; the Bavarians, however, being to the north of the other, making front to the westward, with the special view of observing the country towards Bitsche, from which MacMahon might be drawing support. The XI^th^ Corps, pivoting on the V^th^, was to bring its left shoulders round and advance to the Sauer, which would then cover the three. This muddy stream, unimportant to the eye of the ordinary traveller, here runs from north to south in a flat valley of meadows with steep sides, making

* *Der deutsch-französische Krieg in* 1870-71. Herausgegeben von der kriegsgeschichtlichen Abtheilung des grossen Generalstabes. [illegible]

tactical feature. The French were known to be beyond it in force, apparently on the defensive. Their object was naturally and rightly conjectured to be the covering of the railroad, running just within the then French frontier, from Hagueuau to Bitsche, which is conducted into the Vosges along another valley of less depth behind the hills which rise up on the west side of the Sauer. But though MacMahon's wishes were thus rightly divined, his means of executing them were much overrated. The Germans might have discovered indeed that Douay's corps still lingered uselessly about Belfort; but they could not know that De Failly would retain his loitering about Bitsche whilst the comrade he was ordered to support was being crushed half a day's march from him. They believed that both these generals had already joined MacMahon with their commands, the truth being that only Conseil-Dumesnil's division of Douay's was with the Marshal; and they were not disposed, therefore, to risk an attack on the enemy in his chosen position without giving time for bringing up the First Bavarians and Werder's Corps of Baden and Wurtemberg troops, the former of which was considerably to the north or rear of the army, the latter to the east, having moved up the Rhine by the roads near that river. Another good cause for delay was the knowledge that the VI^th^ Prussian Corps, which was to complete the mass of the Third Army, was just passing through Landau, and was sending its leading division on so rapidly that it would connect itself with the Crown Prince's right rear the next day.

But here we must join decided issue with the German writer on one important point. The position of MacMahon was not, in our judgment, nearly so strong as he represents it; certainly it does not deserve the character ascribed to it of being so formidable that "its holder might even reckon on a success over a far superior enemy." It is admirably described in its details. But the fact that the hills before Froeschwiller and Elsasshausen are "of such an undulating and wooded a character as to favour the employment of strong swarms of skirmishers," is surely a very bad feature in the key-point of a defensive position. We go further, and state boldly that any one who stands on those hills and looks down upon the little town of Woerth below (which here almost fills the Sauer valley), and, observing first how the wooded slopes continue into its very enclosures, then views the opposite and more open steeps down which the Germans came, will not hesitate to declare that MacMahon never could have meant to hold such a position on the strict defensive at all. Had he done so, his judgment as a tactician would stand condemned for ever. No; the French Marshal plainly thought that the enclosures would serve to cover his own advance admirably. He forgot that the Germans had become as much tactically quicker than their foes as Napoleon's veterans of 1806 were than the battalions of Brunswick which they routed at Auerstadt and Jena. Forced into a sudden action by the skirmishing of the eager German troops, notably by those of old Hartmann's II^nd^ Bavarians first, and later of the V^th^ Prussians, who suddenly called on their allies for aid just as Hartmann, in obedience to positive orders of the Crown Prince, had withdrawn them from the fight, MacMahon must have seen with astonishment the rapidity with which his foes availed themselves of the cover he had left in front of his centre. His mitrailleurs had no sooner been driven off by the concentrated fire of the guns of the V^th^ Corps, supported by those of the XI^th^, than "soon after 10 A.M." General Kirchbach gave the word to push the infantry in and through Woerth; and, once planted there, they won their way slowly but surely upwards into the French line of defence. The cover before MacMahon's centre, in fact, formed the weak point, instead of the strength, of his position. Strange to tell, to those who do not understand the importance of a staff officer's position when a man fills it who is equal to its highest responsibilities, the concentration of the artillery which paved the way to the first German success, and the whole of the dispositions which preluded the attack through Woerth, are credited with the utmost distinctness, not to the Prince, nor to any of his generals, but to Colonel von Esch, the Chief of Staff to the V^th^ Corps, who carried out the necessary arrangements on his own responsibility. That the victory was so complete was due no doubt to the flank attacks, and especially that made from the south on the French left, to which MacMahon, in his first hasty report, ascribed his rout. But the first onset of the V^th^ Corps, well supported as it afterwards was by the XI^th^, had proved fatal to the real tenure of his line of defence on the Froeschwiller hills, long before the attacking of his line at both extremities destroyed all hope of his holding the strong villages on its crest.

Cavalry officers who desire to learn what their arm cannot do, and ought not to attempt to do, should study the details of Michel's and Bonnemain's famous and unhappy charges, made in mad hope of wresting Morsbronn and Elsasshausen from the swarming infantry that had seized them. The official narrator has thrown his whole strength into his task at this point, and offers to a noble arm the most practical and instructive lesson yet written on its action in modern battle. The reader will find that the horsemen, though showing all the desperate valour of the old *furia francese*, never reached their enemies but once, when they broke an angle of a company of engineers which had thrown itself into the foremost line of infantry, and were even there so utterly shattered by the deadly fire of the breechloaders as to be thrown back in confusion and left without any real gain. To the same hopeless errors we [illegible] cavalry against infantry on ground not perfectly open, [illegible] Rituals. The absence of the 4th Division, might be ascribed, of the [illegible] is open [illegible] aright, the ease with which MacMahon's [illegible] London [illegible] way of doing

shattered battalions withdrew into the hills when their positi[illegible] was wrested from them. For the foot of the Vosges is by [illegible] means a hunting country; and the chassepôts were not [illegible] thrown away, nor their holders left without cartridges.

If we hurry on to speak of Spicheren within our brief limits of space, it is but to study a single question—that of the means by which the German infantry carried the Rother Berg, or steep and bare tongue-shaped point of the hills which all visitors will recollect as projecting prominently forward in the direction of Saarbruck, and which has been lately crowned by a monument commemorating the achievement. The facts that it is difficult to climb its slopes at all without using one's hands, and that the French had thrown up musketry trenches along its crest, make the feat appear a perfect marvel at first sight. The German narrative, however, brings the gradual steps of the process into clear light, and it needs but little additional explanation to show how the success was won. The plateau of Spicheren, it should be pointed out, though apparently retreating nearly on a level from the heights before it, in reality keeps still sloping slightly upward; so that the French batteries were fully exposed to the fire of the German guns on the lower ground before it. We see, therefore, these batteries first completely overpowered and driven off by superior fire. Next, those of Berge's division, which had been planted lower down towards the French left to flank the heights, were in their turn forced to retire before superior fire. The French infantry were now left to hold the heights alone, and the very steepness of these prevented their defenders in their trenches being aware of the sudden attack which, about 3 P.M., General Francois, by Kamcke's orders, led direct up the slope; so that the German skirmishers presently gaining the trenches, "the Chasseurs, apparently surprised, were driven off with little resistance, retiring behind a swell of the ground further on." The sudden ending of the slope at the plateau would naturally afford a single line of men good cover, even if the trenches left by the French had not aided in the object. Francois had with him only five companies; but it was not thenceforward difficult for them, crouching under the crest of the hill, to hold their position against the scattered firing along the plateau. What they had really to dread in their precarious hold was a bold counter-charge by the enemy for the possession of his lost trenches. And when this came presently from the dangerous point, the edge of the wood which the French held close to the Rother Berg on the German left flank, Francois freely offered his life in leading on his men to repulse it; and though the companies after his fall gained no ground, they had checked the French, and were no longer so seriously threatened. It was much later, however, when the wood itself was carried and their line made secure; but meanwhile their dropping fire kept the French back from the edge of the plateau, and made it possible to bring up the guns which just before dark appeared on the height to be greeted by the hurrahs of the long-tried infantry, and to decide Frossard's retreat.

We have dwelt on but a single episode of this remarkable action. There are many others only less interesting than this famous carrying of the hill, thus already made historic, which has been selected by us as the most prominent. The reader of history has seldom had a battle so fully and yet so graphically described as this of Spicheren in the book before us. The tactician will find in it such ample materials for study that, if nothing else of the war were to be written, he might gather here lessons as valuable on the use of infantry and artillery as that of Woerth offers on the more showy arm. The careful critic will hardly find a superfluous sentence in the volume, and will acknowledge that the writer has taken almost as much pains to do justice to the efforts of the French as to illustrate the superiority of the fighting which triumphed over them.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON.*

WE once heard a lady—in her day a distinguished letter-writer—tell how, some fifty years ago, paying a visit in her school-girl days, she came upon a copy of *Sir Charles Grandison*, at that time considered as much a book of the past as it is now. She began to read, and, becoming absorbed in the trials of the heroine, sat in her chamber entranced and unconscious of the flying hours—of the clock striking twelve o'clock, one o'clock, two o'clock—till down upon the page containing the elaborately-led-up-to crisis alighted a sprawling and prodigious spider, seeming to cover the whole area. The shock and jar upon her excited nerves was too much; that night she read no more, but retreated shuddering and shivering to bed, leaving the *denouement* for the morrow. In such reading the spirit of an author is caught unconsciously; it developed in this case a narrative style of letter-writing, so easy and graphic, so welcome to the family circle, that those who recall it feel that society pays a real price for the substantial conveniences of our present system of postage which has knocked such letter-writing on the head. Not that under any circumstances a revival of Richardson could influence style now. We have drifted too far from his mode both of viewing and telling things. His works are interesting as a study to the critic, and can still awaken enthusiasm in intelligent readers living in abundant leisure and scarcity of books, like those residents at the Hills one hot season to whom Macaulay introduced *Clarissa*; but it is hopeless to expect the novel-reader proper to

* *Sir Charles Grandison.* A New and Abridged Edition, by Mary Howitt. London: Routledge & Sons. 1873.

by [illegible] had himself nowadays into *Sir Charles Grandison* as he once She [illegible] And if we say this of the complete work, what shall we say Br[illegible] abridgment? An abridgment of a novel!

If Dialogues of the Dead were in fashion, Richardson and Madlle. de Scudéry might be set to discuss the comparative degrees of regret or torture which the shade of an author feels under posterity's utter neglect or slashing abridgment. They would be in a condition to decide whether it is least endurable to die with the century in which your works have played their part, or to see them reproduced in the form of an abstract; your choicest and most characteristic passages struck out as immaterial to the story, the bare comings and goings of the personages connected by a proposition or a conjunction, or a brief sentence of modern structure and wording. It is bad enough to be forgotten, but we own that our heart bleeds for Richardson under some of the omissions we find in the present volume. We have no objection to passages and scenes being selected from unmanageably prolix works of a past date; but let those scenes stand as the author wrote them. A work of imagination cut and docked at every turn—we speak of certain early scenes which we have compared—every page and every sentence subject to excision at the will of the operator, cannot come to good. The spirit of abridgment gets the better of every other consideration. It is not in nature to choose with discretion. Assume that the story must be told, what is left for elimination but the details, and what is a novel that is worth reading at all without its details? With all respect for Mrs. Howitt, there are occasions when we cannot believe that she is an admirer of Richardson, or that her girlhood was ever under his spell. Sometimes it seems as if she had made her first acquaintance with him pen in hand, prompt to strike out every superfluous sentence; in policeman-fashion nudging each character in turn to move on. It is vain to attempt to read Richardson in a hurry, to get an idea of him at the speed at which people now rush through novels. The readers and master writers of an age understand one another. He knew that people would not grudge him their time, as he did not grudge them his almost painful elaboration. A broad, carefully laid foundation being one of his methods, one felt more like living with his characters (as we judge by contemporary comments) than reading of them. People got acquainted with them by degrees. This relation cannot be revived. It is no such great matter; it is by no means essential that the present generation should read *Sir Charles Grandison*. Only let them not think they are reading him to advantage in reading an abridgment, where the terrors and passion of the heroine in her extremity, and the vivacity of Charlotte Grandison, are stinted watch in hand, and measured out by the space they take up in the page. All who know anything of the story will recall the circumstances under which hero and heroine meet, and how he rescues her from a compulsory marriage. The whole narrative of the abduction is given with uncommon life and truth. The scenes are in the author's most animated manner, nor is there anything to offend a scrupulous taste. He has the distinctest idea of every actor. All move and energize before him—snuffling parson, insolent lover, determined heroine. Considering the circumstances, and that they were quite within the bounds of probability when he wrote, Richardson ought to be allowed his own pace; yet even here the niceties of truth are sacrificed to despatch. It is not a question of shortening a prosy discussion on any of the points of prudence or morality with which the work abounds; it is the essence of the story, the quality that makes it memorable as a fiction, which is thus handled. It is not doing justice to a scene to give only its climax. But, as an instance of the method of abridgment, we quote one original passage which is abbreviated in the copy before us into five lines. Perhaps the part which precedes the appearance of the hero is regarded as merely introductory and to be made short work of, but it is one of the most effective points of the story. In escaping from Sir Hargrave the heroine gets caught in the doorway:—

"[illegible] in shutting the woman out squeezed me dreadfully as I was [illegible]nt, and my nose gushed out with blood. I screamed; he seemed frig[illegible]d; but instantly recovering myself, "So, so, you have done your wor[illegible] you have killed me, I hope." I was out of breath, my stomach was ver[illegible] much pressed, and one of my arms was bruised. I have the mark still; for he clapt to the door with violence, not knowing, to do him justice, that I was so forward in the doorway.

I was in dreadful pain. I talked half wildly, I remember. I threw myself in a chair. "So, so you have killed me, I hope—well now I hope—I hope you are satisfied; now may you moan over the poor creature you have destroyed"; for he expressed great tenderness and consternation; and I for my part felt such pains in my bosom that, never having felt such before, I really thought I was bruised to death; repeating my foolish "So, so, but I forgive you," said I, "only sir, call to the gentlewomen, sir. Retire, sir. Let me have my own sex only about me." My head swam; my eyes failed me, and I fainted quite away."

In the abridged version of this passage poor Harriet is not allowed to say a word for herself. All is compressed into "I talked half wildly." And yet we think she expresses herself not unnaturally for a pious but indignant beauty, and prettily too. It is probably a scruple of propriety which leaves the reader to suppose that a bruise in the arm made her nose bleed, while the exigencies of curtailment cut out the especially Richardsonian trait which follows, when the villain, panic-struck and really thinking her dying, secures the bloody handkerchief and thrusts it into the fire. "If she did not recover, that should not appear against him." The passion of Richardson's bad men never carries them beyond the predominance of egotism and selfishness.

Nor, considering how very much of real dull reading is left behind—the sort of discussion which the reader alike skips in the original and the abridged editions—can we understand the principle which strikes out Charlotte Grandison's views on the sort of husband for a superior woman. A certain Lord D. has been proposed to Miss Byron, who, having once seen the "Man of men," is more than indifferent to all others. Her friend proffers her advice:—

"Well, but now I will tell you, without punishing your curiosity further, what Lord D.'s character is. He is as sober a man as most of the young nobility. His fortune is great. In sense he neither abounds nor is wanting; and that class of men, take my word for it, are the best qualified of all others to make good husbands to women of superior talents. They know just enough to admire in her what they have not in *themselves*. If a woman has prudence enough to give consequence to such a one before folks, and will behave as if she thought him her superior in understanding, she will be able to make her own will a law to him; by the way of '*I will, shall I?*'—or, '*If you please*, my dear, I will do—*what I think fit*.' But a fool and a wit are the extreme points and equally unmanageable; and now tell me, Harriet, what can be your motive for refusing such a man as this?"

HARRIET.—"I wish, my dear, you would not talk to me of these men. I am sick of them all. Sir Hargrave has cured me ——"

MISS G.—"You fib, my dear; but did you ever see Lord D.?"

HARRIET.—"No, indeed."

All this is condensed into "while we were thus talking," along with a good deal of flutterings and palpitations and heart analysis, which to the abridger might well seem superfluous. But if *Sir Charles Grandison* is not a love story, it is nothing readable. The interest lies in the love, often the despairing love, of two heroines, who only represent the enthusiasm of the sex for a good man when they see him set off with all the attraction of circumstances, of person, mind, and character, and that "air of vivacity and intrepidity," that intelligence, "than which a sunbeam is not more penetrating." No *reader*, masculine or feminine, is in love with Sir Charles—that must, we think, have been always out of the question; but the passion which animates the performers in the scene is delineated with knowledge and insight into the female heart. It was the one speciality on which Richardson piqued himself—his great qualification for his w[illegible] his life-long study. At thirteen years old he was, he tells us, confidant of all the superior young women of his acquaintance; wrote their letters for them, understood when anger was feigned and the chider or repulser was overflowing with affection and only dreading to be taken at her word, and could satisfy the requirements of tenderness which could not tell him what to write, but "(her heart on her lips) you cannot write too kindly." We have not Richardson, therefore, if too short work is made of the trepidations, hopes, fears, suspense, pique, fretfulness, devotion, and perpetual struggles and self-questionings of the virtuous female bosom torn between self-respect and passion founded on esteem.

No abridgment can mend the manners of the book; rather it brings out more prominently their formality, the bowings, paradings, and endless civilities. This defect, due in part to want of acquaintance with the fashionable world in which he placed his characters, was one ground for the violent irritation which Horace Walpole shows against Richardson—an irritation which culminates when he finds the Paris world full of his praises, and supplementing their own dulness (as compared to old times) with that of the popular English novelist whose fame he cannot get away from. But even Richardson's warmest admirers have to make allowances on this score. Mrs. Delany accounts for the want of fine breeding by his having taken a bad model. "Don commends Miss Mulso's (afterwards Mrs. Chapone) letters, but she does not so well like the young woman; that is, she admires her sense and ingenuity, but thinks her only *second rate* as to *politeness of manners*, and that Richardson's high *admiration of her* has made him take her as '*a model* for his genteel characters; and that is the reason they *are not* so really polished as he thinks them to be." We are not sure, however, that these questionable high-polite manners which never could have existed among human beings do not help Richardson's characters to that permanent niche in our memory which they undoubtedly hold when an acquaintance with them is formed under the requisite conditions. Whatever else they are, they are realities with the author. If the reader starts with sympathies in accord with him, and patience to follow his lead, he can no more forget Sir Charles, or Sir Hargrave, or Uncle Selby, or the revered grandmama, or Harriet, or Lady G., than he can his own uncles, and aunts, and cousins, however keenly alive he may be to their imperfections. The story is not so powerful as *Clarissa*, but its characters have the same limpet grasp. But these necessary conditions grow rarer as the years pass by. The bookshelves to which boys and girls have access cease to hold original ten-volume editions, or chance numbers of the *Novelist's Magazine*, clothed in that forbidding brown leather in which George Eliot invests the Sunday books of the last century, "which always opened at one place," but which, once opened on *Sir Charles Grandison* by a sufficiently large and patient curiosity, discovered a new and quaint world where romance and formality, violent wrong and fastidious scruple, seemed to divide life between them. The inroad of new stories and cheap literature with smart outsides elbows these venerable relics out of their snug and secret corners. They have had their day of popularity, and external resemblance to their newer rivals will scarcely bring it back again. And yet the thanks of the public are due to the publisher for his attempt. If we quarrel with abridgments, we admit the [illegible] possibility of reproducing the entire work, and the almost [illegible] impossibility of satisfying our taste and judgment in th[illegible] of a task at once delicate, difficult, and irksome; [illegible] also that many a scene as it is left by the c[illegible] long enough, and leaves nothing to be [illegible]

room for large relics; it is only gems which fill a little space that last from age to age. Colossal labours of all kinds but the very highest have to give place to newer feats of giant enterprise; their authors must be contented, if they would be known to posterity at all, to be represented incomplete, and by specimens more or less fragmentary.

CAMPBELL'S TRANSLATION OF SOPHOCLES.*

IN translations from the ancient classical poets success naturally depends upon nicely balanced proportions of scholarship and poetic talent. We could name some who possess the latter gift but have proved themselves more or less unfit to reproduce the great masterpieces of ancient poetry, simply because their education had not included initiation in construing according to the rules of syntax; and the bald and barren results of attempting to turn Greek or Latin poets into English without poetical taste or cultivation are equally deplorable. As examples of translations which are the offspring of the harmonious union of both qualifications, we might mention Conington's Æneid or Horace, Calverley's Theocritus, and two or three other notable performances within the last ten years, amongst which we should rank, though its claims to scholarship are more solid than ostentatious, the late Lord Derby's Iliad. But would it be so easy to point out a version of either of the Greek dramatists which is admitted by the agreement of competent judges to be of this character? Mr. Plumptre's Sophocles was certainly not such a version at its first issue, though we admit that in its revised and improved form its not infrequent faults of translation are corrected, and the translator is complaisant enough to attempt [illegible] the proof of his poetic gifts by affording readers a choice of rhyme [illegible] unrhyme in the choruses, which are turned one way in the [illegible]t and another in the appendix. His Æschylus, which was [illegible]ished later, scarcely satisfies our ideal, though doubtless [illegible] stat[illegible] taking and meritorious work has been expended upon it. [illegible] dow[illegible]ave now, however, a new translator of Sophocles, whose [illegible]ifications may be estimated by the manner in which he has [illegible]ccomplished well nigh one-half of his projected task. Professor [illegible]ampbell of St. Andrews published at the close of 1871, or the [illegible]eginning of 1872, the first volume of a commentary on Sophocles, the valuable features of which we were compelled by the press of other classical subjects reluctantly to defer noticing until the completion of the whole work. It may suffice to say here that in that commentary the exegesis of the text is ably and conscientiously performed, whilst abundant evidence is given in the introduction, prolegomena, and foot-notes, that the Professor has brought to bear upon his Sophocles a large amount of familiarity with modern as well as with ancient poetry and literature; so much so that pleasant comparisons of "old and new" are a noteworthy speciality of the edition. After a brief interval, however, he has now followed up his commentary by an essay in translation. Not indeed that, except in the case of the *Antigone*, he goes over the same ground again. The tragic tale of Œdipus formed the matter of the first volume of his Greek text and notes. For a first taste of his poetic powers applied to translation he offers, in happy conjunction, three Sophoclean heroines, Antigone, Electra, and (by taking license to substitute the name of the chief character in the *Trachiniæ* for the gentile name of the Chorus) Deianira, or the death of Hercules. The juxtaposition of names on the title-page is attractive, and those who take up this instalment of the latest Sophocles in English will find the promise not belied. Commendably free from introductory prefaces, and from confusing notes to explain why this or that interpretation is preferred or rejected, this version represents a practised commentator's well-considered transcript. Moreover, it is a rendering which, whilst literal enough to plead the Greek text for the warranty of every line of the English, nevertheless reads as smoothly as if it were an original work composed by one who was familiar with the best models of his country's dramatic literature. This is eminently the case with the dramatic blank verse which represents the iambics, or larger portion of each play. But it is conspicuous, too, in the management of the choral odes, which, mostly in rhymed lyric measures, reproduce gracefully and effectively the brilliant strains of the Sophoclean lyre. And the impression left upon our minds after a strict comparison of any one of these Englished choruses with the Greek original is, generally speaking, this—that no thought, and almost no word, certainly no weighty word, of the ancient master, is left without its equivalent in Mr. Campbell's copy, and that the English reader is put as nearly in the place of an Athenian listener and spectator as a fellow-feeling between the poet and his translator, and a conscientious ideal of translation, can compass.

Amidst such a choice of fine choruses as these three plays offer, it would be puzzling to select the very best in order to exhibit the justice done to the Greek text by its translator. But the very first strophe of the first chorus in the *Antigone* may suffice (*Antig.* 100 foll. ἀκτὶς ἀελίου, κ.τ.λ.):—

> O fairest beam
> That ever gilded Thebe's towers with light!
> Thou camest to our waiting sight,
> Eye of the Golden Day,
> What time the Sun-God glanced on Dirce's stream,
> And spurred to faster flight
> The Argive on his headlong way.
> He rose in proud array,
> With snow-white panoply on eagle wing,
> Ruin to our land to bring
> In Polynices' dubious cause addressed,
> With many a shield and many a crest,
> Shrilling sharp menace from his breast.
> Then stooped above the domes,
> With lust of carnage fired,
> And, baring teeth of serried spears,
> Yawned wide around the gates that guard our homes,
> But went, or e'er his hungry chaps had tired
> On Theban flesh, or e'er the Fire-God fierce,
> Seizing our sacred town,
> Had smirched and rent her battlemented crown.

Here and there it may be said that the chief expressions and images of the Greek have been, so to speak, shuffled, so as to form somewhat new combinations and collocations, but the result of the whole representation is to enhance the spirit and life of the copy, without any appreciable sacrifice of the original effect. The last lines quoted admirably realize the very personifications and poetic objects which Sophocles first conceived and gave birth to in wrapt poetic vision. The remainder of the same chorus is equally well done, and so is the third chorus in this play, in which occurs the comparison of troubles accumulating upon a doomed family with "the briny surge"—

> That Thracian tempests urge,
> The big wave ever gathering more and more,
> Runs o'er the darkness of the deep,
> And with all-searching sweep
> Uprolls the storm-heap'd tangle on the shore,
> While cliff to beaten cliff resounds with sullen roar.

We are not sure that Mr. Campbell's version of the chorus which exalts the versatility of man's genius (πολλὰ τὰ δεινά, κ.τ.λ. 332-83 *Antig.*) is so great a success, not simply because it is unrhymed, and so an exception to his general rule, but because it is wrought into a too uniform series of long lines, which do not resemble the metrical form and spirit of the original. We like Mr. Plumptre's rhymed stanzas better here. It is, however, with a right instinct that the translator has sought to give variety to his choral metres, and has avoided any predominant type. That one which precedes the climax of the *Antigone* and the burying alive of its heroine (ἴτλα καὶ Δανάας, κ.τ.λ. 945, &c.) is very distinct, and leaves a different remembrance from the short and beautiful chorus a little before it, which has resistless love for its theme. The only fault to be found with this is that it does not to our apprehension give any equivalent for the variously read and explained line, Ἔρως ὃς ἐν κτήμασι πίπτεις.

But, not to dilate on the choruses, and to pass with a jump to the *Trachiniæ*, or, as it is here called, *Deianira*, we will choose from among the many spirited and effective bits of lyric translation which it contains a stave or two of the chorus which commemorates the encounter between the river-god Achelous and Hercules, as suitors for the trembling Deianira:—

> One was a river bold,
> Horn-crowned with tramp fourfold,
> Bull Achelous from the isles o' the main:
> And one from Bacchus' town,
> Own son of Zeus, came down,
> With brandished mace, bent bow, and lances twain.
>
> Who then in battle brunt
> Together, front to front,
> Hurled, eager both to win the beauteous prize:
> And Cypris mid the fray
> Alone, that dreadful day,
> Sat umpire, *holding promise in her eyes.*
>
> Then clashed the fist, then clanged the bow,
> Then horns gave crashing blow for blow
> Whilst, as they clung,
> *The twining hip-throw each essay,*
> And hurtling foreheads' fearful play,
> And groans from both were wrung.

Especially worthy of notice in the extract just given are the renderings of the epithet εὔλεκτρος as applied to Venus at [illegible] juncture, and of the somewhat puzzling wrestling feat in [illegible] ἀμφίπλεκτοι κλίμακες. Turning to the new edition of [illegible]iendt's Sophoclean Lexicon by Genthe, we find of εὔλεκτρος as used here that it is, in grammarians' phrase, "factitivè dictum," and it is in the very spirit of this view that the translation makes the umpire goddess "hold the promise" of happy wedlock "in her eyes" that watch the issue. Mr. Plumptre more vaguely translates "fair source of marriage joy," and does not so closely link the force of the epithet with the situation. Mr. Campbell's equivalent for ἀμφίπλεκτοι κλίμακες, a pregnant and hard kind of expression, is the result of a comparison of the meaning of the separate words and the light thrown upon them by commentators as well as by Ovid, who, in *Met.* ix. 51, has, as it were, given his own interpretation of the expression. Mr. Plumptre simply contents himself with "limbs intertwined with limbs." On occasions there may be cause for going along with this more prosaic translator, as where he limits himself to calling Ἄρτεμιν Ὀρτυγίαν (*Trach.* 213) "Ortygian Artemis," and not, as Mr. Campbell does, for what reason we find it hard to conceive, "Artemis, huntress of Ephesus' land." In the same play, verse 327, we think Mr. Plumptre's version of

> ἐξ ὄρους πάραν
> διήνεμον λίλαιον

safer than Mr. Campbell's. The latter, taking διήνεμος in the sense of one scholiast as "vastata et quasi perflata ventis," renders it "From the day she left her *war-swept* home"; and there is no

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* *The Dramas of Sophocles: Antigone, Electra, Deianira.* Translated into English Verse by Lewis Campbell, M.A., LL.D., Professor of Greek in the University of St. Andrews. Edinburgh and London: William Black[illegible] altoge[illegible]

doubt the epithet so understood is highly poetic. But there is not, that we are aware of, any authority for such interpretation; whereas there is ground for accepting the simpler theory that δάημων is a synonym of the epic ἠνεμόεσσαν, which the scholiast propounds, and which Hermann and Ellendt approve. Both these take it to imply a high situation, and it is in this sense that Mr. Plumptre has translated:—

> She weeps and weeps, since first she left her home,
> Where all the winds sweep wildly.

If we turn to the more everyday level of the speeches and dialogue of these plays, couched for the most part in iambics in the original, no little credit will be found due to Mr. Campbell for the skill and clear wit with which he has perceived the mind of Sophocles, and brightened particular bits of detail so as to relieve them of that air of matter-of-fact which would cling to them in the hands of a perfunctory translator. It is here that his labour and pains as a commentator stand him in great stead. We will take a couple of lines from the first speech of the watchman in reference to the insubordinate act of Antigone. Like his fellows in Greek tragedy, he beats long about the bush, and is careful to tease his wrathful and imperious listener by irrelevant descriptions of his own mental processes. Here is a sample:—

> πολλὰς γὰρ ἔσχον φροντίδων ἐπιστάσεις
> ὁδοῖς κυκλῶν ἐμαυτὸν εἰς ἀναστροφήν.—vv. 225-6.

Mr. Campbell catches the spirit and life of the Greek words, and not merely their verbal force and equivalent in his English:—

> My thoughts
> Cried "halt" unto me ever as I came,
> And wheeled me to return.

A little further on in the same play occurs a wrangle in monostichs between Creon and this same watchman, in one part of which they play, after a dramatic fashion, upon a particular word, δοκεῖν. The watchman says:—

> ἢ δεινόν, ᾧ δοκεῖ γε καὶ ψευδῆ δοκεῖν.

And Creon answers:—

> κόμψευε νῦν τὴν δίκαν.

Here is Mr. Campbell's rendering:—

> Watchm. Pity so *clear* a mind should *clearly* err!
> Creon. Gloze now on *clearness*. But unless ye show
> The doer, without glozing ye shall tell,
> Craven advantage worketh clearly bane.

We cannot, however, commend this general fidelity to the spirit as well as the letter of Sophocles without making a reservation as to one or two places where the out-slipping of a word or two appears to blunt the edge of the translation. The instance which most readily occurs to us is where Antigone, at the end of one of her speeches, insinuates that Creon is not competent to decide the question of the wisdom or folly of her disobedience. She says:—

> σοὶ δ' εἰ δυκῶ νῦν μῶρα δρῶσα τυγχάνειν,
> σχεδόν τι μώρῳ μωρίαν ὀφλισκάνω.—469-70.

In the second of these lines σχεδόν τι serves to qualify the rudeness of Antigone's imputation, and interposes itself between a broad hint and a downright "You're another." In Ellendt it is given as equivalent to "quodam modo." By stifling this qualification of the words μώρῳ μωρίαν, the translator makes the retort of the heroine a trifle unmaidenly, *e.g.*:—

> And if thou think'st me foolish who act thus,
> I can endure that judgment from a fool.

We have left ourselves no space to illustrate one of the chief excellences of this translation, the skill and coherence and good general effect of the descriptive passages and speeches as wholes. Had we been able to do so, we could have quoted without fear of controversy the speech in which Tiresias (*Antig.* 998-1012) details the unfavourable results of his divining processes, as rendered into English with a dignity befitting the subject, and decidedly above the level prose of ordinary iambic lines. Or we might have cited the wonderful description of the fabricated death of Orestes in a chariot-race at Delphi, from the *Electra*. Taken side by side with Lord Lytton's version of the same, Mr. Campbell's rendering will be found quite as [illegible] much more faithful. In the *Trachiniæ*, Deianira's [illegible] she has despatched the poisoned garment, and [illegible] of the tortures to which it reduced his hero sire, [illegible] kill in description; and we could not wish to [illegible] anything from the version which he has given [illegible] roine, Deianira, is not altogether so attractive [illegible] nd the pathos with which the stories of [illegible] delineated by Sophocles, are instinct, will [illegible] plays more readers and admirers than [illegible] l three stories and their treatment by [illegible] re become more generally familiar [illegible] Clifton Collins's sketch of Sopho- [illegible] f *Ancient Classics for English* [illegible] sant and clever introduction [illegible] more of the Sophoclean drama, [illegible] g[illegible] t desire through the Greek text, [illegible] in recommending Mr. Campbell's versions [illegible] hat have yet appeared in English.

INNOCENT.*

HAD an unknown author written this story of the young lady whose portrait has so long stared at us from all the boardings of London, we should have thought it an earnest of future success, if not itself up to the mark. But as the work of Mrs. Oliphant it demands a higher consideration, and deserves a more severe judgment. Mrs. Oliphant has long been one of our favourite authors, and we have gladly welcomed her books as in their degree literary treasures amongst the flood of rubbish which silly women and enterprising publishers pour out with such cynical persistency on the world. We expected that she would always give us true art and honest painstaking labour, and that she would never let herself be led astray from the higher objects of her craft by the baneful temptation of immediate success. We counted her as almost a younger George Eliot in her way; and we credited her with something of the same charm as that which gave the author of *Wives and Daughters* her supremacy among the more purely feminine writers. We believed in her; and we hoped as much as we believed. But she has disappointed us. That temptation of immediate success, and striking while the iron is hot, which has ruined so many, has had its evil influence over her; and one by one her books have got weaker, more weary, more hurried, until now we have come to her latest, *Innocent*, which is as far below the worth of *May* as *May* itself was below Mrs. Oliphant's possibilities.

Innocent is perhaps more a character novel than a story of circumstances, in spite of its two sensational episodes of a quasi-murder and the trial for her life of a beautiful young lady; and Mrs. Oliphant's *forte* has ever been in character. She is ge[illegible]rally lifelike, and always distinct, and has her types [illegible] defined in her own mind. Not even Mr. Trollo[illegible] surpasses her in the portraiture of those good [illegible] people who fill up the greater part of the canvas [illegible] life. Such a woman, for instance, as Mrs. Eas[illegible] before us. A good mother and an amiable frie[illegible] dulous with respect to the morals of her sons as [illegible] virtuous lady of middle age who thinks she has fath[illegible] wickedness of human life whereof her dear boys know no[illegible] while in point of fact it is she who has simply glanced at [illegible] surface, and they who have gone down to the dregs—who does n[illegible] count such a one among his friends? and what young man h[illegible] not a Mrs. Eastwood of his own, for whom he feels that curious mixture of manly admiration and filial tenderness which it is one of the prescriptive rights of the mature siren to excite? Unable to rise to the higher level of true nobility, and just as unable to sink to ignobility, facile in manner, self-willed in fact, fond of her children and glad to sacrifice herself for them, but worldly to a certain common-sense extent, and by no means self-sacrificing to the point of abjectness, she is the living type of the ordinary English mother and gentlewoman. There are hundreds of Mrs. Eastwoods, but few Mrs. Oliphants to present them with such delicate truth and careful minuteness. Nelly Eastwood, too, is a charming study, the very perfection of a bright, healthy, natural young English girl, who loves her mother dearly and yet is as saucy on occasions as she is affectionate always; who quarrels with her brothers and snubs them when they are impertinent, as all right-minded sisters do; and who specially doubts and dislikes her brother Frederick, who is her mother's favourite and the Joseph Surface of the group. The boys Dick and "Jenny," the latter youth being more rightfully Plantagenet, are pleasantly and broadly sketched, and each individual character is well maintained. Of Innocent herself we have not very much good to say on the score of artistic merit or likeness to life, though the idea of her character has its own merit; with Frederick Eastwood, handsome, melancholy, like Charles I., looking, said the ladies, "as if something would happen to him," a hypocrite and thorough-paced scamp, we have very much fault to find. The Battys, father and daughter, are coarsely drawn, and "'Manda" is especially exaggerated; and if young Molyneux is less vile than Frederick, he is quite as disagreeable, and betrays the subtle antagonism of sex which Mrs. Oliphant has allowed to appear more than once in the present work.

Innocent is rightly named, according to the Northern meaning of the word. At sixteen she has the brain of a child of six, and barely escapes qualification for Earlswood. She is as much an idiot as is possible to a creature who can talk and walk and feed itself like other people, who does not set the house on fire, nor tear up its clothes, nor make a noise to itself like a chattering ape, and who can give an intelligent monosyllabic answer to a plain question. She lives in a fog and sees everything dimly. People come and go about her like the shadows of a dream, and she sits still and wonders what they mean, and why they are all talking and laughing, and what they would have her say or do; and oh! if they would only leave her alone! Nothing impresses her, nothing rouses her. She has but one emotion—love for Frederick, sometimes supplemented by fear when she is scolded, or runs away and loses herself, as happens to her more than once. She neither laughs nor talks, neither reads nor works, nor lives otherwise than as a staring stuffed rag doll, cleverly wheeled and springed—a dumb and stupid Galatea whom even Pygmalion and Love together cannot waken into womanhood of an understanding kind. But she is pretty in person, and, if uninteresting, is harmless.

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* *Innocent.* A Tale of Modern Life. By Mrs. Oliphant, [illegible] the "Chronicles of Carlingford." 3 vols. London: Samp[illegible] 1873.

Innocent is Mrs. Eastwood's niece, left an orphan and absolutely alone in Italy, and is taken into the cheery little London household with mingled doubt and fear, reluctance and remorse. There had been some hard passages between Mrs. Eastwood and her sister, Innocent's mother, in early days. Presumably Mr. Vane, the husband of the one, had made love to the other; then cut the knot in which he had entangled himself by running away with the one he liked best, leaving her for whom he cared least to wear the willow with such grace as she might command. Mrs. Eastwood had hitherto resented the ill done her, and now she was remorseful for the long estrangement which had left poor motherless Innocent in the hands of a bad man, until the day had come when she was fatherless as well as motherless, alone in the world but for the aunt whom both father and mother had injured. Pretending to be ill and in need of change and relaxation from his hard work as clerk in the Sealing Wax Office on the one hand, and to be disinterested in his offer of service on the other, Frederick proposes to go to Pisa as escort to his cousin; but he halts at Paris, where he spends his time and money in gross dissipation, and falls into the clutches of one Mr. Batty, a vulgar "vet.," who first joins him in his debaucheries, and then lends him money to take him on to Pisa and back to England. At first sight of the young man with his Charles I.'s face, Innocent falls in love with him in the half childlike way considered proper for such a "natural"; content to stare at him, to touch him, to sit by him, not understanding one word in ten of what he says, and nothing of what he means. He takes her home, when, bewildered by the journey and the novelty of so many faces, and crushed by the small, densely furnished English rooms, she collapses into more than her ordinary idiocy. She wakes up a little when Frederick is about to marry the sweetiful, full-blown, vulgar 'Manda Batty, but only to wish that cted, and 'anda was dead, and to say she ought to be killed. Later in roof of his p wakes up a little more when she thinks she has poisoned rhyme in t well-moulded, richly-coloured sensuality; and when and another ends, it leaves her quite rational for an idiot, and evished later out to be married a second time. Meanwhile her expetaking a have been many and varied, but we are bound to add most ave now, and in the case of the trial scene absurd. Also we demur fication appeal to Sir Alexis Longueville when Frederick makes plies to her; and for the poor old gentleman's term of martyrdom ave can find no word of sympathy too strong or of incredulity too great.

We think Mrs. Oliphant attempted too much in this character. To make an unemotional idiot interesting was a task beyond her power or that of any other person. Had the girl been a real Galatea, innocent of evil, of conventionality, of society, of all knowledge, but still a living creature with a heart, she would have had some kind of charm. But Innocent is a simple case of arrested development, dense and dull and heavy as lead, with as little feeling as intelligence, and seemingly incapable of learning. On what has Mrs. Oliphant founded such a character? For, just as no man is an artist who cannot draw the human figure under his drapery, so no novelist is a master of his craft who has not a correct physiological basis for his characters. Neglect and a lonely life might have dwarfed Innocent's intellect, and have checked her power of feeling; they might, in fact, have produced such a case of arrested development as is here presented. But then Innocent would have always remained idiotic; and if she had had the brain of a child of six when she was sixteen, she would not have been much more advanced at eighteen. If it had been only her education and power of self-expression which had been checked, she would have been loosened from the bonds of intellectual dumbness earlier, and have come out into the light of reasonable humanity long before she did. We think, too, that Mrs. Oliphant ought either to have killed her or put her into the Sisterhood for life. There would have been something pathetic in the one, and something harmonious in the other. There is nothing of either in the patent prospect of "Jenny's" making her his wife; and if one's imagination goes into the details of her future as wife, mother, and house mistress, we can only feel that the author must have wished to punish the whole sex in the person of Plantagenet Eastwood, and that she means to convey a subtle hint that any female fool is good enough even for the better kind of men.

In the love of Frederick for 'Manda Mrs. Oliphant has essayed another difficult task. She has attempted to analyse and present in a decent form a feeling which is no more nor less than simple animal passion. Granting any amount of technical skill in her manipulation, the subject remains always unsavoury; and we wish, for the sake of her own literary reputation, the comfort of her readers, and the nobler interests of her art, that she could have dispensed with the disagreeable Batty episode. But, indeed, Mrs. Oliphant is terribly hard upon us poor male sinners. What with Innocent's vaguely immoral father, old Batty's want of anything that might serve as the semblance of a moral sense, Frederick's abominable hypocrisy and fiery sensualities, Ernest Molyneux and his cowardice, his worldliness, sloth, and ignobleness generally, we come out from our fair painter's hands rather worse, we hope, than nature and fact have made us. And we cannot accept honest Dick, or direct "Jenny," or even chivalrous Sir Alexis, or upright John Vane, as sufficient makeweights for virtue against such a formidable array of villany on the other side. Four scoundrels are rather hard measure, even with four good fellows to balance. Is Mrs. Oliphant going over to the enemy, and becoming a "man-hater," like the foolish sisters? We hope not. For, if she is, bad art and false principles together is [illegible] to make havoc of the work of one of our most favourite authors—one from whom so much was expected, because so much promise was given of old time. If, however, she does not [illegible] thought while she may, and give herself rest and leisure for [illegible] ful work, we and her other critics, after having chronicled her various successes in no grudging spirit, shall have only to lament her failures; as, indeed, we wonder now how the hand which wrote the *Chronicles of Carlingford* could give the world anything so hurried, so undigested, and so untrue as *Innocent*.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

THE third volume of the United States Census* deals generally with "Wealth and Industry." It shows that the total estimated property of the Union has increased enormously since 1860; the valuation in that year being sixteen thousand millions of dollars, while in 1870 it was thirty thousand. And, as in the former year the United States contained nearly four millions of slaves, worth probably some two thousand millions, the real increase may be taken at cent. per cent. It would of course have been greater but for the war. It is true that a deduction of considerable amount might be made for the public debt, or rather for that part of it which is owned abroad; and that a certain portion of the formal wealth of the country, under the head of personal estate, consisting of mortgages, &c., on real property, is reckoned twice over; so that the gross amount in either case, and especially in the latter, is too large by a sum considerable in itself, though forming but a small fraction of the whole. But nevertheless we may take the normal rate of increase to be that above stated—*i.e.*, that the wealth of the country as a whole doubles itself in ten years. In the first place, the increase between 1850 and 1860 was greater than this. Secondly, though there are heavy deductions to be made on the grounds just stated, there are also allowances to be made for the effects of war, which would more than counterbalance them. The property of the Southern States ought, according to precedent, to have increased almost as rapidly as that of the Union at large; less rapidly than that of the North-Western States, but faster than that of the agricultural States of the East. But the South has not only not gained, but has lost enormously; lost far more than can be ascribed to the mere formal change made by the fact that her labourers are no longer reckoned as part of her "personal estate." For example, Alabama is worth two-fifths of her valuation in 1860; and the assessment of her real estate—always far less than that "true value" which we have taken as the basis of these comparisons—has fallen from 155,000,000 dollars to 115,000,000 dollars. The total valuation of Georgia has fallen in the ratio of thirteen to five and a quarter; the assessment of her real estate from nine to seven. Louisiana has lost very nearly one-half of her "true value," and one-seventh of her "real" assessment. South Carolina has lost in round numbers 345 millions out of 545; Mississippi two-thirds of a total valuation of six hundred millions. This havoc cannot, as we have said, be accounted for by the mere emancipation of the slaves, nor by the ruthless devastation wrought by the invaders. The latter would have been far more than repaired between 1865 and 1870, and the former would have been confined to a loss of some five hundred dollars per head of the coloured population; and, had order and self-government been left to the States, the ordinary rate of production during these five years would have recovered the best part even of this nominal loss. The actual figures testify to the misgovernment and oppression they have suffered; to the utter disorganization of industry, the repression of Southern energies by a vexatious and harassing tariff, the absolute demoralization of the negro, and the consequent inability of a people weakened by the loss of a large proportion of the flower of its manhood to make head against the artificial discouragement steadily inflicted on it. These statistics are the conclusive answer, supplied by Northern officials, to the allegation so often repeated by Northern partisans in this country that the South is not suffering; that though the planters have been impoverished and the great estates broken up, cultivation is as extensive and as prosperous as ever, and the losses of the rich more than compensated by the gains [illegible] and the middle classes. What recovery the [illegible] those Border States which (except Virginia) we [illegible] the war; and the appearance of general prosperi[illegible] gross figures is due solely to the extraordi[illegible] think the inflated and unreal, commercial a[illegible] of the North and West, especially the latter.

We remarked some time ago on th[illegible] ment of the bulky volumes of the Ce[illegible] statistics of townships and counties[illegible] give only the general results, [illegible] rule, descend to lower divisio[illegible] Compendium of the Census †

* *Ninth Census.* Vol. III. T[illegible] of the United States, embracing [illegible] Indebtedness, Agriculture, [illegible] Superintendent of Census, [illegible] London: Trübner & Co. [illegible]

† *A Compendium of* [illegible] to a Concurrent Res[illegible] Secretary of the Int[illegible] Washington: Gove[illegible] 1872.